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**Every Little Part Of You**

by NaughtyButWeiss (RWBYRemnants), RWBYRemnants

**Summary**

[modern AU, Enabler/Incest] It's hard to like your half-sister when she's proof that your father has moved on. That's how Yang Branwen felt since they were kids, barely seeing Ruby Rose that whole time. And now she's about to spend half of her summer with her distant family. How is she going to deal with that? Even worse... how is she going to deal with Ruby getting HOT?!

**Notes**

[ Every Little Part Of You ]
by: NaughtyButWeiss (based on a prompt from PenpalPenny)
ship: Enabler (Ruby/Yang), hints of other ships but nothing solid
universe: modern AU (college age)
WARNINGS: Incest, many many kinks (later in the story)
Author Note: This was supposed to be a birthday present for PenpalPenny but it got super
out of hand lmao. It’s actually going to be pretty long! Had a lot of fun writing it and it’s
time to throw it out there. By the way, anyone wondering when SWTD will update - soon I
promise. Hope you like this one!
Yang Branwen couldn't handle it. She just couldn't.

Of course she had seen the pictures of her step-sister, or half-sister or whatever she was; her mother showed her. She was pretty sure the only reason they had pictures was because Yang insisted. She wanted to know her father, what his family was like, what she had missed out on because they ran into those "irreconcilable differences". Summer Rose was beautiful, and the few times they had met, sweet and kind; she couldn't blame her father for his choice to remarry.

Especially with how much of an asshole her mother could be. Nobody liked Raven Branwen very much, not her coworkers, not her "friends" - a term she used loosely. Her personality was just too harsh. She and her mother fought a lot, but at the end of the day they both knew she would die for her child. It was one of the only things that bound them.

Her visits with Taiyang Xiao Long, the dad she wished had stayed, had been brief and few; he had visitation rights, of course, but they lived on opposite coasts. New Hampshire and California. That made it hard to get together more than once or twice a year. He was always punctual with child support, and sometimes more generous than was legally necessary if he was doing well enough that month; there was nothing to complain about in that area. She just wanted to know him better.

And then there was Ruby Rose-Xiao Long.

Yang could only remember actually trying to hang out with her once, back when they had been little. Ruby was still playing in the dirt all the time then, rolling around outside and wanting to pet every dog. They didn't talk; Yang still resented her a little then, the truest evidence that her family had been split up. A daughter with her dad and the "new woman". Yang wasn't mean, exactly… but she kind of ignored her, and the girl had given up. When that happened a few visits in a row, she gave up trying to come see her at all. Who could blame her after the way she acted?

But it was too late to worry about the past. They were both very different people in those days compared to now - some ways more obvious than others. At least, that was what she hoped. They hadn't seen each other in over fifteen years, and now Yang was going to stay with them for a full three weeks - and change - over the summer.

The whole thing had been a little conniving on Raven's part. Their modest apartment was being renovated, and Raven was crashing with a coworker and pocketing the money the landlord had given them to rent a hotel room. And her coworker only had room for one extra person. That wouldn't have been a problem if it happened while Yang was away at university, but the landlord's timing sucked. She told Yang that she could do the hotel room thing if she really wanted to, but had made it pretty clear she would not be too happy about that and would much rather she either stay with a friend, or take the opportunity to reconnect with the other side of her family. Maybe even get a tan on the beaches.

Her friend and roomie, Blake Belladona, had invited her along on their family vacation to Italy, but they couldn't foot the bill for the flight - which was way more than the one to California. One last escape route, gone. Looked like she was going to have to put up with the dirty little step-brat, after all.

What she hadn't counted on was meeting Ruby as a high school senior instead of the brat she resented. Sure, she had known that in her brain, but seeing a picture or two on her mom's laptop screen was way different from meeting her in person. Because then she couldn't ignore one simple
"You… turned into a girl."

Ruby was still blinking rapidly as the sentence slipped out of Yang's mouth unbidden. She was standing there, awkwardly shifting in her denim short-shorts and her white babydoll tee with a little red outline of a cat head on the bust. The bust that was a lot larger than Yang could have predicted.

"W-what?" Snorting and trying to recover, Ruby's silvery eyes shifted to one side as she nipped her dyed-red forelock back with the rest of her brown hair.

"Sorry," Yang muttered, though it felt like not nearly enough. Ruby seemed to agree, because she smirked in an annoyingly bemused way.

"H-hey, I could say the same thing about you!"

Swallowing hard, Yang looked down at her own body. Sure, she was dressed in black track pants with a yellow stripe and a yellow tank with her grey hoodie over the top, but she did still look pretty feminine. But there was an implication behind the words that had her tone turning a little frostier.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You said it first!" Ruby accused with a pout - an adorable pout that Yang couldn't be seeing - scuffing her flip-flop against the grass. "Dumb joke; I didn't mean it to be, y'know, offensive or whatever. You're really beautiful, though. I just… well, Dad told me, but I guess seeing you in person is way different than just hearing about it or looking at a picture."

Nodding, Yang tried to drop her shields. It wasn't easy; she was used to the teasing, especially in junior high when it had been the worst. Right after she changed. Or really, after she figured out who she already was; the only thing that changed was that she stopped hiding that away. But by now, she had really grown into herself and was looking more like she wanted to look. The waist-length blond hair sure didn't hurt.

"Yeah, I guess." But Ruby had complimented her; it was rude not to at least acknowledge that. "Thanks. You look good, too. I mean, damn you grew up."

A pleased little giggle floated out and Yang tried not to melt. This was her half-sister. Having a "meet cute" with her was not on the family bonding itinerary!

"So that's what you meant. Yeah, Dad keeps yelling at me for it. Says I was supposed to stay his little girl forever. He's said the same thing about you, too."

That helped Yang shake her weird, unwelcome thoughts. "Really? I didn't think Dad ever talked about me. Especially not with like, the 'girl' part."

"Of course, Yang! All the time!" Then she paused and whispered, "It's still 'Yang', right? I can call you whatever you want, or just 'Big Sis' or something; just let me know."

"Nah, it's still Yang," she sighed with a smile. So she had won her over; that sure as hell didn't take long. "Alright, help me get these bags in before Dad yells at us."

As they went in, she tried not to watch Ruby's cute ass sway back and forth as she walked, the creamy skin of her thighs. It wasn't easy. Even worse when she led her upstairs, and it was all she
could look at except her little feet popping up and down in her sandals. Somehow, that wasn’t much better.

'Sister,’ she tried to remind herself. 'Don’t be gross.’

When they got upstairs, Ruby turned into one of the rooms on the right. It looked to be a weight room; everything else in the room was sets of weights and exercise equipment. The bed was a last-minute addition, but it was at least an actual bed.

"So… I know,” Ruby said when she noticed Yang looking around the room, dipping her head slightly. "It’s not very good. But I didn’t think you’d want to cram in there with me. My room’s not very big, either, and like, it’d be the same story, shoving a bunch of stuff out of the way to fit it in there. Plus you’d have to put up with my snoring, and… and this way, you can have privacy and down-time a lot easier! Dad can just skip exercising until you go back East, right?"

The way Ruby was rambling made her pay closer attention after the first couple of sentences. At first, she had wondered why she cared about making sure she didn’t mind the room. Then she focused on something else: the way Ruby was working so hard on not letting Yang be disappointed.

Of course: because Yang had always been disappointed in her. In the past, anyway. A pang of regret shot through her thinking about that, but it was too late to change their history.

"Ruby,” she said with a half-laugh. "It’s gonna be fine. And hey, maybe I can keep training on all this stuff while I’m in here. Makes it kinda hard to skip leg day if I’m literally living with the equipment.”

Looking relieved, she sighed and said, "Y-yeah, I guess. Sorry. There just isn’t anywhere else in the house to put it, or we’d have given you some more space.”

"Nah, I don’t really need much space, anyway." Then they precariously balanced the bags on a bench and an exercise bike, before she sighed and shrugged off her hoodie. "Man… I’m tired. What a long ass flight."

"Oh? Oh, you probably want me to get out of your way,” she tittered, backing up and keeping her hands in the small of her back. "You got it! Sorry!”

"Huh? Ruby-"

But the door was already shutting. This was going to be harder than she thought, and she had no one to blame but her past ignorant self.

Dinner that night was a strained affair, but it showed signs of loosening. Yang didn't have much to say and mostly listened; she couldn't help but feel like the outsider. Summer, Ruby's mom, didn't try to talk to her at all, but responded positively any time Yang spoke first. That seemed to be a strategy she was trying on purpose, and Yang understood; she was the stepmom, in a way. It was better than her being too friendly and trying to fill the role of surrogate mother, especially when that was a role Yang didn't want her to fill.

Besides, Taiyang and Ruby were trying hard enough for all four of them. Her dad was being a dad, for sure, but it was Ruby's back-and-forth between trying not to talk too much and babbling incessantly that was so intense it was almost comical. She could tell the shorter girl was still a little afraid of "bothering” her, but also wanted to try her best to be friendly and welcoming. She was bad at saying that she appreciated it, so she just tried to respond to her as much as her grumpy, sullen
ass could muster.

That was the funny thing. At Beacon U., she was so outgoing and bubbly, a real "party girl", but here? She wanted to shut down, withdraw into herself. It was a night-and-day difference. But she promised herself that if everyone else was willing to try, she would do her best. Even if that wasn't very good yet.

After dinner, Taiyang told her that she could relax and he and Summer would take care of the dishes, so Yang decided to explore the house. The last time she had been to California, they had been in a slightly smaller place, and she remembered having to sleep on the couch; one of the many reasons she hadn't been too thrilled about going back. This was all new, and a lot nicer and closer to the beach.

When she was standing in Ruby's room, looking around at all the posters of pop stars and movies, the spotless floor and the arrangement of makeup and nail polish and books on her dresser, she heard a noise behind her and whirled around guiltily.

"Sorry!" Ruby whispered, backing up a step.

"Why are you sorry?!" Yang burst out in surprise. "I'm the one all up in your room!"

"N-no, I- well, I didn't mean to startle you, or whatever!" They both laughed awkwardly, and Ruby took a step inside. "It's… not usually this clean. Dad made me clean it before you got here."

"Well, you did a great job," she laughed, pacing around in circles. "It's a great room. Really looks like yours, y'know?"

Nodding, Ruby followed a little closer. "And you could totally sleep in here and I'll take the weight room, if you want. Though that bed's not bad; I tried it out last night after we got it put together. Pretty comfy."

"You got me a brand new bed?" Yang was honestly a little touched; maybe her dad cared about her more than she thought. But then she realised something else. "Wait, you slept in my bed?"

"Hmm? Oh, no, not all night or anything," she laughed with a big grin. "Just like, laid there and messed around on my phone for an hour or whatever. To make sure it was really comfortable, and not just, like, 'comfortable for two seconds and then get up'."

For some reason, the thought of Ruby laying around in her bed didn't piss her off, which was what she thought she was feeling. It flustered her. She tried to joke about it. "Well, I guess that's okay, but don't let it happen again or I'll have to burn the sheets."

"O-oh?" Ruby's face fell, and her head seemed to sink down between her shoulders. "Oh… don't worry, I won't. I'm sorry."

"Wait…" She wanted to laugh at her, but the laugh stuck in her throat. "I'm kidding. Dude, it's alright, I'm just…" What should she say? "I mean, you're probably pretty clean." Not good enough.

"Y-yeah, I am, usually. But I can go change the sheets for you right now, if you want! It's no problem, watch!"

She was already almost halfway out the door when Yang had to dash forward and catch her by the arm, or else she probably really would have changed the bedsheets for such a stupid reason as that.

"A-ah!"
"No, it's okay! Um... I'm glad you tested out my bed for me. Thanks, I- I'm not mad or anything. Promise."

For a second, Ruby just blinked up at her, a little startled by being grabbed and what she perceived as a change in attitude. She had really thought Yang was upset. "Really? You sure?"

"Very sure. You can lay there anytime you want."

Then she smiled shyly and averted her eyes. "Might be kinda crowded if you're already in it."

"Even then. As far as I care, you were there first and I'm just the guest. You can shove me out and onto the floor if you really wanna."

That got her to laugh. "Nah, I'd much rather cuddle you than push you out."

Why did that simple phrase make Yang's heart thump wildly, her fingers grip tighter on Ruby's arm? They both noticed in the same moment, but Yang let go right away, rubbing her fingers together. The atmosphere had changed a little. Why?

"Y-yeah. So anyway, uh, sorry you didn't realise I was kidding; I don't think you're dirty or anything, I swear. Guess I got Mom's terrible sense of humour."

"N-nah, I can be a little anxious sometimes.″ Then she swung her arms back and forth a little. "So... you wanna go watch something? You're probably too tired to go out..."

Dipping her head, she said, "Sure, yeah. Sounds great.″ She thought about doing something, then stopped. It was dumb to try to force anything...

But Ruby noticed. Somehow, she noticed that tiny little hesitation. "What?"

"Nothing. I was just gonna... it's dumb."

"Do it. Whatever it was, do it; no time like the present!"

Yang had to smile; that was such a weirdly sweet thing for her to say. But in the end, she decided that Ruby really meant it. Therefore, she slung an arm around Ruby's neck, feeling her shoulder-length hair just barely brushing her skin as she did so.

"Let's go, sis. Show me what's on Netflix."

Ruby giggled, throwing her arms around Yang's middle and nestling in, and even though it was pretty innocent, Yang found that she had a hard time dealing with it. She knew it wasn't a feeling she should be having, but it shot through her stomach, anyway. That it was nice. That Ruby felt nice there in ways that she wasn't supposed to think about.

Still, she could mash it down deep and ignore it. Three weeks wasn't that long, Right?
Chapter Notes

Putting this out sooner to make up for taking so damn long with SWTD lol. I know it's not the same, but we're doing our best.

=Chapter 2

Watching random shows was a wonderful ice-breaker activity for the two of them. All four of them, really; Dad and Summer sat by each other on the couch, and Ruby and Yang cuddled together on the loveseat under a cozy blanket. It made the most sense, and the elder two kept glancing over and smiling at them. In their book, they were a parenting success.

Meanwhile, Yang was in hell.

"This is the good part," Ruby whispered as she snuggled in closer, causing Yang to fight down an obvious grimace. Not because she felt bad… but because she felt too, too good. Smelled good. Of course it was probably mostly because she had only ever been on a handful of dates, and ones that never went very well… for one reason or another. She knew that, and tried to tell herself that so she would stop thinking about how their legs shouldn't be tangled up together.

"Really good," Yang managed to whisper. She knew she sounded off, and that the comment wasn't really about the show, but she made herself clear her throat and rest her chin on Ruby's head. It earned her a giggle, so it wasn't too bad. "You guys watch this a lot?"

"Nah," their dad said in his carefree voice, sandwiching his wife's hand between his own. "We've only seen it once before. Just thought you might get a kick out of it."

"There's soooo much to watch these days," Ruby echoed, wriggling against Yang's front. It seemed that because she was taller and elder, she was elected to be the "big spoon". It made sense, even if it made things more difficult for her in the time being. "Who has time for it all?"

By the end of the episode, Yang was biting the inside of her cheek to suppress a reaction. The minute the credits rolled, she forced herself to be casual about tapping Ruby on the shoulder.

"Pee break."

"Oh! You got it!" Sitting up, she held onto the back of the loveseat to let Yang extract herself. Every movement was like a dance, and every brush of skin against skin a tease. She had to collect herself.

When she reached the bathroom, she finally let herself take a breather. That was all she needed. Just to get out of there. She let her brain flood her with thoughts of the enticing young woman, soft curves pressing down into her, smelling like roses and sunshine…

But before her body could do more than respond very slightly, craving more of Ruby, she took a deep breath and released it as she told herself a few things.

"Sister," she said under her breath as she finished peeing. "That's a sister-butt and sister-boobs. A
sister-face you're thinking about being so pretty. We have different moms, but both of us came from Dad's balls." That mental image helped a lot, because flinching at it curdled her stomach. "Okay. Okay, good; let's... get back out there. Go, team!"

Feeling stupid for having to do all that, she turned and stomped back to the living room.

The rest of their evening entertainment was only barely more tolerable. Ruby was still all too inviting, but this time, she was a little more prepared for how it would feel so she could ignore that with more success than the last time. Then before she knew it, Summer was yawning, and Yang decided to feign one of her own.

"Looks like you girls should be in bed," Taiyang said as he patted his wife's side. Then he stood, yawning himself. "And so should I. Don't fight over the bathroom, okay?"

"We won't!" Ruby promised him as they shuffled off, and she and Yang sat up. Once they were a little ways away, she whispered, "You can use it first. I'm usually up a little late, messing around online."

"You sure? It's... no big deal, seriously."

"Go ahead. I'll find something else to watch."

Now she felt guilty for leaving Ruby behind. Still, she did want to call an end to the slow torture that was being crammed into the loveseat with her. "Alrighty. But... we'll do more stuff tomorrow, right?"

That seemed to help, because Ruby's smile widened, became more genuine. "Yep! And I'm sure we can think of so much stuff! Like, I can take you around town, to the comic book store, or we can do the beach — or just hang out here, I have a ton of YouTube videos in my favourites if you wanted to flip through those. Some of them are hilarious!"

Relaxing, she folded her arms across her chest and smiled down at her sister. "Adorable." Then, realising she had said it out loud, she covered, "You just get so excited about stuff, it's cute."

"I do?" Shit, why did she have to slip up and call her cute?! Instantly, Ruby was looking a little flustered - the same way she would be if Ruby said something like that. Smiling awkwardly, biting her lip as she looked down at where her feet were tenting the blanket. "Y-yeah, I've been told I'm kinda super-nerdy. But if you think it's in a cute way, I guess it could be worse, right?"

"Totally." Still kicking herself for the slip, she cleared her throat. "But uh, yeah, anyway, I probably won't have to bail on you so early tomorrow night. Just... flying and all that, right? I'm jetlagged, my body's telling me it's four hours later."

"Nah, I get it. I'll see you in the morning!"

All the time she was getting ready for bed, Yang was pushing thoughts out of her mind. This one and that one, and all of them worse than the one before. After a while, they began to ease up, but she still felt like she couldn't relax or she would fall victim to her own imagination.

She did feel a lot better in her soft cotton shorts and crawling into the bed. However, she had forgotten a little detail: the bed smelled like Ruby.

For a little while, she couldn't make anything happen in the way of sleep. All she could do was roll around, drinking in the enticing aroma. True, it wasn't deeply ingrained from the very short stint
the girl had spent in her sheets… but it was enough to fill her head with too many thoughts. Ones that she had no distraction from.

Everything about Ruby was warm and beautiful. The image her mind conjured was Ruby laying there, playing with her phone while Yang could slide her arms around her flawless body, slender and toned but still soft…

Rolling over, she faced the wall and tried to stop thinking, but her mind wanted to think about full hips and slender calves, an ample chest. Sweet lips that were so prone to giant smiles when she got excited. Yang found herself also wanting to find out more about her life, what she did with herself when she wasn't cracking down on entrance exams and all that. That was her one saving grace; at least she didn't think of her as nothing but an object.

"But you shouldn't think of her as an object at all! Get it together, Yang! Quit being such a weirdo about your step-half-sister before it gets any worse!"

Around and around her mind went. No amount of self-shaming could get her to stop thinking about the strange turn her first day in Los Angeles had taken. But at least she had the next morning to look forward to. Maybe that would be an improvement.

Probably not, but maybe.

If anything, the next day was worse. Not in the same ways, but the first thing in the morning did nothing to help.

When she woke up, Yang instantly knew that it would keep getting worse because she had been dreaming about Ruby. Nothing new or super detailed, but she usually didn't dream about people she had just met unless she was attracted to them. Lo and behold, Ruby crept into her subconscious.

Even worse, she sat up and looked down at her pelvis. Feeling the heat rising from that area. This was going to be a problem. Should she take care of it now? That would be terrible! Especially with what she was thinking about! But she didn't know if she could risk trying to slip out the door and down the hallway for a shower…

She was still debating that, staring between it and the clothes laid out on her suitcase, when there was a brief knock. She had been about to ask who it was-

When it burst open, revealing Ruby's smiling face. "Morning! Figured you wouldn't wanna sleep… too…"

Of course, her eyes would go straight down. Straight to the very obvious bulge in the front of Yang's shorts. How could they not with Yang's hand wrapped around it, as if trying to hold it in place so it didn't fly away?

"R-Ruby!" she began, laughing nervously. "U-ummm…"

"My fault!" she squeaked instantly, slapping a hand over her eyes. "I barely knocked, I'm so sorry, it's- there's no lock on this door, I sh-should have- anyway! Breakfast is almost r-ready, whenever you… yeah!"

Then she was gone in a flurry of movement.

As Yang dressed hastily in last night's clothes, to get to Ruby as fast as possible, she felt her pulse
pick up. This couldn't be happening. She would go fix this, right away!

When she opened the door to chase Ruby down, hopefully to catch her before she got all the way to the kitchen, she found she was still standing just outside the door and leaning against the hallway wall, a hand pushed into her blushing face as her wide eyes stared from her wall to the one on the other side. In fact, she almost tripped from trying to cut off her own momentum. The minute she saw Yang there, she turned to her and looked more shocked.

"P-please don't be mad," she whispered fearfully, backing toward the stairs. "I- I'm sorry, it'll never happen again."

"I'm not mad!" she interrupted her. "I… I didn't mean for you to see…"

At that, Ruby looked away again, still red as her forelock. "Y-yeah, you looked… like you were in the middle of something? That's my fault, I didn't mean to interrupt!"

Gritting her teeth, she forced herself to go on. "No, I swear, it wasn't what it looked like! It was just… I was trying to figure out what to do until it went away. M-maybe I should have got up right then and started getting my shit together for a shower, then you might not have seen… um, seen that."

"Oh, so it's just, like… because it's the morning?" she asked, swallowing and glancing at Yang again. When she nodded, the shorter girl closed her eyes. "Okay. Just saying, you looked ready to go…"

"Ready to 'go' is right." When Ruby let out a squeak, she elaborated, "PEE! I have to go pee, sorry! That's… that's part of it, somehow, I guess? I don't really understand anatomy…"

Lowering her voice even more, she asked, "So that's what it looks like when your dick is full of pee?"

"N-no," she hedged, feeling her own cheeks get a little hotter at Ruby calling it by a specific name. "It's more like… having a full bladder presses on another thing… oh, nevermind, I don't know what I'm talking about, but having to pee in the morning makes it harder to get rid of… of that."

"Okay. But how can you pee if it's sticking straight up? Do you have to, like… jerk off first so you don't pee in your own face?"

Eyes wide, she just stared at Ruby until Ruby looked even more embarrassed somehow, especially given how embarrassed she was before. How could they be having this conversation?!

"It's not like that, exactly… and I can still kinda move it around and point it at the toilet, even when I'm… h-hard."

She cleared her throat, trying not to think about still being hard while having the conversation. This was the most awkward she'd felt since having to shower with the whole women's basketball team. Luckily, her school was very open and understanding, and liberal, so they ended up settling everything and letting her behave as any other young woman. She made sure to never shower when there was only one other girl in there so she wouldn't get accused of trying anything; it was like that old saying, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure". But a couple of times, she couldn't completely suppress a physical reaction and she got a few squeals or giggles from her teammates.

"And it can pee while it's hard? Sorry, I, um… I think I learned some of this in health class, but-"

"No, no, it's okay," she half-laughed. It was better that they were talking about simple things like
this than acknowledging how weird it was to have a raging boner in front of your half-sibling. "And... it's not easy, but I can totally do it, don't worry."

Nodding, Ruby looked down between their bodies at the little tent in her pants. It would be less noticeable through the multiple layers, but if someone knew to look for it, impossible to miss. Yang was also trying not to look at the way Ruby's cheeks were glowing, or the two little points standing out against her pink tank top. That was just a byproduct of this weird situation; not that Ruby was...

Nope. Not going down that road.

"You should go downstairs," Yang finally said.

"What about you? It... I mean, is it really going to go away when you pee?"

"Probably. If not, I guess I'll jerk off, like you said." When a little yelp sounded deep in Ruby's throat, she bowed her head and whispered, "S-sorry, that was kind of gross, wasn't it?"

"No, it's no big deal, I just... this isn't stuff I know anything about, it's all kinda new! I mean... this is the first time I've seen one. W-well... a real one, actually hard in front of me."

At that, Yang swallowed, trying to pull the hem of her shirt down over it. No such luck, it just bounced around a little and her shirt stayed where it was. Ruby was mesmerised, not quite knowing what she was watching.

"You're not seeing one now; it's just in my pants. One day, you'll see the real thing live and in person, I'm sure, and it'll be a lot more interesting than me pitching a tent."

"Uh-huh." They were both quiet for a few seconds. "I... I'm supposed to go downstairs, right?"

"Yeah."

"Good. So... why can't I go?"

Licking her lips, she glanced toward the staircase. Any second now, one of Ruby's parents would call for her to see what was taking so long. "I'll go to the bathroom, then you'll go. Um, try not to blush this much when you leave?"

"Blush? Oh god, am I blushing?" Feeling her cheeks, she looked up into Yang's eyes with wide ones. "S-sorry, it's just... I've never seen one, like I said, and I know it's just my sister and it's just in your pants, but this is really..."

"I know!" Yang hissed. "And the longer you stare at it the harder it gets, so can you go?"

"Me looking at it's making you-" But she cut herself off, swallowing and holding up a hand. "Never mind! I'm really sorry!"

And then Ruby was skipping downstairs. Yang watched her go, so she was able to see her stop and take a few breaths, trying to calm down. They exchanged a glance, and she smiled apologetically... so Yang flashed her own sheepish grin. She didn't want Ruby to think she was really mad at her; frustrated was not the same thing as mad.

Once in the bathroom, the blonde gripped the sink and took a few deep breaths. WHY did Ruby have to come in right then?! Why did she have to keep looking at it? Now she couldn't make it go away for anything in the world! But at the same time, she really didn't want to jerk off while
thinking about her own sister, either!

After peeing and there still being no change, she gave up and went back to get her clothes to take a shower. Under the running water, she was able to finally let some of the heat go… barely. The time and space did it more than the water; she was able to do her best to forget Ruby being so close, her nipples trying to tear their way through her shirt as she kept asking more and more questions about her morning wood…

And then she was hard again, and trying not to break down in tears.

Finally, she was clean and in a less "overcome" mood, and she could head down to join the rest of the family. All in all, she felt a lot better. She had been thinking of herself as a monster who didn't have any self-control, but obviously she did. Otherwise, she would have said or done something bad to Ruby, right? The girl was too curious for her own good, and felt too safe with Yang. That alone made her absolutely determined not to let this… whatever it was make things weirder than they already were. Much less for anything to happen.

But the minute she saw Ruby sitting at the table, leg jittering up and down in a nervous tick as she sawed her way through pancakes, she knew her determination might not be enough.

"Good morning," Summer told her in a gentle voice as she set a plate down in the empty seat. Her own short hair still looked great, even that early in the day. Their haircuts being so similar only further strengthened the similarities; her mother simply looked a little older and a little less Asian. "We were wondering if you'd be up anytime soon."

"I'm up, I'm up," Yang said, stretching her arms. She had been going to wear something cute and fun like a skirt, but in light of recent events, she put on some sweats with the word "PINK" down the leg. They could conceal a little more if it became necessary.

"Sorry about walking in on you changing," Ruby said with a sheepish grin. She saw what she did there; gave an excuse for her looking all flustered. "Still, you know I didn't see anything, right?"

Rolling her eyes, Yang played along. "Yeah, and I told you it's no big deal. Just wait after you knock until I say 'come in' next time, okay?"

"My shy little girl," her dad chuckled with a wide smile. That was one thing that she could say on behalf of her dad; he might have trouble connecting with her now, but he had been a lot more supportive of her transition than a lot of dads would be. So was her mother. At first, she had accused her of doing it for attention, but she never said it was "a sin" or "disgusting" or anything like that. Once they had talked it out, cried it out, she was behind her "new" daughter a hundred percent. In that regard, Yang knew she was very lucky.

"Kind of a matching set," Summer said, coming over to sit in his lap and kiss him on the cheek. Ruby's gagging noise went unnoticed by both of them. "You should have seen Ruby when she got to the table; red as a strawberry. It was so cute!"

"Y-yeah, cute," Yang echoed with a weak laugh, while Ruby was groaning and dropping her head onto her arms.

"So, what are you two peas in a pod up to today?" Dad asked. "I'm off to work and your mom has her Etsy stuff to work on, so that's gonna leave you footloose and fancy free."

As Ruby sat up and they shared a look, Yang tried to imagine what they could be doing. Then she instantly stopped imagining and blurted, "Whatever Ruby wants."
That got her smiling wider, and Yang felt her heart flutter again. Damn, why was it that easy?!

"Well… let's do the mall, and then the beach? Should fill up a day pretty well. Oh, and on the way home we could get shave ice from this great spot I know!"

"Um, okay." That set off a new concern, one which only partially related to their weird morning. Bathing suits. She did have one that was meant to "pad" things, but it wouldn't really work if she got turned on in public. It was a slight help, not magical. Of course, she was typically really good at making that kind of reaction go away… but apparently, her step-sis made that more difficult.

Misreading Yang's uncertainty, she asked, "Not a fan of shave ice?"

"N-no, I am! It's, uh, it's great!" Then she glanced at the parents, glad to see Summer had finally moved back to her own chair, before saying, "I'm just… nervous about a city I don't know, and that you'll get bored. I'm not as much fun as I look." To illustrate her point, she held up some of her hair. Blondes didn't always have more fun.

"Don't worry about that," Ruby scoffed with an easier smile. "I'll take care of you; I've lived here practically my whole life, and I learned to drive in this traffic. I got your back, sis!"

Bashful again, she nodded and laughed, "Well, who could argue with that? I'm in."

"Glad to hear it," Summer laughed as she dug into her fresh fruit. "That way I can get a little of my work done, and your father won't have to worry about you two tearing up the house."

"Mooooom, we're not five," Ruby groaned.

That got Dad to point at her and say, "Definitely not. So watch what you do out there; you're adults and you have to be responsible. Take care of my other baby - and you take care of her, too, Yang."

"Oh, I will," she promised. That was the only priority on her list now; to take care of Ruby instead of doing anything they would regret.

"Soooooo…"

As they drove down the road away from the house, Ruby tried to kick off the conversation. Yang appreciated the effort; she was awful at this. She wanted to apologise, and to yell at Ruby for making the situation worse, and to ask what she thought about that morning. She wanted to do a lot of things all at once, but was afraid of the answers too much to go through with it.

"So."

"Um… do you like music?"

Blinking, she looked back over to see Ruby's sunglasses pointed at her. "What kind of a question is that? Doesn't everybody?"

"I don't know," Ruby croaked, sinking back down into her seat.

'Good job, Yang,' she reprimanded herself silently. 'You're attacking her because you feel guilty. Woman up.' Then she cleared her throat and tried again.

"Sorry. I'm just… still really… this morning has been weird."

"Yeah, I mean… I don't know, I think it was funny? But also exciting, but also… you know what?
'Weird' was a good word, let's stick with it."

"It's been awhile since I've had anyone just stare at me like that. I didn't know what to do; it wasn't like you were doing anything bad, just… making me kinda feel self-conscious, which made it impossible to get it to… to…"

"To go away?" Shrugging, Ruby pulled up to a stop sign. "Well, the good news is you took care of that in the bathroom, right? So… maybe it won't happen again tomorrow morning. Or, um… I don't know, but I've heard that it's not as bad for a while if you take care of it?"

Nodding, Yang made sure she was looking out the window instead of at Ruby. "Yeah, sometimes. Except… I didn't take care of it."

"Huh?" A pause. "You didn't? But I thought-

"I couldn't, okay? It just… it would have been too weird." She wanted to mention that the weird part would be the subject of her thoughts while doing it, but decided to leave that out. "So I just kinda… waited for it to die down, then until it disappeared. That's all that took me so long."

"Oh. Well, I guess if it worked… but I mean, if you have to, you have to." After a second, she chanced a giggle. "It was funny when you tried to cover it with your shirt and your shirt wasn't long enough."

A groan escaped her as she sank down further. "I feel so dumb right now…"

"Don't," Ruby laughed as she reached over to put her hand on Yang's forearm. "You didn't look dumb. Not at any point, okay? Just… awkward a little, and cute, and upset sometimes."

"Cute?"

Drawing her hand away, but probably just to turn the wheel, she went on, "Y-yeah. I mean, that blush was really pretty in your cheeks, Yang. I'm just sorry it had to happen because you were embarrassed about your boner."

"Can we stop talking about this?" Yang sighed wearily.

"Okay, okay. Music?"

Ruby reached for the radio, and Yang only nodded, so she turned it on to something fun and upbeat. Nothing suited her better. Resisting glancing over at her to enjoy how sweet and beautiful she was with the sun kissing her skin, even when she looked a little put out from the way their conversation had gone, Yang just gazed out the window and hoped the day would improve.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Yang and Ruby go for a swim, figure some things out.

Chapter Notes

A very special birthday shoutout to Frui, who clearly feels guilty about reading this but shouldn’t C:

=Chapter 3

Once they were at the beach is when things began to take a turn for the better. Just not in the way Yang had expected.

All the way through the mall, everything had been not just fine, but great. They kept the conversation from going back to anything having to do with morning wood or anatomy. She found out a little more about Ruby, even though it was mostly superficial things; she liked computer games and anime and chatting online, even though she was clearly cute and outgoing enough to make a friend anywhere. Track had kept her in great shape in much the same way basketball had done for Yang, so they talked about their workout routines, how Yang’s had a little more focus on upper body than Ruby’s. Plus, they talked about their purchases, and boys - even though Yang wasn’t as into them as Ruby, who was gaga over somebody from her school that she said she would probably never see again. Nice, empty thoughts that filled in who they were to each other.

There were only a few close calls. Once, Ruby had tried on a tight dress that showed off her figure more than Yang expected, and she had to sputter and tell her she looked “fine” so she’d go change back. Ruby did wind up buying the dress, so she simply had to hope she would never wear it again until after Yang left to go back home.

The other time was when they shared a milkshake with only one straw. As many times as Yang told herself it didn’t matter, she still felt a weird thrill from putting her lips around the straw Ruby had just been doing the same to. But nothing major; it was completely tolerable.

Until the beach.

When Ruby slid off her shorts and took off her button-up top to reveal a red bikini, Yang already knew she was in trouble. There was so little of Ruby that she couldn’t see at this point. And she liked all of her. She knew it was more than pure physical attraction; it was chemistry, it was a liking of who Ruby was on top of how beautiful her body and face were. So seeing more of her was…

But she was already prepared for this. She had gone to the beach with that danger looming over her head, so she just thought about one of her gym teachers. She was a burly, sweaty woman, and not at all attractive to Yang; the perfect antidote to an overactive imagination.
“Ooohhh, a one-piece,” Ruby commented when Yang had also stripped to reveal the black-and-yellow number with the little built-in skirt. “Cool, old-school.”

“Yeah. I don’t, um… yeah, this is safer, kinda.” When Ruby only blinked, she flipped the skirt with a hand. “To cover stuff? I mean, I’m… it’s hiding already, but this helps.”

“Right! Yeah, that makes total sense,” she said with a slow nod. Then she helped sort the beach towels a little more, and laid down on hers. “Now… um, I’m thinking tan for a little bit, and then we go in the water? Do you read on the beach, or what?”

“Not much of a reader. And I can barely see my phone out in the sun like this, so I guess… time for a nap?”

Ruby only nodded, pulling out a book as she laid down on her stomach. For a little while, Yang just stared at her skin. There was something she was going to ask, but looking at the smooth back, the pert little rear end just before legs stretched out forever, was distracting. At last, she thought of it.

“Sunscreen? For you? I mean, uh, do you want some help putting it on?”

“Oh!” Ruby gasped, smiling over at her. “Yeah, go for it; the bottle’s in the bag. I’ll do you when I’m done.”

Grimacing at Ruby’s choice of words, Yang did as she was told. First, she worked at Ruby’s legs, down to her ankles and back up, and then her lower back. When she got to the strap, Ruby reached up and undid it.

“What are you doing?!”

“Letting you get the rest of me,” she said with a snort. “Don’t worry, I won’t forget and stand up and let anyone see my mini-melons.” When Yang still didn’t keep going, she raised up to look at her. “Is… that okay? I just want to avoid that annoying tan li-”

“No, I get it, don’t worry; I can, um, I can do that. No problem.”

“Really? Because it sounds like a small problem to me…”

Rubbing the lotion into Ruby’s upper back, she promised her, “Not even a little. I got this.” And she did; even though it was a little awkward, she was able to finish lotioning Ruby up without feeling like a total pervert.

“Thanks,” she breathed, smiling over at Yang again when she was through. “Now my skin is safe, and… and it felt really nice the way you did it.”

“You felt really nice,” Yang admitted. They shared a look, which Yang couldn’t quite read on Ruby’s end because of the sunglasses, then she cleared her throat. “And I’m wearing a one-piece, so you shouldn’t have to oil me up, too.”

“Nah, it’s no biggie.” Sliding the bookmark back into her book, she redid her strap, rolled and sat up as Yang lay down, then began to work on her legs and arms, which were mostly what needed lotion. There was a circle open in the back of the suit, and she took care of that with one finger, which made Yang giggle. All in all, it was a little relaxing despite the frustration of trying to pretend she wasn’t enjoying it too much.

The half-sisters laid there for a long while, soaking in the sun. Yang decided not to worry about anything at all; the relaxing sounds of ocean waves, the distant racket of people further down the
beach, all somehow lulled her into a half-napping state. She did actually sleep for very brief periods, but mostly she was awake to soak in the experience.

Finally, during one of these periods of sleep, she felt a poke in the butt. Ruby was already sitting up - thankfully with her top in place - and grinning down at her. “Let’s go splash around for a while.”

“Alright,” she half-yawned, sitting up. “Man, didn’t expect mall-walking to take it outta me like that.”

“No biggie. Come on, hurry up!”

Soon they were in the water, paddling around and laughing. The cold ocean refreshed Yang a lot more than she was expecting, and her feet sinking into the wet sand was just disorienting enough to be fun without making her be really afraid of drowning. Being adrift in the saltwater made for a nice change of pace, even if she kept getting it in her mouth and having to spit it out. NASTY.

“So I saw a couple of cute boys checking you out while you were asleep,” Ruby told her.

“Really?” she laughed, pushing hair out her face again.

“Yep. One dude was blonde and had abs you could eat off. His other friend had blue hair, it was so intense! But he seemed a little less outgoing.”

Trying not to blush, Yang laughed and said, “They were probably just checking you out and I got in the way.”

“Nope,” she insisted, shaking her head from side to side.

“Come on, you were laying there reading, no top on and your cute little butt in that red bikini. Hard to resist for those guys, I’m sure.”

As they got a little further out, Ruby began to swish her arms back and forth to help keep her head above water. “You think my butt is cute?”

“Yeah.” Realising her slight mistake, she added, “U-uhh, y’know, for a sister-butt.”

Already, Ruby was blushing and smiling again, and Yang had to try not to think too much about it. Why should Ruby feel so embarrassed about that stupid comment? “Thanks. Yours is cute, too. I mean, even if it’s not in a bikini, I’m positive they were checking you out.”

“They can’t check out what they can’t see,” Yang laughed as she began to have to swim a little more as well. “Hey, maybe we shouldn’t go any further out.”

“Probably not.” So they began to swim parallel to the shore instead. “Hey, um… can I ask you some stuff?”

Eyes narrowing, she said, “Depends on if it’s about butts.”

“Nah, not specifically.” As they paddled, Ruby was clearly thinking over her questions. Then she simply asked, “Do you like girls? I mean, you kinda hinted at it in Hot Topic, but I didn’t wanna ask you in front of people.”

Swallowing her fear, she said, “Yeah, I appreciate that. And… I do? I guess? I mean, still not really sure about it. I’ve been on a few dates with guys, a couple with girls, and… y’know, none of them really felt right. And there weren’t that many, and none of ‘em never went that far, anyway. So I
dunno.”

“And that’s cool! I just, um…” She swam a little closer. “I’m trying to learn more about you. We’re sisters, and we barely know anything because of that dumb ‘living on opposite sides of the country’ thing! And... I know I’m not your favourite person in the world, but m-maybe, if you got to know me better...”

“Wait, wait,” she headed her off. “What do you mean?”

“Well, let’s face it, you always kind of hated me when we were little.” The look in Ruby’s silvery eyes was too bleak to bear, and the smile she tried to wear didn’t quite reach them. “But we’re big now, right? We can start over, and... and if you know more about me...”

Her heart practically fell through her chest and into the briny waters. “Ruby... oh God, I’m- I was a brat! And you were my dad’s new kid with ‘the other woman’, I already decided to hate you before I met you! Had nothing to do with what kind of a girl you were back then... I was just still sad my parents split up.”

“Y-yeah, but I tried to be nice to you, and you didn’t even want to try. And the same thing started happening when you got here; I’m worried you’re just trying to be nice to avoid a scene.”

Now Yang did start to feel angry. She tried not to show it, though; she had questions of her own. “You mean like all that fun we had at the mall? That was just me ‘being nice’ and not actually having a good time with you?”

“Could have been,” she hedged, looking down ashamedly. “I’m sorry... it’s n-not that I’m accusing you of anything, I’m just... w-well, you’re a little hot-and-cold with me? I guess? And you’re so tall and cool and glamorous, and I’m nobody, s-so it would make sense if-”

“No, it sounds like you are accusing me,” she snapped. “Wow... I was starting to like hanging out with you. Really, I mean that, but... you thought I was still holding some grudge from freaking fifteen years ago?!”

Now Ruby looked like she wanted to cry. Yang was hurt, yes, but this wasn’t what she meant to happen! “I- I’m sorry. It w-wasn’t- I just w-wanted to make sure you didn’t think I was annoying, and if y-you did, I’d stop asking you to hang out with me! I don’t wanna drag you all over the state if you don’t like me, I could just... give you space, let you do your own thing...”

Again, her heart broke. “Ruby... come here.” Pulling her into a close hug, Yang clung to her tightly, toes just barely reaching the sand so that they wouldn’t have to swim for a moment. She felt shivering, hiccuping sobs from her half-sister and her heart squeezed even tighter in her chest.

“Listen. I’m having a great time. And... yeah, I’m a little awkward, but... it’s not because of you. I’m...” She might as well let a little of the truth slip out. “Right from when I got here and you started helping me with the bags, I really liked you, okay? Like... a lot. I’m not lying, and I’m not just saying this to make you feel better. I’m kind of surprised that I like you this much after how dumb I was as a kid to you, and... and for that same reason, surprised at how you’re being so nice to me. I figured you’d hate me and want to ignore me completely the whole time. It would only be fair, I think, after what happened when we were little.”

Ruby shook her head against Yang’s shoulder, weeping freely now. “Not even! I... I loved you, and just wanted to hang out with you, and I still want to now! I just wasn’t sure you would! S-so I figured, hey, I would try my hardest and be my nicest, and if it worked, it worked! And if not... w-well, at least I did my best, right?”
For a little while, Yang just held her while she cried, and she let a few tears fall herself. She felt like an asshole. Really, she knew that she had been trying — in her own awkward, hormonally-skewed way — to be as nice to Ruby as her weird brain would let her be without coming onto her out of nowhere. But it wasn’t good enough; she deserved better.

“I’m really sorry, Ruby… I messed up. Not on purpose, but I still wasn’t… y-yeah, I’m trying my best, okay? I promise you that I want to hang out. Sometimes I’m not good with people.”

Another nod into her shoulder. “I’m sorry for getting so upset, I… I know we had a great day today, even after I messed up this morning!”

“You didn’t! I mean… you did, but it wasn’t a big mess-up! Forgetting to knock is just like, a dumb small thing!” Kissing the side of her head, Yang clung tighter as she whispered, “I shouldn’t have flipped out so much…”

They floated there for a long minute, recovering from how intense their conversation had turned out of nowhere. Yang felt bad; Ruby only wanted to ask a couple of questions, and it turned into this.

“Not really a ‘small’ thing.” When Yang pulled back to look at her, Ruby was smiling, even though her eyes were still streaming. “G-get it?”

“Back to my dick again,” Yang sighed — but when Ruby stared to look worried, she reached up and petted her cheek. “Alright, alright, you have questions. Go on. I mean, I don’t really like to talk about it much, but it’s not that annoying to me and it’s probably better for you to just ask and get it out of the way than like, bump around in your head the whole time.”

“But I don’t wanna make you uncomfortable,” Ruby insisted. “It’s none of my business.”

“Didn’t look that way this morning when you couldn’t stop staring at it.”

“UGH! I don’t know what’s wrong with me, I just-”

“You’ve never seen one before,” Yang droned in a faux-bored tone, and Ruby sighed. “Nah, I know. And I guess… I’m kind of the same way, about vaginas? I’ve seen them in books or online, looking up gender stuff… in the locker room from really far away. My teammate Blake and I had kind of a show-and-tell with each other’s junk real quick during the showers, but it was just like, ‘Oh, that’s the thing? Cool, cool.’ But I’ve never really looked at one up close and personal.”

That seemed to surprise Ruby. But it wasn’t the part about not having seen vaginas. “You’ve showered with other girls? I figured they would like, give you a shower by yourself or whatever.”

“They tried. But the rest of the team told them they didn’t care. I mean, some of them did, but they cared more about my feelings than being uncomfortable, so the ones that did just didn’t shower at the same time. It was… actually really cool of them.”

“That’s cool, yeah. Because… I’ve been wanting to find a good way to say ‘I really support you’ without like, making a big deal of it. But you’re so pretty! And you’re definitely a girl, even if you have that thing I didn’t mean to keep staring at this morning!”

Grinning in spite of herself, Yang squeezed her a little tighter for a second. “You’re just way into my dick, that’s all.”

“H-hey!” she protested, but when Yang laughed she rolled her eyes. “You jerk.”
“Sorry. And yeah, it’s really cool of you to like… be okay with this. A lot of people wouldn’t be. Some kids in my school really flipped out, one of the teachers. Mom argued with me about it a little, but she got there in the end. But you and Dad and Summer have been so great, okay? So thanks for saying it, just trying to say it is badass in my book.”

Nodding as she thought on that, Ruby hugged Yang again before letting her go and swimming backward. “And hey, if you wanna look at a vagina, I have one of those. I… can’t believe I just said that,” she finished, eyes going a little wider. “Wow, that is SO the weirdest thing I could have done!”

“RUBY!”

“I mean, the minute I said it, I knew it was messed up but it was too late to stop the words! Ugh, why am I so weird?!”

Laughing against her better judgment, she reached up to poke Ruby’s shining red face. She knew her own was just as red; as much as they were joking, a little movie of that happening played out inside her head… and she didn’t mind it. Didn’t mind the idea of staring at her half-sister’s girly bits! Was she crazy?! But she was having a good enough time that she didn’t care.

“Cute. And it’s okay, I get that you were trying to help.”

For a second more, they giggled. Then Ruby said, “So far, my face is cute and so is my butt. By the time you go back to New Hampshire, maybe the rest of me’s gonna be on that list.”

She didn’t know what made her say it. Before she could think, it came tumbling out: “You say that like it’s not already on there.”

Not long after that, Ruby started going under. The next second, she was standing up again, coughing and sputtering and trying to get the saltwater out of her nose. Yang helped her back to the shore, patting her on the back and helping to wipe her face as they went.

Once on the towels again, Yang started apologising profusely, her words were so jumbled and jumping on top of each other that they were barely intelligible. When Ruby could finally talk again she managed to stop her.

“It’s okay!” she half-laughed, half-gagged. “I w-was dumb, I stopped swimming!”

“I’m such an idiot!” Yang fretted, petting over her damp hair and her shoulder. “What the fuck did I say that for?! We were already trying to get past your whole vagina offer, and then I-”

“Shhhhh,” Ruby giggle-coughed as she pushed a finger into Yang’s lips. “You’re fine. Just get me… some water?”

Yang popped open the cooler and grabbed the first drink she found. It was a sports drink, which did help to rinse out the taste in Ruby’s mouth. After a few sips, she lowered it and glanced over at her.

“Thanks. And, um… what you said about thinking the rest of me’s cute…”

“Forget about that,” she grunted, feeling worse and worse. “I said it without thinking; I shouldn’t say things like that, they don’t really-”

“My boobs?” When Yang didn’t answer, she shook her shoulders back and forth a little to make them bounce. When the blonde’s violet-hued eyes watched them move with great interest, she
giggled. “Those too, huh?”

“Ruby… I… y-yeah, they’re great.” She had her dead to rights; what was the point in lying?

“What about… my knees? Elbows? Belly button?”

“Cute as hell,” she sighed, taking her lumps. “All of it.”

Apparently, Ruby wasn’t quite done. “My hands? Feet? Ears?”

“Yeah, every little part of you, okay? Elbows, knees, and toes! God, when did you turn all vain?”

“I’m not telling you they’re cute, I’m asking if you think they are,” she explained as if this were obvious, though she was still grinning in a kind of self-satisfied way.

“No, I get it. And… yeah, I do. You’re really adorable, from cute head to cute toes.”

Looking down at the end of the blanket, Ruby wiggled said toes. When Yang couldn’t help herself watching, she made a little gasp and leaned in closer, to keep her voice down.

“Do you have a thing?!?”

“What?! NO! Dude… this isn’t-”

“You said ‘toes’ twice!”

“I’m just trying to say that you are a cute person! That’s not such a crime, is it?!?”

“Okay, okay,” the little brunette finally relented, though she could tell that she would be coming back to some of that later. “And… I’m sorry, I was kinda teasing. Maybe I shouldn’t. But I think it’s kinda… I dunno, flattering? Cool? Makes me feel good.”

Rolling her eyes, Yang muttered, “Most people would think it’s sick. I mean, you’re my half-sister; I’m not supposed to notice stuff like that about you.”

“What, like I’m a mannequin or something? Pshhh,” she scoffed. “I noticed stuff about you already. Does that make me sick?”

That completely blindsided Yang. For a second, she could only blink and try to process what she was hearing. Then she whispered, “Wh-what do you mean? Stuff about me? I don’t… I don’t get it. I’m not cute like you are, so what’s to notice?”

“Your butt, like I said before. Plus you have nice legs, and you’re really pretty. Supermodel pretty! I mean, I… have this feeling you were spending a liiiiiittle more time thinking about me being cute than I was about you…” At those words, her eyes shifted to the side, as if not wanting to state things any more plainly than that.

But all Yang could do was smile giddily. Ruby thought she was cute. **Ruby thought she was cute!!!**

“Aww,” she whispered, leaning up to kiss her cheek. Yang froze completely, stunned. “That’s the most adorable thing I’ve seen you do yet.”

“Wh-what- most adorable? What else have I been doing?”

“Only everything.”
Swallowing hard, Yang bit her lip and forced herself to think of words. “I… um, it sounds like, somehow, you actually don’t think I’m a horrible person for thinking your ass is cute. Which is… crazy, but I’ll take it, since I’m kind of still trying to figure out how I’m adorable to you. I mean, I’m taller!”

“So? You can be tall and be adorable. I have proof!” Her finger poked Yang’s cheek. “Right there.” And when Yang giggled and ducked her head, Ruby’s grin got a lot wider. “Awwwww…”

“Stop that.” Turning away to watch a few people walk down the beach, she whispered, “All I hoped for when I got here was, like… to maybe figure out how to talk to you guys again. You and Dad, and even Summer. And then I saw you, and you were just… I looked at you, and I didn’t see a little sister.”

At first, Ruby looked a little hurt. Then her eyes narrowed as she began to more fully understand the words. “You saw me… how? Like… a woman?” When Yang nodded, she swallowed and looked down at the thin stripe of sand between their towels. “O-oh. Well, I’m… yeah, I think, uh… wow.”

“Sorry. Guess I’m really messed up. I didn’t know I was until I got here, though!”

“No, no, it’s…” Biting her lip, she slid her legs back and forth a little, cheeks glowing. “You… really did?”

Yang couldn’t lie to her. “You in those short-shorts? I was watching your ass all the way upstairs.”

“AAAH!” she half-squealed, pushing her hands into her face. “We shouldn’t be saying this stuff! Oh my God…”

“Right?! I felt so gross, but I couldn’t help it; you have great legs and a great ass!” Another squeal from Ruby, but she kept going. “Like, I was watching your feet because I was trying not to look at your thighs, but those are cute, too! It was like I couldn’t win!”

Gasping, she pointed at Yang’s face and hissed, “I knew it! You DO have a thing!”

“Wait, that isn’t what I- I was only saying y-” Groaning, she pushed a hand into her face. “But I never had a thing before, and I don’t think I do now! So why am I all flustered?!”

Giggling again, she scooted closer and kissed Yang on the cheek again. “Maybe it’s just me, huh? I mean, you did say all of me’s on your list.”

As she glanced over and caught sight of a middle-aged man letting his children bury him in the sand, Yang couldn’t help feeling a little envious. Maybe she and he could switch places…
Chapter 4

The rest of the day at the beach was full of light teasing, which floated along back to the car, as well. Yang mostly ignored it, even though her blushing gave away that she was still hearing every word. At least Ruby wasn’t acting grossed out or angry, which was the best she could have hoped for, if she were really being honest.

Once in the car, heading off for their shave ice, Ruby addressed a more pertinent issue. “So, um… I’ve been thinking about this, and I wanted to say something.”

“Great,” Yang grunted.

“Nothing bad. I, um… you kinda made it sound like you’ve really been feeling bad about thinking I’m cute. And, um, I wanted to tell you that I don’t care, okay?”

At that, Yang did flash Ruby a guilty smile. “Maybe you should care. I mean, this is fucked up. Or it would be if I ever did anything about it; I guess thoughts aren’t that bad.”

“Maybe. But I don’t care at all, and it seems pretty dumb to pretend to care just because I’m ‘supposed to’. Right?”

“Yeah… I mean, I don’t want you trying harder to pretend or anything. That is dumb.” Clearing her throat, she reached over to take Ruby’s hand; she felt her heart beating faster, even though she knew she wasn’t doing anything wrong or overly flirtatious. “I just don’t want this to make you uncomfortable, or like, worry about anything. You’re still my sis, and I still wanna hang out with you… I’m just afraid that you won’t wanna hang out with me because you’ll be worried I’m checking you out the whole time. And if you are, that makes total sense!”

Snorting as she pulled up to a stoplight, Ruby then took that chance to spare a glance at Yang. “Nah. I trust you, okay? It’s… definitely different to legit know somebody’s checking me out instead of just wondering about it, but I know you won’t ever hurt me. We’re family.”

That stabbed into her heart like a stake intended for a vampire. “Y-yeah… family. That’s the whole problem.”

“No, I didn’t mean it like…” Sighing, she hit the gas again as the car in front of her took off. “I
told you, I don’t think you’re gross or whatever. Is it weird? Oh yeah, definitely, but… I like other weird stuff. Pineapple on pizza, fries dipped in my milkshakes. ‘Weird’ isn’t the same as ‘bad’.”

“Pineapple on pizza is bad,” Yang joked, and Ruby grinned. After a comfortable silence, she whispered, “Thank you. I’m… I’ll try to quit freaking out now.”

The shave ice was delicious, and they tried to chat about inconsequential things until after they had eaten it. Then, when they were getting close to home again, Ruby volunteered something else.

“I won’t tell Mom and Dad.” At Yang’s startled look, she went on, “You’ve been pretty quiet the past few minutes, and I guessed you were thinking about that. Since we’re getting close to home.”

“Oh… I’m sorry, I really didn’t mean to be. This is just crazy.”

Shrugging, she reached over and grabbed Yang’s hand again, and Yang bit her lip as she felt their fingers lace together. “I’m gonna protect you. Thinking I have nice boobs is no reason for you to be in trouble; or it’s a stupid reason, at least.”

“You do, though. Like, that’s not just me; you’re a perfect ten.”

At that, Ruby grinned and looked away. “R-really?”

“Definitely. Like, do you know how jealous I am that you not only have big boobs, but just the right frame to pull them off? I’d KILL to have your rack.”

“But yours are big, too!” she protested. “Bigger than mine!”

“Yeah… it’s padding.”

“What?”

“They’re fake,” she went on, looking away. “I don’t… have the money for top surgery yet; the hormones gave me nice little boobs for now, but they look so tiny with my height and size that like, it’s just weird. So I’ve been stuffing my bra. Mom bought me a few bras with special padding sewn into the material to make it look bigger in a more natural way, and the swimsuit is the same way. Plus it has that little skirt to help hide my package.”

Sidetracked for just a second, Ruby snorted, “Package.” But seeing Yang roll her eyes, she hurriedly said, “W-well, I think that’s pretty awesome they make stuff like that. Sorry.”

“What are you sorry for?”

“The boobs thing. I, um, I didn’t know you had help.”

Smiling, she said, “Actually, it makes me feel better. That they look real, I mean.”

“They are real. They’re just not made of skin and, um, boob-fat.” When Yang snorted, she said, “What? That’s what boobs are! Fatty tissue, right? Plus a couple of glands, but mostly the other stuff!”

“Mine won’t be,” Yang chuckled as they pulled into the driveway and parked. “They’ll be made of silicon.”

Gripping her hand a little tighter, she whispered, “The best silicon for my sister.” Then she turned off the car and undid her safety belt. “Anyway… I’m, um, not a very good liar, but I’m going to try my best not to give anything away. I’m awesome at hiding stuff, but if they start throwing
questions at me, I kinda... crumple.”

Nodding as she processed that, she leaned over and hugged Ruby. “Thank you. I’m... I really am glad you’re who you are. And I’m sorry you have to cover for me with this.”

“It’s no big deal, seriously.” She spared a tiny kiss to Yang’s jaw, and Yang tried not to melt as she pulled away. “Now, let’s go in and face the music.”

