Prompt Me! Freezerburn style!
by Shaevira

Summary

My series of one-shot au prompts for Freezerburn that have been posted to tumblr and now I'm moving them here for an easier time on reading and for those who don't really use tumblr!

I'm open to more AU prompts. Just ask and I might write! Anyways, enjoy!

Please, no more than 2 to 3 of the same "story line" continuations. I want to be constantly challenged with new and fresh ideas. Thanks for reading!

EDIT: On a Hiatus 1/23

Notes

Au prompt: “okay i get that there are no seats left in this cafe but like i am trying to read here no you cannot have this chair my feet are using it thank you very much please get out of my face now”
She licked her fingers and flipped the page. Weiss took her free time seriously, and free time meant being at her favorite coffee shop out by the docks. She was hoping for a quiet and carefree day, but it seems like Rembucks, the coffee shop she basically lived at was at full capacity today.

Now normally this wouldn’t have bothered the ivory haired dame, but there was just so much going on. Especially with the girl that was constantly in her peripherals. Weiss momentarily looked up from beyond her oh-so-interesting book. The busty blonde was eyeing her too. What the hell did she want? Couldn’t she see Weiss was busy?

Weiss was also kind of a selfish prick. Her short body and legs were stretched out to the seat beyond her. She was basically slouching in her chair. An uncommon sight for a wannabe lookalike princess. But this was her free time after all.

She clicked her tongue and finally set down the book as the blonde had approached her. With an eyebrow of suspicion she could only hope the blonde was just passing by. No such luck.

“Can I use this chair, since y’know there’s no where else to sit but here?” The blonde asked, her voice was rather cheery and loud. Her eyes were a gorgeous set of lavender, but Weiss wasn’t falling for any of her tricks. Even if the blonde wasn’t pulling any.

“No?” Weiss bluntly stated.

“What? But you’re not using it?!” The blonde looked rather dumbfounded.

“Yes, I am.” Weiss now confidently stated her head looked up as she gave herself up in a rather snobby manner.

The blonde tilted her head and noted that Weiss’s feet were in fact on the seating.

“Oh, come on! You seriously can’t give up a dumb leg rest?!”

“No! Why should I?! Now if you’ll excuse me, I have some reading to do.” she gave the blonde a cocky grin and raised her book back into her face. Trying her damned hardest to ignore the tall, gorgeous blonde, that was in her periphery.

The blonde seemed to huff, but not in defeat. The blonde didn’t bother moving from her spot to leave Weiss in peace. Instead she moved closer to the seating now.

“All right, princess if that’s the game you wanna play.” The blonde sounded eerily confident, but Weiss chose to ignore the strange feeling she was getting. She pretended to read, but the blonde held more of her attention than anything.

Within an instant Weiss felt her legs lifted and then placed on top of the blonde.

“E-excuse you!” Weiss now pulled herself up and off of the girl. “You can’t just go touching people’s feet or legs!” Weiss was rather flustered.

“Well, you can’t just go denying people seats with your prissy little feet, princess.” The blonde smirked at her.

“My name’s not princess! It’s Weiss!” Weiss blurted out towards the blonde who was grinning at
“Pleasure to meet you, Weiss. I’m Yang.” Yang seemed rather proud of her dumb pun.

Weiss sneered and blushed simultaneously. “That’s not funny. And you took my seat.”

“You seat? Your name wasn’t on it. But if you really care that much, you can claim me like you claimed that seat. Only if you want to.” Yang winked.

Weiss hid behind her book, trying to calm down a blush. “What does that even mean, you dolt?!”

Yang laughed. “You can rest your legs on mine. I won’t object if you don’t. I’m not moving either way. I’ve got stuff to catch up on too.” Yang pulled out her a laptop from a backpack she had been carrying.

“Ugh. Fine. I guess I have no choice.” Weiss groaned, but had secretly enjoyed the notion of using this pretty girl as a footrest. If only for the moment.

“You can’t keep stealing seats with your legs you know, I think I’m going to have to put a stop to this.” Yang commented as she set up her laptop, looking from beyond it.

Weiss looked at her curiously. “How are you going to do that?!”

“I guess I’ll just have to be your permanent leg rest.”

Weiss put her book back up, her legs comfortably resting on Yang’s lap.

“I guess I have no choice do I?”
Prompt 2!

Chapter Summary

All she ever did was complain. It could’ve been a perfect day, sun shining, birds singing, but Weiss Schnee always found the simplest things to nitpick about it.

Yang had always been around Weiss. She couldn’t imagine why Weiss was such a weak individual, but at the same time held an air of confidence so high that she portrayed herself like the next best thing.

To Yang, Weiss was a walking, breathing, snobby dilemma.

Yang’s confusion towards the girl only grew when bad things started to happen towards Weiss.

First, her sister was killed in action.

Second, her mother and father split. Soon after, her father dis inherited her completely.

Lastly, Weiss had lost her boyfriend due to the fact she had been disowned. Turned out he had been using her.

What had perplexed Yang the most was how Weiss was taking it. She should be a blubering mess. A puddle in the street. Something, anything other than this.

This meaning Weiss was exactly the fucking same. The only reason Yang had found out about the whole ordeal was when Weiss had casually complained about it. Her voice and tone, gave no hint to any sign of breaking down. Her arrogant and snobby manner still shone through as she spoke with her chest puffed out.

How was she even handling this?

Had Yang been in this situation she’d most likely be in bed, permanently crying with no end in sight.

But Weiss walked around like nothing was wrong.

Something had to be wrong.

All of this was wrong.

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“Weiss, you wanna come by my place tonight?” Yang took the smaller girl aside. “Ruby’s going over to Penny’s house, so I was thinking it could be just us.”

“What, no Blake?” Weiss crossed her arm, she felt a little suspicious. Knowing Yang normally
would take the time to tease her and shower her with terrible puns; Yang was being awfully astute lately.

“No, like I said just us two.” Yang gave a giant grin with a thumbs up.

“Ugh. Fine.” Weiss had no reason to decline.

A few hours passed and Weiss had made her way to Yang’s home. With a light knock on the door and a cheerful looking Yang to greet her they made their way to Yang’s room.

Weiss took her place sitting on Yang’s bed.

“So why am I here again?” She seemed to complain in a normal tone rather than an annoyed one.

Yang pulled up a chair, she turned it the wrong way towards Weiss and sat on it.

“Weiss, you can cut the act you know.” Yang’s tone was soft, and oddly soothing.

“What act?” Weiss glared at her in suspicion.

“Weiss, your life has gone to shit…and you’re acting like nothing has happened.”

Weiss stood up, looking rather offended. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Yang now stood up as well, pushing away the chair. She stood face to face with the ivory haired girl who was glaring at her accusingly.

“Really?” Yang’s voice was no longer soft. “You mean to tell me you’re all right with all the shit’s that been thrown at you? Weiss, it’s okay to cry. It’s okay to be fucking sad Weiss. You don’t have to go around and pretend like everything is okay for you when it’s not!”

Weiss’s face contorted with several emotions as she tried to muster up the best response possible for this situation. But she stayed quiet as she could feel the weakness setting in. She felt slightly ashamed as her eyes now roamed towards Yang’s feet.

“Look, Weiss I’m sorry for saying all of this but it’s okay to be weak about this stuff around me. I just don’t want you to keep it in. That’s not healthy, for anyone. I’m here for you, just know that okay? Whatever happens, I will be there for you and if you want this can just be between us. I promise you it won’t be bad forever.” Yang’s tone returned to one that was soft and empathetic.

Weiss hadn’t realized she was silently crying at that point. Tears ran down her face and it wasn’t until Yang had embraced her that she returned the notion, sticking her crying face into the chest of Yang Xiao Long. Weiss’s quiet sobs turned into loud ones. Yang had sat them down on the bed as Weiss proceeded to cuddle up to Yang while sobbing. Weiss’s grip on Yang was tight, as if she clung onto her for life.

It took Weiss about an hour to settle down. “S-sorry.” Weiss muttered weakly into Yang’s chest as her breathing had returned to normal.

“You’re fine. I’m here, and I always will be. Remember that you don’t always have to be alone.”

Weiss weakly nodded. “Thank you.” she pulled herself away from Yang momentarily, now looking up at her.

“Not a problem, princess.” Yang smiled at her. “I’d do it again in a heartbeat.”
With that Weiss cuddled back up to Yang, which Yang graciously accept as she wrapped her arms around the tinier fragile girl.
“How did you even meet him again?” Weiss yelled, as she just nearly missed bumping into a different stranger for the 5th time in one day.

Weiss was being pulled through a crowd, almost unwillingly as she was drug behind her best friend, Pyrrha Nikos to a rowdy concert - or was it a battle of the bands? Weiss couldn’t exactly remember as her ear drums were in the process of being blown out by the band currently playing. Either way, loud music and thinking quietly to oneself was on the opposite ends of the spectrum.

To her luck, Pyrrha heard her question - “We met at a festival like this one! We just bumped into each other and boom! Color - just like that!” Pyrrha exclaimed loudly. For a prim and proper duo the two knew how to make themselves heard.

Weiss groaned. She didn’t want to be here. She didn’t want to feel left out. Even if she had just been invited to this screamfest.

But in this case she was, because she couldn’t say ‘no’ to her best friend. Her best friend who had found their soulmate. Her best friend who now had the privilege of being able to see color. As long as she was around her soulmate of course.

As for Weiss, everything remained black and white. Literally.

Weiss had money, lots of it. She could buy anything she wanted.

What she could not buy was true love; the satisfaction of seeing everything and anything for how it truly was.

Her whole world, just like every other soulmate less person out there - was dim.

“Oh! They’re on next!” Pyrrha clapped together her hands in excitement. Pyrrha’s tall and demanding demeanor had managed to get them to the front of the crowd and to where the railings blocked them off from the stage.

A girl with dark toned hair walked on stage. If Weiss didn’t know any better black and white was this chicks aesthetic already. How cliche. Behind her followed two scraggly looking dudes. One had his shirt opened, his washboard abs rippling in the light and the other looked awkward and out of place.

Pyrrha’s Soulmate.

There was one more person to follow behind - she carried drumsticks and lifted them in the air as she posed and grinned. Her light toned long mane flowed behind her and she banged her head; this riled up the crowd who began to cheer loudly. She posed once more, this time flexing to show off how ripped she was before taking her seat at the drum set.
Pyrrha’s soulmate picked up a bass, while the washboard guy picked up a guitar. The slender black and white aesthetic figure took place on mic.

“I’m Blake Belladonna and we are the Bleeding Banshees!” She raised a fist in the air, before clutching onto the mic as if it were a desperate lover.

As soon as these words were said the crowd screamed loudly and the singing - or well - screaming in this case began.

Weiss groaned and pretended to be just as excited as Pyrrha for the next thirty to forty-five minutes. The music was just too much. But if there was one person that kept Weiss’s attention was the girl on the drumset who was dramatically lip syncing along in the back and making horrid faces while doing so. Weiss had to keep herself from bursting out in laughter for several songs.

Soon enough the screaming was over and Pyrrha had once more dragged Weiss off to meet the band. Blake had been kind enough to give them V.I.P passes. How Pyrrha met and befriended this lot of people will always remain a mystery to Weiss.

Weiss and Pyrrha slipped backstage as another band passed them getting ready to start the next gig.

They were soon greeted by three out of four of the band members. Soulmate, Aesthetic, and Abs had come out to meet them. But not, what Weiss liked to call her, Facial Horror.

“Pyrrha!” Soulmate had called out to her before embracing her in his arms.

“Jaune!” Pyrrha grinned and hugged him back.

Oh, right. Jaune. That was his name. Weiss was happy that Pyrrha finally found her soulmate, but at the same time - she was envious. For a variety of reasons. She did not care enough to keep his name in mind.

Pulling out of the embrace Jaune noted Weiss. “Who’s uhh, your pale friend?”

“Excuse me? I’m not pale!” Weiss retorted.

“Hate to say it, but you are pretty pale.” Aesthetic commented, as she seemed to be holding hands with Abs.

Weiss glared at the other couple now. So she was surrounded by people who could see color, but she couldn’t? Who had found their soulmates, and she hadn’t?

She felt a sense of exclusion.

Before Weiss could say anything, Pyrrha cut in before anything could truly escalate. “Weiss, this is Blake, Sun and Jaune. Everyone, this is Weiss.” She had pointed to everyone respectively, as they gave a simple hand gesture back.

“Where’s…?” Pyrrha looked around, Weiss had mentally asked herself the same question that Pyrrha was obviously about to ask.

“Oh, Yang? She opted out. She said she didn’t want to fifth wheel.” Sun commented.

“So, I’m going to be the fifth wheel then?” Weiss raised an eyebrow in discontent.

“I’ll see if I can convince her to come. She may change her mind if she know she’s not the only one.” Blake pulled out a cellphone and put it to her ear.
“Weiss, you haven’t found a soulmate then?” Jaune questioned.

Weiss had half a mind to groan and ask if that was rhetorical question, but instead politely shook her head no.

“Well, you’re in luck then! Yang doesn’t have one either. At least you two will have something in common!” Jaune grinned.

Weiss ultimately decided that Jaune was a special kind of idiot. How the universe decided him and Pyrrha should get together was beyond her.

“Yang’s in. Surprisingly.” Blake said as she shoved the phone back into her pocket.

“What’s she up to now?” Sun asked.

“She’s just putting away her things and she’ll be here in a second.” Blake paused before starting up again. “Hey, there’s this bar down the street we can walk to. You guys mind if we go there tonight?” Blake turned towards the group.

Everyone nodded in agreement. As they had, Yang had run up to the group.

“Aww, you guys didn’t leave without me! What a good group of friends!” Yang wrapped her arms around the shoulders of Blake and Sun shoving her way in between them.

“Of course not. We were thinking about going to that new bar just down the road, you in?” Blake turned her head towards Yang.

“Duh, you already asked.” Yang pulled away now shrugging and putting her arms behind her head. “But uhh…who’s the odd-man out?”

“You mean Weiss?” Pyrrha questioned.

“We-who?” Yang commented, almost in a confused manner.

“I’m right here, you big brute.” Weiss scowled.

“You’re so short! I didn’t see you there.” Yang grinned widely. “Hmm. Big brute. That should be the name of our next song! Thanks Princess.”

Weiss, definitely groaned while the group laughed at her displeasure. How did she get into this mess of a group? Weiss could only hope alcohol would be her systems soon enough.

It didn’t take long for the six man group to make their way to the bar. The walk was one that Weiss had mostly spaced out on. She only heard bits of the chatter which was mostly between Sun, Blake, Jaune, and Pyrrha. Yang messed around on her phone while taking occasional, and very obvious glances at Weiss.

They arrived at the bar and luckily for them, they had been recognized by the owners and given seating very quickly.

The chatter between the group became more disparaging for the likes of Weiss and Yang. The talk of soulmates and what new color they all had discovered or whichever one was their favorite was something that Weiss and Yang could not relate to.

The more their talk grew the more Weiss and Yang shot down alcohol.
Yang seemed to have had enough and tossed some peanuts at Weiss.

“What the hell, Yang?” Weiss slightly slurred as she had clearly seen Yang take that action.

“You wanna get outta here?” Yang asked - she seemed to handle her alcohol well.

Weiss sighed and nodded. She paid her due and hopped of the stool following behind a very upright Yang.

The cold night air hit them in the face as they both took a deep breath, in near unison.

“That fucking sucked.” Yang laughed as they started their walk.

“No shit. All that lovey dovey bullshit. Colors! Soulmates! Fuck them!” Weiss was inebriated. “It’s not fair! They get all of that and what do I get? A fucking multi-million dollar company.” Weiss scoffed, she made wild motions with her hands and her tone of voice went in and out with emotion.

Yang let out another laugh.

“My dad! He fuckin tried to help me - bless his fuckin’ soul - by putting on a ‘let’s fuckin’ handshake Weiss’ charity to see if you’re the one! Do you wanna know how many sweaty boys I shook hands with that day? Three hundred. Three fucking hundred and NOT A SINGLE ONE MY SOULMATE. We raised a lot of money for charity, but me? I’m still a single fuck while Pyrrha get’s Captain idiot and the abs aesthetic brigade!” Weiss had gone on a full out tirade.

Yang was completely lost in laughter. Yang was tipsy, but she wasn’t gone like Weiss was.

“You know, maybe you’re looking for the wrong gender.” Yang teased.

“Fuck, you think? Maybe if I start touching girls butts I might GET SOMEWHERE.”

Yang snorted down another fit of laughter.

“It’s not funny Yang! Don’t you feel lonely too?!”

Yang stopped her laughter and put on a straight face. “Well, yeah…but watching you say everything I wish I could say makes me feel a lot better. In a sense, I’m not alone. Because you feel exactly the way I do.” Yang kicked at the ground. “In the end I’ve accepted that maybe it’ll never be for me, you know?”

Weiss grabbed the bigger girl by the shoulders and shook her wildly. “You can’t say dumb things like that Yang!” Weiss yelled then pulled away, and covered her mouth. “I think I’m going to puke.” she muttered.

Yang put her hand on Weiss’s shoulder, Weiss turned her head to look at Yang and both girls paused.

“Your eyes…they’re…” before Weiss could say anything she puked all over the ground in front of her.

Yang knew what she was about to say. As Yang could see it too.

Yang had let Weiss finish her business before picking her up and carrying her safely back to their hotel room.
The next morning Weiss woke up with a headache. Everything was in black and white once more.

“Heard you had a rough night.” Pyrrha winked as she squeezed her hair dry with a towel.

“I had the craziest dream I could see in color.” Weiss muttered.

“How do dreams like that even work?” Pyrrha chuckled before returning to the restroom to finish drying her hair.

A light knock could be heard on their door.

“I’ll get it.” Weiss muttered loudly and shuffled her way to the door. When did she put on PJS? She shook her head.

She opened the door and it was none other than Yang Xiao Long.

“Hey.” Yang nervously smiled.

“Hey Yang..” Weiss hadn’t the slightest clue what she was here for.

“I came to see if you were okay, how are you feeling, I brought you these I thought you might like them and..” Yang seemed to spurt out words at a mile a minute all of a sudden as she shoved flowers into Weiss’s arms and pulled back immediately. What happened to the cool nonchalant girl from last night?

“Whoa, whoa..slow down..what are these for…?” Weiss had trouble keeping up as she rubbed her head.

“Can I show you?” Yang cautiously asked.

“Where are you going to -” Before Weiss could finish her sentence her lips were sealed by others. Yang’s.

But Weiss didn’t pull away. Not immediately at least. “Yang what was tha-” she paused, her eyes widened. Suddenly everything was filled with color.

Yang’s lavender eyes stared at her cautiously. Her bright yellow mane flowed behind her as she adjusted her black leather jacket. A small bead of sweat ran down the side of her bronzed neck. There was a small tint of red on Yang’s cheeks, almost unnoticeable but to Weiss everything was so bright. So colorful. Yang was the only thing currently colored, but she shone bright like the Sun.

“Yesterday, when I was carrying you back…It was the most amazing thing just looking at you. You were beautiful and for once I knew what it was like and I just wanted that feeling again…and I..I want that feeling to last forever.” Yang gave a sheepish grin, she wiped the sweat off of her neck and looked at Weiss expectedly.

“It wasn’t a dream?” Weiss muttered. “I’m stuck with the Facial Horror?” Weiss’s eyes widened as she stared at the ground. The red carpeted ground.

“Facial Horror? Wow, Weiss! That’s a really good song name too! First Big Brute and then Facial Horror! Maybe you should join our band!” Yang grinned.
Calloused hands shaped the slimy and smooth clay as it spun in a controlled circle on pottery table. With careful and tough precision, Yang Xiao Long contorted the clay into a vase like shape. She wiped her head, leaving the debris from her hands now on her head. A sigh of frustration was let out as she brought the spinning table to a stop.

“Maybe next time…” she grumbled as she looked over her, what she thought was a current failure.

Leaving the pottery room, and entering the main art studio Yang gazed over the facility. It was a messy studio, with splatters of old paint and other various stains strewn across the room. The windows themselves were decorated with murals, mostly decorated with the school’s famous crest - two crossed axes with a wreath underneath them. The tables too were marked up, scarred, painted, like it was a true artist’s calling to leave one’s work left on the table. A sink and a first aid station was set up in the corner of the room, easily accessible for those messy and more uncontrolled art students. Which was just about every art student.

As of today - Friday, there were only a few students left in the room, including Yang. It was a glorious day for art as Yang had made her way to one of the windows to get a better look at the downpour that was occurring. The combination of next to no students and the downpour made it a good day for Yang.

Yang made her way towards the sink, washing her hands careful not to touch anything along the way. It was when she had walked towards the sink that something had caught her attention.

An unattended sketchbook.

Quickly washing herself up, she wiped her wet hands on her pants and made sure they were dry as possible before curiously picking up the sketchbook. She looked on the outside of it for extra measure.

“No name…” she looked around and looked at the rest of the students in the classroom who seemed to be minding their own business. “Hey! Is this anyones?” Yang loudly announced pointing at the unopened sketchbook in her hand. The few students looked up and shook their head or replied with a subtle ‘no’.

She shrugged and placed the sketchbook down back on the table, taking the seat it was in front of. She opened it to the first page of many.

Simple sketches were on the first few pages, mostly body sketches, along with poses several of them being types of animals and poses of them as well. Although they were sketches they were very finely detailed, some body parts being named as if this were for some science or biology project. Yang didn’t know if she could pronounce half of these words.

As Yang got sucked in by the book, the door opened as a very panicked and disheveled ivory
haired girl blazed through the room and towards Yang.

“Don’t look at that!” she yelled at Yang, but it was far too late.

Yang had already reached what she probably wasn’t supposed to see.

Yang stood up immediately taking the sketchbook in hand, the ivory haired girl had grabbed at the table moments before only to be a millisecond too late once more.

“Is this me?” Yang stood in awe, staring at the page beneath her before it was pulled away this time.

“You shouldn’t be looking through other people’s things!” The ivory haired girl’s face was a shade of beat red. She clutched the sketchbook to her chest, as if it were the only thing keeping her alive. A loose hair fell over her face as she stepped back and adjusted her glasses back up her nose. She shrugged her shoulder in order to get her baby blue jacket back onto her. She stared angrily at Yang in her motions.

Yang raised an eyebrow, but didn’t skip a beat. “I didn’t see a name on it so I looked through it, hoping to find one. I found me though, but I don’t think that counts as a name.” she crossed her arms as she spoke.

The girl, pushed on her glasses again what seemed to be out of habit, and looked down. “Please don’t tell anyone.” she lowly pleaded, she couldn’t read Yang’s body language.

“Why would I do that? Your art is pretty amazing. I was actually kinda hoping to see more.” Yang looked down at her with hopeful eyes and a trusting smile and tried to make herself looked relaxed.

The shorter girl looked up at Yang with wide-eyes, then narrowed them down in a suspicious manner. “You’re kidding, aren’t you? That’s not nice you know.”

Yang huffed. “I’m not. I’ll show you mine, if you show me yours. Deal?”

“What?” The girl was taken aback, her face turned another shade of red. Her knuckles had begun to turn red too, as she had been hugging the life out of the sketchbook.

Yang chuckled. “I mean art. I mostly work with clay, ‘cuz I like to work with my hands but I’m sure you know that.” Yang playfully winked and motioned towards the girl to follow her.

“F-fine. You have to promise me that you really won’t tell anyone and that nobody but us can know.” The girl said in a low whisper as one of the students passed by them. The girl was uncertain if the other students had already heard them, but they didn’t have proof.

“I promise.” Yang said confidently, without a second thought.

They entered the backroom and passed by some of the other students work, until she brought her to a large bird figure, a phoenix, with a chain wrapped around it’s leg as it tries to take off. The details on the large clay figure was intricate. Hand drawn feathers that looked eerily realistic, beady yet furious eyes of the phoenix stared at the girls. The color of the bird was vibrant, bright oranges, yellows, and reds made the bird alive. As it’s base surroundings seemed to be barren, the quite opposite of the fiery bird; the chain itself looked heavy as it was morphed with the ground, keeping the bird down.

Yang turned to the girl, who seemed to be in complete disbelief. The girl looked at the figure, then back to Yang, back to the figure then finally back to Yang.
“What? You think my hands are only good for keeping the balls out of the net?” Yang commented. “I love art. It’s a part of me, just as soccer is. Nobody is one-dimensional, y’know.”

“I- I didn’t know. I just…” she paused not wanting to say anything more. Instead, she shoved the sketchbook into Yang. “Sorry.”

“For what? I didn’t expect you to know. You’ve only seen me on the soccer field, apparently.” Yang led the way out of the back room, and back into the main studio. “I guess I should pay attention to who’s on the bleachers more.” she chuckled.

“Oh, I’m not on the bleachers..”

“So, you’re some weird stalker in the shadows?” Yang turned her head, but continued to the table they had been previously at.

“No! I’m in Yearbook too. I’m a photographer. I’m usually on the sidelines, in a hoodie, with a camera over my face.” She put her hood up, over her bun, and pretended to hold a camera in front of her face.

“Oh, now I recognize you.” Yang laughed, taking a seat - the girl soon followed. Yang placed the sketchbook down on the table and flipped it straight to the page she had seen herself on. She had begun to lean over the sketchbook when she made a strange face, and sat straight up, looking at the girl with a very judgemental looking face.

The girl raised an eyebrow in concern. “Y-yes?” she timidly replied, to a question that hadn’t been asked.

Yang tilted her head and narrowed her eyes. “You know, I don’t think I ever found out if your name was on this or not.”

“That’s because it isn’t.”

“So, what’s your name mystery girl who doesn’t like claiming their artwork?” Yang slowly rocked side to side as she spoke.

“It’s Weiss. Weiss Schnee, and I don’t like putting it on there because I never lose it.” she coughed, “Uhm, usually.”

Yang nodded in approval, and stopped her movements as she now returned to looking through the sketchbook. A majority of the artwork was Yang as a goalie. Her taking a goal kick. Her punting. Saving. Yang was impressed on how detailed Weiss was on her work; her hair looked spot on!

“So, I’m assuming you take the yearbook pictures of me and then use them to draw me?” Weiss meekly nodded.

“It seems like you’ve taken a lot of pictures of me…” Yang muttered under her breath “Don’t you have enough for the yearbook already?” She turned to Weiss.

“Uh, I mean, I do but sometimes the pictures come out poorly or they just don’t fit the yearbook pages standards. Journalism, err, the school newspaper also uses some of these photos. Don’t you ever read them?” Weiss responded.

Yang shook her head, while Weiss gave a disapproving look.

“Hey, I’m a busy girl!” Yang retorted.
Yang returned to the sketchbook and it was when she had gotten several pages deeper that she was left in complete awe.

It was another picture of Yang, this time in a portrait. It was her, smiling with her hair down. This one, was colored making it look almost realistic. On the head of portrait Yang was a flower crown and underneath was her name neatly spelled.

Yang turned her head towards Weiss with a straight face. Weiss had already buried her face in her hands and groaned “I forgot that was in there.”

Weiss finally looked up at Yang who was still straight-faced. “Look, I can explain. I…You’re just a really good muse alright? You’re pretty. You’re tall. You’re fit. You’re like the perfect model. I’m sorry, I know I’m weird...dorky, whatever I just…I can stop alright? If it makes you uncomfortable, just tell me to stop and I will.” Weiss looked a little panicked, but sincere in her words as they trembled as she tried to get some sort of handle on the situation.

Yang responded with a grin. “I was just going to say that this is really cute. I was hoping you could do more? Maybe I could do a bust of you with clay. Now that’d be fun.”

“W-what?” Once again, Weiss was left in awe and then laughed. “Honestly, I thought you’d be some rude jock soccer player. When I came in here and saw you with my sketchbook I thought I’d be done for…” she covered her mouth. “Uh, whoops, word vomit.” she cautiously smiled.

“Like I said Weiss, I’m not one-dimensional, nobody is. I can see how you’re inclined to believe that, but trust me…you’re just now getting to know me.” Yang closed the sketchbook and handed it back to Weiss. “Here, don’t lose it again. You might not be so lucky next time.”

“Thank you, Yang.” Weiss stood up and clutched the sketchbook, but this time with not so tight of a grip.

“I’ll see you around, yeah?” Yang stood up too; she almost forgot how much she towered over the shorter girl.

“Y-yeah, definitely.” Weiss was almost ready to bolt, when Yang shoved her phone into Weiss’s hand.

“Give me your number. I’ll text you so you can get mine…and then if you ever feel like you need your muse, just text me. Oh, and you better agree to being my muse or else we’re going to have some serious problems.” she spoke in a joking manner, and winked immediately after.

Weiss handed the phone back to Yang after she was done. Yang sent her a text immediately, and Weiss checked her phone to receive it. “Got it.” she confirmed with Yang.

Weiss had begun to walk backwards towards the door, making continuous eye contact with Yang. “See ya, dork.” Yang winked again, now leaning on the table.

“Y-yeah! Yea! Definitely. B-ye!” Weiss’s back made contact with the door and she quickly fumbled her way finding the door handle before making a total exit.

Yang now sat on the table she was next to and stared at her phone. Weiss Schnee [heart emoji].

“Well, someone has a crush on me.” she chuckled to herself, shoving the phone back into her pocket. “Or it could be some weird obsession.” she muttered to herself, now in thought.

Yang shook her head. “Hopefully the former.”
Either way, she’s kinda cute in a really dorky kinda way.

Yang returned to the back room, and cleaned up the mess she had made earlier. She hoped Weiss would strike up a conversation with her first.

After all, they had found a muse in one another.
Prompt 5!

Chapter Summary

AU with Weiss having a Crush on Yang and invites Ruby to hang out. She plans on asking Ruby if it's alright to ask Yang out. Ruby ends up bringing Yang along, Weiss is totally not ready for Yang and has a slight panic attack and has to improvise!

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the prompt E.F - I might've changed up just a little bit. :)

“So did I get the right answer?” Ruby tapped her pencil down on the worksheet in front of her. “Hey Weiss!” she waved her hand in front of Weiss's face, trying to grab her attention.

Now Weiss’s attention was completely in the wrong place. She stared at Ruby’s sister, Yang Xiao Long who happened to be walking by at that exact moment. If it wasn’t obvious to Ruby by now that Weiss had a huge crush on resident big sister, Yang then Ruby wasn’t just paying that great of attention to her ivory-haired tutor.

Now Weiss wasn’t going to pinpoint the exact moment that she fell for the woman, but if Weiss had to point out one moment that could account to this moment…

Well, it’d have to be one sunny morning when Yang was working on her most prized possession, Bumblebee. Now it was a hot and sticky morning, and Yang was a hard worker as the sun, heat, and humidity failed to bother her in the slightest. It was only by chance that Weiss had needed to drop a textbook off for Ruby that she caught sight of Yang Xiao Long in her rawest form.

Yang’s tank top clung tightly to her chiseled figure, her shorts did wonders showing off her thighs. While sweat dripped off her forehead, neck, and almost every other part of her body. She wiped it off with a dirty towel, leaving a grease streak along her forehead. Weiss paused and stuttered as she watched Yang work so diligently....

“Well, it’s time to take a break though. I’m getting hungry” she stood up from the chair and made her way to the kitchen. Ruby followed behind.

“Yaaaang!” Ruby called out to her sister, “What did you make us for lunch?!” Ruby rushed ahead of a slow Weiss, who seemed to have a small deer-in-the-headlights sort of look about her. Ruby noticed this would happen any time Weiss got close to Yang.

“Sandwiches! What else?” Yang grinned as she turned from the counter, with two plates of nicely
made sandwiches on them. “Here’s yours.” she handed a plate to Ruby, who had seated herself at the
dining table.

“And this princess, is four you.” Yang winked, handing her a plate with a sandwich cut into fours.
Ruby snorted with a face full of sandwich while Weiss just glared.

If it wasn’t obvious to Ruby by now that Weiss, could not, for the life of her, flirt. But Ruby knew
exactly what Weiss wanted.

Weiss wanted nothing but to wrap her perfected hands onto Yang’s rippling -Damn it Schnee!
Keep it together! Weiss awkwardly smiled at Yang. As for the actual flirting, Weiss could only
glare and awkwardly smile.

This was a problem, but a problem that Weiss would get passed. She intended on asking Yang
Xiao Long out on a date. But first she needed Ruby. To ask her, to see if it would be alright
amongst other trivial dilemmas, to ask Yang out.

As the two girls continued to eat, Yang had cleared the room by then. Thus allowing Weiss and
Ruby a moment alone.

