Summary

When Nora suggested that team JNPR go trick or treating, Jaune had had several assumptions about what that meant. First, he'd assume there would have been costumes. Second, he assumed there would be candy. And third, he assumed they would be leaving their dorm room. He was right about exactly one of those assumptions.

Nora Valkyrie lay beneath him dressed in a skimpy witch outfit that reminded Jaune uncomfortably Glinda Goodwitch. The button down blouse had been ripped open to expose her ample breasts, and her skirt had been hiked up around her waist. Her stockings were ripped, evidence of earlier tricks she played. One hand clenched at the sheets as Jaune drove into her, the chain of the handcuffs on her other wrist rattling with each thrust.

The other end of those handcuffs decorated Pyrrha Nikos wrist. The leggy redhead was bent over the bed, Lie Ren using the skirt of her police officers costume as a handle as he fucked her from behind. Each thrust caused his pearlescent wings to flutter, the glitter coatings his chest throwing back the light in spastic rainbows. He’d apparently known what Nora had meant by trick or treating, because besides the wings and body glitter, his costume consisted of nothing but a loincloth made of rose petals. Jaune's own painstakingly detailed pirate costume was almost completely destroyed by now. His hat hung from the handle of Magnhild where Nora had thrown it after her attempt to use the Hammer as a stripper pole. The jacket he’d spent hours hand embroidering was now in several pieces on the floor, Nora and Pyrrha having shredded it as they
tore it off him. His shirt was scored with countless scratches and tears from the night's activities. The front of his pants had been literally ripped open, and somehow even his boots had lipstick on them. Despite the hours of work he put into that costume though, he couldn't care less about its destruction. The night had been far too much of a hedonistic storm for a guy like Jaune to even follow, let alone feel resentful over. He'd lost track of the specific depravities he witnessed and participated in, and the only thing he knew now was that he did not want it to stop. Which was apparently fine with the rest of his team.

As Ren continued to hammer her from behind, Pyrrha leaned forward and pulled Nora into a kiss. The sight urged a new burst of energy from Jaune. He shifted his position so he could use the inside of his elbows to hold the squirming “witch’s” legs up, giving him an even deeper penetration angle. He sunk himself completely to the hilt on his next thrust, and Nora broke the kiss so she could scream her pleasure into her teammates face. Pyrrha screamed right back as Ren, not to be outdone, picked up his own pace. She turned a little bit, propping herself up on one arm and use the other hand, the one still cuffed to Nora, to brush her long red hair out of her face so she could look at Jaune. The cut off top she’d been wearing as part of her costume hung open, victim of one or another of Nora’s ideas. Heavy breasts bounced with each of Ren’s thrusts, distracting Jaune for a second. They’d both been a little hesitant when Nora and explained her, quote unquote plan, but that hesitation was gone now, and the smile she gave him was filled with pure undiluted lust. Despite that lust, and depravity of the situation, she was still supportive, urging Jaune on to new heights. “Pound her cunt, Jaune! I want to see what it feels like kissing her while she comes! I want you to show her why my boyfriend is the best man at Beacon!”

“Fuck her raw, Ren!” Despite the pleasure Jaune's cock was sending through her, Nora's voice was as bubbly as ever. It made for an interesting contrast with the filthy things she was saying. “She better come before I do, Ren. Don't let Jaune the show you up!”

“Nora, I…” Ren sounded either strained or embarrassed, probably both.

“Oh, I don't want to hear it, mister! You fuck Pyrrha so hard she comes right now, or we lose!”

“Nora,” Jaune panted between thrusts, “I don't think it's a race.”

Her eyes shifted from her boyfriend back to him. “Course it's a race, silly. Whichever one of you can get the other one’s girlfriend off first means you have the better relationship!”

Pyrrha tried interjecting between her own gasps and moans. “I don't, think that's how that works…”

“You're just saying that because we’re winning!” Nora’s interruption was confident, but her cheerful voice was beginning to show the effects of the pounding her cunt was taking. That slip it was all the encouragement Jaune needed. He wasn't normally a very competitive guy, but something about the depravity of this situation, maybe the fact that he was balls deep in his teammate's girlfriend while his own girlfriend got fucked next to him, was getting to him. If Nora wanted to turn this into a competition, fine, he could do that.

“Pyrrha,” he panted, “hold this, please.” He passed her Nora’s leg, freeing up one of his hands. He took a second to grope and fondle his girlfriend. Then he reached down and grabbed Nora's hips, using the new grip to pound her as hard as he could. Nora gasped and her eyes became slightly unfocused.

“Hurry up, Ren. He's, *ugh* getting *mmm* better, if you don’t *ahh* he's going to- !!!”

Her words were interspaced with, then completely replaced by, inarticulate cries as Jaune's cock
finally drove her over the edge. Spasms rocked her body and the hand clutching at the sheets almost pulled them off the bed. Her cries were cut off almost instantly as Pyrrha kissed her again, her own body bucking and shuddering as Ren drove her to orgasm. The sight of his girlfriend coming while kissing another gorgeous woman pushed buttons Jaune hadn’t even known he had. It was all getting too much and he knew he wouldn't be able to last much longer. A quick glance over at Ren told him the other man was also close. Jaune didn't want to end it like this though. Tonight has been full of tricks and he wanted to give Nora and Pyrrha at least one more treat.

So, acting on a sudden idea, he pulled out of Nora and slid off the side of the bed. He guided the still slightly cum drunk Nora to the edge of the bed, then off the bed entirely and onto her knees. Ren seem to understand where he was going and guided Pyrrha into a position next to his girlfriend. They stood over the women, casually stroking themselves, giving the ladies a moment to recover before the finale. It didn't take them long, and it took them even less time to figure out the plan. Pyrrha and Nora looked up at their boyfriends, mouths open, and breasts pressed together to catch what they knew was coming next. It was exactly what Jaune had been waiting for.

A few determined strokes was all it took to push him over the edge, and hot, ropey bands of cum splattered Nora. He’d been aiming for her mouth, but despite all of Pyrrha’s help, he still wasn't the best shot. Some of it got in her mouth but most of it ended up splashed across her neck and down her cleavage. It also ended up on her witch’s choker, in her shirt, and somehow, a little even ended up on her tights. A fair bit splashed Pyrrha as well, but that was okay, because Ren's cum splashed out on to Nora a little too. The majority of his load though went where it was aimed, and Pyrrha’s face and chest was liberally painted, without a single drop hitting her costume. Jaune didn’t have long to worry about difference in accuracy though, because a moment later it became moot as Nora pulled Pyrrha into a kiss, their bodies pressing together to spread the cum into an erotic mess. Several seconds later they pulled apart, a thin streamer of come stretching between their lips until Nora broke it with her tongue. With obvious relish she licked the remaining cum from her lips, then from Pyrrha’s, and finally looked up at the men, a huge grin on her face. She beamed at both of them for a second then looked directly at Jaune.

“So Jaune,” she asked innocently, “better than candy?”

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!