Not that there was any music to face. They had talked about it enough that neither of them were blushing that hard anymore, and the entryway and living room were empty, anyway. After dropping the beach bag, they both went upstairs to get changed.

“Come on,” Ruby whispered, pulling Yang into the bathroom after her.

“What? Ruby, but-”

“Don’t get sand all over your room,” she giggled. There was a playful gleam in her eye, but she didn’t say anything else. Just pulled Yang in behind her and shut the door.

Once inside, Ruby looked up at her, excited and full of energy. Yang had no idea what she was going to do — and for a moment, worried it would be something both of them would regret. But then she simply hugged her tightly.

“You can go first.”

“Go?” After a second, Yang managed to scrape enough brain cells together to say, “The shower. Right, um... yeah. I don’t have any clean clothes in here, though.”

“I’ll go get ‘em. Do you care what I grab?”

Once Ruby had pulled away, Yang ran a hand through her bangs. “Something more comfortable. I wanna save my cute clothes for going out.”

“That’s fair,” she said with a small smile and a nod. “Leave the door unlocked and I’ll bring our stuff in.” Then she flashed her another smile and slipped out.

Yang didn’t waste any time getting the shower going, and stripping to get in. Part of her had to suspect that Ruby was going to try getting a peek at her by coming back with the clothes as fast as possible, so she made that window practically nonexistent. But it turned out, she shouldn’t have been so worried.

“You in?” Ruby called through the door after a short knock.

“Yep! Ready when you are!”

“Okay!” It clicked open and in she came. Through the translucent shower curtain, she could just make out the shape of her half-sister as she started moving around the room, setting things down and moving things. “I found an old tee with some name of a band on it and a pair of jeans, is that cool?”

“Uh-huh,” Yang breathed out as she let her hair soak up more water. She had already rinsed away all the sand, so now it was time to start really washing.

“Also, um... I didn’t bring a bra. I felt weird enough touching the bottoms.” Then she added, “But I can go get it if you need it! I don’t want you to be uncomfortable!”
Smiling against her will, she called out to her, “Nah, that’s fine; I’m just hanging around here, I guess I don’t need it… but yeah, I’m normally really uncomfortable without it. Makes me look… more like a crossdresser than an actual girl.”

There was a slightly strangled noise from the other side. Then Ruby told her, “You are an actual girl. There are plenty of girls with flat chests.”

“Just not you, right?”

“Yeah,” she giggled. As Yang finished lathering the shampoo into her hair, she noticed the silhouette was moving, and she heard the rustle of fabric. Was Ruby stripping? But before she could try to distract herself from that new fact, Ruby did that for her: “Hey, did you wanna watch more of that show tonight? Or are you in the mood for another thing?”

“Well… I’m kinda digging it, but I also wanted to watch that new Spruce Willis flick. The one with all the explosions?”

“Oh! Yeah, I think that might be out for streaming by now… but if it’s not, I know a cheap theater that still has some older movies. Maybe we could go tomorrow?”

Grinning in spite of herself and her reservations, she said, “That’d be perfect.”

“Sweet, let’s do it!”

“You sure you wanna see it, though? I thought Dad said you were into like… cartoons or whatever.”

There came a few dull thunks, and then Ruby’s silhouette was half its height. “Well,” she half-grunted - and Yang realised with a flash of embarrassment that she was peeing. Right there in front of her! It was the kind of thing normal sisters would do, so she tried to focus on what she was saying while she started soaping up her body. “Not cartoons. Anime; I mean, they are cartoons, but it’s not like, Spongebob. Though he’s pretty funny, too,” she added a little quieter.

“Oh… but I mean, we could see something like that. You’d have to pick it, though.”

“Nah,” she laughed. “Mom and Dad think anime’s dumb, and there’s not really anything like that in the theater right now. Um… sometimes they do events, where they show Digimon Tri or Princess Mononoke, stuff like that? If… if you’re curious…”

“Yeah! Totally! I mean, maybe I won’t like it, but I won’t know if I don’t go.”

“N-no, you don’t have to come if you won’t like it…”

“I said I might not. Hey, I’ve sat through some really terrible movies with people I care about less than you, so I’m pretty sure I’ll survive.”

After a second, Ruby said in a cautiously optimistic voice, “Okay. I’ll look into it for us.”

“Sweet. And yeah, if we can’t Netflix my movie, I’m definitely down for more of that show from last night.”

“Awesome! It really picks up after the first few episodes, you’ll see!” Then she stood up, and she hesitated. “I… should not flush right now.”

“I’d appreciate it if you don’t,” Yang laughed, and Ruby laughed, as well. “Um… sorry this is
taking so long, I have a lot of hair.”

“No, it’s cool! Your hair is incredible, are you kidding me? And you barely got in there. Well, I don’t know how long you were in before I got back…”

“A couple of minutes. But yeah, I’ll try to hurry up, I’m sure you don’t wanna stand around like that.”

“Not with sand in my cracks, no.” Yang was still trying to recover from that when Ruby asked, “Do you want me to… wash your back?”

Sputtering, she finally managed to say, “N-no, that’s okay! I got it, I’m… at least that flexible.” Then she made herself be polite enough to ask, “Want me to get yours before I get out, though?”

“Um… yeah, if you could. I’m pretty flexible, too, but it’s just annoying, right?”

Shit. Now she would have to go through with it! “A-alright, but not quite yet; still working on me.”

“Take your time!” Oblivious to Yang’s struggles, she went on, “I’m pretty sure Dad was gonna pick up dinner on his way home, but I forgot what it was supposed to be…”

“Yeah?” she asked as she washed her legs, trying to ignore what was stirring between them.

“Fish? Maybe fish.” While Ruby talked, Yang hurried to squirt conditioner into her hands and thread it through her now-rinsed hair as the water got rid of the soap on her legs. “Sorry if that’s not your thing; he usually gets a few sides, you could fill up on those and I’ll eat extra fish to make up for it.”

Smiling softly to herself, she said, “That’s super nice, but you don’t have to. I like fish okay. Not a huge fan, but it can be good.”

“Oh, trust me, this is the good stuff; not like, fast food fish. My dad goes all out.”

“Hey, he’s my dad, too!” Then she winced. “Maaaybe I shouldn’t remind us of that now.”

“Why not? It’s true. What’s the point of saying that he isn’t?”

Shrugging, she rinsed the conditioner out of her hair. “You’re right, I guess. Sorry.” Then she cleared her throat; might as well get it over with. “You ready to get in here?”

“Yep, whenever you are!”

“Okay, you get in the end with the showerhead; I’ll back up here…” She did, backing away from the stream. “Keep facing away from me and I’ll get your back real quick.”

Ruby giggled. “You just wanna look at my butt. Okay, you ready now?”

Almost growling, she said, “Yeah, hurry that butt up.”

So Ruby did. And Yang had to use every ounce of willpower she had not to watch her move; she would have seen a lot more if she had her eyes open as Ruby got in. When she did open them, all she saw was back and behind… which was appealing enough on its own. This wasn’t too different from what she had been able to appreciate while they were on the beach, though, so she didn’t feel too “riled up” yet.

“You okay back there?” Ruby wasn’t teasing this time; she really meant it.
“Fine! Totally fine.” Grabbing the loofah, she poured body wash into the spongey mass. “Um, your back’s not wet enough yet.”

“Right!” Tilting forward, she let water cascade down her back. Again, Yang tried not to notice how much more her rump was being presented in her direction. “Ooh… okay, is that good?”

“Yes. Stand up and step back just a little, and I’ll get you.”

Doing as she was told, Ruby settled into generally the middle of the tub so Yang could wash begin scrubbing. Her little sighs of pleasure affected her more than she cared to admit, but she didn’t let herself stop; she had agreed to this, and it would be irresponsible for her to quit now just because she was enjoying herself.

“You’re so good at this,” her half-sister purred as Yang scrubbed higher, then lower. “Mmm…”

“Thanks, I guess.” Yang didn’t deserve compliments; she felt guilty because she was getting turned on, but there was no easy way to say that, so instead she just pushed ahead to get through with everything faster.

Just when she was about finished, Ruby asked, “You sure you already got your back?”

“Y-yeah, thanks anyway. Maybe next time?”

“Okay. Um… this was nice. Is it weird to say I like it when you take care of me?”

Another loud thump of her heart, and another twitch from below. “No, but… it feels a little weird for you to say it while we’re both naked.”

“Why? I mean… it’s the same here or out there. It’s just nice to have my big sister doing this for me.”

“But…” The words stuck, but she forced them out, practically causing herself pain to do so. “Your ‘big sister’ likes this in ways she really shouldn’t.”

Ruby was quiet for a moment. Her head turned to the side, as if she wanted to look backward at Yang, or even turn around. But she never did turn.

“M-maybe… that’s nice to know, too.”

Yang couldn’t believe her ears. “What?”

“J-just, like, it’s flattering,” Ruby added quickly, smiling over her shoulder. “You keep talking about it like it’s bad, or gross, but… that isn’t what I’m thinking. Promise, okay? It just… it’s like, partly funny, partly just surprising. And then… it makes me happy in a weird way, too. I don’t know. But none of those feelings are ‘bad’.”

“Aren’t they? If they’re about you?”

“Okay. So you like my butt; so it… makes you hard.” She had to stop and swallow, dealing with the very idea. “So what? I mean, um… I love chocolate, but it doesn’t mean I’m evil if I wanna eat it all the time, even though it’s bad for my skin and makes me fat.”

That did make Yang laugh against her will, even as she was still trying to handle her feelings of crippling guilt. “R-right. I mean… yeah, what would I even do with your butt if I had it? At least you can eat chocolate.”
“Right! Can’t eat my butt!” They both laughed. Inwardly, Yang knew that wasn’t technically true, in a way, but she definitely didn’t want to bring that up to Ruby. “I mean, what else is there? You wanna put your hot dog in my buns?”

Yang’s laughing turned into choking. Ruby seemed to realise just a second later what she had said, and her giggle turned a lot more self-conscious. That was most definitely not where they meant for THAT conversation to go.

“Maybe,” Yang finally managed to laugh, put at ease by both of them having been laughing nervously. “I mean, like you said, it’s almost dinnertime.”

“Hungry Yang is hungry.” Since they were still in the shower and Yang showed no signs of hopping out, Ruby finally leaned forward to get her hair wet a little more. Then she backed up to get the shampoo… and just barely brushed the tip of Yang’s very-rigid anatomy.

“O-oh… what was that?”

Swallowing hard, Yang managed to yelp, “N-nothing! It was nothing, I just- y-yeah, maybe I should leave you to it in here!”

“Wait…” She backed up again until the tip was just barely pushing into the area just above her rear. “O-oh, wow, that really is…”

“Ruby?”

“Yeah?”

“I… I think I should get out of the shower now.” When neither of them had moved after a second, she added, “Sh-shouldn’t I?”

Another step backwards. Now, her length was gracing the back even more firmly, and Ruby was glancing over her shoulder every few seconds. Even once Yang was all the way up against the wall, the back of her sister followed until she could even feel her sack resting against her soft cheeks.

“I-I’m not trying to make you do anything,” Ruby assured her. “Just… I wanted to see… how much your hot dog likes my buns.”

“Well, I think you should be able to tell after this!” Licking her lips, she glanced down and tried not to think about how incredible Ruby’s wet, slightly soapy skin felt against her throbbing length. “Ohhhhh, this is a bad idea…”

“You really do. You l-like my…” Her hips began to shift from side to side, testing how it felt, and she said in a soft voice, “Do you want to… put your hot dog in it?”

“NO! God, I- do you know how much that’s probably gonna hurt?”

“I didn’t say ‘you can do that’, I asked if you wanted to!” Ruby hissed, eyes wide. “Wow, I’m not-like, I don’t think I can do that, my butthole is way too small!”

Groaning, Yang bit down on her fist for a second as she felt the enticing cheeks gliding in and around her. “Mmhhh, Ruby…”

“Do you want me to stop?” When Yang didn’t answer right away, she asked, “Do… you want me to… not stop?”
Grabbing Ruby’s shoulders, which made her jump, Yang said, “I gotta stop before it gets worse.”

“Okay. Okay, I’m sorry.” Instantly, she was cowed, holding stock still and looking ashamed of herself. Yang couldn’t have that, so she leaned in and kissed the top of her head. “Yang?”

“Yeah?”

“Um… I don’t think I’m crushing on you in like, the exact same way… but I can tell you I don’t mind this like I thought I would. I mean, I was kind of expecting it to be a little icky and a little funny, and no big deal? But instead… it’s nice, in a weird way.”

“Feeling my dick on your ass is ‘nice’?!”

“Maybe,” she confessed further, voice barely above a whisper. “But you’re right; we’re half-sisters, and… and it’s gotta stop. Can I ask just one more thing?”

“Sure,” she sighed, running her hand through her damp bangs. “Go for it.”

“Do you need to, like… take care of that, or is it gonna go away by itself?”

That was one question Yang wasn’t sure about. But instead of speaking about her own insecurities, she whispered, “I can take care of it out there if I have to. But I probably won’t; it’ll go away, even if it takes a while.”

“Want my help? I’ve never-”

“NO.” When Ruby flinched, she kissed the top of her head again. That seemed to be working; showing Ruby that even when she was telling her they had to stop, that she still loved her and wasn’t upset. “Sorry. No, I’m good, but thanks for the offer. We just… yeah, bad idea.”

Nodding, she stepped forward and out of Yang’s way. When her eyes reluctantly turned downward, she saw it was harder than she’d ever seen it - or at least as hard. This really was an uncomfortable situation! But she couldn’t keep looking at Ruby’s nude form if she wanted to try and make it go away, so she stepped out of the shower.

“Whew.”

“Yeah,” Ruby laughed on the other side of the curtain. “Sorry, um… I’m just really sorry.”

As Yang towelled off, she said to her, “Hey, it’s… I won’t say it’s ‘okay’, ‘cause I think it was a pretty weird thing to happen. But like, we’ll survive, right? Nobody got hurt, nobody… went too far.”

“Except me. I backed my thing up into your thing!”

“You did. What the hell made you wanna try that?”

“I dunno,” she pleaded with her. “Just… you kept talking about my butt being cute-”

“YOU keep talking about it.”

“Fine, fine, we keep discussing your appreciation for my posterior.” Yang snorted as Ruby went on, “And then I kinda felt you poke it on accident, so I… well, I got curious what that would feel like. And it felt… not terrible? Just really warm.”

Still feeling guilty for not stopping herself, Yang admitted, “You were warm, too. And I mean, if I
“Yeah. That’s…” She paused, possibly while rinsing her hair off. “Anyway. How’s it going out there?”

“Well, I’m almost dry if that’s what you mean,” she sighed as she propped a leg up on the toilet to get underneath. “As for the other thing… yeah, that’s not going away.”

A noise like a whine and a groan had a lovechild floated out of the shower. “I’m sorry! God, what a stupid idea; I shouldn’t have brought up washing each other’s backs!”

“Hey, we should be able to handle that, right? We’re sisters! Normally, that would make total sense, it’s just… we’re weird! Or I am, at least!”

“I’m pretty sure we both are, since I didn’t run screaming out of the shower when you poked me with your dick!” They both couldn’t help snorting with laughter again. “Which is still… awkward to say, I know, but like, I’m pretty much fine with it. Don’t worry so much!”

But Yang didn’t have that luxury. Ruby was her half-sibling, and to pretend otherwise was just lying to herself. No matter how much she wanted to do something inadvisable with the thickness poking up from between her hips, she refused to let that happen. Not at the expense of Ruby’s purity and her own conscience.

Chapter End Notes

NOTE: Things are starting to heat up in the Rose-Xiao Long house! We're gonna try to get this one edited and completely soon, so we can do more work on SWTD.

Also... other RWBY fics might be coming to this location sooner than you think! Some are smutty, some are mostly genfic with a little smut. We're also thinking about opening an Adultfanfiction account... anybody think that's a good idea? Pointless idea?
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Yang clears the pipes. Ruby finds out.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Masturbation, panty-sniffing, snuggling and grinding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 5

Back in her room, Yang tried pacing back and forth to make it go away. She even tried working out on the machine for a little while. That did help more than the other things, but it still barely took anything to get her springing back to full size.

Finally, she couldn’t take it anymore. Snatching an already-dirty pair of underwear from off the floor, she cranked one out as fast and as violently as she could without making too much noise. She also fought against thinking about Ruby too much…

Which proved impossible. All that filled her mind was Ruby’s flawless face, her endearing smile… the skin of her back as it rubbed up against her. Remembering her hands smoothing tanning lotion all over Ruby’s body… every inch…

“Hnh!” she grunted as she filled the panties. It was quick, and unsatisfying, but at least she got the feelings out.

Tears stung her eyes as she stared down at the mess. She hated herself. More than she ever had in her life, even including all the nights she wasn’t sure about her transition, the times she had been harassed by schoolmates and other teachers, people on the street… this was her lowest point.

But she had only been staring down and trying not to cry for a minute or so when she heard a soft knock. Wiping up and pulling up her sweats, she called out, “Yeah?”

“It’s me!” Ruby half-hissed through the door. “Can I come in?”

“Uhhh…” After making sure everything was squared away, she took the used undies and tossed them onto the top of her suitcase to get them out of the way. “Yep!”

The door clicked open. Ruby was damp but dressed in a white tank with red pyjama pants. They had little white rosebuds all over them. She wasted no time leaning back against the door to shut it.

“H-hey.”

“Hi.” Swallowing, she hitched a smile into place as she asked, “What’s up?”
“That was kinda what I was gonna ask you,” she joked. Nodding at Yang’s lap, she asked, “You look like, um… you’re doing better.”

“Yeah.”

“Take care of it?”

“Yeah.”

“Did you… um…” She swallowed, eyes pointed across from the door at the wall. “Was I…”

Yang’s eyes flicked toward the panties on the suitcase. When they returned to Ruby, she saw they were both looking at each other, so she looked down right away.

“O-oh.” Ruby licked her lips and shrugged. “H-hey, at least that means you don’t feel all annoyed that it’s still up like that, right?”

“Yeah. But… now I feel like…”

Ruby walked a little closer. She couldn’t help but watch the little toes poking out from under the hems of her pantlegs, the way they scrunched up nervously on the carpeting. Definitely cute.

“Feel like what?”

She still couldn’t look at her face. Shame and guilt were weighing too heavily on her shoulders. As softly as she could, she whispered, “I feel like I hurt you, because I… because you were what I thought about when…”

“It’s okay,” Ruby told her, petting over her hair and her shoulder. “I mean… I’m sorry, Yang, don’t cry…”

When Yang sniffled, she simply leaned down and embraced her, kissing into her cheek, and Yang hugged her back. She didn’t really start crying in earnest; she was too in shock from all of the weird events that seemed to keep unfolding. But a few tears fell, and she kept making some sort of hiccupsing noise that sounded like she was getting sick or something.

As if she weren’t already *sick*.

Finally, the little brunette whispered, “Come on, it’s okay! After me twerking on you, it seems pretty obvious that you would have to!”

“Twerking?” Yang half-laughed, half-sobbed. “Wow… I mean, I guess technically, you kinda did…”

“Right up on your man-meat. *Girl*-meat!” she corrected hastily, but Yang only snorted. “Yikes, this is weird. Anyway, um, I promise you that I don’t care what you thought about, as long as it helped.”

A long sigh of relief floated out of her. Ruby had such an easy way of calming her down. “Thanks, Ruby. I… I still feel like I’m nasty for doing what I did, but you not holding it against me… that helps. A lot.”

“I mean, I kinda *did* hold it against you,” she joked. Yang grinned in embarrassment, and Ruby grinned right back. “So, um… how was it? Like, did you… have fun? I don’t really know what I’m asking.”
“Not really,” she snorted. “I was kinda just trying to get it over with fast.”

“In here?” Hopping up, she picked up the used underwear.

“What? Ruby, that’s- you shouldn’t- I…”

But Ruby was already inspecting them. Yang felt her own lip curling; didn’t she know what that was?! The silver eyes peered in as she opened them, trying to figure out how she felt about what she was looking at.

“Huh. So that’s what all the fuss is about?”

Clearing her throat and finally standing up, she walked over to stand by Ruby. “Um… yeah, that’s, uh, that’s it.”

“This is another thing I’ve never seen before,” Ruby explained. Her cheeks were a little rosy, but not as bad as other times she’d seen her blush. “It’s… I mean, it looks kind of icky in there, but that’s because it’s already stuck all over the fabric. Does that come out in the laundry?”

“Oh, yeah, definitely! Don’t worry about that.” But when Ruby leaned in close and closed her eyes, Yang felt a thrill of dread shoot through her. “Wait! Don’t do-”

But she only breathed in through her nose, deep and fully. It was strange, but Yang had been worried about her doing far worse. However, Ruby’s eyes opened halfway and she let out a soft sigh.

“Ruby…?”

“O-oh,” she whispered, looking up at Yang as if startled to see her there. Then, impossibly - then was the moment her cheeks flushed a deep scarlet.

“What is it?” Yang asked, dreading the answer.

“N-nothing!” she squeaked, dropping them back onto the suitcase. “Gosh, I… I should go put my clothes in the hamper!”

“Ruby, I’m sorry,” Yang whispered hurriedly as Ruby started to walk past. “Th-this is all my fault, if I hadn’t-”

“No, no… no.” Pushing her hand into her blushing face. “At this point, I think we’re both pretty bad, okay? So don’t do that whole ‘all my fault’ thing.”

Sighing, she said, “I’m sorry. I know you don’t think I’m messing up, but I think I am. All I can say is… I promise I’ll work on this more, alright?”

“I… but what if I liked the smell?” Seemingly unable to stop herself, Ruby kept rambling, “God, I’ve wanted to play with your dick ever since I first saw it poking up this morning, but I told myself that was bad, that y-you would hate me if you knew, because it’s weird! But I can’t stop thinking about it, I wanted to see it, find out what it was like, I… all those things I’ve heard people do with dicks, I’ve been so curious, but I was gonna wait for the right man to come along. I know you aren’t a man, don’t worry, but seeing you so hard, I couldn’t get it out of my mind, and everything that kept happening made it worse! But I was trying to be good and pretend I didn’t care, because it’s weird that it’s my sister’s dick, isn’t it?”

There were too many words. Yang could only disentangle them enough to figure out that basically,
Ruby wanted to get a good look at her anatomy. The details would probably get through to her later.

“You… really?”

“Yes,” the poor girl forced out, sinking down onto the bed next to Yang. “And I feel gross for thinking about it, I mean, even though I know I’m just interested in like, playing around with it a little, maybe…” Her voice got even quieter. “Maybe smell, or even t-taste?”

“RUBY!” But when Ruby ducked her head, she lowered her voice as quiet as she could and whispered, “Sorry! Sorry, I wasn’t trying to say you’re bad for- oh my god, I can’t believe… you’ve been thinking about this all day?”

“I’ve been feeling so guilty, because you were so embarrassed that I caught you like that, and all I could think about was pulling it out and- and- and doing something, I don’t know!”

Yang felt herself stirring. Luckily, she had cleared the pipes, so she knew that it would be a lot easier to resist than if she hadn’t. “Ruby… it’s okay. Seriously, after what we’ve been through today, I’m pretty sure I don’t have any room to judge you, even if I wanted to. And I don’t! No way!”

Silver eyes glistening, she smiled blearily up at the blonde. “Thanks, Yang. And I wasn’t kidding, that stuff you made smells… really good to me. Not in a way I’m used to things smelling good, but I like it? Maybe that makes me a pervert, or a crazy person, or… a-anyway, I’m sorry if I crossed a line that’s too far, but thanks for saying you don’t mind. I… it makes me feel a lot better.”

“You looked turned on when you were staring at it,” Yang told her. “This morning, I mean. And… that was making it harder for me to let it go soft again. Like, I couldn’t stop looking at your pokeys.”

“Pokeys?” Glancing down at her chest, she flushed and bit her lip. “Y-you noticed that, huh? Sorry… but yeah, I guess I was. I mean, I keep saying it, and I’ll say it again: yours is the first boner I’ve ever done anything with! Even if it’s just, like, looking at it… having it near me!”

“Being near you is part of the problem…” Ruby giggled in a breathy way, and Yang tried to ignore yet another little twitch from below. “But okay, we gotta… we gotta get a handle on this. So we’re a little bit interested in each other, I guess. That’s my fault for getting this started.”

“No, it’s mine for barging my way in here without waiting, right? Otherwise, we’d still be fine.”

Sighing, Yang squirmed for a minute. “Well… I mean, that’s not totally fair, either. I was already into you from the minute I got here, I told you that. Even last night in front of the TV…”

For a second, Ruby seemed to be thinking. Then she turned and looked up at her with a shy little smile. “Um… did you… have to run to the bathroom… did you jerk off?”

“NO!” she burst out while Ruby smiled a little wider. “Well… I needed a break, yeah, but I just took a few deep breaths! I promise! Nothing happened in that bathroom except taking a leak!”

“Oh, okay,” she giggled. But as she would reveal a second later, Ruby had a different takeaway from this situation. Leaning a little closer, she caught Yang’s eyes and whispered, “So… spooning me and cuddling with me… you liked that?”

“Yeah, Ruby,” she breathed softly, already feeling ashamed.
“I liked it, too. I really did. Your arms felt so good around me…”

Swallowing hard, Yang wanted to push her away, but she couldn’t; she didn’t have time to build up any defenses. Ruby had her at her mercy. Her arms slid around Yang’s body, and she leaned her chin against her shoulder as she smiled up at her, and Yang knew she was powerless. Anything Ruby wanted, she could have in that second.

“Ruby, what…?”

“It didn’t feel like when Mom or Dad hug me,” she went on in a soft voice. “And I did think it was a little weird that I was so comfortable with you when we haven’t seen each other in so long… but I was just so happy we were getting along that I didn’t want to pick it apart. And you were right up against me, getting all turned on by my body… and if I knew about it, I probably would have been turned on, too.”

This time, the throb was a little more insistent. But Yang knew she could still bring a stop to this. It was her responsibility as the older of the two, wasn’t it?

“Ruby… we gotta quit. I mean, I’m so glad that we’re kind of on the same page, that it’s not just one of us who’s… a little off,” she compromised. “But I mean, it’s just gonna turn out bad if we let this happen. I can’t, and you can’t either if you really think about it. So… can you help me?”

“Help? You mean… try not to flirt with you too much?”

“And tell me if I’m doing anything that’s making it harder for you,” she agreed, and Ruby nodded. “Sorry… god, I sound like a teacher or something.”

Snorting, the shorter sister leaned up to kiss her cheek. It was very chaste and sweet. “Hey. I still love you. I was gonna no matter if we, um, got carried way; that wasn’t gonna be a problem. And… I get what you mean. Not sure I agree with it, but I know you’re right, that it’s weird that we’re thinking all this stuff, and it’s smarter to try to stop now while we’ve barely started.”

“Yeah. So… will you try?” A little nod. “Good.”

“But no promises. It’s… gonna be hard for me to act like this never happened.” Frowning a little, she whispered, “Just don’t feel guilty, okay? Don’t forget that… that I don’t mind, and that if you do have to… do that again…” Her hand waved toward the underwear, still containing proof of the shameful act. “I’m happy. I’m happy I can help, I’d never think you’re bad, or gross, or… or anything! Think about me all you want!”

“Okay,” Yang breathed with an embarrassed smile. “And, uh, the same for you, I guess? I don’t know.”

“I haven’t ever done that,” Ruby admitted with a flushed smile. “Rubbed up against stuff, yeah, but I didn’t try… well, with my hand, or anything. Just felt weird about it before…” Shrugging, she flashed Yang a relieved smile. “Love you.”

“Love you,” Yang breathed, hearing the way she meant it in her own words and shutting her eyes tight against it. “Damn it…”

“You can love me that way,” Ruby whispered again. “You can say it when you’re taking care of your boner… thinking about my butt… whatever you want.”

Growling a little under her breath, Yang hissed, “Can you stop being so sweet, and cute, and hot?!?”
“O-oh,” Ruby burst out, blinking and sputtering a little as she smiled. “Wow, I- o-okay, I didn’t think you’d call me ‘hot’, I… am I?”

“Hell yeah! God, Ruby!”

“You’re hot, too!” she told her right away. “Not just your dick! I told you already, didn’t I? Yeah…” Then she cleared her throat and stood up. “Okay. I’m, um, I’m gonna go put my clothes away, and… and you can do what you need to do up here, and then come down to dinner. And the rest of the night, we’ll just talk more like we did at the mall, and be sisters. Everything’ll be okay, okay?”

Hanging her head, Yang smiled in very vague relief as she said, “Okay. Sorry.”

“Nothing to be sorry about.” Ruby turned toward the door, then paused. Her hand slowly began to drift toward the suitcase.

“Ruby…”

“Right! Going!” Practically skipping, she fled from the spare bedroom room.

All the way through dinner, Yang was preoccupied. Though not so badly that her dad or Summer figured out anything was truly wrong, she had a lot to think over.

Ruby didn’t hate her. That one was pretty big all on its own. She had been expecting pure hatred, and instead… only love. Well, and a ton of weirdness.

Then there was how she and Ruby were with each other now. Was it okay? Both of them clearly had some issues. With Yang, it was more that she knew exactly what she wanted but was against embracing it. Ruby didn’t know what she wanted at all, but was all about trying to figure that part out between them. It was an interesting balancing act.

Every so often, while the family chatted about small things like work and what they had for lunch, she and Ruby would exchange a glance. She had been worried Ruby would look ashamed, or would sneakily try to flirt with her, or god knows what. But instead, she just smiled - the kind of smile given to a best friend when both parties understood exactly what the other was feeling.

After fish was in all their bellies, they adjourned to the living room for more TV. It was a repeat of the night before, but with one marked difference: both Ruby and Yang understood their feelings a lot better.

“Stop it,” Yang had to whisper at one point when Ruby was snuggling back against Yang’s front.

“Shhh,” was all Ruby said. But she did move a little bit less after that. About five minutes later, when Yang’s body started to respond the tiniest bit, she turned and looked up at her with an intrigued quality in her gaze, but she didn’t do anything to make it worse or draw attention to it.

“What’s up?” their dad said, a little distractedly. Summer never spoke up, though she did flick her eyes in their direction now and then to make sure they were okay.


“You sure? They’re about to use the bulldozer, this scene is crazy.”
Snorting, Yang tried to relax, settling in with Ruby under their blanket. “Sorry, sorry. I’m watching.”

And she did. After that, the only real movement her younger sister made was to take up her hand and clutch it closely, then sigh in contentment. It was almost magical.

“So we made it through that,” Yang commented a while later as they brushed their teeth.

“I thought I was gonna die.” Spitting in the sink, she turned to glare up at Yang. “Getting all hard while we were in the living room. No fair.”

“It wasn’t on purpose! You know how nice I think your butt feels.”

Smiling, she went back to brushing for a minute or so. Then she rinsed and finished up, splashing some water on her face.

“Sorry if you were uncomfortable. Like, I wasn’t trying to turn you on again… it just kinda happened.”

“No, I get it. And… it wasn’t that bad. I can even almost remember what happened in the show this time.”

“Because last time… you were thinking about me so much?” When Yang nodded and brushed, she stared down at the counter for a minute. “For some reason, I love it when you think about me. For any reason.”

“Because you’re a romantic goob,” she snorted as she finished and spat herself.

“Yeah,” she sighed with a roll of her eyes. “Mom’s always telling me that, too. Not about you, but about, like… history lessons, and movies, and games, and all that stuff. That I’m a hopeless romantic.”

“You’re pretty hopeless, alright.” When Ruby nudged her, Yang didn’t even pretend to almost fall over, she simply wobbled and then went back upright again.

“Jerk.” Then she was done. She turned to look up at her sister. “I’ve been really happy today.”

“Yeah?” Washing off her face herself, she cocked an eye toward Ruby to see she had come over shy.

“Not just for like, the boner stuff. I really wanted to try being sisters with you again. God, I’ve been worried about this for weeks! So you coming and actually like, enjoying hanging out with me now, it’s been like, a dream come true! So… so I know it’s stupid, but thank you for being you. For liking me now.”

Standing upright, she drew Ruby into a close hug. This one was purely sisterly. “Makes me feel a lot better to hear you say that.”

“You’re still gonna spend all night beating yourself up about thinking I’m hot, aren’t you?”

“Definitely.”

“Do I need to sleep next to you?”

Blinking down at her, Yang said, “What? No, no, no. I’ll be okay, I swear.”
“Damn,” she breathed, and Yang rolled her eyes as Ruby smiled up at her. “You win, for now. But… well, let me know if you wanna borrow one of my stuffed animals or something.”

“Sure thing,” she snorted. Then she kissed the top of Ruby’s head… and earned herself a little gasp in the process. “What?”

“You kissed me.”

“Well… yeah. I did that before. And it’s only your head, not a kiss-kiss.”

Shrugging, Ruby smiled as she played with the hem of Yang’s t-shirt. “No big deal, I just… that was different, we were both freaking out a little. This is more like, we’re both chill and you have no reason to kiss my head, and you did it, anyway. Makes me feel all fuzzy inside.”

With a little smile, Yang repeated the gesture as she rubbed up and down Ruby’s back. Then she whispered, “Love you, sis. That ain’t changing anytime soon.”

“Same to you, Yang.”

Chapter End Notes

So this one's kind of a doozy because they finally open up a little more about how they're both feeling. Fun, right?

Also to real quick address something that seems to be happening more and more. This is an Enabler fic, alright? So if you're enjoying this for what it is that's great! But please don't come into the comments "requesting" other fics update or for me to write other things, or write this one a different way. That's not encouraging or even "constructive criticism", that's just being demanding and spoiled. So please, enough of that.

Next time it gets a little steamier!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Ruby helps Yang start the day off right.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: Morning wood, sleepy through-clothes handjob, mom awkwardness, footsie.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 6

When Yang awoke the next morning, it was after another fitful night’s sleep, full of dreams about Ruby. They were gloriously not safe for work. For a moment, she simply snuggled in and metaphorically rolled around in the memories, probably way too happy for her own good.

Then it started to sink in as she became more awake. She shouldn’t have this big of a crush on her half-sister. Her little half-sister; even if she was of age, she was still younger than her and therefore her responsibility to protect and ensure that nothing bad happened to her. The fact that they were equally disgusting didn’t make Yang any less obligated.

She had been laying there for a while, trying to purge the thoughts so she could hopefully drift off again, when there was a little knock. It was soft, like a cat bumping its nose against the door.

“Yang?”

Of course it was her. Neither her father nor step-mother ever seemed to get the chance to try waking her up, since Ruby volunteered every time. Rolling her eyes, she groaned out, “Go away.”

“Are you decent?”

“Mhhh…” Rubbing her face, she said, “Yeah, yeah.”

After a brief pause, the voice asked, “Do you really want me to go away?”

More guilt. Rolling her eyes, she had to call out, “No, but I’m tired.”

The door creaked open. Ruby was still dressed in her pyjamas, though they looked more rumpled and so did her hair. Closing the door softly behind herself, she tiptoed across the room to stand by the bed.

“Hey.”

“Mhhh.”
“Mom’s making waffles and bacon. She just started, though.” After a few seconds, she nudged the lump that was Yang with her wrist. “Want me to help you get out of bed?”

“Nooo,” she groaned as she squeezed her eyes shut. “I wanna sleep…”

“Let me in.” When she nudged again, Yang grunted and rolled her eyes, nipping the blanket up so Ruby could slide into the bed next to her. “Mmm, it’s so warm in here!”

“Yeah, and probably sweaty.”

Rolling over to face away from Yang, she whispered, “Yeah. I don’t mind, though; it still smells pretty clean. Like… clean-sweat.”

“Okay,” she snorted as she turned to curl around Ruby. Which she perhaps shouldn’t have done.

“O-oh! You’re… again this morning, huh?”

“Yeah. Sorry, I… it’s just how I wake up a lot of the time. Sorry.” Swallowing and feeling her mind clarify, she realised that she should have kept her hips back a little further but it was too late now. “You wanna switch? You could spoon me.”

“No, it’s fine.” She wiggled a little, then licked her lips as she said over her shoulder, “Is that okay?”

Nodding, Yang let Ruby settle against her. It definitely was going to keep her morning wood at firm attention, but her sister felt comfortable enough in her arms that she didn’t mind. They didn’t have to do anything just because she was “awake”.

“This is so nice…” Her sister sighed, reaching down to play her hands over Yang’s.

“Yeah, real nice with me like this. Must be super comfortable to get jabbed in the butt.”

Giggling, Ruby whispered, “That part’s just extra fun. But yeah, I… I don’t mind at all, I told you that.”

“Oh, I know, I didn’t forget - like I could. Just hard for me to believe is all.” Then she decided to lighten the mood. “Get it? Hard for me to believe?”

While Ruby was groaning at the pun, Yang laughed and snuggled in closer. If they were going to have an atypical relationship like this, maybe they should start joking about it a little. Better than hating their lives with a passion the way she felt like doing already.

“You’re a dork.” Then she went on, “So today, I thought we could go out again. Um… maybe pick up some stuff from the store, have a picnic on the beach? Or if you’re tired of the beach, we could do the movies like you said.”

“Both? Both is good.” Without thinking, she added, “Kinda wanna take you out to dinner.”

After a heartbeat, Ruby whispered, “I… I would really love that. Are you sure, though?”

“What? Oh… oh shit, yeah, that would be pretty conspicuous! God, I’m so stupid,” she hissed at herself.

“Not stupid. I’m into it, we’ll… sometime before you have to leave, we can go across town, find a place none of us usually go. Be us, be… whatever it is we could be when we’re not in this house.”
That was awfully specific, and had specific implications. Swallowing hard, she whispered, “What even is that? I just… just think we shouldn’t pretend we could do that, I mean, I don’t want to ruin your life.”

“But we can,” Ruby whispered as she rolled over to look at Yang properly. “I know you’re worried, and I get why you would be. But I think… I think I want to find out what it could be like. With you.”

“Ruby… you’re talking like this can be… like we could be…”

Her cheeks were flushed, and she bit her lip for a moment as her wide, silvery eyes gazed up into Yang’s, full of affection and trust, and even a little need. “What else would you call it?”

They were going to kiss. It was inevitable; either Yang had to do something immediately, or she was going to make out with her half-sister.

So she rolled onto her back. “I don’t know! Okay? But… I don’t hate it, even while it makes me crazy. I just… don’t want to call it anything because I’m afraid it’ll make us even weirder together.”

“What’s so wrong with that?” she asked, automatically curling around Yang’s side, a hand resting on her stomach and a leg draped over hers.

“What’s so wrong? Think about it. Everybody says that… that if we’re related, it’s wrong, and… and once we start doing stuff, we can’t take it back. That’s part of our lives forever.”

“But I don’t care.” When Yang didn’t answer, she reached up to turn her face toward her. “Hey. You think I haven’t been thinking about this? I have. I’m not just some dumb lovesick puppy.”

Frowning, she whispered, “I didn’t say you were. I just… I don’t want to hurt you, Ruby. I love you too much.” Even though it was weird to say, the instant it came out she knew it was true.

“And I love you. Feeling like this… I couldn’t pretend it’s not what we both think it is if I tried. And I don’t wanna try! The first day, I wasn’t sure, but by the end of last night… I knew. You’re who I want to be with.”

“But… we could never get married. It would be illegal.” Saying that made everything a little too real to Yang, and she slammed her eyes shut to ward off tears. “Shit… shit. Shit shit shit shit SHIT.”

“Shhh,” Ruby soothed her, kissing her neck. It only made Yang flinch. “No, don’t be upset; it’s okay! I, um… I did a little googling last night. There’s a lot of stories out there of siblings who get separated at birth or something, they grow up far away, and then when they meet… they fall in love. There’s a term for it.”

“There’s a term just for hooking up with your sister? I thought it was called ‘living in the South’. ”

The younger sister rolled her eyes, pulling Yang as close as she could. This time, Yang could feel a hip pushing down against the tent in her pants, but neither of them mentioned it. “No, it’s called ‘genetic sexual attraction.’ Like, if you grow up with family, you won’t think they’re attractive. That’s why most brothers and sisters don’t do stuff like this; they get used to each other and think of each other as ‘family’ and that’s it. But if you’re in different houses, and then you meet when you’re an adult… it can happen. Some of those science guys say it’s actually more likely to happen than with a stranger; you feel something familiar in that long-lost brother or sister, and you want it. Either just emotionally, or… in this way.”
For some reason, this wasn’t something Yang had been expecting to hear. Ruby had felt so strongly about this that she had already done research? She was both horrified and impressed. Mostly the second part, the longer she thought about it.

“Whoa… are you for real with this? Like, it’s not just me?”

“Us. Not you, us; I told you, it’s me, too.”

“Well, yeah, but… I thought it was only sick, twisted people who would want to…” Instead of what she had been going to say, she changed it to, “Who would be okay with their half-sister twerking on their junk.”

“Nope,” Ruby giggled, clearly bemused by the phrasing. “Happens sometimes. And like, obviously if I was your parent, or vice versa, it wouldn’t be okay. Since one of us would be in charge of the other one; it’s a whole ‘power imbalance’ thingy. But we’re both adults, we both like each other this way, so… who cares? It’s nobody else’s business.”

That really was something to think about. Maybe she wasn’t actually sick? It would be a relief if there was any truth to it. Yang took that little grain of hope into her heart, silently cherishing it.

However, all she said was, “Huh… wow, learn something new every day.”

“Yep,” she breathed, kissing Yang’s neck again. This time, it earned a shiver. “You okay?”

Instead of answering directly, Yang asked, “Why are you the parent?”

“What?”

“You said if you were my parent. Like, I’m older, shouldn’t your little scenario be the other way around?”

At that, Ruby smirked and whispered, “Why? Wanna be my daddy?”

“NOPE!” Yang burst out, wide-eyed. “Holy shit, WOW, that’s… okay, we already have enough problems, don’t add that one on top of the rest!”

Cackling madly, she wrapped herself more tightly around Yang as she continued sputtering and feeling embarrassed. When they had both calmed a little, she left yet another kiss on Yang’s neck, earning a sigh and an arm wrapping around her back.

“I was kidding,” she finally whispered. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay, I guess.” Sighing, she tried to let herself relax, hard as it was. In more ways than one.

“Wow, you’re really ready to go down there,” Ruby commented, grinding her hip a little against Yang so she would know what she meant. As if it were necessary. “Mmm…”

“Cut it out.” But Ruby didn’t; not right away. A little groan of frustration floated out of her throat as she felt the warmth pressing down against her, moving up and down and making thrills of pleasure shoot through her form.

As Ruby’s hand petted the far side of her neck, she whispered, “Is this what it wants?”

“Y-yeah,” she breathed. “But you should… probably not…”

“Probably.” When Yang whimpered, she frowned and stilled. “Sorry. I know this is still really
weird, and weirder for you. I’m just… I really wanna make you feel good.”

“You do. But this is too close to… us really doing… y-you know.”

At that, she did slide off Yang’s body a little. At the same time, however… her hand drifted down to grip it through the fabric of her pants.

“So huge!” she hissed. “I don’t know how you walk around with one of these all the time!”

“It’s not like this all the time!” Biting her lip, she weathered Ruby stroking it and feeling around for its shape for a moment. “C-could you maybe not?!”

“But I like it,” she whispered with a pout. Another stroke; this time, Yang didn’t protest. “I’ll quit if you really want me to, but…” Her hand went down to the base of the shaft, then up to the tip again. “It’s warm… even through your clothes…”

Yang couldn’t speak. She could only lay there in shock and amazement as Ruby stroked her, began to get more confident with her movements. Every once in awhile, one of them would look at the other’s face, and occasionally it would be at the same time. Now, Ruby’s expression was mostly one of detached interest as she began to get her off; not smiling, not afraid or disgusted. Just fascinated by the process.

The longer it went on, the more Yang knew that she couldn’t hold back. It had been enough time since she splooged into her underwear the day before, and she wanted this with Ruby so bad it burned the back of her throat, even if she hated herself for wanting it. She’d be done in minutes.

“It’s okay,” Ruby whispered when Yang began to pant and buck her hips slightly. That was all she said; a small reassurance. She also noticed Ruby wasn’t trying to kiss her or say a lot of romantic things; they both knew this wasn’t easy for them, especially Yang.

After a few minutes, Yang’s whisper of “Faster” prompted Ruby to pick up speed, and that really got Yang flailing in the sheets. An arm tightened around Yang’s back to hold her steady as Ruby’s rapidly-learning hand brought her closer and closer to a finish that she could never have predicted.

“Yes,” Ruby urged as softly as she could. “Let it happen. I want you to.”

Seconds later, she was spurting into her underwear. It was so thick and hot that she knew it wouldn’t take long to start soaking through, and she wanted to warn Ruby, but she couldn’t seem to talk. Therefore, eventually…

“O-oh… I feel it! It’s warm and wet…” Giggling, Ruby pinched the tip of Yang’s dick and she winced, letting out a shaky gasp of mingled pain and pleasure. “Oh, sorry!”

“N-nah… it’s… fine, you… you didn’t…” Licking her lips, she allowed herself a weary smile. “That was incredible…”

Grinning from ear to ear, Ruby leaned in and kissed Yang’s cheek. Still respecting her wishes as much as she could. “I’m glad. I had a lot of fun helping you, too; watching you like that was… I don’t know, I don’t have a word for it. Awesome, though.”

“I can’t believe… you did that,” Yang muttered weakly, eyes glazed over and throat feeling dry now. “Where the hell did you learn how to give a handjob?!”

“I didn’t!” she squeaked. “Was that what I did? I… just knew that’s how guys do it for themselves - again, not that you’re a guy but that’s all the information I had, and since last night that’s what I
guessed you did for yourself, I kinda… figured I’d try it?”

Finally calming down a bit more, she shook her head and leaned over to give Ruby a kiss on the cheek this time. Her hormones and good mood made her want to do more than that, but she talked herself down to that small show of appreciation.

“You didn’t just try, you nailed it, Ruby. Seriously… damn.”

That got the girl laughing giddily, biting her lip and flushing with pleasure. It seemed that up until that moment, she really had been worried about doing it wrong, or maybe even hurting her. So Yang began to tickle her, hoping that would show her that she really didn’t mind in the very slightest.

“AH!” Ruby burst out between laughter. “Stahahahaaaap! NO!”

“Hey, I just want to see you feel as good as I felt!” Yang teased, running her hands up and down her sides as she flailed. At that point, she only wanted to see a grinning Ruby all the time; she didn’t care about whether or not she climaxed ever again. It was all about the giggling brunette with the little red stripe in the front.

“Uncle! UUUUUNCLE, STOPSTOPSTOP!”

“I ain’t your uncle! Try something else, ya little-”

A knock at the door interrupted them. They both halted, though they were still panting and breathing hard. Exchanging a glance of terror, Ruby called out in a strained voice, “What?” before Yang could stop her.

“What are you girls doing?” Summer laughed as she pushed the door open. Luckily, she seemed to have heard Ruby laughing, because the sight of the two of them, wrapped up in blankets and arms around each other, sweating with shining red faces, didn’t raise her suspicions.

“What does it look like?” Ruby giggled breathlessly. “I… I’m trying to get Yang out of bed, and she tickled me!”

For a moment, Ruby’s mother simply stood there in her jean-capris and pastel blouse, half-smirking at them with a hand on her hip. Then, to Yang’s absolute horror, she walked over and sat on the edge of the bed next to her daughter, reaching up toward Yang’s face.

“U-uh…”

“You not feeling well?” she asked as she pet over her forehead. “Good God, you’re burning up and soaked in sweat!”

“She’s been… really winding me up,” Yang flung at Ruby through gritted teeth. Ruby had the good sense to look a little ashamed of herself, though she mostly looked resigned to waiting this out.

The hand slid around to her cheek, and Yang fought the instinct to flinch away or gulp, or even to lean into the hand; anything might give them away. But the hand was soft, comforting; she decided to focus on that.

“Do you want me to chase her out with a broom?”

“Mom,” Ruby snorted. But when she caught Yang’s mutinous look, she squeaked, “Don’t chase
me with a broom, come on! I didn’t do anything!"

“Sure, suuuure,” Yang drawled, nudging Ruby in the ribs. She knew normally, she would sit up to help assure her stepmother that she was going to be fine and would start getting out of bed… but she couldn’t without revealing the mess that was in her pants. At the very least, some of that telltale scent would rise up if the blankets were removed.

“Seriously, are you alright, sweetie?”

Sighing, Yang tried to meet her eyes and smile. It probably came out a little awkward, but at least she did it. “Yeah, fine. And so is Ruby; we were just messing around, no big deal.” Oh, but if she only knew the truth…

“Glad to hear that,” she sighed, patting her cheek before turning to her daughter. “Leave Yang alone and let her get ready in peace. I’m glad you two are getting along, but don’t be all up in her grill.”

As Ruby began to carefully extract herself from the sheets without moving them too much, she rolled her eyes and groaned, “Moooom, why do you have to say things like that? You sound hella laaaaame…"

“Well, I think I sound hella rad.” But she didn’t waste more time on that topic, instead patting Ruby on the butt to get her to walk out of the room faster. As she turned around and began to back out of the room, pulling the door behind her, she smiled warmly at Yang and whispered, “Take your time, sweetie, but you might have to nuke your waffles if you take too much longer.”

“No problem. Th-thanks.”

Now that Yang was alone, she had a whole new reason to feel guilty. The last thing she ever wanted was to have a huge load in her sweats, Ruby having just made that happen, when Ruby’s mom came in! Though she tried to keep thinking of it the way Ruby had stated it, that they were the only two who got a say in this, it was stupid to think Taiyang and Summer weren’t also going to be affected by it if this ever became public knowledge.

But Ruby loved her. They were in love; they both seemed to understand that was the case, even if they were scared of admitting the full scope of that truth. She was still resisting and thought that was the smartest plan, but in less than twenty-four hours, they had gone from barely talking to a handjob. How much longer would it realistically take before…

No, she refused to think that far ahead. It wasn’t just stupid, it might influence her decisions. No matter what, her top priority was to treat Ruby as she deserved to be treated.

Breakfast was easy and calm. Dad had already gone into work by the time she changed her underwear and made it down there, so they had a quiet girls-only affair, Ruby finishing up her waffles and mostly just sipping juice while Yang ate and Summer cleaned up. They chatted about nothing of importance, just comparing notes and previous days.

Yang felt a lot of relief that Summer didn’t seem to notice just how close she came to finding out too much. The woman was too nice, and she didn’t want her caught in the middle of their torrid “love affair”, if that’s what you could call it. Time would only tell if they went any further down that rabbit hole or not.
Their trip to the supermarket was fun and lighthearted, and they even both wandered off to get a few things on their own. Passing the pharmacy reminded Yang to renew her prescription of hormones when she got back home; she had plenty to last her through the vacation, but she didn’t want to be caught off-guard when the Fall semester started up.

The picnic on the beach was too much fun. This time, they just spread a big blanket out and sat on it, making their way through fresh fruit, bread and cheese. Ruby wanted to take a bunch of selfies of the two of them together, and most of them were G-rated… but one or two started to look a little coupley. When Yang asked her to delete them, she frowned, but did it anyway; they both understood that it was smarter than leaving them on her camera roll.

Once in the movie theater, Ruby wasted absolutely no time snuggling in against her side, even before the opening credits were over. Yang found it hard to mind, and they leaned back to relax as they watched.

About twenty minutes into the movie, Yang noticed Ruby’s sandal-less foot raising up to block her view of the screen. After a second or two, she glanced over at the brunette.

“What?”

“What, what? What are you doing?”

“Distracting you,” Ruby whispered back with a huge grin as she settled back down again, ankles crossed on the back of the seat in front of her.

“Well, quit it, I’m trying to watch this movie we paid for,” she snorted, squeezing Ruby a little tighter. That was the most she could bring herself to punish her.

When it happened again a few minutes later, Yang rolled her eyes. “Whyyyy?”

“Because, you keep looking at my toes!”

“Looking at- I’m watching the movie! Your toes just happen to be in the way!”

The tone was very disbelieving as she answered, “Suuuuure. I still think you have a thing.”

“I do not,” she grunted, poking Ruby’s side. The girl squirmed and tried not to laugh aloud, and they went back to watching. However…

‘Damn it, she got in my head,’ Yang thought as she watched Ruby’s big toe wiggle back and forth very slightly. They were cute, as far as feet went. Yang never really spent any time thinking about that particular subject, other than how smelly shoes could get if they were never washed.

Probably, it had a lot more to do with them belonging to Ruby than anything else. Everything about her was adorable.

Minutes later, Ruby moved again… and this time, she slid her foot across the top of the next seat until it was touching Yang’s. With a little effort, she managed to hook her pinky toe around the other.

“Wh-what are you trying to do, exactly?”

“I don’t know,” Ruby admitted. “Play footsie? Am I winning?”

“How should I know?” Yang laughed. For some reason, that was even cuter than anything else,
and she completely stopped paying attention to the movie to look down at her half-sister’s flawless features, the impish little grin floating around on her lips. She was too sweet to be allowed.

“What?” Ruby was the one to ask it yet again.

“You’re my favourite,” Yang breathed out of nowhere.

“Yeah?” That seemed to be reason enough. Leaning up and over, Ruby stole a tiny kiss from Yang’s lips. It only lasted a half-second, but it was real, lip-on-lip contact.

Then she settled in again and pretended like nothing had happened. They spent the rest of the movie like that, pinky toes locked and arms around each other, watching low-grade carnage flash across the screen. Simply enjoying that nearness. Yang wouldn’t have traded it for the entire world.

Chapter End Notes

Happy 4th of July to our American readers! And happy Random Tuesday to everybody else!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Yang learns a lot more about her stepmom than she expected.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: making out, groping.
Unabler/July (Summer/Yang; be warned that you should skip this chapter if you’re not interested in that even though it doesn’t go very far): nudity, awkward boner.

Chapter 7

A text message to Ruby’s mom let her know that they would be late, so supper had just barely begun by the time they strolled into the house. Good timing, all in all.

“So listen,” their Dad said as they dug into their chicken. “I was thinking about takin’ my girls out on the boat early tomorrow morning.” All three of them groaned. “What? Oh, come on…”

“But you always wanna get up so early,” Ruby whined, slumping down in her chair.

“And you wanna fish,” Yang finished with an expression of disgust. “Like, no thanks, not my thing.”

“It’s not the fishing I mind, it’s the getting up at the buttcrack of dawn.”

Sighing in defeat, he pushed a hand into his five o’clock shadow. Then he glanced over at Summer. “And I already know you won’t come.”

“Not on your life,” she snorted, piling a spoonful of greens onto her plate. “I have an appointment for coffee with a friend in the morning, then I’m coming back here to relax.”

“I’ll go, Dad,” Ruby said at last. “But don’t make Yang go if she doesn’t wanna.”

At that, he looked up hopefully at the blonde. She squirmed for a minute, then with an awkward smile said, “I… haven’t been sleeping too good. Strange bed, I guess. But if I’m up when you guys leave…”

“Message received, cupcake. And hey, we’ll find plenty of stuff to do together while you’re down here, right? Tons of stuff.”

“Yeah.” But she really did feel like scum. Honestly, she knew that if she was awoken with the sunrise, when there was no way she could fall asleep early enough for that to make even six hours, she would be so miserable and grumpy that she would only drag down her dad’s relaxation time. It was practical, even if she felt like a jerk.
As they were doing the dishes, giving the parents a break, Ruby told her, “You owe me. I wasn’t lying; I do like fishing but hate getting up early enough to do it.”

“I don’t owe you shit,” Yang half-laughed, earning her a hip-check. “Hey!” Checking her back, she made Ruby drop the dishcloth as she laughed and retaliated, and a few seconds passed as they fought back and forth, laughing the whole time.

“You butt,” she snorted at last as she used her toes to pick up the dishcloth, then snatched it with her hand. Noticing Yang watching, she asked, “What?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen anybody do that before.”

Smirking knowingly, she began to wash another dish as she muttered, “You’re just trying to distract me from owing me for going with dad with your weird foot thing.”

“I do NOT have a THING! And all I’m saying is, you could have turned him down, too. Or made him promise to go later in the morning so we could both go. I’m not taking the fall for something you did all by yourself.”

“Yeah… yeah, okay. I was kidding, though, I don’t really mind. Just hope you sleep in and really enjoy it, lazy butt.”

As she dried another dish, Yang contemplated the whole situation. Trapping herself on a boat with Ruby, their father watching them the whole time, probably wouldn’t go very well. All it would take is one momentary lapse of reason and they would be found out. Then again, that could happen anytime. Maybe it was smarter to just resign themselves to concealing their weird flirtationship everywhere when they weren’t alone and get used to doing it.

“Hey… what do you think about bowling?”

“I, uh, think it’s a game,” Yang replied with a confused little smile. “Why?”

“We should go. Later tomorrow night, after fishing — with Mom and Dad. I think that could be fun.”

“Oh… yeah, definitely! That’s a lot more my speed than fishing. Or even mini-golf. Is that still a thing?”

Grinning at the positive response, Ruby bumped their hips together again, and a lot more gently this time. “Of course! There’s probably even a combination mini golf and bowling place somewhere! Or we could do bumper cars, or…”

The discussion about fun family activities continued until the dishes were clean and put away, and then they flopped in the living room with the rest of the family to watch some TV. Ruby didn’t tease Yang much, but once or twice a hand did wander a bit under the blanket and Yang had to firmly take her wrist and steer it away. She did not want to be even partly aroused in front of her father, at all.

But it didn’t stop it from being delightful just having Ruby snuggled in her arms. Once or twice, she caught Summer raising an eyebrow at them, so she tried to make her face look even more casually disinterested in everything, as if she snuggled with her sister every day. Dad, of course, simply looked pleased as punch that his girls were getting along.

‘Dad, if you only knew…’
When they got ready for bed, they did it together. Then, once the parents were asleep, Ruby snuck into her room again. That seemed to be how things were going to go; Ruby’s room was just for her, but the weight room-slash-guest room was neutral territory. It didn’t matter what happened in there.