Ruby greedily stuffed the sandwich in her mouth, while Weiss went at a slower pace.

“Hey Ruby?” Weiss managed to finally get out as she had just finished the second square of
sandwich.

“Mmf-yeah?” Ruby swallowed and looked up at Weiss.

Weiss glared back as she noticed how ridiculously messy Ruby was. “I was thinking that you and I
should hang out tomorrow. If you’re free that is.”

Ruby grinned widely “Hang out!? I would totally love to!” she paused “Wait, is this going to be
another fake pop quiz tutoring session?” she narrowed her eyes at Weiss, who was giving her an
equalizing stare.

“No. I just…” Weiss paused, she didn’t want to straight up tell Ruby what she was wanting to do
right now, she would have to ease Ruby into it. “Wanted to get your opinion on something.”
Perfect. This could mean anything.

“Oh! Like an outfit or something?” Ruby tilted her head curiously.

“Y-Yeah! Totally like an opinion on an outfit.” she mustered up her best fake grin.

“I’ll be there!”

///

A new day had begun and Weiss couldn’t have been more ready for it to be over.

At her doorstep stood Ruby Rose. Now this wasn’t the problem. What the problem was is that she
was accompanied by the one person she didn’t expect to see.

Yang Xiao Long.

Yang Xiao Long was standing at her doorstep, with a wide grin on her face. “Hey Weiss! Nice
place ya’ got here!”

Weiss didn’t know what to do. She just stared.

“Are you going to invite us in or are you going to keeping staring at my chest?” Yang teased. Ruby giggled.

“W-what?! I just...didn’t expect Ruby to bring you…” she paused “And I was NOT looking at your chest.” Weiss huffed in an annoyed manner though internally, she was certainly dying.

_Do not panic Weiss, do not fucking panic. YOU CAN DO THIS._

“It was just a joke!” Yang grinned.

“Okay, okay...I brought Yang because I knew she would be a lot better at picking out outfits then I am!” Ruby looked around. “So can we come in or not?”

Weiss glared. Maybe the whole outfit bit was a bad idea. She rolled her eyes and motioned them inside.

They made her way to her room.

“Y’know Weiss, I didn’t think you were the type of girl who needed help on an outfit. What’s the occasion?” Yang asked as her and Ruby rested on Weiss’s queen sized bed.

“Maybe some fancy dinner?” Ruby suggested.

Weiss internally groaned, the only thing that popped up into her head was…”A date.” Weiss’s internal thoughts suddenly became external noise as she had actually stated part of her true intentions.

_FUCKSHITOHMYGOD._

Weiss awkwardly laughed to herself. Did she just say that out loud in front of Yang? What did Yang think about Weiss going on a date? Did she just possibly lose her chance at actually going out with Yang? Weiss’s brain ran about a mile a minute.

“A date, huh?” Yang said with an odd tone about her.

“Ooooh~ Yeah, this is definitely Yang’s sort of thing.” Ruby added excitedly.

Weiss refused to look behind her at the duo who was sitting on her bed.

Wait. Yang was sitting on her bed. If only you could stay there for the night…

Weiss shook herself out of her panicky perverted thoughts.

“Yes! A date.” Weiss pulled out a random nice looking dress that wasn’t too showy or revealing. She finally turned around to see Yang standing up only a few feet behind her.

Weiss jumped “Bah!” she clutched her chest as her heart nearly escaped from it for numerous reasons. The main reason, Yang was so damn close to her. Even after the initial scare, her heart continued to beat loudly. She felt herself get hot.

_Weiss, it’s just Yang...in your house...with you...and her...sister?_
She looked behind Yang and saw that Ruby was nowhere to be found.

“W-where’s Ruby?” Weiss hesitantly asked. There was a certain air between the two of them.

To Weiss, it was intense.

_Kiss me you fool. Wait, no. Not appropriate._

Yang sweetly smiled at her “She went to the restroom. She’ll be back…” Yang trailed off.

“So Weiss, I have to ask who’s the lucky person?” Yang raised an eyebrow.

Weiss’s heart jumped again. Did Yang know?

“Oh, you know...someone from school..” her answer was rather meek as she looked to the ground at Yang’s feet.

“Sounds like someone special.” Yang teased again.

“A-actually I hadn’t gotten the chance to ask them out. I was hoping to do it sometime soon, but now I’m not so sure.” Weiss swallowed hard, as her nerves started to get the best of her.

“You’re not so sure? Why not?” Yang gently grabbed Weiss’s hand, pulling her to the bed and sitting her down so they could talk.

Weiss could feel her whole body tingle as Yang touched her. A warm and soothing heat radiated throughout her entire being. But it could not completely shake Weiss’s nerves about the situation at hand.

“I’m not sure they even like me. I talk to them from time to time, but I’m just really bad at flirting so...I don’t even think they know that I like them.” Weiss lightly facepalmed herself. She was talking about flirting with Yang. To Yang.

“But what if they do like you and they just haven’t said anything either?” Yang stated bluntly.

Weiss was taken aback by the answer. Again, Weiss had to ask herself..._Does Yang know?_

_And did she just admit to liking me too? Stay calm Weiss. Stay calm. Even if you are overly sweating...and awkwardly smiling. Hahaha. Help me._

_I’ve got to try something out. Will it be worth it?_

“Hypothetically speaking, you think it’d be easy to just say...’Hey Yang or whatever this person's name is, I like you a lot and I really want to go out with you.’..” Weiss began.

“Yeah, and I’m sure I..I mean _they_ would go ‘Yeah, Weiss I like you a lot too. I would love to go on a date with you.’” Yang answered.

The two paused and stared at each other for sometime.

A voice behind them spoke - “Man, you two really don’t know how to flirt with each other do you?”

The two of them turned their heads and noticed Ruby standing at the doorway with several baby carrots in her hands.
“Had I have known that it would be this awkward I would’ve stayed in the room.” Ruby took a bite out of the carrot.

“What?” Yang and Weiss said in unison.

“Turns out neither you or Weiss know how to flirt. I don’t know what’s more embarrassing the fact that I knew you two had the hots for each other the day you guys first met, or the fact I’ve watched every single awkward flirting glare, stare, pun, and awkward laugh session to this very date.” Ruby bit another carrot in a nonchalant manner. She sounded very dry and cut.

Both Yang and Weiss buried their faces in their hands.

“Y-you had a crush on me this whole time?” Weiss finally asked Yang.

“I did and Ruby told me that you had one on me. I just...can’t...flirt.” Yang groaned falling backwards onto Weiss’s bed.

“Yeah, and now if you two can go out with each other already I don’t have to worry about you too ogling each other at every given moment with me being in the room.” Ruby added, still standing at the doorway.

“Oh, and Weiss? I don’t think I need those tutoring sessions anymore. But You and Yang might...try reading this first.” Ruby grabbed a book from her bag and tossed on Weiss’s bed.

Weiss grabbed it and looked at it. Yang sat back up to look at it.

*Flirting for Dummies - an intensive guide to flirting effectively and efficiently!*

“Ruby!” Yang and Weiss simultaneously yelled as Ruby left the room with boisterous laughter.
introducing each other to their parents

Meeting your girlfriend's parents was an inevitable happenstance when it came to relationships. For Weiss, it was something she dreaded. Not on having to meet Yang’s parents, but for Yang having to meet her parents.

Mostly because, Weiss had no real family to speak of. The people who raised her might’ve been blood related, but she didn’t dare call them family. The only person she could call close to that was her older sister, but even then she was usually nowhere to be found.

Yang’s family on the other hand, well that too was complicated. Yang was a family kind of girl. She too had some strained relationships, but it didn’t bother her especially with all the family she kept on making. She had secretly hoped Weiss would permanently be apart of her immediate family one day. Not that she wasn’t already...but she wasn’t entirely sure if Weiss knew that herself.

The day that Weiss had met Yang’s ‘family’ was just as she had expected. Ruby was no one new to her; but the admittance of their actual relationship had just about shocked the younger Xiao Long-Rose sibling.

“You two are dating?! ” Ruby said in awe. “S-so those sleepovers you two had we…” Ruby had been cut off by a death glare coming from Weiss. “Why didn’t you tell me!?” Ruby started up once again with her shenanigans.

“We wanted to wait until we were both sure about it.” Yang answered.

“So that’s the big news, huh?” Tai crossed his arms, to Weiss, it was hard to gauge his body language. He momentarily scowled before Yang lightly hit him on the arm. “Aww! Come here you! two” he grinned widely and pulled Yang and Weiss into a giant embrace.

Weiss felt warmth overtake her. A small part of her felt oddly jealous. Why couldn’t her so called family be like this?

As the embrace ended, Tai continued to hold onto them by putting his arm around their shoulders and keeping them to each side of them. “Weiss, I’ve heard a lot about you and I just wanted to say that no matter what you will always be apart of the family!” He side hugged them tightly.

“Aww Dad, I wanted to be the one to tell her that.” Yang chuckled.

“Yang, you’ve already told me just about everyday .” Weiss playfully smirked. It was a light moment between all of them and Weiss appreciated every second of it.

The rest of the week with Yang’s parent was different for Weiss. Every second felt warm, inviting, and loving. It felt like being with Yang, but amplified beyond what she was used to measuring. The love that Tai, Yang and even Ruby had offered in support of their relationship was like being in
Weiss’s wildest dreams.

She had only hoped she could find someone that could provide the same for her when it came to introducing Yang to...her parents?

///

“I’m worried. What if nobody comes?” Weiss anxiously picked at her fingers as they sat at the restaurant's outdoor patio.

Yang reached out to grab her hand, squeezing it in a reassuring manner. “Weiss, someone will come. It’s your family. Someone will care.”

“But -” Weiss began before being cut off.

“No buts. I know what you said before...but there has to be someone who truly cares about you. If not, you’ll always be apart of my family. No ifs, ands, or buts.” Yang squeezed Weiss’s hand once more.

Weiss sighed. Yang’s words were honest. But Weiss’s confidence was dwindling, this whole situation was a bust from the beginning. Why had she even tried? Her father had no fucks to give. Her mother was the same, and as for her little brother. He was basically nonexistent to her. That just left her sister.

But she was still, hardly ever around. Weiss had wished someone would come, so she could show just how wonderful of a couple they were. So that they could approve. But Weiss knew that she’d never be approved. Adding Yang to that equation made it worse.

Five minutes turned into thirty and Weiss became more and more anxious. Yang kept a light air about her, still ever so confident that someone would come to see them. The waiters eyed their tables consistently - wondering if their party had gotten lost.

“I-I can’t do this…No one is coming.” Weiss’s voice had begun to shake.

“Are you sure about that Miss Schnee?” A friendly voice came from behind.

Weiss jumped and looked behind her. “Klein?!”

“Wipe the tears from your eyes my dear, your eyes are the sky but they do not need to rain today!” Klein took a handkerchief and wiped her face. Immediately Weiss stood up and hugged him, lightly sobbing into him.

“I heard you met a wonderful woman!” He hugged her back and let her pull away on her own time. Weiss nodded as she still held onto him.

After a few moments she pulled back and wiped her face. Yang stood up to greet Klein. “Hello, I’m Yang Xiao Long.” she introduced herself putting out her hand to shake, but instead Klein hugged her.

“Ahh, so you are the woman who makes Weiss’s smile appear everyday. I’m so happy for you two.” his eyes momentarily narrowed as he lowered his voice “But if I ever see a frown on her face because of ya’ - well you’re gon’ be in for a surprise.”

“Ahhh…” Yang stood there with a bit of shock on her face.
“I’m just pulling your leg!” Klein laughed.

“Don’t do that Klein, you can’t just scare away my girlfriend the first day you meet her!” Weiss gently scolded him.

“Ahh, but isn’t that what family is for?” Klein chuckled.

“Family?! I thought we were your family!” a familiar voice called from behind. “Yeah!” another high-pitched voice joined in.

“Tai and Ruby?!” Weiss called out. Yang widely grinned.

“You see Weiss, you have family everywhere. We’ll make sure you’re never alone. I promise you that.” Yang pulled her girlfriend close to her. “I was hoping you’d be apart of my family forever…and possibly we could one day make our own.”

Weiss stood there, mouth nearly agape. “Are you asking me to…?”

“If I said yes, would you say yes?”

“Yes!”

As it had turned out, Weiss discovered family never needed to be blood related. Family just needed to be that right amount of love and devotion.
high school AU where both Yang and Weiss have a secret. Weiss's is that she has a crush on Yang who is not in her social circle. And Yang who pretty much everyone knows she likes Weiss, her Secret is that she is a werewolf. + They are at a party

House parties weren’t her thing. Parties in general, weren’t her thing. Weiss Schnee was on a mission today. Which happened to be the day of the biggest Halloween party - a costume party no less. One could only attend if they were dressed up to fit the part of the spooky holiday. Of course Weiss always complied with the rules. Needless to say she was dressed up as an Ice Queen from some popular kids movie.

She was here with her friend group, or at least she thought she was as she somehow managed to lose them as soon as she stepped into the house. She groaned, at least it would be easy to find... her.

Like the sea parting the crowd made a clear opening, allowing Weiss to see the person she was here for. Well, this would be easy.

“Yang Xiao Long!” Weiss’s commanding voice called out. The tall, yet masked head turned - looking at Weiss with a dumb blank stare as Yang’s wolf mask did it’s best to hide her emotions.

“Oh-oh! Gotta go!” Yang pushed through her friends, and headed out the backdoor towards the also crowded backyard.

Weiss glared and immediately pursued her prey. Weiss passed Yang’s group of friends to which one of them commented “Lovers quarrel?” with a cocky sounding attitude.

“Shut up!” Weiss commented as she left the room.

Yang picked herself up off the ground, as she had seemingly run into the infamous and very drunk Cardin. “Shit.” she muttered, fully knowing this would bite her in the ass. Yang looked behind her and noticed a very small and angry princess heading her way.

“Bitch!” Cardin drunkenly spat as he was picked up by his crew. Yang fled once more, moreso at the sight of Weiss than Cardin. Yang found the exit from the backyard, and made her way towards where her motorcycle was parked. She was lucky that her bike allowed her to squeeze through the mass of cars that were out in front of the house's lot.

As she had taken off her mask and replaced it with a helmet, and prepared to rev off away from Weiss and a now angry Cardin.

Instead, Weiss hopped in front of her bike with a stern look on her face. “Yang Xiao Long, I know you heard me calling for you!” she scolded.

“Yea-” Yang was cut off as she heard distant screaming now approaching.

“GET BACK HERE YOU BITCH!” It was Cardin along with his band of merry shitheads. Of
course it was.

Yang handed Weiss an extra helmet. “Hop on. Now.”


“Come on princess, let’s go!” Yang grabbed Weiss and pulled her to the back of her bike. Weiss shoved the helmet on her head. “Hold on.”

Yang revved the bike once more, and sped off.

“After them!” Cardin screamed.

“Fucking great.” muttered Yang, her eyes gazed upwards towards the darkened night sky. A full moon had suddenly appeared that was hidden beneath clouds. Yang huffed. “Even better.” she looked down at her hand and could feel it begin to tingle. She didn’t have long.

///

The duo pulled into a nearby park, the streetlights being the only thing allowing them to see. The particular light they had chosen to park under flickered from time to time.

As Weiss had gathered herself she had returned to her usual ‘I’m-mad-at-you’ demeanor. “Y-Yang! How could you just tell everyone that we were dating?!”

Yang took off her helmet shaking her head and grinning. “Isn’t that what you wanted princess?”

Weiss paused for a moment and bit her lip, then huffed. “Y-you can’t just out me like that! That was my secret. Everyone knows that you’re the one with the crush on me, now that’s not a secret!”

“You don’t think I noticed those longing stares, or those coy looks, or that one time where you accidently ‘bumped’ into me to get a good feel then when you ‘apologized’ you got even bolder and lightly brushed my ass with your hand when you left? You really don’t think I pay attention to that stuff?” Yang smirked.

A huge blush of embarrassment rose on Weiss’s face. She was glad that it was somewhat dark.

“So what? You don’t have any secrets?” Weiss huffed.

“I mean it should be no secret that I would really like to kiss you right now.” She had slowly approached Weiss, her hand lightly cupping her face. “If that’s alright with you, princess.”

“You’re insufferable..” Weiss muttered as she looked up at Yang, her movements accepting the invitation to kiss.

At least they would have kissed if it weren’t for a car pulling up in the same parking lot. Four boys swarmed out of the car yelling expletives towards Yang.

“Here we go.” Yang groaned as she stepped in front of a now very frightened Weiss. Yang’s hand began to twitch. “Really? Right now?” she looked up at the moon. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

“Yang, watch out!” Weiss yelled as one of the boys swung at Yang.

But Yang wasn’t just Yang anymore. She was... *a werewolf?* Within an instant she had accepted the change. She was now an 8 foot tall, blonde furred, red-eyed werewolf.
Yang had caught the swing in her gut. Doing no damage to Yang.

“W-what the fuck?!” one of the guys yelled.

Yang began to growl and bare her teeth at the four boys.

“Fucking what the fuck let’s get out of here!” Cardin yelled as the boys quickly ran back to their car.

“Well, that was a thing.” Yang’s voice had a slight growl to it. Yang turned to see a very stunned Weiss Schnee who was staring wide-eyed and silent.

“Earth to Weiss.” her furred hand waved in front of Weiss’s face.

“Gah!” Weiss jumped back. “Yang, what sort of trick is this?!”

“So, you know how you asked about if I had any secrets.” Yang showed herself off, twirling around. “This is it, and no, it’s not some cool Halloween party trick sadly.”

Weiss didn’t say a word.

“Does this mean you don’t like me?” Yang’s ears went down as she began to look like a very sad puppy dog. She even began to sit in front of Weiss and look at her with equally sad eyes.

Weiss looked down, then back up at Yang with a concerned look on her face. “Ugh! It’s not fair, no matter what you do you’re always so darn...CUTE.” she grabbed Yang’s furry wolf face, and snuggled her, gently kissing her forehead.

Yang’s tail wagged a mile a minute, as she stood up once more, towering over Weiss.

“You ever cuddle with a werewolf?”

Weiss shook her head no.

“Would you like to?” Werewolf Yang grinned.

Weiss smiled and shook her head yes.
Prompt 8!

Chapter Summary

a Freezerburn family au with Ruby and Blake as their child

Light pattering echoed on the wooden floors. The sunlight that had already been shining on Weiss’s face had done her no favors in keeping her asleep on this Mother’s Day, now she had to deal with…

Ruby clamored onto the bed, she might’ve been three years old but that didn’t stop the child from doing things she shouldn’t have. How did she get out of her crib in the first place? Ruby made her way to Weiss, now climbing ontop of her mother and lightly patting her face as to wake her up.

“Mm..” mumbled Weiss. “Yang...you take care of this.” but there was no response from her wife. “Yang?” she opened her eyes and removed Ruby from her face, placing her on her blanketed lap. She felt the empty spot behind her. “Yang?!” Now usually Yang would be the last one awake, but the discovery of her missing blonde wife and the fact her kids were out and about freaked Weiss out.

She pulled Ruby in close. “Where is your delinquent of a mother?!!” she asked her as if Ruby could answer correctly. Instead Ruby giggled and snuggled up to her. “Momma!” Ruby said.

“You’re not hurting our child, right?” Yang came through the door with tray that held Weiss’s breakfast. Following behind was a six year old Blake.

“I made it for you mom! Yang helped!” She rushed ahead of Yang, nearly knocking her over and sat next to Weiss on the bed.

“Eeshhh. Be careful Blake!” Yang caught herself and walked towards Weiss, placing the tray in front of her as Ruby was also placed next to Weiss.

“You cooked this?” Weiss stared down at the plate in awe. Nicely made pancakes, with fresh fruits and chocolate chips. Accompanied by a big glass of orange juice. Although Yang was somewhat of a good cook, it was very unlike her.

“It was my idea!” Blake yelled out, “I woke up mom really early and Ruby helped too!” Blake grinned as did Ruby who was giving a thumbs up.

“6 am. Heh.” Yang awkwardly smiled and scratched behind her neck, as she still stood by Weiss’s bedside. It was 9 in the morning. “It took a few tries, but we got it right. Eventually.”

“Momma, she made a mess.” Blake admitted.

“Hey!” Yang eyed her amber-eyed daughter. Weiss simply chuckled.

“I hope I’m not the one who has to clean it all up.” Weiss smirked up at Yang.

Yang sighed and motioned to Blake and Ruby. “We’ll get on it. Now let’s leave your mother alone to eat and get dressed.”
Yang went over Weiss to grab Ruby, Blake saw herself off the bed but not before having to witness Weiss and Yang exchange a very sweet and delicate kiss. “Ewww….” Blake groaned now fleeing the room in a catlike fashion.

Weiss and Yang laughed. With Ruby at her waist, Yang began to exit the room.

“Babe, hold on.” Weiss called out.

Yang stopped and turned looking at her curiously.

“Get dressed, we have plans somewhere today. We will leave in an hour or so. I’ll help with the kids.” Weiss told her.

A very confused Yang nodded with an “Okay. Got it.” and exited.

“So Rubes, tell me the 411...what’s momma got planned for me? I know she tells you everything.” Yang tickled Ruby as she spoke.

Ruby’s contagious laughter filled the hallways as they went to go clean up the kitchen.

///

“Are we there yeeeeeet?” Yang whined.

“You know I expect this from Blake, but not from you. Wait…” Weiss paused “No, I was wrong I do expect this from you.” Weiss shook her head.


They pulled into a very well-known motorcycle company. One that produces some of the best motorcycles known to mankind.

Yang went wide-eyed “You didn’t.” she commented in disbelief.

“What did she do?!” Blake tried looking out the car window from her booster seat, but sadly for her she couldn’t read very fast or well yet. “Where are we?!”

“We’re at Yang’s favorite place.” Weiss answered.

“The potty?” Blake questioned.

“HEY!” Yang turned her head at glared at her mischievous, 6 year old daughter. Ruby giggled, “Momma likes potty!” Ruby added.

Weiss laughed as they entered a parking space.

“We’re at a motorcycle place. It’s Yang’s favorite place. Everything here can go fast and she’s always wanted one of her own.” Weiss answered as she grabbed Ruby from her seat and carried her. While Yang hoisted Blake onto her back as they walked into the dealership.

They entered the building and were greeted by a dealer. “Weiss Schnee-Xiao Long I presume?” He shook Weiss’s free hand. He turned to Yang. “You must be the lucky girl. Yang Xiao Long-Schnee. Follow me.” he gestured them towards the back room.

They entered the room. A bike was basically on it’s own pedestal, covered by a sort of blanket.
Yang set down Blake from her back.

He removed the blanket from the bike, and Yang had begun to blubber nonsense. A gorgeous yellow and black bike was in front of her. It must have cost a fortune for Weiss. It definitely had a powerful engine, and its gears were very high-end and complex. It was sleek and sports-like.

“It’s yours. All paid for. You can take it home today if you’d like.” The man smiled and left the room, leaving the family there alone.

Yang was currently stunned, still blubbering nonsense as she didn’t know what to make of the situation.

“Mom, is she broken?” Blake poked at Yang, as she asked Weiss.

Weiss held a huge grin on her face as she pulled Yang towards the bike. “This was Ruby’s idea...and a little bit of mine.” Weiss commented. “Go on. Try it out.”

Wordlessly Yang hopped on the bike, getting a feel for it. “Mama likey…” Yang muttered rubbing her hands all over the bike. She couldn’t wait to rev the engine for the first time.

“I wanna get on!” Blake jumped up and down, Yang bent down to grab her and put her in front of her.

Blake made pretend vrooming sounds. Soon enough, Ruby began to grasp towards the bike as Weiss watched her favorite girls have a good time.

Weiss placed Ruby in front of Blake. “Hold onto your sister, okay Blake? I’m going to take a picture.”

Weiss stood back to take a picture. “Everyone say, ‘Happy Mother’s Day!’”

The trio on the bike repeated the words and smiled, Yang having the hugest grin on her face.

///

Mother’s Day was coming to an end as the family of four all sat on the couch cuddled up to one another. Weiss and Yang were cuddled up next to each other as Blake and Ruby had fallen asleep on top of them as a movie played.

“I couldn’t have asked for a better day.” Yang began with a whisper, “I should’ve gotten you more though. You got me a bike...and all I did was breakfast, lunch, and dinner.”

Weiss placed a gentle kiss on her cheek. “No, you and them are all I need. This family is all I’ll ever need. Now and forever.” she looked at Yang as she spoke in a very gentle and whispered tone.

Yang met her ending sentence with a very passionate and light kiss, trying not to wake the children in their laps. “Weiss, I love you so much.” she said as she pulled away.

“I love you too, Yang.” Weiss smiled as she now settled her head on Yang’s shoulder, ending the night with her family was all she had ever wanted for Mother’s Day. As Yang too, had everything she had ever wanted.

Both sharing their love with their family.
He eyed the newest recruit, how someone like him ended up in his Kingdom was beyond him. Yang couldn’t help but notice the ivory-haired man that had entered into his personal guard. He had looked vaguely familiar to the prince, but he just couldn’t put his finger on it. Part of Yang wanted to tease the man for looking so out of place, but right now he was in public and his Princely duties were not to be overlooked.

The ivory-haired man had a look about him. His face was stern, yet soft. A single scar graced his left eye. His armor, was surely lacking. His weapon, was even more lacking. A single rapier? What was this man’s intentions exactly? Yang knew this newcomer had some sort of plan...and only Yang would know just what it was.

Yang just had to find out. A smirk momentarily appeared on his face. Teasing the man would be fun.

//

There was a brief moment of calmness between all the princely duties Yang had to see to throughout the week. The newest guard, who had failed to introduce himself had solely followed around Yang as it was his duty to do so for this rotation.

From time to time, longing stares and strange eye contact would be initiated. Brief moments of unspoken words and knowing nods between the two. Yang at heart, knew the man. But he just had to confirm what he was here for. Why he was here.

Yang continued to wander the castle halls only to scare the young man and pull him into a private room where no eyes or ears would catch them.

The icy-blue eyed man seemed rather shocked as he was pulled in by the much taller and blonder prince.

“Is something amiss?” the ivory-haired man asked, his hand hovering over his weapon ready to draw.

Yang chuckled. “No, not at all. I was just curious lad, what is your name and where do you hail from?” his tone seemed rather suave and rather sensual for a prince to be approaching a knight.

The boy cleared his throat. “Weiss Schnee, my lord. My sincerest apologies for not introducing myself earlier. I hail from the Atlas and the Atlesian military.”

“Ah!ha!” Yang quipped, “No wonder you are so pale.” he grinned widely, now graciously eyeing Weiss Schnee.
“E-excuse me?” Weiss raised an eyebrow, he looked slightly offended.

“You’re in the Kingdom of Vale, do you not see how the sun shines? I’m sure the sun’s brightness would surely see to you as well in all due time.” Yang chuckled, now approaching the man his hand lightly caressing his face. “I know I would like to see to you.” his voice had become sensual and obviously flirtatious.

Weiss blushed, and cleared his throat, turning his face away - allowing his scar to be fully seen.

“Oh, now this is interesting.” Yang’s hand now lightly caressed his scar.

“A skirmish against a fellow knight. He had almost gotten the better of me.” Weiss explained. “Luckily with a swift strike, I had bested him. Earning my right to be by your side.”

“Oh, is that what you want young knight? To be by your Princes side now? You never explained how someone from the Kingdom of Atlas came to the Kingdom of Vale.” Yang ran his hand down Weiss’s scar, then cheek now placing his hands by his side as he continued to question the icy-eyed man.

Weiss momentarily sputtered, he looked down clutching at his weapon. “I too am a prince, exiled. But I earned my way in here through the tournament. I knew it’d be safest.”

Yang raised an eyebrow. “Ahh, my suspicions were correct. I thought you looked rather familiar.” he turned his back to Weiss “You think it’s safest to be by my side? What makes you say this?”

“I know the way you look at me.” Weiss became rather bold in a snap. “I know how to play your games. I will not back down.” he now sported a fitting smirk.

Yang turned back around, now looking at Weiss with a raised brow. He approached him once again. “My foolish knight, you do not know what you speak of.” he smirked.

“Oh, but I do my prince. I know what you like. I know you like me. The way you stared at me at the tournament. You couldn’t keep your eyes off of me. You’ve been waiting for this moment, haven’t you?” Weiss approached Yang, now face to face.

Yang swallowed, then he scowled “Such bold statements from my own personal guard.” He hovered over his face.

“You won’t rid of me. You know I need you and you need me if we want this to work.” Weiss stated bluntly, but with a sincere tone in his voice.

Lilac eyes now filled with sadness as Yang stepped back from Weiss. “I..” Yang began.

“We will reclaim our throne, and we will find your brother and your best friend. We will, I swear on it.” Weiss unsheathed his rapier now, kneeling down, bowing his head in front of Yang.

“Stand up, you fool.” Yang wiped away a tear from his eye. “How can you be sure of these promises?”

“As long as we have one another. I won’t let anything happen, and I will make sure our mission is sought through.” Weiss stood up, sheathing his weapon. “I will stand by your side, as your guard...and if you will have me - as your partner.”

Yang nodded and quickly brought in Weiss for a well-needed hug. “Thank you, my love.” Yang muttered.
“Anything for my prince.”

Two young princes, initially alone in the world. But they had originally formed one promise towards one another. That they would help one another. Through thick and thin. That once they would meet up again, nothing would ever split them apart. No mission. No hierarchy. Just them. They would make their ends meet and find the happy lives they had so strived for.

That they would be able to be alone together.
“Do...do you think we’ll be good enough?” Weiss hesitantly asked as her and her partner, her lover, Yang Xiao Long drove towards their destination.

Their destination being the adoption agency, that had first gotten them in contact with not one, but two beautiful littles girls who were coming from an abusive household. Their ‘friend’ had taken them both in after their parents died - the man himself - was a not so nice man. Weiss and Yang had been told by the adoption agency this story and immediately jumped into action.

The couple had wanted children from the start of their relationship, and now that they were both in a stable place they could take the necessary steps for adoption and today was THE day. The process itself was long, it had taken them over a year to finalize everything. Now that the day was here, a sense of hesitation and unsureness had filled the mother-to-be Weiss Schnee.

Yang glanced at Weiss, making a confused face. “Whoa, whoa...where is this coming from?”

“I don’t know, I’m just worried that I won’t be a good parent. What if we’re not good parents? With our pasts like they are with our parents I’m just worried that we’ll…” Weiss took a long hard pause, she was nervously picking at her fingernails. She couldn’t finish her own sentence.

Yang pulled into the adoption agencies parking lot, parked the car and stared at Weiss who was still anxiously picking at herself. Yang grabbed her hand, and lightly caressed her hand - small circles with her thumb to ease Weiss. “We’re not going to end up like our parents. We’re already better than our parents. We’re willing to take risks, Weiss. These kids need us just as much as we need them.”

Weiss looked up at her, worried eyes slowly starting to fade away.

“We’re both better people than our parents. Together, we are unstoppable. I promise you, we will give them the home that we never had. Whatever happens, we will make it through. Together.” Yang raised Weiss’s hands to her lips - placing a gentle kiss upon them. “Let’s go.” her tone was gentle as she unbuckled herself, letting go of Weiss until they were out of the car.

//

Together they walked into the agency and waited for a receptionist to bring them to another room. There, seated were the two most beautiful little girls Yang and Weiss had set their eyes upon.

A black-haired girl with amber eyes, she resembled a very timid cat as she hid behind one of the chairs eyeing Yang and Weiss. She had seen them before and had been around them, but trust would take time. Yang and Weiss had all the time in the world.

Another girl was held in one of the caretaker's arms, silver eyes gleamed and stared directly at Weiss. She grasped towards Weiss, nearly falling out of the caretaker's arms - Weiss was quick to react and caught her. She now held the girl named Ruby who had somehow became instantly
attached to Weiss.

“Well, we have everything here ready to go. You’re free to take the girls home. We will check up on you all for the next year to see if everything is going okay.” The caretaker stated.

“O-oh! That’s it then?” Weiss asked fairly surprised. The other woman nodded.

Yang approached Blake and kneeled down. “You want to come home with us?” Yang said in a very gentle and whispered tone.

Blake stared at her, still hiding behind the chair.

“I’ll read you plenty of bedtime stories, you can have milk and cookies.” Ruby cooed loudly at the word cookies as Yang spoke in her gentle tone “We can hide under blankets, and do whatever you’d like. What do you say?” she looked at her with hopefully eyes as she held out her hand.