But this time, nothing happened. Yang was still sated from that morning, and even though ten or twenty minutes of making out caused her body to reawaken, she could ignore it. And she did, despite Ruby’s best efforts to the contrary. It did keep the both of them up quite some time, kissing and exploring without truly going that far. Fascinated by each other’s bodies, by their new closeness.

“Enough,” she laughed as she pushed her hand away from the bulge in her shorts for the fifth time. “No means no!”

“Okay,” Ruby said with a little pout. “You’re right, I shouldn’t be so grabby.” After a few seconds, she whispered, “But you’re hard…”

“Yeah, but just because I’m hard doesn’t mean you have to do anything with it.”

Shrugging, she said, “I don’t get it. I thought that’s exactly what it meant; you get hard when you’re turned on, right?”

“Ruby… it’s like, you’ve probably been walking around and just felt turned on for this or that reason, right?” Ruby nodded. “Well… that doesn’t mean you wanna bang somebody, or the people you’re with when it happens. Sometimes it’s just like… you feel that way and that’s it.”

Only then did Ruby start to look regretful. “Oh. I’m sorry. I… I got excited because you let me this morning…”

“You’re not doing anything bad, okay? Just… if I ask you to stop, then that’s it. And I would, too, if you asked me.”

“R-right,” she whispered with a blush. “Not that I’m sure when I’ll be ready to try that. But, um… maybe I would? Not right now, though, it’s too soon. I feel stupid saying that, after jerking you off once already…”

Kissing Ruby’s cheek, she whispered, “No big. Take your time, I’ll be here.”

Yang couldn’t even be sure when she drifted off. All she knew was that Ruby was gone and the sun was up.

Finally dragging herself out of bed, she checked her phone. It was NOON. How did it get to be that late without her noticing?! She could vaguely remember waking up and rolling over, but it was a hazy memory. She didn’t remember Ruby getting up at all… whether or not it was still in her bed, or if she’d gone back to her own at any point.

After a few minutes, she managed to get up, pee, and splash some water on her face. Then she checked around the house. Seemed she had the place all to herself; that was a first.

She decided to get her laundry started before finding anything to eat. Collecting everything, including the specific pair of panties she tried not to think too much about, she dumped everything in the washing machine and added a little soap, then slammed the button.
“Good,” she sighed aloud to herself. “Can’t say I’m lazy anymore, Ruby.”

Then she decided to snoop a little. Really, she just wanted to explore the house without anyone looking over her shoulder, not to truly dig for anything. The master bedroom was very “nice”; that was the best word to use, everything looked sweet and orderly. She didn’t poke into any closets or drawers, just picked up a few knickknacks, admired the watercolour on the wall. The den she had already been in, but she liked the collection of books and the desk in the corner, the comfy little armchair in the opposite corner. It looked like both her dad and his wife got a lot of use out if the space.

Ruby’s room, she felt a little more at home poking around, but she still didn’t; just lifted a few more things, smiled at notebooks and pictures from the end of her senior year. Now she felt guilty that she didn’t see Ruby’s graduation. Of course, there was no way she could know that Ruby would even have wanted her there; maybe she still didn’t back then. Too late to worry about it now.

After moving the laundry over to the dryer, she went to get some food. It was more like lunch than breakfast by that point, so she grabbed a soda and started getting some of the leftovers together. It was while doing that she noticed movement out the kitchen door.

Someone was on the deck.

Intruders? Here?! Well, it was true that there was a lot of crime in LA, but she had the general idea that it wasn’t so bad in their neighbourhood. Glancing down, she saw the door was unlocked; that seemed equally unsettling. Picking up the first thing she could get her hands on - a wooden spoon - she eased it open, keeping her eyes peeled. Basketball may have been her usual thing, but she had quite a bit of upper body muscle if things got intense.

When she saw a form out of the corner of her eye, she raised the spoon - then almost dropped it in shock.

Stretched across the nearest chaise lounge was the nude form of Summer Rose. Her body glistened with suntan lotion and sweat, a pair of thin sunglasses up over her hair, eyes closed against the noonday rays. Yang had enough time to memorise every detail, and though she didn’t want to, she would always remember the little tattoo of three stars on her right breast, a few light stretchmarks around her hips that remained from her pregnancy… and the neat triangle of dark fur above her mostly-hidden sex.

Then her brain started working again. Her first thought was ‘She’s HOT.’ The next one after that was more along the lines of, ‘Oh shit… I saw my stepmom NAKED. What am I gonna do?!’

But she never had to make that decision. Seeming to sense something, one of the woman’s eyes slitted open to look up at her.

“OH!” Jerking upright, Summer reached to one side and pulled a white silk robe over her body. The expression on her face was one that was almost as memorable as the sight beforehand. Pure, unadulterated shock the likes of which she had never seen before.

“I- I’m sorry!” Then she fled into the kitchen.

Of course, she knew she wouldn’t get far. She didn’t try; she just gripped the edges of the sink and stared down into it, dropping the spoon in as she tried to get a grip on herself.

Bare feet slapped against the tile behind her, racing past the kitchen, but quickly came to a halt.
when Summer obviously spotted Yang. Hard breathing was coming from behind her. A few seconds passed as they tried to recover their breath.

“Yang, I… what were you doing out there?” No answer; not quite yet. “What would you have done if I didn’t look up?”

“I… I dunno, I didn’t- that was- I didn’t know what to do!”

“Please tell me you weren’t just going to keep watching me!”

At that, Yang had to turn around, horrorstruck. Luckily, by that time Summer had been able to pull the robe around herself, though she could still clearly see the outline of her curves, plus her pert nipples. Still, better than having everything laid out on display.

“I… I didn’t…”

“Listen,” Summer hissed, starting to look more angry than surprised at last. “I don’t know what you were thinking out there, but this? This isn’t going to happen. I’m not interested in cheating on your father, and certainly not with—”

“Wait, whoa, whoa, WHOA!” Yang yelped, shaken from her stupor. “You think I wanted to freakin’ walk outside and… and find you in your birthday suit?! Not even! Holy- I can’t believe you would just lay around like that!”

“Look, I…” Starting to look a little embarrassed again, but still angry, she folded her arms and averted her eyes. “You were supposed to be out with them. I thought you were!”

“What? With who?”

“Tai and Ruby! Weren’t you all supposed to go fishing together?”

Things were starting to make a little more sense to Yang. Opening her mouth, she raised a finger to speak, then lowered it, then pushed her hand into her mouth. Summer raised her eyebrows a little higher as if trying to prompt Yang nonverbally to answer for her “crime”.

“I didn’t go.”

“What?”

“I said I probably wouldn’t go,” she said a little more firmly, trying to ignore how much the woman seemed to be loathing her. “Last night. Remember? I said I wasn’t all that into the idea… oh shit.” Ignoring the thrill of guilt she felt about swearing in front of an “adult”, she pushed on, “You thought you were alone in the whole house.”

“Of course I did!” she hissed, flustered. “You think I would do that if I knew a guest was still here?”

Shaking her blonde head, she raised a hand up. “Wait, wait. But you were outside! Like, outside and naked!”

“On the deck, yes. We have a high fence around our backyard, you know.” Now her cheeks were getting redder, and Yang was trying not to think about how her own must look. “It’s… as long as I don’t climb up on the deck railing, it’s pretty unlikely anyone would ever see me out there.”

“And… right. You wanted the full tan. Nobody was here, so…” Sighing, she looked down and
away. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean- I never thought I’d walk outside and see…”

With a long sigh, Summer walked a little closer. She still seemed hesitant to be that close to Yang again, and Yang cringed to see how she squirmed.

“Exactly. I wanted an all-over tan, like you said. I can’t believe I didn’t notice you never left with them.” Pushing a hand into her mouth herself now, she stared off into the corner. “They were gone when I got up, and your door was open, no light on… you weren’t snoring.”

“I don’t normally snore,” Yang said with a shaky laugh. Privately, she was wondering if her door was open because her dad checked on her, or because Ruby snuck out at some point and forgot to close it.

“This is my fault. I… didn’t pay enough attention.” Then her eyes widened as she looked up at Yang. “God, I was ready to crucify you for- for all kinds of things that you obviously didn’t do, when what really happened… you had to see my flabby old lady body, and you didn’t ask for that! And you panicked, like most people would!”

Rolling her eyes, Yang tried to make a little conciliatory gesture with her hand. The truth was, Summer reminding her about what she saw was making it hard for her to concentrate while striving to keep the memories from resurfacing.

“Oh my… and I accused you of trying something. As if you would want to, I mean, I’m family, and a woman, and…” Squeezing her eyes shut. “Obviously you wouldn’t. That’s probably my subconscious still thinking of you as… wow.”

The line about “family” made Yang feel guilty. She could say the same thing about Ruby, and yet she would be wrong. She was even wrong about herself, except for the part where she was her dad’s wife and off limits. But this didn’t seem to be the right time to say so.

“Say something,” Summer whispered softly. “Or don’t; nevermind, I’ll just… I’ll go upstairs and put on some clothes.”

“No, no,” Yang told her immediately. “Go back outside and get naked.” When she got the raised eyebrow, she hastily said, “To get a tan, I meant! Of course! I, um, I can take care of myself in here. Just doing my laundry, actually, and I was…”

Summer followed her line of sight to the sandwich ingredients on the counter and smiled vaguely. “Oh, right; lunchtime. Sorry if I interrupted.”

“Yeah. I mean, not that you did it on purpose; I was about to get started when I thought I saw… well, I thought somebody was trying to break in,” she admitted shyly.

“And you were going to defend our house with a wooden spoon?” She laughed, and Yang felt even stupider than before, which was saying a lot. “Well, I appreciate the effort. Also… I would appreciate it even more if Tai and Ruby never found out about this.”

“Why not? It’s kind of hilarious, even though we both look like idiots.”

Cheeks heating up even more, which Yang tried very hard not to liken to Ruby’s frequent blushings within her mind, her stepmother said in a quieter voice, “Tai was really looking forward to you coming down, and… and he kind of impressed upon me how important it was that I be welcoming. I don’t think he meant it should be by stripping down for you, and certainly not accusing you of being a pervert..”
Another picture, stark and swimming in her vision. Not just Summer being naked, but doing a striptease for her. She pushed it away as hard as she could, but it refused to stay gone. Probably, she would have been able to if Ruby hadn’t worked her up so much the night before… and if not for the fact that she’d seen what her mother had to offer so very recently.

“Oh, y-yeah,” she made herself laugh in a sarcastic tone, though she was still shaking. “Fate worse than death, right?”

“You don’t have to rub it in,” she grumbled as she approached and embraced Yang tightly. “I am sorry, really. If I’d known… I would never have…”

“I know,” she whispered, hugging her back awkwardly. “Just one of those things.”

“Yang…” There was a long, tense pause. “You put that wooden spoon down already, didn’t you?”

Backing up immediately, the blonde turned toward the counter and said, “Time to make that sandwich now! Man oh man, am I hungry!”

“Oh my GOD.” Summer’s hand turned Yang back toward her by the shoulder, and Yang could tell the woman’s face was pointing down at her shorts, even though she was doing her best to look up and away. “You really…”

“It’s not my fault!” Yang hissed. “Or yours, or anybody’s, it’s just a stupid thing!”

Taking a step backward, she crossed her arms over her chest again, incredibly self-conscious. “Well… I guess I didn’t think… well, you’re a woman, right? With the… the transition. Stupid, but I assumed you would be a straight woman. Now I feel like that wasn’t very smart of me.” Swallowing hard, she turned to busy herself by starting to make the leftovers into a sandwich. Busying her hands and refocusing her attention. “You’re a… lesbian? Bisexual, maybe?”

“I dunno,” Yang admitted, still on edge and worried about offending Summer any further. “I… well, I haven’t really dated a lot.”

“So seeing me nude sunbathing… yes, I can see it would make you uncomfortable. A-and more.” Glancing back and down, she hissed, “Can’t you make that go away?!”

“How am I supposed to do that?” she hissed back, slapping a hand over her crotch. “Cut it off?!?”

“Right, right; you’re a teenager. All those hormones shooting through your body… and some of them are extra hormones. I forgot. Been a while since I’ve dated a younger ma- person and had to worry about, um, unpleasant situations arising. I just didn’t think I’d make it stay like that so long, even with your age.”

“I’m twenty, you know. And…” Yang had a feeling she was going to regret this, but she couldn’t keep it to herself. Maybe it would make Summer understand her position better. “And I hope this doesn’t make it weirder, but like, you’re really hot. It kinda bothered me with you saying all that stuff about your ‘old lady body’; that’s not true at all! Total MILF-material!”

“YANG! You can’t be saying these things, I’m married to your-”

“I know! GOD! I just… I wasn’t expecting to see that today, and it’s making it kinda hard to… kinda…”

“Kinda hard?” Summer demanded in a cutting voice. Yang groaned and facepalmed. Still focusing on her sandwich-making, she went on, “This is just… a really unfortunate situation. I’m trying to
stay rational, remember that it wasn’t your fault, it wasn’t my fault. Well… a little my fault for not checking the house more thoroughly, but still…”

“I’m not blaming you for it,” Yang assured her without any uncertainty in her voice. “Like you said, you do that all the time when nobody’s home. It’s not illegal, nobody else can see you from outside the house, right? No big.”

“Right.” Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, to dispel some tension, she finished putting together the sandwich and raised it to her mouth, then remembered and put it back on the plate, flashing Yang a slightly-embarrassed smile. “Oh… I’m sorry, I was making that for you.”

“Hey, you made it; if you want it, go for it.”

Smiling back at her, she whispered, “That’s kind of you, but I’m not actually hungry. Just… reflex. Since I was making it.” She took a step back toward the door, then paused, gazing sideways at the blonde. “You’re sure you won’t sneak out there for another peek at this ‘MILF-material’ if I finish my tanning time?”

“Trust me, I got a good enough look the first time. And I’m not a creep, I won’t go out there now that I know.”

“Yeah… how long were you looking before I opened my eyes?”

“Um… not that long? Not even half a minute.”

“You’re probably going to eat that sandwich, and then go up and take a particularly long shower, aren’t you?” Summer mused, cheeks still red despite her being a little less upset. “How much did you get to see… from where you were?”

Her own face burning, she admitted, “Nice triangle. A-and stars.”

“Oh-huh.” Licking her lips, she gave an exaggerated shrug, as if to convince both of them that none of it was any big deal. “Well, I’d invite you to tan with me, but I don’t think it would be a very good idea. Maybe another time, when you’ve… calmed down?”

Summer started to open the door. Yang impulsively said, “H-hey! Uh… before you go…” Her silvery eyes turned up to her. So like Ruby’s… “I’m sorry, again. Like, I didn’t do it on purpose, but I’m still sorry I saw you like that, and that I think you’re hot, and that I got hard in front of you. I feel like a huge dumbass, and super disgusting.”

“Well, you are sweet… even if a ‘dumbass’. But I wouldn’t say that about you.” Rolling her eyes, she walked back over and patted Yang’s shoulder. “This is probably as inappropriate for me to say about my husband’s child as this whole thing is, but… different circumstances?” A small shrug. “Don’t feel disgusting. You aren’t.”

Now Yang was stiffer than ever. But she also felt relieved that she wasn’t being judged for it; that Summer understood it was just an involuntary reaction she couldn’t help.

“You like my triangle, huh?” She leaned a little closer. “Interesting. The stars make more sense to comment on; that’s a tattoo. But you clearly focused on the other thing, as well… my ‘landscaping’. How far down were you looking?”

“Just go. Now.”

Summer was smirking as she did as she was asked, and Yang began to angrily eat a sandwich.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Fluffy moments after Yang tells Ruby what happened on the deck.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: July: lewd conversation.
Enabler: nudity, tickling, toe-kissing, dressing the other person.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 8

True to her word, Yang didn’t even so much as look through the door to the back patio a single time as she finished her lunch, then went up to take a shower when her laundry turned out to still be drying. By then, the intensity of the moment had faded, and she didn’t even wind up needing to “take care of it” while in there.

Not that her cruel brain didn’t keep drifting back to the moment. Unlike with Ruby, reminding herself that Summer was her dad’s wife helped a lot in dispelling those lingering bits of attraction. The memory would probably wander in at weird times for the next few years but it was easy to say “She banged your dad” and make it go back from whence it came.

But again, that didn’t work with Ruby. For some reason, the half-sibling factor didn’t phase her; it should have, and it did make her gut twist when she thought about it, but it didn’t lessen her attraction at all. She wanted to be with her so much it burned.

Once her laundry was all put away and she went back downstairs, Summer was coming back in, still in the robe - or more likely, in the robe again - and carrying a magazine and an empty glass. Her cheeks were a little pink and she was swaying slightly, which told Yang she’d poured a little extra something into that glass to help her cope with what had happened before.

“Oh, hey,” she offered casually, getting a water from the fridge. “Looks like you got all cleaned up. You look nice, dear.”

“Thanks,” Yang snorted as she turned on the TV.

“Isn’t this the part where you say I look nice, too? Oh, wait… you already did that today.” A little chuckle. “Sorry, I shouldn’t joke like that. It was… well, I just shouldn’t.”

“Y-yeah. I mean, no offense, but I’d rather not think about it anymore. Like… you’re my stepmom.”

Nodding, she came over and sat down next to Yang. She was relieved to see she was moving carefully enough so that no flaps fell open or anything like that, and she left a good foot or so of
space between them on the couch. Their closeness didn’t exactly put Yang at ease, but she didn’t think she needed to freak out yet.

“I understand. Did a lot of thinking about this while I was outside, and… I’m trying not to blame myself, but the important thing is, I can’t blame you for… well, for being human. I might be your stepmom, but you said you think of me as an attractive woman, so… naturally, if you see an attractive woman in her birthday suit—”

“Thanks for the instant replay!” Yang burst out in embarrassment, trying to somehow hide behind the remote. It didn’t work.

“Sorry,” Summer told her as she patted up and down her bicep. “Ooh… do you work out?”

“All I’m trying to say is, I might tease you once or twice, but I don’t really blame you for… well, saluting me with your flagpole.” At this, she snickered a little. “Right? Get it?”

Laughing weakly, she reached over and patted Summer’s shoulder. Like she would do for Blake, or anyone really. “Right. Uh, maybe you should drink a little more of that water.”

“I know, I know. Had too much wine; I was… having an anxiety attack.” When Yang blinked at her rapidly, she shrugged and added, “About my stepdaughter having a hard-on for me? Kind of anxiety-inducing!”

“It wasn’t ‘for you’, exactly! Just… about your body. Like, you as a person, I still want to be like… my second mom, but more like an aunt? Kinda?”

That made Summer stop and smile at her, a genuinely touched smile. “Awww… oh, that’s so sweet of you!” Then she uncapped the water and took a long swig, apparently thinking better of Yang’s advice. “Ahh. So yes, this is good; your body wants to bang mine, but intellectually, we still remember we’re family. That’s what’s important.”

Again, Yang felt the knife twisting as she thought about what she and Ruby were to each other. A sudden urge to tell Summer all about that filled her, but she ignored it; she wouldn’t understand. Nobody would. Telling her would only mean she got shipped back to New England much earlier than she expected.

“Anyway, I’ll start cleaning up before they get home,” she remarked as she pushed to stand up. “But… I’m really glad we could figure out our way around this very unfortunate situation. That we didn’t end up shouting, or hating each other.”

“Or worse.” Yang didn’t even finish her thought; they both knew the only thing that would be worse.

“Right,” Summer breathed, nodding with wide eyes. Then she smiled down at her. “It really has been nice getting to know you, Yang. Seeing you and Ruby getting along. I’m glad we have you here.”

“Me, too.” Then she waved as Summer went off to her room to change, trying her damndest not to watch her move as she went.

Taiyang and Ruby returned not long after that, stinking to high heaven and carrying a bucket full of fish to be cleaned and sorted. Looked like they were going to eat well that night. Yang tried to talk
to them, but they smelled so powerfully that she had her hand over her face the entire time, so eventually they both excused themselves to go shower up.

Yang followed Ruby into her room once she got out of the shower. There was no point in keeping this a secret from her; she knew Summer asked, but she never promised her that she wouldn’t tell.

“You what?!”

“Y-yeah,” she muttered, cheeks red again as she scratched the back of her head. “It was super awkward and uncomfortable, and I wanted to melt through the floor and disappear.”

The shorter half-sister was standing there with her eyebrows disappearing into her hair, hands on her hips partly out of outrage, and partly to hold her towel around her body. “And what, you wanted to bang her?”

“I told you, having one doesn’t always mean I want-”

“Yeah, yeah,” she sighed, puffing out her cheeks as she scowled. “Well, it’s still weird! I mean, it’s my MOM! Isn’t it weird to you?!”

“You know, when you think about it… you look a lot like your mom, don’t you? So doesn’t it make sense that I’d think she was cute, too, since… since I think you’re cute?”

It was a pretty desperate shot, but Yang felt like she had to take it. Luckily, Ruby seemed to agree. She didn’t let go immediately, but she at least rolled her eyes and stopped yelling at her.

“True… I mean, I guess that does make sense, and I can’t act like my mom’s not attractive. Not to ME, but objectively, sure.” A little shrug. “It’s still gross to me that the dick I like poked my mom one time, though.”

“Through clothes. That’s a super important detail; I wasn’t naked, and technically she wasn’t, either… at that point.”

Pushing a hand into her face, she grumbled, “I can’t believe she did that while we had company! I mean, she sunbathes nude all the time, it’s nothing new. Heck, we did it together and it’s not weird; I’m her kid, she changed my diapers, right? But like, with strange people in the house…”

“I’m ‘strange’, huh?” Yang half-heartedly chuckled as she finally leaned against the dresser, letting some of her adrenaline subside. “Can’t argue with you there.”

“So… if you weren’t already doing stuff with me, would you have wanted to with her?”

“What?! NO! She’s banging my dad, that’s a whole other kind of line I don’t wanna cross!”

“Not at the same time as him! GOD!”

Squinting at Ruby, she demanded, “Please don’t tell me you’re actually jealous of your own mom. You really don’t have to be.”

“Well…” Pouting a little, she said, “She’s older, and she knows more about this stuff than I do. Like, I know you didn’t do anything, and you don’t want to, but… you could be having normal sex by now with her instead of me jerking you off through your shorts.”

“So what?” Yang said immediately. “I don’t care about that.”

“What about her body? Is it… hotter than mine? Like, I wouldn’t even know one way or the
“Ruby… come on, don’t do this. I’m sorry, okay? Like I said, none of this was on purpose, so I hope you don’t keep giving me shit about this.” Leaning forward, she kissed Ruby’s cheek. “Seriously, I don’t care about your mom as anything besides being your mom. I swear.”

After a few breaths, Ruby muttered, “You’re right. I know, I just… feel dumb, and weird. Sorry.” Clearing her throat, then she added with a little smirk, “I’m glad you didn’t take care of your dick while you were showering, though…”

Yang goggled at her for a few seconds. Then she shook her head and muttered, “Shameless. You’re totally shameless, you know that?”

“Maaayyybe.” Sparing a tiny smile, she bit her lip and leaned up to whisper, “Maybe I can distract your brain from thinking about my mom, too.”

“Oh yeah? How?” But when Ruby reached up and nipped her towel off, letting it fall to the floor, she said, “Oh… that’s how.”

Of course Ruby’s body was every bit as gorgeous as her mother’s. Flawless in every way, and very slightly perkier. She had seen more of her from the back before, but the front presented a few more interesting things for her gaze to linger over. Yang tried not to look at the soft, pink nipples or the little untrimmed thatch of brown hairs; they were intriguing, but they really weren’t alone-alone.

“Is it working?”

“Ohhhhhh yeah.” Then she seemed to realise what she had said and how she said it, and chuckled self-consciously. “W-what I mean is, uh, yes. Yes, it’s working. Good job.”

“Good,” she giggled. “Um… are we really that alike? Body-wise.”

Snorting, she poked Ruby in the stomach as she said, “Pretty much. Like, a couple small things, but you got a lot more of your mom’s genes than our dad’s. I think mine were pretty evenly split.”

“Like what’s different?” she asked, turning from side to side and looking down at her body, as if a flashing sign would point out the changes.

“You sure you want me to tell you about this?” A nod. With a shrug, she tapped her chin. “Well… she trims it up down there. Tattoo, and of course you don’t have any tats. Uh, her hips are a tiny bit wider? Probably from squeezing you out.” Ruby made a disgusted noise. “And she has stretch marks from that, too.”

Nodding, Ruby piped up, “So basically, if I ever have a kid I’ll turn into a clone of my mom?”

“Yep.” Grinning to herself, she started poking more as she said, “And you’ll have marks here, and here, and over here—”

“HEY!” Ruby laughed, convulsing a little. “Not again!” After a few more ticklings, she backed onto the bed, flailing and cackling aloud as Yang attacked her until she was red-faced, tears streaming from the corners of her eyes.

Then Yang was pinning her by the wrists to keep her from retaliating, chuckling as she grinned down at the sniffling and giggling girl below her. After a few more seconds, they both stopped laughing… but the smiles remained in place.
“Love you,” Ruby whispered up at her, so earnestly that Yang could feel her heart squeeze.

“You, too.” Leaning down, she kissed her very gently, and Ruby responded without any hesitation. “Totally in love.”

Nodding, she bit her lip before reaching up to squeeze her shoulder through her shirt. “And I’m super cool with that now. Still weird, but like… I know that it doesn’t matter how weird it is. How I feel about you is more important than how other people feel about how I feel about you.”

Yang was still lying there, partly next to and partly on top of her half-sister and trying to think of any words that could match those, when a knock came at the door. Then their father shouted, “Hey, girls!”

“DON’T COME IN!” Ruby shouted right away. “I’m not dressed yet!”

The door had started to open a half-inch, but then shut tight again. “Sorry! Hurry up, come watch me clean the fish for dinner!”

“Why?” Yang groaned, trying to calm down after having been scared out of her mind a moment before. “I don’t wanna watch fish guts spilling all over the place…”

“You should learn this! Come on, don’t take too long!”

“Okay, Dad!” Ruby called back. After his steps receded, she turned to Yang with a mischievous glint in her eyes. “That was close!”

“Yep.” Leaning in, she pressed her lips just behind Ruby’s ear, earning her closed eyes and a sigh. “Mm… I keep thinking that this is such a bad idea… but like… you’re right, we might as well be honest about this. I like you, and you like me.”

Nodding, she raised a hand so her fingers could trail over Yang’s cheek. “So much.” Then she sat up on her elbows. “Do you wanna dress me?”

“Huh?”

“Dress me up, like a doll. Put my clothes on me. I want you to…”

The light blush in Ruby’s cheeks and the way she was gazing at Yang made her heart beat so fast she thought it might gallop out of her chest. So she made a joke, to distract both of them. “Ain’t I supposed to wanna do the opposite?”

“Yang,” she hissed, and they both laughed. “Maybe later.”

Then Yang got up and went to the dresser. She pulled out a few things, ones that more or less matched, and went back to Ruby, holding up the underwear and adjusting them so that the leg holes were lined up correctly.

“Come on, let’s do this.” Ruby slid her legs through, but then she pushed a foot into Yang’s face. The blonde grunted, “Cut that out!”

“Why? They’re clean.” When Yang merely glared down at her in annoyance, she giggled and booped her nose with the big toe. Not that Yang truly minded; as she had said, they were recently-scrubbed, and soft. “You don’t like my little piggies?”

Rolling her eyes, Yang grabbed her ankle and kissed the toes. “Don’t be dumb, of course I do.
“Every part of you’s on the list.”

Then she forced the leg down and away so she could pick up the pair of shorts. While Ruby was pulling her panties better into place, she wrestled her legs into the shorts, as well. Then she stood up, looking upward into her big sister’s eyes as she held her arms up for the shirt.

“Why… do I get the feeling you really like me doing this?” Yang asked.

“Told you already, it’s nice. Letting my sis take care of me.”

Blushing a lot more than those words should have made her blush, Yang forced the shirt down over Ruby’s head to cut off their view of each other for a few seconds. Give her time to recover. When the head popped through, it was grinning, and Yang shook her head before pulling her into a hug.

“Stop being so cute. It’s annoying.”

“Annoying?!”

Watching their dad clean the fish was both irritating and disgusting, but also fascinating for Yang. Ruby had been through it a time or two, but this was the first time Yang had ever seen anything like that. She looked and listened, and tried to make up for not having gone with her dad in the first place.

Maybe it was partly guilt over what she and Ruby were doing when out of sight of the adults, or maybe the secret the three of them were keeping about the incident with his wife. She felt completely awful keeping so many secrets from him… but she knew that telling him would be the only thing worse than keeping secrets. It sucked, but this was just the truth of the situation, and they would all have to get used to it.

Which was why she finally did bring up bowling. He jumped on the chance, which did make Yang feel even worse, but simultaneously assuaged some of her previous guilt; at least she was doing something about it now. When she and Ruby went back inside to tell Summer, she smiled and said that she would be happy to go, even though the glance she gave Yang was a little more awkward than it had been before.

“God, you weren’t kidding,” Ruby whispered on their way back out to the garage. “You two really did have an almost-thing!”

“You think I’d make up something like that?!” Groaning in annoyance, she rubbed at her face while Ruby giggled. “I’m glad you think this is hilarious.”

“Sorry. It’s just super weird.”

“Actually, I mean it; I really am glad that you do, instead of being weirded out. At least that makes one of us. It’ll be hard to put the whole thing behind me. But I’m gonna try.”

Threading her fingers through Yang’s, Ruby leaned up to kiss her cheek for the brief second no one was around to see it. “I believe in you, Yang.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence.”

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Chapter End Notes
Sorry this chapter is so short but it was just the best place to cut it off lol. To those of you who want more of Summer/Yang, there will be a little more later on (though Enabler is still the OTP of this fic, don’t worry). To those of you who DON’T, there will be warnings in those chapters.

Also quick thing; in my mind I kind of moved past the first kiss because the bigger "obstacle" for them was to admit they liked each other despite being sisters. It wasn't really intentional, just wasn't focusing on it in this fic. Sorry for anyone who felt sad for not getting to see that moment, I didn't mean to disappoint.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Ruby gets a little handsy; Yang's more ready for it than she thought.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: First time, handjob, premature ejaculation.

=Chapter 9

Bowling was a lot of fun for the whole family. Of course, that was only because the parents didn’t notice Ruby teasing Yang and trying to make her smell her bowling shoes, but that was only briefly annoying. The rest of the time was a lot of fun, competing against each other, scarfing down pizza and sodas from the snack stand and generally goofing around.

By the end of it, Yang was even starting to feel less weird around Summer. Her brain still twisted the knife by flashing the memories of her nude body at her once in awhile, but it was becoming less frequent and she could easily tolerate that much. Besides, remembering Ruby’s body helped a lot with that.

On the way home, they stopped for frozen yogurt and chatted and laughed. Everything was on the mend; their dad definitely didn’t look put out about Yang skipping fishing now that they had some quality father-daughter time in, and they were all talking as normal. Even the occasional guilty look in Summer’s eyes didn’t bring down the evening; after all, they hadn’t really done anything wrong. Just didn’t volunteer an embarrassing story that would have probably made poor Taiyang a little green around the gills. In time, they would forget all about it, other than an occasional wet dream Yang might have when her subconscious mind decided to be an asshole.

By the time they got back, Tai, Ruby and Summer were all pretty tired. After about an hour of TV, they one by one drifted off to bed, Summer the last.

“This has been… a day,” she offered to Yang with a pained smile.

“A pretty good one.” Yang made sure to grin, and without any awkwardness; she wanted her to know that it was already no big deal to her. She noticed her relax, even if only slightly. “See you tomorrow.”

The woman came over to sit on the edge of the couch where Yang was reclining. Irrationally, she felt tense and wanted to worry about what might happen, but she made herself breathe and remain calm.

“Listen… again, I’m very sorry for what hap-”

“Don’t. I got a free show, and you got a tan. That’s it. Nothing else has to be said; we’re cool.”
“Alright,” she breathed with a small smile. Her hand raised, as if she were going to pet Yang’s hair or a similar show of affection, then drew away again as she thought better of it. “Don’t stay up too late.”

“I won’t.”

Once she was alone, she flipped through channels for a while. There was nothing very interesting on, but she found some reruns of an old sitcom that she used to love, and killed some time watching that. Then she got a text message…

**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Hey hows it goin down there? n_n

Another grin split Yang’s face. She didn’t think her teammate would care enough to message! Rolling over onto her back, she sat up just enough to make it easier to flash her thumbs over the letters.

**ME**: P good hbu?

**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Not baaad just chillin w fam c:
**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Is it awk w ur stepmom? Is she being a bitch or

**ME**: Oh… if only u knew lmaooo

So she told her. There were a lot of “WHAT”s and “R U SRS”es from Blake along the way, but she mostly just let the story unfold until it was over.

**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Did u see BUSH?!?!

**ME**: DUDE NO STOP

**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Omfg u saw ur stepmoms bush im kinkshaming

**ME**: Ughhhhhh I wanna die

**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Hey question
**BLAKEYWAKEY**: I thought u didn’t like girls

**ME**: Well
**ME**: I didnt really know but now I think im bi?
**ME**: Just never had any real dates soooooo

**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Omg but
**BLAKEYWAKEY**: I showed u mine
**BLAKEYWAKEY**: Oh man I didn’t mean to like freak u out

**ME**: YOU DIDN’T IM FINE

**BLAKEYWAKEY**: HOW FINE U PERV

**ME**: Dude pls don’t
**ME**: I feel weird enough abt shit here
**ME**: We both know u like dick so don’t act like u weren’t perving
Yang really did think about it, but there was no way she could bring herself to tell Blake about her illicit affair with her half-sister. Not over text. Maybe she’d confess to her when she got back for Fall classes.

ME : Anyway tell me about Maine lol do u eat lobster every day

BLAKEYWAKEY : God I wish
BLAKEYWAKEY : And do u really think this subject is over?!? What a bad segue

ME : I SAW HER NAKED BIG DEAL

BLAKEYWAKEY : IT KIND OF IS?? For u anyway
BLAKEYWAKEY : how big were her boobs

ME : …

By the time Yang was done texting and bingewatching, she felt tired enough to try to go to sleep. Or at least, to lay down and hope that it happened. Worse come to worst, her phone had Netflix.

She poked her head in to check on Ruby once she was all washed up and changed. She was asleep and snoring quietly; it was such a gentle noise that she couldn’t believe Ruby had once acted like it would bother Yang. Smiling, she tiptoed over and leaned down to kiss her forehead.

“Hm?”

“Shhhh. Goodnight.”
“Hey,” Ruby breathed, smiling up at her. “Um… stay here?”

“What?”

“Stay. Sleep here.” She nipped her sheets open for emphasis.

“Nah,” she whispered back with a grin. “It’s okay, I can survive until morning.”

But then Ruby pouted, and she knew she was lost. Rolling her eyes, she walked back to ease the door shut, then slid into the bed next to her sister.

“You’re really warm,” Yang whispered to her.

“Your legs are cold.” They both giggled. “But they’ll be warm, too, in a minute.”

“Whiny brat.”

Pulling Yang’s arms more tightly around her middle, Ruby whispered, “You wanted to.”

“How do you know?”

“Because you did it. And you didn’t even act that grumpy first.”

Dead to rights. Again. Grinning into Ruby’s neck, she said, “I feel so good next to you like this.”

“Oh…” Yang had thought that was it, until she heard a little sniffle half a minute later.

“Ruby?”

Swallowing hard, she clutched at Yang’s arms tighter. When nothing further transpired for a few seconds, and Yang was still waiting for an answer, tense now instead of relaxed, she spoke up… and it became clear why she was so quiet before.

“I love you so much. I… kinda forget it, until y-you say something like that… s-sorry, I don’t m-mean to get so… to get all sappy about…”

“Ruby… I love you, too.”

After a few seconds, Ruby rolled to face her, eyes dark from the low lighting in the room gazing up at her. They didn’t speak for a while; just looked at each other and knew things that no one else would ever know. Then they kissed, chaste at first, more robust after a minute or two. No words.

When Yang felt a pink little tongue poking its way into her mouth, she withdrew and whispered, “Ruby… what are you doing? It’s late…”

“I want this…”

“What?” Another lick along her bottom lip, making Yang shiver. “You have me here already.”

“But I want you to be with me. I… I want…”

So that’s what she meant. Gulping, Yang reached up to pet along Ruby’s back through her tank. “There’s no rush, though.”

“Yeah, but there is. We only have a couple more weeks! And you’ll be gone! So… so I want to start now, I want to do as much as we can!”
The urgency alone threatened to make Yang give in. However, she was made of tougher stuff. Reaching up and grasping her bicep, she managed to catch Ruby’s eyes.

“Why? It’s… I like what we’re already doing.”

“But I want to do everything with you.” Swallowing, she glanced away, then up at Yang again. “I want you to feel… feel how wet I am…”

At that little turn of phrase, Yang almost fell out of the bed. “You what!?”

“SHH!” Ruby warned, though neither of them were loud enough to be heard, even by someone sitting right outside the door. Then she followed up with, “Kissing you… it makes my body heat up, my brain go fuzzy. I kinda love it, even while it makes me worried… but none of that’s the point. The point is, I’m so close to you, and I want to be even closer!”

“Ruby…” That was certainly making her own situation no better. While just kissing, her body had only responded a little, but now that her half-sister had revealed her own situation, she couldn’t stop thinking about it long enough to make it go away. Quite the opposite.

A shaky little laugh passed out of Ruby when she felt it. “Oh, there you are. A little late to the party!” But she didn’t spend much time on that. Again, her lips were mashing into Yang’s as they kissed, bodies sliding over each other a little in their eagerness to feel more, to experience.

After some time, when she felt her own shorts being forced downward, Yang whispered, “This isn’t okay.”

“I know,” Ruby breathed. “But it’s okay with us.”

“I…” How could she argue with the truth?

Feeling Ruby’s hand directly around her was far different than feeling it through her shorts. If she hadn’t finished herself off so much the past days, she might have succumbed easily… but instead, she merely put up with the teasing, exploring hand, the fingers poking into her flesh slightly as they glided up and down along the throbbing mass.

“It’s so hard,” Ruby told her with an earnest tone. “You’re so hard. Is this for me?”


“I, um… I got us a little something. Yesterday. Call me a ‘plan ahead’ kinda girl.”

Reaching behind them into her table, she brought out a little pack of condoms. There weren’t very many, but it was an entire pack’s-worth more than Yang expected to see.

“Oh my god… really? You seriously thought we… but we’re related! This isn’t just messing around and kissing, that’s a whole other—”

“I know, okay? But… no more hiding from it. I love you, and you love me, and this is… kinda part of that. Just dumb not to at least be ready for if it happens.”

As Ruby opened the box, Yang tried to ignore how badly her body was trying to get her to take Ruby up on her offer and failed. Not even the cute and amusing sight of her struggling with the box was enough; she still wanted to be with her in that way. Still liked everything that Ruby was.

“There we go,” she breathed at last, holding up the shiny packet. Her eyebrows waggled, and Yang
rolled her eyes, which only earned her a laugh.

“Like you know how to put one of those on.”

“I do! We did it to bananas in health class. Here, I’ll prove it to you.”

“What’s- whoa, you’re…”

Ruby had shimmied down to hover with her face just over Yang’s crotch, a face amongst a pool of blankets. She looked a bit distracted by how close she was to the object of her interest… but she managed to push the desire back for long enough to rip open the packet and pull out the little ring of latex.

“Mmm,” she breathed as she pushed a kiss into Yang’s head… and she felt her mind go blank. Ruby wasn’t just touching her tonight, it seemed. There was so much more in store! “So good…”

Rolling her eyes, she muttered, “You can’t be serious. One kiss on my dick is ‘so good’?”

“Yeah.” Bald honesty shone in her voice.

“O-oh? Really?” Another loving peck along her warm shaft, probably purely to prove herself. “You’re pretty… convincing…”

“I love this dick,” she confessed easily. “It kinda got us talking about us, weird as it is.” Then she began to roll the latex downward…

And all of a sudden, Yang realised she had a real problem. She wasn’t just ready for sex; she was ready to finish. Ruby was doing too good a job! Every movement intended to move the latex protection a little further along her member was one that made it ready to shoot. That early on, she was already biting her lip and writhing back and forth, hoping to resist.

“Ooh, someone’s eager.” Grasping the base, she pumped her hand a few times, causing Yang to gasp out. “Nice!”

“Ruby… y-you gotta stop!”

That seemed to catch her by surprise. Pumping her fist up and down furiously for a second, she smirked and whispered, “Nah. I wanna make sure you stay ready for me.”

“B-but if you- if- NNHHHH!!!”

The last part was somehow growled into the pillow at the last second, instead of the room at large. As much as she was convulsing and gasping out, she knew Ruby would probably figure out soon enough what was going on… but for the time being, she was still being stroked and loving every second.

Then the younger half-sister did start, glancing between the end of the balloon entrapping her sex and Yang’s face, stretched wide in release.

“Oh shit… did you- did we really just…”

“I’m so sorry, dude,” Yang half-wheezed, eyes closing in distant pleasure from the hand still wrapped around her. “Seriously… you were all about this, doing so much, and then, I… I suck! Obviously!”

Smiling gently, Ruby patted her thigh, releasing her spent length in the process. “I’m sorry! God, I
really didn’t think you were that close to- I wasn’t trying- WOW, you came just from that?!”

Her face burned with embarrassment. This was even worse than the fact that they were crossing societal lines to be together; she couldn’t even seem to handle that “together” part without losing control way, way too early. She wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear.

“Oh… awww, Yang, it’s okay,” Ruby cooed when she finally realised how much this was affecting her. Her arms circled around her back. “Hey…”

“That was p-pathetic!” she snapped into the pillow. “God, after yesterday, I thought I could hold out longer!”

“Yang, I don’t care about that! I’m… it makes me happy that felt so good that you couldn’t wait.” Her smiling face pushed in closer to Yang’s, and she kissed both of her cheeks. “You did tell me to slow down and I… I should have listened. I’m really sorry. Um, I just didn’t want you to go soft while I was putting it on?”

Finally, she began to calm down, little by little. When she could talk again, she let out a long sigh and whispered, “Thanks, Ruby. I, um… I think you really wanted this to be… like, our first time? And… now it can’t be.”

“Y-yeah, I um, I’ve heard that… people with dicks can’t go again when they’re done.” To her credit, she did remember not to say “guys” that time. “But it’s cool! You finished, and I’m happy to help. Oh, and speaking of which…”

As Yang watched, fascinated and still embarrassed, Ruby pulled the condom off and threw it and the wrapper away, then wiped her hands on a tissue and tossed that before returning to the bed. In the meantime, Yang pulled her shorts back up; she didn’t want Ruby’s first real look at her anatomy being when it was freshly-milked and half-hard, coated in leftover lube and her own juices.

“Awww,” Ruby cooed as she returned to the bed. “I wanted to play with that.”

“Not tonight,” Yang said with a half-smile. “Maybe… I can do something for you?”

But when her hands fell to Ruby’s waist, the girl looked down with a self-conscious giggle. “N-nah. I m-mean, I, um… I don’t think I’m…” Then she cleared her throat. “I thought I was ready to go there with you, I guess, but like, just you doing it for me is different somehow. That’s probably really dumb.”

Wrapping her arms around Ruby’s back instead, she simply laid next to her for a long moment. Then, once they were a little more comfortable, she spoke.

“It’s not dumb. It’s… sweet, in a way. But I think… I think I’d be okay playing with you now. And I know, I was kinda weird about it at first, because of the sister thing. But by now I think we’re kind of past that, I guess. So… if you change your mind, I could try a hand, at least. O-or something.”

“Listen to us,” Ruby giggled quietly. “Both pretty nervous. I, um… I think it’s kind of more fun with you being my sister. No, wait!” she squeaked when Yang drew back in shock. “You know, because we’re kind of, like… destined to be together, because we’re related? I know, I’m crazy, but it’s weirdly romantic to me.”

Shaking her head, she pushed her face into her sister’s neck. “You think too much. But… maybe, yeah. And…” She’d been worrying about this for a long time. “And I kind of deserve this, for
being such a jerk when you were little. Telling you that you were ‘dumb’ or whatever, and that I didn’t like you. Like, what makes more karmic sense than for me to fall in love with you and have to eat my own words?”

“So you think of this as a punishment? Me jerking you off is a punishment?”

“What? Oh! Shit, no, that totally isn’t-” But Ruby’s laughter cut her off, and she grunted, “You butt…”

“Yeah, you like my butt.”

“All of you is on the list, and all of you is a butt,” she sighed as she snuggled against her even more closely. “Big, ridonk badonkadonk.”
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

A nap and a little more sisterly bonding.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: Snuggles, foot-teasing, cock-worship, cock-kissing, ball-licking, handjob, blowjob.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10

A couple of days passed without anything else happening. Ruby and Yang were both nervous-yet-eager about “playing” with each other, but Yang felt so embarrassed about finishing too early that she only allowed Ruby to jerk her through her shorts a little here and there - and even then, usually not to a finish. All the reassurances in the world from her sweet half-sister that she wanted to try again, and would never dream of holding a grudge against her for it, couldn’t help her feel comfortable enough to give it another go.

Meanwhile, Ruby seemed to be fine with Yang teasing her, but actually doing anything significant to her thighs or anywhere else made her so blushe and flustered that she stopped right away, even though Ruby tried to tell her that she didn’t mind. Both situations began to make the blonde feel like the light was always green but she had run out of gas.

As for everything else, it was going fairly well. Sunday had been another day full of family-fun activities; they all went to the beach again, and this time Ruby and Yang were very well-behaved. Their dad mostly seemed to want to relax, or occasionally tease Summer, who only really wanted to tan or read her book. Yang noticed that she glanced at her before removing her top to lay on her stomach again, but she and Ruby only exchanged an awkward glance before going back into the water.

The parents were mostly busy during the day once the work week started again, though Dad was the only one legitimately out of the house. Summer was around most of the time if she didn’t need to run to the store or the post office, but needed to concentrate on her online shop, so she would only emerge during lunchtime, or occasionally just to say “hi” or go to the bathroom. Dinners were pleasant, evenings were spent watching TV. A casual routine.

Though Ruby did start dragging Yang into playing some of her games during their many hours together. Yang still didn’t really get into it as much as she did, but she had to admit beating up digital enemies did have a certain appeal.

“Grab the golden hammer!” Ruby was encouraging her in a shrill voice. “HURRY! It’s gonna disappear!”
Swallowing hard, she spammed a few of the keys on Ruby’s keyboard. “Which one picks shit up again?!?”

“THIS ONE!” Her finger tapped a key, and she relaxed, slumping over next to Yang. “Phew! Just barely got it…”

“Good… oh man, I don’t know if I can handle another round of that. I’m sweating!”

Giggling, Ruby gave Yang a kiss on the cheek. “Well, you’re *my* hero. But it auto-saves, so you can just exit out when the next level starts.”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m gonna do that.” After she did, she sighed and turned in the chair to Ruby. “Sorry, I’m not used to all that frantic action, and I forget which keys are what!”

“Oh yeah?” Nuzzling Yang’s neck, she whispered, “Did you wanna try some other kind of action?”

Rolling her eyes, she grabbed Ruby around the waist and began to tickle her, just enough to get her to squirm away so she could stand up from the chair. Then she stretched her limbs overhead, yawning slightly; she hadn’t been breathing enough while playing through the level and now she was paying the price.

“Aww, did you wanna take a nap?”

“Shut up, Ruby.”

“No, I meant it,” she told her as she slid an arm around her back for a little side-hug. “I think we’re allowed during the summer.”

Smiling down into her hair, she kissed her scalp, prompting Ruby to let out a quiet sigh of contentment. It was true that they *could* get up to some mischief… but she wasn’t sure she wanted to, especially not with Summer still downstairs. After all, they didn’t have a lot of success with things like that, and she didn’t want to risk being found out, anyway. Maybe a nap was a better idea.

“Come lay down, big sis.” She pulled her to the bed and turned down the sheets, smiling up at her. This time, it was a casual, pleasant smile instead of one of her little mischievous smirks. When Yang smiled back and kissed her forehead, she bit her lip and averted her eyes, blushing again. A few days was not long enough to make the shine wear off.

So Yang did lay down. Ruby curled around her back, being the big spoon for once despite being shorter. “Jetpacking”, Yang had heard it called somewhere. It was so comfortable…

“So I looked up showtimes for *Princess Mononoke* and… it looks like they’re not doing that one, but they are doing *Akira*. You like actiony stuff, right?”

“Mm-hmm,” she sighed in complete contentment. “And like I said… I’d watch anything with you.”

Some kind of nervously excited noise came from Ruby, and Yang grinned into the pillow. Then she whispered, “I’ll get tickets when we wake up.”

“Mmm… mkay.”

“And… I can’t wait to watch it together.” A little kiss on the back of her neck. It was the last thing
Yang didn’t know how long she had been out when she first woke up. Or where she was. It took her a few minutes to realise it was Ruby’s room and not her own dorm, or even the guest room. Where was Ruby?

At her computer, of course. Slaying monsters. She rolled over and just watched her there for a minute, gazing at her sharp, determined expression, the wiggling rump pushed back against the stem connecting the seat of the chair to the backrest. The way her hands always seemed to know exactly where to go on the keyboard to defeat the hordes of enemies.

That was the real reason she didn’t bother to speak up. Of course, the warmth of the bed and the slight haze of lingering sleep helped a lot, but she might have said something anyway if Ruby didn’t look so fully focused on her game. Not that she really had to say anything, because when the level came to a natural break, she tapped a key to pause it and sighed, swivelling in her chair to glance at Yang.

“Oh!” she breathed when she saw violet eyes staring at her, and she smiled. “Hey! Good morning. Or afternoon, or whatever.”

Voice still raspy with sleep, she said, “Hey.” Then she rubbed her face and yawned, “You kill all the... all the things?”

“Yeah, most of ‘em,” she laughed, turning and wheeling her chair over to Yang. It didn’t roll very well on the carpet, so she had to grunt and push a little, which made Yang giggle.

“Good. Mm... how long was I out?”

Glancing at her alarm clock — it had Disney characters on it, and had apparently been next to her bed for years and years — she said, “About an hour and a half.”

All Yang did was nod. It wasn’t that important, given that they were on vacation... but she did feel a little bad for wasting time she could be spending with Ruby. So she managed to grumble, “Shit...”

“What? What’s wrong, did you miss a show on TV or something?”

“No, I... wanted to be with you instead of... passing out like a douche.”

At that, Ruby’s expression turned a lot softer as she watched her roll more fully onto her back and prop herself up on her elbows. “Aww... it's no big deal, honest. I kinda... liked you sleeping in my bed. It was cute, and...”

The blush made Yang ask, “And what?”

“And... n-now my bed’s gonna smell like you even more. I like that.” But then she was clearing her throat as if trying to pretend she never said what she said. “Anyway, it’s cool, sometimes you just... need a nap, right?”

“Yeah, I guess. And... I felt really good, sleeping here. Felt at home. Like... man, I really like your bed, I guess.”
At that little revelation, Ruby smiled, biting her lip as she thought about that for a few seconds. Then she lifted a leg up… and began to tease over Yang’s lap with her foot.

“Uhh… what are you doing?”

“Nothiiiing,” she drawled even while she continued the same action. It didn’t feel terrible, but neither was it that amazing, either. “Just trying to show you how welcome you are to say in my bed.”

Sighing, Yang fixed her with a disgruntled, sleepy glare. “For the last time, I do not have a thing. Okay?”

“Come on, aren’t you a little curious?”

“Nope.” She had to pointedly ignore the teasing little toes now; curious, yes, but she didn’t want to encourage the teasing.

“Yaaaaang…” When Yang only rolled her eyes, she finally pulled her leg back and looked down at her lap. “Okay, okay. Sorry.”

Another sigh. “Great, now you’re making me feel guilty about this.”

“I’m not trying to… I swear, I’m not.” The look she shot up at Yang was uncertain. “You know I was just teasing, right?”

“Yeah, I do,” she told her with a little shake of her head. “Now get over here.” Ruby stood up and crawled into bed next to Yang timidly. Yang lifted the sheets and wrapped them around both of them.

“Sorry.”

“Shhhh. You’re fine.” She kissed Ruby’s forehead, and the tension left her shoulders and neck. “Oh, come on, I was just- you don’t have to be so worried about pissing me off. I know what happened… way back when, but like, we were kids. I’m an adult now. You think I’m going to be that mad because you’re teasing me with your foot for a few seconds? Give me a little more credit than that!”

Shrugging, she whispered, “I know. It’s dumb, both me teasing you and me thinking you’d really be mad about it. Just… I really like you, tons more than I could ever expect, so like… I worry. Worry that I’ll do the wrong thing and you’ll… I dunno. That your crush will be over when you realise how lame I am, or something.”

“Okay… okay, yeah, I get it. I worry, too; not the same way, but I can see where you’re coming from.” Kissing her again, she whispered, “Sorry I was grumpy. I just woke up, I guess… it’s not much of an excuse.”

“No, I know you can be grumpy when you just wake up,” she half-giggled, and Yang smiled into her hair. “I love you so much; I just wanna be your perfect girlfriend, perfect sister… perfect anything you want me to be.”

“Then just be the perfect Ruby. Like, whoever you are, be as much of a you as you can. That’s all I want.” To her surprise, a little sob floated out from below her face, and she whispered, “Shit, what did I do?”

“Nothing,” Ruby told her as she clung tightly to her. “You’re so good to me! I’m so happy!”
“Well you don’t sound happy!”

“I know! I’m dumb, I told you I’m dumb!” But then they were both sniffing a little and holding each other tight, pulling back to kiss each other’s wet cheeks. Allowing for a release.

When they finally dried up and began to kiss in earnest again, Yang felt herself smiling more and more. Yes, it had been hard for them to have something close to a fight about something so pointless, but they had resolved it - and even better, they felt closer now. Nothing bad about that.

“Oh,” Ruby laughed softly eventually. “Hello, down there!”

“It’s… nothing you’re doing,” Yang told her in a deadpan tone. “Just a reaction to how close you are.”

“Mmm… I like ‘reactions’, I guess.” As Yang was sighing in disgust, she nuzzled into her neck. “Wanna try again? Get out the condoms? Maybe if we start now…”

“Nah, not yet. I’m still… weird.” That was the best way she could summarise. As she traced fingers through Ruby’s hair, she whispered, “We don’t have to do anything; it’s just a boner.”

Nodding, she kissed Yang’s cheek. Then she whispered, “I wanna get a look at it. Like… a good look this time. And if you do or don’t come while I’m poking around, it won’t matter, and… I’ve just been really curious ever since that first morning, and I only got a few seconds to look when I was trying to put the-”

“Yeah, yeah, fine. Um… I hope you’re not too disappointed. But I guess it won’t hurt anything for you to look.”

Grinning, Ruby pushed the blankets away, which was the thing that made Yang regret her offer the most. She was so comfy! But then she was nuzzling her crotch, and she forgot to be angry. Even through her shorts and underwear, Ruby seemed to be magnetically drawn to that area of her body; it would have been annoying if she didn’t enjoy the results so much.

“Mmm, you’re getting harder,” she mentioned as she kissed the length before dragging the shorts down. Then she was facing the panties, and she bit her lip as she glanced up. “Can… I take your little friend out? I know you already said, but…”

Yang understood. Once she nodded, she braced herself as Ruby pulled her underwear down to around her knees.

The way Ruby licked her lips the moment she got an eyeful of Yang’s anatomy gave her a lot of mixed feelings. She both wanted to tell her to stop, and to keep going; she was nauseated and inflamed with desire. Did Ruby really want to see it this badly? Did she really like what she saw? Yang didn’t. She was mostly indifferent, but there were plenty of times she looked in the mirror and hated having something like that, since most women did not. Being feministy about it was supposed to mean it didn’t matter… but it mattered to too many people for her to pretend she didn’t care at all.

“It’s so big,” Ruby was breathing softly as she wrapped delicate fingers around it, pushed it from side to side. She wasn’t truly revving up to do anything yet; as she had said, she wanted to really look at it. “What’s this line?”

“Huh? O-oh… it’s, um… I dunno, but it goes all the way down.”

“Really? Oh wow, you’re right! Over your balls and into your-” Then she swallowed and cast a
nervous glance at her. “Sorry, you probably don’t want me poking around your butt.”

“Hey, it’s your funeral,” she snorted, though she was definitely less confident than she normally would be. Was this really okay? Sure, they had come close to having full-on sex before, but that was a lot more frenzied and they never actually got to the moment. This took more careful consideration from both of them.

Lips pushed into the underside, cutting off her words. She could tell by the way Ruby’s silver eyes kept flicking to it that she was most curious about the head, but she was working her way up to that.

“Yang?”

“Wh-what?” she whispered with a gulp.

“You smell so good…” Then she blinked, smiling afterward. “You twitched!”

“Huh? I… what, you mean my dick did?”

“Yeah, I felt it! When I said I like how you smell, it definitely- there it did again!”

Blushing slightly, Yang averted her eyes. “S-so what? You’re telling me you like my… it’s weird, and I can’t help it!”

“You don’t like that I like it?”

“I don’t think my half-sister should be telling me my dick smells good, no! That’s kind of not normal!”

She let out a little “oh” before kissing the side of the shaft, shifting up a little more. There was a flicker of guilt, but Ruby got over it. They were both getting over it. “Then… what will you say about your half-sister wanting to know how it tastes?” Her tongue flicked out, and they both shivered. “It’s so warm…”

“God…” Another kiss, higher. “Ruby, you really wanna… do this? Put me in your mouth?”