Blake slowly nodded, now coming out from her hiding spot. Blake took Yang’s hand and hid behind her as they walked out of the building together. With Ruby in Weiss’s arms, and Blake holding Yang’s hand together the family left to start anew.

//

As soon as they arrived home, Blake had bolted behind Yang nearly knocking her over in the process. Weiss and Yang carried their belongings to the kids new room as Weiss did her best to juggle carrying Ruby while Yang had a small child attached to her leg.

“Here we are…” Yang set down Blake’s things while Weiss left Ruby’s stuff by the crib. The room itself was already neatly set up. Yang and Weiss had done massive amounts of shopping for the girls. Getting everything prepped and ready for when they arrived. They just hoped that they liked it.

Weiss and Yang knew it would take time. As even Yang had begun to get some jitters. A multitude of ‘What ifs…’ ran through the couple's mind. But for now everyone seemed to be getting along. Ruby was already attached to Blake so the two got along well. They were each other’s companies through hard times. But those hard times were no longer.

Blake sat next to Yang’s feet in the room, as Weiss set down Ruby so they could be with one another. Surprisingly, a five to six year old Blake was strong enough to carry Ruby and place her on Blake’s new bed.

“You think they’ll be fine?” Weiss asked in a low whisper watching the two interact. They didn’t want to put any pressure on the girls, especially Blake. For now they would let them settle in, get used to the new sights, smells, and used to Weiss and Yang most of all. Ruby seemed to be fairly fine, no clear signs of trauma. Blake on the other hand...was a telling story.

Yang grimaced as she watched Blake. “O-of course. We’ve got this.”

///

The night went on fairly well. They fed the girls, bathed them, and played with them before setting them off to bed.

“So...Mama Weiss, how did our first day go?” Yang asked as they too, had begun to settle into bed only a few hours after they set the kids down.
Weiss turned to Yang as she lay there, both of them staring at one another. “I...I’m happy. We did it. We can keep doing it.”

“Good, I’m glad you think so. I’m so proud of us!” Yang pulled Weiss in closer and kissed her on the forehead. Weiss nuzzled into the crook of Yang’s neck.

“You’re so adorably optimistic. I love you.”

“I love -”

An echoing scream filled the house, followed by a loud burst of crying.

Weiss and Yang immediately jumped out of bed and ran towards the girls bedrooms.

They opened the door to find a crying Blake and Ruby - Blake was holding herself, crying and muttering. Nightmares. Ruby was crying mostly because Blake was crying. She understood very little.

Yang immediately hopped to Blake’s side, and held onto her. Blake clutched her tiny body to Yang, sobbing immensely. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Blake cried - the first words she had spoken to them both.

“You’re okay! It’s okay! We’re here. No one’s going to hurt you. You’re safe.” Yang worriedly said, she tried her best to remain gentle and calm as she cradled the girl who was shoving her face into her chest.

//

Weiss held and rocked Ruby, to calm her down. She took her out of the room, and into their own bedroom. She began to sing soft lullabies. Slowly, but surely Ruby had calmed down sooner than Blake.

Yang carried Blake to their room soon after. Blake’s face still buried in Yang’s chest. “You can sleep with us tonight. We’ll protect you, no one is getting through us.” she whispered into Blake’s ear.

Weiss and Yang had settled Ruby and Blake in between them. They wrapped the arms around the girls.

Ruby and Blake still sniffled and sobbed from time to time, but Yang had the idea to continue where Weiss left off on the lullaby.

Don’t you worry about the dark,

I will light up the night with love in my heart.

I will burn like the sun, I will keep you safe and warm.

Weiss soon joined in the song. The two softly singing to the girls.

Like the smell of a rose on a summer’s day,

I will be there to take all your fears away.

With a touch of my hand, I will turn your life to gold.
Soon enough the sniffing had stopped, and light snores took their places. Blake and Ruby had fallen asleep once more.

Weiss and Yang stopped their singing and stared at each other with knowing eyes.

“W-we can do this, right Weiss?” Yang whispered asking her wife such an awfully insecure question. A hint of panic filled the room that only Weiss could feel. It was obvious to Weiss that Yang herself had begun to get flashbacks.

“Yang…” she reached over the girls, and gently caressed Yang’s face. “We can. Like you said this morning, they need us and we need them. It’s not going to be like this forever. Blake and Ruby will grow up to be two beautiful and happy girls. We will make it happen. The two of us. Together as a family.”

Yang wiped the tears away from her face and sniffled. As it was hard to believe, Yang was the bigger crier in the family. She nodded. “O-okay. I’m glad we’re doing this together.”

Weiss propped herself up, and carefully leaned over the girls, placing a gentle kiss on each of their heads before stopping at Yang and looking at her.

“I will always be here. For all of you. I love you Yang.” She kissed Yang’s forehead, then her lips.

When silence filled the air, and Weiss laid back down getting fairly comfortable a small but cherished set of words filled the air.

“I love you too Weiss.”
Chapter Summary

Weiss goes to a masquerade ball that is a charity fun raiser to help support local Fanus groups and when dancing she catches a glimpse of a long haired blond and sees her dancing repeatedly but always with a woman (Pyrrha, Ruby, Blake, and Nora) and she is sad when they call out it’s the last dance and she never got close enough, but right before the song starts she feels a tap on her shoulder and she turns to find Yang there and during their dance Yang admits to seeing Weiss earlier but she wanted to ensure she saved her last dance for the most beautiful woman there.

Charity fundraisers, were nothing new to the famous Schnee girl. The only difference was is that this one was for a group her company had originally fought against them. Now that she had gained the reins of her company out from under her father she could start to build her Schnee family name once again.

Although this fundraiser would be different, she knew entering faunus dominated territory could earn her bad looks and antagonizing stares but luckily Weiss would be attending a masquerade ball sort of event. Being able to completely mask her face if she chose so.

On the very night of the ball, she wore a sleek white dress with tints of light blue on the bottom of the dress. The mask she had worn was in similar color, with an array of feathers and frills. The left side of the mask sported some wing-like look, making the mask asymmetrical.

Weiss wandered the floor, slipping through mass crowds mixed with faunuses and humans alike. No one seemed to recognize Weiss, she couldn’t tell if that was good...or bad. She hadn’t truly recognized anybody either as this was a new scene for her in particular. Fundraisers she had attended were usually filled with overly rich and pompous snobs. This one was...different.

Maybe I should take a chance. She told herself as she continued to wander, only to happen by a very peculiar sight.

She watched as a very tall, blonde, and muscled woman took another woman who was practically taller than the blonde and who happened to be redheaded by the hand as they danced around the ballroom floor. They laughed and talked as they did.

Weiss walked around the would-be couple as she tried to get a better look at the blonde. There was just something about her. The way her dress swayed as she twirled the redhead, the way that her lilac eyes shone through her yellow mask, it was something. Surely, something.

Take a chance.

The last song had ended and the two women curtsied to one another, the redhead now leaving the arms of the blonde.

Weiss hesitantly approached, she was too slow as a smaller woman now had basically tackled the
woman for a dance.

Weiss stood back, and made a face. She looked around, at least nobody was noticing Weiss...yet. The smaller woman wore a red dress, her short black hair tinted with red seemed like a nice complement towards her aesthetic. They seemed fairly friendly towards one another, as the smaller woman seemed to behave in a very silly and immature manner for a ball. Weiss tried to eavesdrop in - it seemed like they were related and it was just a friendly dance between the two.

Weiss stepped away and groaned.

_Pick someone else you dolt!_ She told herself as she looked at the crowd of people who were open for dancing.

To her surprise between the time she had spent the time watching the blonde dance with the redhead and her relative, Weiss had been offered to dance by a few men. But she didn’t take. She was fixated on the blonde.

_Damnit Weiss!_ She pulled herself back, it seemed like this dance with this blonde wouldn’t happen as _another_ woman waltzed into the blonde’s arm as the next song started. She sighed and turned.

The girl she had begun to dance with seemed mysterious and was a similar height to the blonde. They looked awfully close. Which had made Weiss’s heart drop. Why was she so keen on dancing with the blonde and no one else?

She made her way to the refreshments, not wanting to think about what she was trying not think about. She stopped a waiter who was handing out some champagne and took one glass and nearly chugged it down. This wouldn’t make her drunk, but it would momentarily clear her mind of the beautiful blonde.

_She wasn’t that beautiful..._ Weiss rolled her eyes at herself. No, she was _gorgeous_. Even with the mask, there was something about the woman that Weiss just wanted to be wholly apart of.

One simple dance was all Weiss wanted, but it just seemed...unlikely. The woman was far too popular with the ladies.

As Weiss seemingly stuffed herself as a distraction and messed around with the decorations for a distraction an announcement came over head.

_The Last Dance of the Night._

Weiss’s heart dropped once more as she messed with white rose that was wilted on one of the tables. She didn’t want to pay attention to anything, she didn’t even feel like dancing or taking any sort of chance anymore. She mustered whatever positive energy she had left and stood up straight.

Until she felt a tap on her shoulder, spooking her and causing her to turn around to the stranger.

“Ahh!” Weiss covered her small scream with her hand.

_It was her._

Weiss stared. “H-hello, can I help you?” she raised an eyebrow underneath her mask.

The blonde woman chuckled, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you. I was wondering if you’d
like to dance.”

“W-what? You want to dance with me?” Weiss seemed rather shocked at the turn of events.

“I saw you and well let’s just say I wanted to save the best dance for last.” the woman smiled brightly at her. If Weiss didn’t know any better the woman could’ve melted her right then and there.

The woman offered her hand, Weiss graciously taking it as she led them both to the dance floor.

It was a slow dance, one where Weiss and the mystery woman of intrigue were hip to hip.

Weiss felt her heart pounding, she could only hope that the woman couldn’t feel it too.

“You’re very beautiful you know.” The woman stated as a matter of fact like.

Weiss awkwardly laughed. Was the woman actually hitting on her? She didn’t know how to respond. The only attention she had truly ever gotten were those that were trying to get to her money.

Did this woman know who she was?

“What’s your name?” The woman asked.

I guess not.

“Aren’t these things supposed to be a mystery sort of event?” Weiss replied, unsure if she should give her a real answer.

The woman chuckled. “How am I supposed to know the beauty I’m dancing with if she doesn’t tell me her name? I guess I’ll start. I’m Yang Xiao Long.” Yang winked at her as she lightly dipped Weiss. She brought Weiss back up, level to her. “Your turn.” she smirked.

Weiss sighed, “If you insist. I’m...Weiss Schnee.”

Yang paused on the dance floor. “A Schnee, at a faunus event? Now you’re just pulling my leg.”

Weiss looked was hoping this wouldn’t happen, but so far...it was happening. “It’s true...I took back my company. We’re going to do better. We’re going to be better.” Weiss stated.

“Can I see...your face?” Yang asked in a whisper, as she held Weiss close to her.

“You’re not going to beat me up are you?” Weiss asked timidly.

“No, no. I just want to see if it’s true. If you’re who you actually say you are.” Yang stated.

“I guess, but can we please go somewhere private?” Weiss asked.

“You got it, princess.” Yang pulled her off of the dance floor and towards a very complicated set of hallways.

Yang seemed to know the place like the back of her hand. She went upstairs, then left into a room where a private balcony was. To Weiss’s surprise no one had stopped them or questioned them.

Yang removed her mask as they got up there. The moonlight shone graciously on her lilac tinted eyes and her perfect face. Weiss nearly had her breath taken away.
“Well?” Yang now motioned towards her wanting Weiss to do the same.

Weiss hesitantly grasped at her mask slowly pulling it off. She looked up at Yang with worried eyes. “H-here I am.”

“You definitely are Schnee alright.” Yang commented approaching her.

“Look, if you have something to say...just say it alright?” Weiss looked down, fidgeting with the mask in her hand. For some odd reason, she felt naked.

“I know what you're going through. You're trying to be a better person, and the fact that you came out here and I'm assuming you're the one who donated over a million...you're already doing a good job.” Yang approached her carefully, holding her own mask in her hands.

“W-wait, how did you know…” Weiss looked up at her a little confused.

“Oh, I'm the one running the fundraiser. I'm also the owner of the venue. That black haired dame you saw me dancing with was my business partner, Blake.” Yang admitted, grinning a little sheepishly.

Weiss's eyes widened. The place they were at was a multi-million dollar venue. How had Weiss never heard of Yang before? She thought about it for a second, processing the information...if she was correct Blake, Blake Belladonna was the face of the White Fang industries. Yang was her business partner? It seemed to slowly make sense as an actual Faunus needed to be the face of it and not some human.

“I have a proposition for you, Ms. Schnee.” Yang now a foot away looking down at her. “Join me...” she paused “And Blake.” she added quickly. “We could set up one of the most powerful and eco friendly industries with your help and your sharp mind. It takes a master to overthrow your own father. Plus, he was a bad man, so I'm kind of glad you did that.” Yang grinned.

“What’s in it for me? I’m not really interested in money all that much...I don’t mind helping the people now, but I usually work at it alone.” Weiss looked away, trying not to play into her cheap ploy. So she did know who she was. Weiss saw the game she was playing. It was always about business.

“How about...you get...me!” Yang opened her arms and showed herself off.

Weiss looked at her with confusion. “W-what?!!”

“Look, I'm not all about the business...I wasn’t lying when I said you were beautiful. I thought if I started out with a business proposition it’d be easier to...” Yang paused biting her lip.

“To...?” Weiss repeated trying to get a clear answer out of her.

“To ask you out.” Yang covered her face with her hand. She wanted to put her mask back on. She looked up at Weiss to see her reaction.

Weiss stared at her and also blushed. “You’re a big dolt, I hope you know that.”

“Can I be your big dolt?”
“I’m going to let it maul him.” Yang smirked as she patted Flashfire, her pet dragon. He was an odd type of dragon - a mix between a quetzalcoatl, and an amphithere.

He stood at 40 feet tall, his winged feathers resembled those of phoenixes and his feathered tail swished around mischievously. His hues were a mixture of oranges, yellows, reds, and browns. His eyes matched Yang’s as they were a gentle shade of purple.

Flashfire curled around his master, nuzzling her gently. She continued to pet him as she spoke to Weiss.

Weiss scowled at her girlfriend, and her pet dragon. Weiss dismounted her own dragon, Zero Below, who was a wyvern standing at 30 feet tall. His face was spiked and horned, his right eye was blind. His scales were worn and he was the furthest thing from perfection in terms of looks. His tail and wings were the only things that didn’t look worse for wear. His hues matched the aesthetic of Weiss, whites, blues and soft reds.

Zero Below huffed, a puff of icy air exited his nose. “You wouldn’t dare, Yang Xiao Long.” Weiss eyed her, finally responding to her bold statement.

“Your dad's an asshole, do you not see what he did to Zero Below? All of that is because he wanted to train you too hard. The scar on your eye too.” she approached Weiss and tried to touch her somewhat fresh scar.

Weiss quickly grabbed her wrist and stopped her. “Zero Below and I are capable of handling this ourselves.” Zero Below huffed again, sending cold air in the direction of Yang.

“Hey, hey! I’m just trying to help you out babe. Wouldn’t two versus one be a lot better than one versus one? Besides, his drake is massive. It’s a freakin’ behemoth! Just let me help you!” Yang flailed her arms in the air, Flashfire flapped his wings copying the actions of Yang.

“Yang, I...” Weiss looked away from her girlfriend, “I don’t want you to get hurt. Besides, the only thick-headed dragon here needing a lesson is you.” Weiss mumbled, her arms crossed trying to close herself off from the world. Zero Below approached her, and laid his head near hers an unabashed attempt to comfort his master.

Yang stepped forward again, this time successfully taking her girlfriend by the hand. “Weiss, I’m here for you. We can do this together. All four of us. You don’t have to be afraid for me, I can handle myself. Flashfire is the strongest dragon asides from your fathers. Please, just let us help you get away from him.”

“We’re enemies Yang, the moment you were to set foot on the Tundra, you and Flashfire would be taken down in an instant. Plus, Flashfire, he’s special...there’s no other dragon in the world like
him and I couldn’t bear to see you lose him.” Weiss sighed, looking up at Yang’s faithful companion.

Flashfire and Yang had hailed from the Fire Isles of Vale - she was from around a small area called Patch inside of the region. Fire type dragons were the dominant species, but that didn’t mean there wasn’t other types wandering around too.

While Weiss lived on the Atlesian Tundras. Where cold ruled, and ice and water type dragons ruled. These two separate nations were always butting heads, making them natural enemies to one another.

The two had always met on this neutral plain. It was a wide open range, filled with wheat and wild berries. Yet somehow, these two girls had managed to fall in love in the oddest of ways.

“Then run away with me. Come to Patch.” Yang stated boldly.

“Yang! Did you not hear me?! We’re enemies...I’ll get…” Weiss paused as she saw another dragon approaching from the distance. From the direction Yang usually came from. “Y-Yang?!” she eyed her with disbelief, unsure of what to make of the situation.

Weiss quickly hopped on Zero Below, who lunged himself and Weiss away from the plains. She trusted Yang with all of her life, but right now this was a fight or flight situation.

Yang looked behind her and recognized the invader. “Ruby!” Yang called out, waving towards her. “Weiss, it’s okay! You can come down.”

A black and red lindwurm approached the plains. It touched down near Flashfire who danced around the lindwurm.

Weiss and Zero Below hesitantly landed once more. Zero Below angrily huffed at Yang blowing a strong cold wind towards her.

“I’m sorry!” Yang profusely apologized as she shivered. “I should’ve told you my sister was coming.”

“Heyyy! Sorry for frightening you! I’m Ruby Rose~ Yang told me all about you!” Ruby hopped off her dragon. “Oh yeah! This is Dark Rose.” she patted her dragon who bared her teeth in an attempt to smile. The lindwurm couldn’t have been a little older than a juvenile as it was only a good 15 feet tall.

Weiss breathed a sigh of relief, she had heard of Ruby. Nothing but a ten star review, according to Yang. She had nothing to be afraid of. “Hello Ruby, I’m Weiss.”

“Now that the pleasantries are over, did you bring the weapons?” Yang turned to Ruby.

“Oh yea!” Ruby turned to Dark Rose, who was holding a black bag that had blended in real well with her color. Dark Rose helped remove it from her and placed it on the ground in front of them.

“Is that what I think it is?” Weiss asked.

“It is.” Yang grinned as she went to open the bag. Three different weapons laid in the bag.

Yang grabbed a pair of gauntlets that matched her aesthetic and equipped them. Ruby had grabbed what seemed to be a gun, but was in fact a very huge scythe. Weiss grabbed her weapon, the one she had given to Yang to ‘upgrade’ - at first she fully believed she had lost the weapon for good,
but here it was...in even better shape.

“Myrtenaster!” she excitedly said, it looked different. A good different. It held chambers for dragon dust, which allowed the use of dragon’s breath. “You guys managed to capture gravity dragons dust?!” she said in awe.

“We know a guy.” Yang grinned. Yang had already equipped her weapons, squaring up and punching the air. “With these Weiss, we can definitely defeat your dad...or you can come with us and we can live happily ever after.” Yang said quickly with another big grin.

“Yang, already know what’s going to happen if I venture into Patch, and vice versa. But I know, in the end, my dad is never going to stop being an asshole.” Weiss sighed. “Now that we have these weapons, and I have you...I guess..we can try. Together.”

“Hey! Don’t forget about me! Plus we have a bunch of friends at home who can totally help!” Ruby added excitedly.

Weiss raised an eyebrow, as she looked at Zero Below. “What do you think, buddy? You ready for that one big final fight?” Zero Below’s eyes shimmered, his grey eyes meeting her blue ones. He let out a fearsome roar, and blew ice up into the air as it soon turned into snow in the warm plains.

Ruby and Yang cheered, Flashfire and Dark Rose joined in the excitement - loudly roaring themselves.

“First things first, we train. We strategize. We win” Weiss added with a nod.

Yang bumped her fists together, “All right so who’s ready to train this dragon?!”
The dim light coming from the lantern allowed her to see in these dark hallways. A princess such as Weiss Schnee knew that one should never stray from her chambers, but when you felt like a caged bird, flying free was all she ever wanted to do when she was forced to sing.

Her footsteps were as quiet as a mouse, which wasn’t hard for a person of her stature. She was small, but demure and ladylike in her actions. Sometimes she had wished she had been born a male so she wouldn’t have to be forced to partake in all those silly actions.

She quietly made her way down a secret stairway that should only be used in emergencies. Her fingers ran across the cold castle walls as she went down several flights to reach the ground floor. She made her way to the kitchens, and slipped out the back - she was lucky everyone was asleep this late at night. It made things a little *too* easy.

She opened the door, now finding herself outside still on the castle grounds. Light snow covered the grounds.

Weiss breathed out. This weather made her feel at home.

Before she had moved any further she looked around for any patrols, she had staked out previous night as would watch their movements. Where they would go at what times. She knew the timing she would need in order to sneak through past any guards and out of the castle grounds and into the wilderness. She may have been a princess, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t be rebellious every now and then - and sometimes that meant sneaking out of your house and enjoying the woods.

The woods at night provided a freedom that Weiss could never achieve during the day. In all honesty, she had never *seen* the woods in the daytime. Or at least, have been inside of them.

It had begun to lightly snow as she wandered the woods, it offered little view of the stars and the sky above. Maybe one day she’d see them freely without having to worry about what came next. The cold had never bothered Weiss as she was dressed in leathers a friend of hers had gifted her.

Not only had she dressed in leathers, but she held her own rapier at her waist. A gift she was able to forge herself with the help of a different friend. She aptly named it Myrtenaster.

She wielded it in her left hand. An oddity for most princesses to be left-handed. Weiss had always been an oddity.

She swung it around, pretending to jab at the trees as if they were her enemies. “Proper form.” she muttered to herself, as she positioned her feet and lunged forward. She managed to stick the rapier in the tree. “Shoot.”

She tried pulling the rapier out of the tree, but it had somehow gotten lodged.
“Are you kidding me?” she stuck her leg on the tree, trying help herself pull out the weapon.

Dark eyes watched, prowling from a distance as a wolf had marked its prey. A Schnee would be on the menu.

Weiss turned her head, hearing the footsteps of the wild animal. Weiss’s eyes widened in panic. She hurried her movements trying to remove the rapier - but as she tugged on it finally freeing it, the wolf had already lunged.

A swift and light movement had gotten in between Weiss and the wolf, as Weiss had collapsed on the floor, with her rapier at her side.

Weiss looked up at her literally knight in shining armor. Somehow, her bodyguard had followed her just as quietly as Weiss had made her escape. Golden long hair shimered in what little moonlight the trees offered, the bodyguard turned their head to look at Weiss.

Lilac eyes meeting a worried icy stare. The bodyguard removed the lifeless body of the wolf from their claymore.


Yang turned now sheathing their weapon on their back. “Are you alright, princess?” they offered their hand.

Weiss grabbed onto Yang’s hand, which outsized her’s. She felt tiny in comparison to the usually gentle-giant that was her bodyguard. Yang Xiao Long. Chosen guards had no use for gender, their sworn duty was to live and die for their masters.

But Yang was a most unusual bodyguard, they were a fitting match for the unusual Weiss Schnee. Bodyguards were to hold no emotion, to appear stoic, but Yang was the complete opposite. Yang questioned Weiss, quipped at her, and even from time to time - harmlessly harassed her with jokes and horrible puns.

"How did you find me?!” Weiss wiped her leather pants, as the snow stuck to them.

“You don’t think I’ve noticed you leaving every other night? Watching the guards and then trying to sneak out when you get the chance?” Yang crossed their arms, eyeballing Weiss almost in a judgemental manner...but they soon grinned widely. “I am your bodyguard after all princess, and besides I don’t think…” they pointed at the tree with a hole in it. “That was proper form.” Yang chuckled.

Weiss blushed. “It’s not easy for me you know! I would much rather have your job, you get to fight and…” she paused, she knew Yang wasn’t free, they were tied together and Weiss had wondered if the tall blonde fight even cared about her “Nobody worries about who you are at least.”

Yang ran their hand through their long mane, their cloak now covering them up once more as they approached Weiss. “That’s a bit harsh, m’lady.” Yang glared down at their princess.

Weiss looked down at her own feet, sighing. She never really knew how to talk to Yang, but Yang was the only person she had really confided in. Weiss truly loved Yang, but she never knew if they could ever work. A princess and a bodyguard, lovers?

Father would never allow it.

Plus, pining over someone was never a good look.
Weiss looked up at Yang, determined. “I demand that you skirmish me.”

Yang raised an eyebrow, their face in disbelief. “My lady…”

“No! You do as I say!” Weiss pouted.

Yang smirked, how could they resist the infamous Weiss Schnee pout?

“Alright, alright. We will skirmish, only with sticks.” Yang scrounged around the area for some sticks and found two relatively even sized sticks. They handed one to Weiss.

Yang removed their cloak, tossing it aside along with their sheathed claymore which sunk into the snow.

Weiss took her position, one handed rapier form.

Yang held their stance, using two hands for their stick in front of them. “Before we begin, may I ask..” Yang couldn’t even finish their sentence before having to dodge an incoming Weiss.

“Quick, aren’t you?” Yang teased, now lightly swinging their stick at Weiss who’s back was now towards them. Yang intentionally stopped, knowing that they would hit Weiss fairly easily.

Weiss turned around, she seemed...frustrated and Yang quickly caught on.

Weiss made for another one handed lunge, Yang sidestepped each lunge - this had caused Weiss to grow increasingly frustrated.

“Swing you big brute!” Weiss growled, she was tired of Yang not noticing her. She was tired of Yang always teasing and frustrating her to no ends. Yang was supposed to be her bodyguard! Not her friend! Not someone she was supposed to get a hopeless crush on!

“I am not allowed to hit the princess, my lady.” Yang continued to dodge.

“Then let me hit you!” Weiss lunged right into a solid standing Yang, and collided into them.

Yang wrapped their arms tightly around Weiss, as Weiss struggled to get free. “L-let me go!”

“Princess, is aught amiss? You’ve been avoiding me for awhile now. Dismissing me from my job constantly. What has happened that made me no longer to be trusted?” Yang looked down at her, Yang themselves now sported a genuinely worried look.

“You’re always following me...and teasing me..” Weiss stopped her struggle and looked away from Yang. Weiss could feel herself begin to sweat. It was freezing temperatures out here, and yet being around Yang had always made her heat up. “I-it’s barbaric!”

“Ahh, I see. If you wish me to cease my actions then let it be known that I will no longer speak or look at you.” Yang let go of Weiss, her feet finally touching the ground - but Weiss felt weak.

Weiss’s eyes widened. “That is not what I meant!” she grasped at the fighters burly arm, pulling herself in and laying her head on Yang’s chest. “Y-you fool. You make me feel alive, and yet I know nothing about you. Your life is meant to serve mine and I find it unacceptable.”

Yang stood there stunned, their hands hovered over Weiss wanting to pull her in closer. “I’m glad that you care about me, my lady. But I…”

Weiss pounded her small fist into Yang’s chest and looked up at them. “No! No buts! Why do you
behave in such a manner if only to drive me insane when I care so much about you? Why?!” Weiss could feel tears welk up in her eyes. “You only care to serve!” Weiss bit her lip and backed up a bit.

“You don’t -” Weiss was cut off from her tirade as Yang had planted their lips on the princesses. It had taken Weiss a moment to process what had happened before she could return the same passion that Yang was giving her. Weiss had moved in closer, wrapping her arms around the tall blonde. Yang helped raise Weiss boosting her up for better access to her lips.

It was only when Yang pulled away from being out of breath that they had stopped. Yang might’ve been one of the top fighters, but when it came to stamina and lung capacity Weiss had the upperhand as a very well-known singer.

“I guess I am the fool, aren’t I?” Weiss sheepishly admitted. “But you could’ve just said how you felt about me!” Weiss immediately pouted.

“You would’ve never believed me had I have said anything.” Yang stated.

The snow had begun to come down harder as they mingled. Yang looked up and grabbed their things, sheathing their sword and handing their cloak to Weiss. “Come, my lady. We mustn't get caught in the blizzard. It would make for quite the telling if we were to get lost.”

Weiss took the cloak and wrapped it around herself, sheathing her own weapon at her waist. “Would it now?” Weiss grinned rather mischievously.

“P-princess?” Yang raised an eyebrow, their tone rather concerned.

Weiss began to walk in the opposite direction, away from the castle.

“You’re going the wrong way.” Yang commented as she stood, raising their finger in a matter of fact like.

“I’m not going the wrong way if you’re following me!” Weiss walked further into the woods.

“My lady we can not be doing this every week!” Yang soon chased after her.

“We won’t be, as long as you come with me.” Weiss stopped in her snowy tracks. “You will come with me, won’t you?” Weiss tilted her head curiously, the cloak draped over her small body like a blanket.

Yang sported a grin that could give the moon and the sun a run for its money.

“Now and always, princess.”
Yang is a well-known and fearless hunter is really scared at a pregnant Weiss having mood swings and cravings.

Hydras, Chimeras, Dragon nor Krakens could tilt the might of the famous Yang Xiao Long the fiercest monster hunter to roam the lands. Whenever a problem appeared, it would be Yang Xiao Long who would come to the rescue.

Her tales were legendary.

Yang had once fought a horde of gargoyles in their lair that apparently stolen some very important heirlooms and that had been harassing a nearby town - low and behold their leader was a very feisty Gorgon that Yang managed to defeat by using her own hair to blind herself and then knocking the Gorgon's head clean off. If that wasn’t irony at it’s finest.

Yang had ridden on the back of a bucking manticore, as it tried to stab Yang, the unwanted guest off of its back. Yang managed to maneuver at the most perfect moment, allowing the manticore to actually stab itself. This had given Yang enough time to cut its tail off - leaving the beast writhing in pain. One more hit and she too had claimed its head for the bounty.

It was safe to say, that Yang had no fear of monsters. Monsters with spikes, and teeth the size of a horse made her laugh. Monsters that had multiple and gruesome limbs were of no match to her speed and wit. Monsters who manipulated the darkness and messed with the universe, well, Yang was there always ready and rearing for fight she knew she would win.

It was just in the cards.

Yes, Yang had no fear of monsters.

That didn’t mean Yang didn’t have fears.

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After having spent two weeks away from home fighting chaos-infused griffons, Yang was able to go home and relax. Her hiatuses were rare, and seeing her family wasn’t something she’d get the privilege to do often. But there was a twist to coming home these days.

She finally opened the door to her bedroom, and to a very pregnant and grumpy wife.

“Yang Xiao Long!” Weiss’s tone was shrill. “You LEAVE me to fight those monsters, and you can’t even tell your wife you’re coming home?!” She stood up to meet her wife, her wife who stood at 6’3 while Weiss was was a little over a foot shorter - at around 4’11”.

Yang winced. “S-sweetheart, I…” she began twiddling her fingers.
Her very moody pregnant wife terrified the strong and fearless fighter.

At the hands of Weiss Schnee, she was no longer a hero - but the wife and hopefully soon to be mother that she wasn’t sure she had been trained on.

Yang would’ve rather been fighting hordes of monsters than going against Weiss. This is one battle she could never hope to win.

This did not mean she did not love her, she in fact cherished her beyond any trophy Yang had obtained - but Weiss...in this stage was beyond terrifying. Yang didn’t have the proper tools or wits to fight this! She was alone! No punches or gauntlets could get her out of this situation.

“No! You left me, pregnant and alone for weeks at a time!” she shoved herself into Yang’s body dramatically, lightly wailing on her.

Yang was in a small panic. Although her wife’s hits were a literal tickle of a feather, she couldn’t help but want to flee. This was just too much! Where was her chilled and usual calm demeanored wife?! Oh right, behind the many hormonal mood swings of a pregnancy.

“I’m s-sorry! You knew what you were getting yourself into when you married me!” Yang looked down at her wife who was now holding on to Yang’s biceps as a means to shake her down. Yang tried gesturing in a shrug, she didn’t know what to do.

Oh how she wished she was in the maws of some wild beast right now.

“The LEAST you could do is feed me! Where’s my banana pickled ice cream?!” she now tried shaking her large wife.

Yang gagged at the thought.

“Your WHAT?” Yang stood there in shock, being lightly shaken by Weiss. She really wished her wife would calm down, this couldn’t be good for the baby - then again, it seemed like their son was going to be a spitfire just like them both.

“M-my icecream?! Y-you forget about everything, me…and even my food.” Weiss shoved herself into Yang’s breasts. “Not the food…” Weiss sobbed into her chest. “I’m so hungry. We’re so hungry, Yang!” she protested.

“Babe, please. Relax, I’m sure you and Matias will survive without your...pickle ice cream.”

“BANANA PICKLED ICE CREAM!” Weiss dramatically turned, and rubbed her belly. “Besides, it’s not for me. It’s for him.”

Yang seemed to grimace, she just didn’t understand pregnancy. She understood how to fight, chimeras, and hydras, and cyclops’s, but this? “I...babe, I don’t think something like that exists...”

Weiss glared at her. “Hmph” she turned and headed out of the room, leaving Yang confused and bewildered.

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Round two with the fearsome beast gave Yang no time to prepare as it was the day after their first initial reunion.

Yang had awoke with a very, loving and cuddly Weiss attached to her. She much preferred this
Weiss to the one from last night.

Weiss had awoken at nearly the same time, running to the restroom to do early morning business. Yang was in the process of getting up, but as soon as Weiss had returned she had attached herself to Yang once more.

“Shouldn’t we get up?” Yang said in a still sleepy tone.

“If you move, I’m gonna cry.” Weiss muttered, with a visible pout to accompany her cute face.

Yang raised an eyebrow and popped herself wide awake. Oh, the joys of pregnancy - how they could change your mood on a whim. The trickle of fear was instilled on Yang once more.

Yang turned over, causing Weiss to huff and try to tug her back onto her back so Weiss could lay her arms and legs all over her. Like a child, claiming its territory.

“W-Weiss, I have to pee…” Yang lightly stated, trying not to stir the beast. Weiss was really pushing on her bladder. Please don’t get upset, please don’t get upset, plea-

Weiss stared at her for a few moments.

Oh God, please… Yang closed her eyes, hoping for some kind of miracle. She just needed ONE win to feel good about herself right now.

“Fine. But you better come back.” Weiss scooched herself off of her wife, and watched as the Fearless hunter skittishly fled to the restroom.

“Yaaaaaaang….” Weiss called out, flopping around in bed. “Come baaaack. I neeeeed youuu.”

“I’m coming, let me just wash my hands.” Yang yelled back from the other room.

Weiss loudly groaned; another flop could be heard.

Yang returned back to her post, soon after. Taking her place next to her beloved wife in bed for more well needed cuddles.

Weiss immediately cuddled up to her, nuzzling her neck and allowing her limbs to be fully spread of Yang once more.

“You know, babe…this pregnancy has made you a little wild. I mean, I’ve fought dragons bigger than this house, packs of dire wolves that were infused with dark chaotic energy, but you? You’d definitely beat them all out…” Yang chuckled to herself, as she let herself get comfortable.

Weiss propped herself up, and with fearsome looking scowl and would-be snarl - “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Uh oh.
“I’m not kidding though! I really do need your help!” Yang begged Weiss as she followed her down the corridors of the giant Wizarding school, Beacon Academy.

Weiss was in a hurry to get away from the tall and beefy brute of a wizard. “No!” Weiss simply stated. Her books close to her chest, and her eyes straight forward. She refused to give the blonde the time of day.

Or at least she thought she would until somehow Yang Xiao Long managed to step in front of her stopping her in her tracks. Damn those long legs of hers!

“Out of my way Xiao Long, I’ve got an important potions test to study for and I am not letting you stop me.” Weiss looked up at the lilac eyed wonder.

Yang was a horrible prankster, not to mention one thuggish Quidditch player. Every prank that Yang Xiao Long did was usually aimed at the princess of this castle - Weiss Schnee. While Yang’s pranks were usually harmless they did no favors in winning Weiss’s kindness.

For year Weiss had been the one to earn the professors favors, she was just about the perfect student. Always on time, perfect spell pronunciation, great skills at making potions, and the likes. Yet, if there was one thing that Weiss could not do was socialize properly.

Though, what definitely didn’t help is the air of tension between the two. One of a romantic prospect that neither of them was willing to admit. To Weiss the thought of her overachieving self with that mischievous wizard prankster, Yang made Weiss one confused woman - even if she thought of it often.

Yang had been introduced to her life in the middle of the first year, and now although the two had constantly butted heads, they were oddly inseparable. When Yang wasn’t pranking the girl, she would usually just hangout with Weiss even when she studied. At first Weiss would protest, but then give in because she knew Yang could behave herself.

“Weiss, please! I need your help getting something back.” Yang pleaded, now putting on pouting face as she look down to her smaller counterpart. Weiss glared at her “How do I know it’s not a prank?”

“Well, someone stole something of mine and I’m pretty sure it’s in the Syltherin dorm room.” Yang rubbed the nape of her neck, looking a bit unsure.

“It’s in my dorm room? Who stole it?” she paused “And you did NOT answer my question.”

“I-it’s not and I don’t know who did! I swear! Besides it’s really important to me and I really need
it back. It’ll be fast, please?” Yang put her hands together, now dramatically dropping to her knees to beg to the girl.

“Ach! Yang get up, you’ll ruin your robes! Fine, fine I’ll help you but you have to promise me no pranks for a MONTH.” Weiss stated aptly. “You Hufflepuffs are the strangest, I swear…” Weiss muttered now turning around as the two headed to the dorms.

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“Okay, where is it at?” the two were now inside of the dorm rooms, that only Weiss and other of her House could access.

“Ehh, let’s look around.” Yang began to wander where Weiss’s room was. Yang had been in her plenty of times already, mostly due to her being with Weiss all of the time.

Weiss rolled her eyes and casually looked around the room. Whatever it wasn’t it couldn’t of been that important.

Several minutes passed before an “Ah-ha!” could be heard, but just before then Yang had whispered “Accio” - a summoning spell to summon an item to them. “Found it!” she held her hands clasped together and approached Weiss with a grin.

Weiss looked at her, incredulously and began to step back away from Yang. Weiss may or may not have had a hand on her wand. “Yang, I swear….”

“Look!” she opened her hands.

Weiss covered her face and made a light “eep!” sound. It took her a few seconds to realize nothing was happening.

Yang had a very small heart in her hands. “For you.” she grinned.

“Yang is that some sort of animal heart?” Weiss carefully approached Yang.

“They do say you should give your heart to the ones you love.” Yang winked “Touch it.”

Weiss blushed, but immediately retaliated “No! This is another weird prank.”

“Please? I promise you it’s not.” her lilac eyes staring at Weiss formed into irresistible puppy dog eyes.

Weiss groaned and placed one finger on it. Allowing the magicked heart to activate it.

It sent Weiss through a very strong and mental imagery of all the loving shared moments between them.

It showed Weiss placing a blanket over a very tired Yang. It showed Yang carrying Weiss after a wand battle gone wrong, and very adamantly protecting her. It showed Weiss cheering on Yang during a heated Quidditch match and Yang returning her excitement with a wink and a blown kiss. And one very tender and touching reunion as they came back to school one summer.

As soon as the images were over she glossed back into reality.

Weiss blinked several times. “Y-Yang, w-what was that?”

“That was us.” Yang tilted her head curiously.
“I know you dolt! But what are you trying to say with all that?!“ She said now pointing at the heart in Yang’s hand.

“Well, I’d like to give you this heart. To remind us of the good memories that we’ve had together.” Yang smiled.

“A-are you dying!?” Weiss glared. “Is this another prank?!“ her hands now placed firmly on her hips, as she approached Yang glaring up at her as Yang had still held the heart in her hand. “You know I have a potions test soon!”

Yang frowned and put the heart in her robe, momentarily. She placed both her hands on Weiss’s head, giving her a small kiss to the forehead.

Weiss immediately pulled back with a harsh blush. “Y-Yang!” she held onto her forehead and looked at Yang with shock.

“There’s another good memory. We could relive it by touching the heart…” she pulled it out of her robe. “Or you can just take mine.” Yang held out the heart, then held out her free hand.

Weiss looked away, blushing “You seriously took me away from studying for this?” she crossed her arms and mumbled. “Why can’t you ask me out like a normal girl?” she looked back at Yang, her face still as red as could be.

“That wouldn’t be me now, would it?” Yang chuckled, “So, what’s it gonna be smartiepants?”

Weiss covered her face with one hand and took Yang’s free hand with the other.

“Alright!” Yang cheered pulling in Weiss for a hug. Weiss still was covered her face while groaning.

“Aww, come’on babe.” Yang lightly tugged at Weiss’s hand.

Weiss removed her hand from her face, and grabbed Yang’s collar, pulling her down for a very harsh yet passionate kiss leaving Yang stunned.

She pushed away Yang and turned around to leave the room.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me I have a test to study for and like I said before, you’re not going to stop me.” Weiss mischievously smirked. She left the room before Yang could respond.

Alone, Yang blinked several times. While she had just gotten the girl of her dreams, she hadn’t expected the perfect wizard to be so aggressive with her passion. And wait, did Weiss just challenge her? She already loved Weiss so much and this had made it ten times better.

Yang now smirked to herself. “I can and I will stop you and I have the perfect prank in mind.”
Clutching onto her stomach tightly, Yang entered her chemistry class with a hunger that even the biggest buffet couldn’t satiate. Now Yang wasn’t gluttonous to begin with, but with her... disease, eating was hard. Being a vampire in general was hard, especially when Yang was someone who refused to go after humans for a meal.

Now wild animals was a different case; but this winter was a brutal one and hunting for game was a lot harder as well as the animals had all seemed to disappear this winter. It had been a few weeks since Yang had her last “fill” and she knew that if she had waited any longer she would either grow weak or go in a frenzy.

Yang dropped her bag on the floor next to her and rested her head on the desk, with her arms for a pillow.

A few minutes had passed before her chem partner, Weiss Schnee - her lab partner, best friend, and secret crush had appeared right next to her. She had made her presence known by lightly touching Yang on the back, making the vampire jump a bit. “Sorry about that. I just wanted to see if you were okay.” Weiss tilted her head curiously looking at the downtrodden Yang who now weakly lifted her head.

Yang made a face. “I haven’t been feeling too well. It must be a bug.” She had been telling Weiss these simple white lies for awhile now. Whenever Yang went off the map for a few hours, Weiss never seemed to question it. While they usually never kept secrets from one another, this was by far Yang’s biggest secret. Being a vampire. Her best friend of five years had absolutely no idea.

Weiss’s hand had lingered for a bit on Yang, before finding it’s place on the desk. Weiss took her seat next to Yang. Yang now properly sat up and eyed Weiss. Yang took in a deep breath.

Fuck, did Weiss always smell this good?

Of course she did, but Yang never wanted to admit how blantly appetizing she was. If there was one thing she had never wanted to do, it was to attack a human. Weiss, especially. Yang didn’t want to think about all the extra measures she had to take, but here she was out of food and running out of time.

“You should get some rest.” Weiss said as she opened one of her notebooks. She looked up at Yang. “You’re looking a little pale.” Weiss leaned in close towards Yang, trying to get a better look at her.

**Weiss, PLEASE. I can’t resist you in more ways than one!**

“It is winter time. I have an excuse to look a little pale. Besides, you’re one to talk.” Yang daringly leaned in close to her.

“Hah. Very funny.” She stuck out her tongue and returned to her original sitting position as she
continued to flip through her notes. “Really though Yang, you can’t push yourself during the winter. It’s not good for your health.”

“Right, yeah…I’ll take it easy.” Yang nodded, if only Weiss really knew.

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The next few weeks left Yang in turmoil. Each day she’d set out to hunt. For something, anything. She was lucky enough to find one or two rabbits, but that wouldn’t hold her for long. She was getting weaker. She could feel herself looking at everyone at school she passed by to be a walking, talking meal and she hated that.

She had decided to skip school for a whole week. She kept Weiss in the dark, an idea she knew she should be against but Yang was pretty sure that if Weiss had approached her in anyway, Yang would find it hard to fight it.

She locked herself in her single dorm room, it was better this way. No one could walk in if Yang ever decided to bring home a snack.

Except, that Yang had almost forgotten that she gave Weiss a room key for whenever she wanted to visit.

A jingle of keys at the door, unlocking it - “Yang? Are you okay?” Weiss passed through the small kitchen and towards Yang’s bedroom door, which was closed. It was fairly dark inside, but Weiss had figured it was some sort of bad migraine.

Yang was laying in bed when all of this had quickly occurred. She was weak at this point in time, she wasn’t sure if she’d attack Weiss or just wither away right then and there. A light groan came from Yang as Weiss had opened the door and taken her side by Yang.

“Hey…” Weiss said in a light tone. “You really don’t look too hot.” Weiss placed her hand on Yang’s forehead. She pulled away quickly. “You’re freezing!” she stood up. “We should get you to a hospital.”

“No!” Yang sat up, her hair a mess she grasped onto Weiss - eyes filled with desperation. “I’m just...hungry.”

“Hungry? Yang, I’ve seen you eat plenty an-” Weiss was pulled down next to Yang. Even if Yang was ‘sick’ she was still awfully strong.

“Weiss, I don’t think you understand the type of hungry I am.” Yang rested her head on Weiss’s shoulder. Weiss’s smell was overwhelming. Yang wanted her now, but she could not, she would not dare to harm her.


Yang groaned, “I’m a Vampire. I know, it sounds stupid but I need blood. Before you ask, yes all of the leather pelts you see me selling from time to time are my kills and no I’ve never tasted a human before.”

“Yang, that’s preposterous.” Weiss said in disbelief, now pulling Yang’s head up to meet her. Their eyes locking. “Wait, you’re not lying.”

In an instant, Yang’s eyes turned red and she weakly grinned - baring her fangs. “Yeah, no. I’m not.” she licked her lips.
Weiss sighed, “Out of all the things you choose to keep secret, you tell me this now?”

Yang weakly nodded. “I’m sorry...I just, couldn’t find the right time to tell you.”

“And this is the right time, when you need a meal?” Weiss’s hands found their place at her lap as she still sat next to Yang.

Yang was fairly surprised that Weiss seemed a little unwavered by this new revelation. Usually, people would be out the door. Or throwing garlic. That doesn’t work, folks!

“Well, when you state it like that…” Yang looked down at Weiss’s hands. This whole situation felt wrong.

“Then, you can eat me. Or take my blood or whatever.” Weiss looked away, crossing her arms. “I just better not die, you big brute or else I’ll come back as a ghost and haunt you.”

“Wait, Weiss no! I’ve never wanted to harm you or drag you into this in the first place.” Yang buried her hands in her face. “I guess that’s part of why I didn’t want to tell you.”

“Yang, look at me. I want you to live, you know I care about you so just let me help you. If this can help you, then let me do it. Then afterwards we can find some other sources of blood.” she took Yang by the hands and looked at her, trying to encourage her. “Like maybe we can rob a blood bank or something.” Weiss chuckled.

Weiss had no idea what she was putting herself into, but it was clear as day she loved Yang. To think Yang’s vampirism wasn’t the only big secret between them...They say love can make you do stupid things. Weiss knew how stupid she was being, offering herself up to Yang. But she wanted to. She wanted to see Yang better. She wanted to see her lab partner, her best friend in class laughing and working with her once again. If a blood offering was all she needed, then so be it.

“Damn it Weiss…” With vampire like speed, Yang tossed Weiss on her bed now. Weiss blinked, not knowing how that just happened. Yang hovered over Weiss, eying her neck. “Are you sure about this? You can say no. Feel free to say no. Please say no.” Yang now locked eyes once more with the icy blue ones.

Weiss affirmatively nodded. “I want you to feel better Yang, so please...just...go ahead.” Weiss turned her head, freely offering her neck.

Yang sighed and bared her fangs once more. She dug into Weiss - who groaned at the contact. Weiss instantly passed out.

Yang could feel herself getting stronger. Weiss was sweet, and a little too good. Yang could feel herself losing control. Shit shit shit...

Her eyes turned red. Her nails dug in.

She was starting to take too much.

CONTROL YOURSELF!

///

“Y-Yang?” Weiss sickly called out.

Yang, who had been sitting at Weiss’s bedside, perked up. “Weiss!” she hopped next to her.
“Where am I?” She tried getting up, but was too weak. She felt a small force of hunger inside of her.

“You’re in my room still…” Yang looked down at the floor, clenching her fist. She then kneeled down and grabbed onto the bed sheets. Yang looked in immense distress.

“Y-Yang, what happened? How long have I been out?” Weiss worriedly asked.

“I…I almost killed you. I took too much and then you were out for a week. I thought… I had lost you…” Yang began to sob, she didn’t want to face Weiss. She didn’t want to face the person she loved - who she almost killed and what she had promised herself to never do.

“A week?!” Weiss nearly blurted out. “How am I alive?!”

“I…” Yang paused, sobbing in between. She didn’t want to continue. “I turned you. I had to. I didn’t want to lose you.” Yang covered her face, as she sat on the floor next to Weiss.

“I’m a vampire? Is that what this feeling is?” Weiss looked down at her hands. She felt swift, a little hungry, and pretty unalive. Isn’t this what most college students felt like anyways?

“I’m sorry Weiss!”

Weiss pulled on Yang, who followed Weiss’s pulls and was brought up on the bed next to her. “Yang, I told you. I wanted to give you my blood. Although, I guess that is the last time. I just guess I didn’t expect all this…” she motioned to herself now. She didn’t really look any paler than before, which was a plus.

Yang slowed her sobs, “Y-you’re not mad?!"

“I’m a little confused, but don’t vampires get to live like...forever?”

Yang sniffled, “Something like that.”

“Well, I’m glad then.” Weiss answered with a small smile.

“What?” Yang was now the confused one.

“It means we don’t have to lose each other to old age or disease. We can be by each others side as long as we want to be.” Weiss paused, “I mean, only if you’d like to be together for a long time...I’m not saying you would like that but it’s a nice possibility, right?!?” Weiss awkwardly chuckled.

Yang sighed in relief, she let herself lay on half of Weiss, cuddling the newbie vampire and nuzzling her. “You already know I would love that.”

*Vampire or human, you still smell so damn good.*

“So, Yang...which blood bank are we going to rob first?” Weiss asked curiously as she wrapped her arms around the bigger blonder vampire.

Yang laughed. “It turns out there’s a bar that can specifically cater to vampires, it’s like...a vampire thing of course. With *some* humans; but I mean if you’re into a life of crime and intrigue you know I’ll be by your side.”

“From chemistry lab partners to crime lord vampires? I don’t mind.” Weiss chuckled as she brought herself closer to Yang.
“You know I’m in!”
Chapter Summary

Weiss's Dad and Dragon battle with the whole battle gang. P2 of Prompt 12.

The original trio stood at their usual spot. Yang, Weiss, and Ruby. This was the day of reckoning. With the help of Flashfire, Zero Below, and Dark Rose their respective pet dragons they would storm Atlas, the tundras and once and for all defeat the tyrant - Jacques Schnee. Weiss’s own father and to reclaim the right and throne of the Atlesian Tundras.

He was the true cause of the divide between the nations, and all be damned if he wasn’t going to be stopped.

But these three weren’t alone. In flew Blake, Lie Ren, Nora, Pyrrha, Jaune, and Sun. A rowdy bunch of teenagers keen on making the world a better place not only for Weiss, but for the rest of them.

Blake’s dragon, Sly Shadow, was a medium sized dragon at 25 feet, she was a very slender dragon. She was agile, extremely fast, and sneaky. Another rare dragon, like Yang’s. It’s was horned and spiked all the way down to it’s tails. Her eyes were a similar amber colored to Blake’s. Blake’s held a shadow flame ability, able to spout black fire and smoke.

Ren and Nora flew in on a two seperate pinkish green lung dragons, that were constantly intertwining with one another as they flew. Ren’s female dragon, Lotus had a long pinkish mane, and was very smooth. Nora’s on the other hand, was a very aggressive looking greenish black dragon that’s mane was black with tints of green. His name was Flower, according to Nora. These two dragon sported cosmic like abilities, being able to spit out arcane like power.

Jaune and Pyrrha, flew in on a double headed cockatrice like dragon. Shades of red and orange, it was feathered and horned. One head was green eyed, the other was blue. It was rather decent sized dragon named Athena’s Embrace.

Last was Sun’s own bright yellow Wyvern, named BrightFlare. He was the same size as Weiss’s dragon, he had wild horns similar to antlers, and his scales were dangerously sharp compared to other wyverns. He was a wild one.

“Looks like the gang’s all here, huh?” Yang stretched herself out, Ember Celica equipped. Weiss merely nodded and scanned all of her new-found friends.

The whole crew was equipped to the teeth in their custom made armors and weapons. This was their day of reckoning. They had all secretly trained and strategized together in this lonely plains.

But all time for training had come to a pass. A move had to be made now. They were ready. They had to be ready.

They all stood in a column, waiting for orders. Yang and Weiss stood in front of them all. Both looked ready to go as did their comrades.

Weiss stepped forward. All small chatter had come to a halt.
Weiss took a deep breath. “The day has come. We are to invade Atlas. Now we know what is to come. I will challenge my father for the right to the throne. We know he won’t take this lightly. We’re ready for whatever counter-attack. This is where we need you all. All of you have trained for this. Together, we will win as one!” Weiss raised a fist in the air.

Everyone joined in and cheered.

“I will take the first lead. Soon after, Yang and the rest of you will follow. We know the routes. Whatever happens just stick to the plans.” Weiss added as she began to mount Zero Below.

Everyone else soon followed, mounting their dragons.

“Wait!” Yang called out to her on FlashFire who moved directly next to Zero Below so Weiss and Yang could be next to one another. “Weiss, I know we’ve been over this but whatever happens just please...Be safe okay? Signal if something goes wrong.” Yang looked at her, concerned.

Weiss nodded. “I’ll be safe. I promise.”

With that, Weiss and Zero Below ascended into the sky flying off towards the Atlesian tundra on her own. It was only until she could no longer be seen that Yang and the rest of them began their ascent as well.

“On my lead!” Yang yelled, now pressing forward.

///

“You heard me father.” Weiss glared up to the faux-snow haired man. The pretender. The liar. The tyrant. Her Father. “I wish to challenge you for the throne. One on one.”

They stood outside in a wide open tundra plain a forest in the distance behind her father. Hundreds of personal soldiers with their dragons stood guard. Weiss knew he wouldn’t play fair, but that’s why they had practiced, and strategize their plans for so long.

He sneered and roared, “Child, I own you and your pitiful dragon and you wish to challenge me? I own all of this Kingdom! My own foolish daughter does not fear me and Snow King? Then I will make you fear us.” he whistled loudly.

In the distance, the trees began to shake. Birds flew from their trees in fear and as Snow King approached the earth began to shake. The sounds of 115 foot Behemoth Drake now grew, he knocked down trees and out popped a very fearsome dragon. He roared loudly.

Everyone reared back, covering their ears except for Jacques who was smirking.

Zero Below roared back, an attempt to remain fearsome too. But Weiss knew he was terrified just as much as she was. She could do this. No, they could do this.

Weiss mounted Zero Below and flew up.

Soon the guards mounted their dragons too. Weiss huffed.

“We’ll focus on the small ones, and then worry about the big guy. We can do this Zero. We have reinforcements coming.”

Zero huffed a puff of icy smoke out of his nose in approval. A few guards charged towards Zero as Snow King reared for a chomping like attack. Zero flew himself backwards, and higher away from
Snow King in order to deal with the guards.

Several guards and their dragons spat ice balls at Zero and Weiss. Zero maneuvered around, spitting his own ice balls. To help out Zero, Weiss whipped out Myrtenaster now firing her dragon breath shots at the unexpecting guards. They managed to knock down quite a bit of the guards from their mounts as Zero Below would follow up knocking down the stunned dragons.

More repeatedly came in, as Weiss and Zero were surrounded constantly trying to dodge and fight. Little did Weiss realize, the Snow King had charged up an ice beam shot.

He fired.

It was a little too late when Weiss realized as she shouted “Zero, MOVE!” Zero managed to toss Weiss off of him as he took the brunt of the attack.

Weiss free falled from hundreds of feet up.

A light glimmer in the distance, then a black shadow zoomed underneath Weiss, catching her.

Blake Belladonna and Sly Shadow had arrived at the nick of time. “You okay?” Blake asked as they flew down. Weiss was in a small panic, she looked around as the bigger battle had begun.

Yang was wildly going in with Flashfire, they seemed to be taking out some of the guards with ease. Ruby was right next to her sister on Dark Rose, they all seemed to be in sync, easily fighting off the trained guards.

Ren, Nora, Lotus and Flower were in the distance fighting some guards they had on their tails for the last few miles. They seemed to be holding their own against a myriad of guards.

Jaune, Pyrrha, Athena’s Embrace, Sun and Brightflare were also fighting some guards and occasionally firing at the Snow King, which was slowly sending him into a frenzy wildly swinging around hitting friend or foe.

“Weiss, ARE YOU OKAY?” Blake asked again as they landed. “Where’s Zero?”

Weiss merely shook her head in shock.

A few guards on land had immediately swarmed the two girls and Sly Shadow. Jacques stood in front of the guards. Weiss and Blake immediately wielded their weapons looking at the guards.

“I see you brought friends. It’s no matter though. Snow King and I will always remain victorious.” He sneered.

Within another instant, Zero Below pounced on several of the guards behind Weiss and Blake taking them down with the ease.

“Zero!” Weiss called out in relief. The battle on the ground began as soon as Zero had pounced. Jacques seemed to flee at the sight of Zero. A few guards followed and protected Jacques as he fled.

Weiss fought her way to Zero, he was beaten and scarred but he seemed to be holding his own. He was used to these beatings, as he had faced the Snow King many times before for “training”, he wouldn’t be taken down so easily.

“Go!” Blake told Weiss, as Blake and Sly Shadow fought side by side.
Weiss mounted Zero Below once more and ascended. Sun had immediately landed next to Blake, offering her help with the guards and dragons on the ground surrounding her.

Weiss nodded at them and flew towards Yang who had split off from Ruby.

“Yang!” Weiss called out.

“Weiss!” Yang called back.

“You need to do this now.” Weiss told Yang.

“I get to do the move?” Yang eyes widened in excitement.

“Did you forget the plan?!” Weiss scoffed.

“Heh. The heat of battle can do that to you.” Yang grinned. “All right, well, let’s do this.”

Yang patted Flashfire as Weiss patted Zero - who both sent up signal flares indicating their final strategic plan.

Everyone got into their positions, most of the guards were downed it was just them and the Snow King. The Snow King flailed wildly, trying to hit all of the nuisances.

Ren and Nora would daringly swoop in firing shots at the Snow King, who had trouble keeping up.

Blake and Sun would fly even closer, landing and running on the back of the Snow King stabbing and slicing at him. Clawing and sending firing shots at him. He roared and wildly rolled around. Blake and Sun managed to jump off of him on time and land on their dragons to fly to safety.

Jaune and Pyrrha held attention at his tail, two heads were always better than one tail as they fired shots at him trying to avoid his rowdy swings.

Ruby and Weiss watched out for Yang.

Yang and Flashfire flew up incredibly high, over were Snow King was.

Then they swan dived.

Yang dismounted Flashfire mid-air, they spun around each other as the magic between them grew. Yang readied her fist, her eyes glowing red - Flashfire’s body emitted an intense flame. They continued to spin, the flames between them grew as they descended. The image of a large phoenix filled the sky as Yang and Flashfire purposely crashed into the back of the Snow King.

A shockwave hit them all. Everyone braced for the shockwave impact.

As the air cleared and the snow settled the group ran towards the impact zone.

Snow King had fallen, and there stood a very angry Jacques, a handful of frightened guards and a weakened Yang Xiao Long and Flashfire.

The guards held their weapons towards Flashfire, while Jacques held a sword at Yang.

“It’s over father, you’ve lost.” Weiss aptly stated. “Let her go.”

“You’ve taken everything from me! How dare you!” he spat “I will not let this go so easily. You wanted equality and the throne, well here is your equality!” Without hesitation he swung at Yang,
who dashed to dodge a little late - her arm was cut clean off. She screamed and gasped, only immediately to pass out from the pain.

Jacques would’ve tried for a second swing, but it was too late for him as the gang had swarmed the guards holding Flashfire hostage and Weiss who had lunged towards Jacques stabbing him directly in the chest. He dropped his sword, now gasping for air.

Weiss’s eyes were filled with tears and rage. “I should’ve let her maul you.” Weiss sneered through the tears. She fired of the dragons breath from her weapon, a fire shot. Completely incinerating him from a point blank range.

Weiss pulled her swords out from him and dropped it. Running to Yang’s side. “I’m so sorry Yang. I didn’t mean for this to happen.” she sobbed, holding onto her.

Her allies, now friends joined her. Comforting her, and Yang. The dragons looked on.

“We need to get her help.” Pyrrha took the initiative to uncling Weiss from Yang and pick Yang up and move her onto Athena’s Embrace.

“Sun and I will take care of Flashfire and Zero.” Blake volunteered.

“You can ride with me Weiss.” Ruby stated in a rather calm manner. It was hard to see Ruby not freaking out over her sister. She too must have been devastated, Weiss would most likely discuss this with Ruby later on. But she did not want to pressure her.

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Yang awoke with a gasp, sitting up and having a small panic attack. Did they win? Where was Weiss? Where was she?

She looked down at her hands. Well, hand. She was missing an arm. Yang began to panic, “No, no no…” her words grew louder in this small unknown room she was in.

Loud footsteps could be heard that now barreled through the closed door. “Yang!” Weiss called out to her immediately tackling her with a hug.

“Weiss…” Yang breathed out in relief, the phantom pain of losing an arm didn’t subside but the thought of Weiss being here for her and most of all, she was okay, was the most calming sensation Yang could’ve asked for.

“Yang, I’m so sorry. I didn’t think he would do something like that… and I know nothing can be done to bring it back… I’m just…” Weiss began, her tone worried and anxious.

“Hey, hey…” Yang said in a soothing tone “It’s okay. I’m not mad at you. Besides, we won, didn’t we? You’re free. We’re all free now… and the best part of this all is that I get to be with you.”

Weiss sniffled. “I’m glad, I’m so glad I have you. Thank you for everything Yang. I love you.” Weiss buried her face into Yang’s shoulder.

Don’t just thank me. We had help. I’m glad you were able to trust me. I love you too.” Yang placed a gentle kiss on the side of Weiss’s head and embraced her tightly.

Weiss pulled back and nodded. “Y-you want to go see them? I’m sure they’ll be glad to see you’re awake.” she she sniffled.
Yang nodded. Weiss removed herself from Yang and held out her hand.

Yang weakly stepped out of bed and held onto Weiss for support.

“Hey, Weiss?” Yang began as they walked out the door.

“Yes?”

“Do you think this dragon will ever be able to train again?” Yang asked curiously.

“Absolutely.” Weiss stated confidently.

Yang grinned widely.
Chapter Summary

Au Prompt: I take my grades very seriously and you’re the lazy asshole who asks a ton of off-topic questions to distract the professor and I might be a foot shorter than you but I swear to god I’ll fight you

“So what you’re saying is the cacti juice in Vacuo proved to be valuable in poisoning the rebels just because it made them like super drunk? And so they had like some crazy hallucinations, right?” Yang Xiao Long sounded like an incompetent idiot.

Everyone knows that the Cacti Juice provided medicinal values, but if overdosed, it could lead for severe grand mal seizures to which the rebels of Vacuo thought their teammates had been possessed by the spirits of the Kingdom - which had led the rebels to attack their own in fear of the spirits possessing them too.

Wait a second! This wasn’t even the topic. They were supposed to be talking about the Great Menagerie migration that happened 100 years ago to escape the aftermath of the Mistralian civil war that had occurred due to disrest within the capital.

Weiss glared at the back of the blonde’s head who had asked such a stupid question. Weiss had been stuck in this class with this bimbo of a blonde who would constantly interrupt the lessons with asinine questions that usually led them into an hour long discussion of something that was completely off the rails of what they had been originally discussing.

Why was she doing this now? It was 3 weeks away from finals! Weiss knew better than to question ‘why?’ when Yang Xiao Long had been doing these shenanigans all semester. It had taken Weiss nearly all semester to finally lose her cool.

She was a patient girl.

Some days she was alright with the girl’s stupidity who asked stupid questions like “What if Mountain Glenn was the true home base for the mole people?” To which Weiss rolled her eyes and shoved her face into her arms. She would get through this, she told herself...and gotten through it, she had. Almost every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday she had gotten through it.

Weiss didn’t know how the professor didn’t see through all her bullshit. Maybe he was the one in need of a lesson...then again, Professor Port, their World History professor was a very senile man. How he wasn’t dead from just how old he was was already a mystery to Weiss.

How Yang Xiao Long managed to get into college was another mystery in itself.

But this?

Finals week just around the corner? Weiss had enough.