“I told you, I wanted to try that out in the hallway.” Another deep breath as her face drifted higher, and Yang tried not to watch her soft pink lips, not to stare down her tank top at the brief glimpses of creamy cleavage. Not to want this more than she was saying she did. “Like… I knew you had a dick, but until I saw it sticking out like that, I… I didn’t think about it being real, and something I could… touch. And the minute that turned into a thing for me…”

Why not start being a little more bold? Ruby seemed to be having no problem. “You wanted it?” A slight nod. “It’s so weird for me… but you wanted to touch it. To… kiss it?”

She kissed it. Just a little one, but against the head this time. As Yang was shivering, she drew back and licked her lips again… and this time, her eyes closed in bliss as she groaned in detached satisfaction.

“Shhh! You want your mom to hear us?”

“She’s out, grocery shopping,” Ruby whispered as her eyes opened again. Then she smirked. “Besides, I think you’d be okay with her hearing you. I mean, you didn’t mind poking her with this.”
The little squeeze had a stab of fingernails to it. So Ruby hadn’t completely forgiven her for that; she knew it was too good to be true. “I’m sorry. You know that, I told you it was—”

“Shhh,” Ruby told her, the whisper sending an air current over her erection that made her shiver. The fingernails vanished. “I’m teasing again. Just let me know if you want me to back off so you two can be together.”

“Ruby, stop. I love you, and… your lips are the only ones I want to see wrapped around my cock.”

If Ruby could tease, then Yang could tease right back. Of course, she didn’t count on the teasing making Ruby blink and turn as red as a stoplight. Flustered, she let out a nervous giggle and looked down at Yang’s dick as if it had sprung up out of nowhere.

“I… I w-want… to try that,” Ruby said, a little more honestly. “I’m just… I’m afraid I’ll be really bad at it. And I don’t want you to… to not like it.”

“Can’t be any worse than me misfiring,” Yang tried to joke. It worked, and the shame in Ruby’s eyes turned to sympathy; at least the focus was off her own nerves. “Anyway… I um, I was exaggerating; I’d like to see how that feels, too, but I don’t want you to try it if you’re not ready. Like, we could quit right now and go watch Netflix. It’s cool.”

“Well, I’m at least gonna jerk you off,” she muttered, and Yang snorted. Then she kissed the head again. “Is this okay?”

All Yang could do was nod. Another kiss, on the border between head and shaft. Another right on the tip. Ruby licked her lips again, shivering and closing her eyes as she relished the taste.

“It’s really that good to you?”

“Oh yeah. I mean, it’s not like, as good as ice cream or anything, I’m not that weird. But it’s kind of… salty, with a little tang. Tangy Yang; I like it. And with the scent… like…”

She definitely wanted to say more. Instead, she lowered her mouth and began to swirl her tongue around the head. Yang strangled an outcry of surprise behind one of her hands, eyes wide and watching as her half-sister got bolder and bolder, lips plying at the tip as her tongue tasted further down.

Ruby was going down on her. Really going down on her.

“Are you sure we should be doing this?” she couldn’t help but whisper as Ruby started moaning slightly around her head. “It’s… I’m st- I’m still trying to figure out how I’m okay with just kissing you!”

Pulling off her for a second, she whispered back, “And I’m still just kissing you! It’s… just not on your mouth!” The little giggle made Yang grunt in annoyance, which only made her giggle louder. “Come on, it’s not like guys and girls don’t try this all the time in school! No biggie!”

“But I’m yours—” There was no point in finishing that; they both knew what she was going to say. “Fine, but like… I don’t know. Nevermind, I’m just freaking out.”

“Do you want me down here instead?” To illustrate, Ruby moved her mouth down to kiss Yang’s sack. Yang breathed a sigh of relief, and Ruby noticed, leaning her head against Yang’s thigh for a second. “You do. This is easier for you, huh?”

“Well…”
When Yang didn’t keep going, Ruby kissed her thigh instead of doing anything else. “You want me to stop, don’t you?”

“Well… no, but… I don’t… know if I can handle…” Then Ruby kissed her sack again. “Hnh… it’s nice, but not… in a sexy way? Yet still sexy. I don’t know.”

“This is easier, though. I get it, like… I’m the same way with you doing anything to me down there.” As she kissed, she stroked a little, just enough to keep Yang hard. “It’s definitely going to feel good, but I’m too nervous to let it happen. We’re both kind of… yeah.”

Nodding, Yang swallowed as Ruby began to use her tongue on her sack a little here and there. It was so gentle; she knew that if Ruby was too rough with her there, she would get a lot less docile, but for now she liked it and didn’t mind her continuing. “You get it. I’m all about you giving me head, it felt great, you were doing great, I just… can’t seem to let you do it without flipping my wig and telling you to stop. What the hell?”

“It’s because it’s sex. Oral sex, sure, but still, like… more than just me nomming on your balls or giving you a handjob.”

“You sound like such a sailor,” Yang laughed, and Ruby grinned at her for a moment, taking a break with her mouth even though her hand kept going. “Mmm… this is good. Just whatever we’re doing now.”

“Jerking you off.”

“You know what I mean.” Ruby started in with her mouth on her sack again, and Yang sighed, “Nnhhh… you’re getting pretty good at that, whatever it is.”

Just as Ruby shrugged, she also took one of Yang’s spheres into her mouth. Yang almost shouted at her to be careful… but she was already being so careful that she felt like it would have been redundant. So instead, she merely sat back and enjoyed the strange, warm sensation. Teeth did graze her once or twice, but way less than she was afraid they would. She only did it for a few seconds before switching to the other ball, which felt about the same to Yang, just on the other side.

By this time, Yang could feel herself getting a little closer. Determined not to make a repeat of last time, she whispered, “You’re about to make me… come.” It was a nasty way to put it, but she didn’t want to cause any confusion like last time.

“Yeah? Again?” Ruby was only curious, not disapproving or teasing. Her lips pressed into the slight wrinkles of skin between sack and shaft. “Can… I try again? If you’re about to finish… I’m really…”

“What is it?” Yang asked, trying not to buck her hips.

“You’ve been wondering what that’s like ever since I saw the panties with your spunk in them,” she breathed urgently as she sat up a little more, kissing the head again. “Like… it’s gross, but I wanted to try it right then. Even though it was already finished and out, and everything.”

Yang couldn’t help it. She had to reach down to caress Ruby’s cheek. “You wanna taste me? You’re… like, you want to not just try… but really suck me off?”

“If I thought I could handle it, I’d want to give you a real blowjob,” she told her in no uncertain terms, and Yang felt it twitch - or really, they both did. Another kiss, and she could see that Ruby was embarrassed but pushing through it. “Come in my mouth. Please?”
That almost made her lose it there and then. But she held on, enough to whisper, “It’s gonna happen s-soon… so you’d better stahHHHAH!”

Ruby’s mouth was around her immediately, the hand stopping stroking for long enough for her to get a good seal, to begin moving her tongue around the head again. As she had already known, her mouth really did look good like that… wrapped around her cock.

A few more strokes and she was spurting, hard. She could tell by the way Ruby’s eyes flew open that she hadn’t been truly prepared for the feeling, and there were a few gagging noises, but she managed to keep most of it in, swallowing furiously and ignoring the tears that sprung to her own eyes from the effort. Yang, meanwhile, was a mess of writhing and growling through the teeth digging into her bottom lip. It was definitely the hardest orgasm of her life, and she had her half-sister’s pretty mouth to thank for it.

Once Yang was very clearly spent, Ruby sat back a little and pushed a hand into her mouth for a second. She looked to be struggling, and took a few steadying breaths to keep herself from losing it, whatever “it” was. Yang hoped it wasn’t her lunch. Then she bent down and took her again.

“Ruby, what are you doing?!”

“Getting the rest,” she breathed as she took a break. Sure, there were remnants still making their way out, plus a drip or two Ruby had let get past her, but Yang didn’t think they mattered. Apparently, they did to Ruby; she was getting it all, as if she needed to.

Once she finished, she still kept kissing all over that area, though they were light and loving instead of truly meant to arouse. When she felt one down closer to her ass, she bumped her back with her heel.

“What?”

“What are you doing?” Yang asked again with a weak laugh.

“Showing you how much I liked that,” she told her easily, taking her head into her mouth again and letting it fall an instant later. It was just as well, because Yang had winced at the feeling; it hadn’t been long enough for her to be able to fully enjoy that again.

“Well, you can quit now; I know you liked it.”

“But… I like this. I like doing this still. It’s… I love it, Yang.” It was almost as surprising to Ruby as it was to Yang. “Wow. I knew I kinda liked your dick, but seriously, it’s the most fun to just… do this for you. Make you happy this way, the way only I can do. Even if I’m not that great at it yet…”

“Are you kidding? You were amazing! Like… come here. Just come up here, okay?”

Glancing down at the dick, Ruby pouted. “But…”

“You can go back to that later,” she snorted. Regretfully, Ruby gave it a final kiss and crawled up to rest next to Yang. “Good. Now, why do you think you weren’t good?”

“Because it was my first time, and I barely know what I’m doing?”

“Well, sorry to burst your bubble, but that was pretty great to me. Like, I can barely think anymore, you made me come so hard! So… just because you’re not ready for a ‘real blowjob’ doesn’t mean it was bad! It was like, jerking me off - which I already love - but with a bonus
mouth around the tip! Who could hate that?"

“Not me! It makes me so wet,” she confessed, which made Yang blink. “Which like, I’m still not sure I’m into doing anything about that... but maybe soon, we can try something on me. Just... not right now. Right now, I just wanna lay here and think about how I have you inside my stomach.”

So that was it; that was why Ruby insisted on getting every last drop. She wanted a little of her lover inside of her. And if they weren’t quite ready to do that through the usual means...

“I’m glad you do,” she whispered as she kissed Ruby’s nose. The brunette with the red streak looked up at her, and she kissed her on the lips, ignoring her own flavour so she could enjoy the feeling of her sister’s mouth on her own. “And... I’m glad you seem to like my balls so much.”

“Hey, doesn’t everybody like to play with balls? Look at how many different sports we have,” she joked, and they both snorted. “And I could do more. Later, when you can go again; I know dicks have to recharge.”

After that, Yang was too busy laughing about rechargeable dicks to take the conversation seriously.

Chapter End Notes

Finally Ruby is getting closer and she's all about it. Fun times!

NEXT: Shit hits the fan.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

A rude awakening, indeed.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: July: stroking through clothes, lap-sitting, grinding, supreme angst, humiliation.
TW: rape mentions/accusations (no actual rape though)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 11

The following morning, Yang was awoken by a teasing hand. She should have expected it; after all, she and Ruby had gone past the boundary of sisters too many times now for it to be “shocking”. Still, she thought she would at least be given the opportunity of waking up fully first.

The rest of the night before had been nice and easy. Summer and Taiyang both seemed quiet, but they said they were tired. Their dad proved it by falling asleep and snoring during their TV watching, which meant they weren’t going to do anything more involved than that. It suited Yang fine; they could try for something that more encompassed the phrase “family fun” another night. Plenty of time left.

Given that Yang was still sated, she and Ruby didn’t try anything else like that once the parents were in bed. Kisses and snuggles, whispered conversations. Ruby said she wanted to make out with her during Akira, and Yang figured it couldn’t hurt anything to say “maybe”. After all, maybe the movie would be good and she wouldn’t want to be distracted.

The hand went a little faster, and she felt breasts pushing into her back slightly through a couple of layers of fabric. Apparently, Ruby had decided they would do this without even acknowledging each other; an interesting little game. Already, she felt like she could finish within a few more minutes if they kept up the same pace.

“Mmhhh,” she finally groaned softly, hips squirming, wanting to thrust into the hand. But she also wanted Ruby to do whatever she wanted, have her own fun. Either way, it wouldn’t be long.

Hot breath caressed over her neck and the side of her head. She was leaning in; was she going to nibble her ear? Yang knew she wouldn’t mind that in the slightest.

“You like this?” a husky voice asked. Not Ruby’s.

“Mmm… mm?” Her quiet moan turned into a question at the end.

Not Ruby’s voice.
Whose? Her eyes went wide as she gazed at the shadows on the wall in front of her. It looked like Ruby hunched just a little bit over her own silhouette. So if not Ruby… it had to be…

“Want me to finish you off?” the voice asked as the jerking went faster. Harder. Too hard; it felt great, but it also hurt. Regardless, she was still about to blow. “Isn’t that what you want most?”

Yang finally forced herself to roll slightly, seeking out the other in her bed with her eyes. She found silver, flinty ones staring down into hers. Those of Summer Rose.

“Wh-wha… what are… Summer?!”

That caused her to smirk, though it was a nasty one. “You want to call out my name? Fine. Go for it, if that’s your idea of a good time. Whatever.”

“No,” she breathed right away. It was inarticulate, and didn’t specify what she was saying “no” to. Her heart jumped higher into her throat when a lot more things connected in her brain: Summer. Ruby’s mom. Jerking her off, telling her to call out her name. In bed with her! Was this some kind of stupid dream?

What the hell was going on?

“You’re almost there,” she encouraged, covering Yang’s mouth with her other hand as she stroked harder and harder, and Yang half-screamed into the soft flesh - for all the good it did her. “Shhh. Just do it. Give in. You’re good at that, aren’t you?”

It felt so good, despite the slight pain. But it was also wrong. This couldn’t be happening - couldn’t be Ruby’s mother giving her a morning handjob for no reason! The words she was saying sounded mean, but they also sounded like dirty talk. She didn’t quite understand…

But she did know Summer was right; she was almost done. If she didn’t do something drastic, she was going to finish with her half-sister’s mother’s hand around her cock, and she couldn’t let that happen.

“That’s it. A few more sec-AH!”

When Summer bumped into the floor, hands sprawling out to either side to keep her head from whacking against the gym equipment behind her, Yang saw she was dressed normally. For some reason, she had been picturing her as naked again, or wearing some sexy negligee from a Bond movie, but no; she was wearing black capris and a normal green shirt. There were two little bits poking up from within said shirt, but otherwise she looked as she always did.

Well, her face was also different. Instead of the kind, reassuring face from most of their interactions, or the flustered look from that unfortunate incident with the all-over tanning, she was seeing cold fury. Maybe even hatred. Her cheeks were flushed with red and her nipples were hard, sure, but Yang could reasonably guess that was a purely physical reaction. This was not a woman who wanted to do what she had been doing.

But for all that thinking and looking, it was half a minute before Yang could sit up, face her, and come up with the eloquent query, “What the hell?!?”

“I can’t believe you pushed me off the bed,” Summer managed to breathe.

“I can’t believe you’re surprised I pushed you! Like, what the fuck were you doing to me?!”

At that, her anger returned in full force, and she sat up straighter. “What was I doing to- are you
serious? After what you’ve been doing under my roof, you disgusting… *freak*?"

“What I… what do you mean?” Feeling smaller, she whispered, “Do you mean me being trans? But… you already knew…” Eyes darting down to her raging boner, she swallowed hard. “I didn’t think you hated me for that.”

“Not for that!” she snapped impatiently. “For what you’ve been doing to Ruby!”

Eyes wide, she glanced up at her. No. There was no way she could know about that. No way! “Huh?”

“Don’t even bother trying to deny it. I have evidence. DNA evidence.” Without further delay, she pulled a plastic baggie out of her pocket and dangled it at her own eye level so that Yang could see it easily enough.

The condom. The condom wrapper was in there with it, and they were both sealed up tight, with some of Yang’s lingering essence trapped between layers of latex.

“Oh…”

“Oh!” Summer burst out, twitching as if she had almost thrown it at her. “You come into my house, spy on me in the nude and then tell me it was an ‘accident’, *defile my daughter*, and then, what, ‘oh’ is the best you can come up with?!”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!” Yang yelped, sitting up a little straighter now, swinging her legs over the side of the bed. She saw Summer tense and prepare to run, as if anticipating that Yang might attack. So she held up both hands with her palms outward as she went on, “You don’t understand; it’s not—”

“Then what is it? You’re just cranking one out in her room while she’s not there? That’s pretty disgusting, too; either one tells me that you should never be welcome in my home again.”

Shaking her head out, trying not to let her sheer terror and confusion cloud her judgment, she finally managed to mutter, “I… b-but why were you… Summer, you were jerking me off!”

The woman’s eyes glanced down to the still-hard length poking through Yang’s waistband, and her lip curled. “Yes, I was. I had to know… I liked you, Yang. I thought you were a good girl who messed up; I bought what you *sold* me. But this? This is pretty solid evidence that you aren’t as innocent as I assumed. So I thought… if I did this, if I touched you and you weren’t guilty, you would wake up and punch me in the face. And then I could worry about where the condom came from.” Again, her expression began to turn harder still. “But I knew it was you. I just had to establish for sure that you and Ruby were… were doing things sisters shouldn’t be doing.”

“By jerking me off? Are you nuts?! That’s so wrong, in ways *way* more wrong than—”

“Only if you were used to her doing it would you let me do it for you,” she snapped, and Yang had to look away. It was true. None of Summer’s business, maybe, but she couldn’t deny the truth of her claim. “As long as you thought it was her…”

Yang digested that for a few seconds. Yes, Summer’s glare and her accusations were hurting her… but she also knew she was wrong about certain things. However, her first question wasn’t directly about that.

“What if I never turned around? I can’t believe you were really going to finish me off.”
“A handjob is nothing,” Summer said evasively, though she did look nauseated. “I’d also have the DNA to compare to what’s in the condom if I did. So… no matter what you did, if you didn’t wake up right away and punch me, it was going to condemn you.”

Sickened herself, she folded her arms over her chest. “Then I’ll save you the trip to the cops or whatever. It’s mine. Ruby pulled it off me herself and threw it away. You got that digging through her trash, right?”

“I… right,” she answered, a little stunned by Yang’s admission.

“And I guess we’re overshar ing, so how about this? I came too early. Ruby and I were all excited to maybe go all the way, and I didn’t even make it to her finishing putting it on me before I squirted. She felt sorry for me, I felt embarrassed, she threw the condom away. Then we cuddled. That’s all that happened.”

Throughout that entire story, Summer had been looking equal parts enraged and disgusted, and regretful that she was having to hear such things. “I… you just… and you can’t even act like you did anything wrong!”

“I didn’t. Ruby and I… we’re in l-”

“NO.”

“In love.”

“You are not,” she snapped at her, standing up and pocketing the condom. “Even if you were, which you aren’t, it’s not real love. You can’t be in love with a blood relative like that! It’s sick and demented to think you can be, and I’m going to tell your father how incredibly fucked up you are!”

Yang stood, as well, and she was almost relieved to feel her arousal slip back down beneath her waistband; at least it was out of sight. Then she grasped Summer’s shoulders.

“What are you doing?” Summer burst out. “Are you going to… to hurt me to shut me up? That’s your big plan?”

“What? No! I just want you to stand still so I can talk to you!”

Glancing down, she gulped and whispered, “Talk? Because that’s not what this looks like.”

“Yeah? Well, that’s your fault, remember? If you didn’t take advantage of me while I was sleeping, I wouldn’t have one right now!”

That got her to stop looking so superior. “What? You’re saying I- no, I was proving a point! Nothing more! And you were right at home with me doing it until you found out I wasn’t my daughter!”

“See, that’s something that doesn’t make any sense to me,” Yang went on, backing her up to the wall. Summer squeaked when her back hit it. She hadn’t even been sure why she was beginning to feel so angry herself until that moment, when she gave voice to the worry. “I woke up and you were touching me, Summer. I didn’t know you would do that, and I was not okay with it. What does that sound like to you?”

Swallowing hard, Summer got a lot angrier. “You’re disgusting. I was certainly NOT trying to do that. You were going to wake up, there was no way you wouldn’t, and… and anyway, it was
because you’re already doing that to Ruby!”

“I’m NOT! Ruby and I… it’s not like that, I love her, and she loves me! Believe it or not!” she added when Summer took a breath to respond. “I’d never hurt her, never in a million years, okay?! I…” The very thought was making her eyes fill with tears. “Stop saying that, I can barely stand to let her do anything for me as it is!”

“No, you’re wrong! LIAR!” Reaching down, she gripped the arousal; it had just begun to fade, but the hand made it spring back to where it had been. “See? Even after you knew it was me, you wanted to finish! You don’t love Ruby, you just want to use her! Use me, use anyone you can!”

Reaching down, she swatted the arms away, and saw Summer flinch and draw back against the wall, shaking and scared. “You’re going to do it again! I said ‘no’ and I meant it!”

“Alright!” she breathed, face still angry but eyes full of fear. “F-fine, just… let’s talk about this!”

“You keep doing things!” Yang snapped, impatient at her trying to turn this around on her. “Hands off my dick for two seconds, okay?!”

“FINE! I won’t if you won’t!”

They both stood there huffing for a few seconds, Summer with her back pushed up against the wall and Yang with her fists clenched at her sides. The obvious signs of what they had almost done showed through their clothes. Yang glanced at the door, noting that Summer had closed it behind her; at least no one would literally walk past and see them like that.

“I almost jerked you off,” Summer finally admitted. “That’s not alright. I… was so angry, and I still am, I thought it was best to… to just do something to prove that you’ve been…”

“We haven’t had sex yet.” Then she sighed and said, “Why am I even telling you this? It’s none of your business.”

“Of course it is! My daughter’s half-sister is trying to get in her pants! It’s WRONG!” With a roll of her eyes, she snapped, “Even if I may have gone about this the wrong way, I can deal with that later; I still know that this was something I needed to put a stop to, by some way or another!”

In a quiet voice, Yang asked, “Did you maybe want to try it?”

“What?”

“Jerking me off. Doing something to me. Like… maybe not on purpose, but what if, like… after feeling it that day…”

“Stop,” Summer ordered her. “I did not want to do what I just did. I felt like I had to, or else either Ruby would keep being hurt, or… or you would find a way to pretend you weren’t doing what you were doing. I told you, I wanted proof, and I basically have it now, even without the DNA evidence.”

“You have proof that Ruby and I have that kind of relationship. Not that I’m ‘doing it to her’. God, do you even realise that she’s the one who’s more comfortable with this? I’ve been losing my shit! I like her, but I know it’s not normal, and… and I’ve been so worried, and trying to decide if it’s okay or not, and… and she doesn’t care! It’s like, just knowing that I like her back in the same way is good enough for her, and…”

When Yang sniffled again, this time some of Summer’s composure slipped. “It’s not right, Yang.
I… know this can happen from time to time, but you’re the oldest and you should know better than to let anything come of it. Maybe you’re feeling remorse, or maybe this is an act. It doesn’t matter; you are responsible, and you let the family down by doing this. How is Ruby ever supposed to have a normal relationship after her first one is with a relative? This is going to stay with her forever.”

The words stabbed into Yang like javelins. But she still answered through her tears, “No. It’s not like that. It’s… I love her, and she loves me, and… and I can’t help it! I don’t want to let her go!”

“It doesn’t matter; she’s—”

“And I won’t!”

“Excuse me?” she snapped, a little of the frost creeping back into her tone.

“You heard me! Until she tells me that it’s over, or that sh-she doesn’t want me anymore—”

Standing up a little taller, lip still trembling even as her jaw set, she went on, “I’m not leaving her! You can’t make me; you can tell Dad, you can… run DNA tests, whatever, I don’t care! She’s the only one who can tell me to stop, a-and if she doesn’t do that, then y-you don’t get to!”

That shut Summer up. Her mouth opened a few times as if she were going to snap at Yang, but it was as if she could tell she was so serious that it wouldn’t matter. So finally, she turned away, arms folded as she stared at the door.

“Good,” Yang sighed weakly. “At least you’re taking me serious now instead of just, like, ignoring what I have to say.”

“What if… I took her place?”

“What?”

Turning back, she strode up to rub Yang through her shorts. It was such a sudden switch that Yang didn’t have any reaction other than to stagger back until she felt the bed push into the backs of her legs.

“Until you leave… I’ll do whatever you want,” she breathed in an odd tone. She sounded like she was trying to be sexy but her heart wasn’t in it, which was probably exactly the case. “As long as you don’t tell Tai… he can’t know. He or Ruby.”

“Stop, please,” Yang begged her, hating that her body was responding to it. Another minute or two and she would have been fully soft, and could have ignored the hand completely if she focused. Damn Summer’s timing!

“You were right. I do want this. It’s… alright, I don’t want it,” she went on a little more honestly, and it was all the more depressing for it. “I tried not to say that, but I can’t help it; this disgusts me. It disgusted me when I thought you were spying on me, and when I felt this for the first time.” A little squeeze that made Yang shiver. “But it turned me on, too. I’m… flattered that you think my old mom-body is attractive enough to make this pop up.”

Swallowing, she whispered, “Please, Mrs. Rose-Xiao Long… don’t do this.”

“Trying to use that to make me remember I’m married to your father? I know that. You can’t even hope to understand how well I know that.” Jerking a little again, even if only through the shorts, she whispered, “You don’t understand what love is. You don’t have anything to protect. I do. If I have to do this, to sate you to keep you from hurting my little girl, I will. Gladly.”
“I’m not hurting her,” she breathed shakily, too dumbfounded at what was happening to react other than to squirm and hate herself. Finally, she felt her legs give out and she sat down heavily on the bed. “Ah!”

“You’re not being honest.” Her hand fist ed in Yang’s hair as she sat down on her lap. “We both feel how disgusting you are.”

“Fine! I hate this! I hate that I think you’re hot, okay?! And that Ruby’s hot!” Then she gritted her teeth against the mild pain, and the pleasure below. “But she’s the only one who gets to do this for me! N-not you!”

Without any hesitation, she whispered, “That’s unacceptable. Just… take what I’m offering.” Grinding her ass from side to side, she began to caress Yang’s back with her other hand. “Ruby’s a girl. I’m a woman. I know what to do to send you into the clouds. To make your toes curl and your eyes roll back in your head. And all you have to do for me to give this gift to your body… is to stop trying to sleep with my daughter.”

Of course it was tempting. Yang wished she wasn’t tempted, that it was as easy as remembering that Ruby was the one she truly wanted to be with, and making her hard-on disappear. But it wasn’t. Summer was extremely attractive. She would never accept her deal in a million years, but she couldn’t ignore what she was doing to her.

“I’m begging you to stop,” Yang whispered weakly.

“If I stop, will you leave Ruby alone?” she demanded. “That’s just as good to me; the result is what I’m after.”

“I won’t leave Ruby alone no matter what you threaten me with! So just stop, b-because… because I don’t wanna share my dad’s wife!”

“Then you’d better reconsider which one you want more. One of them is going to happen.”

It was dirty pool, but Yang had to go there; Summer wasn’t listening. Protecting Ruby was the only thing she cared about, and she had tunnel vision, blocking out everything else. It was going to take drastic measures to get through to her.

“Then you’re going to rape me!”

Instantly, Summer’s hands shot back as if burned. “What?”

“Y-you heard me,” Yang breathed, tears streaming down her cheeks. “Please, please don’t make me say it again. Don’t ever make me say it again, please don’t…”

A few seconds later, Summer was standing awkwardly in the middle of the room, staring down at Yang. Watching her. Yang could only see her feet in the middle of the room; she couldn’t look at her face. It was a cruel thing she had just done to her stepmother, and she absolutely did not want to see what her face would look like after that accusation was flung at her.

“I should still be mad at you,” Summer whispered eventually. “I… you were ready to- all I wanted…” Another pause. “You were doing the same thing to Ruby. Why should I care?”

“Because you know I wasn’t. Even if you don’t like it, you… know that wasn’t what I did to her. Or maybe you still don’t, but God…”

“How did this even start? You can’t pretend you’re innocent, one of you had to start this.”
Finally peering up at her, she saw that Summer looked so disgusted and ashamed with herself that she even felt a little guiltier for having said it. Despite the results.

“If I tell you… some of it, will you promise to listen? Like, really listen, not just keep saying ‘you’re bad’ all the time.”

Arms folding over her chest, she sat on one of the weight benches. “Go on.”

So Yang explained. She told her about Ruby spotting her morning wood, about the instant interest. How they had both felt a strange attraction from the moment they met, but it took that minor incident to bring it to light. How from that moment on, they had both been alternately curious and flirtatious, and then tried to pretend they weren’t. And she concluded by assuring her that, despite the “playing” they did, they had not enjoyed full-on penetrative sex yet.

“And I haven’t touched her, period,” she followed up with. “It’s… I’m sure Ruby’s gonna hate that I told you all this, but like, you weren’t going to believe me if I didn’t spill. So… so yeah.”

All through the telling, Summer had been fairly quiet, only whispering a question or two when she was confused about a point here or there. And she had cried. Not sobbing or loud like Ruby might have, but silent tears, a face that was a mask of cold. The difference between a “girl” and a “woman” as she had stated.

“It’s still not right,” Summer insisted quietly. “I mean, maybe it’s true, you aren’t to blame… but this shouldn’t happen. You’re both beautiful young girls, you could be with anyone! Why your own half-sister? It’s wrong, and I know you already know that!”

Swallowing hard, she went on, “Actually, um, Ruby said she found something online about, like… if you don’t grow up with your sister, you’ll want to bang her? Something like that. I’m probably explaining wrong, but the idea was that sometimes you can feel attracted to those… things that are alike in each other. I guess.”

“Right,” Summer said with an empty laugh. “That sounds like my Ruby, looking stuff up online. I’ll have to check into that myself.”

“I… I mean, it’s like you wanting my D, right?” When Summer’s smile fell completely, she went on, “N-not that you should, or really want to or anything! Just like… I probably remind you of my dad, and he’s what you’re into, s-so… that’s why you’d be into me, at all. Like those wives who leave their husband for his brother.”

Rolling her eyes, she stared off into the corner for a moment before nodding. “Well, Maury Povich’s thought processes aside, you probably are right about that. The similarities between you two… maybe I just have a ‘type’. And really, it’s also about you being young and attractive in general; like I said, flattering that you got aroused by me. Even if I had no intention of doing anything about it.”

“Until today.”

“Enough,” she snapped at Yang, pointing her index finger at her. “That was purely because I felt I had no choice. I already barely trust you further than I can throw you; don’t push it. I’m in charge in this house, not you or Ruby.”

“Or Dad?” Summer merely pursed her lips, so Yang shrugged. “Just trying to lighten the mood.”

“This mood shouldn’t be lightened. I…” Throwing up both hands, she admitted the truth of the situation, both to herself and to Yang. “My stepdaughter finds both me and my daughter attractive.
Claims to be in love with my daughter. Allegedly, both of us return some of those feelings. This is insanity.”

Looking down at her own feet, she whispered, “I know you have no reason to believe just my word, but like… talk to Ruby. Just… I don’t wanna hurt her, and if you really think I am, even after hearing her side… I’ll try to talk to her about breaking up. But I’m not gonna do that shitty thing where I just drop her like a bad habit without her knowing why or trying to talk it out. That’s not how I play things, and she’s not some pet who can’t understand what’s going on. She’s an adult.”

“No, she isn’t. Not yet. The government might disagree with me, but I know she’s not ready for… for all this.”

“About as ready as I am. Like… did I mention the premature moment?”

Laughing, Summer shook her head. It seemed they had talked through the tension, and all that was left was acceptance of the bitter truths. “That, more than anything, tells me you might actually be for real with this. No guy would ever want to admit that.”

“No guy would,” Yang grunted.

“Yeah, yeah, I know you’re a woman. But you do have a dick, and usually those who own dicks don’t want to admit anything could be wrong with them.”

“And most of those dick-owners are guys,” Yang finished for her, and Summer nodded. “Alright, I’ll give it to you. I just… I did feel really embarrassed, but only because I think Ruby was looking forward to it. Like, she was so-”

“STOP! You can stop there.” Running her hands through her hair, she shivered in sheer disgust. “My fault for asking for details, but I appreciate getting fewer of them, especially about what Ruby wants and does.”

“That’s fair. I mean, I’m definitely not jonesing to hear what you and Dad do.” She laughed, and Yang smiled a little. “And… okay, can we agree on some stuff?” No answer. “That… you won’t tell him, but you’ll talk to Ruby about this? Like, I hate that you’re gonna have to, but… I know you don’t trust me.”

“I want to, Yang. I do like you as a person, just… this is two things that made me wonder if I should trust you. That’s one too many to be a coincidence; made me start to doubt whether or not you’re a good person.”

Folding her arms over her chest, she shot back, “Think about it from my side. First, I walk in on you naked, all laid out for me, and then you wake me up with a handjob and sexy whispering in my ear?”

“That wasn’t- I didn’t do that for you, it was… was… your point, I guess.” Sighing, she rubbed at her face for a moment. “Okay, okay. Yes, I… I think we’ll need to do that. I’ll talk to Ruby. And maybe I’ve been wrong not to trust you, even if I still think the two of you are making a mistake.”

“It’s a mistake we’re making together. I love her so much… I’ve never felt like this about anyone before. Think that’s a lie if you want to, but if you’re asking…”

It didn’t look like it made Summer feel any better, but she did nod her acceptance of Yang’s point of view as she stood up. “For the record… I’m sorry I tried to… force myself on you. I wasn’t thinking, I was just-”
“Mama bird.”

“Exactly. I was being an angry mama bird.” They both smiled at that instant understanding. “And you’re just as protective of Ruby as a… a girlfriend, I guess. You really stood up to me in a lot of ways I didn’t think you would, because I wasn’t thinking of your feelings as genuine. It… says a lot for what kind of woman you are.”

“Back at you, Summer.” When Yang winked, she glared. “Seriously, um… I would apologise for how I keep getting hard in front of you, but it’s not like I’m doing it for no reason.”

“Well, I suppose we have to stop letting ourselves get into situations where we turn each other on. I don’t want to compete with my daughter for her girlfriend.” Merely saying those words made Summer’s lip curl. “God… enough, enough. I’ll go wait for her to get back from the store.”

But as Summer’s hand fell on the doorknob, Yang asked, “Turn each other on, eh?”

Summer didn’t turn around, or otherwise openly acknowledge Yang’s insinuation. She just let out a sigh of disgust as she pulled the doorknob and slipped out.

Chapter End Notes

Phoooooo, I know this one is REALLY intense. But yeah, I had the idea for it from the beginning, that it would be one of the big intense moments for Ruby and Yang. Anyway so from here on there's a little fallout, and next chapter gets back to Enabler goodness - don't worry!
Yang didn’t listen in on their conversation. The temptation was very high, but she knew it was only fair to give some trust if she wanted to receive any. After her shower, she heard Ruby come in the door, then shut herself away in the guest room and waited.

And waited.

Finally, the door clicked open, and a very shaken, puffy-eyed Ruby slipped in. She stood there for a few seconds, Yang just watching her.

“Ruby? Are… you okay?”

Then she turned on her and spread her arms wide. “My mom IMPERSONATED me!”

“I know!” Yang burst out in exasperation. “Like, what the FUCK?!?”

“Jerk ing you off is my job! Not cool, Mom!” But then she sighed and flopped down on the bed next to her. “She found the condom, huh? That was dumb. I should have flushed it.”

Putting an arm around her, she whispered, “You okay? For real, not just… pretend-okay.”

“No.” Sniffling, she wiped at her eyes. “Mom knows. She knows, and… she hates that we’re doing this. Like, I didn’t wanna hurt my mom…”

“Neither did I. Like… now it’s even weirder because she tried this stupid thing. God, I came so close to coming from her doing that… I… I had to throw her off.”

Leaning heavily against Yang, she whispered, “It would be okay if you did. Come, I mean. Like, she kinda trapped you into it; I… I would be grossed out, but not mad at you.”

“Well, we don’t have to worry about that now, because we talked it out. She’s… yeah, um, unless you denied everything, I think she was going to try to understand? Is… that how it went?”

“Pretty much. Like, she started out asking some pretty simple questions, and then when I stopped trying to pretend I didn’t know what she was talking about… she figured out that I really am in
love with you. Looked like she wanted to jump off a bridge, but at least she didn’t start yelling about how disgusting we are, or like, that she wanted to run you out of the house.”

“Before, she thought it was all me, so I guess… this is different.” With a sigh, she admitted, “And I can see how after I got hard about her before, she would see that and think I’m just creeping on both of you. Does look pretty bad if you don’t know the rest of the story.”

“GOD. I can’t believe she crawled into bed with you and started… it’s so disgusting!”

Shrugging, she sighed as she said, “Was pretty hot to me. I mean, right up until I realised who it was. And… even after that.”

Ruby’s eyes flicked up to Yang’s face. “Really? Like… why?”

“Because she’s hot, Ruby. Believe me, I don’t wanna think about her that way, but like… she caught me with my brain half-working. Sucks to admit this, but I was enjoying it until I thought about you… and then I had to kick her out before it got any worse.”

“Huh.” It was a small noise to sum up a lot of feelings. “Do… you want me to jerk you off while you think about her?”

Glaring, Yang folded her arms over her chest. “Don’t be dumb. I want you to jerk me off while I think about you.” That did earn her a sheepish smile, at least. “And… I want that a lot more than I want her. Hell, I’d rather just be watching Netflix with you than do anything else with her. I mean it.”

“I know. I just… it’s hard for me to talk about you wanting to bang my mom. I’m trying to get used to it.”

“I don’t want to bang her! Like, I’d rather avoid that, geeze!”

“You wanna bang both of us,” Ruby compromised, shooting a deadpan look at Yang. “But I’m the one that gets you at the end of the day.”

“Summer doesn’t get me at ANY part of the day! Will you stop it?!”

“OoooOOooh, ‘Summer’,” she cooed with her hands up and waving back and forth, like a small child mocking another on the playground. She still looked a little shaken up and bleary-eyed, but at least she was able to joke around. “Listen to you talk about your other girlfriend! Precious Summer!”

At that, Yang still squawked, “STOP THAT!” but she also laughed a little with Ruby. They shoved each other, laughing, and Yang finally wound up pinning Ruby until she was cackling madly from the fingers digging into her ribs and calling out for sweet mercy.

They didn’t hear the door click open. Only when Summer went, “Hey, break it up, you two!” did they look over to see her leaning in the doorway, arms folded and a nervously-bemused look on her face. “Leave room for Jesus!”

“No Jesus here,” Ruby laughed, though she did look fairly chagrined by her mom’s entrance. Then she went on with a Latin accent, “Jesus was the cashier at the store, though.”

Yang simply went quiet, sitting back a respectful distance. Summer was still laughing at the weak little joke when she noticed, and cocked her head to one side. “Oh, I was teasing. You guys can play around like that; it’s the kind of thing sisters should do. The rest of it’s what worries me.”
“What, this?” Ruby asked, pulling Yang close and planting one on her lips.

It was all she could do not to flip out. Ruby shouldn’t do that in front of her mother! Neither of them should! Yang didn’t truly respond, not the way she would if they were alone, but she held still and let Ruby do what she wanted, a hand falling to rest on her shoulder. Then when they parted, they looked back to Summer… who looked devastated.

“Fine,” she rasped, passing a hand over her eyes. “You… really don’t care what I think.”

“No, Mom,” Ruby urged her gently. “I do. But with this… I can’t pretend I don’t love Yang. I don’t want to. And kissing her is beautiful, and it feels right! So… so please, don’t think of this as gross! Just… it’s who we are to each other!”

Summer took a deep breath. “You’re right. I tried to insist that it wasn’t, both to you two and within my own mind, but… you’re right. I can even tell that from Yang right now, as scared as she’s acting.”

“You scared her,” Ruby retorted, and Yang winced. She obviously knew how to handle her mother better, but it didn’t stop her from worrying they would fight. “You made her think you were gonna… try to take me away from her, and that’s not okay!”

“You shouldn’t be together, Ruby. I’m sorry, but you’re related; it’s never going to work out. I accept that I can’t drive you two apart without making it more appealing instead, but it doesn’t change the facts.”

“Oh, God, you’re acting like I’m a two-year-old playing with the wrong kind of toy. This is a person: Yang is my girlfriend and the sister I’ve always wanted. You really think I’m not gonna protect her as much as I can? If I really thought I was bad for her, I’d break up with her myself.”

Swallowing hard, Yang forced herself to whisper, “I don’t care if you were bad for me. I… I can’t lose you.”

“You won’t,” she whispered back, kissing her cheek. A retching noise came from her mother, and she rolled her eyes. “Mom, that’s REAL mature.”

But it appeared the woman really was sickened by the situation. She broke from the room and darted into the bathroom, and they both heard her being violently ill. For a few seconds, they just squirmed, then they got up and went to check on her.

“Mom… I’m sorry,” Ruby whispered as she offered her a wet washcloth where she was bent over the toilet. “This isn’t about you, but we weren’t gonna tell you because… because of this. We didn’t want you to be upset.”

Nodding, the sobbing woman cleaned up her blotchy face and her tears. “I… I’m sorry, baby… I… I t-tried to hold it together… b-but you’re half-siblings.”

“I don’t care,” Ruby told her firmly. “Maybe she’s supposed to ‘feel’ bad or whatever, but nope; just feels like the woman I love. It is gonna be awkward sometimes, sure, but Yang’s too important to me. And I know this is g-gonna be hard for you right now, but I want you to think about this: I found her, Mom. I found the woman I want to live with forever! And she likes me back, and she’s already part of the family! It’s a weird way for it to happen, sure, but this is kinda great, isn’t it?”

Swallowing hard, Yang whispered to her, “Maybe don’t push her too much. Like, this is pretty big.”
“She needs to know right in the beginning that this is real, Yang. I don’t want there to be any thinking it’s a phase, or like… that we’ll change our minds tomorrow.”

“‘She’ can hear you,” Summer said as she pushed to standing. The woman took in both of them standing there, looking concerned about her, and shook her head. “This… I don’t know. I still think I’m right, but I can’t pretend that watching you two… that you don’t really look like you’re together. In that way. How can we both be right?”

“Yang’s just really attracted to the Rose women,” Ruby tried to joke, but when the other two winced, she dipped her head. “Sorry. I’m not funny. But, um… yeah, you can’t help who you like sometimes. I know this isn’t good news for any of us, the half-sister part, but I still think the rest is. I love her, and she loves me! We make each other happy! Wouldn’t it be way worse if we knew this, and then… and then didn’t stay with each other?”

The elder woman glared. “You know I’m a big supporter of ‘love wins’ and equality. That’s underhanded of you to bring it up and use it against me.”

After considering a moment, Yang tried, “I think she just wants you to… let us be together. Not like, approve of it or cheer us on or whatever.”

“Then you’ve got it. Exactly that; I… can’t be supportive, exactly, but I won’t tell your father. He can’t know about this. I… I don’t want him to feel about his perfect girls the way I do right now.”

At that, Ruby let out a whispered, “Mom…”

“I’m sorry. You can’t always get what you want, Ruby.” Then she reached up to cup her cheek. “But I’ll always love you. Please know that nothing could ever change that.”

“Okay.”

“And you’re going to be careful.” This time, Summer was glaring daggers at Yang. “No ‘accidents’; a condom, every time. You aren’t bringing a child with health problems into this world and making it impossible not to figure out you two have been sleeping together. Understand?”

“Completely,” Yang told her without even having to think about it. “I mean, I don’t know shit about incest babies except for that ‘webbed feet’ thing, but yeah, I don’t want to do that to a kid.”

“You’d probably think webbed feet are cute, anyway,” Ruby teased with her tongue out. Yang didn’t even acknowledge her.

“I don’t want to know,” Summer sighed as she began to walk past them. In the door, she turned back to one side. “I’m… sorry I can’t be happier for you. Really. If Yang were anyone else…”

“I know, Mom,” Ruby said, nodding. “I get it.”

They heard her go into her room and shut the door. Neither of them had the guts to follow her or knock to check on her; she needed time by herself.


Taking her hand, she leaned up to kiss her cheek. “This is good news.”

“How? How is this good news?”
“My mom knows, and she’s not killing us,” she said with a half-smile. “It’s… kinda sad, but mostly a good thing. I think when she sees how much we like each other, a-and that we really are in love and it’s not just a sex thing, she’ll come around more. Plus she can help us keep it a secret from Dad.”

Shrugging, Yang stared toward the door as they moved to go downstairs. “Maybe. I hope you’re right.”

They spent a casual hour in front of the TV, just trying to decompress after such painful conversation. Around the time they had been able to forget, cuddled up with each other and simply laughing about the stupid programme that was on, Summer entered.

“O-oh,” Ruby breathed as she sat up from where she was reclining against Yang in their usual position on the love seat.

“No, no, you’re fine,” her mother breathed, clearing her throat and rubbing at her cheeks. She had definitely been crying, but looked a lot less distraught now. “If you two are serious I might as well get used to walking in on that.”

“On cuddling?” Yang said, unable to help it. “Like, we were doing that even before you knew.”

Summer fixed her with a look. “Yes, and that was before I knew you were doing a lot more than that when you weren’t in plain sight. But then again, after what I did today… I shouldn’t even try to judge.”

“Mom… I know you thought Yang was hurting me. But that still wasn’t cool; even if she was, you still should have just confronted her instead of… the weird thing.”

Snorting, Yang patted Ruby’s shoulder. “Is that what we’re going to call it from now on? ‘The Weird Thing’ where your mom offered to throw me one instead of banging you?”

“Stop that,” Summer grunted as she sank down onto the couch, cheeks pinkening. “We have discussed this at length and I don’t want to discuss it anymore. I just feel like an idiot.”

“Yang does have a great dick,” Ruby joined in. Even as Summer was shuddering, she went on, “I can see how it’d be pretty hard to resist.”

“Really? BOTH of you have to pile on?!?” But when Ruby and Yang laughed, she looked over and sighed. “I’m glad you’re joking around instead of… actually angry. You have every right to be after I disgraced myself the way I did.”

Shrugging, Yang said, “Hey, it was pretty hot.” When Ruby slapped her arm, she yelped, “What? It was! Just not hot enough to make me cheat on you!”

“At least I know where my mom has been,” she grumbled, glaring playfully at the blonde. “Better than you cheating on me with some random stranger.”

“I’m not hearing this,” Summer murmured to herself. “I am not hearing any of this.”

“GEEZE, Ruby!” But Ruby’s laughter made Yang laugh, too. “Alright, alright, I think we’ve tortured each other enough. Like… laughing about it is one thing, but I think we’re gonna make your mom cry again, and that’s not fair.”
“Oh, I am not. Don’t be silly.”

But it was enough to make Ruby reconsider. Glancing between them, she bowed her head. “Sorry, Mom. This is just weird, and… I dunno. Nothing bad really happened, so it makes more sense to laugh about it than, like… be all mopey or sad.”

With a long sigh, the woman sat forward a little more. “Right. Just… wouldn’t you two rather go to the beach again? Or to the store, or…”

“You trying to get rid of us?”

“Well, it just sounds mean when you put it that way.”

Sighing, Yang stood up, pulling Ruby along with her. “Let’s give your mom some space. Maybe go to one of those comic book stores you keep talking about?”

“Okay.” Ruby sighed. Then she twitched in her mom’s direction, as if she were going to try to hug her, before she changed directions and went upstairs to get her purse.

“This is a nightmare,” Summer breathed, shaking her head very slowly. “It’s a quiet, soft nightmare, but still no less terrifying.”

“We both love you, ya know,” Yang offered with a shaky sigh as she moved to follow. “This is… pretty weird, but it doesn’t mean we’re not family. Just… I dunno. Focus on that.”

She couldn’t stay to watch her reaction. Instead, she left to follow after her girlfriend-slash-half-sibling.

The two girls stayed out until close to when their dad would be getting home. They did go to the comic shop, and Ruby got some cute figurines that made her hop up and down excitedly. Yang didn’t even know what they were from, but she did nab herself a Wonder Woman shirt that made them both smile.

Before they left, they picked up a vintage Hello Kitty porcelain statuette for Summer. A peace offering. Ruby explained that even though her mom didn’t share many of her “nerdy” interests, she had always thought the puffy, big-headed white cat was cute.

“Maybe we should try to be out a lot more while she’s home and your dad’s not,” Yang reasoned as they drove back. “Take the pressure off.”

“Yeah. I mean, it sucks, but like… for a few days?”

Nodding, she turned the little statue over in her hands. “Yeah. Tomorrow, we’ll stay at the mall for a while, then go to another movie. Maybe that anime thing?”

“Yeah! I mean, it’s not until the evening, but we could try to find other stuff like that.”

“Ruby?”

“Huh?”

“I… I’m starting to wonder if this is worth it. Like, what it’s gonna do to our families…”
The smaller woman’s smile disappeared. “Yang, don’t say that. We can’t live for them; like, I don’t wanna see my mom or dad look at me like I’m gross, either, but I can’t let it stop me. Not when I’m definitely…” Shrugging, she added in a smaller voice, “You’re THE ONE. No point in pretending you’re not.”

“I know you’re right, I know. Just hard.”

Ruby took one hand off the wheel and began to rub up and down Yang’s thigh. It was a soft caress, a lot less provocative than some of her other advances.

“We’ll make it. Anyway, if our family disowns us over this then they weren’t really such a great family in the first place, I guess.”

“Wow, pretty all-or-nothing attitude,” Yang half-laughed, reaching down to hold the hand in place. “But I guess I can’t disagree.”

When they got back, Summer was in the kitchen, getting things together for dinner. She gulped anxiously when she saw them, which made Yang’s heart sink, but then she smiled and greeted them with a wave.

“Hey, Mom,” Ruby said in a quiet, guilty voice. “Um… we got you something.”

“‘We’?” The implication was clear, and maybe unkind, but she then smiled as she sighed to let go of her annoyance. “Okay, okay, what is it?”

When Yang pulled the figurine out of the bag, her eyes lit up. “Um, Ruby said you would—”

But she was already snatching it and squealing about it, jumping up and down with her daughter who was also excited and screaming. Yang stood back a bit and chuckled, feeling silly and a bit left out, and silly for feeling a bit left out. This was the reaction they were hoping for, after all.

“It’s so CUTE!” she finally exclaimed when she had calmed down a bit. “Oh, I’ve never seen one like this - really high quality!”

“Yang was the one who saw it,” Ruby told her, smile a little hopeful. “She didn’t know you’re a fan, but she did think it was cute and showed me.”

At that, Summer held it a little closer to her heart and shot a glance over at the blonde. “This was very sweet of you two. Thank you. I’m surprised you’d get me anything at all, after how this morning went.”

“No big deal,” Yang said easily. “So you messed up a little. I mess up all the time. It’s…” Glancing at Ruby, who looked like she was bracing for the worst, she hurried ahead, “We both came close to doing really stupid shit, so let’s just kind of… leave it at that.”

“That does sound like the best idea. I’ll… I’m going to do my best, I can promise you that much. We’ll see what ‘my best’ turns out to be.”

“Just try not to bang Yang if you can help it,” Ruby half-teased. “Although…”

“Although what?” Summer’s voice was clearly full of warning. Not that her daughter heeded it.

“Well, I mean, it’s technically a little less weird for you two, since you aren’t directly related at all.
Right? I mean, if Yang were still a kid there would be a skeevy power imbalance, but she’s not, so it’s-"

“Ruby?” When she only blinked over at her, Yang finished with, “Shut up.”

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, I know the last one was pretty brutal and some of you weren't happy about it. Which I understand; it was both fun to write and NOT fun to write because it was difficult. Hopefully this chap helps with smoothing that over a lot.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Ruby and Yang get a little bolder with each other.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: Grinding, boob worship, paizuri/tittyfucking, nipple play, facial, dirty pictures, cumguzzling.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 13

Dinner featured a couple of very, VERY close calls.

Overall, things were much the same as they had been before. By then, Ruby and Yang knew that the reason Summer had been more quiet the previous night was because she had already found the condom and was trying not to make it too obvious that she was freaking out. This night was much the same, but on the other side of it, where she was trying not to let Taiyang know what was going on, even though she was clearly relieved that the situation wasn’t nearly so horrible as she had been dreading.

Here or there, either Ruby or Summer would make a comment and the other one would react a little too strongly, causing Taiyang to raise an eyebrow. However, they were always able to play it off. Yang had to jump in a few times, asking her dad about his day at work or about going fishing again on the weekend to help steer the conversation away from their near-misses.

When they said they were going upstairs to do some online gaming after watching an episode of something or other with the parents, Summer did shoot them a highly suspicious look. But her lazy “Have fun” seemed genuine enough. The death glare was enough to communicate “but not TOO much fun” without her actually saying the words.

“God, this is the worst,” Yang sighed once they were in her room.

“Nah, it’s not.” Locking the door behind them, she then danced over to stand next to Yang, taking her hand gently between both of her own. “This could be way worse. It’s just… kinda not great that she found out. But I think it’s all gonna be okay.”

“Hope you’re right. Where I’m at right now, I’m just waiting for Dad to bust in here and beat my ass.”

Frowning, she leaned up to press a gentle kiss into Yang’s cheek. “You know he’s not like that. Even if he did find out, he’d just yell at us, and maybe throw up like Mom did, and then he’d be cool with it.”
“You really believe that?”

“Yeah. I mean… I can’t know for sure, and I’m right there with you that I think it’s better if we don’t tell him. If we can keep it a secret. But like… he’s our dad.”

“Exactly. Our dad. Not just mine, or yours. That’s the whole problem!”

Ruby rolled her eyes before she pushed Yang back onto the bed. The blonde was so surprised that she didn’t even resist, and when she tried to sit up she was met with two hands on her shoulders.

“Relax, Yang. Just… chill. We are who we are to each other, and it’s just how it is. Kinda sucks, but… I love you and that’s good enough for me.”

Nodding, she reached up to pet her cheek. Then she smiled and asked, “What happened to online gaming?”

“It’ll still be there.” Leaning down, she took her lip between both of her own. “After I ride your dick.”

“Oh, sure,” Yang snorted, reaching back to slap Ruby’s butt gently. The startled squeak and sudden blinking told her that she was right about that; Ruby still wasn’t quite ready for the flirtations to be turned in her direction. “But hey, I guess you did lock the door.”

Dipping her head self-consciously, she whispered, “Okay, you’re right… I’m still kinda nervous about… going all the way. Even more now that Mom knows. But I still want to! Just… um…”

“We have all the time in the world, Ruby. Don’t rush. God, please don’t rush yourself, okay?”

“Mmm… maybe…” She let her thigh push into Yang through her shorts, then began to rock slightly on Yang’s thigh. “How about this?”

A shaky sigh fell from Yang’s lips, eyes closing. “Mmm… that feels pretty good, yeah. What about for you?”

“Not bad at all. I… I could get used to this.”

They ground very slightly against each other for minute or so before Ruby stood back off the bed, sliding down her shorts. Cute little carnation pink underwear showed themselves, and Yang couldn’t help grinning to herself. The she climbed back up and pushed her softness into Yang’s hardness, sitting astride her for a moment before she then leaned in, pushing up off the mattress as she tried a few thrusts that way.

And Yang got a nice view of rippling cleavage that caused her to smirk when looking at it. Normally, she didn’t think about boobs all that much, but seeing those bouncing just under Ruby’s tank top put on such a mesmerising show that she couldn’t bring herself to look away.

“Oooh,” Ruby breathed after she noticed. “You… interested in my boobs tonight?”

“I guess. They’re… mmmh, they look great, you know.” That was about all it took for Ruby to sit back and whip her tank over her head, tossing it aside casually. “Well, there they are.”

Giggling, she leaned down and started up the same motions again. Only this time, the breasts swung freely, erect nipples leaving little trails in Yang’s own shirt when they brushed past it. It seemed to be helping both of them along; the show was making Yang harder, and Ruby knowing that she was “performing” for her sister gave slightly more speed to the motions of her hips.
In fact… her breath was coming a lot faster, her face getting redder the longer she went at it. Yang even began to feel a little guilty; she was doing most of the work while she kicked back and relaxed. Didn’t seem fair. But it had been what she wanted, so who was she to question it?

“I-I think-” Swallowing, Ruby began to thrust a little more wildly, and the blonde had to bite down on her lip to keep from moaning. “It’s ab- about t-to- NNHH!”

The way she was shivering and spasming told Yang everything. She had finished. Just from that! Only from grinding against her leg!

“Ohhhh wow… oh my god, I can’t believe that just… that was it! I did it!” Mostly, she looked dazed, but also a little pleased with herself. Then she flopped down against Yang, face just a little below her chin and grinning weakly up at her. “That… didn’t last as long as I figured!”

“Yeah, I noticed,” she giggled back at her, kissing Ruby’s forehead. “Seemed like you enjoyed it, though.”

“I did! But like… you didn’t finish, did you?” As if to answer her own question, she shifted her hips from side to side, and when she heard Yang suck a breath in through her teeth, she winced. “Ooh… sorry about that. I just got so excited!”

“Oh evidently. Like… wow.”

Then Ruby tilted her head to one side. The dangerous look; the look of plotting. “You… really liked watching my boobs, huh? I guess they did flop around a lot.”

“They did,” she answered with a snort, running her hands up and down Ruby’s back affectionately. “Hey.” Rolling over and off her, she sprawled out beside Yang. “Wanna try something?”

“Uhhh…” Yang pushed up onto her elbow and glared down at her suspiciously. “What kinda ‘something’?”

With a conspiratorial glance at the door, she whispered into Yang’s ear, “Fuck my tits.”

“What?”

“Come on, let’s try it. Could be weird, but it could be good, right?”

When Yang sat up on the bed, she could tell her half-sister was serious. Completely. Even as she gazed down at her, Ruby reached up and pushed her soft mounds together, creating even more cleavage than she normally had. Flabbergasted but having no real excuse not to do it, she squatted down and guided her hips into position.

“This… is weird. I don’t know, Ruby.”

Giggling, her sister pushed one of them up toward her face as hard as she could, and just barely managed to lick the soft skin with her long, waving tongue. “Come on. It’ll be fun.”