Weiss was already a perfect, grade A student on the dean's list and she wanted to keep it that way. She wondered how the busty blonde compared to her perfect grades, probably not very well if she had to act like that.
The off-topic conversation drolled on. It didn’t matter if Weiss tried to steer the professor back on topic. As Yang would consistently steer them off-topic, and would passive aggressively wink and grin at Weiss, fully aware of what she was doing to Weiss and the rest of the class.

This had slowly begun to anger Weiss, which added onto what everything else Yang had been doing. She wondered if everyone else was just as done with her as she was.

Weiss would put an end to this. Today.

Even if it meant fighting the big blonde brute.

Yang might’ve been built like an mma fighter and an amazonian mixed into one, but a basketball and a soccer player like her probably had no clue how to fight, right?

Weiss huffed, it didn’t matter.

She would confront her. She needed to be ready for the final. If this asshole, and the rest of the class didn’t care about their grades at least she did. She would get her way.

//

Class had let out, and Weiss stalked her rather large prey who seemed to be blissfully unaware of Weiss’s presence and they walked across campus to their cars.

Before Weiss actually let Yang get in and drive off in her car, she stood behind it.

Yang rolled down the window and looked out. “Uh, hey. I think you need to move - I want to go home and you standing in the way of my car doesn’t really help my process of going home.” she snidely commented.

“Yang Xiao -whatever the fuck your name is, I need to have a word with you.” Weiss stated astutely, hands on hips and with a glare that could cut brick.

Yang cut the ignition, and exited her car with a sporting glare of her own. “You got a problem pipsqueak?” she hovered over Weiss menacingly. “Wait a second, you’re that chick from our World History class.” her demeanor changed, a mischievous aura now filled Yang and she crossed her arms and smirked.

Weiss glared. “Excuse me?! My name is Weiss Schnee, and I will be respected!”

Yang laughed in her face. “Right, of course.” sarcasm oozed out of her. “What is your problem?” Weiss stepped closer looking up at her, hands on her hips and a menacing finger in Yang’s face.

Yang didn’t flinch, and kept her stance. “What’s my problem? Nothing, pipsqueak. You’re the one standing behind my car, in case you didn’t notice.” she motioned over her shoulder.

“No! That’s not what I meant! Why are you such a...insufferable incompetent ignoramus?” Weiss stomped her foot, now clenching her fists and making a scene. Luckily there weren’t many people around the parking lots.

Yang merely stared, seemingly dumbfounded. “Eh?” she tilted her head, not really understanding what Weiss was getting at.

Weiss rubbed the bridge of her nose, “Why. Are. You. SUCH A LAZY ASSHOLE?” she stated
bluntly, but with a little more anger in her voice.

“I’m lost, recap?” Yang raised an eyebrow, unphased by the girl having a temper tantrum in her presence.

“I swear, I will fight you…” mumbled Weiss. Weiss was ready to square up. How could someone this dumb make it into college? Weiss remembered through her rage. Scholarships.

She internally groaned.

Through all the ruckus, Weiss had failed to notice someone approach them.

“Yang, what is it with you and the ladies? Is this another one of your failed date attempts?” A black hair girl approached, Weiss turned and recognized the woman to be Blake Belladonna. She was in another of Weiss’s class and luckily she wasn’t as big of a nuisance as Yang was. But how were those two friends?

And did she say ‘failed date attempts?’

Yang eyes widened as did Weiss’s who looked a little astonished.

“W-what?! No!” Yang stepped back from Weiss and made an X motion with her arms.

Blake stepped up to Yang and wrapped her arm around Yang’s shoulder. “Are you sure? This girl is definitely your type.” Blake eyed Weiss up and down. “Feisty. Smart. Pretty. You know I heard her yelling at you from like the Chem building, right?” Blake patted Yang’s shoulder.

Blake was a lot more cheeky then one would presume.

“Blake, I fucking hate you.” Yang glared at Blake, removing her hand from her shoulder. She looked back at Weiss. “Uhh, whatever it was I did...uhm, sorry? Hah...I won’t..do it again?” Yang look a little confused, and well, embarrassed.

Weiss too, looked a little bewildered.

Just exactly what was this about?

Yang fled back to her car, hiding her face as best as she could. Weiss finally moved out of the way with another word while Blake and Weiss watched Yang peel out of the parking lot in a hurry.

“You know she only acts up in your class, right?” Blake crossed her arms, as her eyes followed Yang’s car. “She can be an asshole, but not intentionally. It’s funny too, because I’m pretty sure she would let you beat her up and I know you wanted to.” Blake chuckled.

Weiss turned to Blake and scoffed. “That doesn’t fix the problem that she’s ruining that class! Finals are in THREE weeks, and she has NOT ONCE in the entire semester asked a relevant question.”

“She wants your attention, sweetie.” Blake bluntly stated, her head turned towards Weiss. “She knows how smart you are; but she’s pretty dumb when it comes to everything else. She doesn’t know how to really get your attention without being fucking stupid about it. I’m surprised nobody else has tried to go after her in your class.” Blake paused once more, “Trust me, I’ve seen her try and fail many many times.”

“That makes no sense!” Weiss flailed her arms.
Yeah, love makes no sense either.” Blake turned and walked away.

Leaving a very confused Weiss in the parking lot.

///

Monday’s class came and Weiss scanned her World History class for Yang. No show. This was odd as Yang had usually never missed class. Surprisingly, without Yang, the class went smoothly and efficiently. Yet, the sudden quietness and lack of commotion had filled Weiss with a sense of unease.

No matter, she thought. She would ace these finals, like she had aced every other class and every other midterm.

Wednesday class rolled around and again, Yang was nowhere to be seen. Another quiet, and disruption-free class. Weiss was filled with a small anger. Was Yang avoiding her? After what happened on Friday? Was it that really big of a deal?

Besides, didn’t Yang need to learn the material for the upcoming final? How would she learn if she wasn’t in class? What did that imbecile think she was doing?

Weiss’s had been filled with so many questions that Wednesday that were completely unrelated to World History, in fact...she had been thinking solely about Yang. She tried her damned hardest to concentrate, but with the lack of noise and the whole counter-arguments between the class made it hard to do so.

Did Yang actually help Weiss stay interested in the class?

Friday rolled around and once more, Yang was not there. Weiss was able to concentrate this time, but only a little as she had made a plan to leave class early to catch Blake Belladonna as interrogate her.

Five minutes before class let out, Weiss casually walked out the door and waited patiently in the parking lot.

Minutes passed and she spotted the amber-eyed girl casually making her way to her car.

Weiss walked up to her like prey stalking it’s kill. She nearly scared the cat-like girl half to death as Weiss had managed to make her way behind her and touch her on the shoulder. Coming out from her ninja like reaction stance to the scare, Blake turned to to Weiss. “W-Weiss?! What the hell? Don’t sneak up on a person like that!”

“Blake Belladonna! Where is Yang Xiao Long?!” Weiss abruptly asked.

“Well, hello to you too. Uhh...Yang is resting?” Blake said.

“Why would she be resting, doesn’t she know she should be studying and coming to class? That idiot won’t pass finals if she doesn’t come!” Weiss lectured.

“Whoa, whoa...calm down pi- I mean Weiss. Well, she slept in on Monday because of some Sunday volunteer event. Then, on Tuesday they had a soccer skirmish, and she tore her ACL and got into surgery pretty fast. She’s out now, so she’s been resting in her dorm.”
Weiss stepped back, a little shocked. She didn’t know Yang volunteered, was Yang actually a good, not lazy person? Wait, she tore something? Her ACL? How little did Weiss know about sports, she wasn’t very sports influenced but if Yang had tore something that required surgery it must’ve been serious. She wondered if it affected Yang’s scholarships here. If she had any.

Weiss didn’t like how she thought about the blonde idiot so often. Or how she slowly started to care about the arrogant asshole who had ruined her whole semester with dumb questions that Weiss would constantly have to correct, or argue about with her and try to steer them all back on topic.

“Oh...do you mind taking me to her?” Weiss now politely asked Blake.

Blake raised an eyebrow. “Uh, sure I guess?”

//

Weiss barged into Yang’s single roomed dormitory. “YANG XIAO LONG!”

Yang flailed popcorn into the air as she turned her upper body around to see a very fiesty short ivory-haired girl invading her home. “Shit. How’d you get in here?!”

Blake waved from the door, stepped out of the room and closed the door leaving Weiss and Yang alone in the room.

“Fucking Blake…” Yang muttered to herself laying her head back on the couch.

“Yang, why didn’t you tell me you hurt yourself?!” Weiss stared at her, with her arms crossed. She tapped her foot impatiently.

“Can’t I relax? I just got home from PT.” Yang groaned.

“How are you supposed to recover and study if you’re out going to PT?!” Weiss sneered.

“Wait, seriously? PT means Physical Therapy. Y’know, to fix help my leg or at least get it moving better.” Yang tilted her head, questioningly.

Weiss stood there, now she was dumbfounded. There was apparently a whole other world that Weiss did not know about.

Weiss looked around the room and pulled up a chair near the couch, which Yang had taken up for very obvious reasons.

“What do you want, anyways?” Yang tried to sit herself up a little straighter as she adjusted her leg. Before Weiss could speak, Yang began once more. “Look, if you’re here about class and whatever and me talking a lot. Yeah, I know what I’ve said and I know what I’m doing. I’m a genuine asshole, there I said it. I’m making an B+ in the class, so the only reason I do it is because I’m bored and there’s a really pretty lady who likes to argue with me about it.” Yang looked at Weiss straight-faced. “If it weren’t for these pain meds, I would totally not be so calm about this.” Yang added.

Weiss sat there with a shocked look about her. “What Blake said was true? You like...like me or something?” Weiss slowly chunked the idea out there. The whole idea that the someone would disrupt a class solely to get the attention of ONE person seemed completely idiotic. Yet, Weiss couldn’t help but find bits and pieces of it endearing.

“Yeah, I do.” Yang sighed.
A silence filled the air.
“Couldn’t you have just told me like a normal human being?!“ Weiss scolded her with a frown.

Yang grinned back, she liked the feistiness of Weiss. “No, what fun would that be?!“

Weiss groaned, “Yang Xiao Long if you weren’t in some sort of cast contraption I would be beating you up!” she stared at Yang, who was still widely grinning at her.

“I’d like to see you try shortstuff.” Yang teased.

Weiss stood up over Yang menacingly. “J-just hurry up and get better okay?! So you can come back to class and you can learn what’s needed on finals and no more stupid questions, okay?!“

Yang returned to a straight-face, then to a smirk. ‘Don’t worry, I’ll be back on Monday. Wait, does this mean I have your attention now because if I don’t...well, I’ve always wondered what the Atlesian military was doing all the way in Vale, wasn’t it to like...take their stuff or something and then like sell it? That’s was the topic last week, right?’ Yang put on a fake dumb voice, one she had usually used in class to sound like a top notch dumbass who knew completely what they were doing.

Weiss’s eyes narrowed, knowing what Yang was saying was utter nonsense. “I swear, if you do that, I’ll...” Weiss reared her fist back and faked as if she was going to punch Yang in the nose, but instead flicked her on the nose.

“Ow! That’s rude.” Yang, with quick speed returned the flick movement.

Weiss grabbed her nose and glared.

“You’re cute when you try hard and threaten me.” Yang smirked.

Weiss blushed. ‘You’re totally insufferable!’ she began to leave the room, not wanting to be embarrassed or angered anymore by the big dumb brute.

Yang grabbed onto her arm before she left. “What, no goodbye?”

“I’ll see you Monday, won’t I?” Weiss turned and looked at her.

“Honestly, I was hoping you’d stick around for a bit longer - maybe help me with some of the things I missed.” Yang had a sincere look about her.

Weiss raised an eyebrow. “Only if you tell me about this ACL and how you broke it.”

“I tore it.”

“Oh, right.” Weiss awkwardly smirked.

Yang chuckled.

“Looks like we have a lot of things to learn from each other.” Yang mentioned. “So, we have a deal then?”

“Fine, just no more dumb questions like I said too, alright?”

“Anything for a pipsqueak!”

Weiss groaned.
Chapter Summary

Hunter Weiss x Bandit Yang AU

Tracking one of the most ruthless bandits in the world was no easy task, but with Weiss Schnee on the case you could guarantee a successful mission and one (or many) dead or arrested bandits.

Weiss would hunt anyone at any price. She saw it as more of a duty than anything else, money wasn’t her conquest. Just the satisfaction of restoring the Schnee name by taking down bandits and criminals who threatened not just her name but the innocent family’s of small villages and towns.

But this recent excursion she had been sent on was one like no other. She was sent to hunt The Sunny Dragon. A mysterious bandit leader who could knock out anyone in just about one punch. In truth, the ‘bandit leader’ was no ‘leader’ at all. They were a lone wolf. A lone wolf that could get the job done just as easily as any 20 man bandit raid could.

It was said that The Sunny Dragon was bathed in fire and targeted only the wealthy. Like a wannabe Robin Hood. The only problem was is that they’d leave beaten bodies strewn around the premises like confetti. According to reports, the targeted areas were left in no better condition than those guarding it. Goods and riches were stolen most of the time. It was said when they did attack they flew at their victims like a flaming sunny dragon. Thus earning their name. (It might not have been an intimidating name, but by no means should this bandit be taken lightly.)

To Weiss’s surprise no one had ever died in an encounter with The Sunny Dragon.

That didn’t mean The Sunny Dragon didn’t have to be stopped. Stealing was a crime, wasn’t it? Besides, Weiss was adamant about every capture she was hired to do. This mission was no different than any other.

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The trees whistled as the wind blew through them. The thick, dark forest hid everything from plain sight. Crackling, rustling, and light banging could be heard throughout the forest. Just because it hid everything, didn’t mean it could truly conceal every aspect to a Hunter. Small beams of moonlight found their way through the cracks in the treetops.

Weiss followed a slightly beaten path through the woods. She wore steampunk like night vision goggles that allowed her to see in the dark as she walked. Her gloved fingertips ran across the trees as she looked around her surroundings. “I’m on the right track.” she muttered to herself.

Every mission was a lonesome one. She was damn good at her job, and partners would only slow her down. It made her think about how eerily similar in that aspect that her and The Sunny Dragon were alike. But now was not the time to think about such things.

She pressed onwards, slowly making her way through the dense forest. She soon happened upon a lonely little cabin in the middle of these woods. It was a small log cabin. Couldn’t have held more than three rooms. It was also covered by the tall trees surrounding it. It was no wonder that it
couldn’t be seen from the skies above.

This was supposedly The Sunny Dragon’s hideout. After months of gathering data and information, Weiss had finally found out where The Sunny Dragon had operated. Weiss imagined that the lair would be much more menacing than this, but then again The Sunny Dragon themselves were so elusive and inconspicuous that no one knew what they looked like. So it would only be fair that they’d have a lair just as inconspicuous as they were.

Weiss carefully approached the cabin. She scanned the perimeter - no signs of life. The cabin itself wasn’t lit at all. No one home.

She pulled out her trusty weapon, Myrtenaster as she walked towards the door simply opening it and stepping inside. She kept her weapon out and closed the door behind her. The night vision goggles serving their purpose as she made her way into the main room which served as the kitchen, dining room, and living room.

Nothing so far.

A hallways where two rooms and one small one were split off. Weiss checked the smaller room first.

A simply restroom. She listened as the water dripped. It smelled a little musty. “Used. An hour ago? No. Two.” she muttered to herself.

She stepped out of the restroom now making her way to the closest room. The door was closed. She braced herself and stepped in.

It was a workout room. A punching bag. A treadmill. A bench. Nothing to alarming or out of the ordinary.

Had Weiss hit a dead-end?

She shook her head and exited the room, moving onto the last room in the deepest part of the cabin.

Another closed door, once more she braced herself and opened it to an odd site.

Three neatly made beds in a row.

Weiss entered the room fully, and went bed by bed checking them out. The first one was too big. The second one was too small. The third one looked right in size. She found it extremely odd that these beds were here, all in one room.

She approached the last bed, running her hand over it.

A shiver ran through her spine, and the hairs on her neck stood up. The smell of oatmeal hit her nose, and as it did she moved her head to the right immediately as a loud explosive gunshot had just barely missed her head.

Weiss turned to face the assailant who had somehow silently evaded her and made her way behind her.

It was a little too late for Weiss as The Sunny Dragon had snatched her night vision goggles from her head and then grabbed her by the neck shoving her down on the bed. The Sunny Dragon yanked her weapon from her and tossed it on the other bed.
Weiss struggled at the hands of The Sunny Dragon. But she wouldn’t go down so easily. Weiss wrapped her legs around The Sunny Dragon. One hand on The Sunny Dragon’s arm trying to ease her from strangling her while Weiss’s free hand went to her belt as she grabbed fire dust and blew it in the assailants face.

“Gah!” they screamed backing up as they rubbed their eyes and coughed, now releasing Weiss from the chokehold.

_Guess you’re not fireproof._

With her legs still wrapped around them, with her own weight she brought herself up face to face with them as they had staggered. Weiss punched them in the face causing them to stumble backwards onto the other bed. Weiss grabbed her weapon and held it to their face or at least tried to. Weiss’s eyes finally adjusted to the darkness as she stared down at The Sunny Dragon who was still covering their face with their hands and arms, one mechanical - and the non-mechanical arm was wearing a very odd looking bracelet.

They were also hooded and dressed in all black.

“Alright, we can do this the easy way or the hard way.” Weiss quickly spoke, in a clear and harsh tone. “Easy way, you come with me, alive. Hard way. You die.”

As soon as Weiss had stopped speaking, almost within an instant, the bracelet transformed into a weapon - a gauntlet that extended up their forearm and shoved Myrtenaster and Weiss away from them. They sprung up with such a vigor that they landed cleanly on top of the bed.

“Hard way. Tch.” Weiss chided, rebalancing herself away from them as she was pushed.

Weiss lunged at them, causing them to leapfrog over Weiss’s back - causing her to lose balance and stumble. They seemed to be looking around for something, but they didn’t seem to attack all that much. Weiss had thought too soon as they raised their gauntlet to attack, but instead turned behind them and shot through the window near the bedside.

They took a running start and jumped out.

“What the?!” Weiss shook her head, in confusing and pursued them. It was odd that they were no longer fighting back. Usually bandits were overconfident and cocky and tried to take on Weiss if they wanted to die. It was true that there were those who would give up immediately. Then there were those who would fight, only to realize they couldn’t win. But Weiss would be true to the hard way. They _had_ to die, and usually for good and fair reasons. (That and most of the bandits were hard manipulators and murderers. There was no room for mercy.) But not The Sunny Dragon.

Weiss could’ve sworn that The Sunny Dragon could’ve blown off her head off if they had wanted to. They also didn’t seem to speak. Most bandits would monologue. It would probably take a bit before Weiss could convince The Sunny Dragon to speak, if at all.

Weiss leaped and rolled through the window, now turning a full 360 degrees as she had now lost track of The Sunny Dragon. After turning, she stood in place looking around and listening carefully.

She rolled forward away from the cabin as she heard movement from above her. Where she rolled away from landed a very tall figure, The Sunny Dragon. Who now stood in a fight stance, gauntlet and mechanical arm at ready.

Weiss still didn’t have too clear of a look at The Sunny Dragon, but the definitely held some
feminine features. Gender at this point didn’t matter now, did it? But it would certainly be surprising for a feared and hated bandit like this to be a woman. A tall one at that.

They shook their head. The hoodie falling from their head, long blonde hair flowed behind them.

Weiss glanced to the sky, it was nearing sunrise as the night had suddenly become a little clearer.

Now it was The Sunny Dragon’s turn to lunge, as she basically flew towards Weiss who dodged the attack, quickly turning and stabbing at them. They seemed to read Weiss’s own counter-attack and flipped out of the way, now turning at Weiss with roundhouse like kick to her head.

Weiss backflipped and quickly lunged at The Sunny Dragon who blocked the attack with their mechanical arm. They extended their gauntleted arm towards Weiss who now had a gun gauntlet arm pointing into her stomach.

Weiss made small hand movements, but The Sunny Dragon seemed a little distracted if not hesitant to shoot her. Weiss completed the hand movements and as she did The Sunny Dragon was hit and knocked down by a very large boar. Weiss was lucky to not be shot in the moment, she figured that they wouldn’t shoot. But why? It was possibly against their moral code to murder as Weiss already knew that The Sunny Dragon had never once killed a person.

The summoned boar huffed and stood on top of The Sunny Dragon.

“It’s over.” Weiss walked over, but before Weiss could get there The Sunny Dragon let out a loud roar and sent a multitude of bullets through the summon and pushing it off of them in a blaze of glory. The boar turned into dust a blew away.

They stood up, bloodied and what seemed to look like on fire. Their aura sparked up, lighting them up.

Weiss stood in awe, finally getting a good look at their face. She looked vaguely familiar, but Weiss couldn’t put a finger on it. The most shocking thing to Weiss was that her eyes were pure white.

She was blind.

A blind bandit?!

The Sunny Dragon’s breathing was heavy, her nose, forehead, and lip were bleeding. She looked enraged. She stepped forward towards Weiss, her steps just as heavy as her breathing.

For a moment, Weiss trembled. She didn’t want to do this.

The closer that The Sunny Dragon got, the more Weiss’s anxiety grew. Why now?

The Sunny Dragon stood about ten feet before Weiss, before collapsing to her hands and knees.

“It just had to be you.” The Sunny Dragon finally spoke. “They had to get you. Had it been any other bandit hunter, I would’ve killed them without remorse. But you?” she sounded weak, and broken. She looked up at Weiss, there was familiarity in her voice. In her words, and even how she looked at her. She might’ve not been able to see, but there was definitely something there that The Sunny Dragon could figuratively see.

“W-Who are you?” Weiss now put down her weapon, sheathing it at her side. Her heart raced. She felt as if she knew The Sunny Dragon. She just didn’t know where from.
“My real name is Yang Xiao Long. I was there on the day of the Bombing of the Humanity Charity event of Vale. Hosted by…”

“Jacques Schnee.” Weiss finished the sentence for her. “But how…”

“Do you remember the little girl you played with? The girl who ran after you, outside, after your father and his bodyguards whisked you away? The girl who stupidly left her little sister and father inside of the building just so she could see your face one last time before you left?” Yang’s voice began to tremble as she recounted the events. “I watched as your car and your entourage left, you sadly waving as they drove you off. I watched you until I couldn’t see the car anymore. That’s when I turned to go back inside. That’s when…” she choked on her tears.

Weiss’s heart sank. Weiss remembered seeing the explosion in the distance. She had begun to scream. She remembered Yang, the only girl who wasn’t afraid to approach her. The only girl, who had been nice to her the whole event. They had only been 7 years old, but it had meant so much to her already.

“I lost my vision. I lost my arm. I lost my family. If you want to know why I do this. That is why. Because your father was the cause of the explosion. He knew it would happen. He let all those people die. I eventually wanted my revenge...but now…?” Yang finally got to her feet, stumbling and wiping the blood and tears away from her face. She towered over Weiss. “If you want to kill me. Fine. End my suffering. I have nothing left.” Yang said in a low defeated whisper, her head hanging low. “I won’t kill you because you’re not him. So there. You caught me. Now kill me.”

“I...I can’t.” Weiss replied in a similar low whisper. “The reason I hunt bandits was so that I could restore our name. I didn’t think I’d find you. I didn’t even know if you were alive. I…” Weiss ran into Yang’s arms, embracing her. “I’m so glad that you’re alive.”

Yang began to sob, fully taking Weiss’s embrace and returning it. Now loudly sobbing. This was the first positive contact she had ever had in sixteen years.

The sun was rising behind them, it had already peaked it’s head out from over the trees, shining through the forest.

It had taken the two quite a bit to come back from the reuniting embrace. The two felt a sense of relief rushing through them. Weiss pulled back wiping her own eyes.

“Yang, about my father. I’m not to keen on him either...and if you’re really adamant about ending him well...let’s just say you’re not alone in that feeling.” Weiss started with a sigh.

Yang raised an eyebrow. “Are you saying that a world renowned hunter wants to team up with a feared and infamous bandit?” she crossed her arms.

Weiss smirked. “Yeah, something like that.”

“What about your mission bringing me in? What are you supposed to tell the people who hired you? The rest of the world?” Yang tilted her head curiously.

“We won’t tell them anything. Let them think I’m dead. From now on I’m…” Weiss paused trying to think of a clever nickname for herself.

“How about The Ice Queen?”

“Eh, too gaudy.” Weiss waved off.
“Ice Queen it is then.”
Prompt 20!

Chapter Summary

AU Headcanon prompt on what /I/ think should happen in the last three episode after Volume 5 Chapter 11.

She watched carefully as Weiss’s chest made steady movements. She was alive, but just barely. This moment was the only moment they’d get, their last moment together before everything went down.

A moment of respite.

Times like these were rare and often than not taken for granted, but Yang Xiao Long would not take this time for granted. She had sat at Weiss’s bedside for the past twelve hours waiting for any sort of sign. She knew it would never come unless she had done what she was told to do.

In her slouched position in the chair that was next to Weiss’s bed, she sat up and leaned forward observing Weiss’s fluttering eye movements - she seemed restless. A feeling that Yang knew all too well.

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After the original battle had ended, and the group narrowly escaped with their lives. Blake and the rest of her group had swooped in, giving them all time to flee safely. Yang’s hand trembled and her mind raced at the thought of Blake. With Weiss in her arms, Yang had no time for pleasantries as she had passed Blake with an acknowledging nod.

Yang was determined to stick by Weiss’s side. Someone who had offered to be there for her, someone who had already been there for her many of times, but she had failed to notice. This time, she had noticed. Never again would she leave Weiss, and she had hoped Weiss wouldn’t leave her now.

Jaune had managed to unlock his semblance during the chaos. Aura transfer. He had managed to give Weiss a small amount, before Yang had picked her up and the rest of them had fled. But now, as they patiently waited - Jaune could no longer sit by idly.

He had approached Yang in a rush once they touched down in a safe place, touching her shoulder, he transferred large amounts of aura to her.

“It’ll take awhile to build up and store inside of you. You’ll know when it’s ready to be transferred.” Jaune stated removing his hand from her shoulder.

“Wouldn’t it be better if you do this?” Yang looked at Weiss hesitantly, having the aura that was transferred by Jaune already in her.

He shook his head. “It’s you who needs to do this. The fastest way you can transfer it is by mouth. It’ll revitalize her faster so she’s ready when the time comes.”

Yang’s eyes widened. “You want me to…”
“Kiss her. Yes. I think this is a job suited better for you.” Jaune’s smile was small, but it held so much information that Yang didn’t even noticed he had picked up on. Apparently he had.

“I…Alright. I’ll do it.” Yang’s disbelief showed more in her face than in her tone.

Jaune nodded and left Yang with Weiss.

//

Yang had thought this over plenty of times. How she should approach Weiss. But to kiss her while she was sleeping? No, this wasn’t a kiss. This was something like mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Yang would simply be transferring aura to Weiss so she could recover. That’s all it was.

She leaned back into her chair, slouching once more. A sigh escaping her mouth, she felt anxious. The aura in her was topped up. She wanted to let it all out.

There had only been one resolution for this, and Yang herself was not ready. But this wasn’t for her…it was for Weiss.

She stood up from the chair, now sitting on Weiss’s bed side. She pushed away Weiss’s bangs from her face. Weiss’s eyes continued to flutter. “It’ll be okay.” Yang whispered, her hand caressing Weiss’s cheek. She quickly pulled back in realization of what she was doing.

She placed her hands on each side of Weiss’s head, carefully pushing down the pillow to not shift her too much. She didn’t want to touch her. She seemed to delicate, too pure, too good for Yang. It ate at Yang that she couldn’t see who Weiss really was sooner. Yang would make sure to never ruin that.

Yang closed the gap, touching her lips lightly to Weiss’s own. She could feel the aura rushing out of her. It was only seconds of a kiss, but the transfer was complete and Yang had made sure to not overstep her boundaries. She pulled away from Weiss, her hand once more caressing Weiss’s as she came out of the kiss.

Yang turned away from Weiss as she sat back up, her body felt flushed. Having transferred the aura was one thing. Kissing the girl that you’ve only recently fallen in love with was another.

“Y-Yang…?” a small low whisper called out behind her.

Yang turned her head and saw an awoken Weiss looking straight at her. “Weiss!” her excitement got the best of her, now fully turning her body, paying every bit of attention to Weiss.

Weiss weakly smiled up at Yang. “It looks like I’m the one who needs you, huh?” she jested as best as she could.

Yang smiled. Weiss had always tried her hardest to impress Yang one way or another. Yang would make sure she would acknowledge that every time it happened. “Don’t worry, you have me.” Yang replied.

Weiss reached out her hand, Yang quickly took it and held it in hers. “Yang, thank you…for everything.”

“I…it’s the least I could do for you, after you had listened to me. I’m just…” she paused - a feeling now encasing her throat - she swallowed it down. “I’m just so glad I didn’t lose you too. You came back for me. Twice.”
Weiss had managed to pull herself up, wincing in pain as she did so. Yang looked a little panicky as Weiss made her movements. Weiss’s hands came up to Yang’s face, wiping away the tears that had appeared on Yang’s face.

Weiss had pulled in Yang into her arms. The two embraced in a very long and wordless hug. A light sob or sniffle here and there, but eventually the sound had quieted down. Weiss had eventually laid back down. Yang joining her, holding onto her. Never wanting to let her go ever again.

The two had finally drifted off to sleep for the remainder of the brief respite.

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“I heard Weiss is awake now, should we go check up on her?” Ruby asked curiously as her and the rest of NJR recovered.

Jaune shook his head. “No, she’s in good hands.”

“Well of course she is my sister is there!” Ruby stated proudly with a hopeful grin.

Nora and Ren simply looked at each other with knowing grins. “A dragon and her princess, huh?” Ren commented now looking at Jaune.

“Heh. Yeah, something like that.” Jaune sheepishly chuckled.

“I don’t get it!” Nora exclaimed.

A chuckle could be heard throughout the room.

While in Weiss’s recovery room, steady breathing and low contented sighs filled the air.
“Mooooooooom! It’s Christmas!” Blake, 10 years old, barged into her parents bedroom, who still happened to be sleeping. She ran to their bed, climbing in it. Ruby, 7 years old wasn’t too far behind her big sister.

Blake climbed on top of Yang, while Ruby tackled Weiss. Blake lightly nudged at Yang, trying to wake her up from her slumber. Blake did want to be gentle at first, it was Christmas after all and Christmas was all about being nice and the presents, right?

Ruby, on the other hand was not so kind with her trying to wake up Weiss. Ruby grabbed her mother as best as she could and tried to shake her awake, basically yelling in everyone’s ears. “WAKE UPPPP!”

Both Weiss and Yang were startled awake, mostly by Ruby’s own evil doings.

Weiss pulled in Ruby to her arms and hugged her tightly. “Don’t you know your mothers are trying to sleep?!” Weiss groaned as this was her futile attempt at shutting Ruby up.

Yang sat up and rubbed her eyes. “Just five more minutes?” She looked at Blake who’s wide amber eyes spoke of excited desperation.

Ruby flailed about in her mother’s arms, “No!! We gotta open them NOW!!” Ruby wiggled her way out of Weiss’s vice grip and grabbed her arm, tugging her out of bed and slowly pulling her up to sit up.

Weiss and Yang both looked at each other and yawned. This was their fourth Christmas together and the girls had only seemed to be growing more and more comfortable with their adoptive mothers. While they were both glad that the girls had started to come out of their shells, part of them missed when they were smaller, cuter, and little more quieter. Yet, they loved them all the same.

Blake wrapped her arms around Yang and hugged her with a huge smile. “You’re getting up right?”

Yang kissed her daughter on the forehead. “You’re lucky you’re so adorable.” Yang swung her legs around to the edge of the bed and held on tightly to Blake, carrying her as she stood up.

Weiss did something similar, but instead Ruby waited for Weiss to fully stand up before Ruby decided to piggyback onto Weiss. Where Weiss was able to catch her on her back, and hold onto her. Ruby nuzzled into her mother’s long ivory-colored mess of hair.

The family trudged their way to the living room where a decently sized and well decorated Christmas tree was set up. Underneath it a slew of presents awaited to be opened.

Blake and Ruby’s eyes glimmered as they were set down in front of the tree. They looked to their
parents for approval. Weiss held up her finger and walked away, only to return with her phone in hand to record the whole events. Weiss wanted to reminisce on every good experience they could film. Or well, at least she could film. Yang was a more ‘live in the moment’ kind of gal.