“W-well…” Casting around for something to stall, she came up with, “What about lube? You’re supposed to use lube with anything that’s not… y’know, the actual…”

“I didn’t need lube in my mouth.” Then her eyes went wide and she gasped excitedly, “Lick my boobs first! That should be enough for now, right? And if it’s not, no big deal; we’ll pick up some lube next time we’re out.”
“Oh, sure! Because I’m gonna be titty-fucking you all the time from now on, right?” But when Ruby only grinned impishly, Yang rolled her eyes and leaned down, smashing her face into her cleavage. “You were supposed to say ‘no’…”

The hands on her golden mane encouraged Yang to keep going, and she made quick work of coating Ruby’s breasts in saliva. It felt like such a bizarre thing to do, but she really didn’t mind all that much - and hearing happy sighs from above was pretty encouraging. In no time, the job was done, and she pulled back.

“Let’s just free my little friend there,” Ruby teased as she pulled the rock-hard length out, eyes going wide as they always did when she got to look at it, let alone play with it directly. Her hand pumped a few times as she licked her lips. “Mmm… if we weren’t supposed to be using my boobs…”

“Just let me do this before my spit dries, you weirdo.” Shifting down, she found she almost had to do the splits in order to do as she had been instructed. Her arousal slid between the pillowy mounds a lot easier than she had expected, and she had to raise her eyebrows in mild surprise. “Hmm… doesn’t feel bad.”

As she began to rock, Ruby reached and pushed them against either side of the cock. It started feeling much better. Not as good as Ruby’s mouth, but it was up there. After only a few moments, she knew she could probably get off while doing it if that was what they wanted.

“Go on,” Ruby urged her as she tried to shift her boobs around her even more, down when Yang thrust in, and back up when she pulled backward. “Yeah, you like that? You like my tits?”

Was this weird? She did like them, but at the same time, she didn’t know why she was doing that when they could do just about anything else and it would be just as hot - and probably less work. Still, it was fun to try it once. Plus… she couldn’t deny the visuals were helping her along.

Then Ruby started sounding a little more turned on by everything. Looking down past her own shirt-covered rack, she was able to see that she had started shifting her breasts just right so that her fingers slid up and down over the nipples when she was doing it. Turning herself on more while Yang used the mounds of flesh to get off.

That knowledge was enough to make her start rolling her hips faster and faster. She heard Ruby’s breath pick up in pitch at the same time, and her own started to match it as they writhed in this odd position they had created.

“I… I’m gonna blow!” she hissed, trying not to be too loud.

“Do it!” Ruby urged her. Yang was thunderstruck, worried about what would happen at the end, but she didn’t have it in her to warn her twice. “That’s it - harder! Fuck my tits! Cum in my tits, Yang!”

A few seconds later, she got her wish. Yang shifted all the way forward and held fast, feeling Ruby trying to shift her breasts around the hot throbbing length as she shot over and over, spilling everything she had been building up throughout all that teasing. It felt phenomenal.

Only after she finished and shivered weakly did she realise something. She did come in Ruby’s tits - except there was no “in”. So where did it go?

When she sat back, she saw the beautiful mess she had made of Ruby’s somewhat stunned face. A splatter of translucent white was running down her chin, her left cheek, and painting her forehead.
Smaller splotches were on her chest, and a lot was running down from her cleavage.

“Shit,” Yang breathed, slapping a hand over her mouth as she finally slid back out of the soft breasts that, incredibly, had milked her dry. “Oh no… oh, Ruby, I didn’t mean to- it’s all over, what are we gonna…”

But Ruby shook her head slightly, blinking up at Yang. She still seemed a little dazed, but all she whispered was, “Phone?”

“Phone? What?” Still, Yang did what she asked and grabbed Ruby’s phone off the nightstand, handing it to her. The instant she had it, she took a selfie. “What are you doing?! We can’t have-”

“We can’t have evidence lying around,” she finished for her, beginning to smile. She was still shocked, but it was slowly being overtaken by pure joy as she grinned at her half-sister. “But Yang… nobody can tell it’s yours in the picture. I don’t know, I… I want proof of this. That I was covered by you.”

Even having just finished, Yang could feel herself twitch when she said that. Her own cheeks must have been beet red! “I-I… y-you really-”

“Mmm,” she was groaning as she pushed the cum from her cheek into her lips, eyes closing to relish it. She didn’t bother with that on her forehead, but her next goal was to devour what had been on her chin, which she did quickly. “Can I finish the rest?”

When Yang only stared at her, she pointed at the drips falling from her tip. Nodding her head, she positioned herself over Ruby’s mouth and lowered down, letting her get the last of it, plus what had been clinging to the head. The way hands played over her ass let her know that she was having the time of her life down there.

Finally, when she was finished, they used tissues to get the rest of the remnants, then laid back down. Ruby looked quite pleased with herself, and with her half-sister. She reached down to cup Yang through the shorts that were hiding her once again.

“Mine.”

“Oh, I’m not arguing,” she snorted with a half-smile, finally starting to recover. “After all that work you just did? I think anybody would agree that you can claim my junk.”

“Good.” Then her hands moved up to either side of Yang’s face. “Mine.”

Yang mirrored the gesture. “Mine.”

“Forever.” Then she booped their noses together. “So… pretty fun, right?”

“Fuck yeah, it was! Pretty surprised that it works that well, but man… yeah, I guess we could do that again.” Settling in more, she added, “Just can’t believe you’re into facials.”

“What? Oh, you wanna do a sister spa day?” Looking all excited, she wiggled a little and hissed, “That’d be so awesome! Let’s pick up facial masks and nail polish, and pumice stones, and all that stuff! Oh, and a candle! One of those super smelly ones like in the mall!”

Ruby was so excited that Yang didn’t have the heart to enlighten her.

Chapter End Notes
See? Promised we'd get back to Enabler goodness :3
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

A sister spa day gets a little more exciting.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: Cuddles with boners, nail-painting, foot-worship, massage, toe-kisses, almost-footjob.
Also, some of that also applies to July.

Chapter 14

The half-sisters, half-girlfriends did exactly what they said they would do. The next day, they went shopping for all of the trimmings for a spa day, piling them in the back of Ruby’s car before they went to that special event showing of Akira.

And as it turned out, they didn’t actually make out much during the movie. Scattered kisses, but no intense groping or getting each other off; Yang was a little too interested. Especially in the main character’s motorcycle, which she gasped and smiled about every time it came on screen. Ruby was clearly a lot more invested in the actual storyline, but Yang liked that well enough, too - more than she expected, considering she was expecting somewhere between a Disney movie and Pokemon. Besides, it gave her a little more insight into what kind of girl Ruby was, the things she liked. Since she already knew she was head over heels for the brat, that seemed highly important now.

The whole way home, they chatted about it as they picked up shave ice from Ruby’s beloved spot. Just enjoying each other. Yang had started to worry that once they started doing non-sisterly things that the more sisterly side of their relationship might suffer for it, but it only made them closer. This way, Ruby could babble about her favourite anime and Yang could laugh about her excitement, and then lean over and kiss her cheek to make sure Ruby knew that she found it adorable, not annoying. The best of both worlds.

Dinner was nice and easy, and TV afterward just as uneventful. Gone was most of the weirdness and discomfort, and all the loose lips that nearly sank Ruby and Yang’s “ship” as Ruby had called it once or twice. Though Yang did need that explained at first, now she thought it was ridiculous to view the two of them as fictional characters, but to Ruby it was what she always did with the shows and movies she liked, so it naturally made sense for her.

“If that makes sense to you, then it makes sense to me,” Yang muttered as they snuggled into Ruby’s bed together. “Just don’t slip up and say anything about it in front of Dad.”

“Hey, I’ve been really good, haven’t I?” she protested. “Mom’s the one who’s doing worse. But she was way better tonight.”
Yang pressed her face in a little closer to Ruby’s neck as she hummed her agreement. Tonight, she just wanted to hold her. Though being that close to her did make her want to do more, she didn’t think it was necessary to do so every single day they were together.

“Mmm,” Ruby said with a smile as she held Yang’s arms around her body. Then she chuckled very quietly, “Oh, hello…”

“Ruby, don’t,” Yang muttered, though she clearly wasn’t that upset. When she felt a warm ass grinding back and forth, she giggled and said again, “I mean it, cut it out.”

“Why? I think somebody down there likes it…” But when Yang didn’t respond, she stilled and asked in a less flirty voice, “Why?”

“I dunno. Just… wanna take a day off. Maybe I’m weird, but today’s been so much fun, just hanging out with you. Kinda like the idea of keeping this memory separate.”

At those words, Ruby rolled to look at her again, smiling very slightly. “I get it. I mean, I’d still love to get you off, but I follow your brain-train. You like having PG-rated memories with me, too.”

“I really do,” Yang sighed, glad that she understood. Ruby’s little kiss took her by surprise, but it was a chaste, sweet little kiss. “Mmm… thanks, Rubes.”

“Anytime. I love you - all of you, not just my little buddy down there.”

Giggling, Yang grinned against Ruby’s face. “Your little buddy, huh? Sounds like you wanna dress her up in doll clothes and have tea parties.”

“Would… you be into that?” But Yang’s only response was to tickle her.

After showering and a late breakfast, the two girls set themselves up in the living room to do their beautification rituals. The coffee table was pushed forward a little to make way for them to sit there, it being a little easier than trying to do it on the couch or loveseat, and a mediocre crime drama was pulled up on Netflix to have going in the background. Ruby had mentioned some anime she liked, but it was decided that it would be too interesting to be able to ignore while focusing on the other stuff.

“You’d really wanna go back to the comic book shop?” Ruby was asking as she finished painting Yang’s toenails. Her fingernails were still wet, and she was blowing on them herself while Ruby worked down below. On each hand or foot, the middle was yellow, next two out from that orange, and the ones on the ends red, imitating fire; that part was Ruby’s idea.

“Sure,” Yang said, trying not to smile so she didn’t disrupt the moisturising face mask. It felt cold and gross, but she wanted to let it do its thing before she happily yanked it off. “Maybe I’ll find a t-shirt with that cool motorcycle from the movie. And then afterward, maybe we can grab a burger? Seems like we haven’t had straight-up nasty fast food the whole time I’ve been down here…”

“Ooh! I know a place that has great burgers, we can totally do that!”

It was harder to keep the grin away now, but she shook her head as she chuckled, “You’re too
damn cute.” As Ruby finished the top coat and started blowing on them, Yang went back to blowing on her own. After a minute of that, she asked, “Hey, um… I also wanna stop by a jewellery store.”

“Really?” she asked, tilting her head slightly. “Why?”

“O-oh, I just… I was thinking I don’t have very much, and I look too, like… butch? So I just wanted to see if I could find some fun stuff.” It was a little white lie, but she hoped Ruby would forgive her eventually.

“Sure, yeah. There’s probably some places like that around by the comic shop.”

“Cool.” Then Ruby’s lips dipped a little too low and she kissed Yang’s toe. Laughing, she asked, “What are you doing?”

But Ruby only shrugged, going back to blowing the polish dry. Soon enough, they were, and she came up to plunk down next to Yang. “Masks off?”

“Yeah. One, two… three!” As they peeled them off, they both let out an “ewwwww” and then held them out at arm’s length. “Damn, but that was awful.”

Shivering, Ruby grabbed them and threw them in the plastic shopping bag they had designated as “trash” for now. “I kinda like it, but yeah, I’m done. Okay, so… my nails?”

“Sure,” Yang said, taking up Ruby’s hand. But Ruby pulled it back with a little smirk. “What?”

“Let’s do these first.” She scooted back and wiggled her toes about a foot away from Yang’s face. When she pushed them away, she whined, “Awww…”

“I told you to cut that out,” she said with a roll of her eyes. But when Ruby continued to pout, she sighed. “Fine. I guess it doesn’t matter if I do your toes before your fingers.”

“YAY!” Yang sighed while Ruby settled her heels against her thighs, waiting for Yang to begin. But when she didn’t, she asked, “What? You wanna give me a different colour?”

There was a slight pause as Yang’s eyes remained pointed down at her feet as if she were lost in thought. Shaking her head, she said in a distant voice, “No… I just… I have this strange feeling…” She picked up one of the ankles. “I don’t know what’s coming over me… I think… I think I need…”

“Huh? Yang, what are~” But when Yang started biting her foot all over, she cackled and thrashed around, “YANG STOP! No, nonono, you can’t! Not again!!!”

“But I can’t stop!” Yang called out as she nibbled and Ruby squealed, trying to escape. “Your feet are just SO IRRESISTIBLE!”

“Okay, OKAY, I get it, y- AHHAHAHA! You don’t have a thing, you don’t have a thing!”

They were still wrestling with each other, just barely not knocking over the bottles of polish, when a voice from off to the side asked, “What the hell has gotten into you two?”

“O-oh, Mom!” Ruby half-giggled, half-sniffled. “I’m sorry, did we mess up your work?”

Summer shook her head with a bemused smile in place, hands on her hips through her silk robe. “No, no, don’t worry. Finished all that up about ten minutes ago. I was just about to get a glass of
limeade and head out onto the deck for a while. You two want to join me?”

Yang resisted the urge to say ‘Depends on if you’ll have clothes on’ and just shook her head. “Nah, we’re having a spa-day. Maybe later?”

“Mom, you should paint your nails with us and stuff!” Ruby said with a smile as she sat up.

“No thank you. I want to make sure I get some sun in during the peak hours.”

“But I thought that didn’t start until after lunch.”

“Well…” Shrugging, she went into the kitchen, still not quite answering. As she opened the fridge, she asked, “What kind of spa-things are you doing?”

“Face masks and nail-painting, lotions. Maybe henna later? And we were gonna do pumice stones, but all that running around on the beach… I don’t have any callouses, really.”

The woman nodded along as she poured herself a glass. She held up the pitcher, looking at Yang and Ruby to ask silently if they wanted any, and they both shook their heads. “Sounds like fun. But I don’t want to intrude.”

“You won’t be! Just hang with us for a little bit, and then you can go out and cook yourself.” Yang laughed at the way Ruby had phrased that, and Ruby grinned and shrugged.

“Okay, but I really don’t need a face mask; I put mine on at night.” The woman hesitated, then shrugged and walked into the living room. “I’m not sitting on the floor, though. I might not be a grandmother, but I’m definitely too old for my butt to survive that hard floor.”

“Definitely not a grandmother,” Yang remarked. Afterward, she realised she probably shouldn’t have said that, but they were trying to work past the mistakes that had been made, after all. Making jokes was the easiest way to do that.

Ruby handed Yang one of the pumice stones and picked the other up for herself. When Yang raised her eyebrow, she said, “What?”

“Like, are we double-teaming your mom’s feet? What am I using this on?”

“Yeah, we are.” The other two were quiet, so Ruby looked between them and said, “So she can go outside sooner. Right? You take that one, and—”

“Alright, alright, makes sense,” Yang half-laughed as Summer slipped out of her flip-flop and offered the foot to her. She definitely felt a lot weirder about this than about working on Ruby’s, but not to the degree that she couldn’t start in.

The elder woman sighed as the two pampered her, leaning back and sighing. “Mmm… thank you, girls. You didn’t have to do this for me, but it is appreciated.” She twitched a little at one swipe of the stone. “Heh… tickles a little.”

“So Mom,” Ruby said as they worked on the slight callouses, which were pretty negligible to begin with, “we were thinking about going into town and hitting the comic shop again after this. Um… is that cool? I know we’re out a lot of the time, but—”

“No, no,” she sighed. “That’s fine. To be honest… now I’m almost more worried when you’re here than when you’re out shopping. For… reasons discussed.”
Yang dipped her head lower in guilt. Sure, Summer hadn’t said it in a cruel tone or anything; she just stated a fact. Now that she and Ruby were sleeping together, of course her mother would be wary of them being alone somewhere private enough that they could get up to mischief.

“Oh, Mom,” Ruby sighed with a roll of her eyes. “We’re taking care of each other. Isn’t that what’s important?”

“Yeah, and I’m worried about you ‘taking care of each other’ a little too much.” But when Yang came to a stop, breathing a little faster and more shallow, the woman prodded her nose with her big toe. “Hey.”

“Hm?”

Summer’s eyes weren’t exactly happy, but they were piercing into Yang’s with intent as she smiled very slightly. “I’m teasing. Well… I’m also being honest, but mostly teasing about it. Sorry if I really made you feel bad.”

“O-oh. Well…” Yang never finished her sentence; she just started sanding again.

As if hoping to change the subject, Ruby put down her stone and picked up a few bottles of polish.

“Umm… what colour do you want, Mom?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” the woman said with a grateful smile. “Um… a cool colour, like a turquoise?”

“That’s such an old mom colour,” she teased. “What about… bright red? I’m gonna do mine with this!” She held up the one she meant. When the woman reluctantly turned her eyes up toward the ceiling, Ruby hopped up onto the couch next to her and reached for one of her hands. “This’ll be great, you’ll see!”

“And what am I doing down here now?” Yang asked. “Since you’re in charge, I guess.”

“Keep pumice-ing!”

So Yang did. When she finished the first foot, she took over where Ruby had left off with the other one. As she did, she occasionally glanced up at Ruby’s painting job, listening to them chat about Dad and school, other mundane things. Most of the time, her eyes remained focused on the goal. She had to admit, Summer’s feet were nearly as cute as Ruby’s, and no less so when viewed up close. She took good care of them, as she did with the rest of her body and health. On the other hand…

Was that a weird thought to be entertaining? Was it Ruby’s insistence that she had a thing that was messing with her? She had never thought feet were ‘ugly’, exactly; just that they were feet. Those few moments of interest that her half-sister had “picked up on” seemed to give her the impression that it was a lot deeper than that. Maybe she just liked teasing her, or just thought feet were funny in general and that, for that reason, it was fun to tease Yang about it.

“Alright, I have to admit that was a good choice,” Summer was saying, admiring the first coat as Ruby blew on them to get them to dry so she could put on top coat. “They look nice, Ruby. Thank you.”

Yang spared a glance up at them as she uncapped the lotion and saw Ruby’s cheeks bunched in a genuine grin. “Hey, it’s… no big deal. Just wanted to make my mom feel as good as she already looks.”

“Stop buttering me up!” She elbowed Ruby, who only giggled. Then she twitched and gasped,
“OH! Oh, that’s cold!”

“Sorry!” Yang hissed through her teeth. “I didn’t warm it up first!”

Sighing, Summer waved a hand. “No, it’s fine. Just surprised me.” Then she relaxed into the sensation of the fruity-scented goop being rubbed into her skin. “Mmm…”

“You said I’m buttering you up,” Ruby snickered as she began putting on the top coat. “But it’s Yang earning the brownie points down there, right?”

“She is, she is. Very seriously… you didn’t have to do this for me. Either of you, but you even less, Yang. I appreciate it.”

The praise and gratitude made Yang’s face heat up. Even though she was still a little upset with her for what she tried to do the other morning, she knew that Summer was still disgusted that the two of them were physically intimate. When their options were to either hold grudges, or try to move on, the second thing was a lot more appealing. Ruby’s mother putting forth that effort meant a lot to her.

Then Yang pushed into her sole a little more than she meant to, and heard a groan from Summer that made her look up. But her eyes were closed. Ruby didn’t seem to have noticed, either, intent on finishing up the clear coat. Her mother only looked very relaxed, but the actual groan had sounded like something else for a brief instant.

“There,” Ruby sighed as she capped the bottle. Then she glanced at Yang, and happened to see her ruddy-faced and blinking in mild surprise. “Hm?”

Yang shrugged just a little and turned back to massaging the lotion into Summer’s foot. She felt a little silly, but she also knew that it was for an innocent enough reason. Well, innocent enough as far as they could be after all they’d been through in the past few days.

“You girls are magic,” Summer sighed in a supremely relaxed voice. Finally, she opened an eye and looked at Ruby, already looking regretful before she continued, “Sorry… I know this is selfish after you two have been so nice, but could you help me get a drink of my limeade? So I don’t mess up my nails.”

“Sure.” Ruby did as she was asked, tipping the drink up for her mom. A couple of drips did run down her chin and neck, but not as much as it could have been. “Oh, hang on! I’ll get that for you!”

As she popped up to get a paper towel, Yang smiled after Ruby. She really was the sweetest girl who would never hurt a fly. If she hadn’t been in love with her already, it might have happened in that small, random moment. She was just too perfect to be believed.

“Ohhh, that’s so good,” Summer was sighing, flexing her ankle. It wasn’t intentional, but it did bring Yang back to focus on her job. “You didn’t have to massage me, either.”

With a shrug, she said, “Hey, might as well while I’m putting the lotion on, right?” Then Ruby came back to blot at her spill. “Did you wanna help me with the other one?”

“Actually… I gotta go to the bathroom.” The way Ruby said it was a little odd, but she was smiling at Yang. “I think you got this. Just… finish that and then paint her nails. I’ll help you if you’re not done when I get back.”

“Alright, honey,” her mother said lazily, not giving Yang a chance to reply. “Thank you again.”
Her eyebrows were raised at Ruby as if to ask “What?” but Ruby ignored that, just waving at the two of them as she padded off to the bathroom. All she said in an airy voice over her shoulder was, “Have fuuuuuun!”

Yang had just finished and reached to pick up the lotion to start in on the other foot when Summer said, “You can stop, you know.”

“What? No, it’s cool, I don’t mind.”

“Well, I mind.” Her voice had been hard, but when Yang flinched from its impact, she frowned. “It’s not… I didn’t mean that I don’t want to you to touch me because you’re ‘beneath’ me, or anything like that. Just that… you and I are still…” Another sigh, this one more discontented.

“I know,” she said, staring down at the two feet, one shining from lotion, the other not. “I’m sorry for… some of what I said. But hey, I figure… we both messed up, a little? And-“

“Stop. Just... yes, we have made mistakes, and disappointed each other, and I nearly hurt you in a way I regret deeply. We’ve covered that. All I was trying to say is that it’s not necessary for you to try ‘making nice’ with me when Ruby’s not in the room.”

The words hurt, though Yang fully understood why she was saying them. In the end, she opened the lotion and squeezed some into her hand.

“Listen. You’re kinda right, but... I mean, there’s no reason we can’t be nice to each other, I guess. And I seriously don’t mind. Like, maybe if you walked in here and told me to put lotion on you, I’d feel weird about it, but we were already doing a spa thing, right? So it’s like... no big.”

Summer merely stared at her. Yang didn’t dare start in again without her approval, so she sat there, as well. Then she shrugged and gestured for her to continue.

“That Ruby. I guess she was ordering us to have fun with this while she was gone. Trying to make everyone ‘happy’. I don’t know how I raised a daughter who’s that much sweeter than I am; must be her dad’s influence.”

“Oh, that,” Yang snorted as she shook her head. “Ehh... I think she meant something else. But like, maybe you’re right; maybe she just really wants us to get along.”

“What else could she have meant?” When Yang didn’t answer, feeling trapped by the things she could possibly say, Summer raised her other foot to nudge Yang’s shoulder. “That wasn’t a joke about you catching me sunbathing, was it? Or about...”

That was referring to the terrible near-miss of two mornings ago. Yang shook her head vigorously. “No, no, she’d never joke about that. But you know that. Um...” There was really no way out. “She’s just teasing me about something stupid.”

“Really? Maybe it’s not so stupid if she’s teasing you. My Ruby tends to be pretty perceptive.”

That definitely didn’t make Yang feel any better, or her cheeks any less hot. If Summer was right about that, then she was really in trouble! She’d feel even stupider if Ruby hadn’t meant anything like this, after all, but she had a feeling it was the same old subject.

“For some reason,” she said as she massaged a little harder, “she got it into her head that I’m into this certain thing. And she’s wrong, but the more she teases me about it, the more embarrassed I feel.”
At the tail end of a long groan, Summer asked, “What kind of thing? Is this about the comic shop?”

“Not that kind of thing. Like…” Grunting in annoyance, she blurted, “She thinks I’m into feet. And I’m not! Like, never have been, and I don’t get that as being a thing, so… I don’t know why she keeps teasing me!”

“Really?” Summer asked. She was quiet for a moment, and Yang was sure she was about to get some kind of lecture, or a disgusted noise. At first, she managed to keep up the massage, but her movements halted when she realised there was no further response. She finally looked up to see that her stepmother was just watching her, patiently waiting for a reply.

“Y-yes. I don’t even know how it started; she just kinda asked if I liked hers out of nowhere, and I didn’t say ‘no’ fast enough, and ever since then…”

A low “Mmm” as the woman mulled that over. Yang couldn’t help noticing that she seemed to be flexing her toes back and forth a little more than she had been before. “Well, I don’t understand that being a ‘thing’, either, but I do know it’s pretty common. Meaning it’s the fetish you hear about most often, not that everyone has it, of course.”

“But she can’t give me a thing just by like, mentioning it, can she?! That’s crazy!”

“I don’t know how that works,” Summer laughed. When Yang just ducked her head and began kneading faster, she relaxed into the sensation. “Ooh… but I do know I’m enjoying this. You have a gift there.”

At first, Yang didn’t answer. She was too busy trying to ignore the near-sexual noises coming from the older woman, the wriggling of little appendages from between her thumbs and fingers. For a minute or so, that was all that happened; massaging lotion into skin. Even if Yang was completely mortified that Summer knew about this unwelcome insistence of Ruby’s.

Then Summer finally whispered, “I think that’s good.” When Yang blinked up at her, she elaborated, “The lotion. Massaging me. It felt wonderful, but I think you’ve done your job. You could move on to the nail polish.”

“O-oh. Sorry, I wasn’t- yeah, I’ll get on that.” But while she was fetching the bottles, she got another question that sidetracked her.

“Do you like my feet?”

“What? Uh… sure.” No sense saying otherwise.

“Tell me,” Summer asked, voice carefully neutral as she raised a toe to push into Yang’s nose. This time, it stayed there. “Don’t worry about the answer, about making me feel disgusted, or what Ruby would think. What would you do with them right now if you had no consequences?”

That sounded familiar. Ruby had done much the same when she first wanted to give her a hug, but had been suppressing the instinct. Though she couldn’t believe she had any such instincts in this area in the first place! “Um, I’d do nothing with them.” No answer. She forced herself to do as Summer asked and be as honest as she could. “Like, massaging them for you was nice, and um, I’m glad it helped you relax, but… I don’t need to do anything weird, alright? It’s all good.”

“I won’t tell Ruby,” she promised, a hand up as if taking an oath. “This is just for your benefit, to check in with yourself. You can do whatever you want with one or both of my feet. No thinking, just answer quickly: what would you do?”
Clearly, Summer wanted there to be more to this. Or at least for her not to blow off the question. Her mind flicked back to Ruby finishing up her own toenails a little while earlier. It was the first thing she could think of, so she used that. “Kiss them?”

“There,” Summer said with an encouraging smile, just like a lot of her elementary school teachers wore. That did nothing to make her feel less embarrassed, but at least she felt a tiny stirring of pride that she had pleased an elder; it helped balance out her shame. “See? That wasn’t so bad. Now, is there anywhere special you’d want to kiss?”

The woman’s foot was still in front of Yang’s face. Did she want a demonstration? Hoping to get it over with, she leaned down and kissed the bottoms of Summer’s middle toes. It felt fine, not like anything special… but the whole situation was still driving her insane.

“Oh, I didn’t think you’d really…” But her words cut off with a slight sigh. “Mmm… you’re too sweet. Makes me feel even worse that I tried to trap you; I clearly was very mistaken about what kind of girl you are, Yang. I apologise.”

“N-no big,” Yang insisted as she unscrewed the nail polish, still blushing like mad. “You were trying to protect Ruby, and I get it. Like, I want that, too.”

“We can agree on that, at least.” As she watched Yang get to work, she asked, “Did you think about kissing my toes before I asked at all?”

Shaking her head, she held the foot still so she could do a decent job, trying to balance the open bottle between two fingers at the same time. “Nah. Just that they were pretty. I’ve never wanted to do anything to feet in my whole life, I swear.”

“But you thought mine were pretty? Well, thank you.” Cursing herself for the slight slip of honesty, Yang tried to refocus on the task at hand. “Odd as it is to have them kissed, I can’t pretend I don’t appreciate a compliment like that.” After a few more seconds, she changed the subject very slightly. “And the massage. You have very skilled hands.”

“Thanks,” she snorted. “Comes from giving my mom foot and shoulder massages after work some days. Sometimes it helps her be less crabby.”

“Lucky woman. Tai does that for me on occasion while we’re watching TV, but not terribly often.” After a few seconds, she suddenly offered, “I always wondered what the true reason was for Tai and her splitting up… he always just told me it was ‘personality compatibility issues’, but I also thought it might be something a bit deeper that he didn’t want to burden me with. But I suppose it’s none of my business.”

Shrugging off the darker subjects, Yang painted more furiously as she said, “Dunno. Mom hates talking about it, and I figure Dad does almost as much. But I’d be lying if I said you’re anywhere near the raging bitch she can be most of the time, so… probably mostly what he said.”

Around when Summer was still nodding, not having expected a much different answer, Ruby returned with a mischievous little grin. “How did we do?”

“Fine,” Summer told her with a smirk of her own. “Yang is painting my attractive toes.”

As she sat down, Ruby whispered, “Is that what she called them?”

“No, it isn’t. And you should stop trying to give poor Yang a complex she doesn’t already have!”

“You told on me?!” Ruby gasped, and Yang rolled her eyes. It was almost as bad that Summer told...
on Yang, but it was a minor detail by this point; the cat was already out of the bag. “Aww, but I wasn’t trying to do that! I just think she already has one, and I thought if I—”

“Well, it wasn’t very nice. Yang looked horrified at having to admit what you were talking about. I wound up teasing her without really meaning to, and I feel like I have done enough of that for one week.”

Seeing that Ruby was starting to look chagrined, Yang felt obligated to step in. “Hey, it’s no big deal. Pretty much, I just kissed her toes, and then we went on with painting.”

However, that had been the wrong thing to do. Ruby’s eyebrows shot up and she whispered, “What? Really? So I was right!”

“No, you weren’t! She just, like… we were talking about it…” However, the more she tried to rationalise the kiss, the less she found she could. All she had to tell Summer was that she didn’t want to do anything and stick to saying that; why had she said she wanted to kiss them?

“I talked her into it,” Summer covered for her, patting Ruby’s arm. “When she told me what you’ve been doing to get a rise out of her. And I wouldn’t have told you about that part, because I promised.” Now Yang felt stupid for having volunteered that information on her own. “Though I have to admit, she’s very good with feet; mine have never felt better.”

A few seconds passed as Yang blew on the red paint, trying to distract herself by doing her “job” for the moment. The more they talked about her and this topic, the more aware she was of how close she was to Ruby’s mother’s admittedly-pretty toes, handling them, staring at them. When had she started thinking of them as “pretty”?! It wasn’t something she had expected to ever care that much about.

“Well, I’m jealous,” Ruby said with a pout that Yang could hear as pretend, so she felt no need to stop and address it. “I’ve been trying to get her to kiss mine for a while.”

“Dude!” she half-laughed as she finally did look up. “I was just chewing on yours a minute ago!”

That made Summer raise her eyebrows. “Wow. And you were acting like I was making some kind of breakthrough with helping you figure that out, and you’re already nibbling on Ruby’s feet? I feel used.”

Gulping, she glanced between the two play-glaring women. “Wait… no, that wasn’t- when I did it to Ruby, I was making fun of how much she keeps saying I want to… I’m not really—”

“I think you should kiss mine now,” Ruby needled her as she pushed her feet into Yang’s face. Though Yang shrugged it off at first, she was insistent. “Come on! Just so we’re even!”

“How is that even?” she complained. But in the end, she could find no reason not to, so she gave the toes a quick kiss. Ruby switched feet, so she kissed those, as well. “There. Now leave me alone so we can finish?”

“Not quite even,” Summer insisted, raising her other foot that had been neglected before. Knowing that she was blushing worse than she ever had in her life, Yang kissed those toes, and she smiled evenly down at her. This time, she was definitely trying not to laugh at her, but she was also smiling fondly. Being able to play around like this was a positive step, even if it was a little odd.

“Hers probably taste old,” Ruby remarked, earning her a little elbow-nudge from her mother.

“They taste like lotion,” Yang snorted, blowing on the paint to make sure it was completely dry. As
she grabbed for the topcoat, she got another faceful of Ruby’s feet, so she rolled her eyes and
grunted, “WHAT?!”

“I just want more kisses. No reason.”

“Okay, okay, but then I have to put on the topcoat.” So she gave Ruby’s soles a few kisses, and she
listened to the two of them chuckle. As she started giving the paint job a protective layer, she
asked, “Why is it so funny to you, huh?”

“Because you should probably just tell us ‘no’,” Ruby was cackling, letting Yang finish up. “But
you’re not. It’s funny that you don’t think you have a thing.”

“There’s nothing wrong with it, either way,” Summer told her daughter stubbornly, and Ruby
nodded her agreement, though she looked a little reluctant to part with her source of entertainment.
When Yang finished, she sighed and looked at her handiwork. “Alright… yes, I do think that will
work nicely. Do you like them better painted or unpainted? Tai is a fan of unpainted.”

That had Yang curling her lip, and Ruby gasping, “DAD, TOO?!”

“No, not like that,” she snickered. “He just says that painted, they look ‘strange’; that’s it. Though
it would be funny if it was a hereditary kink.”

“I don’t have a kink!” Yang tried to protest, but they ignored her. Actually, they didn’t; she would
have preferred that. As if in direct response, one of them pressed a foot each into Yang’s face to
silence her. And it worked; she instantly slapped her lips shut to keep from accidentally nibbling
one or both of the soles.

“Ooh, look how lucky you are,” Ruby was cooing as she flexed her toes against Yang’s lip.
“You’re the only girl to ever have both Rose women’s feet in her face at the same time!”

She was. And unbelievably… that knowledge, along with the whole of everything that had gone on
before, was starting to turn her on. She hadn’t been aware of it up until that point; only that she was
flustered. But by this point, the sheer absurdity of the moment paired with the soft sensation, plus
the taboo of a mother-and-daughter combo, was affecting her libido in a way she REALLY didn’t
appreciate. She’d been afraid that they would stink, but Ruby’s didn’t smell like much of anything,
and Summer’s smelled like the fruit-based lotion and the acrid aroma of polish. Without that
worry, it was somehow...

Nice?

“I think she’s enjoying this,” Summer remarked, as if they were watching a vaguely interesting
documentary. But when Yang’s eyes flashed down and to one side, she frowned. “Yang, are you
alright?”

“It’s fine,” Yang said gruffly, then winced at how annoyed she sounded. They weren’t doing
anything that bad, really. “Just… you don’t have to laugh so much, I guess.”

“Yang is getting woody from the footies,” Ruby snorted. But Summer’s elbow quieted her. “What?
I was just kidding. Yang knows I’m kidding.”

“I don’t think she does. And even so, clearly she’s having a little trouble with this, so we shouldn’t
tease. Unless…” There was a slight smirk that had been absent for a while. “She likes the teasing,
too.”

When Summer’s other foot drifted down to push into her erection through her shorts, Yang had to
flinch very slightly. That seemed to be enough. Ruby glanced between them, then cautiously
lowered her other foot to do the same, next to her mother’s on its other side. “Ooh… maybe she
does.”

“Mmhh,” Yang couldn’t prevent herself from sighing anymore, rolling her hips into the slight
contact. It held fast. They couldn’t be serious. How could they be right at home with doing this
together?! Even for one person, it was a strange thing to do, much less as a mother-daughter team!

“Good God,” Summer breathed. For the first time since she had seen her on the deck, she looked
flustered and aroused - without being angry the way she was that morning she tried to trap her. “I
had no idea when we started that this would…”

“Mom?” Ruby whispered; of course Yang could hear her, but she was trying to keep her voice
down. “Is this weird for us to… y’know… at the same time?”

“No weirder than anything else from this week. But… I am starting to think we should rethink
this.” Drawing her toes back a few inches, she dipped her head lower to catch Yang’s gaze. “What
would you like us to do? We can stop at anytime.”

“Um… y-yeah,” she whispered, though she was still thrusting against their feet below. “It’s kind
of… intense, but I think I’m gonna lose my mind if this actually keeps going.”

“Alright. That’s all we needed to know, sweetie.” That was distinctly more maternal than she had
been a moment ago. The foot that had been grinding against her arousal patted her hip slightly in
consolation.

“Sorry, Yang,” Ruby replied, taking the cue from her mom and lowering both of her feet at once.
Their concern soothed her irritation, and she nodded. “Um… maybe we could put lotion on you?
Or I could; Mom wants to get back to her sunbathing. Right, Mom?”

“Right,” she sighed as she scooted forward to slip her feet back into her flip-flops. “I should do
that, yes.”

“Wait.” Catching the foot that had been on her face, Yang brought it up to inspect the nails. “Looks
like you’re done, yeah.” Then she gave the top a little kiss before dropping it so she could leave. A
small apology for overreacting to what was, after all, some simple teasing.

But it meant more than she intended to her stepmother. The woman paused to brush her hand over
Yang’s hair. “You’re too sweet. Maybe if you keep that up, I’ll let you kiss my feet again
tomorrow.” As she stood, she picked up her limeade and paced off to the deck. Honestly, Yang
couldn’t tell if she was kidding or not.

Once the door was closed, Ruby sank to the floor and wrapped her arms around Yang. After a few
seconds of wondering why she did that, she whispered, “I’m so sorry. Okay? I know I was teasing
like, way too much, and then I got Mom doing it…”

“Yeah,” Yang agreed as she hugged back. “It’s not such a huge problem that you should feel bad,
but like… I dunno, you went a little overboard. Maybe don’t do that again?”

“I’m sorry,” she repeated anyway, clinging tightly to her. “Mom said that, too, that I went too far.
But like…” Clearing her throat, she said it in an almost fearful way. “You did kiss our feet… and I
could tell it was turning you on. You could have come that way, right?”

Sighing, she tried to think of a way she could deny it. Ruby brushing over her bulge with one hand
made that quite impossible. “Maybe so, but that doesn’t mean I’m comfortable with that whole
thing. Especially both of you starting in at the same time, making fun of me. Why do you want me to like it so much?"

“I… huh. I really don’t know. I guess…” Ruby sat back on her legs, brow furrowed in thought for a moment. She hadn’t considered that very deeply, it seemed. “Well, it’s funny because they’re feet. Feet are funny to me, like butts. And I guess I also really liked what you said about liking all of me, but I figured that couldn’t be true. Like, maybe you don’t think I’m ugly anywhere, but that’s not the same thing as thinking like, my toes are sexy. My armpits are sexy, belly button. Weird stuff, right? So like…” A little shrug. “I guess I was testing you. Didn’t mean to be, though, I just wondered if I could tease you a little and find out whether or not you really did like my feet. And it was kinda funny to do, so that didn’t stop me. But I never meant to make you legit uncomfortable, I promise!”

That had taken a lot out of Ruby to think her way through her own actions, and she was being baldly honest. Yang knew she could do no less. “Yeah. I mean, I guess… I’ve never thought about feet like that before, and I haven’t been sure what you want me to do about it, anyway. Like, I started noticing your feet are cute the minute I got here, but before you started teasing me, that was it; like, you have a cute nose, too. But I don’t wanna fuck your nose!”

“Nah, I get you,” she giggled, reaching up to pet up and down Yang's arm. At the same time, she crinkled her nose a little at the compliment. “Thinking something’s cute doesn’t mean you’re into doing stuff with it. Makes sense.”

“Good,” she sighed, running her hand through her bangs.

“Did you really like ‘em the moment you got here?”

Now it was right back to Yang feeling embarrassed. But Ruby’s expression was curious, no longer even remotely teasing or amused. That helped. “Y-yeah. Following you up the stairs, I didn’t want to look at your butt, so I looked at your feet… and they were cute, so it was only a little easier. Trust me when I say that staring at your ass would have been WAY worse, though.”

Ruby nodded. Then she whispered, “Yang?”

“What?”

“I really am sorry for being such a jerk about that. But… if you like my feet… it’s okay. Just makes me happy that you think so much of me is worth calling ‘cute’, okay? Nothing wrong with that.” As an afterthought, she added, “And my mom’s. Which is weird, but like, we’re already half-sisters so it seems pretty dumb of me to act grossed out by that.”

Rolling her eyes, Yang pulled her into a one-armed hug. “Dumbass. I’d really be fine if your mom stopped doing stuff like that sometime soon. Like, I’m not gonna miss it.”

“Whose feet are better?” When Yang only rolled her eyes in disgust, she pressed, “Which turned you on more?”

“Summer’s.”

“What!”

“Well, I wasn’t expecting those!” Yang burst out in vague irritation, though she was smiling and blushing. “You’ve been bugging me with that for days, but I never expected your mom to do the same thing, okay?! I can’t help my reaction!”
Folding her arms over her chest, Ruby looked away in false offense. “Well, I’ll just have to step up my foot-game!”

“What does that even MEAN?!”
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Ruby tries something new, Summer teases Yang again, and some overdue Father/Daughter Bonding occurs.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: Enabler: Masturbation with a friend
July: Flirting, foot-teasing.
Twin Suns: Awkward boner (that's all, like no thanks lmao). Father/daughter bonding time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 15

Ruby made good on that promise. After a little cajoling, she got Yang to paint her toes even more spectacularly than she had painted her mother’s, adding a little glitter to the tint of red. Of course, then she had to add the glitter to her fingernails, as well. She tried to tell Yang that she would do the same for her to make up for it, but Yang refused, saying she was fine with her own the way they were.

When she tried to get Yang to make some kind of judgment call about how her feet looked now, Yang basically ignored her. Maybe if she stopped feeding into that little game, Ruby would get bored of it. That was her best tactic for the time being.

The rest of that day was a lot less eventful. When Summer came back in from her tanning-time, she remarked how good Ruby’s nails looked and tried to apologise again for teasing Yang, though Yang assured her all was well. Ruby also kept her promise not to toe-tease, or to encourage her mother to tease, either. It was a lot less frustrating…

Even though Yang had a brand new problem. Now she kept glancing down when before she would have been able to resist that a lot more easily. Even though she still didn’t understand what there was to “resist”! Did she really have this thing all along and simply didn’t realise? Or did Ruby homebrew a new kink just for her? It was an unanswerable chicken-or-the-egg question.

That night, they had a nice dinner of cheddar and broccoli soup with garlic bread, which was an interesting combination that Yang decided she really liked. Instead of watching TV, they busted out an old board game and had some quality family fun. Yang lost, but then again she didn’t really care who won as long as they all enjoyed themselves.

When Saturday came, they all went to an amusement park that Yang had never even heard of. She was kind of glad it wasn’t Disneyland, since that was apparently very expensive and she felt a little old to be going somewhere like that, despite Ruby looking a little disappointed they weren’t going there. She promised they could watch Frozen when they got home or something to make up for it,
which only made Ruby roll her eyes and dismiss it as “new Disney” and not as timeless as the classics.

Still, she didn’t say she wouldn’t watch it with her.

The day was a ton of fun for all four of them. All the rides and gift shops, fried food - even standing in lines, at least they were usually together and could chat with each other. Summer was even more relaxed now that they were so far past their difficult conversations, and Tai seemed to appreciate that everyone was getting along with everyone, even if he still had no inkling of why they hadn’t been before. He kept insisting on buying stuffed animals for Yang, who refused up until the very end of their day at the park, when she relented and let him burden her with a huge panda that would prove impossible to get back to New York.

Once back home, Yang could only make herself take her HRT dosage before she fell into Ruby’s bed and passed out. Her parents did the same. It was easy to do after so much exhausting fun.

It was in the early hours of the next morning, sunlight barely peeking in through the blinds, that Yang felt Ruby working on herself in the bed next to her. At first, she wasn’t aware of anything; only that she had awoken for no reason. Then the slight vibrations and the panting voice made her a little more aware.

Yang was tempted to say nothing; just to go back to sleep and forget the whole thing. Then, a little tempted to stay awake and enjoy the little show… but that seemed skeevy. Besides, she didn’t mind Ruby knowing she was awake or that she was starting to get turned on by hearing her.

“Having fun?” she whispered, feeling Ruby go completely still next to her. Then she rolled over to say, “I thought you didn’t do that.”

“I… hey,” Ruby breathed, clearly caught off guard. “Well… I thought I’d try it? Like, you’re so hot all the time, and… after trying humping you that time…”

Yang understood. Her lips pushed into Ruby’s cheek before she responded. “Don’t let me stop you.”

“You sure you don’t want to join me or something?”

“Nah. This is great.” She wanted Ruby to know it wasn’t just that she wasn’t angry, but that she liked hearing her moan, feeling her writhe.

“Sorry. Just woke up and h-had an itch to scratch.”

Grinning, she kissed Ruby’s cheek again as she listened and enjoyed. “Sounds like it. Enjoying yourself there?”

“Mmm, yeah.” Leaning over, she managed to catch Yang’s lips briefly, tangling with them and enjoying the contact as one of her arms under the blanket went to town. What else could Yang do but return the favour? It was easy enough to kiss her, to hold their bodies closer. “Ooh… is that you on my leg?”

“Maybe. But like I said, I’m good, I promise.”

“That’s… still crazy to me. Like, that sometimes it… gets hard, but you don’t want to do anything.” Then her lips turned to a smirk, barely visible in the near-darkness. “Like in the car.”

Even if Ruby couldn’t see her, she felt her cheeks heating up at the reminder. “I told you, it was
just the vibrations of the road — it had nothing to do with your mom’s feet on the dashboard. Okay?”

“You were looking,” Ruby snickered as her hips squirmed back and forth, brushing over Yang’s hardness with each pass in her direction. “Saw you.”

“Yeah, I was, but like… swear on a stack of Bibles that it was only because the sun kept shining on her nails.” At least, that was the reason she started looking. “I was hard because of the road. And… because you kept holding my hand.”

Snuggling just a little closer as she ramped up her speed, Ruby whispered, “Really? Just from that?”

“Yeah. Because, like… we were in public, with your parents, and sometimes…” Her voice lowered as she pressed her lips against Ruby’s ear, ignoring the way she shivered. “You kissed me on that roller coaster. What if your parents had come on it with us? What if it happened when that stupid Coaster-Cam was watching?”

“It turned you on that… I was acting less than sisterly while outside the house?” All Yang did was nod. “Mmm… it gives me a little thrill, too. But… I also just really… love doing that stuff with you!”

That caused Yang to feel something very different from arousal. She felt a rush of affection that had her kissing Ruby’s cheek, her lips, her chin. Anywhere she could easily reach. Ruby kept up her pace, slowly increasing it as Yang lavished her with affections. After a bit, she even began to slide her hand up and down Ruby’s stomach to help tease her along toward her finish.

And she did. Incredible as it was, that really was the first time she had brought herself to climax with her fingers, and she had chosen to do it next to her. Yang felt honoured, even though that was a weird thing to feel about something as mundane as masturbation.

“Oh my GOD,” Ruby breathed softly, relaxing into the bed as she shivered very slightly. Yang held her tighter to help her ride out the aftershocks. “That’s… what I’ve been missing out on, huh?”

“Guess so,” she snickered into her shoulder.

“Man… well… I dunno, I liked it, but I’m still not sure I’d be that into it without you here with me.”

Blinking and trying not to overreact, Yang smiled. “Really? Man, I didn’t realise I was so hot.”

“What are you, blind??” They both chuckled a little. “Ooh… oh, yeah, I think I’ll be able to sleep now. What about you, Miss Pokey Pants?”

“I’ll be able to sleep, too,” she snorted. “I told you, I can ignore it and it’ll go away. For a while, anyway.” Then she kissed Ruby’s soft cheek before she whispered, “Being around you seems to make it come back a lot more than usual.”

It seemed Ruby was learning, because this time, when her hand wandered down between their bodies, it merely brushed past the bump in her shorts and then rested on her hip.

“Well, if you change your mind, you know I’m always DTF.”

When Yang only snorted, she grinned and kissed her, and they both enjoyed a sweet moment of
Of course, the erection was back with a vengeance in the morning. Yang thought about going to town on herself while Ruby snoozed, but she felt less alright about that than Ruby did. So she got up and ran to her own room to grab some clean clothes, then went to the bathroom for a shower.

Only to find Summer waiting for her.

“O-oh!” she breathed, holding the clothes in front of her arousal. It had gone down a lot, but she still worried it would be visible if she let it hang out there.

“You really might want to be more careful,” the woman whispered, glancing behind her at Ruby’s door. “Tai still has no idea but he might get more suspicious if you keep sneaking in and out of her room.”

Cheeks already pinkening, she whispered, “Sorry. But like… we’re sisters, right? Isn’t it, like… a good thing that we’re hanging out together?”

“Hanging out together the way you are? I don’t think so.”

“We didn’t…” Clearing her throat, she tried again. “I swear, we still haven’t.”

Frowning, she patted Yang on the shoulder, which made her tense up. “It’s not that I don’t believe you. Hell, part of me hopes he does catch you, just so I don’t have to lie by omission. But I know that would hurt both him and you, and I don’t want that.”

“Neither do I. Mrs. R… Summer…” It still felt weird to call her “Summer”, as if they were just buddies, but she sure as hell couldn’t call her “Mom” after all they’d done. Trying Mrs. Anything just kept seeming forced.

However, calling her Summer seemed to make them both feel weird, as well, if the discomfited shiver was any indication. Squeezing her shoulder again, she whispered, “Have a good shower. I just wanted to… warn you, or give you something to think about. Whatever.”

“Thanks. For both things. Like… y-yeah, I kinda do need that shower now.”

“Hmm, I’ll bet. You’re holding those clothes pretty tightly in one specific spot.”

Caught. “What? I m-mean, um…”

“Do I really have that powerful of an effect on you?” But when Yang only gaped at her, she rolled her eyes and grinned. ‘I know, I know. It’s the morning, you have to pee.”

“O-oh,” Yang sighed in relief. That wasn’t the only reason for it but it was very true and a contributing factor. “Yeah, sorry. I thought I could get in there before anybody saw.”

Nodding even while she smirked, she muttered in a voice quiet enough that it wouldn’t carry downstairs, “And I’m guessing that there would be no waiting for it to go back down while you’re in bed with my daughter.” At Yang’s alarmed face, she added, “I understand. Maybe I don’t approve, but that doesn’t mean I’ll pretend like it doesn’t make sense from an objective standpoint. You like her, she likes you, and you find her attractive.”

“You do know that I really, really wish she wasn’t my half-sister, right?” Yang whispered urgently.
“Like, I mean that so much; I’d like her even if she was my twin, I can’t help it, but… I know it sucks that we’re related.”

Her semi-teasing, semi-matronly look vanished, replaced by a melancholy one. “I know, honey. I can tell from the way you treat her that she means the world to you, don’t worry.” Then she cupped her cheek for a minute. “And just because I tease you about liking me as well doesn’t mean I really think you’re a two-timer. I know this… awkwardness is purely physical. Because I remind you of Ruby; we really do look a lot alike. If I had a sister, you’d probably be the same way with her, too.”

“We don’t have any awkwardness,” Yang lied through her teeth. Not that it counted as one, since they both knew she was lying. Only trying to establish boundaries that they seemed to be so bad at.

“Really?” Yang didn’t answer, but merely stood there in defiance. After a second or two, Summer reached down and pushed into the bundle of clothes to feel the erection still present on the other side, causing Yang to gasp and flush. “Huh. Could fool me.”

“H-hey, I just really gotta pee!”

“I’m sure you do. Oh, and speaking of which - I owe you something.”

“What?” But then Summer’s foot was in her face. “Oh, GOD.”

“Go on. Don’t worry, it’s not really a big deal.” Yang was almost more distracted by how the woman could be so flexible as to raise her leg up that high. “I said I’d give you another opportunity for kisses, and I’m keeping my word. It’s completely up to you if you’re interested.”

“Well… if I do this, you’ll leave me alone?”

“Of course.”

So Yang did as she was being coaxed. Her lips briefly pressed into the bottoms of Summer’s toes, then began to make their way further down the sole. The woman’s hand stayed on her all the while, and even through the multiple layers of clothing, it was still highly erotic due to knowing that they shouldn’t be doing something like that. It took a lot of effort not to roll her hips into the touch.

But she didn’t tease Yang further; at least, not like that. The leg lowered after a minute and she patted Yang’s cheek, whispering, “Good girl. Were those good kisses?”

“Yeah,” she sighed, knowing she was redder than cherry Jell-O by now.

“Glad to hear it. Take care of that in there, then come down to breakfast.”

“Yes, ma’am.” When Summer drew back to blink at her, she ducked her head. “That felt weird to say about this… I promise I wasn’t trying to, like, make it dirty!”

“I know,” Summer sighed, running a hand through her hair as she turned and went downstairs, shaking her head just a little. Probably at both of them, not just Yang.

About halfway through her shower, there came a brief series of knocks. For one wild, terrifying moment, Yang really did worry that Summer had changed her mind about trying to keep things
platonic. The worst part was, she hadn’t even “taken care of it” yet because she was too busy with the actual washing part. Plus, she was still hoping she could simply let it fade. No luck so far, but she could keep hope alive.

“Hello?” she finally asked, figuring it would be faster than just waiting for someone to pounce.

“Hey, sweetheart,” her dad said as the door clicked open — and her stomach sank. The last person she wanted to talk to while she was in that condition! “Just wondered how it’s coming in there; seems like both my girls are so lazy this morning!”

Desperately trying to cover herself, even though the shower curtain was in the way, Yang said, “Well, u-um, I’m doing fine, Dad! Just… y’know, doing the shower thing!” As soon as she said it, she winced; it sounded so stupid.

“Alright,” he chuckled a little. She heard a thump, which was probably him catching his hand on the door when he had been about to leave. “Oh, one more thing.”

“What?!” she burst out in sheer frustration. Of course, there was no point in shoving her erection downward because it would only make it worse, but she kept doing it, anyway.

“Easy, tiger! Just wanted to ask if you’d still want to take your old man in a game of pool sometime? Maybe later tonight. I don’t have a table here at the house, but there’s a bar-”

“Y-yeah, sure, Dad. But I’m, uh, kind of in the middle of something?”

There was a pause. Yang felt terrible, because he wasn’t really doing anything wrong that he knew of, but he was still being a little intrusive. After a second, he said, “Sure, my bad. See you downstairs; Belgian waffles today.”

“Sounds great! I’ll hurry, I promise!”

“Okie-dokie!”

Once he was gone, Yang had to spend a few minutes trying to shoehorn out the creepy-crawly feeling of acknowledging that she had basically been at full-mast while talking to her father, even if she didn’t want to be. Then she was able to finish her shower and get out. Maybe she couldn’t jerk off after that, but it did help to kill her boner once and for all.

At the breakfast table, the subject of her interrupted shower eventually came up, and Summer fixed her husband with a glare.

“Tai…”

“What? What did I do?” he said with a shrug.

“She’s a young woman now, you can’t just barge in on her like that!” The look of apology she cast over toward Yang clearly communicated to her that she remembered why it was extra awkward for her husband to bust in on her that morning. Yang tried to be very interested in her plate for a minute.

“So? I do that to Rubes all the time and she doesn’t care, as long as I knock first.”

Squirming a little, Ruby tried to hide behind her orange juice as she said, “Actually…” When Tai blinked over at her, shocked that she hadn’t agreed with him, she ducked her head even lower. “Sorry! But yeah, it’s kinda weird now, Dad! Can’t you just talk to me through the door?”
“Sorry,” Yang said preemptively when she saw how crushed he looked. “Like, I, um… yeah, what Ruby said, talk through the door. No big deal, right?”

Mollified enough to shrug and go back to his waffles, he said, “Fine, fine. I know where I’m not wanted, and I guess that’s in my daughters’ lives.” Which of course, earned him a few groans and even a light shove from his wife, to which he responded with, “No, no, it’s too late! I’m running away from home!”

“If you can joke about it, you must be fine,” Summer laughed. His attempted look of surliness only made all three women giggle.

After breakfast, Ruby and Yang did the dishes and their dad continued talking about the bar he wanted to take Yang to and shoot some pool. It was true that they didn’t have a lot of father/daughter time since she got there, and Yang both felt guilty for not thinking about it before then, and for her first thought being, “I would rather spend more time with Ruby.” Still, she truly did want to go, and so she made no complaints.

“Are you sure I can come into this bar?” she asked awkwardly as they walked into Junior’s.

“Sure, you’re with me. Hey, Geoff!” The mustached man waved from behind the bar. “Of course, I can’t let you order a beer or anything, but you can have… what, a lemonade?”

Rolling her eyes, she said, “Can we put a shot of cranberry in it and one of those cute little umbrellas, at least?” At his suspicious look, she added, “What? I at least want to feel like I’m having a drink.”

“Where did you learn about shots of cranberry?”

Yang had no answer that wouldn’t incriminate her, so she declined not to give one at all.

After they had their drinks, claimed a table and racked up the balls, Taiyang lined up the white cue with the others. Then, with a slight glance over at his daughter, he said, “Hey. Uh… I wanted to thank you for something.”

“Huh?” she said as he took his shot. “What, Dad?”

“For being so great with Ruby. I, uh…” His laugh was a little self-conscious as he handed the stick off to her. “Well, I know you’re a big girl now, but I couldn’t help remembering how you two were when you were little.”

Ducking her head, she grinned ruefully. “Yeah, me too. I promised myself before I came here that I’d do better. If she’d let me, anyway.”

“That’s great, sweetheart. I knew you would. Just… I mean, I guess I’m surprised that it’s going as well as it is.”

As she bent over the table, she forced herself to focus and aim her shot. “What do you mean?”

“You know. All that time you’ve been spending together; it’s like you’re joined at the hip. I was hoping for, well, maybe some good conversations around the dinner table, but this is like… best case scenario! I’m thrilled.”

“Y-yeah,” she said with a slight smile as she drew back. She made her shot, but didn’t get any balls in, so she handed the stick back to her father. “You don’t have to thank me for that. I just… I really like Ruby. She’s great, and…” How could she keep going without saying too much?
“And what?” he asked as he lined up his own shot.

“And… it’s like I found a matching piece of me.” That was worse than what she planned on saying. “Y-you and Summer, too; I don’t know what I thought I’d find out here, but like… I didn’t expect it to be this big.”

As he handed off the stick, he narrowed his eyes at her in slight confusion. “Big? What’s that mean? Like I gained weight or something?”

“No, no,” she giggled as she went around to the corner of the table. “Just… yeah, I’m really happy, getting to know everybody. Um…” She might as well provide some truths. “Had kind of a weird moment with Summer when I walked in on her sunbathing, but we pretty much got past-”

“Whoa, whoa - when did that happen? Wait… okay, now I get why you two were acting so weird.” He pointed the neck of his beer bottle at her. “Just don’t forget she’s my wife.”

The sad part was that he thought he was being funny. Still, Yang had gotten past her weird discomfort just far enough that she could laugh at the joke, even though she was flushing a little bit.

“Y-yeah, Dad, I think that’s a pretty hard thing to forget. But like… I mean, she looks good, I can say that much.”

“HEY!” They both laughed and he shook his head. “Wow, this is just… it’s funny.”

“What’s funny?”

“I don’t know.” Shaking his head, he took the stick back from her and set his bottle down. “I read a lot of things when you… y’know, came out to me. About the whole thing.”

“Yeah, ‘the whole thing’. What a thing it is.”

Rolling his eyes, he leaned down and took aim at the little white ball. “Anyway… they all told me to let go of everything I knew about my kid. To start fresh, so that I wouldn’t be a…” He shrugged to show he couldn’t quite come up with what he meant. “Anyway, it’s funny that I still see pieces of who I knew before in… who you are now. That’s all.”

Yang felt a strange sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. Like she wanted to cry, but also wanted to throw up. But she knew it was just one of those rough patches along the way during her transition that had to be visited.

“Dad… it’s still me. I’m still your kid. This is who I always was, I just… didn’t figure it all out back then. But I’m not some kind of pod person who took over your son’s body, okay? This is me. I was always a daughter.”

“I know that,” he sighed as he stood back up, offering her the stick. She took it, but he didn’t let go, locking them together very briefly. His other hand raised up to tap at his temple. “Knew it up here, from what I read. Just couldn’t quite… believe it. And all the books…”

Pulling him into a hug, she could feel the discomfort in his posture. She knew that he was still not entirely okay with her transition, but he was trying as hard as he could. That counted for literally everything.

“I love you, Dad. And I know you love me. God, sometimes I do kinda wish I wasn’t this way, that I didn’t put you through this…”
“No, honey, no.” Pounding her on the back, he whispered, “I know I lost a son. That’s… yeah, it’s how the books told me to think of it. It’s easier than trying to figure out ‘why’s my son doing this’, and other shit like that. More fair to you to just… think of it as gaining a brand new daughter who used to know my son, kind of.”

“You did. You got me; I’m not going anywhere.” Then she pulled back to kiss his cheek, to which he rolled his eyes. “What? Oh, you’re too big and manly to get a kiss from your ‘new daughter’?”

“I’m working on it, working on it.” Then he released the stick so Yang could shoot him a wide grin as she walked around the table. “There’s one good thing about all this.”

“What’s that?”

“One woman in my family who won’t make me listen to stuff about period cramps and tampons.”

Letting out a blast of laughter, she said, “Oh yeah? I mean, true, but I could probably do a lot worse to you. I mean, want the make and model of my implants when I get ‘em? Cup size? And that’s not even getting into the horrors of bottom surgery…”

His groan was reward enough that she didn’t even mind laughing so hard that she missed her next shot.

Chapter End Notes

So I know this one barely had anything to do with Enabler, but I wanted to at least throw in one chap of Yang reconnecting with her dad. The Rose-Xiao Long women spend so much time running around behind his back in this fic that I felt bad for him. Don’t worry, next chap is a little smuttier!
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Ruby really puts Yang to the test.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: Enabler: foot-teasing, foot worship.
July: Lap-sitting.

Chapter 16

A few more days went past in a dream. Finally, everything seemed to be okay. Even though this trip had gone a lot differently than she had been expecting, Yang couldn’t deny she was having the time of her life.

The half-sisters kept teasing each other at every given chance, when neither parent was looking. She was actually really glad Ruby didn’t do it in front of her mother, despite her knowing about it; the whole thing was too awkward. Aside from a more innocent moment or two, that didn’t keep happening. Summer turned a purposeful blind eye, and Tai was just happy to have his whole family getting along, so he never complained or questioned anything. Though he did bring up the sunbathing debacle, which made Yang have to hastily cover up some of the other details that she hadn’t told her father before Summer gave them away.

They also went to the beach again, and essentially behaved more like lovers than sisters the more time they had to themselves outside of their parents’ watchful eyes. They fed each other fresh fruit as they laid on their beach towels, poked the exposed patches of skin, kissed and cuddled. They did get a few disapproving looks from other beachgoers, but that was because they were two girls. Yang could handle that if they got more vocal or confrontational, and she was sure Ruby could, as well. Luckily, they never did.

It was Wednesday afternoon and the girls had decided to take things easy for the day. The TV was on to an anime Ruby had been hoping to show her sister, one with a lot of magical transformations and explosions, and Yang was trying her best to keep up with the plot. Of course, this was made a lot more difficult with Ruby’s feet in her lap, purposefully kneading.

“Don’t make me push you off this couch,” Yang finally grunted as she took a swig of her soda.

“All you gotta do is say ‘stop,’” she snorted. “But you won’t. You love it.” Not that Yang could deny it, since her body was responding. She could have tried to point out that it would be the same story if it was Ruby’s hand, or butt, or anything at all. What good would it do when Ruby would just insist that her feet made it happen faster, because of her “thing” that she didn’t want to admit to having?

So instead, she simply petted down along her side. She wanted to get to her back but that was
impossible with the way Ruby was sitting. Then she petted her thigh.

“Yang, we’re in the living room,” she teased in a whisper. They both grinned, knowing that was as far as they would go anyway.

“Shush.” She leaned down and kissed her knee. “But I mean, if you really wanna take this upstairs…”

The way Ruby bit her lip should have been outlawed. Really, the way both of them were behaving around each other technically was outlawed in many states. Summer had been right to yell at them about that part. Still, Yang knew that they were doing nothing wrong. This was true love. How could loving each other the way they did, with complete and utter care for the other person, be wrong?

When Summer entered from the porch to head for the bathroom, she only paused very briefly to glance at them, roll her eyes, and keep walking. Yang and Ruby exchanged a glance and giggled.

“It’s like… we should feel bad, but I don’t,” the younger sister whispered. “Since she knows and isn’t doing anything about it. Right?”

“Yeah. I mean, if I could go back and keep her from figuring it out, I probably would, but this is alright. It makes me feel like less of a creep.”

Finally, Ruby swung her legs off the couch and grabbed Yang’s face between her hands. “Hey. You’re not a creep. You’re my girlfriend, okay? And that’s right where I want you.” When Yang melted into the touch and smiled a little, Ruby leaned in and kissed her nose. “I’m really happy we’re together.”

“Me, too.”

When they heard the door click open, they released and went back to sitting idly. There was no reason they should rub it in Summer’s face if they didn’t have to. The woman paused in the living room, glanced at the two of them, then picked up one of the throw pillows and tossed it gently into Yang’s lap.

“Might not want to let that stick up that way.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Yang half-teased, prompting Summer to purse her lips. “Why, you gonna sit on it if I do?”

While both Summer and Ruby were sputtering in mild shock, Yang started to giggle. Ruby finally poked her in the ribs as a mild rebuke, and she giggled even more and poked her right back.

However, Summer had thought of a worse punishment. She did as Yang asked.

“Wha- HEY!” the blonde burst out as the weight settled onto her lap, wondering where the pillow had disappeared to. Apparently, Ruby’s mother was pretty stealthy. “What are you doing?!”

“Sitting on it,” she said, not even acting the slightest bit ruffled.

“Mom, cut that out!” Ruby hissed, looking highly disturbed and pulling weakly at her mother’s arm. “Only I get to do that with her!”

Of course, Summer only shifted her hips from side to side. Why did it have to feel so damn good? Yang wanted to yell at her or push her into the floor, but she was too busy swallowing back a groan
of pleasure. “Mmm, you must really like my daughter’s feet if they got you this hard.”

“MOM!”

“M-Mrs. Rose, um… I want you to get off.” That was a bad choice of words, and Summer actually did look a little surprised when she craned her neck back to look at her. “Of me! Get off of me!”

“All right,” she chuckled as she stood up. But Ruby was looking between the two of them, eyes narrowed suspiciously. In fact, Yang would have found the expression pretty comical if not for the horrible situation she was putting up with.

“Mom… you are just kidding around, right?”

The elder Rose looked the vaguest bit offended. “Of course, Ruby. You shouldn’t even have to ask that.”

“Then why do you keep teasing Yang? Like… in that way.” Folding her arms over her chest, she admitted in a quieter whisper, “It’s kinda gross.”

“It’s… a coping mechanism.”

“Huh?”

As she sighed, she sat back down on Yang’s thigh. At least this time, she wasn’t literally straddling her, but Yang still let out an “UGH!” that was soundly ignored.

“Because I’m still very angry at the two of you, yet I know that I don’t have much reason to be. What you’re doing isn’t right, but you’re definitely not hurting each other. So instead of snapping at you or… or trying to send anyone off to those terrible conversion camps, I’m being a little mean to Yang. I guess.”

“It’s okay, Ruby,” Yang told her when Ruby didn’t look convinced. She tried to communicate with her eyes that they should be grateful this was the worst her mom was doing, considering she was keeping it a secret that the two half-sisters were doing things no close relatives should ever do.

“No, it’s not,” Ruby said, ignoring the look. “Mom… you make her super uncomfortable with that.”

“I know,” she told Ruby without any hesitation. Yang flinched beside her. “That’s what she’s going to have to put up with for a little while. All choices have consequences. If the thinks this is mean, she should definitely never want to find out what I would do if she broke up with you after this.”

Gulping, Yang reached out blindly to take Ruby’s hand. Once Ruby had caught it up, a little uncertain of why, she said, “I’m not going to. And if we do break up… it’s gonna be because we figure out it’s not what we want. Together. But I’m never running off and leaving her or anything like that. I swear.”

“You can’t threaten to do that just because of me,” Ruby countered. She did look grateful for the words, but was too focused on telling her mom to stop winding her girlfriend up. “It wasn’t okay that morning, and it wouldn’t be okay now.”

“What?” After a moment, Summer caught on and closed her eyes. “OH. Oh, no, no. I didn’t mean… I meant if she hurt you, that I would probably tell your father. Or… maybe shrink all of her clothing in the wash. Something petty like that. Don’t worry, I’ve definitely learned my lesson.
And I’m sorry I ever tried to do that.”

As Yang tried not to grind up against one of Summer’s hips, she whispered, “Then why are you sitting on me?”

“You really think this is the worst I can do? You have a terrible short-term memory.”

“Alright,” she grunted with a roll of her eyes. One particular shift of her hips did prompt a tiny moan. “S-so yeah, that was way worse.”

“Um…” Ruby shrugged, squeezing Yang’s hand a little. “Do you… want me to leave? So you and Mom… I know what I’m saying sounds crazy, and you’re probably going to think I’m dumb-”

“No, Ruby,” Summer sighed as she got up again, dusting off her thighs as if they got dust on them instead of that they pushed up against her step-daughter’s erection. “You aren’t dumb. I guess…” But she couldn’t continue.

“You like my D?” Yang said. But she wasn’t teasing. Summer didn’t answer, and to spare her from having to try, she went on, “It’s cool. I mean, I already said I liked what I saw on the porch; just because I’m committed to Ruby doesn’t mean I stop noticing anybody else. Just, like… I’m never leaving her for you. That’s all. So you can say you like my D without it meaning we have to do anything about it, or that I’ll think you want to.”

While Ruby was smiling sweetly, reassured by Yang saying she wouldn’t leave, Summer was throwing up her hands and walking toward the porch. “Impossible. This whole thing is impossible, and I’m impossible, too.”

Once she was gone, Ruby reached up to flick Yang’s bicep. When she winced, she leaned in to whisper, “Stop thinking about my mom. Think about me instead.”

“Oh,” Yang sighed, shaking her head out. That was easier said than done… but having Ruby so close by, looking adorable and not trying to kill her over this, helped a lot.

“But, like… if you do think about her a little, I get it. After all that?” Her lip curled for a second as she pushed through a wave of nausea. “Okay, so I don’t get it when it comes to her, but in general it makes sense. You saw her in her birthday suit, she sat on you. Let you kiss her mom-foot.”

“It’s not the foot!” Yang burst out in exasperation. “Seriously, GOD!”

“Are you suuuuure?” When she only glared, Ruby giggled. Then she came over a little thoughtful. After a few seconds of silence, Yang started glaring at her.

“What are you plotting?”

“Nothing. Well… not nothing but nothing bad.” She bit her lip for a minute, then leaned up to whisper, “Can… we try something? Just for curiosity’s sake.”

“I don’t know…” Then when she had a foot in her face a whole three seconds later, she was saying in a firm voice, “Nope. Whatever this is, I don’t wanna try it.”

“Just… please? I really wanna know if…”

“I don’t. Like, I’ve gone my whole life up until this point without a fetish, and I’m not all about signing up for one now. Okay?” But the instant Ruby frowned and began to lower her leg, she knew she was going to probably give in. “Alright… let’s hear it; what was it you wanted me to
Looking a little excited, she hissed, “All I want is for you to try. Like, some kissing and stuff, but pretend that you don’t care that it’s ‘weird’, that everything you’re doing is totally normal. You know? For this one time, you can act like it doesn’t matter and just do whatever you want with no judgment. Just to see how you like it for real, without all that… all that…”

“All that whining I’m doing,” Yang muttered quietly under her breath. She saw Ruby open her mouth to protest but she held up a hand. “Nah, you’re right, I’ve been whining. It’s… I do think your toes are cute, but I don’t know about that way… this is just something I never thought about.”

“Until now. And I want you to try mine before my mom gets you to try hers.”

“RUBY!”

“I’m serious!” she half-laughed, though her eyes were still a little narrowed. “Not that I’m competing with her or whatever, but I’m kinda worried she’ll keep ‘teasing’ you—” she even did the airquotes “—and she’ll catch you at just the wrong time, and you’ll wanna give her your foot-virginity!”

“Alright, hey - I’m not gonna do any of this if you keep combining ‘foot’ with other random words! Like, god, WHY?!” But the foot was raising back up to her face. “Okay. I’ll do it for… what, thirty seconds?”

Rolling her eyes, Ruby pushed it a little more insistently. “Five minutes. And if you really hate it, you never have to do anything like that again. Well… footrubs, but that’s different.”

“That is different, yeah,” Yang snorted. “But five whole minutes? That’s a long time for… for this stupidity.”

“It’s not stupid,” Ruby protested as she got out her phone. “I’m even gonna time it. Like, then we can both know you really gave it a shot. Ready?”

“Yeah.” Ruby was still tapping away. “Are you?”

“Just… a sec… okay.” She glanced up at Yang’s face. “On three. One, two… three.”

Then she tapped the screen, and simultaneously ground her toes up against Yang’s face. Her first instinct was still to shove her leg away and yell at her, but she had to suppress that one for now. After all, if she could just make it through the next five minutes and then tell Ruby that she hated it, she wouldn’t have to ever hear about this again.

Maybe. Ruby could forget, or could see some other sign of this imaginary fetish and insist they do another test… but then again, Ruby wasn’t the kind to break a promise. If she said she would stop nagging her about it, then maybe she really would. Already, she wasn’t teasing her about it nearly as much as before now that she knew it made Yang a little squeamish. Maybe this was the best compromise she could hope for.

“Um… I’m gonna have to start it over if you don’t do something,” Ruby whispered.

“Alright, alright. Don’t be a butt.”

Not knowing what else to do, she started kissing along the sole. It didn’t feel like she was doing much of consequence; did people really go around doing this? Kissing feet for no reason? The skin
was soft, but a little more resilient from everyday wear and tear. Not as much as before their “spa
day”, which made her feet softer and more supple, but obviously walking on them would make that
skin sturdier than on the top.

The longer it went on, the easier it was to let herself relax into the motions. Maybe she wasn’t
exactly enjoying this whole ordeal, but it wasn’t that bad, really. In a way, she supposed it was
sweet. The way the toes twitched when she kissed was the most adorable part.

And then there was Ruby’s expression. At first, she had been equally bemused and curious. By the
time the first minute was over with, nothing was in her eyes except for affection. She wasn’t
speaking or goading her physically. Just letting it happen.

Then she pushed that one down and kissed the tops of the toes instead, and she heard a slight hum
of appreciation from her girlfriend. She made sure to kiss each individual nail; they were still
glittering and red. Down along the blade, onto her ankle. Ruby wasn’t moving anymore, other than
to twitch and to sigh when the lips drifted around the other side to her instep, kneading gently and
summoning a tiny giggle. Apparently, it did still tickle a bit, even when she wasn’t trying to tickle
her.

“Two more minutes,” Ruby told her. Clearly, she was trying to be fair, even though she could have
lied and said there was much more than that left.

Deciding that she might as well even things out, Yang put down Ruby’s left foot and picked up the
right, giving it the same treatment. After all, it was only fair; this way, she could say that she had
fully explored this bizarre kink and never hear about it again. Even if she had to admit it wasn’t
nearly as bizarre as she had first thought; it was only skin. Like kissing her hands, or her neck.
Except…

Ruby’s reactions. Maybe she wasn’t trying to react that much, just to be silent and let Yang
explore, but clearly this was doing more for her than she had expected. When she wasn’t forcing
down laughter from a touch that was too light, she was sighing and squirming, biting her lip.
Actually enjoying herself.

“One minute.”

Each kiss was beginning to be longer, and she heard little sighs falling from her own lips as she did
so. Even the smell didn’t bother her anymore; it had been mostly lotion. Ruby was quite clean.
And hearing her girlfriend sigh helped her enjoy this. Want to try more.

“Thirty seconds.”

What was the matter with her? Going for broke, Yang found she was wrapping her lips around two
of Ruby’s middle toes, swirling her tongue around the tiny digits. How could anything feel so
weird and yet not feel weird at the same time? Perhaps the weirdest part was their squirming, and
even that was fine once she got used to it. After all, who wouldn’t wiggle their toes if they were
being sucked on?

“T-time!” Ruby panted, snapping Yang out of her trance. She sat back, blinking down at the
moistened toes she had just been nibbling. What had come over her?

“Sorry, I don’t… well, I mean, I guess I just wanted to do it right if I had to, but I wasn’t…”

But Ruby was pushing her toes against Yang’s mouth again. This time, it was just to silence her,
not to tease. “It’s okay. That was pretty different, huh?” Yang nodded. “Yeah. I won’t tease you
about that again, because it was kind of nice.”

“Right?!” she burst out, shoving her leg aside so she could scoot closer. “Like it shouldn’t be, but you seemed pretty sensitive there, and… I don’t know!” Feeling her own face heating up, only now that they were discussing it, she whispered, “Does this make me a freak? For not hating it?”

“No, no! I mean… If anything, I’m kind of one for pushing you to do it so much, I think.” Then she added in a whisper, “And… liking it.”

“You did?” Then she thought better of her question. “I mean, you did. I could tell, but like, that’s not as weird as me doing it in the first place.”

Shaking her head, she leaned up to kiss Yang’s cheek. “Maybe we should stop using the word ‘weird’ since we were both a little into it. I don’t judge you, and you don’t judge me.” Then they leaned their foreheads together as she whispered, “But I was right.”

That made Yang purse her lips for a minute. “You gonna keep giving me hell for that?”

“Nah. I feel bad for like, that time me and Mom did it to you at the same time. Like… it was funny, but it’s not-”

“Don’t worry about it,” Yang headed her off, trying to blot out that thought. Mostly because she was afraid she’d enjoy the memory that much more now. “You were kidding around. Glad you stopped, though, because I was starting to like it.”

Ruby pulled away to narrow her eyes at her half-sister. “We’re already talking about fetishes so I’m gonna give you a pass, instead of accusing you of wanting a threesome with both of us.”

“And yet you said it!” Yang scoffed, poking Ruby in the ribs. She giggled and stuck out her tongue. “Wow… we’re really fucked up.”

“Nah.”

“I’m sucking on your toes and trying not to think about your mom giving me a boner by sitting on me. What part of that is normal?”

Looking down toward her foot hanging off the couch, she twitched it back and forth a little as she answered. “I dunno. What the hell is ‘normal’, anyway? Just a word. Totally overrated one, too.”

“I guess.” Then she smirked and sat back, pushing her own foot into Ruby’s face. “Your turn.”

“What?!?” Her silver eyes went wide as she tried to push it off. “No WAY, you’ve been walking around the house all morning!”

“So have you! What’s the difference?”

Squirming, she tried not to let it land on her mouth. “I’m not the one with a thing, that’s the difference! No, get it OFF ME!”
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

More than one shower for the sisters.

Chapter Notes

[As always; chapter warnings contain spoilers!]
THIS CHAPTER: blowjob, watersports (golden showers), anal fingering, analingus, masturbation, dirty talk, prostate-prodding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 17

Much to Yang’s disappointment, Ruby didn’t find it necessary to take her own turn. She compromised by giving Yang a foot massage, and Yang tried not to groan too loudly while she did. She also tried to ignore the “problem” that had been sat on by her mother, and only somewhat succeeded. Not that her half-sister was any help.

So eventually they gave into temptation and took things into the bathroom for a quick release. Ruby’s hands and mouth were enough, and Yang tried not to moan loud enough to be heard over the exhaust fan. It really was incredible how much she seemed to enjoy tasting her essence. Did most girls like that? From what she heard, they definitely did not; blowjobs were something they did out of obligation, and while they might relish being able to give their significant others pleasure, the taste was just something they put up with. Ruby was the outlier, not the norm.

But as usual, when she asked to get her back, Ruby declined with a smile on her face. She really just wasn’t as excited about receiving pleasure as she was giving it. Yang asked about that once they were back on the couch.

“I know it’s pretty weird,” Ruby agreed. “But… it’s not that I don’t want you doing it, obviously. Since I grinded against you that time.”

“Good time,” Yang sighed, and they both smiled. “And I guess I kinda get it. As long as you’re sure it’s not, like… that you don’t want it to be me.”

The shorter girl snuggled closer to her. “Of course I do. Literally, I don’t want anybody else touching me there, ever! And you… well, maybe. Guess I’m just shy.”

But that didn’t seem like the whole story. However, Yang felt guilty for having pushed as much as she did, so she definitely didn’t want to push any further.

So they left things there and continued on with their day. The next time they saw Summer, she was a lot better behaved, simply sitting and chatting with the girls about small things. As an apology for the whole situation, she decided to take them all out shopping, and they had a great time trying
on various clothes, coveting handbags they couldn’t afford (Ruby didn’t care as much as the other two but she still could ooh and ahh over the designs), and generally burying some of the lingering weirdness. Though she still never did go back to treating Yang like a second daughter, neither did she keep almost-flirting with her, which was a huge relief.

Ruby also bought a few more pairs of nice-looking sandals while they were out, continuously asking Yang how she looked in them. She tried not to blush too much, and Summer was kind enough not to comment.

Dinner that night was Thai food, which Yang had never tried very many times given that she already got so many friends pushing Chinese food on her already. They all liked it, especially the orangey tea that came with it. After that, they finally got around to watching Frozen and the two couples cuddled, even if the dad didn’t quite realise that was what was going on.

The next day, Ruby slipped into Yang’s shower again with a unique request.

“I’m not gonna pee on you,” she answered immediately in a flat tone.

“Come on, please? Just try it once?”

Yang tried to keep washing herself, despite how hard she was already getting from the naked Ruby on her knees. “N-no! Seriously, that’s fucking gross, even for us!”

“It’s not really that gross,” she protested, petting up and down Yang’s legs as she massaged shampoo into her hair. “I mean, we’re already in the shower, and pee is sterile; I can just wash it off right after.”

“Well… maybe I don’t have to pee right now.” She wasn’t being entirely truthful; she did have to pee, mostly because the growing erection was starting to press on her bladder. But it was at least hypothetically true.

“Please, just one time? If I don’t like it or you’re too freaked out, we never have to do it again.”

Rolling her eyes, she burst out, “What is it with you trying things ‘just one time’ that most people would never try in a million years?!”

“I’m curious,” she pouted.

“Why? Why are you curious about this of all things?!”

Ears growing a little redder, Ruby averted her eyes before answering. “Well… okay, I read this fanfic last night…”

“You can stop there,” she sighed as she leaned back to rinse away her shampoo. Once she was done and Ruby was still kneeling in front of her, she grunted, “Fine. One time and that’s it, but I want you to remember that I don’t really wanna do this. I’m only agreeing because like you said, it’s not gonna hurt anything.”

“YAY!” she burst out, clapping her hands. “Just don’t get it in my mouth if you can help it; like… I’m not that curious.”

“Oh, yeah, sure. Totally normal now.” She felt a finger poke her thigh in mild rebuke, and she
grinned. “Alright. Um… where… do you want… GOD this is weird.”

The kneeling woman shrugged, turning her face up. “Wherever. I just wanna try it, see how I feel. It sounds pretty kinky.”

“If you say so.”

As Yang took aim, she started to wonder if this was going to be their lives. Trying increasingly “kinky” things that Ruby read about online. When would the whips and chains come into play? Never, if she had anything to say about it… but Ruby seemed to be capable of getting her to try anything once.

When she loosed the stream of pale yellow liquid onto her half-sister’s face, Ruby let out a half-sigh, half-moan that made Yang have to push down a little on her length to keep it splashing onto her instead of shooting up and over. It was bad enough she had to pee like this most mornings, let alone doing it now! Not having any better idea, she more or less guided the stream all over her face, then onto her head, then barely managed to point it low enough to splash across her chest and shoulders. The whole experience was pretty bizarre for Yang, and by the time she ran dry, she was blushing and feeling a little ill.

And Ruby looked to be about the same. When she stood up, Yang immediately moved out of the way so she could rinse herself off. Only when she was done did she turn back to speak.

“That… was… AWESOME! I mean, I don’t really know if I wanna do it again, but like, watching your dick whizz all over me like that?! It was so warm and it stank but not like, in a bad way! And I didn’t know where you were gonna pee on me next, and… I don’t know!”

“Um… okay,” Yang chuckled anxiously. “I’m glad you didn’t hate it, I guess?”

Once she had started soaping up, she smiled over at Yang. “Okay, okay, I get it. You’re not into that one.”

“Nah. Like… it was a little hot because of your expression, but I just don’t like the idea of treating you like that, I guess. Like you’re…”

“Beneath you?”

“Yeah. It doesn’t make me feel good. I’d rather do stuff that’s more… equal, I guess? Is that weird?”

Immediately, she put the loofah down and reached up to hold Yang’s arms, silver eyes looking into her own earnestly. “We don’t have to do it again. I get it; you wanna treat me right, and to you, peeing on me is bad. But I don’t feel, like… hurt, or disrespected, or anything like that. Okay?”

Nodding, she leaned her head against Ruby’s. Now she felt bad, since Ruby had clearly really enjoyed this experiment even if Yang did not. “I know all that. Just… still weird and new. But it’s all me; you didn’t do anything wrong. Maybe after I have more time…?”

“Nah, I get it. Put that one aside. It’s kinda sweet in a way.” They shared a brief kiss to dispel their weird feelings. “Now, you mind washing my back?”

Of course, when she turned around so Yang could do that, she wiggled her butt at her and angled it back to push against Yang’s erection. Again. Maybe she hadn’t liked peeing on her, but it was still erotic to be in a shower with the girl who drove her crazy; even feeling weird about the golden shower wasn’t enough to make that go away.
As Yang picked up the loofah, she whispered, “Before you ask, yes, I still like your butt.”

“Didn’t have to ask,” she giggled. Then she sighed as she felt the gentle motions of the soapy sponge. “Mm… I could just stay like this forever.”

It didn’t take long for her to finish her back. Then she moved aside a little so she could begin washing over said butt. Ruby seemed completely at peace with it, arching her back and standing on tiptoe so she could have an easier time reaching everywhere. Should she? Deciding she might as well, she began to push the loofah between the soft cheeks.

“O-oh,” Ruby breathed, a little surprised but not protesting. One of her hands came up to brace against the wall. As Yang’s fingers pushed into the sensitive skin through the plastic threads of the shower sponge, she began to groan a little.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” she whispered. “Um… it’s kinda… nice, but the loofah doesn’t feel good there. Like, it’s too rough.”

She had to chuckle, “It’s supposed to be rough, to get you clean.”

“R-right, but can you… use your fingers instead?”

“What?” Her hand movements stilled. “Use them… to wash your ass, or something else?”

“Just that.” Seemed Ruby was still a little “shy” about being touched in that other area. Yet the way she was flexing her cheeks was telling Yang that she didn’t mind what they were doing at present. To show her that was okay, she leaned in to kiss her shoulder.

“Okay.”

When Yang hung the loofah up and moved her soapy fingers back to Ruby’s crack, she felt the cheeks were a little more tensed than before. Another kiss on her shoulder and they loosened, and she was able to slide her middle finger in there.

“A-ah!” Ruby breathed, shuddering to feel the tightly-clenched opening teased. The harder Yang rubbed, the more she pushed her hips backward for more. Though she never would have expected it, Ruby liked this. Even though she wasn’t ready for anything to be happening around the front, apparently her uncertainty had left the back door unlocked.

More and more, Yang ground her fingertip against the pucker, and she could feel it flexing and pulsing. Her free hand moved around to hold Ruby’s stomach as she teased and prodded. When she felt it begin to give a little, she leaned a little forward so Ruby could hear her whispering.

“Still good?”

“I… y-yeah,” she admitted. Then she spasmed, dipping her head slightly as she braced against the wall. “D-don’t worry, I’m fine!”

So little by little, Yang felt her fingertip being taken in by the ring of muscle. She had never done this before, and had no reason to believe she was doing it properly now, but Ruby didn’t seem to be hating any of it. Her hips twisted in futile attempts to disperse the feelings that were so unusual for her, but it was definitely a reflex action rather than a conscious one.

“Y-you really do like my butt,” Ruby half-laughed, half-panted when she felt one of her cheeks
being poked.

“Yeah.” What was the point in denying it? Anybody lucky enough to do this for Ruby would be enjoying it the way she was. “And you really like it in the butt.”

There was a clenching around her finger as Ruby whispered, “Shut up!” But she wasn’t stopping her or denying the truth. As her fingertip began to sink in past the tip, she let out a noise a little more like a whine. “Yang! It’s… so weird, it’s really going in!”

Truer words were never spoken. Yang was definitely going in there, and she was definitely in agreement that it was weird. A knuckle slipped past the clenching muscles and Ruby gasped again, and Yang felt herself throb. Why was this such a turn-on? Well, there was obviously the part where she was allowed to slip any part of herself into Ruby’s body, which was always arousing no matter what or where. But for some reason, there was such a taboo about that part of the human anatomy. Sort of like with feet or peeing; dirty parts, ones that were “bad” to think of sexually. Were they just irredeemable perverts?

In no time at all, Yang’s finger was all the way in. Ruby’s face was completely red but she was taking it like a champ, pushing her hips back against the hand once awhile. The more they worked at it, the more Ruby seemed to be okay with the fact that…

“I’m fingering your butt,” Yang breathed. Her half-sister shivered, but made no comment. “Um… do you like it? I’ve never done this…”

“Yeah,” she admitted shamefacedly. “It’s… I don’t know, I like it, but it’s a really weird feeling. Like, backwards. Y’know? Because usually-”

“I get it, I get it,” Yang headed her off. She didn’t really want to think about what “usually” meant. As she began to let her finger squirm from side to side, she whispered, “It’s pretty hot. You’re really tight back here.”

That prompted Ruby to moan slightly, lowering her head and closing her eyes. When Yang began to push in and out rapidly, really fingering her there, Ruby started to grunt and whine as if it were painful, though Yang knew that wasn’t the case; it was just overwhelming for her. Probably would be the same for her if she ever tried that.

Did she want to? Before, not really… though she had considered it if she ended up with a guy. They would want to fuck her there, obviously; it was the only “vagina” she owned for now. She had a lot of mixed feelings about that, about her sex organ and what it meant that she still had the one she did. But she hadn’t given anal a lot of thought. Now, Ruby was making her a lot more curious. Maybe during some future shower, she would bend over for her… or maybe not. She honestly wasn’t sure.

“Mmm, Yang… can you…” Licking her lips, she tried again, “Do you wanna put that in there?”

“Huh?” Looking down, she saw she had been grinding herself against Ruby’s hip a little, and she laughed self-consciously. “Ooh, sorry.”

“No, I mean it. Do you? Wanna try…?”

Eyes going wide, she whispered, “Really? I mean… that’s a lot different than a finger, right?”

“Do it. I’m…” Shrugging one shoulder, she tried not to sound too nervous and self-conscious. “I want you inside me, but I’m still… not sure about… I…”
Yang kissed her neck tenderly, trying to show her that she didn’t mind; that she didn’t hate Ruby for needing more time before they tried pleasuring her that way. She still didn’t totally understand why she was so resistant, but she liked Ruby for who she was, not because she owned a vagina. It didn’t bother her that they hadn’t done it yet, and it wouldn’t if they never did it.

“We can try,” she promised her softly, wiggling her finger a little more. “I’m gonna go really slow, okay? And um… and if it starts to feel like too much, all you gotta do is tell me to stop.”

“Okay. Um…” She bit her lip as she pushed her hips backwards, then whispered, “You’re gonna put it in me. I know it’s a… place you didn’t expect, but I’m still…”

Nodding her agreement with that sentiment, Yang began to pull her finger out. “Here we go…” Then she made the switch.

“Oh? OH! Wow, that’s so much bigger! It’s… is it in? Did you put it in?”

“Not yet,” Yang admitted, trying to move it around a little to get it to work itself inside of her. Not that it was going. So far, all she was managing to do was push the head up against the opening and wait. Ruby’s butt had taken her finger with a little coaxing; maybe they just needed more time with this, too.

And time did pass. Ruby panted, working her hips from side to side, trying to accept more of Yang… to no avail. Somehow, even though their skin was wet and there was a little soap on it, she still felt stuck.

“Well… um, maybe if you put more soap on it? O-or… I dunno…”

“I don’t think this is working,” Yang admitted at last, though she was still pushing it a little here and there. “Like, your butthole is too small!”

“Or you’re too big! God, you and your big, beautiful cock!”

Laughing and rolling her eyes, she said, “It’s not that big, dude. I’m pretty average… but thanks.” Then she licked her lips and pulled at the sides of her cheeks, trying to thrust in a little more.

“AH! Oh God, don’t- OW, ow ow ow!”

With a “SHIT!”, Yang drew back away completely, one hand still on Ruby’s hip as she turned her slightly. “Are you okay?! Fuck, I didn’t m-mean to-”

“I’m fine,” she panted, face looking a little pale but otherwise smiling at her half-sister. “Really, I-I mean it, it didn’t hurt that much. I said ‘ow’ because it felt like it was going to hurt more? If that makes sense…”

“Oh… w-well, yeah, that’s good then. I’m glad you told me so I could stop!” They both shared a breathy little laugh of relief, leaning their foreheads together. Then Yang patted her butt. “Um, I think we should cut that out for right now.”

“For sure. Like, I’ve read before that lube is important, and this kinda makes that sound legit.”

“Can I take a look? To make sure you’re okay?”

Biting her lip for a minute, she averted her silvery eyes. “You wanna look at my butthole? I’m… are you sure? It’s probably weird-looking. Especially after all that.”
“I don’t care,” Yang snorted, and Ruby smiled at her. “Here, just… assume the position.”

“Yes, ma’am,” she said with a chuckle as she turned around again, and Yang crouched behind her. Both thumbs helped ease the cheeks open, and she looked at the puckered pink opening from first one angle, then another. It looked normal; there was no blood, which was the part she had been terrified about. There was a temptation to look at something just a little further down… but she was worried about how self-conscious Ruby seemed to be about that part of her anatomy.

When she used a fingertip to pet over the sensitive skin, Ruby shivered but didn’t cry out in almost-pain again. Satisfied that she looked okay, she pressed her lips in against the skin.

“Oh!”

Drawing back, she asked, “Are you alright up there?”

“Y-you put your mouth on it! Is that… I m-mean, doesn’t it taste bad?”

“Oh…” Licking her lips, she mostly tasted soap, which did taste bad but not in the way Ruby meant. “Not really. I just cleaned you back here, remember?”

“That’s true…” Yang kissed again, and she sighed in mingling enjoyment and relief. “Ohhh, Yang… do you know how you make me feel?”

A vague smile pulled at her lips as she continued kissing, very light but frequently. Little by little, the soapy flavour began to fade, replaced with… something she couldn’t quite describe. It was so vague there was almost no point in bothering to pinpoint it, but she knew she didn’t mind. Enough so that she was even considering…

When Yang’s tongue began to work its way inside, Ruby squealed, “What is that? What the hell is that?!” But Yang didn’t answer, knowing she would figure it out. Sure enough: “Are you… Yang, is that your tongue? WHY?!”

The only answer was a “Mmmm” from the blonde as she continued to worm her tongue deeper into the warm, tight channel. Ruby was back to making the sounds of pleasure, and that was reason enough for her to keep at it. Her own arousal was throbbing below, and she had a feeling Ruby’s was the same, but she didn’t dare try to find out for fear of upsetting her.

She liked this. They both liked this.

“You’re eating my ass!” Ruby finally breathed, leaning against the wall. “Yang! Do you… is it really okay? It’s not too gross?” She got another hum of enjoyment, and gave a breathy laugh of her own. “You like it! Mmm, I… I don’t know, I think I do, too! God, Yang, how do you do this to me?”

When Yang began to pet up and down the inside of her thigh, she shivered. Seemed she was turned on, even if she was still iffy about how to handle that. Once, she passed her hand up a little high and felt the back of Ruby’s fingers, and she held fast in surprise.

“Sorry! It’s so good, I n-need…” But she didn’t elaborate. And Yang didn’t push to replace her hand, either; this was how she was comfortable, and this was what they would do.

And listening to Ruby get herself off was incredible. Knowing she was helping made Yang even harder, and she lowered one hand to fondle her length just a little. She wanted to let Ruby finish and not make this about herself, but she couldn’t help at least giving it a little attention while her tongue was deep in her half-sister’s rear, waving back and forth while she used her fingers to bring
herself off.

It didn’t take that long. Within another minute, she was standing on tiptoe and arching her back, letting out mewling noises as the full force of her orgasm bowled her over. Several spasms and an “Oh, YANG! YES!” later and it was all over, Ruby deflating into a more relaxed posture.

“Hmmhh?” Yang asked without words, still kissing at the skin around her tongue and wagging it to and fro.

“Y-yeah, you can… you can pull out…” When Yang did at a fairly gradual pace, a long shuddering groan fell from Ruby until it was gone. After a few breaths to recover, she turned to the side to smile down at her sister. “Mmm… oh wow, that was… fun? Can I say ‘fun’ and it not be a wrong word?”

“You can say whatever you want,” she snorted as she pet up and down her calf. “I’m… yeah, I’m pretty surprised we just tried that, too. But you sounded like you liked it. And I did, too! Like, it was weird, but not bad at all! You felt… I dunno. Warm around my tongue. It was kinda nice.”

At that, Ruby smiled bashfully. “Yang… you’re so good to me. You really meant it, you like all of me. My toes, my butthole…”

“Stop,” she grunted.

“No, I’m not teasing this time. It makes me feel really happy that you like so much of me, even when it’s stuff nobody else would care about. Especially that.”

The heartfelt words made Yang’s pulse quicken slightly, and she smiled up at her half-sister. Then she reached down to raise her toes to her lips and give them a quick little kiss. Ruby’s breath caught and one of her fists went up to nestle under her chin, which was such a cute reaction that Yang had to giggle as she released her foot.

“I just like you a hell of a lot. Your whole body is my fave.”

The blushing girl reached down to push her big toe against Yang’s length, gradually forcing it downward. Yang groaned in pleasure; again, it could have been any part of Ruby and she would have reacted the same way, but she also fully expected Ruby to think it was just her “magical” feet.

“And my whole body likes you, too,” she whispered. Then she began to sink down to Yang’s level, carefully holding onto the towel rack. “Um… I w-want to get you off, too. Can I?”

Yang only nodded. Then when Ruby began to angle her head downward, she yelped, “Hey, w-wait…”

“What?”

“Don’t you remember where that’s been?”

“Huh? Oh…” Blushing a little deeper, she glanced at the tip and then back up at her face. “W-well, you said my butt was clean already… but that’s a good idea.” She reached up to get the loofah, added some more soap and began to buff the tip of Yang’s cock, which made Yang giggle. They both shared a grin, and Ruby began to hum a little tune as if this were something she cleaned every day.

“Whistle while you work, huh?”
Ruby dipped her head a bit lower, though she didn’t look too abashed. “Sorry… but you already know I love—”

“Playing with my dick,” Yang finished in a monotone for her. They both shared a grin. Then she began to move the loofah lower. “Wait… what are you—Ruby, hey!”

“You were nice enough to do this for me,” she purred as she scrubbed just beneath her sack, heading down further. But when Yang clenched, she stopped. “We don’t have to, though. I just thought you might like it, since I did. Way more than I thought I would, too.”

Those words echoed in Yang’s mind. Way more? She had wound up with a tongue in there, and it got her so hot that she got herself off for maybe the third time in her entire life. So there was every reason to believe…

“Okay,” she sighed nervously as she unclenched, raising her leg up a little more to give Ruby some room to work with. “But like… go slow?”

With a vigorous nod, Ruby started in. At first, it didn’t feel like anything special; a little more sensitive than usual because Yang had a boner so hard that a cat couldn’t scratch it, but still much the same as it would when cleaning it herself. One of Ruby’s hands caught some water and rinsed off said boner before she began kissing down along the length, which also made the “washing” a little more intense.

“Mmm,” Ruby breathed when Yang gave a little more of a spasm. “Getting into it a little?”

“Yeah… wow, that’s kinda weird.”

“Here.” The loofah disappeared, replaced with Ruby’s finger. That definitely helped; the smoothness of the finger was a lot more welcome than the rough fibers. Unlike before, however, her younger half-sibling seemed to be determined to get things off to a speedy start.

“Whoa, hey, slow down!” she gasped.

“Sorry!” she breathed as the fingertip slowed. Her mouth began to take Yang’s head in again, her other hand grasping its firm staff to hold it steady. Everything together was a bit overwhelming, but she could appreciate Ruby having learned how to go down on her by now. And learning from Yang’s efforts to finger her in the same unlikely zone.

It didn’t take long for Yang’s taut ring of muscle to begin to yield. She had never been penetrated there, and wasn’t sure if she would like it. Sure, she had given it some thought on occasion — especially when she thought she might date guys. They would have to do it there, wouldn’t they? She’d read something about using the thighs, but that just didn’t seem like it would satisfy the average man. Then there was the possibility of having surgery to get what most girls already had, but that would be a long, long way away. If it ever happened; Yang still hadn’t decided.

And now that she was with Ruby, who liked her dick so much… maybe she’d just keep it.

A particularly vigorous push of the finger made Yang open up to her, and she let out a shaky gasp of surprise. “Ruby! Y-you… oh my god…”

“Hmmhh?” she asked from around her girth, taking it a little deeper. Not that she could take Yang all the way into her throat, but she seemed to manage a tiny bit more with each time this happened.

“My ass…” The finger slipped a little further in, past the first knuckle, and Yang’s eyes flew wide. It felt as good as Ruby’s reactions suggested it would; very strange, and not the same kind of eas-
to-understand “good” as being jerked off, or kissing, or anything like that. But somehow it was still highly satisfying. Yang slid her leg up the side of the tub, dangling it over the lip. That would probably get the floor a little wet, but she couldn’t worry about that right now.

“Ooh,” Ruby whispered as she pulled off her dick, stroking it while her mouth wasn’t there so that Yang wouldn’t lose any pleasure for that moment. “You really like this, huh?”

“Sh-shut up! God…”

“No, no, I love it.” The second knuckle was at the gates now. “You really opening up for me… it’s…” Biting her lip, she smiled at her. “I didn’t know I really wanted to do this for you until now, but like… you’re such a beautiful girl, Yang. And I like being able to treat you like a girl.”

With those words, Yang kind of did understand better. Of course she was fine with getting off her dick because she enjoyed it, but at the same time, it was a thing that was usually done for “guys”. This was another activity they could do that would give Yang that feminine experience she craved… and thinking about it in that light made a lot of difference.

“You do? You like… f-fucking my pussy?” The words sounded stupid and awkward, and Yang felt a thrill of embarrassment shooting through her stomach, into her cheeks. That was a terrible thing to call it! What was the matter with her?

“Yeah,” Ruby told her immediately, able to tell how self-conscious she was feeling about it from her body language. “Your tight pussy…” Instead of falling right back to her dick, she kissed the inside of Yang’s thigh, and Yang nearly whimpered in gratitude. “I love it. Do you like it when I finger you?”

Vulnerable as she felt now, completely off her game, she found it so easy to just whisper, “It’s so much… I’ve n-never…”

“You haven’t?” That did seem to surprise Ruby, but she recovered pretty quickly. “Me either before today. So that’s pretty hot, isn’t it?”

It was. Yang felt her cock twitching just from thinking about that; they both had opened up the back door to a new world of pleasure on the same day, in the same bathtub. That made it pretty easy for her to accept a little more of the finger, which was getting deeper and deeper now.

“Do you want me to… eat you out?”

“N-nah,” Yang laughed at Ruby’s uncertain expression. Seemed that even though Yang had done it, she still looked a little dubious about putting her mouth down there. “Just… work on my, um… clit?” That word worked as well as anything.

“Your huge clit. It’s so pretty…” Ruby licked her lips, glanced up at Yang’s embarrassed face, at the way she was squirming and covering her mouth with one of her hands, and seemed to decide something. Then she kissed the head gently before going on, “You have the prettiest clit I’ve ever seen, Yang. So soft and sweet, and delicious. And I love how warm and tight your pussy is. Do you know what it makes me wish?”

“W-what? What do… you wish?”

“I wish I had a dick to fuck it with.” Her eyes very clearly widened when she felt Yang twitch in her hand, and she grinned up at her. “Do you want that, too?”

“I… I dunno…” Licking her lips, she flinched very slightly when she felt the finger slip a little
deeper in; as far as it could go, since she felt other knuckles against her ass cheeks. “Oh, mmmm… you want to… do that for me?”

Another kiss, this one with a tongue that swirled around her head. “I want to make you feel good, Yang. All of you. A beautiful woman like you deserves to be taken care of everywhere, right?” Another kiss. And another. “Mmm, I just love your body…”

She really did. Tears sprang into the corners of her eyes when she realised that Ruby wasn’t kidding, she wasn’t just trying to build up her self-esteem or to allay her body image issues. She really did love her body exactly the way it was, and pleasuring all of it was her way of expressing that love. Half-sister or not…

How could she not be in love with this woman?

As Ruby took her head into her mouth again, the finger began to curl inward, and Yang let out a long moan of pure bliss. So good! She still didn’t know why she liked it exactly but she definitely did. A few more strokes and she could be climaxing, but she tried to hold her “big finish” back for a little longer. To let Ruby have her fun, too.

That plan was going fine right up until the finger curled inward a little more than it had been before. And brushed up against a something Yang didn’t know she had.

“OH!” she burst out in a stronger voice, then slapped her hand over her mouth.

“What?” Ruby asked as she pulled off, face a little flushed from the effort of going down on her. Her finger curled again, and when Yang reacted by spasming, she glanced down at her hand, then back up. “Is… what is it, does it hurt?”

“No, no, it’s… I don’t know!”

Ruby tested it again, and when she prodded the strange little mass in there, her eyebrows furrowed. “That’s not… I mean, y’know… breakfast?”

Getting what she meant, Yang shook her head vigorously. “No, UGH no, it’s definitely… part of me, but I don’t… NHHH, oh GOD!”

“Oh!” Ruby gasped softly. “I know this one! Um… I read it in a fanfic, but I don’t remember what it’s called!”

“Fuck your fanfic, just… oh, I don’t know if I like that, but it’s really… interesting…” Her hips squirmed from side to side, as if trying to get rid of the sensation, but Yang even liked doing that. “Mmm…”

Smiling a little, Ruby curled the finger up, and this time stroked along the thing neither of them expected to find continuously for a few seconds. Yang’s reaction was so drastic that she might as well have been tickled, or shocked with electricity… except there was a lot more high-pitched moans involved.

“Yeah… this is your spot,” Ruby whispered to her as she kept stroking it. Curling toes and flailing head, stomach clenching, eyes rolling back in her head… it was turning her into a mess. “My girlfriend’s G-spot. Do you have any idea how you look right now?”

“St-stupid?”

“Hot. So hot, Yang…” The mouth dipped lower, and then she frowned. “Hey, you started getting
soft…”

It was true. The feeling had been so intense that Yang’s arousal had seemed to fade a little bit. “What? Why? I… don’t worry, it’s not because- this feels…” But when Ruby took it into her mouth anyway, she half-screamed, “AH! Mmhh, oh Ruby!”

Very quickly, Ruby set a rhythm that left Yang completely beside herself. Unable to stop her, unable to do anything but writhe and take the punishment being visited upon her body. It didn’t take long at all for her mouth to coax Yang back to full hardness again. Between that and the finger in her rear end, sliding over that odd, ridged mass, her climax was building at lightning speed.

“AH! I’m about to… about-”

“Fill my mouth, Yang!” Ruby panted. “Fill it while I finger your pussy!” And that was the last thing she said before falling to work again, hoping to catch her favourite forbidden treat when Yang finished.

Which she did. It was very strange to feel her ass clamping down on a foreign object while her cock spasmed and shot over and over into Ruby’s beautiful mouth, but definitely not a bad feeling at all. She wanted to scream, to cry, but she contented herself with moaning and panting during and after.

“Hmmhhh,” Ruby breathed through her nose in pure bliss. She really did simply love Yang’s “clit”.

A little while later, once Yang was simply a puddle in the tub that was slowly trying to regain its breath, Ruby pulled off and let the half-hard length flop back onto her stomach, licking her lips. The finger stayed where it was for the moment. When it wiggled a little, Yang spasmed, so Ruby held it still as they both panted and gazed at each other.

“Ohhhh man,” Ruby half-chuckled, eyes wide and grin as wide as it could be.

“I… wow,” Yang managed weakly. “That was…”

“Right?! Like, you were flopping and twisting all over the place, and just because of that… that thing! The G-spot! I forgot that boys- I m-mean, you know, dick-owning people, that they had a thing like that in their butts!”

The word “boys” had made Yang flinch, but she couldn’t even be upset; Ruby loved her, even if she slipped up with that word. And she didn’t mean her, anyway; just referring in general to people who had what Yang had. Lowering her legs, she used her calves to pull Ruby a little closer.

“I… didn’t know about it,” she panted herself. “Probably heard about it once, but forgot. You’re… you knew right where to… find it.”

“But I didn’t! I mean, I was just trying stuff to see if it made you feel good, and I found it by accident!” Finally, she started to pull the finger out, and Yang made a strangled noise. “Oh! Are you okay? Is that too fast?”

“Y-yeah, can you… go a little slower?” When Ruby started again, but slower, Yang let out a long, low groan as she was exited. “Ughhh… so that was pretty, uh… different.”

Nodding, Ruby turned to get the loofah. By now, the soap had been washed out of it, but she added a little more and quickly scrubbed the worst of the residue off her finger before crawling to lay on top of Yang, curling her body against the other. Yang felt a little weird about that, given that they
were nude, but too many other - MUCH WEIRDER - things had taken place that day for it to be more than a blip on the radar.

“I’m so in love,” Ruby whispered softly against her shoulder.

“Me, too. I… I can’t believe we called my ass my ‘pussy’.” They both giggled a little. “What the fuck?”

“Well, it is. Don’t feel too silly about that, okay? Like…” Her hand pet up and down Yang’s side, briefly nudging her boob. “Your body is so beautiful. And like, my G-spot is in my vagina, so since that’s where yours is… we can call it that. Makes total sense to me.”

Smiling to herself, she whispered in a voice filled to the brim with affection, “Yeah. Total sense.”

Chapter End Notes

So hey, sorry it’s been so long since I updated this; November is really busy for me, but I’m definitely never gonna forget about it until it’s done. Don't worry.

Next time they're going to go even further!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Summer teases; Ruby and Yang take it to the next level.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: July: Voyeurism.
Enabler: Foot-worship, massage, cuddles, footjob, handjob, blowjob, pussy-worship, back-scratching, first time, coming inside (with condom).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 18

By the time the half-sisters got out of the shower, the water had gotten cold, and they had to finish up what little washing was left while shivering and squealing about that unpleasant fact. Compared with how much fun they had before that, it was more something to laugh and joke about than anything that put any real damper on their day.

Dressed in clean clothes, they thumped downstairs to relax in front of the TV. Poking each other in such a weird spot was definitely enough exploration for one day; it was time to chill. They curled up together and got about halfway through some sappy romantic-comedy before they needed to pause it.

“Can you guys keep it down?” Summer asked, reading glasses perched on her nose when she came in with a sheaf of papers in one hand.

“Sorry,” Ruby said as she grabbed for the remote to hit ‘pause’. “I didn’t think it was that loud.”

“I wasn’t talking about the movie.”

It only took them a few seconds. Yang sat up a little straighter. “Oh… you, um, heard us? Shit.”

“Yes,” the woman sighed with a nod, carefully keeping her eyes focused on the pages. “It’s no big deal; I just think you should try to remember that I’m not supposed to be able to hear that. What if your father had forgotten something and come home to pick it up?”

“Totally a valid point, Mom,” Ruby groaned, face looking slightly more pale than before. “We weren’t trying to… but y-yeah, we forgot. I’m really sorry.”

“Me, too, Summer. We won’t let that happen again.”

“You could really hear us from all the way in your office?”

At that, Summer did squirm slightly. “Well… from the hallway. I was about to go down to get a snack. When I heard noises, I stopped to listen to make sure it wasn’t one of you in pain; I figured
“Wow,” Yang grunted as her face flushed very slightly. “You really… u-um… listened to us?”

“Not on purpose, and not for an extended period,” she insisted through her teeth. “Once I realised what I was hearing, I headed for the stairs.”

Maybe Yang wasn’t very bright, but she had to ask. “And… any thoughts?”

“YANG!” Ruby hissed at her.

“Nine out of ten,” Summer said in a deadpan tone. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’d really like to stop going over the specifics of my daughter’s sexual prowess and get back to making sure these orders can go out this afternoon.”

“Okay, okay,” Yang chuckled at both of them, popping up from the couch while Ruby groaned. “Can we help?”

After a moment, during which Summer blinked at her in surprise, Ruby popped up next to her. “Yeah, Mom! We’re not doing anything important today!”

“You two don’t have to. I was just teasing a little along with asking you to be more careful.” But when Yang came up next to her and hugged her, she did smile a little. “Alright, alright! What is this?”

“We’re being nice, Summer. Heard of it?”

“Seems like buttering me up so I won’t give you a harder time.” But when Ruby hugged her from the other side, she shook her head as the smile grew wider. “Fine, fine. I mean, if you wouldn’t mind sealing up the envelopes with the merchandise inside?”

“We can do it!” Ruby piped up with a big grin as they headed for the office. “Team Rose is on the case!”

The work did go a bit faster with all three pairs of hands in play. Eventually, they even began to forget about the incident that prompted Summer to exit the room in the first place. Not at first, but eventually.

That was after the first half hour of teasing each other back and forth. Summer did her best not to go into detail, but after that long of Ruby asking frequent questions, Yang trying to tease her into admitting she enjoyed herself, and just general shenanigans, she began to give as good as she got.

“Hey, I simply assumed you finally got Yang to agree to let you step on her.”

“Not yet,” Ruby laughed while Yang dropped the envelope she had just picked up. “Buuut I did get her to admit she wouldn’t hate it that much.”

“Well, that’s progress. Do you want both of us to walk on you?”

After sputtering for a few seconds, she turned a death glare on Ruby, who only grinned widely. To
get back at her, she said, “Sure, yeah. Bring it on.”

Of course, the smile disappeared as she blinked and sputtered, never having expected Yang to agree to it, but Summer was merely smirking as she glanced between them. “Good, good. We’ll set a time. Maybe after I get back from dropping off these packages? By then, my feet will be nice and sweaty for you.”

Yang had to admit the woman had skill, because that one response got both of the girls looking completely horrified. It was so effortless. Even if Yang was beyond frustrated with her, she sort of admired that.

By the time Summer got back from dropping off her orders, Ruby and Yang had already moved along to playing video games and there was no follow-up on the threat to trample Yang mercilessly. She came up to Ruby’s room and knocked, waiting until she was told he could enter to poke her head in and ask if they would help her with dinner. Then the three of them started putting tacos together, Summer doing most of the actual “cooking” while the girls acted as her sous-chefs. They talked and laughed, which continued into the evening when Taiyang got home and they ate. It was everything she could have wanted from her vacation.

After dinner, they all played another board game. Yang bet that she would win, and Ruby texted the terms of their bet. Even before she opened the text, she knew it would be foot-related — and she was right. So when she lost, she was groaning so much that her Dad tried to comfort her.

“Come on, sweetheart,” he was chuckling, ruffling her hair with a rough-yet-gentle hand. “It’s just a game. And you came in… probably second.”

“Third,” Summer corrected with a laugh as she put the little cards away in their sleeve, Ruby collecting the playing pieces and dice. “And you were last, my dear.”

“Sure, but who’s counting?”

Groaning, Yang muttered, “I was.” Especially given what she would be agreeing to because of her loss.

A couple of hours later found Ruby lying stomach-down on her bed, reading through a graphic novel and chewing on the drawstring of her hoodie. Normally, she would have her feet crossed in the air over her butt as she read, but this time, they were too busy.

Pushing her ankles up a little, Yang asked, “How much longer?”