Weiss finally nodded to the girls, Yang then shrugged. This indicated that it was alright for them to open everything up.

It had taken only a short time for the all the presents to be fully open. Games, toys, and some new clothes were things the girls had gotten.

Weiss and Yang even received presents of their own from the girls. Weiss had gotten a ceramic snowflake that Ruby had made in art class. Yang had gotten something similar from Blake, but instead it was a painted orange wooden flower that could be used to hold things like keys.

Weiss and Yang had thought they were good for the rest of the day.

Until it had started to snow again. There was about 5 to 7 inches of snow to be expected throughout the whole week.

Ruby ran towards the window excitedly - she had seen snow before. Plenty of times. But there was always the beauty of it. “Mommy! Are you making it snow again?”

Yang snorted and Weiss giggled. “I thought it’d be nice on a day like this,” Weiss answered. Ruby had believed that Weiss was the cause of all the snow. Mostly due to the fact that Ruby had once said ‘Her hair and the snow are the same color! She makes the snow!!’

“Yeah!” Ruby ran to tackle Weiss on the couch. “You’re the best!” while Ruby cuddled into Weiss.

Yang began to smirk, an evil plan written on her face. She gestured to Blake to come over to her and whispered in her ear. Blake didn’t seem to agree with whatever Yang was saying. “But mom…” Blake muttered.

Weiss looked over with suspicion, “What sort of nonsense are you filling the children with today?” Ruby had turned her head to look at Yang as well.

Blake groaned, “Mom wants us to have a snowball fight. The losers has to clean up ALL of this,” she gestured to the mess around their feet. “Plus cook breakfast AND shovel the snow out of the walkway.” Blake sounded a little grumpy. Weiss knew that Blake would’ve rather stayed inside and read a book or write.

Weiss’s jaw nearly dropped while Ruby excitedly jumped up from Weiss and onto her own two feet. “YEAH, LET’S DO IT!” Ruby ran to her room to put on all of her winter clothing.

“Now, she gets it!” Yang grinned.

“Yang, you dolt! How do we even determine a winner in a snowball fight?! And I did NOT agree to this!” Weiss crossed her arms, unimpressed. Blake stood there, slowly inching her way towards Weiss.

Yang’s face went from a grin to a serious and concentrated look, you could clearly see her train of thought in this very moment. In almost an instant, she raised her finger in a 'eureka!' like moment and offered this “The winner is the team who can hit the other team with the most snowballs! Or if one team give up first! As for teams, I call…” she looked to Blake.
“I’m on Momma’s team.” Blake interrupted, nodding to Weiss.

Yang reared back in a mock shock. Faking a heartbreak, she dramatically clutched at her heart. “B-Blake?! My own daughter betraying me?!”

Weiss smirked.

At a young age, Blake was already pretty logical. She was smart and patient. She had an attitude similar to Weiss’s, but it was strange as she preferred Yang’s rowdiness. Same could be said for the opposites of Weiss and Ruby.

Blake knew who would win. It would definitely be them. “Momma’s the best with snow, remember? She knows how to make the snow. Plus, she’s really good at making snowballs and I’m good at throwing. We make the perfect team.” Blake seemed to be getting a little cocky as she stood next to the still sitting Weiss who had a very shit-eating grin about her. Weiss’s ego could be inflated a little too much.

Yang cocked an eyebrow, and had her own devilish smirk. “So that’s how it is, huh?” She stood up from the couch as soon as she had Ruby run out looking like a very red marshmallow.

“I’m ready to rumble!!” Ruby jumped up waving about.

Yang laughed and shook her head. “Ruby, it looks like it’s the two of us.”

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Weiss and Blake stood together, bundled up facing their opponents who stood about 20 feet away from them. Yang and Ruby stood menacingly, trying to crackle their fists and look like make-believe thugs.

“You’re going down!!!” Yang pointed her finger at Weiss and then pretended to crush something in her hand.

“Yeah!!” Ruby added pumping her fists.

Weiss and Blake narrowed their eyes, crossing their arms in a similar fashion. “Bring it on.” Blake astutely stated, Weiss nodding in agreement.

“The battle commences in 3...2...1!” Yang began in a booming announcer like voice.

Each of them took a fighting stance, snowballs in each hand readied.

Grins and smirks strewn across each of their faces.

“FIGHT!” Yang yelled throwing a snowball immediately as she said so. Weiss failed to duck and got hit in the chest.

“Ahah!” Ruby grinned, but then got hit in the face with a snowball by Blake. Ruby growled.

The snowball fight ensued wildly, each of the girls ducking and dodging snowballs as best as they could. It was evenly matched, until one team - Yang and Ruby’s had unlocked their secret move.

Ruby held as many snowballs as she could that fit into her tiny arms. Yang lifted her up in the air and ran towards Weiss and Blake who stood continued to fire snowballs at them. Only to stop when Yang basically tossed Ruby at Weiss. Ruby landed on top of Weiss, knocking her over into the snow along with snow piled on top of Weiss.
Blake looked stunned, she turned to Yang who was cheering victoriously. Her eyes narrowed and with swift movements, she tackled Yang herself. Pulling Yang down into the snow.

Weiss picked up Ruby, and made her way towards the downed Yang. Tossing Ruby on top of Yang and Blake who was piling on snow to Yang. Yang pretended to be drowning in the snow.

Weiss, Blake, and Ruby now piled on snow to the downed Yang. “Hey, who’s side are you on?!” Yang yelled in a playful manner.

“The winning one!” Ruby laughed evilly.

Everyone chuckled and giggled. “Guess you’re the one who gets to clean, cook, and shovel, huh?” Weiss said victoriously as she sat on top of her wife.

“All alone?” Yang pouted looking at her favorite girls.

“We’ll help!!” Ruby stated loudly, still piling snow on Yang.

“Wasn’t the whole point of this fight to make one team clean up?” Blake tilted her head, standing up and wiping off all the snow.

“Well Blake, if you look at it this way. We’re all one team. Team Schnee-Xiao Long.” Weiss stood up, helping Yang up from the snow.

“I call helping with cooking.” Blake ran off back to the house.

“I can help shovel!” Ruby began digging at the snow like a dog.

Yang laughed, “Slow down there, Rubes. We gotta get the sidewalks. But first we’ll worry about eating and cleaning inside.”

Ruby ran back to the house, soon following Blake.

Yang took her wife’s hand as they casually walked inside as the snow continued to fall.


“You’re going to have to try harder than that to get first place against me.” Weiss stuck her tongue out at Yang.

“What about with you?”
“You’re always first place with me.” Weiss stood on her tiptoes to kiss her wife on the cheek as they entered the house.
Prompt 22!

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Imagine that person A (Yang) decides to send person B (Weiss) a picture of themselves next to a funny statue/really weird stuffed animal/the worlds most beautiful chocolate cake/whatever else with the caption “im leaving you i found someone else” thinking person B would find it hilarious, except they send the caption before the picture and the signal is bad so person B doesn’t see the picture, just the caption, and they start crying.

She was a jokester, but it was never her intention to fully scare her girlfriend. Not like this at least.

Yang was on a trip with several of her friends. Weiss, her girlfriend of three years who she was madly in love with was the light of her life...and also the victim of many of her bad jokes, puns and shenanigans. She had also opted out on the trip due to having a business trip of her own. They always knew that they could come back to each other, no matter the amount of time they were apart they could call each other home.

Well, Weiss thought she could.

///

“Hey Yang, come get a load of this statue!” Sun called her; Yang was too enthralled with a different statue as her and her group of friends had taken a trip to an open interactive art exhibit with very unconventional looking statues and art pieces that certainly made the group question art itself.

“Comin’...” Yang chuckled to herself as she left a statue that had two heads and were punching each other. She had taken a selfie in between the two fists colliding, making it look like she was being punched. Yang already had a collection of photographs she had taken of herself that she would share with Weiss once the two got home.

Running up to where Sun had called her over, she was met by Ruby, Blake, and Penny who were all staring at a very portly statue with a hole right in the middle of the statues gut. Yang began to laugh. “Is this what you wanted to show me?” Yang chuckled, now circling the statue.

Everyone nodded and laughed along with Yang. Yang pulled out her phone handing it to Ruby. “Hey, take a picture of me with my head in the middle of his gut. Weiss will totally love this one.” Yang stuck her head through the hole, and made a dramatic looking grin. Then another picture, standing next to the statue with her arm and leg draped on it, trying her best to look dramatically sexy.

She took her phone back from Ruby and looked at the pictures. “These are perfect, Thanks sis.” she grinned widely.

“What are you gonna do with that one?” Ruby asked about the mock-sexy photo.

“This.” she opened up Weiss’s messages, and attached the photo to Weiss’s message with the
message:

‘I’m leaving you. I found someone else. They’re soooo much more attractive than you and a better listener!’

Yang cackled and hit the send button. She was sure that Weiss would find it hilarious that an ugly statue like that would be the perfect listener for Yang’s shenanigans.

This all would’ve been fine. Had it not been for the signal being beyond shitty that the attached picture had failed to send. The message itself on the other hand, had been sent.

//

Weiss had recently arrived back to her hotel room as she kicked off her shoes from a lengthy lecture that she had attended for her business trip. The trip was just about concluded and that she was grateful for. If there was anything she had been looking forward to, it was to see Yang’s goofy face smiling at her once more.

As she face planted on her bed a notification from her phone went off, specifically a special notification sound indicating that Yang had texted her. Her heart sprung up, as did she as she grabbed her phone.

She opened her phone, only for her heart to sink.

‘I’m leaving you. I found someone else. They’re soooo much more attractive than you and a better listener!’

The message read. Yang wouldn’t send something like this. Not without context, right? This was a joke? It had to be. She tried calling Yang. Once. Twice. Three times. No answer. Her heart and her gut began to punch at her. This couldn’t be happening.

She sent a text.

‘Yang, please call me. Please. Did I do something wrong? Please Yang…’

She hit sent. Her eyes watered and she couldn’t think straight. She waited, and waited for a response. But nothing ever came. She thought about texting her friends that were with Yang. But what if they all knew? What if they were in on it? Weiss’s whole world was slowly falling apart.

She left the business trip in a complete mess. Returning home, to their humble little apartment where she would probably face emptiness. She didn’t want that. But she had to go home. Wherever that was.

///

“Ahh, shit. Turns out we had no signal out here. To make things worse I forgot my charger.” Yang shook her head.

The group laughed as they finally dropped off Yang at her apartment. “If only Weiss had come along, she would’ve remembered.”

“Hope she’s not mad at you for that message.” Ruby warned.

“Eh, why would she be? It was just a joke.” Yang waved off, exiting the car and grabbing her things.
Yang entered her apartment, she had noted Weiss’s car in the parking lot. She was home already, but the apartment itself was dark.

“Weiss, babe?” Yang called out, turning on the lights. She noticed the bedroom door was closed, and a light sob could be heard from the room.

She slowly opened the door, the curtains covered the windows as it was even darker than the living room. A bump in the bed, where Weiss clearly was shuffling and sobbing. “G-go away!” she sobbed and mumbled. She wasn’t needed anymore.

Yang quickly hopped to the bedside of Weiss, “Babe, what’s wrong? What happened?” Yang’s concern was now overwhelming as she had no idea what was going on. Seeing Weiss like this was unusual and heart wrenching.

Weiss cried even harder. “You said you don’t need me anymore! You said you were leaving and you didn’t answer or text me back.”

Yang got under the covers with Weiss and pulled her in. Weiss didn’t protest to her touch, she never did. “No, no. I’m sorry that was my fault. I had a picture attached to that message...I’m guessing it didn’t send. It was dumb joke! A joke! Dumb! I’m an idiot! I left my charger here too.” she quickly explained, holding onto Weiss tightly, letting her know that she was completely safe in her arms. “I’m not going anywhere, I swear on it. I’m never leaving you. I need you more than you know so shit like this doesn’t happen.” she added on, just as quickly.

Weiss turned to face Yang and buried herself into Yang’s chest, continuously sobbing. “I thought-I thought I lost you.”

“No, no..shh. You’re never going to lose me.” Yang tried to ease her pain, she wanted to kick herself for making Weiss like this. “I love you Weiss. You know I don’t want anyone else, but you. Only you.” Yang placed several kisses on her head and forehead as Weiss’s cries turned into light sobs, then slow and steady breathing as she calmed herself.

“Y-Yang. You’re an idiot. A big one. I hate you.” she weakly mumbled into Yang’s chest, Yang wrapping her arms tighter around her pulling her closer.

“I know, I know.” Yang sighed.

Weiss pulled Yang’s face down to look at hers. “You’re insufferable.” Weiss pouted at her.

“You’re cruel.” Weiss had slowly begun to bring her face closer to Yang’s. “You’re a d-” Yang closed the gap between them, finally kissing her girlfriend.

It felt like the first time. In fact, every time they had kissed felt like the first time. Passionate. Exciting. Strong sensations and urges rushed through their bodies as they shared a forgiving and reuniting kiss.

They broke away after a minute and Weiss stuck her head back into Yang’s chest, cuddling up to her with new life and vigor.

“How long are we staying here?” Yang whispered, nuzzling Weiss’s head.

“Until I feel better.” Weiss replied.

“Should I order pizza?”

Weiss nodded.
Yang reached for her phone only to stop. “Ehm, can I borrow your phone? Mine’s dead.”

Weiss groaned and rolled over to the bedside table, grabbing her phone from underneath the blankets and rolling back to hand it to Yang who was sheepishly smiling at her. “What am I to do with you?” Weiss sarcastically commented.

“Love me until it hurts.”

“Oh, you want it to hurt, huh?” Weiss pinched Yang in several spots, causing Yang to yelp and squirm.

And so...

Weiss’s revenge began.
Chapter Summary

AU: Jaune prodding at Weiss to go get Yang because he can see they like each other. "As Beacon's leading authority on waiting too long... don't."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Now he was no cupid, but he’ll be damned if he didn’t do anything about it. Watching them day in and day out, the constant pining, the longing looks, was obvious to everyone, except for the two of them.

The two of them being Weiss and Yang.

For some reason, love was always like this. Two people wanting to dance, but no one ever making a first move. Well, at least for Jaune it wasn’t really like that for him in the past - but no, this wasn’t about him. This was about him trying to set up two people perfect for each other.

He didn’t want them to wait any longer than they had to. Their love for one another was clear.

On a quiet night when the team was casually resting for whatever the next day would bring, Jaune had managed to pull Weiss aside.

Weiss let herself be pulled along by her friend, who had graciously saved her life only a few weeks before. “Huh?” Weiss was a little lost at the current gesture of pulling her aside. The usage of the word ‘Friend’ and ‘Jaune’ was a strange combination in the same sentence, but it was a word she could get used to. “Jaune, did you need something?” she asked curiously.

His face showing genuine concern, he began with “Weiss, you really need to stop fooling yourself and do something about it.” he crossed his arms in a serious manner.

Weiss found herself even more confused, “About what?” she tilted her head.

“Your love for Yang? Isn’t it obvious?” he gestured with a shrug, “Ever since you two came, you’ve been glued to the hip. Even more so after I saved you. I have never seen you or Yang so expressive.” he seemed to be very on-the-nose about the whole experience.

Weiss stood there bewildered, at a current loss for words she could do nothing more than blush. If Jaune knew, then who else knew? Did Yang know? Weiss looked down, hiding her face. This was something else, to be getting love advice, or something like that by Jaune? It was...different.

Taking her silence as an invitation to continue talking, “As Beacons, once leading authority on waiting too long…” he puffed himself up, then slagg’d his shoulders slightly “Don’t.” he stated bluntly. Looking into her eyes in a serious manner. “Seriously, you don’t know how much time left you have with her.. You need to say something, anything to her. Let her know. Because she feels the same way about you.”

Weiss perked up, “W-what?” she stuttered in disbelief; it seemed like Jaune knew everything. “She
does?” caution hinted in her voice, she was sure in what Jaune said but she just needed the validation.

He nodded. “I don’t think you need me, to really see that Yang likes you. But please, for your sake. Tell her. Spend as much time as you can with her an-..” he paused “Sorry, if that sounds a little ominous. I just don’t want to see you guys end up in a relationship and then it be too late.” He trailed off, sounding rather sorrowful. He was still thinking about Pyrrha. It was obvious, Weiss could tell.

Weiss could tell that he didn’t want them to end up like him and Pyrrha. To one, lose the other. Or not realize what good you’ve got in front of you until it’s gone. Life was too short to not make a move, and for them and the rest of the gang - they learned that life could end at any moment.

Weiss nodded. “Thank you, Jaune.”

He gave a thumbs up. “Go get her, Ice Queen.”

Weiss rolled her eyes, “Thanks Vomit Boy.”

///

This was something that had to be done immediately, Weiss decided. As soon as she left the room with Jaune, who had followed her out as they continued to idly chatted now about how to go about talking to Yang.

Weiss already had a plan in motion. She turned to Jaune and nodded, he gave another thumbs up.

//

Yang was in the middle of some nonsensical bout with Nora, too entranced to notice Weiss entering the room. Ruby and Ren had been cheering the duo on, once again a match up between RWY vs JNR - or something of the sorts.

Weiss rolled her eyes, and sighed loudly. This had caught the attention of Yang who had just for a moment lost focus. Nora grinned, fully knowing she was at an advantage and took down Yang with ease.

Yang groaned as she laid on the floor. Jaune, in the background nodded at everyone. To which, all of them simultaneously exited the room leaving Weiss and Yang on their own. Weiss was surprised that everyone was already in on the plan that she had just decided. Then again, they did all know...Come to think of it, Weiss found it suspicious that anytime they entered a room a majority of the time the rest of the group would try to leave them to their own devices.

Weiss walked up to the downed Yang. “Are you okay?” Weiss hovered over her.

Yang opened her eyes and blushed at the sight. I am now. Her mind raced. “Yeah, it was just a fluke.” she sat up rubbing her head. Weiss had backed up and kneeled in front of her. Weiss had begun the habit of checking in on Yang.

“You really should be careful. After that last fight, we should all be resting. Not play fighting!” Weiss chastised in the softest and most endearing way possible.

Yang chuckled, “I should be the one worrying about you after…” she looked down at Weiss’s abdomen. The hole was gone, but the memory of it would never be. For all of them.
“I’m fine, Yang.” Weiss immediately insisted, now touching Yang checking for any bruises or cuts.

Yang tugged at Weiss, pulling her down from her kneeling position and nearly toppling Weiss into Yang. Luckily, Yang was sturdier than that and kept her sitting upright position as Weiss had nearly face planted into her chest.

Weiss pulled back, “Yang, be careful!” she said as she positioned herself unknowingly comfortably in Yang’s lap.

A silence grew between them. Two heartbeats grew as one. They enjoyed this moment, even if neither could admit it. Weiss would change that as they comfortably nuzzled one another.

Weiss shook herself out of the daze. Yang readied herself for all of this to be over and to be re-lived another day once they had privacy once more.

“Yang?” Weiss began, swallowing hard. Usually, when moments like these came, neither of them talked. They never knew what to say and just accepted this. They could always talk heart to heart when it came to their pasts. Other people. Themselves. But never about each other and how they felt.

Yang tilted her head curiously to look at Weiss, intently listening. Was that Yang’s heart beating so fast or hers?

“I’m sorry if this is so sudden, but...I think...no..I don’t think..” she rambled on, Yang didn’t dare interrupt. “I’m in love with you.” she admitted. She felt a burning sensation in her cheeks. Her whole body was warm. This had to work right?

Yang didn’t say a word, but merely tilted Weiss’s face towards her. Intensely kissing her without any warning. Weiss naturally moved her arms around her neck, while Yang’s hands explored Weiss’s back while gently tilting her for better access. Weiss had eventually propped herself up on Yang’s lap, now on top of her as they sat.

It was only when they heard the sound of a very obvious whisper coming from outside their room they stopped their actions. “Wow, they’ve been going at it for A LONG TIME!” A voice, obviously belonging to Nora exclaimed.

Several hushes and one “NORA!” could be heard.

Weiss and Yang rushed out of the room to ‘greet’ the peepers. Yang’s eyes glared red, while Weiss had a rather large militia of summoned grimm staring down Nora, Ren, Jaune, and Ruby.

“I DIDN’T THINK YOU’D GUYS MAKE OUT SO SOON.” Jaune backed away, only to back up into a white beowulf.

“W-we just wanted to see you guys get together, do you know how long we’ve been cheering for you two?!” Ruby stuttered out. Another white grimm approached.

“BUT INSTEAD WE GOT A HO-” Ren covered Nora’s mouth before she could say anything more. Yang’s eyes flared wildly as she and Weiss slowly began stepping forward.

“R-Ren, what’s the situation look like?!” Jaune hesitantly asked.

“This is bad.”
One day I'll be able to keep things serious in an AU prompt. ONE DAY. But for now? WE IN DEEP WITH THE MEMES BOIS.
Chapter Summary

FB introducing their new baby to their mom's?

She rubbed the bridge of her nose, letting out a sigh in disbelief. She had believed Yang when she said her mother was a leader and a go-getter. It's just that what Weiss couldn't believe was that her mother was some sort of gang leader. Or she could, but most of the time it had gone over her head. Maybe she'd like to forget that Yang's mother was a gang leader.

Yang had failed to mention this when they had rolled up into a high-end hotel with a lot of security and narrowed eyes all following them. Whatever business they operated inside of this hotel was none of Weiss’s concern. What was Weiss’s concern is that how could Yang insist on bringing their son, Huli Schnee-Xiao Long to a place infested with mobsters. All of which were carrying some sort of concealed weapon which weren’t very concealed.

Yang carried Huli proudly, in a sling that was attached to her back. She stood up tall and unwavering as all eyes were on them as they approached an elevator to take them to the top floor penthouse. They were followed by four guards who were just ‘escorting them in’.

Weiss grabbed onto Yang for some comfort, she would most likely yell at Yang later but right now her composure was all she had. Yang on the other hand, looked down at her at the gesture and offered a big goofy grin.

“You dumb adorable brute…” Weiss muttered with nothing but love and adoration in her words. It didn’t matter what situation they were in, Yang had always managed to find a smile. Something that completely melted Weiss every time.

The elevator dinged and they stepped out, as did the guards behind them. The penthouse was probably bigger than their house as they had immediately entered it as soon as they stepped out of the elevator.

It didn’t take long for Yang’s mom to appear in a very crimson looking suit, looking very suave. Weiss always forgot that she got her looks from her mother, and every time she saw Raven - it was like looking at Yang if she were thirty years older and with raven colored hair.

“I heard you were coming.” Raven began with crossing your arms “But I didn’t think I’d get to see my favorite daughter so soon.” she eyed Weiss and smirked.

Yang rolled her eyes “She’s your daughter in law.” Yang shook her head already done with her mother’s shenanigans.

Raven laughed, “All right then, straight to business is it? Then what is it that you wanted me to see so badly.”

Yang and Weiss smirked. Weiss walked behind Yang and grabbed Huli. The mobsters had tightly clutched their weapons as they were actually unable to see what was inside of the sling. Raven merely raised an eyebrow.
Weiss proudly presented a very sleepy looking Huli. Tufts of white hair protruded out of his beanie, bright lavender eyes fought to stay awake. He babbled and stuck his face into Weiss’s shoulder, nuzzling in it.

“Leave us.” Raven immediately shooed her guards. Not wanting them to see her react. The guards quickly left the floor exiting the same way they came in.

As soon as they left Weiss, Yang and Raven stood in a momentary silence.

“This is Huli Schnee-Xiao Long. Your grandson.” Yang finally spoke, gesturing towards him. Raven stunned face told them everything. “Amazing what modern science and medicine can do these days, huh? He’s our biological son.” Yang proudly grinned.

“He’s a little over a year old. We weren’t sure when we wanted to introduce him to everyone, but we decided on you first.” Weiss commented, lightly rubbing her son’s back.

Once more, Raven was silenced in shock. She slowly approached Weiss, her hands outreaching. Weiss looked at Yang who nodded and so Weiss handed him over.

Raven, immediately began to lightly bounce up and down. “Hey there little guy...I’m your grandmother.” her tone was soft and sweet. Raven turned a full circle with him in her arms. She spoke lightly and whispered secrets into his ears.

This was a rare treat to both Yang and Weiss. Raven isn’t what you would call sweet or caring at the slightest.

Raven now looked up at them both, tears swelling in her eyes. “Promise me that you will give him the love that I could never give.” Raven immediately admitted.

Yang and Weiss were taken aback by the words. “We will mom. I promise.” Yang held out her hands, to which Raven handed Huli back over.

“I know we weren’t...or well, aren’t, on the best of terms but feel free to stop by any time. I know what I do isn’t safe, but I’m always here for you.” Raven wiped away a single tear from her face.

Weiss and Yang smiled, Raven always meant well. It’s just her ways of showing how she cared weren’t really the best of ways at all. Throughout the recent years, the relationship of the three of them had slowly been rebuilding, they all hoped that this would make it stronger.

“You can stay the night if you’d like. I can offer you a safe room, guards, and whatever else you need.” Raven finally offered.

Weiss and Yang paused momentarily, looked at each other and smiled. “Yeah, I’d think we’d like that.” Weiss answered.

Raven’s eyes lit up in surprise, as she managed to show a genuine smile.

///

“Your mom said she would meet us here?” Yang curiously asked as she held Huli, making silly faces at him as she spoke to Weiss.

Weiss nodded, looking at her phone. They were a little early, but they were at a park. A place where Weiss and her mother had often come to get away from it all. Weiss hoped that her mother could get here alright, due to...various reasons.
A white SUV pulled up in the nearby parking lot as Weiss and Yang took seats at a table underneath a rather large tree. Weiss had brought along a cooler with food and beverages and had begun to set up the table with a cloth.

“Oh, Weiss!” Yang got her attention, as she pointed towards not one, but two people heading towards them.

Weiss turned her head and paused. “Mom...Winter?!” she blinked in awe. Not expecting to see her sister pushing her mother’s wheelchair. She expected a nurse, but Winter?

“So, you wanted to tell us somethin-” Winter paused eying what Yang was holding. “Is that...?”

Yang turned Huli around in her lap, so he would now face the group. “Ta-da!” she raised his hands and he giggled, as she bounced her leg up and down so he would too. “This is Huli. Our son.” Yang made him do a little jig, as he continuously giggled at the actions.

“Oh my!” Willow gasped, she ushered Winter to push her forward. Yang stood up and brought Huli towards them. “He’s lovely.” she held out her hands, and awaited patiently. Weiss grinned widely, her mom had always been supportive. She didn’t blame her for the rough patches, as now everything was as it should be.

Yang handed Huli over to Willow where she made a numerous amount of cooing noises and baby talk. Yang chuckled. She behaved exactly as Weiss does, only Weiss does it when she thinks they’re alone.

Winter cautiously approached Huli and Willow. “To think, you two would...” Winter began, her voice sounding a little disdainful. She then let out a hefty sigh. “I’m happy for you two. I know mother is too. At least one of her children has a grandchild.” Winter commented.

“If only Winter could find someone as wonderful as you, Ms. Xiao Long! She would be popping out grandchildren in no time!” Willow happily commented.

“Mother. You're getting a little senile.” Winter snidely commented in embarrassment. Yang and Weiss chuckled at the expense of Winter who shook her head. “She insisted that I come along. Saying you two had good news. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be here.” Winter crossed her arms, and looked away from the group.

“You wouldn’t be here, not even for this face?” Willow turned Huli towards Winter.

Winter stared into his bright yet deep lavender eyes. He smiled at her, and even reached for her as she look a little bit like Weiss. Winter could feel herself losing a battle.

“You're just sooo darn cute!” Winter picked him up, and snuggled him. Finally losing said battle. Huli giggled as Winter coddled him.

Everyone chuckled. “Us Schnee women have always been weak to cute things. Believe it or not, we’re a lot more caring than we give off.” Willow shook a finger at the air. “We’re just not very good at showing it at first.”

Weiss nodded as did Yang. “I didn’t think Weiss could be more chipper than me, but I was surprised.” Yang said, “It makes her a lot cuter.” Yang grinned widely at Weiss.

Weiss glared, if there was one thing the Schnee women couldn’t handle. It was this. This sickeningly sweet flirtatious attitude that actual made them weaker. Weiss was a lucky girl.
“So, are you guys going to stay for lunch?” Yang asked curiously now putting out the food.

“Only if I get to feed him.” Winter immediately interjected. Weiss tried hiding a snort.

“Of course, sis.”

“I can’t believe I’m an aunt…” Winter muttered still playing with Huli.

“I can’t believe you still don’t have children.” Willow cackled.

“MOM.”

Yang, Weiss, and Willow loudly laughed as the family began to eat lunch.

Needless to say, this had been just about the perfect introduction for their families, and more importantly to their mothers. To which, the two of them had just started a long and interesting journey. Motherhood. Something that neither of them had a good start to, but a good ending.

Hopefully, for Huli’s sake, a good beginning, middle and ending would be all he knew.
Prompt 25!

Chapter Summary

Pool!AU where Weiss is a champion diver and Yang is the captain of the water polo team. Weiss originally goes to Yang to yell at her (and her team) to keep it quieter while she is practicing. Surprise surprise they fall in love :P

She breathed in and closed her eyes. She was 10m above ground, getting ready to end her practice with one final move. Weiss was a champion diver, nationally. Soon enough, she’d be a name known worldwide with her diving skills.

Beacon Academy was the perfect place to hone her already perfect skills and it could help if she went beyond perfect. Beacon Academy offered everything a top tier athlete could want, including a very large pool.

Now, the only problem with said pool was that it was public. Granted, there were schedules and sign-ups for times and practices that could be made but frankly, Weiss had considered herself unlucky with who she had shared the pool with during her scheduled times. There was no peace, no quiet - at times it was hard to concentrate with so much noise surrounding the pool.

Today, out of all days was probably the worst day.

The girls water polo team of the school was making such a ruckus. Weiss opened her eyes, she wasn’t going to be able to perform in these conditions, no. She eyed the water polo team who were being loud and obnoxious.

She watched from her makeshift perch as they loudly dunked each other underneath the water, trying to get a ball and throwing it at a goal. Or at least that’s what it looked like.

What brutes! Weiss sneered from her perch. Who could like such a barbaric sport? She hadn’t actually watched it being played before, and to her surprise she didn’t realize how violent the sport could be. Or how loud.

Every time in the past she had narrowly missed just having the same time slot as the water polo team. Yet here she was, after months of being at the school she finally had the run in with them.

She sighed and shook her head, retreating from her perch and climbing down the ladder. She had had enough of this. If they weren’t going to be quiet for her last routine set, she would make them quiet.

The pitter patter of her feet could be heard on the wet cement as she had hurriedly made her way over there. She had made it over there, only for the ball to fly towards her as she narrowly dodged it.

She huffed.

“Oh, sorry! But could you pass us the ball pretty please?” One very tall and lengthy looking girl asked, her bright green eyes shone as she smiled in a very polite manner. Her tone was sickeningly sweet.
Weiss grabbed the ball and held onto it. “Not until you tell me who is the…” she paused trying to find the word her eyes flashed as she remembered “team captain is.” Usually, sports the used teams weren’t her thing. She had trouble relying on anyone other than herself.

A girl in the back raised her hand and swam towards the edge of the pool where Weiss was. A gorgeous set of lavender eyes stared up at Weiss with a curious looking smirk. Weiss glared at her, who was this girl and where did she get off on being so pretty? “That would be me.” The girl said, now lifting herself up and out of the pool.

Weiss backed up, noticing just how tall and ripped this girl was. “Yang Xiao Long. Team Captain for Beacon Academies water polo team.” she introduced herself sticking out her hand. Weiss looked down at it. Everything about this girl was overwhelming. Weiss held the ball underneath her arm, and stuck out her hand to politely shake the girls hand. At least she didn’t behave barbarically outside of the pool.

Weiss cleared her throat, “Weiss Schnee. Champion Diver.” she puffed herself up, trying her hardest to look like the best. It was something she had to do on a constant, especially with so many eyes on her.

Yang cocked an eyebrow with a smirk on her face. Almost as if she knew something Weiss didn’t. “Alright then, Ms. Schnee. Is there something you needed.” Yang’s tone became somewhat...mischievous.

“You all need to settle down. I cannot concentrate on performing my last and final set with you all yelling and screaming!” she quickly demanded. A few scoffs and chuckles could be heard from the water.

Yang held a smug look about her “Weren’t you working just fine this whole time? Why the sudden change?” she crossed her arms looking down at Weiss.

Weiss huffed, “I knew you wouldn’t understand.” she tossed Yang the ball, looking a little disappointed.

Yang caught it with ease. “Whoa, whoa. I didn’t say we wouldn’t stop princess. In fact, we’ll give you the audience you deserve.” she turned her head towards the girls in the pool, “Isn’t that right ladies?” The team cheered as Yang looked back at Weiss who seemed to be sporting a blush.

Yang smirked. “Go ahead.” she gestured back towards the diving board.

Weiss quickly turned heel, and fast walked towards the diving board. She felt a burning sensation in her cheeks. What was it about the girl that had suddenly gotten her so worked up? Was it her eyes? Her voice? Her muscles? Weiss couldn’t put a finger on it, even if she did want to lay several on her.

The pool area was now quiet as Weiss had readied herself atop the diving board. She took a deep breath and readied herself.

She jumped then tucking, flipping, and twisting in a quick and smooth combination that only few could achieve. It was almost has Weiss had simultaneously danced and flew through the air only to dive into the water in perfect form.

Weiss came up from underneath only to hear loud cheering coming from the opposite sides of the pool. She hid her smile underneath the water as only half her face could be seen. She stared directly at Yang who’s eyes never left hers.
The team, along with Weiss exited the pool. Both of their times being up.

While the rest of the team headed back into the locker rooms, Yang had waited behind for Weiss. “Sooo, that was pretty cool.” Yang commented as her and Weiss had begun to walk in sync back to the locker rooms. “Like, I know I’ve seen you do that stuff from time to time it’s just that I never really got to pay that much attention.” Yang admitted.

Weiss looked up at her as they walked. “You’ve seen me before?” Weiss asked, her heart nearly jumping for an odd reason.

“Ahh…” Yang rubbed the nape of her neck. “Kind of. During practice right now I watched a little. But I’ve only really seen you perform from afar.” Once more Yang admitted to watching Weiss. However, Weiss never found it to be odd. Of course all eyes were on Weiss, she was a rising star. She could only imagine that Yang was trying to be her friend to be associated with fame. “It was pretty impressive how you did all those...things.”

Weiss chuckled, “Those things are what got me this far. I appreciate your cooperation, Ms. Xiao Long and thank you.” an odd warm sensation ran through Weiss as she spoke to Yang.

“Please, call me Yang.” she grinned widely as they had entered the locker rooms, to which Weiss hadn’t even noticed they had made it to Yang’s locker. “Well, this is my stop. Thanks for escorting me, Weiss.” she winked.

Weiss momentarily sputtered, she felt a little embarrassed following Yang to her locker out of all things. Weiss also hadn’t noticed how she had let her guard down so easily already. She was lucky that every other girl had either left, was in a conversation, or had gone to shower and weren’t paying attention to them at all. “Not a problem. Just don’t expect anything like that from me again.” she tried her best to put her front back up.

She quickly left to her own locker.

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Weiss had managed to find a private shower, get dressed, and then leave the facilities.

She stepped outside, meeting the cold air. She would’ve instantly shivered had it not been for her rather warm attire. She stepped through the snow that was covering the ground as she made her way to the parking lot.

But she stopped in her tracks to notice a very familiar looking face sitting on the bench with very wet hair.

The girl had noticed her too and tilted her head curiously, her eyes then instantly lit up as the girl seemed to recognize her. “Weiss!!” she waved at her.

Weiss had already made her way to her when she was called. “Are you insane?” Weiss chided at her, looking at her hair. “This is freezing cold weather and your outside with your wet hair? Why aren’t you going to your car?” Weiss didn’t know why she cared so much. But here she was, scolding a girl she hardly knew for the sake of the girls own safety.

Yang weakly chuckled and sat back on the bench, “I was waiting for someone to come give me a ride. I can’t really ride my motorcycle in this kind of weather.”

Weiss scoffed, taking off her white beanie and handing it to Yang. “Put this on, you dumb brute.” she rolled her eyes.
Yang hesitantly grabbed it and put it on, adjusting it. “You know you didn’t ha-” Yang was tugged up from the bench, as Weiss had grabbed her hand and dragged her to the parking lot. “Where are you taking me?!”

“Back to your home?!” Weiss huffed, “I’m not going to let you sit here in the cold and I’m definitely not going to let you say no!” With her freehand Weiss unlocked a car that was a few feet ahead of them. She pushed Yang to the other side and opened the door for her.

“Such a gentleman.” Yang teased, settling herself on the passenger side.

Weiss glared and closed the door in surprisingly calm manner. Weiss went to the driver's seat, and started the ignition.

“You know you didn’t have to do this for me.” Yang commented. “I’ve done this like plenty of times. I’m capable of taking care of myself.” Yang’s voice held more mischievousness towards it.

Weiss sat with her hands on the steering wheel. “You could just say thank you, you know.” Weiss groaned, the sensation in her heart was growing. Overwhelming her, and she couldn’t tell what it was. Ever since she had laid eyes on the lavender eyed girl, the girl that she now knew was blonde, the girl that she had dragged to her car in some sort of out-of-body experience moment was someone she could not stop having strange feelings for.

“Alright, well then how about I take you on a date? Are you free tonight?” Yang looked at her and grinned.

Weiss immediately turned her heads towards Yang, eyes widened. “W-what? Are you trying to set me up or something?”

Yang laughed “The only thing I’m trying to set up is you with me. You said you wanted to be thanked, so that’s the best way to thank someone isn’t it?” Yang adjusted her hat, shook her head, and slightly shivered.

Weiss backed up the car, without another word and drove out of the parking lot.

“If I can’t say no, then why can’t you say no either?” Yang now asked, and pointed in the direction they should turn. “That’s not fair. What if you’re kidnapping me?” Yang teased once more. “I can see the headlines now…” she stuck her hands up and pretended there was big billboard in front of her - “Famous Diver Weiss Schnee kidnaps young innocent water polo captain Yang Xiao Long!”


“Up here, then a left and a right on the second street.” Yang commented before smirking. “Heart palpitations? You mean a warm sensation in your gut? Your heart racing way too fast? A jittery feeling in your whole body?”

Weiss kept her eyes on the road, but Yang read every inch of Weiss and the face she was making. “How did you…?”

Yang chuckled, “I feel the same way. That’s not heart palpitations you know, I’m pretty sure that’s…oh look, we’re here. Pull up here.”

Weiss stopped the car and pulled up in front of a nice little house that Yang must’ve owned as it was off-campus. “Thanks for the ride princess. I’ll return the hat tonight. Just pick me up at 7, and I’ll handle everything else.” Yang exited the vehicle and winked. “It’ll all go... swimmingly.”
Yang joked.

“Wait!” Weiss called out to her before Yang could shut the door. “If it’s not heart palpitations, then what is it?”

Yang widely grinned, and let out a soft chuckle.

“It’s love.”
You've done well in this life, but I can only offer you five hours to make your peace. I cannot grant you your physical form, but I can offer you freedom to roam. Through dreams. Through whispers. Through touch. That is all I can offer.

“Who are you? Where am I?” Weiss looked around seeing nothing, feeling nothing.

You’ve passed on. Your time is up. I am death and I offer you this gift.

“I’m...dead?” Weiss no longer had emotions in this form, but her tone expressed deep concern. As if this wasn’t supposed to be. It was never supposed to be.

Precisely. Do you accept my gift?

“Yes.”

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Everything came rushing at once. She stood in a room, unsure of how she got there. She looked down at her hands, the only problem being is that she was now spectral. She tried to recall her latest memories, but everything was hazy. So hazy.

Her body was drawn to a particular room. A sleeping blond boy, who seemed restless. On the other two beds laid a red-headed girl and black-haired boy who also gave off restless energy. Weiss, or the spirit of Weiss approached the blond boy at first.

She reached out to him. Her hand touching his head - and instantly she was filled with memories. Memories of this boy named Jaune, a boy who had annoyed her to no end, a boy who had lost his first love, a boy who had saved her and her friends life many times. Jaune. “Weiss?” Jaune mumbled in his sleep. “I’m so sorry...I couldn’t save you...this one last time.” Was this a dream to him? Was he seeing her?

Weiss took a step back and shook her head. “It’s nobody's fault. Don’t blame yourself. Get some rest.”Jaune turned his body, the restless aura emanating in the room was now lessened. He sighed a little contentedly.

Weiss approached the red-head and the black-haired boy in the same manner. Nora. Lie Ren. These were the names she was given. The memories she shared with them were little, but they had still meant the world to her. “It’s okay. I’m okay. Please, get some rest.” Weiss had told the two of them. Their tensed bodies seemed to ease up, and as Jaune as sighed contentedly, so had they.
As soon as Weiss had finished up in the room, her body pulled her towards another room. Its aura was beyond anything she could comprehend. In the room were two beds.

One girl laid unconscious, visibly okay. She was younger than the rest of them, her black and red tinted hair was shoulder length. Her breathing steady, but she was beyond drained of any energy. It would take weeks maybe months for her to return to a proper life.

The other, a blonde girl. Her arm was gone. Her breathing laboured. She too, was unconscious. But not like the other girl. This girl...was dying.

Standing watch, were two very awake humans. Well, Weiss didn’t know what they were. They had animalistic traits. One black haired girl with cat ears who looked as if she had been sobbing endlessly. As if she knew the blonde girl in front of her was leaving; as she sat by her bedside. The other, a boy with a monkey tail. He was doing his best not to breakdown, but ultimately failing as he quietly sobbed behind his friend...no, lover.

They did not see her. How could they? She was a ghost. She was on the verge of approaching, when she stopped just a few feet away from them. The two of them shivered.

“Yang, please…” the girl sobbed. Weiss looked at the girl on the bed. Weiss frowned, even if she was spectral - something inside her ached. “I could’ve done something, we all could’ve.” she sobbed - it seemed like her words were going in circles. As if she had done nothing but sit at her bedside for the last few hours and cry these words. “Weiss is gone, we can’t lose you too.” she cried out.

Another pang in her spectral heart. Weiss. Weiss...that was her was it not? It was true. She was dead.

“Blake, let’s get some rest. She’s going to be fine. It’s Yang.” The monkey boy tried to reassure her. His tone, on the other hand was anything less than reassuring.

Blake. The name caused slight bitterness, then warmth inside of her. She was now curious who this girl was to her. Weiss approached both Blake and the Monkey Boy. She touched them simultaneously. They both seemed to shiver at her touch.

Memories of who these two were rushed inside of her mind. Blake and Sun. Night and Day. She now understood where the momentary lapse of bitterness came from when her name was spoken. Along with the warmth of it following through. Sun, on the other hand was more or less an enigma to her. The word “Rapscallion” was once used as an insulting term was now a mere joke with him. Whatever that meant.

“Weiss?” Sun called out, staring directly at her spectral body. Blake turned to look at where he was looking.

“W-Weiss?!” Blake copied Sun, but ultimately saw nothing. Though, she had felt a very strong sense of ease rush through her.


Blake covered her mouth, trying to keep another sob from emitting.

“So, you heard that too?!” Sun said in a near shocklike state. Blake simply nodded and stood up. She knew what Weiss meant.

“Let’s go…” Blake’s voice was weak, as she walked out of the room. Sun following behind.
Taking a glance back at ‘Yang’ and then to where Weiss had been standing. For a split second, he could make out her form.

“Thank you.” he said before leaving the room.

Weiss had turned her attention to Yang. Her aura albeit weak, had called out to her strongly. Weiss couldn’t help but feel a connection. Yet, something was telling her to get to her last.

Weiss now looked at the black and red haired girl. Something once innocent, now hardened and prickled like a plastic rose with real thorns. Looking at her caused spite, then a feeling of unity. Weiss approached her and touched her head.

More memories, similar to those of Blake, Jaunes, Suns, Nora’s and Ren’s filled her mind. Ruby Rose was her name. They were partners. Apart of team RWBY. Together they had fought Salem. Together they had won. At the cost of Weiss’s life...and possibly Yang’s. Ruby Rose, although once naive and innocent was now a battle-hardened leader. She was responsible and capable.

She now knew they were all at peace in the world. All thanks to their sacrifices.

Her body pulled her towards Yang.

Yang.

She felt hesitant.

The sound of the name filled her with challenge and then...and then...a word she dared to call love. A word so powerful that even as a spectral being had frightened her. She cautiously approached the girl, slowly putting her hand on her head.

Instantly a world filled with warm loved filled her mind. Yang. Yang Xiao Long. Her girlfriend of three years. The girl who she loved most dearly in the world. Together, they had been nearly unstoppable. A duo to be reckoned with. Her perfect match.

Weiss immediately pulled away from the memories and swallowed hard.

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She had stood by her bedside for the remaining hours. Yang hadn’t moved and neither had Weiss. She simply stared at the girl. Overwhelmed.

An idea ran through Weiss. A simple one.

“Death?” she called out.

Yes?

“May I ask you a question?” Weiss spoke to the air, to an entity she could not see but simply feel around her. An unexplainable feeling, but yet, it taunted her with warmth and comfort. Something she did not understand.

Yes.

“Is Yang going to live? Does she want to live?” Weiss asked curiously, still staring down at her beloved.

Full of questions, are we? To simply put it, her life hangs in the balance. Meaning she can decide
to fight for it. Unlike you, she has a chance. As far as her wanting to live. That does not concern me.

Weiss felt the entity disappear. If only for the moment.

This time, without hesitation she stuck her hand atop of Yang’s head. “Yang, it’s okay to live.”

“Not without you.” Yang’s voice was clear and strong as day, but she was still unconscious as the voice echoed throughout Weiss’s mind.

Weiss was momentarily stunned. She stood there, mouth agape.

Just then, a light appeared in the doorway - telling Weiss she was short on time. Very short on time. Soon, she would have to go.

“I love you Yang. Please, wake up.” Weiss said her last words, before quickly removing her hands from Yang’s head before she could respond. She walked back towards the doorway, where the light stood. Waiting.

“WEISS!” A voice called from behind her, causing Weiss to freeze in her footsteps. She turned her head and noted a spectral Yang. Her soul was no longer attached to her body. As Weiss had noted TWO Yang’s...one still on the bed and one chasing her down.

“Yang!? What have you done?!” Weiss turned herself completely now.

Yang now stood, or well hovered over her. “I told you. We’re doing this together. We knew what we were getting into. We also made a promise to one another. I’m not letting you go at it alone.” Yang was as astute as ever.

“What about Ruby?!” Weiss gestured towards her. Fully knowing that Yang and Ruby were still as close as ever

Yang looked a little guilty. “She’ll understand. She’s strong and I think she knows that I...I would’ve wanted this instead.” Yang sighed. “So please, tell me that you understand too.”

Weiss weakly smiled “Oh Yang...” she trailed off, “I told you I love you, didn’t I?” she tried grabbing at Yang’s spectral hands, they couldn’t actually touch but it felt like a warm sensation as their hands collided. “Whatever universe we’re in, whoever we turn out to be, I will always love you. I’ll make that promise right now that wherever we go from here that we’ll find one another. We will always be together.”

Yang smiled widely as they both had said their dues. Together, holding hands, they walked through the light.

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“She’s beautiful!” A feminine voice called out.

She cried, but she did not know what she was crying out for. She was...alive. A feeling that was so new and intense and something she could not understand, but here she was. Born again.

She was missing something. Something special to her - another thing that she did not understand. She squirmed and cried - as most newborns do.

“What shall we name her?” A manly voice called out, her heartbeat told her it was her father. Her
bright green eyes stared up and frantically looked around.

The woman holding her smiled,

“Asami. Asami Sato.”

Chapter End Notes

okay so i know i have other prompts that came first but can u blame me when this one was too good?? i had this in my head all day so?? i had to?? also with the ending,,, im just saying that Asami/Weiss x Korra/Yang are REALLY good parallels and soulmate ideas so SHOOT ME WHY DONTCHA?
Prompt 27!

Chapter Summary

Prompt! Ruby and Blake have been dating for a while, they’re super cute and comfortable with each other. Yang and Weiss are head over heels in love and it’s obvious to everyone but them. Ladybug tries to help freezerburn realize!!

“You think they’ll ever get it right?” Ruby asked, as she sat with her back against a tree. Her and her girlfriend, Blake Belladonna enjoying a nice outdoor date. She was staring into the distance, where, sitting at picnic table was Weiss and Yang. Enjoying a nice ‘friend’ outing. At least, that’s what they both had called it with rushed answers and innocent smiles.

Blake laid with her head on Ruby’s lap, reading another complicated trilogy book. “Hmmm?” she brought her book down from her face and looked up at Ruby. “What are you talking about now?” she asked.

Ruby messed with the comic book that laid in between her fingers, fidgeting ever so slightly. She looked down at Blake and then looked up to where she had been originally been looking and gestured with a small nod.

Yang and Weiss sat together on the picnic bench on the same side. Yang was leaning on the table, head in her hand while grinning at Weiss who was sticking her tongue out at her, phone in her hand.

Blake sat up for a better view. “Oh, them.” she sighed. “They need help.” Blake and Ruby continued to stare at them from the distance.

Yang straddled the bench, now inching closer to Weiss who seemed to jokingly glare at her.

“Oh, she’s setting up.” Blake muttered loud enough for Ruby to hear.

Ruby looked at her girlfriend with a confused look. “Huh?” she said with a head tilt.

Blake pointed at them, reverting Ruby’s attention back to the awkward couple ahead of them. “The flip n’ gaze.” Blake simply stated.

As soon as Blake said her utterance, Weiss seemed to move on cue. Weiss flipped her hair behind her, then moved her bangs slightly out of her face while simultaneously fluttering her eyes at Yang in a very ‘look at me’ manner.

Ruby snorted, but Blake tugged at her “Keep watching, it gets worse.” Blake nodded towards them once more.

Yang seemed to stretch out, her shirt ever so slightly lifting up revealing her ripped abs as she moved her hands above her head and stretched more her muscles just seemed to bulge as she grinned towards Weiss, in a seemingly nonchalant manner. The two silently stared at one another with blushes and cute smiles.

If this is how they flirted, it was frankly, embarrassing. Blake rubbed the bridge of her nose, “I’d
just wish they’d kiss already.” she said as she put down her book in between her lap.

Ruby let out a loud and hearty laugh, Blake couldn’t help but chuckle too. “We need to - Oh?” Their laughter had seemed to caught the attention of the two girls who were now walking towards them.

“Sshh.” Blake tried to hush Ruby, who was still snorting and giggling.

“Hey guys! We aren’t interrupting your date or anything?” Yang gave a small wave to them. Weiss hesitantly waved as well.

“No, but we’re worried we ruined your date.” Ruby grinned widely. Blake side-eyed her, shook her head and smirked.

“What?!” Weiss interjected, “We told you we’re not on a date! We just decided to come to the park with you guys. We did agree that it was a nice day and we should all go out did we not?”

Yang nodded in agreement. “Besides, you two were the ones who came as a couple and then decided to do couple things.” Yang crossed her arms, and stated as a matter of fact like.

“You’re right.” Blake replied, now patting the open ground next to her. “Come, join us then.” Blake moved herself next to Ruby, sitting shoulder to shoulder, Blake wrapped her arm around Ruby and gently kissed her on the head.

The two sat down in front of the couple and glared at them, “See, it totally is a date!” Weiss commented.

“What, I can’t kiss my girlfriend? No one’s stopping from you from kissing Yang.” Blake retorted with a grin. Blake was often straightforward, if not extremely bold in her statements. At least she was honest. Ruby simply grinned at the two in front of them.

Weiss and Yang turned at each other for a moment, locking eyes, immediately blushing and turning away. “That’s silly.” Yang commented as she looked away. “Weiss definitely does not want to kiss me. We’re just friends. Friends, yeah.” Yang reiterated.

Weiss weakly nodded as the two had looked away from one another with very obvious blushes.

Ruby and Blake both sighed and nearly facepalmed simultaneously as well. “Can I say it?” Ruby asked Blake.

“Yeah, I can’t take it anymore.” Blake answered.

“Take what?” Yang turned her head to Ruby, the blush was slowly fading away.

Ruby stood up and looked down at the two girls in front of her. She pulled each of them up. Weiss did a little “Hey!” as she was grabbed and pulled up. Yang allowed herself to be pulled up by her little sister.

Ruby held each of their hands and cleared her throat, “YOU TWO LIKE EACH OTHER NOW GET IT OVER WITH!” she yelled from the top of her lungs at the girls.

Both of them winced, pulling away from Ruby and clutching their ears. “I’m sorry, I think I just went deaf. What did you just say?” Weiss death-glares Ruby.

Blake facepalmed and stood up now. “Look, Weiss...Yang. It pains us to see you flirting and
nothing coming from it. Take it from us, you two deserve each other. You two like each other. So why not just go out?"

Ruby nodded in agreement, standing proudly. “Yeah! You two look so cute together anyways! Then we could totally go on double dates, and besides...EVERYONE knows how much two like each other so it should just really happen already!” Ruby stuck her thumb out, giving a thumbs up.

Yang and Weiss looked at each other once more, blushes rising but neither of them looked away. “E-everyone?” Yang stuttered.

“Yang Xiao Long! You liked me this ENTIRE time and you didn’t tell me?!” Weiss turned to her, accusatory pose and all.

Yang turned to her and scoffed, “That’s rich coming from you, princess. You don’t think I noticed your googly eyes all over my abs?”

Weiss approached her, pointing her finger in her face “Like I didn’t notice you drooling over me when I look at you?!”

Ruby leaned over to Blake and whispered, “Did we...uh...do it?”

Blake gulped, “I..I don’t know?” Blake sound hesitant, unsure if they had made things better...or worse.

“OH! You wanna talk about drooling?!” Yang gently grabbed Weiss’s finger and moved it out of her face and now they were face to face.

“Ugh! You are so irritating! I don’t know why I agreed to hang out with you!” Weiss scoffed in her face.

Yang rolled her eyes and huffed “You agreed because of this!” she gently grabbed Weiss’s face and kissed her right in front of Blake and Ruby. It was like the two had completely forgotten that Blake and Ruby where there and simply created their own little melodrama in front of them.

It seemed like Weiss had completely melted into the kiss as she wrapped her arms around Yang’s neck, who pulled her in closer.

Blake and Ruby stared, mouth agape, and eyes-widened. Blake, finally gathering herself, “I think we did it?"

“Should we, uh...stop them?” Ruby tugged on her own shirt collar as she stared at them going at it, in a public park.

Blake shook her head, “They have to breath sometime, right?”
Part 2 of Prompt 18!

Weiss and Yang start to learn more about each other and realize that they need one another more than they thought.

Her eyes strained as she struggled to read the textbook in front of her for the umpteenth time. She was used to this feeling, she WAS Weiss Schnee after all. The still grade A perfect student who was on the dean's list. Stretching herself out, she lifted her arms above her head and took a deep breath as she closed her eyes and groaned.

This part of the library had reeked of mothballs and must. This part of the library was also one of the well-hidden and private areas that usually other students refused to explore due to it's creepiness and the atmosphere. Weiss didn’t mind this, it allowed for little interruption or chatter among them. She exhaled, and opened her eyes.

“That was kinda hot.” a voice next to her commented, Weiss merely rolled her eyes and looked over to her study partner - Yang Xiao Long. The nuisance of a girl she had agreed to study with.

After their initial agreement on Yang telling Weiss how she tore her ACL and what an ACL was, Weiss had complied with Yang’s own wishes for her to catch up on the things she missed. Little did Weiss know that she’d end up getting reeled in to helping Yang not only with what she missed, but with the review for the final.

They had studied together for the last two weeks, now coming onto their last week. Finals week. Their test would be on Wednesday, giving them about the whole five days to study. Then, the sweet release of summer vacation.

Yang groaned, taking her pen and poking Weiss’s side with it causing her to jump then recoil, swatting at Yang’s already gone pen. “Yang! Can’t you take this seriously?” she glared at the girl who was grinning widely at her. “And hot? How is stretching and yawning in ANY sort of way ‘hot’?” she made a quotation motion with her fingers.

Yang straightened herself up as best as she could, her hurt leg resting on the seat in front of her. Her crutches rested against the table, only to fall over as she somehow jolted the table in her own movements. “Ack.” she tried to bend over to grab them, but Weiss had beat her to the punch. Weiss had quickly set-up the crutches, but this time in a safer place.

Yang watched Weiss carefully and tapped her pen on the table as Weiss returned to her seat, “Thanks princess.” she said “And to answer your question, no. I can’t take this seriously. Not anymore at least.” Yang dragged her hands over her own face as she let out a slight groan. “We’ve been studying nonstop for two weeks. Can’t we just do something fun together?”

Weiss looked at her with a raised eyebrow of suspicion. “Fun? Your idea of ‘fun’ is harassing me and not answering all of my questions.” Weiss scoffed, now crossing her arms waiting for Yang to answer her all the way.
Yang pouted, “Killjoy.” she muttered “You’re just hot, okay? You already know I like you. What more do you want from me?” she scowled and added, “And my idea of fun is taking you out on a date!” a small smirk ran across her face as she set her pen down and crossed her own arms.

Weiss narrowed her eyes, “A date? Yang, you know I don’t...I don’t like you like that. I’m only agreeing to help you study because I like studying.” Weiss bluntly stated. “Besides, I don’t even know how good I’d be on a date in the first place. I’ve never been on one.” she admitted, looking back at her notes, pretending to look busy.

Yang tilted her head, “Mm. That’s alright then. Can we still hangout as friends then, y’know for fun? Wait, you’ve never been on a date?” she tried to straighten herself out more as she tried to lean towards Weiss. “How come??”

Weiss once more faked being busy, her eyes lazily scanning the notes before her - not actually reading them. She sighed, and pulled herself back in her chair almost slouching. “I don’t know. I’ve never been asked out. Nobody’s ever really taken interest in me...for me and I just...” she felt as sense of unease wash over her.

Weiss was not one to ever think about love, or anything of the sorts. This was the first time she’s ever talked about anything like this - and it definitely wasn’t easy. She wanted to turn the conversation around fast. “What about you, Yang? You’ve ever dated anyone?”

Making several faces, Yang weakly nodded for some reason she looked a little...ashamed as Weiss could make out. “If I’m being honest with you...yeah, I have..but I’m not the best person to date. I’ve gone through a lot of...girlfriends.” she scratched her neck with her pen, looking a little offset.

Weiss looked rather offended at the declaration, as she felt a pang of jealousy stutter through her heart. The girl that had been a nuisance and a pain to her all year long had suddenly begun to irritate her in more ways than one. Yet, curiosity had piqued her interests, “O-oh? How many girlfriends have you had...and why did you break up with them?” she couldn’t help but ask, unsure of she was pushing some boundary she was unaware of.

A rather mischievous smirk appeared on Yang’s face “Why the sudden interest in my love life? Not that I mind, I just didn’t expect to play 20 questions so soon. It’s not like you like me or anything or if it’s that important to you or anything.” It was almost as if Yang had somehow revived the incompetent asshole from the classroom and brought her to life in the quiet library.

Weiss instantly caught on and scowled, “Y-you’re...insufferable! I do not like you like that!” Weiss insisted, but it was hard to convince Yang of such things when they had been ‘studying’ like this for the past few weeks.

In the weeks before, Yang had managed to convince Weiss to be her roommate. For them to exchange numbers. For them to have private study sessions like this one. But Yang wasn’t the one to push Weiss out of her comfort zone, as Weiss had agreed to all of these things. Yang wasn’t entirely sure just how lonely this girl was, but it was pretty clear to see that Yang (and now even Blake) were her only friends at this college.

Now Yang was a changed woman, in her early years she would’ve considered Weiss the easiest sort of prey. But there was something about Weiss that she couldn’t let go of. It’s not that Weiss was playing hard to get like the rest of the girls, but the fact that there was genuine innocence that Yang had found endearing. Yang hated the admittance of loving someone, but she couldn’t deny that she had started to love the girl who claimed that would never love her back.

Yang however, was fine with that. Finding company with the pipsqueak put her at ease as long as
she could admire the view - she would be okay with things. If that’s how things turned out, that is.

Yang cackled, “Calm down, pipsqueak I’m only joking. We’ve been at it for hours. How about we go back to my place and I make us some coffee and we watch a movie?” Yang said as returned to a somewhat acceptable demeanor.

Weiss sighed and turned her head away. “Fine. Only because you asked nicely.”

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Summer had come and the two girls had made their separate ways for home. Weiss to Atlas and Yang to Patch.

Weiss had, as per usual aced the finals with top grades if she had kept this up during her final years at college she would definitely be the valedictorian.

Yang had done similarly well, but she was in no place to be accepting any rewards.

Before summer had ended, Weiss had insisted that Yang message her every day. So that Weiss could see if Yang was alright of course. Yang had accepted what she called a ‘challenge’ and soon enough the girls had kept to their promise of consistently texting one another each day.

Sometimes Weiss would end up haphazardly calling Yang at the dead of night - which aroused suspicion from Yang more than anything else.

“Weiss, it’s 2 am. Why are you calling this late at night?” Yang groggily answered.

“I just wanted to talk. To make sure you’re...still there.” Weiss sounded as if she was wide awake.

“What? I’m not going to die for some dumb reason if that’s what you’re saying. Weiss, what’s wrong?” Yang sat up in her bed, rubbing her eyes now trying to be attentive as ever.

“I-I’m sorry I never should’ve called. Sorry for bothering you.” With a click and a dead tone, Weiss had hung up.

Yang looked at her phone in disbelief. “What was that about?”

A month had passed since that initial conversation, Weiss still texting her just as adamantly as ever.

It was only when Yang had broke her phone, and was unable to afford a new one that Yang had truly made Weiss worry.

For the first week of Yang’s broken phone, Weiss had continued to text her normally, but soon enough as the second week passed her text became saddening.

“Yang, I’m sorry if I said something wrong. Please text me back.”

After the the first month, Weiss had known better than to send multiple texts and multiple calls. This wasn’t a new occurrence for her. Weiss could never keep friends, they all ended up using her. Leaving her. Hating her. Yang was Weiss’s first true friend, someone that she needed. Someone that she wanted to love, but was far too afraid to. Weiss thought, that this...this was just another ‘occurrence’.

She told herself she should’ve known better. Her dad made things no better, chastising her. Belittling her. Berating her. She was alone. And all she could think about was Yang. Yang the girl
who had made her stupidly happy, even if she never admitted it for the first time in years. But she continued to tell herself, that she should’ve known better. People were all the same.

Yang on the other hand, was in a sort of full blown panic mode. She was unable to contact Weiss, at all. Part of her felt some sort of anguish, being unable to talk to her. Yang was horrid at memorizing numbers and she could not for the life of her remember Weiss’s. If this is a glimpse of what losing your love felt like, then Yang wanted none of that. Each day passed she thought of someway to apologize to Weiss. Each day felt worse than the other as she wondered how Weiss was faring.

There had to be a reason that Weiss was so adamantly on them talk everyday. Yang just wished Weiss would’ve told her. Regardless, Yang had loved being there for her. And now? She felt like if she was letting her down.

//

Summer had drawn itself out and now Weiss had moved herself into the house that her and Yang were supposed to share.

Supposed to.

Weiss wasn’t even entirely sure if Yang was still coming. The thought of facing Yang now terrified Weiss. She had hoped that she didn’t come. At the same time, all she wanted to do was see Yang.

Being the first person to arrive at the house, Weiss was able to claim the biggest bedroom and move all of her stuff in first. She still had a few days before classes began once more and all she could do was sit and wait.

Weiss had eventually fallen asleep on the couch, day turning into night.

Unbeknownst to her, the door handle jiggled and Yang, suitcase and all had arrived looking like a panicked mess. Yang’s eyes scanned the dark room as she immediately dropped her bag at the door, looking for Weiss.

She spotted the silhouette of a sleeping girl on her couch. A sigh of relief escaped Yang. She turned on the lights and gently shook Weiss awake.

“Hnn?” Weiss opened her eyes and immediately froze at the sight of Yang in front of her. Partially healed ACL and all. Weiss’s eyes went from shock to being filled with tears. Weiss did the only thing she knew how to and covered her face from Yang as she turned and faced away from her.

Standing there still in a lowkey panicked mode, Yang let out sounds of ‘I don’t know what the fuck to do’. The girl she had genuinely fallen for and cared about was now breaking down in front of her for a reason Yang could only guess why. “W-Weiss, are you okay?” Yang finally managed to say, slowly kneeling down with her good knee as she took her place by Weiss’s side.