“Um…” She glanced at her clock. “Ten more minutes.”

Sighing, Yang lowered the feet again and went back to work, nibbling and sucking on Ruby’s toes. She felt stupid. More than anything, she felt stupid for texting back “you’re on” when Ruby had issued the challenge; that was the stupid part, not that she was following through on her end of the bargain. And it had only been five minutes so far! It felt like this would never end.

The only part that helped to make her feel a little better was that Ruby wasn’t having an easy time of it, either. As she had admitted, the sensation of having her feet worshipped was quite nice to her, as well, so they both had to put up with some weirdness. One thing Yang hadn’t really counted on was how much different it was doing it from this angle. Even though it was weird to be critiquing the ins and outs of this, she knew now that she kind of preferred the other way because the little
toenails felt less welcome against her tongue than the smooth underside of each toe. Of course, that was put together with how insane she found the whole damn situation.

A few more minutes in, when Yang began to kiss along her sole instead, Ruby sighed pleasantly. Then she cast a look over her shoulder and whispered, “Love you.”

“Love you, too.” Then she reached up to begin massaging that sole; doing something a little more normal. When she didn’t go back to using her mouth, Ruby didn’t even complain because she was too busy enjoying herself, flexing her toes as she leaned a little more heavily against her hand. “This good?”

The only affirmation she got was an “Mmhmm” that just barely wasn’t a moan. In fact, she dug her fingers in a little harder and earned a full-on moan as Ruby’s manga slid off the bed and onto the floor; she was too distracted to need it anymore.

“Sorry. I know this isn’t exactly the terms of our bet…”

“Mmm, it’s okay,” Ruby cooed as Yang’s thumbs slid down to pop her toes, which each one earned a little whimper of mingling pleasure and pain. “You’re- ah! -still playing with my feet, so it- oh! -counts, I guess!”

This time, when Yang kissed her big toe, it was just because she wanted to; it was part of Ruby, and she really did like every part of her. The rest of the time flew by like that, massaging and kissing as her half-sister melted into the bedspread, completely contented. For her, the slight humiliation was worth it just to see her that way - especially since Ruby wasn’t making fun of her for it anymore. Just teasing the way they teased each other about a lot of other things. All in good fun.

Eventually, she turned to look over her shoulder and tell Yang, eyes full of pure adoration, “Time’s up. You… can stop now, if you wanna.”

“I don’t, actually. Not yet.” Another kiss, and Ruby’s smile widened even more. “I like making you feel good.”

“Yeah?” The massaging seemed to convince her, and she relaxed again for a minute or so. Then she finally whispered, “How did you get so good at this?”

“Just trying stuff.”

Smirking slightly, she accused, “On my mom?” When Yang dropped her immediately, she rolled to look at her.

“On my mom, actually. And if you say that was sexual-”

“Come on, I wouldn’t do that. Besides, thinking about my mom stepping on you is kinda funny.”

“It’s weird,” she grunted, folding her arms over her chest. Ruby’s toe poked her cheek, and she glared, but then caught the foot and went back to massaging, which made them both snort with laughter. “The only thing even further off my list of things I thought I’d care about besides your feet were your mom’s, trust me.”

“I know, Yang. I’m kidding; it’s mostly hilarious to me that any of this is happening.” By way of apology, she looped her arm around her elder half-sibling’s shin and dragged it close enough so that she could kiss her heel. “But like I told you before, I don’t care if you get turned on by her. I know you’re mine.”
At first, Yang didn’t answer. She didn’t want to. Then she thought better of it and asked, “The whole ‘mom’ thing doesn’t fuck you up?”

“We already have ‘the whole sister thing’, dude. And the whole trans thing, and the lesbian thing…” She wiggled her toes. “Foot thing, ass thing.”

“That’s a lot of things,” she admitted with a little laugh, and Ruby laughed with her. If anybody else had mentioned her being trans in the same breath as other fetishes and sexualities, she might have been a little offended, but in this case she knew what Ruby meant: that they were obstacles. Things that might be deal-breakers for other people, but for some reason the two of them could get past them with almost no trouble at all. It was only the sister thing and the foot thing that really tripped Yang up, and those had turned out to be temporary setbacks.

“Yep. But we’re stronger than that, I think.”

Nodding, she slid one hand down to caress Ruby’s calf. “We are.” Then she pushed her toes into Ruby’s face. “Your turn.”

“No!” she giggled, pushing them away. When Yang did it again, she rolled her eyes and kissed them once. “There, and that’s all you get; I don’t have the same thing you do.”

“Fine, fine.” She could tell that Ruby wasn’t at all conflicted and that there was no point in trying to ‘encourage’ her to do more the way Ruby had done when she could tell Yang was conflicted. No buried treasure to dig for. Then she let Ruby’s legs go and spread her arms. “Come up here.”

The girl sprang up and hurried to do as she was asked, snuggling against Yang’s side. They fit together perfectly, and Yang let out a long sigh of pure happiness. Ruby kissed her neck, and it turned into a hum.

“Mine.”

“Yep,” the blonde replied with a kiss into Ruby’s hair. Then a hand wandered to her lap and she grunted, “Wow, way to ruin the moment.”

“Me? You’re the one who’s a little pokey.” The fingers wrapped gently around her semi-erection through her shorts. “You like my feeties that much?”

Only now did the situation make Yang blush again, like it had when they first began the fifteen-minute bet-payoff. “Sh-shut up.”

“Just say it,” she encouraged her with a slight smile. Again, teasing her, but very mildly.

“Say what?”

“That you like my feet. Maybe it’ll make you feel less awkward about it if you say it out loud.”

Maybe Ruby wasn’t teasing; or at least, she was teasing and trying to help her. So Yang figured she might as well go for broke and be absolutely honest with her.

“I do. I love your feet. And your legs, and your butt, and your waist, and your boobs… and your arms, and your fingers.” As she said that, she took up Ruby’s hand and kissed the digits, and she saw silvery eyes flutter closed for a brief instant. “And your gorgeous face. All of you, like I said.”

“Just like you said,” she agreed with a little kiss on Yang’s neck. “Guess I’m just a little surprised you mean it that much.”
“And your brain. Like… I dunno, how weird is it that we grew up on completely opposite coasts, with different family situations and all that shit, and we fit together this well?”

“Pretty weird. We’re both pretty weird, Yang. I like your dick way more than pretty much any couple, no matter who they are.” She stroked a little more, making Yang sigh in gratitude. A few more seconds of that and she let out a tiny little giggle.

“What?” Then she saw a foot in her lap again and rolled her eyes. “Ruby…”

“No, I really wanna try this.” One toe glided up and down the bulge. “Mmm… getting harder…”

Yang had had enough. It was time to fight fire with fire. “You can do that, but only if you can actually get her out of my shorts with just your feet.”

Eyes going rounder, Ruby glanced between the shorts and Yang’s face. “You’re on.”

It took a little more effort than Ruby was expecting, but Yang still found herself surprised when the girl figured out how to hook her big toes around the waistband and gradually drag it downward. When it popped free of her panties a minute or so later, they were both staring at the reddish length. She really needed to stop making bets.

“Mmm…” But for once, Ruby didn’t lean down to put her mouth on it right away. Instead, she caught it between the soft pads of her toes, trying to stroke up and down. Of course, it slipped away from her. “Aw!”

“Tough luck, sis,” she laughed. But Ruby was determined. When she caught it up again and managed to give it one stroke before it bounced away, she snorted. “Wow, you don’t give up, do you?”

She didn’t. It took a minute, but the stubborn girl figured out how to trap the warm erection between her toes and move the loose skin on the outside up and down. At first, Yang was laughing, but by the time she got a rhythm going she wasn’t laughing anymore. Damn it all, it felt good. Not any better than her hand or her mouth, but somehow the knowledge of how unusual this act was did add to the experience. The cuteness of her tiny digits and awkwardness of the movements kept her guessing what would happen next.

There was another added benefit. Since it was only her feet busy with the act, once in a while they could lean over and kiss each other, sharing bemused grins. Of course, sometimes that caused the dick to slip free and they would laugh about that, but the entire thing was an experiment, anyway.

“You sure you don’t mind me kissing you with foot-lips?” Yang asked breathlessly.

“Why would I? They’re my feet. Big deal.” Then she poked Yang in the stomach. “Now, if you kissed me after licking my mom’s…”

“That won’t happen, you jerk.”

“Why am I the jerk?”

“Cause you’re the one jerking,” she joked with a little smile, and Ruby snorted against her own will. Almost as if on cue, Yang’s length slipped from between her toes at that moment, and they both laughed. “This is… interesting, but doesn’t work out that well, I guess.”

“I’ll practice,” Ruby promised her as she reached down with her hand this time and stroked. “I’ve
read that it’s totally doable.”

“Read? Why are you reading about this?”

Shrugging, she kissed Yang’s neck as she stroked a little more. “It’s called ashikoki in Japan. Like, it’s a real thing, fucking a girl’s feet.”

“Only in Japan, man.” Then she smirked and asked, “What’s it called if I fuck you with mine? Same thing?”

It took Ruby a second to answer. “Y-yeah. Same. But usually that word means feet on a dick.”

They both sat fairly still for a minute, simply cuddling. But Ruby was a little less comfortable than she had been before; Yang could tell by the way she squirmed and sighed, then redoubled her grip on her sister.

“You don’t like me touching you there.”

“That’s not it, really,” she promised her with a tight voice as she snuggled in as hard as she could, as if squeezing Yang more tightly could convey how much she wanted to be with her. “I’m… nervous. It’s weird, I know it’s weird, and I’m really sorry but I am trying.”

“Hey, I’m not accusing you of anything, or like… saying you’re being mean. I just… I want to understand, if you can help me with it.” Swallowing hard, she tried to make that sound better. “I love you, Ruby. If you never want me to touch you, that’s totally fine. Or even talking about it. God, I don’t want to make you feel bad!”

Leaning up to kiss her cheek, Ruby swallowed hard, smiling afterward. “You’re not. I promise, it’s not you, Yang. Ever! Even when you do stuff like that and I feel weird, it’s just me feeling weird and doesn’t really have much to do with the thing you did, okay?”

They kissed briefly, Ruby’s hands coming up to cup the back of Yang’s head through her hair as they did so. Little by little, they both relaxed. Then Ruby pulled away and nuzzled her cheek as she tried to explain again.

“The best way I can describe it is… I do get something out of, um, being stimulated. But when anything besides, like… my own hand or my underwear is touching me, it just feels wrong. And that’s stupid, since I don’t feel that way about you grabbing my boobs, or even putting a whole finger up my butt. Which is like, kinda the same, or worse! So… I really don’t get it myself, but it would be the same if anybody else was doing it. And that’s the best I can tell you, Yang.”

“Thank you,” Yang made sure to tell her first. “It really helps hearing you try to explain. And um, I guess as long as you like going down on me and it’s not like, a chore…”

“Are you kidding?! It’s kind of my fave!” Then she bit her lip and smiled a little shyly. “And that time I got off by grinding on you… it was perfect.”

“Really?”

Crawling onto Yang again, she began to repeat the action. A little different, given how much closer their faces were, but enough to start bringing back Yang’s erection that faded when their conversation turned more serious.

“Mmm… yeah, ’cause like… I got to feel you being turned on by it, and it got me off… but it was me getting off and not some weird thing not attached to me. Which, still crazy, I know.”
“Nah, I get it, kinda.” She didn’t fully, but if that’s how it was for Ruby, then that’s how it was. Her hands came up to brush up and down the sides of her face, her neck, and she smiled back down at her for the effort. “Mmm… you feel good no matter how I’m feeling you.”

The warm wetness on top of her exposed length was only hidden from her by the fabric of Ruby’s shorts, which felt like so little in that position. The more time their hips spent moving together, the more they wanted to move, and Yang started leaning up to kiss her more often, eyes closing in bliss as they writhed together.

Their topic of conversation had almost completely faded from memory when Ruby pulled back to whisper, “Can I grab another condom?”

“Huh?” Then she blinked before asking, “What for?”

“I wanna try it again.”

“But wait… you literally just told me that you—”

“I want to,” she insisted in an anxious-yet-excited tone, eyes shimmering at her. “I want you inside me. If we try it and I don’t like it, then fine, but… but God, Yang, I really…”

The need was so clear in her eyes, that burning desire to go all the way with her and prove something to herself, that Yang didn’t have the heart to deny her. Besides, she wanted this, too.

“Yeah. But can we… like, really prepare for this?”

So they did. Yang hit the lights while Ruby got another condom out of the box, and by the light from Ruby’s monitor they slowly stripped each other until they were both standing next to the bed, naked and open to each other. Hands ghosted over everywhere… other than one part on Ruby’s body, of course.

When Ruby knelt before her, pressing her face into the semi-hard length, Yang chuckled, “I thought you wanted that somewhere else.”

“I’m just saying ‘hi,’” she whispered with a grin as she kissed the hips nearby, then went back to nibble very slightly at the sack beneath. Ruby spent a good minute or so simply worshipping her package in a way that made Yang feel adored and beautiful, taking one of her balls into her mouth just long enough to caress it with her tongue before she moved up to the shaft again.

As she started going down on her, Yang thought about how wrong the whole situation was. The more she did that, the less it seemed to matter. If they were both adults and both wanted this, then there was nothing anyone else could say that made the least bit of difference. But it somehow made it easier every time due to her checking in with herself every so often.

Two minutes later, Ruby opened the condom and rolled it down over her favourite toy. Yang hadn’t been thinking about that being the reason for the oral teasing. In hindsight, it seemed obvious, but before she had been so focused on wondering why she would want to do it and enjoying the sensations that she didn’t think any deeper than the surface.

“Okay,” she breathed as she stood awkwardly, shooting a half-smile up at her big-step-half-sister. “I’m ready for you.”

“Are you?” she asked as she began to back Ruby to the bed. “Really?”

“We’ll find out,” she half-joked as she laid back. Then she said, “N-now, go slow, okay? Let me,
um… get used to the idea before you jump right in.”

“Slow and steady,” Yang purred as she mounted her, kissing Ruby’s cheek and neck. Then something else occurred to her. “Can… I ask something that might seem weird?”

“What is it?”

“Can… I go down there for a little bit? Not a long time, and not to do much. I just… um…”

Her hand came up to comb through Yang’s bangs, eyes full affection. “Just what?”

“I want to get to know her before we, like, do everything. Is that bad?”

“You wanna get to know my vag?” It wasn’t said in a scoffing or condescending way; just curious. After thinking about it for a minute, she nodded. “I liked getting to know your dick, so it makes sense. Just, um… if I ask you to stop-”

“I’m gone the minute you want me gone.”

Her lips began to slowly move down Ruby’s chest, between her beautiful peaks. She remembered something else that had gone between them once before and felt that something throb. Down across her stomach, earning her a giggle, and then she was getting closer. Once her face was just above her mons, she looked up at Ruby’s eyes and finding them looking down at her expectantly.

“What? Go for it, Yang.” Her voice was full of uncertainty, but she was doing her best to push past that.

“Okay.” Her lips went further down, turning aside to kiss her thigh. She didn’t even look yet; she wanted to, and the scent alone was bringing her up to full strength. But she kept her focus on giving some tender loving care to her thigh flesh.

Then she felt fingers running through her hair, and she smiled. Ruby was incredibly sweet; she had no idea how she wasn’t already taken when Yang got to California. The other high schoolers must have really sucked if they couldn’t even reckonise a keeper like her when they saw one. And now they were too late. Well… not that Ruby would exactly be able to tell anyone.

“O-oh,” Ruby sighed softly when Yang began to work her way inward. The skin was getting softer, warmer. There was another yelp when she first brushed against one of her soft lips. Only then did she pull back to look…

And Ruby was beautiful. As she had known deep down, the flower laid open to her in the low light was so perfect that she almost didn’t want to touch it herself now. Perfectly formed folds cascading down from the tiny button, just barely visible underneath the soft hood. Glistening with wetness that showed she was as ready as Yang, even if not for this specific activity. Everything looked not only flawless, but delicious. She breathed in deeply, letting the scent fill her, and heard another nervous sigh from up above.

“Still doing okay up there?”

“Do… you like it?” she asked in a fearful voice.

“I love it. I love you,” she insisted as she kissed the lips very lightly, feeling the thighs jerk under her hands. “You’re beautiful, so beautiful.”

Ruby swallowed hard, and Yang looked up in time to see her rubbing her face and biting her lip.
When she saw Yang looking, she let out a gust of air and smiled down at her. “I’m fine.”

“You’re uncomfortable.”

“No, just… not completely comfortable. Like, in the middle - but I really want you to do this, okay?” When Yang started to sit up a little more, she pushed down on her back with her heels. “Stay.”

“Yes, ma’am,” she snorted, and they exchanged a smile. Then she leaned down to kiss again, licking her lips. “Mmm…”

“Good?”

Nodding, she let her tongue roll out and move from bottom to top, careful not to push in too much yet. The whimpering from above would have scared her off if not for the heels in her back, still holding her in place; she didn’t want to hurt Ruby just to satisfy her curiosity, but she seemed to need Yang to finish this. Maybe she wanted to please her that much, or maybe she was trying to push through her own discomfort to see if there was pleasure on the other side.

“You’re so sweet,” she told her in a gentle voice, and Ruby twitched a little but didn’t push her away. “Mmm… I want more if I can have more.”

Ruby didn’t answer at first. Then she whispered, “Which… is better?”

“What?”

“Which is better? My feet, my ass, or… this?” Clearing her throat, she reached down to pet through Yang’s hair again. “Now that you’ve tried all three.”

“Why are your feet one of the three?” she half-laughed, and Ruby joined in weakly. Another kiss cut off her laughter, though. “Mmm… this. But barely. Like, I’m kind of a fan of-”

“All of me,” Ruby finished for her, and then they were laughing again, even while Yang ran her lips up and down the soft folds. “Mmhh… oh, Yang, I… you’re so good at making me feel…”

She never even finished. Instead, she simply began to moan from Yang’s attentions, from how slow and ponderous the tongue was when it would swirl up to prod at the hiding button. She wanted to do this all the time, but she knew Ruby might decide it wasn’t something she was alright with, so she tried to savour every last second. To commit the sensations, noises, scents, to her longterm memory.

When she began to open her up a bit more, to dip inside, she felt a hand fist in her hair. When she let out a little yelp and looked up, it was to see Ruby looking distinctly ill.

“That’s it?” A little nod, and Yang lifted her head. “Okay.”

“Sorry. But… I did it, right?” Her face was shining with a tiny amount of sweat as she smiled down at her half-sister, smiling with self-satisfaction. “I let you… go down on me!”

“Go you,” Yang laughed, kissing her inner thigh before she began to climb upward. Then she fixed her with a level gaze. “And I really liked that. But I can live without it, too. What I can’t live without is… this.”

This kiss was the most important yet, tangling their lips and tongues together as their nude bodies slid over each other. Though she felt the shiver when Ruby tasted herself, it was brief and followed
by a hum of contentment; she loved kissing Yang as much as Yang loved kissing her.

When they finally parted, it was so Ruby could whisper, “You’re so hard… is that from tasting me?”

“Yes.” Another kiss, twitching her hips upward so her love could feel the proof of it all the more, and she felt her shiver. Ruby rolled them so that she was on top, and Yang let out a breath of surprise. “Ooh… hi-hi.”

If they could see in such low light, she knew that Ruby would have been blushing to her roots. But they couldn’t; luckily, the room was darker than that. It helped hide their anxiety, their shame. The only downside was that it didn’t show their joy, their lust… or the sights that both would find erotic on each other. Not clearly enough for Yang’s taste, anyway.

“Hey,” she finally whispered back, grinding against Yang with nervous, jerky motions. “I’m… acting like such an awkward turtle, but you know this is what I want, right? Like just because I can’t ‘take it like a champ’ doesn’t mean I’m having second thoughts.”

“Nah, I get it, don’t worry.” Her hands came to rest on Ruby’s hips, gliding up and down her wetness. “We both want this, it’s just… new.”

Swallowing hard, she leaned down to kiss Yang’s neck. “New isn’t bad or good. It’s just new.” Then she felt one particular thrust that nearly wound up with Yang inside her and she let out a whimper.

“You okay?”

“Y-yeah… I…” Her smile was highly embarrassed. “I think we need to switch, b-because I don’t think I can do it on top…”

Yang didn’t pester her for more information; she simply rolled their bodies, kissing Ruby while they moved, running her tongue over her bottom lip and humming with desire. This was it. She was in a position to do the one thing they had been dancing around ever since Ruby first caught her red-handed with a raging erection, not even knowing she was the cause… And NOW she felt guilt and uncertainty about doing this with her half-sister. Even though that irksome fact had been fading into the background the more time they spent with each other, the more they fully understood their attraction and the way they fit together, this was something they could never undo. Losing their virginity to each other.

“Yang?”

“Yeah?”

“What’s wrong?” When she only shrugged, a hand came up to cup her cheek. “Talk to me.”

“Should we be doing this? Like… what if the condom breaks, and… w-we can’t…”

“There’s a morning after pill,” Ruby whispered softly, leaning up to kiss her again. Listening to how shaky the sigh of would-be relief was from the elder sibling. “But… if you really don’t wanna do this with me because of, um… you know, I get it. And I know it’s not about who I am, it’s just, like… circumstances.”

“Yeah, circumstances.” At least they both fully understood that it didn’t have anything to do with their personalities or the love they shared. They simply got each other. Which was the thing that
made Yang lean down to nuzzle her neck and whisper, “Fuck circumstances. You’re the one I want.”

For a few seconds, Ruby simply gazed up at her as if she was going through the same thing inside. Being thunderstruck by their feelings all over again, as if fresh. All she whispered was, “Guess the way to my heart is Grease quotes, ‘cause… I want you, too. Every part of you.”

“You dork,” she whispered through her grin before leaning down to take her mouth even more roughly, running her hands up her arms and shoulders to grip them tightly. The same was happening across her own back, and she even felt nails rake down the skin - where did THAT come from?! - before hands gripped her ass firmly, trying to guide her inside.

This was really it now. Yang shifted her hips down, then rolled them forward.

“A-AH!” Ruby gasped out, breaking the kiss as her sex was entered by another person for the first time in her life. Her expression was so raw that Yang had to look away, tears stinging her eyes. Even though they were on the same page, she still felt terrible, like a horrible beast that was attacking her sweet sister. Or worse… like a man.

But then Ruby began to breathe again. One of her hands abandoned Yang’s ass and glided up to caress over her hair, and when she raised her eyes again, she saw the tears streaking down her face and nearly threw herself to the side, but Ruby wasn’t letting her go. She was drawing her down for another kiss. The hand pushed her hips downward again, and Yang let nature take over, pushing even more of herself inside until their hips were flush. Trying to ignore the strangled noises of mingling pain and uncertainty from the lips upon her own.

Neither of them had anything else to say. Where did all that ability to make light of the situation go? Either they were kissing or they were panting for breath as Yang began to set a slow rhythm. One of Ruby’s legs raised up to drape over her waist, then lowered again; she couldn’t seem to decide what she should be doing. A sob burst from Yang but Ruby clung to her more tightly and she felt the moment of regret and fear pass. No, this was what she wanted; it just wasn’t anything like a casual experience.

“Is it okay?” she finally asked in a fragile voice when they had been at it for a few minutes.

“Y-yeah,” Ruby breathed. When Yang didn’t respond, she added, “It’s… f-feels a lot bigger there than… in my hand, o-or…” A sniffle. “My mouth.”

Through a shaky breath, she managed to whisper, “I’m sorry.”

“NO. Yang, no, d-don’t be… okay? This is…” They both sniffed at the same time, and then had to laugh because of that. “Sis, I’m right where I want to be, doing what I want to do, with the one person who I want to do it with.”

“Okay,” she half-laughed, half-sobbed. Another kiss followed as they began to move again, and Ruby raised her legs again, crossing her ankles over Yang’s lower back. That seemed to do the trick. “Nhh…”

A little more shifting, and they were underway. She hadn’t even let herself think about how good Ruby felt before then because of all her anxiety, but now… she was perfect around her. Before this, she had thought being pleased by her mouth was the best feeling she could hope for, and it was a close second… but this took first place easily. Even through the condom, she couldn’t believe how warm and wet she felt, the way the muscles gripped and caressed her. This was everything she had hoped sex would be but never dared actually believe.
It seemed like they were barely starting and then Yang felt her end rolling over her fast. Hoping to warn her, she whispered, “A-are you close?” Then Ruby shook her head, and she closed her eyes. “Shit…”

“It’s okay. I… w-want you to…” Licking her lips, she kissed Yang’s neck and then whispered, “Come in me. Please?”

“But you’re not- I w-want to make you-”

“Sorry,” Ruby breathed, though she was laugh-sobbing very softly. “It feels so amazing, Yang, but I don’t think it’s gonna get me there exactly. It’s a different thing. Maybe if I…”

This was something Yang had heard about but didn’t really understand fully, since her body didn’t work the same way; that girls didn’t always cum from penetration. So when she felt Ruby’s hand snaking between their bodies, starting to grind fingertips against her clit, she tried to ignore the pang of disappointment that shot through her stomach; it wasn’t either of their fault. Yang wasn’t failing Ruby, and Ruby wasn’t “broken”; she just needed a little extra something to help her orgasm.

“O-OHHHHH yeah,” Ruby gasped out after less than a minute, writhing beneath Yang. “Shit! I- wow, that didn’t take long, I’m already- NHH! Yang!”

Familiar as those noises were, Yang actually giggled when she realised that it barely took the lightest touch for Ruby to get close to finishing, and she began to thrust harder than ever, a tingle trickling down her spine when she heard the moans that created. A few of her own slipped out as she felt her insides clenching.

“Ruby! Mmhh, fuck yeah! It’s- I’m so close!”

“I love you, Yang! NHHAAHHH OH GOD!”

“RUBY!!!”

It was bizarre, feeling herself pulsing and releasing into someone else’s body. She’d done it in Ruby’s mouth, but this was different; she was so deep within her body, completely enveloped by her muscles clenching around her over and over, and the legs around her back. Drowning in her love, and she didn’t want to surface, didn’t care if she never left that place.

Finally, she slumped down onto her and let out ragged gasps as she tried to recover. Ruby was still letting out the quietest shrieks she could, but they were beginning to taper off, and finally gave way to panting as her hand stilled, then slid away from between their bodies to come up and grip Yang’s back.

“Yang…”

“I love you so much,” she whispered immediately, trying not to lose it, trying not to fall apart into sobs. But Ruby wasn’t going to let her feel alone.

“Love you, too,” she breathed as she kissed Yang’s neck, then the side of her head. “I’m so happy…”

“Really? Even though I’m-”

“Awesome?” she finished for her, heading off whatever anxiety-riddled thing she had been about to ask. When Yang let out a wet snort of laughter, she grinned into her neck and petted her naked,
sweating back. “Mmm… yeah. This was way better than I thought it could be.”

“Well, that’s g-good, I guess.”

Scoffing, Ruby poked her side playfully. “You know what I mean. I’ve always been kind of… afraid of doing this part, since it’s supposed to be such a huge deal. And… it is, but it also isn’t? I don’t know. I’m messed up.”

“Nah, I know what you mean. Like, it was incredible, but it was also, like… not as scary and important as everybody acts like it is. Yeah, uh… hard to explain, but I don’t think you’re the messed up one.”

“Thanks. I’m… like, it’s great to know we kind of…” A little sniffle. “You’re so perfect for me, I c-can’t believe it sometimes! I love you more than I ever thought I’d love anybody!”

Cradling her close, Yang whispered, “I love you, too, Ruby. God, so much! You giant fucking nerd, I can’t live without you, okay?!”

It took them a minute or two to recover. Then they kissed again, and then they both sort of realised in the same moment that it was time to pull out. Ruby nodded that she was ready, and then Yang slowly eased her way backward. They both shivered and groaned, and then Yang flopped to one side.

“We can’t forget to flush this one,” Ruby chuckled. They didn’t need a repeat of her mother finding out with their father this time.

“Damn right we won’t. Ohhh… oh, wow.” Then she kissed her younger half-sibling’s cheek and told her, “I’m so happy it was you.”

“Right?” she half-laughed, wiping her eyes and smiling at her. “Couldn’t have asked for better, and I wouldn’t want to. You’re the one.” The low lighting just barely caught in the silvery eyes, and Yang felt like she could fall into them and be lost forever. In fact, she almost wished that would happen.

Chapter End Notes

I said I'd try to get back to a more regular posting schedule in Dec and I meant it! There are a couple of shorter fics I'm going to try to get out this month (along with wrapping this and SWTD). Then in the new year, another looong fic will get kicked off! Hope you're all ready to see this team of assholes in a bunch of random modern AUs, because that's how it's gonna be, people!

By the way, the artist - ArisuYoku on deviantArt - gave me permission to post this here, given how well it suits this fic! Enjoy!
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Summer's teasing gets a little out of hand - and has very little to do with hands.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER [these warnings contain spoilers!!!!]

Enabler: tickling, snuggles, brief blowjob.
July: dick-slap, cock worship, foot worship, dirty talk/domination, light ageplay, footjob.
Xiaodipus (Raven/Yang): very slight hints

PSA: anal without a condom is maybe not a great idea. Do your own research before trying.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

=Chapter 19

BLAKEYWAKEY: You've been super quiet latelyyyyy how's it goin with stepmommmm

In all seriousness, Yang should have expected the message. She and Blake really hadn’t been texting much since right after she walked in on Summer sunbathing, so she had to have been stewing in her curiosity about how things went after that.

ME: Dude nooooo XD
ME: But it's going fine I promise

BLAKEYWAKEY: I smell lies
BLAKEYWAKEY: LIESSSSSSS

ME: LISTEN BINCH

“Who ya talkin’ to?”

Glancing over her shoulder, she nudged Ruby with her shoulder to get her to go away. “Nobody, nosy.”

“I get to look at who my girlfriend’s talking to,” she protested with a slight sing-song to her voice as she sat on the arm of the loveseat. “Blake? Your teammate, right?”

“Yeah. Roomie, too.”

“Should I be jealous?” For that, Yang did reach up and flick Ruby’s ear. “OW!”
Apparently, Ruby decided this was completely her business, because she reached over to scroll up in the chat. Yang didn’t even bother fighting her; there didn’t seem to be much point. When she saw what they were talking about, she sighed and wrapped her arms around Yang’s head.

“Wha- Ruby, what are you doing?”

“Sorry, I know this is still kinda weird. I shouldn't tease.”

Grumbling under her breath, she hugged back and kissed Ruby’s cheek. “It’s cool, really. I’m pretty much over it by now; like you said, if I can get over banging you then it’s kinda ridiculous to get all hung up about your mom like, sitting on my lap one time.”

“Yeah.” Then she relaxed her arms into a more casual hug. “But I’m surprised you told her about that. Must have really been messing with your head if you were telling someone else.”

“Well… I told her about Summer, not… y’know.” When Ruby raised her eyebrows, she barrelled ahead, “I just don’t know how to even start that conversation! What the hell do you say? ‘By the way, I’m totally in love with this cute chick who just happens to be half-related to me, but don’t worry about that part’?!”

“No, I get it,” she snorted as she kissed her forehead. All the little kisses and hugs were definitely having the desired effect, and she was feeling a lot less self-conscious and depressed. “Love you. And you’ll figure it out; maybe…”

A little gleam crept into Ruby’s eye. Yang knew that was dangerous, so she immediately asked, “What?”

“Nothing.”

“No, seriously, tell me. Or I’ll tickle you.”

“Tickle away,” she said airily. “I’m not telling.” So of course, she immediately fell to digging her hands into her half-sibling’s side, causing her to writhe and flail, screeching, “NOOOO!!! Never, never, hahahaha!”

“TALK! Or I’ll go for your feet!”

“You’ll- ahaaha! -you’ll go for those, anyway!” But instead, Yang dug her lips into Ruby’s neck, which caused her laughter to spike upward by an octave.

“Enough, you two.”

They broke apart when they saw Summer sitting on the couch. How had neither of them noticed her enter? Apparently, they really were just that preoccupied with each other. Struggling for breath, Ruby sat up a little and said, “Hey, Mom!”

But “Mom” didn’t answer right away. Her eyes were narrowed at the two of them, enough to make Yang duck her head slightly even though she hadn’t said anything cruel or judgmental; only asked them to calm down. After the groom had gone so quiet they could hear the clock ticking in the dining room, she finally spoke.
“Ah.”

“Ah, what?” Summer only nodded knowingly, which made Ruby squeak, “Ah, what, Mom?!”

At the nodding, Yang slowly began to feel her cheeks heating up even before she quite realised why. Then it hit her conscious brain all at once. Into Ruby’s ears, she hissed, “I think she knows.”

“Knows what?” It took a couple more seconds before Ruby’s head sunk down into her shoulders.

“Oh.”

“Pretty much written all over your faces, girls. So I guess… that suggestion I was going to make that even though you’re committed to doing this, you might not want to take it too far…”

“Little late, yeah,” Yang said in a small voice.

The woman pushed up from the couch and sat on the loveseat, the two girls scooting to either side to make room for her to squeeze in. Was she going to yell at them? No - she pulled them in for a hug. Yang felt slightly more awkward about it, but she was so grateful for the comfort when she had been expecting a reprimand that she couldn’t even care.

“It’s okay. I’m sorry for being so… well, it’s over and done with, and I hope it went alright for the both of you.”

“Went better than ‘alright’,” Ruby couldn’t help giggling. But when her mother groaned, she winced and whispered, “Sorry!”

“We were careful,” Yang told her before she could ask; she already knew it was coming.

“I’m glad for that,” she sighed. “Just… come to me if being careful turns out to be not careful enough. I know it’s probably not what you want to hear, but we can’t have any ‘accidents’. Not in this situation.”

Ruby looked a little sad about that, and didn’t answer. Therefore, Yang took it upon herself to reach behind Summer to pat her girlfriend’s back as she said, “Yeah. No webbed-footed babies.”

“That’s a total misconception!” Ruby couldn’t seem to keep from saying. “There’s only a tiny chance that inbred children will have any deformities at all, and webbed feet aren’t usually part of that!”

Both of them just stared at her until she began to look embarrassed at speaking up. Then Summer kissed the top of her head. “I’m sorry. Just want to make sure you’re careful. Besides that chance of deformity, it’s also… social ramifications.”

“Dad,” Yang guessed.

“Yes. And me, in a lesser sense. And the rest of everyone you know. The relationship will be difficult enough but when you bring children into the mix…”

In a would-be grumpy voice, Ruby accused, “Thanks for depressing us, Mom.” But it was pretty clear by her sigh afterwards that she knew that wasn’t her intention.

“Sorry. But in the middle of your happiness, I think you need that dose of realism. Before you do something you can never explain away, or say the wrong thing to the wrong person.”

“We know,” Yang assured her, though privately she did worry that Ruby maybe cared a lot less
than she did. “And we’re going to keep this on the down-low, don’t worry.”

“I’ll trust that means keeping it a secret,” the older woman laughed, rubbing up and down their upper arms. “And… it’s really weird to me still, but please know that I am happy that you’re happy right now. Hard for me to suppress my maternal instinct to knock your heads together, but I’m happy.”

“We get it, Mom. And it’s hard because you want Yang’s D so much.”

“Enough,” she grunted as she stood up.

“You could still have my D, you know,” Yang offered in a conversational tone. “Just ask your daughter if she’ll loan me out.”

Ruby clapped her hands excitedly. “It’ll be like a library system!”

“I SAID ‘ENOUGH’, YOU LITTLE WEIRDOS! GOD!”

But they kept up the teasing all morning. At one point, Yang went a little too far and Summer threatened to kick her in the junk, but when Yang swallowed in fear she rolled her eyes and admitted that she was only joking. It was going to take a while for them to figure out how to poke fun at each other about this without taking it seriously and nearly hurting one another.

The silliness was interrupted by a trip to the mall, where the two girls picked up a few more fun things - including a strap-on from that ubiquitous joke store, which Yang kept trying to insist she did not need Ruby to buy but she wouldn’t listen. She just kept insisting that she wanted to be “fair” to her girlfriend, and the crimson-faced blonde just tried not to die while they were checking out.

Summer was horrified when Ruby decided it was necessary to show her their purchase. Then she glanced at Yang and looked even more horrified, though Yang certainly wasn’t in any mood or position to tease her about it then. Lucky Ruby got to laugh about it and skip off to stash it in her room and leave the other two to look both slightly ill and thoroughly ashamed.

“That didn’t take you long.”

“Wh-what?” Yang said, clearing her throat.

“Kicking things up a notch,” she went on with a sigh, collecting her limeade and her silk robe to head out onto the deck for her afternoon ritual. “Didn’t you literally take my daughter’s virginity last night?”

Sighing at that choice phrasing, Yang insisted, “I didn’t ‘take’ anything; we gave our virginity to each other. And it’d be great if you’d stop acting like I’m some man who doesn’t care where he sticks his dick.”

At that, the elder Rose looked up sharply. “Did I say that? Of course not. Please don’t put words in my mouth, Yang.” But at Yang’s pointed stare, she sighed and set down the limeade. “Alright. It is a little difficult because she’s my daughter, but it’s a lot less to do with your birth gender than my being protective of my baby.”

“I’m taking care of her. Like, really taking care, not the ‘wink wink’ taking care. I… there’s no
way for me to say this that’ll sound like I mean it to you, is there?”

“No. But I can tell you do, even if it’s not the words. I can see in you the same things that made me realise how great Tai is…” Then she cleared her throat and picked up the glass. “Probably part of the reason why I can’t seem to stop teasing you, if I’m being honest.”

“Right. Um…” Scratching the back of her head, she cleared her throat. “There’s just a lot of feelings with that. I mean, being compared to my dad is weird now that I’m out, but like, he’s also a great person, so… I, um…”

“Don’t have to explain to me.” They both more or less understood what she was trying to say. “Now, I’m going out to sunbathe. You can join me if you want, or if Ruby never comes back and you’re bored.”

“But you sunbathe nude.”

“So? Nothing you haven’t seen before.”

Again, that half-teasing, half-indifferent tone. Yang watched as Summer went out to set her limeade on the table next to the chaise lounge. Kept watching through the sliding glass door as she stripped her clothing off from the trip to the mall. When she went for the underwear, she turned away and busied herself getting a Coke from the fridge.

“Check out this Ryuko figurine I found in the back of my sock drawer!” Ruby announced when she made it to the kitchen. “Doesn’t the hair remind you of me? I was kind of thinking about her when I got the red put in, but I forgot that was… why I… Yang, are you okay?”

“Fine,” she said, clearing her throat and smiling as she took another sip of soda. “Who’s Ryuko?”

But Ruby had spotted her mother’s body through the door. Her lip curled and she went, “Ewww, are you perving on my mom again?!”

“NO! God, stop it! She’s the one who won’t completely quit teasing me!”

The way she put her hands on her hips and pursed her lips was more like a ‘Stop playing those video games and help me make dinner’ expression a girlfriend might give her significant other, rather than anything about finding multiple family members attractive. “She doesn’t tease you that much. Can’t you just ignore it if it’s really bugging you?”

“Can I? I mean…” Clearing her throat, she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at the sliding glass door. “She invited me to catch some rays with her. Naked! Like, maybe it wouldn’t have been weird before all this stuff happened, but it is now, right?”

Ruby thought about that for a second. Then she shrugged. “Do you wanna do that?”

“I… not really, it’s too weird.”

“Are you sure? Because I think you kinda do wanna, but feel like me or Mom are gonna yell at you, or judge you. Like, don’t you wanna go back to the East Coast with a tan?”

“I don’t wanna go back to the East Coast with a story about how I popped a boner in front of your mom while we were both naked.”

Again, she took a moment to think that over. “Well… okay, we did just bang last night. And you came pretty hard! If you’re ever gonna make it through tanning nude with Mom, it’ll be today.
Just, like… I’ll come with you! I don’t care about seeing my mom naked, and you might feel less weird if you’re not alone with her.”

That did actually make a certain sense to her. Sighing, she set down her coke and began to shuck her shorts. “Fine… let’s get this over with.”

So they all sunbathed nude together on the deck, and Yang simply kept her eyes off Summer’s lounge chair. And to her surprise… it worked. She had been so satisfied by Ruby the night before that she didn’t even feel more than a slight stirring. It did a lot to ease the lingering tensions between the three of them, because Summer barely even moved when Yang settled in next to her, and then went right back to lying on her stomach and soaking in the rays. Welcome progress.

The only hiccup was when Yang was sunning on her back and Summer got up to refill her limeade. Seeing Yang on full display was an experience she hadn’t had yet - the only one of them who hadn’t seen the other naked before. Even through her sunglasses, Yang noticed her bite her lip for a moment before shaking her lip for a moment before shaking her head and stubbornly sending herself inside. That did make her twitch briefly but it was easier to ignore than it would have been any day before that one.

“This is going pretty well,” Ruby whispered from Yang’s other side.

“You mom wants the D,” she hissed back, and they both giggled. “But yeah, you’re right; I just… get too into my own head about this stuff, I guess.”

Swinging her legs over the side, she moved from her own chair to Yang’s, sitting next to her hip. “I like it when you get into my head.”

“Ruby…” She wasn’t going to be able to keep holding herself at bay if she teased her any more than that. Especially with them both being nude, and outside!

“Okay, okay,” she chuckled. “Actually… I just wanted to steal a little kiss before she comes back.” So she leaned down to catch Yang’s lips before either of them could think too much. It was a sweet kiss, but with just a tinge of heat. Only a minute or so went by before Ruby pulled back, wiping at her lip with a little impish gleam in her silvery eyes before she went back to her own chair.

“Brat,” Yang shot at her as they laughed. And it was just as well, because Summer returned at that moment. “Topped yourself off?”

“I… did. And it looks like I missed something.” She first thought the elder woman meant their laughing, but then she noticed where her eyes were pointed.

“O-oh…” She tried to twitch her legs together to hide the erection, but it didn’t work in the slightest, so she moved to drape a hand over it. “I…”

“No need to explain. Please.” Clearing her throat, she retook her place on her chaise lounge, cheeks a little red beneath the frames of her sunglasses. “And I trust I don’t have to ask you to take that inside if you can’t help yourselves?”

“Of course! Yeah, don’t worry!”

- [WARNING: The rest of this chapter is both July-heavy and foot-heavy, and can be canon or non-canon to you without affecting the rest of the story much, take it or leave it! PenpalPenny I hope you’re happy lmao]
But Ruby was strangely silent. A few minutes passed as they all went back to reclining and sunning their fronts. Yang was just thinking about rolling over onto her stomach, at least to hide the erection that wouldn’t seem to diminish, when Ruby sat up.

“Bathroom. You guys enjoy, I’ll be back!” She tipped her sunglasses a little lower so Yang would see her winking at her as she grabbed up her phone and headed for the door inside. All the while, that clever, self-satisfied look remained on her face.

A few seconds passed in silence. Summer was stubbornly quiet, so Yang decided she needed to speak up. “Um…”

“I said it’s fine.”

“Okay. Just didn’t want… n-nevermind.” Then they both received a text. Yang grabbed for her phone, noticing that Summer wasn’t doing the same as she read the message.

RUBES: Hey so I think I ate something weird at the food court idk… but I’ll be in here for at least another 15. If you guys need more time just text me back C:

“Oh my GOD,” Yang couldn’t help bursting out as she facepalmed. Unless she was mistaken, this wasn’t just a notice about her bowel issues. It was permission. Was Ruby serious?! She read the text over and over again, and could come up with no response. That was crazy. The whole situation was already crazy, and there Ruby wanted to make it crazier.

When Yang never continued further, Summer sighed. “Did she sent you nudes or something? That girl…”

“No, not… exactly.”

Only then did Summer go for her own phone. Yang braced for impact, and was surprised when Summer only nodded and sat the phone down on the table next to her beverage.

“You… okay?”

“Sure. So, which of us is going to be on top?”

Yang was still sputtering when she caught Summer’s deadpan look and realised she was joking. “Oh… u-umm, sorry, I really…. Yeah, that’s dumb of me.”

“I really don’t know what goes on in her head,” she sighed as she took a sip, trying to settle back but clearly looking a little restless now. “And I normally don’t, but this is… does she really think I’m going to throw away my marriage over this? A weird, awkward, incestuous situation like we’re in? It’s ludicrous.”

“Well, I don’t think Ruby sees the complications. She just looks at it really simply; you turned me on, I turned you on, so we should probably do something about it. Even if that’s weird and not something we’re interested in trying…”

“Interest is not the same thing as intent. I mean… you’re a very attractive young woman, Yang. I’ve never been into women before other than simply admiring their looks objectively, but then again, you’re the first one whose dick I’ve seen. I’ll admit, it’s… a little confusing for my brain, since my generation was different from yours.”
At that, Yang tried not to be too offended; she knew Summer was simply being truthful. “You mean I’d have been a ‘drag queen’ and that’s it? Yeah, I know. Dad kinda says the same stuff. You’re a little younger than him, though… maybe it’s not too late.”

A little laugh escaped Summer’s throat as she smiled over at Yang. “Good. I’m doing my best, and don’t want to imagine that it’s ‘too late’ for me to evolve. But it’s not too late for him, either, you know.”

“I know.” A little smile pulled at her lips thinking of the conversation they had while playing pool. Which made her decide even faster. “We don’t have to do anything besides just talk. Just because Ruby’s giving us a ‘pass’…”

“What, you don’t want me to go down on you?” Summer chuckled. But when Yang made a choking noise, she laughed louder. “I’m sorry! You really are sweet; I’m only kidding, Yang.”

“W-well… I mean, that’d probably feel great, but let’s not.”

“I wouldn’t give you that kind of hold over me, anyway. Not that you would, but if you ever told Tai anything went on between us…”

“Of course I wouldn’t,” she assured her immediately. “You think I want to have that horrible conversation with him, even just to get back at you for… for whatever? Watch him be disappointed in me? Hell no. Trust me, I’m not telling him a thing, and I’m not really into blackmailing people if I can help it, anyway.”

The small smile that pulled at Summer’s sweet lips was a gentle one. “Like I said, sweet.” Then she bit her lip again. It really did seem to be an involuntary reaction, but that was twice it had happened so close together.

“What is it?”

“Nothing.”

“Bullshit.” Taking a guess, she whispered, “You wanna touch it.”

“No.” Another heartbeat later, she cleared her throat and shrugged her tanned shoulders. “Alright, so I do, but that doesn’t make it right.”

“Knew it.” The slight softening was basically gone, and Yang tried not to draw attention to it. “Um… I don’t know, maybe I should go inside.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. We’re adults in control of our actions, Yang. If you want an all-over tan, me wanting you to hit me in the face with that shouldn’t stop you.”

That was the most direct she had ever been, even including sitting on her lap and grinding. Yang stared at her for a moment, and Summer had the decency to flush a little deeper, even if she otherwise remained absolutely still and inscrutable behind her sunglasses. Yang had to wonder if her nipples were a little stiffer than they had been before…

“Well… hitting you in the face with it isn’t really that big a deal, is it? I could do that if you want me to.”

“But you won’t…” A second later, when Yang hadn’t answered, she turned to look at her more directly. “Yang, that is not a good idea.”
“Why not?” She was already turning and sitting on the edge of the chaise lounge. “Literally one half-second of contact?”

“Because it might turn into more than that half-second. And even so, a really fast moment of cheating is still cheating.” But Yang was already straddling her, knees on either side of Summer’s hips. “Yang!”

“Look at it and tell me you don’t want to be hit in the face with it. That you were lying before.” Summer’s tongue wetted her lips as she stared at the thick length hovering a few inches from her face. “Okay, good. Now if you tell me to go sit down again, I’m gonna. Promise. Like, I’m not going to slap you with my dick against your will; it’s a weird thing to do in the first place, right? I’ve never heard of—”

“Make it quick,” Summer hissed, glancing at the sliding door and then taking off her sunglasses. Her eyes looked concerned and ashamed, but she had already resigned herself to doing this.

“Okay. Um, which way? Across the cheek?” A quick nod. “Alright. Um… one, two… three!”

The slap was one of the oddest sensations Yang had ever experienced. A thrill of erotic energy shot through her length and into her stomach as she made contact, partly just from shifting it from one side to another with her hand, and partly from feeling the cheek push back against it for the brief second. Summer’s head only twitched to one side by an inch or so, and she let out a quiet gasp, but otherwise seemed to handle herself fine.

“A-ah…” Her eyes remained cast off to one side. “Well. Now you’ve done it.”

“Oh no, I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“No, I meant that literally; you did it. Now we… we can cross it off the list. That is all.” Clearing her throat, she nodded toward the other chaise lounge. “Maybe you should go back to sunning yourself.”

But Yang was watching her carefully. After a second, she asked, “Was it… good? Bad? I dunno.”

“Too good.” Her cheeks were redder than Yang had ever seen them, and she pressed her lips together for a moment as ragged breaths went in and out through her nostrils. “And… to answer the question… it is a weird thing to do. I don’t know why I like that; I shouldn’t. But I always have.”

Experimentally, Yang gave her another, softer slap; she barely flinched at the second one. “Don’t worry about it. Um… you’re right, we should stop. I think Ruby just wanted us to try this and get it out of our systems.”

“She can see how we keep getting turned on by each other on accident,” Summer remarked, face twitching toward the length but not quite close enough to touch. Yang responded by bringing it downward instead of from the side, laying it across her eye and the side of her nose, the corner of her mouth. And leaving it there. “Mmm… warm. Hard yet soft.”

“Your face is pretty warm, too.” She shook the base again, and slapped it down onto Summer twice more, earning a slight fluttering of eyelashes each time. “This doesn’t make you feel… I dunno, gross? Like I’m treating you like a ‘thing’ or something?”

She admitted more than Yang ever needed to know. “It does. That’s why I like it. I… can put myself more easily into the state of mind that I’m about to be… used if I’m treated like this from the start.”
“But I’m not going to use you!” she hissed in alarm, and Summer smiled a little. “What?”

“I know. You’re too sweet for that. But… before I married… there were plenty of guys who passed me around. Did what they wanted. I started liking it too much, finding it too easy to let them get away with anything. I was at a pretty low point because of that when I met Tai, and he changed everything. Made me feel confident again, like my own person. Not that it was all him; I had it inside myself. The annoyance with what I became, and the willingness to change. I just needed that one little push.”

Somehow, this time Yang wasn’t finding herself repulsed by talking about Summer being with her dad, even while her cock was rubbing around her face. Maybe it was because the story was more about Summer than anything. “Then… I should quit. I don’t want to make you feel bad about yourself again.”

“But I already told you - it feels good. And because it’s someone I trust, I can handle it; I can know that afterward, I will still be treated like a person.” At that, a wicked smile flashed over her lips. Yang knew she was about to get ‘revenge’ somehow, and she was right. “Tai knows my limits and is willing to explore them with me, too. He’s done exactly what you’re doing right now.”

Definitely revenge. Yang’s stomach gave a sick lurch, and she felt like spinning to one side and throwing up. But it wasn’t a strong enough negative reaction. Also, Summer gave her length a little kiss at that exact second, and she sighed, staying put.

“But I’m not going to do for you what I do for him, Yang. Don’t worry. I… can admit that you’re gorgeous, and that I really want this big, beautiful sausage down my throat… or elsewhere… but we won’t. Because we’re stronger.” Purely to remind herself, she whispered, “I’m stronger.”

“You guys are right; I’m just hot for Rose women.” They both smiled. “Um… so if I’m not going back to my chair, but you’re not going to do anything with it… I just… like I’m really not trying to be a jerk, but what else are we even doing?”

While she had been speaking, Summer was taking a deep inhale of Yang’s head, basking in the natural musk. Then she opened her eyes and whispered, “You could give me a facial or something. I won’t help, but I’ll let you finish on me. And you could slap me with it a few more times during; I don’t mind.”

“I’m curious…” She did give Summer a slap from the opposite direction, and it earned a very soft sigh of satisfaction. “Um… what was I going to ask? Right - uh, if I weren’t so nice and ordered you around after doing this, would it work? Like… if I told you to get on your hands and knees and just take it…”

“No,” Summer told her, but she didn’t look offended or angry at the question. “I’m put in the mood for it, but I’m not hypnotised; if Tai did it, I would obey him instantly because we’re in a permanent partnership. He’s the one I will do that for unless I’m not in the mood to play at all. And I would picture submitting to you, letting you have your way with me… but ultimately, no, I would simply tell you that I won’t be doing that.”

The mental images were making her throb, and Summer noticed, nuzzling it very slightly. “G-good. I, um… I know this will sound dumb, but I was kind of worried… that I might…”

“You aren’t making me do anything against my will,” she headed her off. “I’m doing things against my better judgment, of course, but I’m doing them. My actions, my dubious choices.”

“That’s a relief.” Summer did raise a hand, but only to gently pat Yang’s hip in reassurance; she
appreciated it, despite the strange situation. “Um… I don’t know if I can come on your face. That
seems like… I can’t…” Taking another breath, she whispered, “I respect you too much, which I
know is stupid to say with my balls on your chin, but…”

“Stop being so sweet or I’ll bake you into a pie,” she chuckled, petting up and down her hip. Then
she had a thought. “Hmm… I think I know something that will work out for us. A little strange,
and a new one for me, but in a way this will be a lot less intolerable for our situation.”

“Oh?” Her lips drifted up to the head, tongue sliding out to run along the underside. “A-ah! I
thought you—”

“One for the road. Alright, back up a little; further down the deck chair.” When Yang obeyed,
scooting down until she was straddling Summer’s knees instead, the woman rolled over onto her
stomach. Yang tried not to let out a sigh at seeing her pert little ass, but it was audible enough that
Summer smirked over her shoulder.

“Okay… I… so what’s going on, you want me to grind on your butt or something?”

“No exactly.” Then her legs flexed, and she felt an ankle brush past her sack as two feet raised
upward between her own legs, poking very lightly at her hips.

“Oh… no.”

Summer’s voice was full of rich sensuality, though it was a little over the top. “Oh yes. This has
been something you’ve been trying to avoid for a while, I think.”

“You want me to jerk off onto your feet?!”

“No, no; I want to jerk you off with my feet.” When Yang only blinked down at her, she
whispered, “And I will. Or you can just nibble them while you do it, or if you lay on the deck I’ll
step on you. However you want to handle it, that’s what we’ll do; like I said, I haven’t done much
of this before.”

“You and Ruby, I wear to god…”

But she wasn’t fighting against this. Why? It was a weird idea, and she wanted to be annoyed, but
at the same time it wasn’t nearly as straight-up ‘cheating’ as if Summer were to give her a
blowjob… or if they actually had sex. Maybe it was a technicality, but it was one that they could
both live with. As she stared down at the toes, still painted with the polish she had put on herself,
she remembered them pushing into her face once before and had to admit, she really did dig them.
Both sets of Rose toes.

“You probably think I’m a freak,” she whispered as she traced a fingertip along one of the soles.
Her toes curled, causing the thicker skin to wrinkle slightly.

“Hmmmm,” she laughed very slightly from being tickled. “A little. But most people are freaks in
one way or another; it’s just a matter of whether or not their oddities are known to others. Or did
you already forget how much I liked having my face smacked with your dick?”

“Do you really want me to…”

But Yang didn’t even finish her thought. Instead, she did as she had been ‘taught’ by the woman’s
daughter and sank down lower to begin showering one foot with kisses, letting out noises of
pleasure as she did so. Summer was doing the same, though hers sounded more calm, sure of
herself; she knew that this was mostly for Yang’s benefit and didn’t seem to mind reminding her,
even if only with wordless hums.

“Say something,” Yang finally whispered as she moved to the other foot.

“Like what?” In an intentionally poor acting voice, she said, “Oh, yeah. That’s it. Kiss those feet.”

Sighing, she pulled back for a second. “Um, I dunno. What would you normally say if… you know what? I don’t know what I’m asking, either.”

For a few seconds, there was silence as Yang kissed, and began to let her tongue flick out against the skin. Then Summer tried something that surprised her.

“Filthy little slut loves my feet, doesn’t she?”

“What?!”

“That’s right, you heard me.” The toes curled up to push into Yang’s lips. “Worship them. I want to feel that tongue clean my dirty feet some more.”

Shame flooded through Yang’s face and stomach, but at the same time… she felt her arousal twitch. Hard. When she kissed again, the entire foot pressed into her face, and she caught the ankle with one hand as she began to worship it more.

“What did I say?!” Realising her mistake, she began to lick more than kiss, all over the sole. “That’s right… everywhere. You love this, don’t you? You want more, you want my feet all to yourself.” As she slid her tongue between two of the toes, she snapped, “Answer me!”

“Uh-huh!” Yang managed to moan out, hips unintentionally grinding up and down on the deck chair as she sucked harder on the slightly salty toes. Utter disbelief was her main thought; she was really doing this. And she wasn’t hating it. Even though she had enjoyed trying this first with Ruby, and preferred the gentler teasing and encouragement, something about being ordered around was too hot to be denied.

“Mmm,” Summer was moaning, beginning to flex them inside Yang’s mouth, which only added to the experience. “Little slut needs my dirty toes in her mouth. Thinks they’re so beautiful that she can’t help herself. Gets hard as a rock thinking about doing this, about cleaning my feet with her eager lips and tongue…”

“Y-yes, ma’am!” she managed to groan as she moved along, taking the big toe all the way in and polishing it all over with her tongue. “Mmhh!”

“I think you wanted this the moment you got here,” she continued to tease. “With both of us. All you see are feet, everywhere you look… having both of us on your face at once? That was a dream come true.”

“N-no, I-”

“Shut up. Just lick the heels now.” Yang didn’t even protest, only moved up to the heel and trailed her tongue up along the sole as she went, then began to suck and lick all over the circular region. “Mmm… yes, you like this. Want to do it even more now that you’ve had a taste.”

Maybe she was right about some of this. Though before, she would have said she had no interest in this particular kink, at all, clearly she had started paying attention to Ruby’s little tootsies the minute she got to the house. Just how far back did the interest go, if it had been lurking beneath the surface before this trip?
“Massage while you do it. I want to enjoy this as much as you are.” Yang raised her hands and began to knead the sole, moving her mouth back to the toes because it was easier to do at that angle. “Mmmm, good. Oh, that tongue is very thorough…”

By the time Yang switched to the other foot, she had more or less covered the one in her own saliva, even if it was drying on some parts by then. She wanted to hate it, and to think it tasted gross, and smelled awful, and everything else she would have expected. Instead, she loved all of those aspects. The scent was somehow reassuring, the salty tang no better or worse than nibbling skin elsewhere on the body… and the taboo of it was keeping her as hard as she had ever been, even without anything other than Summer’s knee to grind it against.

“Harder,” she ordered, in reference to her massaging fingers. “They need tender loving care.”

Something slipped out. It was a call-and-response. Unbeknownst to Summer, she had said the last bit in just the right tone, and with Yang’s thoughts so distracted by the sheer insanity of what they were doing together, she wasn’t thinking when she pulled off the toes to speak as she kneaded the sole harder with her fingers.

“Yes, Mommy.”

They both froze for a moment. Yang’s face drained of all colour when it hit her what she had called Summer. That was not only bad, but very, very wrong considering what kind of activity they were engaged in. Why had she said that?!

It was Summer who recovered first, of course. She was gazing over her shoulder at Yang, but as she watched her carefully, she finally whispered, “Don’t stop now. Mommy’s feet need their massage.”

“I…” Yang wanted to panic and run away, but being commanded almost gave her no choice but to obey when her brain had clocked out. She began to knead the sole harder, earning a moan from Summer that made her face and neck feel hot. Why was it even worse now? Because of one little slip of the tongue?

“Say it again,” she urged her, flexing her ankles so that she pressed her toes into Yang’s mouth. This time, she didn’t open up. “You want to. Say it and kiss them.”

Swallowing hard, she did kiss the big toe, and let out a quieter, experimental, “Y-yes, Mommy?” Fresh shame blossomed within her, but she tried to shrug it off as she kissed again.

“That’s better. Now… clean this foot like you did the other one. It’s so filthy. Only your tongue can make Mommy clean again.”

“Ugh!” she burst out, unable to stop the noise. But she also didn’t stop to think, only started licking and leaving brief suction on the rest of the foot, moaning into the skin and tissue beneath. Summer’s noises were similar but with less heat within them, purely for effect. Once she had done her job, she went back to massaging as she threaded her tongue between toes, moving her lips from side to side.

“That’s my girl. She loves toes so very much. Sweet Yang…”

Tears were in her eyes, though she still couldn’t fully understand why. Especially not while she was hard as a rock, and desperate to get off even as she was still enjoying the moment. What the hell was she turning into?!

It wasn’t until she dug in with more gusto and heard one particularly long, relieved sigh from her
stepmother that she became consciously aware of the true problem: Summer and Ruby were not the first ones whose feet she had kissed. *Her own mother’s* were her first. When she was very little, learning to give massages and still naive enough to think that kissing feet wasn’t disgusting, she had done it on quite a few occasions. Of course, Raven had told her that kissing feet was “not something we do”, but she never explained why, so it took a few gentle corrections before it took hold. The hazy memory from the past told her that it hadn’t felt bad at all.

“Do Mommy’s feet taste good?” Summer was asking, and Yang felt her stomach roil even worse now that she understood why she was having such a hard time with that. But she couldn’t turn back; she felt *obligated* to finish the job, and she was so hard that any form of pleasure was welcome. Memories of doing this for Ruby recently mixed with the past memories of her mother’s feet, and she wanted to cry, or throw herself into the Pacific. But instead, she kept going.

“They do. You love Mommy’s feet; you want her toes in your mouth all the time, to play with your tongue.” She didn’t know how much worse she was making it! “Or do you want them to play with your dick for a while?”

“Huh?” she finally managed to breathe, cheeks wet as her lips.

“I think you need to finish.” Summer was looking at her very intently. “And I think maybe I’ve teased you enough for one afternoon; you look…”

For some reason, seeing that concern prompted her to smile and shrug everything off. Even knowing how messed up her own brain was. “I’m f-fine.”

“Fine, what?” The toes slid up and down Yang’s nude stomach.

“I’m fine, Mommy,” she whispered. This time, Summer could see the self-loathing in her eyes when she went on, “Thank you for letting m-me play with your feet.”

“Of course.” She started to roll over, to ask if she was okay again, but then resettled. “Kneel up and get ready to use Mommy’s feet to finish. I think you’ve earned that much.”

Again, Yang did as she was told. It didn’t take much manoeuvring to get her cock settled between the still-wet forms, both big toes gently pressing into her sack. It felt *great*, but at that point anything would have. Even the crook of an elbow would have been enough to get her off. After a second or two, Yang began to rock forward into them.

“Mmm, that’s it. Just do whatever you want; Mommy will hold her feet here for you.” Yang did start thrusting into the soft soles, staring down and seeing how it looked and thinking she’d never seen anything so bizarre. Once she set a pace, Summer started shifting to match, stroking her as much as she could. “There… yes, good girl…”

All at once, even as her orgasm built much faster than was normal, Yang knew she didn’t want to do this. That they were making a big mistake that they could never take back. But at the same time, she still knew it could be much worse, so she tried not to beat herself up too much. A snarky little voice inside whispered, ‘At least you aren’t fucking your sister.’

“Very good! More, Yang, harder! Show me how you finish!”

One last time, she called out, “Yes, Mommy!” before she thrust a few more times into the teasing feet and came hard. It spurted down onto Summer’s ass and thighs, which clenched shut immediately as she finished. A few more times, she slammed her hips forward to get the full pleasure from the action, and then she held still, weathering aftershocks.
When Yang was breathing a little easier, Summer glanced over her shoulder. “Um… I hate to interrupt your afterglow, but if you could just wipe that one drip before it goes any further down….”

“Drip?” Yang saw it a moment later, heading for the union of her stepmother’s thighs. “Oh - y-yeah, I can um… hang on.” Her finger made quick work of it, even though she let out another moan at having to shift around to do so.

“Mmm,” Summer sighed when she heard it. “You really got off hard. I’m a little surprised.”

“Why?”

“Because you went through with it. You were acting so nervous that I didn’t think you would, to be honest.” Her toes flexed and Yang shivered. “Did I do the wrong thing? Well, trick question; I know I did in general. But I’m worried that you didn’t enjoy that in the way you wanted to.”

Clearing her throat, Yang made herself talk. She didn’t want to, but she knew that Summer was now the only person she could talk to about this, so it was her or no one. “Um… I… I think that… the ‘Mommy’ thing wasn’t… I, u-um…”

“Too far. I figured, when I saw you crying.”

“Yeah.” Wiping at her face, reminded the tears were there, she went on, “I think you kinda made me realise that the reason I have a thing for feet is because I used to massage my mom’s. Which is… fucked up.”

Scoffing, Summer stroked her half-hard dick a few more times, earning a soft moan. “Mmm, it is. We’re all fucked up. But I very highly doubt it means you would want to do this with her. Most girls who have ‘daddy issues’ wouldn’t want to do that with their actual father, either. It’s just… a displaced emotional response. Please don’t feel like you’re just hopelessly ‘bad’ because of this one thing.”

That simply, Yang did feel a little less distraught. Not great, but better. “Thanks. Um… and you probably don’t care if I say this or not, but I don’t think you’re ‘cheating’. Like… or you are, but it’s just a weird thing and not a whole thing. Right? I’m… not making any sense.”

“The meaning is coming through,” she laughed. Then she happened to glance over toward the door. “Oh…”

“Oh?” Yang followed her gaze, and saw Ruby with her hands on her hips on the other side, brow furrowed in disapproval. “OH!”

Only then did she open the door and growl, “I told you guys to text me if you needed more time!” Her cheeks were a little red, but mostly she didn’t look too affected.

“You did,” Summer said carefully, holding very still. Yang began to look around to find something to clean up with, but they didn’t really have anything other than the robe. “And… we didn’t. Are you alright?”

After a brief second, she rolled her eyes and went back into the kitchen. When she came back, she was holding a dishtowel and offered it to Yang, who started wiping down Summer’s ass first. “Um… thanks, Rubes, but… well, we didn’t… you kind of set us up for this, but maybe we-”

“Just shut up already, god.” But Ruby was smiling. Somehow, even with this happening, she was smiling. “So maybe I didn’t wanna walk out here and see it, but I’m glad you guys are getting
along.”

“Is that what you call this?!”

Laughing once she had been mostly cleaned off, Summer rolled over onto her back again. “Well, I didn’t want to take too much away from you, Ruby. Besides… I think this might have been… *therapeutic* for Yang, in a way.”

“In what way?” Ruby asked. But when prompted, Summer didn’t answer; she only looked at Yang. Letting it be her decision.

“Nothing,” she sighed. Not ready to dig into that, she instead picked up one of Summer’s ankles and licked a remaining droplet of her own juices from it. “There, all done.”

“Didn’t I just say I didn’t wanna watch?!”

“Don’t come down on her so much,” Summer admonished with a slight sigh. “This whole situation is unfortunate; I think we should be a lot more- RUBY ROSE!”

Her mother’s eyes were wide and her mouth hanging open as she looked on helplessly at Ruby’s mouth wrapping around Yang’s cock, milking the last few droplets. Yang froze, looking between the two of them and having no idea what to do.

“There,” she panted once she pulled off Yang with a *pop* and licked her lips. “Now we’re even; you probably won’t forget to text me back next time.”

“That was… highly inappropriate! I thought I raised you better than that!”

“You probably raised me better than to jerk off my daughter’s girlfriend with my feet, too, but hey!”

Burying her face in her hands, Yang murmured into them, “Can we please stop using my dick as some weird battleground for you two?”

“No, I’m fine, I’m fine,” Ruby said airily as she rounded the two deck chairs and took her own again, sitting primly and leaning back. “That was all I wanted. You two are forgiven.”

“Little brat,” Summer sighed, though it was clear that she was holding no grudge. As Yang sat down herself, embarrassed and with a whole new subset of weird mental hangups to sort through, she shot over, “So how does it feel knowing that by blowing Yang just now, you also secondhand licked your own mother’s feet?”

All was quiet for a few seconds. Then Ruby cleared her throat.

“Would someone please pass the limeade? I, um, need a palate cleanser.”

Chapter End Notes

**SOOOOOO. This was the big July chapter; any of you who were waiting for a little more to happen between Summer and Yang, this was it. And the fic is almost over! One chapter and an epilogue and it’s done! There are a lot more fanfics on the way, trust me, but it's time to put this tale of incest to bed. Hope you're still enjoying it,**
everybody!
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: analingus, anal fingering, handjob, sixty-nine, anal sex, foot-worship, masturbation, and sad feels.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 20

By the time the patriarch of the Xiao Long household got home, they had enough of their dirty jokes and dirtier deeds out of their systems that they could relax around him and just enjoy more normal family time. He surprised them by taking them out instead of waiting for Summer to fix dinner - which was good that he brought it up when he did, because she had just gotten out some ground beef to defrost and could simply put it back in the fridge. They had a nice time at the restaurant, and the parents got just drunk enough that they sloppily kissed just long enough to gross out their children.

There: now Yang had a solid memory to use whenever Summer started looking “too good” again. Maybe they could go back to keeping things familial.

After that, her remaining time in California seemed to fly by. They played some more video games, and Yang started to get a little better. She didn’t have the brainspace to figure out how to set up a fancy computer like Ruby had, but said she might look into an Xbox. Though Ruby muttered something about “PC Master Race”, clearly she was happy that they could share interests; she even said she’d get the same console if Yang did so they could game together. They also watched an anime together about two lesbians, though one of them turned into a sword and that confused Yang enough that she had trouble keeping up with the plot from that point on. The rest of their time seemed to mostly be taken up hanging out with family, going to the beach, and generally lazing around.

And fucking, of course. The strap-on didn’t get used right away, because even though Ruby wore it and started to poke Yang with the tip, they both got a little too nervous, so they ended up going back to their usual methods of pleasure. There were a lot of quick handjobs and blowjobs, and usually Yang would end up making out with Ruby while she tended her own needs since that was how she was most comfortable. That was getting to feel like less of a disappointment, too; if it made Ruby happy, it made Yang happy.

Toward the end, they went to Universal Studios because Ruby really wanted to do the Harry Potter thing. Yang was less interested, though she had seen the movies and liked them well enough, but she got caught up in Ruby’s excitement enough that they both bought wands and were waving them around all over the park. Every ride was ridden, every shop was shopped. Taiyang got a Gryffindor tie that he swore he would actually wear sometimes, Summer a Pygmy Puff because she said it was cute, and Ruby bought fake Harry glasses and asked if they made her look cute; Yang’s blushing gave away her answer. They all drank way too much butterbeer. Of course, Ruby wanted a real wizarding robe but it was way too expensive, so she had to do without.

And the time for her to fly back to the other coast got closer. Yang felt it closing like a vice around her heart, but she couldn’t bring herself to feel sad or upset; not while she was still with Ruby. It
was more like knowing there was an annoying appointment coming up and trying not to think too hard about it because she was too busy having fun in the here and now.

Until the last night. Everything was going fine until Ruby pulled back from Yang’s lips to sniffle.

“What’s wrong?” she whispered, brow creasing.

“I don’t want you to go,” she told her simply, lip trembling. When Yang sighed, she ducked her head, “Yeah, I know. Sorry.”

“I don’t want to go, either. But it’s not forever; we’re sisters, right? Nothing’s gonna keep us apart.”

A glum little nod. When she felt Yang move to get off her, she pulled her in closer. “No, don’t go.”

“But I’m hard as a rock,” Yang half-snorted, her smile as sad as Ruby’s eyes. “I should get off you.”

“Nah. I, um…” She fidgeted. After a second or two, she chanced a small smile up at her in the dimly-lit room. “Can… we try that thing?”

“What thing?” Then she gulped. “Oh. The strap-on? Well… I still don’t know if I can-”

“Not that. Well, yes that, but not…” At Yang’s questioning look, she forced herself to go on, “Remember what we started to try in the shower that time, and it wouldn’t fit? I, um… I k-keep thinking about that. And, um, I think we should try it again.”

Pulling back to gaze down at her, Yang blinked a few times before she asked, “Really? Why? I mean, um, I kinda figured… well, wouldn’t it feel better in your pussy? Besides, I thought you bought that thing for my ass.”

Her expression turned into a shy smile. “Maybe… I’m just not quite ready for me to totally, um, ‘top’ you. But you in my ass? I can tell you’ve been thinking about it.”

“What? How could you possibly tell that?”

“You keep eating it out,” she accused, and Yang laughed. “And it feels so good… which I know is weird, since I’m a cis-chick and there’s no prostate back there for you to poke, but like… you doing that to my vag is just way too sensitive somehow. I dunno. With my ass, it’s just the right level of sensitive that I can enjoy it. And yeah, I know I’m weird.”

“You are,” Yang confirmed, making Ruby slap her arm as she giggled. “Okay, okay. We’re both weird. And… I love your ass, but I don’t wanna hurt it. Are you sure you’re ready to try this?”

She was. They kissed a little more, and Yang felt her arousal swelling at the thought of taking Ruby in that way. Why did she want to try it so bad when it was basically just a little different from her mouth or her cunt? Probably simply because it was new, and it was such a sweet, tiny little opening; that made it more forbidden, more tantallising.

“Alright,” she whispered when she pulled back, licking her lips. “I’ll get the condom.” But then Ruby shook her head. “I… won’t get the condom?”

“I just want you in there,” she whispered.

“But… are you sure?”
“Hey, I’ll wash you off afterward. I promise. Thing is…” Biting her lip, she bent down to swirl her tongue around Yang’s head, earning a soft sigh. “I want to feel just you. And I can’t do that in the front, so I figure… with enough lube…”

That was all the incentive Yang needed. Ruby got the lube while Yang shucked out of the rest of her clothes, then practically tore Ruby’s off her body, earning a few giggles of amusement at how excited they both were. Not that it was uncommon between them. Luckily for both of them, they had gone to the beach again that day and showered (separately) when they got back home, so all parts were quite clean.

“So I’m gonna warm you up a little more first,” she whispered as she went down to spread her thighs, kissing one of her cheeks. “Don’t fart in my face.”

“That was one time,” she sighed. But then the sigh turned into an “Mmmhh” as she relaxed into the feeling of Yang’s tongue there, which was a night and day difference between how nervous she had been about it when they first tried that. She was opening up easier, as well, and Yang was able to work her tongue in there in no time. “Ohhh, Yang…”

When she pulled back and replaced the tongue with her index finger, she noticed Ruby was glistening with wetness. But she had learned not to take that as license to pounce; when she tried, even just kissing a little to see if she was interested, Ruby looked equal parts aroused and uncomfortable, so she stopped trying unless Ruby requested she tease her there.

“You’re super into my butt,” she breathed with a shaky smile, rolling her hips from side to side slightly against the invading digit.

“Yep. Aaaand you like doing this to me, too, I noticed.”

Giggling breathlessly, she whispered, “God, yeah! Just… wish I could do the tongue thing. I’m working on it! In fact…” Her hand flailed a little toward Yang. “Can I… you can keep doing that while sitting on my face, right?”

“What?” But Ruby looked like she was serious. “Okay, I… w-well, if you really wanna…”

So they arranged themselves into a sixty-nine, Ruby’s hands coming up to grip her hips as she began to edge toward Yang’s hindquarters. The squirming was still clearly skittish, and every time Ruby started to get closer, she could feel the muscles clenching around her finger.

“What is it?” she panted.

“It… smells.” They both giggled, and Ruby petted up and down her thigh. “Not that bad really, just like, I’m not used to getting my nose all up in it. How can you stand that on me?”

“Doesn’t bother me at all. Your butt’s usually pretty clean.”

“Oh man, is it not clean sometimes!?”

“Remember two days ago?” Yang chuckled, kissing the inside of Ruby’s thigh. She sighed at the pleasant feeling. “You had kind of a dirty butt. Didn’t change much, though.”

“You didn’t have to go down on it if it was dirty!”

Shrugging, she kissed further down. She knew Ruby was usually game for a few delicate pecks on her flower; she only started getting uncomfortable when it went on too long, or if she pushed inside. “Not that bad; just from like, running around the city all day. And I wanted to make you happy;
that was more important.”

“Really?” Yang didn’t answer; she was too busy sliding her lips all the way along Ruby’s moist folds. “Mmhh, ooh… oh, Yang…”

And that was all that was needed. Though Yang hadn’t intended for her words to guilt Ruby into doing it, she felt a rush of affection that made her bury her face in Yang’s firm cheeks, mouth kissing and lapping at her ass. There were a few sounds of awkwardness, but then a hum of intrigue. After that, it wasn’t long until she was flicking her tongue up and down across the pucker almost greedily.

“Sounds like you got over it,” Yang chuckled, groaning as her cock was stroked. When did Ruby start doing that, too? She couldn’t remember now.

“It’s so GOOD!” she groaned, squirming her tongue against the pinhole. “Does all of you just taste great? Should I try your belly button next?!”

Feeling her face flush, Yang pushed it up against Ruby’s thigh. “Stop it. You can’t be serious right now.”

“Totally am! God… like, okay, at first it wasn’t great, but after I got used to it… like, I love eating you out, okay?” Another lick, as if to prove it to Yang; it made her shiver. “Mm, it’s not that different from going down on your dick. Just like, reversed. And a little stronger in some ways.”

As she felt her start in again, she laughed and whispered, “You’re almost making me want to go back to using mine…” The tongue pushed more urgently, worming its way into her. “Nnh! Oh, Ruby!”

After a while, Yang couldn’t help it anymore; Ruby was so thorough and enjoying herself so much that she withdrew her finger and went back to tossing her little sister’s salad. How they got to the point where their tongues were in each other’s asses, she would never quite be able to retrace, but she honestly couldn’t pretend to dislike the sensation of the sweet muscle worming its way between her cheeks as she did the same. Privately, she kind of had to agree; it was the initial taste that was somewhat off-putting, but once getting past that, it was actually somehow rather pleasant. And the sensations, both giving and receiving, were incredible.

“I’m gonna fuck this soon,” Ruby promised when pulling back to nuzzle the nearby cheek and back of her thigh. Her hand only picked up speed, which made Yang pull back herself.

“H-hey, slow down, or I won’t be able to… do what you wanted me to do!”

With a little “oh”, Ruby stopped stroking. Hearing the sigh of relief from Yang, she went back to work, devouring her ass as her hand instead began to fondle her hanging sack, jostling the stones inside of it as she lifted them gently and let them drop back down. It was a more vague, distant pleasure that Yang knew wouldn’t make her blow her load way too early.

This time, when Yang began to pet along Ruby’s folds with a lazy thumb as her tongue squirmed between Ruby’s cheeks, there was no protest. She could feel her hips squirming with ill-suppressed need, or maybe discomfort, but she didn’t pull back from what she was doing to protest. Therefore they both contented themselves with the activity for a few more minutes.

Until…

“Yang!” Ruby panted as she drew back, still fondling the package as she kissed one of her cheeks. “I… I think I’m ready!”
As she pulled her tongue out, this time she wormed two fingers into Ruby’s slicked, loosened hole. There was a groan of protest as she was coaxed open a little wider, but that was the only real delay. “Yeah? You’re ready for me?”

“Mm-hmm. I didn’t think… my butt would open this easy this time, after the last time we tried.” They both giggled at the memory of basically going nowhere in the shower. Ruby flicked her tongue one last time across Yang’s moistened, red opening and then patted her thigh. “Go on.”

Careful not to twist her fingers too much, Yang slowly spun on the bed until she was in position, her free hand falling to her cock to begin bringing it up to full hardness. Her head nodded toward the bottle of lube, and Ruby passed it over without any hesitation, her silvery eyes full of adoration and excitement. All of her anxiety was gone; she had taken the two fingers more or less easily enough, and now all she wanted was to try something slightly bigger. Something more personal to the two of them.

“Oh, okay,” Yang panted as she oozed the lube onto her length and massaged it into the skin, then simply began spreading the excess everywhere. Afterward, she pulled her fingers almost all the way out, then put a little on the spot closest to Ruby’s taut skin so that when she thrust them in again - trying not to think too much about the shaky gasp the action earned - the lube would go inside of her, would coat the opening. “S-so… I’ve never done this, either, b-but I know the important stuff. Lots of lube, go slow.”

Ruby nodded and smiled up at her. “And if I feel sharp pain, we should probably stop instead of ‘pushing through it’. I’ve been on the internet before.” Hearing Yang laugh made her grin, red cheeks bunching. “Okay, I think… I think we’re really ready to do this.”

Unable to help the smirk that sprang to her lips, she whispered, “I’m gonna fuck you in the butt.”

“Mmm, you are,” she cooed as she wriggled her hips from side to side - then gasped. “OH! Oooh, wow, I shouldn’t have done that, I wasn’t ready!”

“Are you okay?!”

“Yeah, I’m fine! Ooh… oh man, I just wasn’t expecting so much… so much!” Licking her lips, she smiled up at Yang. “Ready?”

“I am if you are,” she said in a more serious tone, still worried about the noise Ruby had made. But the sweet smile told her it hadn’t been that serious; she wasn’t tearing up or shaking like a leaf. Merely turned on and anticipating of more. “Definitely. Let’s do this thing.”

“Put it in my tushie,” Ruby whispered with a grin so wide that Yang couldn’t help but laugh at her. “What? I mean, that’s what we’re doing, right?”

“Sure, but it’s pretty weird when you say ‘tushie’!”

“Fine, fine! How about…” Dipping her voice a little lower, in a sultry tone that didn’t really suit her, she whispered, “Ready to claim my ass?”

Somehow, Yang couldn’t laugh at that one. Instead, she felt her cock throb in her hand, her heart speed up. Her fingers twitched inside her girlfriend, and Ruby’s eyelids twitched slightly as she moaned. This was really happening. Guiding herself into position, she slowly drew the fingers out, listening to the deeper groan of satisfaction as she was exited. Then she replaced them with the tip of her hardness.

“Ooh… oh, that’s- yeah, I can feel it going in this time,” Ruby whispered, probably more to
reassure herself than to explain to her lover what was going on. She had the visual right below her; she didn’t need the play-by-play. “Oh my god, Yang… why does it feel so much bigger in there than in my pussy?”

“Because it’s a tighter hole,” Yang said with a slight giggle. It felt incredible, even if the head was barely in. But as the lubed length slipped a little further in, she groaned, a shiver running up her spine. “Mmmhhhh… so much tighter… like, I know… this is supposed to work, but is it really gonna?”

Nodding to reassure both of them, Ruby reached her hands back and grasped at the sheets to give them something to do. The picture laid out below of her beautiful girlfriend, flushed and panting from sweet little lips with her hands overhead, full chest jiggling with every movement, clinging to the fitted sheet for dear life as she tried to relax into taking a thick cock into such a tight embrace… it was one of the most erotic sights Yang had ever been privileged enough to enjoy, and she wanted to commit it to memory. She would have loved to take a picture, but could never bring herself to task - or to own such incriminating evidence.

“Wh-what?” Ruby asked when she noticed that she had stopped moving and was simply gazing downward. “Is… are you okay?”

“I’m great!” Yang burst out in vague exasperation. “God, Ruby… I’m the best I’ve ever been in my life!”

Grinning back at her, she bit her lip for a moment before she whispered, “I love you, Yang.”

“Love you, too. You’re so hot…”

“I’m hot?! You have no idea what it’s like watching you do this…” Her tongue flashed out to moisten her lips, and then she smirked upward, a touch of impishness in her silvery eyes. “I can still taste your ass.”

Feeling her own cheeks clench, tingling with the memory, she let out a shaky sigh as she glided the rest of the way into Ruby. There was a little squeak from her at the movement, but no stronger reaction than that; she was already opened up all the way. For a few seconds, they simply gazed at each other, until Yang raised one eyebrow and grinned.

“What did the hacker say?”

“Huh?”

Shifting her hips from side to side a little, she gripped Ruby’s hips as she began to settle in for the ride. “I’m in.”

Snorting with laughter that quickly turned into a gasp of pleasure, Ruby shook her head. “Stupid!” Then she closed her eyes tight, mouth hanging open as she tried to weather the intensity. “Wow… y-you’re really…”

As they adjusted to each other, Yang asked, “Did… you want to be bent over the bed, or… something? I could…”

“N-nah,” she breathed with a smile. “I… like being able to… see you.”

“Oh,” she whispered, heart squeezing at hearing that. Only Ruby could be so romantic in the middle of something as dirty as they were doing. “W-well… I like being able to see you, too.”
“Yeah? Like seeing me all laid out for you?”

“Yeah, Ruby. Mm, I love it.”

Grinning and biting her lower lip as Yang began to roll her hips, just enough to move herself around inside without truly thrusting, Ruby hummed, “Nnhh…” Another few seconds passed as she allowed her eyes to blink very slowly. “You’re so good… and you make me so wet…”

“Good.” Petting up and down the outsides of Ruby’s thighs, she whispered, “Do you want me to play with you?”

“Not yet. I just want you to… keep going.”

“Do you want to play with yourself?” For some reason, the phrasing seemed to make Ruby really embarrassed, and one of her hands moved to hide her face for a moment. “You okay?”

“Oh my God… you’ll be watching me do it this time…” Then she looked over from between two of her fingers at the blonde. “Not like you haven’t been there when I did, a bunch of times, but this time you’ll be able to see it. Like, looking right at me doing it, and…”

Biting her lip at how much nastier Ruby was making it sound, even though Yang didn’t think it was nasty at all, she began to twitch her hips from side to side again. “Mmm, yeah, I will be. So get started.”

Ruby blinked up at her as she dropped the hand away from her face, it falling to her collarbone as she stared. Then she smiled a little. “Ooh, you’re being so… forceful and like, ordering me around. It’s hot.”

“Yes?” she asked with a grin. Briefly, she thought of Summer, but had to put that out of her mind; this wasn’t about Ruby’s mom, it was about Ruby. “Then be a good girl and touch it.”

“Okay, that’s just weird,” she snorted, and they both laughed for a second. “But… still kinda hot, even if weird.” Then she began to trace her hand down across her stomach, heading to the moistened opening as Yang had asked her. A little sigh left her when she reached it, and violet eyes focused on the hand as it began to manipulate her folds, to flick back and forth across her clit.

“Whoa,” she breathed.

“What?” When there was no response, Ruby’s hand stilled. “Is it weird? Am I doing it wrong?”

“No, I just… like, I’ve never watched anybody do this, so I’m kinda… yeah, it’s interesting.” Flinching, she added, “And hot! I mean, of course it’s hot!”

Grinning self-consciously, Ruby started again, but her movements were slower. “Thanks, I guess? Like, if you’re into it, then that’s good!” Then she angled a leg to kick Yang’s butt very slightly. “Get riding my butt. I… think I’m ready for it now.”

“If you say so.” As she drew back out, slow as she could, she tried not to feel guilty watching Ruby’s face contort into a weird mixture of pleasure and discomfort. “You okay?”

“Um… I’d describe how it feels but I don’t think it’s very sexy. But not bad! Not bad, just… y-yeah.”

Yang could guess. “Yeah? How about this part?” Her hips rolled forward again.
“Whoa, I- NNNnnhhAH! Oh, Yang, wow! That’s… I don’t know, it’s so weird but I think I like it!”

“Really? How about, like… compared to the normal way?”

“That felt way better, but it’s also super intense; this is, like, on a level I can handle pretty easy, even if it’s up my butt.” Biting her lip for a moment as Yang hilted again, then began to draw out, she breathed, “Ooh, that’s so crazy - does it feel good for you?”

“Hell yeah,” she told her without any hesitation. Truth be told, it wasn’t the same as typical intercourse, but at the same time it was; her mouth felt way more different than the other two. What was most different in this case was the absence of a condom. They were really united, skin to skin, even if this was the only way they could be without running risks they weren’t ready to run.

When Yang started going at it harder, Ruby held up an open palm, silently asking her to return to her previous pace. She did, and Ruby moaned in gratitude as her hand started up again. The sight made Yang want more, but she forced herself to keep sliding in and out of her gradually. Appreciating the sights and sounds.

“Mmmm,” Ruby finally cooed. “Oh… so do you… like this better than the normal way?”

Shrugging one shoulder, Yang petted up and down her thigh. “Feels great. So does your cunt, though. Really… I just love doing anything with you.”

“Y-yeah!” A breathless laugh escaped her as she started flicking her fingertips even faster over the wet petals, grinding at them to derive more and more pleasure. This time, when Yang started to increase the pace of her thrusting, Ruby didn’t stop her. “Mmmhh, Yang!”

Harder and harder, until finally she was getting close to how fast she had been able to shove her girth into Ruby’s wetness the night they first gave their virginity to each other. As they went at it, she began to notice that her other hand was playing over her breasts, squeezing and pulling at them, and she felt her sack tingle; that little show was definitely going to help.

“Oh! Oh Yang, I’m- NH! It’s… I think I’m coming!”

“Already?!” Yang asked in mild surprise. But when Ruby blinked up at her, she reached a hand down to pet her thigh. “Come for me! Yeah, I… I’ll catch up, don’t worry! I want to hear you come!”

Significantly reassured, Ruby’s hands moved even faster. “Yeah! Mmhh oh yeah, Yang, I wanna come with your dick in my ass! I need it! I… I love feeling your skin in there, sliding in and out of me!”

The scandalous words from Ruby’s sweet mouth were making Yang even more flushed than she already was, but she still didn’t think she could spurt just yet; they had been coming together too slowly before that point. So for the time being, she merely focused on doing her job.

“Finger yourself, Ruby. Get off for me!”

“Yeah!” she said immediately, sliding two fingers in. She hadn’t really meant for her to do that, but if Ruby was up for it, then she wasn’t going to complain.

They both felt it. Ruby’s eyes met Yang’s in wonder as they both held still for a second. Then Yang whispered, “Did you just…”

“I did. I poked you! I…” Her mouth turned into an anxious smile. “Right? I poked your dick
through my… I didn’t think that was a thing!”

“Guess it is!” she laughed breathlessly, sliding both hands up and down Ruby’s thighs. Slowly, her legs angled backward more and more, until she was nearly pushing them over her head; not quite that far, but they were headed there. She was lost to the throes, so close to climax…

“Yang… yes! NNNHHH!”

Then she was climaxing. Yang gasped to feel the finish contracting around her girth; she somehow had thought it wouldn’t do that since she wasn’t in the front entrance, but apparently everything tended to clench down there when an orgasm was rolling through her body. Yang felt close herself, but still wasn’t quite there; it was probably adjusting to how different it felt. Incredible, but different.

“Oh God…” Withdrawing her fingers, she began to pet back and forth over the folds, gazing up at Yang in pure bliss. “I love you so much… mmm…”

Biting her lip and closing her eyes, Yang nodded her agreement, thrusting harder than ever. Ruby hadn’t asked her to stop, so she might as well finish herself off as quickly as she could, just in case she got too sensitive to continue. All she heard from below were more little coos of pleasure.

Then she felt soft skin pushing into her face. Blinking in surprise, she looked down, and saw a few toes obscuring her view of Ruby’s gorgeous body.

“Dude,” she laughed, shaking her head.

“I want you to,” Ruby breathed, petting over Yang’s lips even as she shook from each thrust, breasts bouncing, face shining with sweat. “Will it… help?”

Yang didn’t honestly think it would, but then again, she hadn’t honestly thought she would like kissing anybody’s feet in the first place - and that turned out to be false. So she shrugged, muttered “What the hell?” under her breath, and took a couple of Ruby’s toes into her mouth.

“OH!” Ruby cried out in complete shock. Yang drew back, hips stilling for a half-second, but Ruby hurried to tell her, “N-no, no, it’s fine! I just… I kind of wasn’t expecting…”

Squinting down at Ruby’s flushed face, Yang moved her foot out of the way by grasping her ankle to get a better look. Ruby was still grinding her fingers back and forth across her clit and her folds.

“Did you… when I sucked on your toes, did that, like, help you out down there?”

“No, d-don’t be silly!” Ruby tried to laugh, but it came out sounding like panting. But when Yang didn’t stop staring at her as her hips began to move a little again, she swallowed. “I don’t know, maybe? It’s… th-they’re kinda sensitive! I’ve never had anybody do that while fucking my ass, okay?!”

Grinning, she said, “Fair enough, I guess. But… I didn’t mind it, either, if…”

Instead of finishing, she moved the ankle back over and kissed the sole of Ruby’s foot. The moan of pleasure probably had more to do with her getting herself off than that, but it certainly wasn’t discouraging Yang, so she did it again, and further up. Her hand moved so that she was holding the foot instead of the ankle, and she began to dig her thumb into the arch as she kissed across the ball, then up to the toes.

“Yang,” she breathed softly, eyelashes fluttering.
“You have sweet toes,” she breathed to her, trying to set her at ease. She wasn’t very good at saying ‘romantic’ stuff like that, but she could try. Ruby seemed to react well to it, cooing as she began to tease herself toward a second climax.

“And you… have a hot dick, GOD!” They both giggled a little. “How haven’t you come yet? Like…”

“Just waiting for the right time.” Really, her hips had stopped moving as much when she was focusing on Ruby, so she started thrusting again, building her climax back up from where it had simmered down slightly. All she wanted was for Ruby to feel good; her own pleasure was secondary.

Clearly, her half-sister was eager for more, because she pushed her toes straight into Yang’s lips this time. She had to grin for a moment before she took them inside, swirling her tongue around the wiggling digits, and Ruby gasped and moaned in mingling enjoyment and surprise. Neither of them had expected to enjoy that, or most of the other things they had been trying. Such as widening Ruby’s behind this much.

Eyes turning up toward Yang, Ruby smiled weakly. “Mmm… you’re fucking my ass… sucking my toesies… bet you… never thought you’d be doing this to… the two things you were checking out when you got here.”

Heat flashed up into Yang’s cheeks, and she moaned around Ruby’s tiny knuckles. She was right. As ashamed to admit it as she was, even to herself, she really was all over what she had checked out on the stairs. Beautiful feet, beautiful, plump ass… one that her cock was sliding in and out of. It was incredible! Ridiculous, and way beyond her wildest dreams. She hadn’t even dreamt of this when she was following Ruby up to her room and trying not to commit the sights to memory. Even though she did. Just like this would be committed to memory now.

Within minutes, her cock was throbbing, about to loose its seed. Taking her mouth away, she dug her thumb in as she whispered, “I’m… think I… I’m about to come!”

“Okay!” Ruby panted, hand moving faster. “I’m gonna see if I can sync up with you!”

“I’m not an iPod!” They both laughed again. Yang loved that, how they could laugh during sex, how this was just fun for them. A beautiful, meaningful type of play. “Ohhh… oh man, it’s- you’re doing that on purpose!”

Grinning a little guiltily, Ruby clenched down on Yang’s girth yet again. “Yeah! Is it good, does it help?”

“Fuck yes! Mmhmm, I love your ass!”

Again, she prodded Yang’s lips. “And?”

“And your feet,” she admitted begrudgingly, rolling her eyes both at Ruby and at herself. Then she added, “I love you so much!” before taking them into her mouth again, moaning as her tongue slid between.

“AH!” Ruby gasped out, arching her back, breasts rippling up to bump against her chin with every thrust Yang made into her, and Yang watched them move. Too much was going on, and she wanted to have a moment to focus on each thing: the muscles around her cock, toes in her mouth, sound of Ruby panting and calling out her name, the sight of her arm moving furiously as her tits hit her in the face…
And that was the moment, gone too soon, that she loosed spurt after spurt deep into her sibling’s perfect ass.

Even through the haze of pleasure, she could hear Ruby’s voice get higher and break during her own climax, feel both clenching around her and the seizing and curling of a couple of toes against her tongue. As much as she didn’t want to admit it, compared to doing things the ‘normal’ way… this was the best orgasm of her young life. Every great orgasm was thanks to Ruby, anyway, so she supposed that it shouldn’t be that much of a surprise.

When they both began to wind down again, Yang gave her toes a last kiss before dropping her leg, hanging onto Ruby’s knees as she caught her breath. Ruby was merely gazing up at her and doing the same.

“You… really know how to get me going,” Yang finally told her.

“And you know how to make me feel incredible.” Tears were clinging to her eyelashes, and Yang wanted to kiss them away. But she knew she would have to pull out first. “What is it?”

“Um… now I’m trying to figure out what to do with…” She glanced downward.

“Huh? M-my pussy?” Then her eyes widened. “Oh, Yeah, wow, it’s gonna- like, y-you should probably go to the bathroom, but how can we if…?”

“Maybe I can just grab my shorts and run there through the hall,” she whispered, squirming. The pressure on her spent cock was beginning to get uncomfortable, and she wanted to pull out immediately but also didn’t want to make a mess. “God, we didn’t think this through!”

Casting her eyes around, Ruby whispered, “Um, umm… a tissue! Wrap a tissue around it!” She grabbed one from the little knitted tissue cozy on her bedside table, offering it. “Then it won’t drip on the way there!”

“I might need more than one,” she muttered, looking down at herself in Ruby’s ass. She felt it throb when gazing at the sight, and Ruby made a little gasp; she had felt it, too. “God, it still looks so…”

“Just- here!” Ruby handed her a wad of tissues, then braced her hands and feet against the bed. “Make it quick!”

So Yang did. Holding the tissues below, she eased backward out of Ruby, ignoring the shivering and the weird way she was groaning until she had exited, then wrapped herself securely with the tissues. One of them, she used to clean up Ruby’s rear cheeks.

“Oh my god… you’re like, wide open…”

“Wh-what?” Ruby gasped, face as red as she’d ever seen it. “What’s that mean?!”

“N-nevermind!” Ruby probably had been online enough to know what an ‘anal gape’ was, anyway; she would just have to think about it for a minute.

Grabbing up her shorts and her shirt, Yang crept toward the door and eased it open. Coast was clear. Tiptoeing away from the door, practically feeling nonexistent pairs of eyes on her naked ass, she managed to slip into the bathroom. It only took a few minutes to wash herself off and flush the tissues, then she gazed at herself in the mirror for a second.

“You just fucked your sister in the ass.” Then she giggled a little under her breath. Life was weird.
When she got back into the room, dressed again, her naked sister had the bedsheets off and in a crumpled pile in the floor. When she raised an eyebrow, she dipped her head down between her shoulders. “Um… there may have been some leakage. Oops.”

Yang only sighed, smiled in embarrassed bemusement, and helped her change the sheets.

Tears did fall as Ruby and Yang rode in the back seat on the way to the airport. They tried not to look too gross, lest the parents question how upset they were; it was only supposed to be a very casual visit for Yang, so acting as if her heart were being ripped out would be very conspicuous.

But it was. Yang wanted to have more privacy to cry and bemoan the loss of their summer together, but she couldn’t do it adequately as long as her dad was in the front seat, wondering why she looked so miserable. It was a highly telling mood.

“Maybe we can come up to visit you,” he attempted, hoping it would cheer his girls up.

“Yeah!” Ruby piped up, though she sounded distinctly miserable despite her cheery tone. “I’ll, um, I’ll look into that! I’ve never seen where you go to school!”

“And now you will.” Summer’s voice was a lot more even and reasonable than her daughter’s, though she was still checking her phone for the GPS directions to the airport. “Bet on that.”

Wiping her eyes, Yang looked around at the three of them. “I’m so glad I came, though, okay? Like… I know I’m acting like a brat or whatever, but this has been great. I’m just gonna m-miss you guys!”

Taiyang sounded pleased despite his sympathetic tone when he said, “Aww, sweetheart.” She knew that this was a big deal for him, because he had been secretly worried that the trip was his ‘last chance’ to prove he could still be a parent to her. Sadly, he still wasn’t the most observant parent, but when Yang and Ruby were trying so hard to hide their relationship from him, it could hardly be blamed on the man that he didn’t notice. He was a great dad regardless of that.

It didn’t take long for them to get Yang set up to get on the flight. All the while, she and Ruby were shooting looks back and forth, but they couldn’t do much more. It was somehow the hardest thing she had ever dealt with, including not hating herself for falling for her half-sister in the first place.

Finally, she left the suitcases with the parents and excused herself to the bathroom; Ruby offered to tag along at the last second. It wasn’t that conspicuous given that they were sisters.

She wasn’t expecting Ruby to shove her into the handicapped stall and close the door behind them. When she started to ask what she was doing, she was suddenly being kissed so hard that she nearly fell backward onto the toilet paper dispenser. Her hands came up to grasp at Ruby’s short hair, holding her close and devouring her lips with the hunger of a wanderer in the desert.

“Sorry,” Ruby breathed when they finally broke apart, sniffling. “I just… can’t help it, I don’t want you to go!”

“Shut up. Ruby… I don’t want to either, but I’ve been trying not to think about it. How am I supposed to face Dad? God… I just love you so much…”

For a few seconds, they huddled together, feeling like everything was slipping away. Yang ran her
fingertips along the glittering silver chain she had bought for Ruby when she wasn’t looking, poking at the half of the heart-charm that matched the one around her own neck, glancing up to the matching silvery eyes that she loved so much. They shared another quick kiss, whispered more words of comfort to each other, and then pulled back to gaze into each other’s eyes.

“This is our goodbye, isn’t it? In this dumb toilet.’

“Yeah,” Yang managed to blubber. She was actually crying much worse than Ruby was, and felt stupid for not being the ‘brave’ one. She was the big sister, wasn’t she? But really, it only made her admire Ruby even more than she already did. “I… I hate this.”

“It’s okay! I’ll see you soon - Mom said. I need to, I can’t handle not seeing you.”

“You’d better! Or… o-or I don’t know, I’ll beat you up!” Ruby only laughed, so Yang buried her face in her neck and bawled for a little longer.

Then Ruby stood guard while Yang peed - seemed she really did need to go in there. When they had pulled themselves together, knowing they couldn’t stall anymore or it would begin to get a little too conspicuous, they shared one final, sweet touch of lips on lips before breaking apart and exiting their stall to wash their hands.

“Why are you washing your hands?” Yang half-laughed, half-sniffled.

“I touched your pee-hands,” she told her with a grin. A woman on her way out spared them a disgruntled glance, but they both ignored her. “Plus… habit, I guess?”

“Makes sense.”

“Do you want me to, like, un-wash them somehow?”

“Don’t be a dork.”

No more delays. Once they were in front of security, they really did have to say their goodbyes; Ruby and Yang, their public ones, and also for her dad and Summer.

“Text me!” Ruby whispered as she hugged her, a lot more sisterly than before. “And be safe on the plane! Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!”

“But you’d do a lot of things I wouldn’t do, anyway,” she chuckled, pulling back to smile down at her. But she knew if she let that keep going, she would either burst into tears, or kiss her, and either one would be way too obvious. So she merely said, “I’ll text you,” knowing it wasn’t enough but hoping that their true goodbye in the bathroom was.

Then Summer drew her into a hug, patting her on the back. She was clearly a lot better at maintaining casual decorum, because she seemed like she was only hugging her stepdaughter goodbye and wishing her well. What she actually said wasn’t so normal.

“Had a dream about you last night. If Ruby’s as satisfied as dream-me was, I think she’s probably lucky. Despite my reservations.”

“I… y-you… um… okay.”

Chuckling, Summer pulled back and patted her shoulder. “Don’t blush now; wait until you’re on the plane. Think about how you’re about to hug your father.”
That did the job. Snorting, Yang was able to get her heartrate and breathing under control as disgust replaced embarrassment. “You’re kind of a jerk sometimes, you know that? But… I’m still glad we could meet for real and become friends. Or whatever.”

“We’re friends, Yang,” she affirmed with a genuine smile. “Don’t worry about the details. Hope to see you soon.”

Another clap on her shoulder, and she stepped back so her dad could pull her into a big bear hug. “Ohhhhh, I’ll miss my little girl!”

“Oh, okay, wow, Dad!” she laugh-grunted. “Ease up!”

“Sorry,” he laughed as he set her back down. Holding her out at arm’s length, he sighed and beamed at her, scrubby five o’clock shadow darkening where his smile bunched the hairs closer together. His eyes twinkled as he said, “Maybe you didn’t turn out how I expected, but… this is even better.”

“You don’t have to say that. I know this is—”

“You’re the bravest, strongest woman I know,” he interrupted her. “And there’s no way a father couldn’t be proud of that. Don’t ever let anybody tell you that you aren’t any of those things. Or that you aren’t beautiful.”

Tears came back for a different reason, and she smashed her face into his shoulder for a moment while she recovered. It was real. She really did have her dad in her life again - not just as a distant relative, but as a dad. It was her true goal in visiting and she had accomplished that, even if by the end of it, she had found a lot more waiting for her in California.

“Call when you land,” Summer insisted as she broke away from them to stand in line with her carry-on, slipping out of her running shoes and putting them behind it on the conveyor belt. “Don’t forget!”

Ruby hopped up and down. “We’re gonna miss you!”

“Shh, you guys!” Yang laughed.

The most mortifying one was when she was being patted down on the other side of the metal detector and her Dad called out “Love you, sweetie!” But she couldn’t even be mad. Being embarrassed by her father was something she would have killed for a few months ago.

On the other side, before she rounded a corner in the terminal hallway and they were out of sight, she turned back for one last look. The three of them were still watching, waving to her, and she felt tears slip down her cheeks again. She definitely needed to find a water fountain after losing all those fluids. Summer blew her a kiss, which she was too emotionally drained to feel weird about anymore. And Ruby…

Ruby was her girlfriend. As much as it hurt to be apart from her in the short term, they would see each other again. Right?

Chapter End Notes

NOTES: ONE MORE CHAPTER after this! A little epilogue to tie things up, I hope
you’re ready! By the way, I added a little bit of art to chapter 18. It’s not MY art, but I came across it and thought it suited this fic so well (especially chapter 18) that I asked the original artist if I could use it here and she gave permission!
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Yang gets back to Beacon.

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER: Fluff and hugs.

NOTES: This has been a great little project. Most of these fics are collabs, but this one I did all on my own (even if it was intended as a gift for PenpalPenny - and don't worry you'll see some work from her eventually!). Thanks for all your reviews! Hopefully this short little tidbit to wrap it all up is the icing on the cake you all wanted. Until next time!
-NBW

=EPILOGUE

“THERE you are!”

Looking up from where she was trying to stash her suitcase in the very top shelf of the closet, Yang grinned to see the dark-haired girl striding into their room. She looked great, well-rested, and her skin even more tan than usual. Maybe she hadn't been talking to her a lot while they were on separate vacations, but she had definitely missed her homegirl.

“Hey, Blake! Just… gotta get…”

“Here, let me help,” Blake Belladonna laughed as she jogged over to help Yang push the bulky thing upward. “Shit, it’s… okay wait… there. Got it!”

“Good!” Standing back, she watched it for a moment to make sure it wouldn’t fall, then grabbed one of the plastic hangers that she hadn’t quite put all her clothes on yet and used it to push the corner in a little better. “There.”

“So where were you this morning? Thought you were supposed to get here earlier than this! Almost worried you dropped out or got off-campus housing or something!”

Grinning at Blake’s obvious pleasure that her roommate was back, Yang went to the remaining pile of clothing on her bed and started sorting through them. “Got held up at home. Mom wanted to do some last-minute bonding shit. I think she felt my absence being gone half the summer, because she’s been doing… I mean, not a lot more mother-daughter stuff, but more than she used to before now. Kinda weird.”

“Probably still snaps at you over nothing, though,” Blake commented as she went back to her own side of the room. Everything was already mostly situated, including her teetering ‘to-read’ stack of
books on the nightstand. “Or is that not still a thing?”

“Nah, it is. But… it’s like, she’s doing it, but she’s also catching herself doing it and stopping before it gets worse. So it’s getting better, just like, slow.”

“Ohhh, gotcha. Good. I mean, it’s good, right?”

“Yeah, sure! Well, except for this weird moment when I was giving her a footrub…” She waved a hand back and forth, as if hoping to dispel the topic of conversation. “Nevermind. Let’s just get settled in.”

“How weird is ‘weird’?” Blake insisted. She should have known she wouldn’t get off that easy.

“Not that weird! Just, like, for a moment it reminded me of something that happened in California. Not a big deal, I got over it pretty fast.” That might have been a slight stretch of the truth, but she didn’t want to go into details, anyway.

Nodding her acceptance, Blake plugged her phone into her charger and then walked back over to help Yang. It was great to see her again. Maybe they weren’t besties, but they had become very close during the previous year. After their initial roomie-discomfort faded, they had formed the kind of casual friendship that let them treat each other like sisters, more or less.

Even though that word took on a different meaning for Yang lately…

“My vacation was super boring,” Blake sighed as they started hanging up her clothes together. “Italy itself was fun, but Mom and Dad wouldn’t stop asking about Sun, when they were going to get to meet him, why I wasn’t showing them pictures of him, blah, blah, blah… oh, and yelling about my grades, and trying to micromanage. Like, why?”

“Right? I got a little of that from Summer and my Dad, too. Not that bad, though; since I’m kind of the long-lost kid, I get a little bit of a pass. Plus they have that whole ‘L.A. chill’ and aren’t mean about much of anything to begin with.”

“Sounded like you got a lot more than that from Summer,” Blake muttered out of the corner of her mouth. Yang bumped her with her hip. “What? Don’t blame me – you made it sound that way!”

“Don’t give me shit! And I told you that in confidence, so quit throwing it around all over the place!”

“I could do that to you - why aren’t you showing them any pictures of Mr. Wukong? Hmmmmmm?” As she crammed her giant panda into the far corner of her bed, she smirked over her shoulder. “Don’t want them to know you’re dating a Chinese track-and-field jock?”

Pursing her lips for a moment, Blake put the next dress on the hanger with an unnecessary flourish. “He is the pole vault king. Show some respect. And it’s got nothing to do with him being Chinese or a jock. Just… none of their business.” Then she glanced down at the dress and back up at Yang. “Is this yours?”

“Yeah. What about it?”

“It’s… really cute. I just never see you wear stuff like this.”
“Oh…” Her smile was a little shy. “Well… yeah, I tried on a few things while I was down there. And, I dunno, just… starting to feel braver, maybe.” Her father’s goodbye came back to her, and she couldn’t help smiling wider. It had been a great trip overall, as bittersweet as thinking about it was now.

“That’s great to hear,” Blake told her honestly, hanging it up and giving her a little hug. “You know I got your back. And you’re fucking gorgeous, so anybody who wants to be a transphobic ass to you has to go through me.”

Hugging back, Yang patted her a few times before they released and went back to get more clothes from the bed. “You just want me around because you keep hoping to get another look at the D.”

“Hey, blame me. Yours is pretty great; if it weren’t attached to my roomie, I’d be on it like Adderall during finals week.”

As they laughed and finished stashing the clothes, they chatted and caught up on each other’s lives a little. Most of it had been covered in texts before now, but it was still nice to talk in person again. Sorry as she was to leave her family - especially one of them in particular - she was glad to get back to her life on campus, and to her teammate and friend. As silver linings went, this was a pretty great one.

Blake was just waggling her eyebrows at Yang and holding up her new swimsuit, causing Yang to snatch it and throw it in a drawer of her dresser, when there was a knock at the door. Glancing over at Blake, who only shrugged to show she wasn’t expecting anyone, she walked over and yanked it open.

“What’s- OOF!”

That was all the warning she had before Ruby Rose-Xiao Long, of all people, was crushing her as tightly as her little arms could manage. Yang sputtered and tried to recover, to think, to breathe, but everything was proving to be impossible.

“RUBY?!”

“I got the right room!” she piped up, hopping up and down and making Yang hop up and down along with her to keep from being knocked over. The twin halves of the heart-charm necklaces jingled together noisily where they collided between their chests; seemed neither of them could bear to go a day without wearing it. “Oh, I was so worried I’d be knocking on a random stranger’s door, and they’d think I was a spaz, and the campus police would throw me out and I’d have to prove I belong here - and I don’t have my ID yet, they were supposed to mail it I think, but it never showed up, and it’s stupid to have to pay a replacement fee when I never had one in the first-”

“Whoa, whoa, slow down!” Yang laughed weakly, pushing her back to arm’s length. “I’m… what are you doing here?”

At that question, she took a step backward, looking more full of energy than Yang had ever seen her - which was saying a lot. Arms spread wide, she announced, “Meet your new fellow Beacon University student! Except for the stupid ID, I’m all official!”

The blood drained from Yang’s face. She couldn’t be serious. She couldn’t be. Still… the light-grey Beacon t-shirt she was wearing did look like it had been through a wash cycle or two. As if she had ordered it before she got to New Hampshire.

“No… fucking… way.”
“Um…” Approaching from off to the side, Blake let out an uncertain laugh. “Not to break up whatever this is, but… what is this? Who’s this chick, Yang?”

“Oh,” she said, snapping out of it despite her voice still being a little numb. “This is my si-”

“Siiiignificant other!” Ruby sang out, covering what Yang had been about to say as she hugged around her middle. While Yang was still being baffled, she went on, “We met in L.A.! And I don’t think she really expected me to follow her here, and I didn’t really think I’d get into Beacon when I applied so late, either, so I didn’t say anything! But I got waitlisted and I guess waiting paid off, so… here I am!”

Rounding on Yang, the amber-eyed roommate snapped, “SHUT THE FRONT DOOR. You never said anything about- this is huge news, Branwen! You had a summer fling - that wasn’t with Summer?! Why would you hide this?!”

“Awww, you didn’t tell her about me?” Ruby went on while Yang’s mouth was flapping uselessly. “Are you embarrassed of me? Ashamed?”

“What?! No way, don’t say that!” Yang piped up. “You know I love you, don’t be a dick!”

The words had slipped out way too easily, and now Ruby was beaming through rosy cheeks while Blake simply blinked and tried to mentally catch up. She wasn’t the only one.

“This is gonna be so much fun!” Ruby chirruped, hanging onto Yang’s bicep. “Well, most of it; the prissy German girl in my room acted like I was the scum between her toes, but I mean, I only have to sleep there, right?” Then she added in a suggestive voice, “And maybe I don’t even have to do that…”

“Whoa, whoa,” she said firmly. “We’re not doing that with Blake in the room, come on! You’re losing your mind!”

“Wait,” Blake said, finally able to speak again. “I thought… didn’t you say your sister’s name was Ruby?”

“Is it?” Ruby asked in a casual voice. Yang was secretly very impressed with how prepared for all this she seemed to be, even while she wanted to die and melt through the floor. Up to and including cutting Yang off before she could announce that Ruby was her sister; she seemed to think it was somehow possible for them to keep the true nature of their relationship under wraps for their entire academic career. “What a weird coincidence. But I bet she’s a hot blonde, too. Think I could set up a Yang-and-Ruby-and-Ruby sandwich?”

“What?!” Yang burst out.

“Kidding, kidding!” Ruby giggled, leaning up to kiss her cheek. When Yang blinked, she turned just enough so that Blake couldn’t see her face through her hair. Her face was suddenly full of a lot more emotion and adoration than before, reserved for only Yang. “You’re all I need.”

“WOW,” Blake breathed, goggling and clutching at her heart. “This is like, straight out of one of my books!”

Though Yang felt like she was going to die of embarrassment, and a little lingering confusion, she couldn’t pretend she wasn’t happy. Her own smile finally won out and she hugged Ruby back.

“You too, Rubes. Every little part of you; it’s my whole list, front and back.”
“Is my kiss on the list?” Ruby whispered with a little grin, before she started doing a little dance and quietly singing, “Because your kiss, your kiss, is on my list, because your ki-”

Then they were kissing so Yang could shut her up, trying to ignore Blake’s incessant questions, plus the chorus of “OooOOoOOoohh”s from passerby in the hallway. She couldn’t handle them and her chattering half-sister at the same time. She just couldn’t.

THE END

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