Weiss continued to bawl in the couches corner, lying there. Yang brought herself to sit down at the edge of the couch, partially facing Weiss. She began to rub her back, making small and tender circles unsure if this was the right thing to do or not. But Weiss didn’t seem to swat at her like she usually had. “Look, I’m sorry I didn’t stay in touch. I broke my phone on the way out of PT and I had no way to talk to you. I live in the middle of bumfuck nowhere and buying a new phone isn’t really in my budget.” Yang explained with a hearty sigh. “I’m sorry.” she stated again, now stopping her movements on Weiss’s back.
Weiss’s sobs lessened as she finally turned her head, “Y-you don’t hate me?” she sniffled now turning her body completely.

Yang turned herself towards Weiss completely as well. “Weiss, you already know how I feel about you, why would that change? I’ve been pursuing you for months. I wouldn’t let all that hard work go to waste and I know that even if you don’t like me back I’m still here for you. I’m not just going to abandon you, that’s not me anymore.” Yang insisted, now taking Weiss’s hand and holding it.

“I thought you didn’t like me anymore. Nobody has stuck around as long as you have, and nobody seems to care about me and I…” she began to slowly start to sob again as she had sat up.

Yang immediately joined her up on the couch, cradling her. “Let me understand you Weiss, please. I want to help. I won’t leave you or abandon you. That I can promise.”

Weiss dug her face into Yang’s shoulder. “When I was in high school people always wanted to be my friend...Little did they know they did it for the sake of making a fool out of me. I was always little miss perfect. Little miss try to fit in, but no matter how hard I tried to make friends they always played me. I trusted every single one of them and not one of them liked or trusted me. I don’t know why, maybe I’m just an easy target? Am I really that terrible of a person? I...so I just gave up and came here. Away from Atlas, away from my dad who made things no better and now…” she took a deep breath and looked at Yang.

“I have you.” Weiss admitted. “You are the best thing in my life that could’ve ever happened and I...I do love you. I’m just...not sure how that all of that works. And I realized that over the summer break, that being away from you hurts, the thought of not being able to talk to you hurts.” Weiss pulled herself away from Yang, rubbing her eyes as Yang listened intently. “But, I don’t want to rush into this...love so soon. I don’t want to ruin it.”

Yang’s eyes lit up, she nodded and let out a small chuckle. “I won’t leave you, and no you’re not a terrible person. Easy target, ehhh…” she hesitantly nodded as it was always so easy to get Weiss worked up, but there was always time to help build Weiss become a stronger person. “But that doesn’t make you bad or weird.” Yang smiled, “I’m glad you think that of me. I...I don’t think anyone’s ever admitted that they loved me.” she paused.

“Yeah, I’ve had a lot of girlfriends but they were nothing but flings. Built off of fake love and passion and more of a heat of the moment sort of thing. So as far as love as concerned, I’m just as clueless as you are. You’re right though, I don’t want to rush into it either but as things seem to be going I don’t think there is a chance in hell that you and I will ruin it if we continue to talk like this.” Yang sat back on the couch, wrapping her arm around Weiss.

“Just know that whatever happens, I’m here for you too.” Yang sweetly said with a smile.
Not really an assigned prompt as, well, I guess it is because I assigned it to myself, because why not?

Prompt: Weiss and Yang are in Atlas and are grouped up together for their mission. When they head off, they run into an old friend who pushes them together and makes them realize that they just might need one another.

“All right team...Uhh...team...” Ruby paused, rubbing her chin in thought as she began to mutter to herself, “Well, we have Jaune, Ren, Nora, Ya-”

“Ruby? Ruby. The mission.” Jaune waved his hand in front of Ruby’s face. Everyone seemed to be staring at Ruby as the stood in a circle.

Ruby blinked and looked around, with sheepish smile she began again, “Oh right! Guess the team name doesn’t matter at this point. So, let’s go over what we’re doing. Ren, Jaune, Nora, Oscar, Qrow and I will be heading to see Ironwood and discuss what to do with the relic.”

Blake stepped up, “Sun, Ilia and I will head to the Faunus sector of Atlas. There are rumors of White Fang activity, and we’re going to see if the rumors are true. If they are, then we will put a stop to it.” Blake, looked to Sun and Ilia as she stepped back. They both nodded towards her.

Weiss now stepped forward, “Yang and I are headed to the Schnee mansion...as..” Weiss took a quick pause, a slight hesitation in her words, “As the Heiress of the Schnee Dust company it is my obligation to oversee the safety of all of Atlas and its workers.” Weiss looked around, hoping nobody had caught her in her lie, but why would they? They didn’t know. Nobody did.

She looked at Yang last, who gave her a nod and a thumbs up.

Weiss gave her a small smile, with Yang, she knew that she could do this.

“All right Team!!” Ruby pumped her fist in the air, “Let’s split up gang!”

Everyone nodded, a few pleasantries were exchanged before everyone had made their way to their objective.

Weiss and Yang had the advantage of using Bumblebee to quickly make their way to the mansion.

“What, no helmets?” Weiss asked curiously before getting on the bike with Yang.

Yang shook her head, “Not this time. Guess you’ll just have to hold on tightly like you did last time.”

It was a good thing Yang was looking ahead of her, as she revved the bike’s engine, for Weiss seemed to breathlessly sputter out as she remembered just how needlessly hard she had clung onto Yang at Raven’s camp.
Though, it's not like Yang minded. Throughout their time spent together in these passing weeks, they had started to grow closer. Light touches here and there, glances towards one another as they passively traveled side by side at every step. And once again, they had paired themselves off with the intention of instigating Jacques, Weiss’s own father.

Even then, Yang only knew a little bit more than everyone else. It was better than nothing. Weiss knew that her feelings for Yang, were probably one-sided. Since their chat, Weiss wanted nothing more than to be next to Yang’s side.

Yang felt Weiss’s arms grip around her midsection almost as tightly as they had the first time they rode together. Yang held down a shiver, as Weiss’s touch had sent electricity through her body. Weiss was holding on tightly to Yang for a good reason, she didn’t want to fly off the bike at 50 mile per hour. Good thing they both knew their landing strategies.

Now for Yang, she couldn’t deny the strange feelings she’d get every time Weiss touched her. A feeling she once shared with Blake, now replaced by Weiss’s own gentleness and sudden brazenness with brawler. Weiss had shown plenty of growth, and it was surprising for Yang when she had unexpectedly found herself drifting towards the Heiress. All Yang wanted was for her to be able to give Weiss what Weiss had done for her. A sense of security, comfort, and what Yang considered a hearty warmth for the usually cold demeanored girl.

The two sped off, Weiss occasionally spouting out directions for Yang to follow. Weiss had buried the side of her face into Yang’s broad and muscled shoulders. For a moment, she wished that she didn’t ever have to let go. As for Yang, she couldn’t help but smile to herself. While Yang thought the feeling surely couldn’t be mutual she would take what she could.

It was when they had come upon a stoplight, that Weiss had noted a strange looking vehicle on their tail. For several miles, the vehicle in question followed them.

“Yang, I think someone is following us. They’ve been on us for the last five miles.” Weiss warned Yang, who nodded.

“Yeah, they’ve been getting pretty close to us.” Yang responded.

“What should we do?”

“Hold on.” As soon as Yang felt Weiss’s grip tighten, Yang took a sharp right into an empty street. The car followed, as expected and as it did, Yang completely spun the bike around - leaving skid marks and smokes as she did so. The bike now face the car head on.

Weiss and Yang both hopped off the bike, now standing in an attack position as they wielded their respective weapons.

The car made a hard stop in front of them, with the windows tinted it was hard to tell who was following them.

The doors opened, and out from the passenger side stepped out a very familiar, and bright looking face.

“Oh my gosh!! It IS you guys! Hey Team RWBY!!” Neon’s tail flicked excitedly as she seemed to greet them, “Like, I am sooo sorry for following sooo closely, but I just had to get Flynt to follow you guys because I totally knew it was you two!!” she stepped forward, seemingly unafraid of the girls who were still wielding their weapons. Albeit, the two girls were a little stunned. Flynt’s hand seem to come out from the driver's side with a wave.
Now putting them away the two girls stared, then exchanged odd glances, then back to Neon.

“Neon?” Weiss and Yang simultaneously questioned with very confused looks on their faces.

Yang now scratched behind her head, standing in the middle of the street with Weiss and Neon.

“Uhh, so is there something you needed from us Neon?”

Neon’s eyes seemed to sparkle, “Well, duh! You guys just have to come and party with us. There’s a totally cool party going on right down the road, it’s going on right now and you should totally come and follow us!”

“Right now?” Weiss seemed to repeat with a scoff, “Neon, might we take a raincheck with you? We’re kind of on an important mission.” Weiss looked over at Yang who seemed to nod in agreement.

Flynt, now sticking his head out the window, “Once in a lifetime opportunity, Schnee. Just think of it as compensation for my dad’s dust shop!” he seemed to mischievously grin.

Neon now grabbed their attention by jumping right in front of them, “Besides, it looks like you two could really use the fun.” she winked, “So come’ on, just follow us.”

Weiss and Yang looked at each other and shrugged, “Fine, we’ll go.” Yang said.

“But only for an hour.” Weiss added, once more Weiss and Yang seemed to agree.

“You won’t regret it Schnee!” Flynt called out again. Neon retreated back to into the passengers side.

Weiss and Yang returned to Bumblebee. Weiss, seemed to nuzzle into Yang’s backside this time. Causing a very apparent shiver to run through Yang. Though, neither of them said anything about it.

“I thought Atlas was supposed to be...better?” Yang seemed to comment slack-jawed.

“Yeah, me too.” Weiss stared wide-eyed.

They had entered into a very large warehouse, where plenty of cars had parked and as they entered the building - music seemed to blare out of the warehouse. Bright flashing lights, had stopped them in their tracks momentarily.

Whatever this place was, it was a combination of a skating rink / roller derby rink with a stage and cages for what looked like a ravers paradise.

Whatever it was, it was a mess.

“Welcome to our home!” Neon shoved herself between Weiss and Yang, then pulling them together. Weiss and Yang seemed to bump shoulders, their fingertips brushing with one another as they did.

Neon now seemed to glide around them, her rainbow seemed to follow her around as she circled Weiss and Yang. “Now you two, really look like you can use a pull...” Neon grabbed both of their hands, Flynt not far behind now used his trumpet to propell Neon forward as she dragged them both onto the dance floor.

“Ack, what are yo-” Before Weiss and Yang could even get in a word they had been dragged to a
corner of the dance floor, as they tried to avoid the ever apparent bump and grind of the other partiers.

“And a push!” Neon once more pushed the two of them towards the dance floor, and ultimately together.

Now fleeing the scene, Neon caught up with Flynt.

“You think this’ll work?” Neon smirked as she watched Yang and Weiss exchange many looks unsure of what to do now.

Flynt chuckled, “I still say Plan Jazz still has a better chance than this. I still can’t believe I agreed to do this though.”

“Are you kidding me? Those girls deserve each other. Even after they kicked our butt, there was no denying the chemistry they had. Plus, my gaydar has like, never been wrong.”

Now standing less than one foot apart on the dance floor, Weiss and Yang seemed to awkwardly try and shuffle around each other. Both, furiously blushing and trying to squeeze their way out of the ever growing dancing crowd around them.

“This was a bad idea.” Weiss seemed to yell out to Yang. Weiss could feel her stress rising, it was more than just ‘this was a bad idea’, it was that Weiss really had no grounds to stand on with her father. While, Yang had been the one to agree to come here - Weiss would’ve already agreed to go.

She wasn’t ready to face him. Not so soon at least.

Yang looked down at Weiss confused, “What?” she seemed to try and yell back, the music growing louder, the lights flashing a little too brightly, and the sensations around them becoming far more intense than any battle they had ever faced.

Weiss groaned in frustration, now grabbing Yang and shoving her way through the crowd. Out passed the front door. She pulled Yang, far beyond the front entrance. Not letting Neon, Flynt, or anyone else in her way stop her.

She wouldn’t stop until they made it to where Yang had parked Bumblebee. Weiss’s ears seemed to ring from the music as she looked at Yang who seemed a little disoriented from it all.

“I can’t do this, Yang.” Weiss looked down at Yang’s feet, still holding onto Yang’s hand.

“The party?” Yang tilted her head rather curiously.

“No, no!” Weiss looked up at Yang, with rather melancholic features, “Earlier, when I said I was the Heiress of the Schnee Dust company...I...I lied. To all of them...and to you.”

“What are you talking about Weiss?” Yang’s tone seemed to soften, as she gently squeezed Weiss’s hand.

“The night I summoned the Boarbatusk, my father...disinherited me. He slapped me, called me crazy and renounced my heiress status, he was going to trap me in that house. For I don’t know how long.” Weiss’s eyes seemed to wander all around, not wanting to look Yang directly in the eyes, “The reason you found me at Raven’s camp is because the ship I took to escape crashed. Honestly, I was lucky you even found me. While, I could’ve escaped, I don’t think I could’ve made it that far.” Weiss finally met with Yang’s gaze, a sympathetic one at that.
“I’m thankful for you, you know.” Yang now responded. Weiss seemed to hold a confused look, “When I met with Raven, I was ready to do it alone. Then you appeared, out of nowhere and I didn’t have to do it alone. And when we talked about Blake I was afraid she was never going to come back, just like my mom. But there you were, you appeared again, out of nowhere and you let me know that I wasn’t alone. That I didn’t have to be alone. That none of us have to do it alone.” Yang grabbed Weiss’s other hand, now holding both of them, “Weiss, you don’t have to do this alone. We’re here for you. And…” she smirked, “I know we’re not as close, but I’m here for you too.” Yang pulled Weiss in, for a lighthearted hug.

A hug, that Weiss graciously accepted and needed. As she wrapped her arms around Yang’s neck, once more feeling a safety, and a familiarity with Yang that sounded and felt more and more like home. Weiss’s head nuzzled into Yang’s neck, a warm whispered, “Thank you.” escaped from Weiss’s mouth.

After an uncertain amount of time, the two pulled away from one another. Their hands, still lingering in one another’s. Their fingers intertwining, as Yang’s thumb lightly caressed Weiss’s knuckles.

“So, are you ready?” Yang asked, as she looked lovingly at Weiss.


The both of them taking their place on Bumblebee, and headed off for the mansion once more.

From the shadows two figures watched,

“See, I told you I’m never wrong!” Neon held her hand out.

“You run a real shady business, Neon.” Flynt dug in his pockets, pulling out some Lien and handing it over to Neon.

“I told you, the gaydar is never wrong!”
Confession

Chapter Summary

A drabble I wrote on my Freezerburn sideblog.

Oh, and I'm still on prompt hiatus. Bwahahaha.

“Yang?” A small voice called out through the silence of the night.

“Mm?” An almost groggy reply came through from the sleeping girl next to her.

It was only half past midnight, yet Weiss could not sleep. This had slowly become an occurrence every time Yang, her loving girlfriend, had visited from Patch. Sure, long distance relationships were tough but the two made it work and they’d make it work until they could truly move in together.

“I’ve been thinking,” Weiss began her voice low as to not wake anybody else in the house. It didn’t help that they still lived in their respective childhood homes. Privacy seemed to be a privilege, not a right. It was a good thing Weiss’s parents had been far too busy with their own things to ever complain about what Weiss was doing. “about how grateful I am to you. How patient you are with me.”

“Mm?” A slight tone shift, along with Yang turning her body over to face Weiss, her eyes still closed however.

“We’ve been going out for about a year now. Truth be told, I never imagined a relationship like this… one that could feel so perfect in almost every way… one that I…” Weiss paused, trying to calculate her words as her voice seemed to tremble.

Yang now opened one eye and looked directly at Weiss who had been staring at the darkness the whole time. Only when Yang opened an eye is when her head turned, she noticed those stupidly beautiful lavender eyes sleepily eyeing her. Yang’s brow seemed to furrow when they met. But she kept quiet, not wanting Weiss to lose her focus.

But this time, Weiss sat up clutching the covers. It was always cold in Atlas, but she was shivering for a different reason. “One that I… didn’t feel forced to say those words.”

Those words? What were those words, exactly? Yang had a feeling, but let Weiss continue on.

Yang sat herself up, level with Weiss. Still watching her very carefully as Weiss seemed to hide her face.

“You’ve never forced me to say anything I didn’t want to say, or do anything I didn’t want to do. It’s funny…because every other person I’ve been with has made the point to say those words to me almost immediately. I never knew if it was the right thing to say at that time. But it’s what they wanted to hear. It’s what they wanted me to say.” Weiss seemed to go on, and Yang as always listened on.

“But now I want to say it… because…”
“Because?” Yang softly repeated, finally letting Weiss know that she was here. To stay. For everything and anything.

“I wanted to let you know that I love you, Yang Xiao Long.”

What felt like a long moment of silence filled the air. Was this too soon? A year of dating, and not once had they uttered those words to one another. Up until now, both of them had delayed those words. Not only for the sake of each other’s feeling, but for their own.

It was Weiss who broke that unwritten truce between them. Had it been too much?

Instead, a small giggle escaped Yang.

“Yang?!”

“Weiss, you dolt - I love you too.” Yang seemed to be now fully awake, grinning cheek to cheek. She chuckled at the stolen vocabulary choice from Weiss’s own repertoire.

Weiss’s heart seemed to jump. It was Weiss who said it first and she was sure of those feelings. Her heart was way too jittery and fluttery in this moment for those feelings and words not to be real.

“Don’t- Don’t laugh at me, I’m serious! I love you!” She rose her voice, but only a little. It felt so freeing to say those words.

Yang seemed to pull her down on top of her. “Princess,” she muttered in a calm and gentle tone, “I’m serious too. I’m only laughing because I’m just so happy you said it. It feels good to hear it… but even better to feel it.” Yang lifted up Weiss’s face towards her, placing a soft and gentle kiss upon her lips.

Weiss wrapped her arms around Yang deepening the kiss. There was no doubt about it. Even after a year of searching her heart and fighting the doubts in her mind… that Weiss Schnee was undoubtedly in love with Yang Xiao Long.

And Yang Xiao Long was madly in love with Weiss Schnee.
Chapter Notes

Almost forgot to post this here!

This one-shot is inspired by a song - "Clean Bandit – Mama (feat. Ellie Goulding)"
I’m trying out a weird writing style for myself. Or something like that. I just hope it makes sense in the end. Bare with me.

Freezerburn!

Beware: 5k words. Everyone in this “one-shot” is cheeky and a smart-ass. They’re teenagers, obvi. (except for god tier dad tai.) I would’ve expanded on this whole entire thing if it weren’t for me claiming it to be a one-shot. FDGKJDSG.

It’s from a Yang PoV / Almost an introspective/journalistic and basically a journey into discovering herself and what she likes. (Plot twist: It’s Weiss)

September 13th, 20[xx]

“Yang, seriously? Senior year, and you still haven’t had a crush on anyone?” Jaune poked at her, questioningly. Nora and Ren sighed.

Pyrrha lightly smacked Jaune on the shoulder, “Don’t question her with silly things like that.” she smirked mischievously “Are you sure you don’t find any guy attractive?” they were playing with her.

Yang leaned forward, her head resting on her elbow as she idly chewed her corn dog, only to look down at it and frown. “No? It’s high school. I’m focused on..Go-” her go to response when she didn’t feel like playing along.

“Good grades. Good morals. And most of all my sister!” everyone at the lunch table seemed to repeat, in a cultist chant like manner.

Yang leaned back and rolled her eyes, “I’m heading to class.” she starting packing up her things. Her appetite had suddenly disappeared. *You guys are lucky that you’ve been my friends since middle-school. Or else, I don’t know how I would deal with you lot.*

“Oh, come on you guys - don’t tease her like that.” Nora scolded the two.

Yang waved off, “It’s fine. I’m just going to study a bit before class.” she had thrown her things away and made a beeline towards the exit.

What’s the big deal about having a boyfriend anyways? It wasn’t fair that Yang had to eat lunch with not one, but two pairs of couples, while her other friends had different lunch scheduling. But it wasn’t their fault it ended up like that.

*There’s nothing wrong with not having a crush! I mean, it’s not like I know what it feels like to have one anyways. Well, it’s not that I’ve considered it. Dating, that is. Yang eyes wandered
around the hallways. A boy with gorgeous green eyes and black hair passed by her. He’s attractive. Would he be my type?

Yet, Yang only seemed to eye the boys she had passed by and found them… as she would normally find guys. Normal. Maybe… girls? A redness took over her face. Did she like girls? Wasn’t it the norm to have a boyfriend? Surely, her friends made it look that way.

Yang headed into class and as usual there was that one girl, with ivory colored hair that stood out to the rest of the world. The girl didn’t seem to budge or make a movement - as this was how it usually was. Yang took her place a few seats diagonal from the girl and pulled out her papers and notes.

This is so bothersome! What’s the big deal about being in love anyways? Tcch.. She let out an audible sigh.

“That’s how I feel about question sixteen.” The voice from behind her commented as she tapped her pencil.

Yang shook herself out of her thoughts, trying to catch what the girl said. She turned her head and pretended as if she had heard - “Yeah, haha. It sucks.” she returned in a half-assed response. Her eyes gazed over the girl, noticing the tiny detail of a scar running over her left eye - she seemed to return a smile and nod and returned back to looking over her own notes while Yang turned and did the same thing.

Four weeks in this class and almost four years in this school and you’d think I’d know everybody by now. She rubbed her forehead, she really wasn’t doing a good job at looking over her notes… Come to think of it. I don’t think I’ve seen her face around the school at all.

Her eyes squinted over the paper in front of her and then she turned around, “Hey, uhm…I don’t think I caught your name.” Yang said to the girl.

She seemed to raise an eyebrow at the girl, “We’ve been in this class for how long, doing attendance and you still don’t know my name?” the girls seemed to be dead serious - her tone shifting completely.

“Ahh…” Yang seemed caught off guard.

Shit, well - she’s not wrong. I just really don’t pay attention to the people in my class! It’s not like that matters. I’m not here to make friends anymore. Should I apologize? Play it -

“Whoa, whoa. Relax. You look like you’re about to explode” she teased, “I’m Weiss. I’m pretty much new to this school.” she flashed a quick smile.

Yang seemed to hide her face for a moment. That was embarrassing. I didn’t think she’d be so chill about it.

“And you’re Yang Xiao Long, aren’t you?”

“Ahhh…” Yang froze up once again. She knows me, I don’t know her. This is definitely awkward. Here I am proving that I am a grade-A asshole.

“For someone that looks as tough as you, I definitely wouldn’t have taken you for the shy type.” Weiss commented, twirling her pencil in between her long slender fingers.

“For someone that looks as icy as you, I never would’ve considered you for the cheeky type.” Yang retaliated in a joking manner.
Weiss chuckled, “I’d say more a defiant type. Defying the odds, but…” she shrugged and merely smiled.

“Never judge a book by it’s cover?”

“Exactly that.”

**October 18th, 20[xx],**

*Parts of me still don’t understand the feel for love. Recently, Blake entered into a relationship with Sun. I’m a little bit jealous. Jaune and Pyrrha. Ren and Nora. Sun and Blake. I mean, everything is still the same with them - it’s just that they have each other. I still have them. Just not in ‘that way’. Whatever that is.*

*I want to feel what love is. But how will I know when I meet the right person?*

“Yang, now is not the time to be daydreaming.” Weiss shook her awake from her thoughts. “We’ve got work to do.”

“Oh, right.” Yang had handed Weiss the decorations - a group of them had been preparing for the upcoming festivities. The two had joined one of the school committee clubs and were now overseeing the decorations for the school in its entirety. Today they had decided to stay a little bit after school and now; it was safe to say at this point that Yang and Weiss were friends due to how much time they had spent together over these last five weeks.

Yang looked up at Weiss, holding the ladder steady as Weiss proceeded to hang up some spooky bats in the hallways. “Vance! I swear - if you don’t straighten out that poster - it’s going to be the death of me.” Weiss yelled from atop the ladder.

*Meeting the right person at this time and place just seems… silly. If it were meant to be then it would’ve happened already. It seemed as if Yang had returned to daydreaming, nearly drowning everything out around her. I don’t even know what you’re supposed to do when you fall in love. Everyone around me usually acts like themselves. But what about in private…No, nope. She openly shook her head at her own thought. Still lost in them.*

*Don’t want to think about that. Do I want to be alone forever? No, not really. Am I, Yang Xiao Long - brave enough to venture into the territory of falling in love? Even if I do where would I find it?*

“Jeez, you’re on a ladder and over 5 feet tall and suddenly you have power?” Vance, one of the committee students retorted.

*It’s honestly not like someone is going to fall right into my arms and then we’ll fall madly in love through some weird happenstances.*

Weiss glared intently and stepped down, only to miss a rung on the ladder as Yang’s grip had lightened on the ladder itself, not holding it as steadily “Sh-” the ladder toppled over as did Weiss. Within almost an instant Weiss landed on top of Yang, safely. While the ladder slid to the left. Yang, however was the not-so-lucky participant of these unwanted chain of events. Yang had landed straight on her ass, bruising her tailbone with Weiss comfortably sitting her lap.

*Ow, ow, ow!!! God, what are you playing at?*

Vance ran up to the two, “Whoa, are you two okay?”
Weiss stood up, “Yeah, we’d be fine if you hadn’t made such a comment.” she wiped herself off and helped Yang up.

“What? You’re the one who started talking to me first. You didn’t have to be so rude about it.”

Yang seemed to watch the two squabble as she patted her own backside. That would definitely bruise.

“I was only doing my job, Vance. That’s what I’m here for.” she glared.

Wait. Shit. This is my fault. Weiss wouldn’t have fell if my grip hadn’t been so weak. Might also be the schools fault since this ladder is older than the school itself. I guess I’ll do something about it.

“Hey! Nobody’s at fault here.” Yang interjected, “First off - this ladder is old as shit. Definitely isn’t sturdy to begin with. Second off - I may or may not have been daydreaming. Again. So my grip may have been… weak.” she sheepishly grinned. “Third off - my ass really hurts so can we just get this over with?”

Weiss let out a sigh while Vance just smirked, “Yang, you’re really losing you’re cool kid rep.” Vance commented.

“Coming from the guy who sounds like an old man. Got it gramps.” she sarcastically responded.

Weiss let out a chuckle her, hand covering her mouth, “Alright, alright. Vance, get back to work. I have things to talk about with Ms. Xiao Long here.”

“Professor Peach, is that you?” Yang looked at Weiss with a playful look about her, her hand resting on her chin in a mock-perplexion.

Weiss groaned and pulled Yang away to where none of the rest of the committee were.

“Yang, are you okay?” Weiss seemed to ask.

“Well, like I said my butt really hurts so…”

“No, no. Not about that it just seems like you’ve got something on your mind.” Weiss questioned.

Oh shit. Have I been that obvious? My thoughts aren’t even really that important - it’s just that… now it’s become an obsession. With my feelings. With all of this. I want to figure it out. I don’t think I can ask Weiss what love really feels like - she probably knows as much as me considering all she’s told us at lunch… which frankly hasn’t been much. We’re nearly the same in that aspect. Clueless and loveless.

“Yang, Remnant to Yang.” Weiss snapped her fingers in front of Yang’s face.

“Ahhh…” Yang’s focus was brought back in as she looked up at Weiss who seemed a little bit more than concerned. “I do have things on my mind. I just…I don’t think I can talk about it with you. Sorry if I caused problems today. I promise it won’t happen again.”

Weiss sighed and nodded, “Alright. Well, Yang… if you ever have anything you want to talk about just know that I’m here for you.” she grabbed Yang’s hand and shared a soft smile. She gently squeezed it and let go. Weiss walked away, back towards the group going back on her controlling rampage of spooky decor.

What was that?
For a split second Yang had felt a feeling in her gut as Weiss had grabbed her hand. She didn’t have
the time to respond. But it had overwhelmed her in just a short second. She looked down at her
hand, feeling the sensation burn and then leave her all the same. Once more, she looked over at
Weiss and watched her harass the second years over the placement of some webbing.

*Weird.*

She clutched at her chest.

*Very weird.*

**November 1st, 20[xx]**

Yang couldn’t imagine what those feelings were. Or where they had come from. It’s not like they
had been constant. When Yang was on her own, her mind would usually wander to the usual. Like
work and what she needed to do. However, on occasion - her mind would wander onto Weiss, her
friend.

*It’s a Friday, I wonder if she has any plans. Don’t know what we’d do though. She looked real
pretty in those leggings today. Her make-up was on point too. And the way she smiled when I told
her that was the best part in it all.*

She felt the bubbling in her stomach once more. She rubbed her stomach, “Gahhh.” she muttered.
Her heart, seemed to be doing some weird tricks too.

“Hungry, sport?” Tai called from the kitchen, as if he had a sixth sense for these things.

Yang shot up from her spot on the couch and turned towards her father’s voice.

“Hell yeah!”

“Language!”

“Fuck yeah!”

“Yang, just get your butt in here.”

Yang scurried her way to the kitchen and started to peel the potatoes that her father had left on the
counter. A silence filled the air until Yang had decided to break it.

“Dad?”

“Yeah?”

“How did you and mom fall in love?” She asked nonchalantly.

Tai seemed to sputter on the spot, “Are you talking about Raven or Summer?”

“Both, I guess.” Yang shrugged.

“Well, that’s a loaded question in itself. Raven and I fell in love in college and had you. I met
Summer after college, through old friends and we just happened to fall in love and connect and had
your sister, Ruby.”

Yang sighed, “You like, completely missed the point of my question.”
“What?”

“I want to know how you fell in love, what it feels like, looks like, how do you know they’re the one?” Yang had finished peeling in a record time and turned towards Tai who seemed taken aback by the sudden barrage of questions.

“Why the sudden twenty questions?” he seemed to stop in his own actions.

“Do I need a reason?”

“Well, you’ve never shown interest in this stuff before… so there’s definitely something or someone on your mind.”

Yang sputtered, her mind instantly going to Weiss… but why her? Yang didn’t like her… not like that.

“No, no! I’m just…” she let out a sigh “all of my friends, except me are dating. I’m tired of not knowing what the big deal is.”

Tai chuckled, “Well, Yang…that’s up to you on whether or not it’s a big deal. Finding love is different for everyone and just because you have it now - doesn’t mean it’s always going to last. So, I’m going to tell you this. Falling in love is different for everyone, but the feelings are usually the same. My take on it, is that it’s finding happiness that you can share with another person. Happiness that isn’t forced, but just is. Being or even thinking of that person can make your heart at ease or maybe overly joyed. There’s no right or wrong way to feel about the way you love someone, as long as you know they aren’t being harmed by it. If anything, your heart is the one to tell you if they’re the one. It’s something you have to listen carefully for. Not with just your heart, but with your mind too.”

Yang fell silent.

This is… a lot more than I expected.

“Yang, you’re my daughter but we’re still two completely different people. Love has its ways. And yours will find its way to you too. Don’t fear to question it. To challenge it. To accept it. But remember, loving someone doesn’t solely involve you… and they’re not an object of your affection to be won. But an actual human being to be respected - whether or not they like you back too. Share in your experiences, thrive through your mistakes and make the outcome better than what you had before.”

I don’t think I really understand any better. Or am I just that dense when it comes to love? Maybe it wasn’t the best idea to ask dad, but I don’t know if either of my mom’s would know how to answer that.

Guess I’ll have to figure this out by myself.

December 15th, 20[xx]

“No one?!” Yang’s eyes widened.

“No, the all seemed to cancel at the last minute.” Weiss replied as the two now stood at the entrance of the ice skating rink.

Ahh shoot, I guess that’s what we get for planning near the break.
“So just the two of us then?” Yang held the door open for Weiss.

It’s not like that had actually mattered to Yang, the two of them had grown closer as friends. They had eaten lunch together, studied together, and sometimes casually hung out. Yet, Yang couldn’t get rid of this nagging feeling inside of her. It pulled her along whenever she was with Weiss.

_Not a big deal. It’s the usual protocol…_ She scrunched her face as she followed Weiss through the building. Protocol? _What am I, some military commander? Sheesh, Colonel Xiao Long lighten up._ The nagging feeling had returned. Yang couldn’t place her finger on it.

The two had gotten their skates, with Weiss having brought her own and Yang having to rent some out.

“I forgot to ask, you know how to skate right?” Weiss finished tying up her skates and stood up.

Yang shook her head “Nope.”

Weiss held her hand over her mouth in a small chuckle, “Oh, this’ll be fun.” a mischievous look grew about her.

Yang could feel herself light up at the look of Weiss. She was with her best friend! Of course she was happy about being with her best friend. But… she still couldn’t shake this feeling. She wanted to enjoy herself with Weiss and she was, but this… this was entirely different.

_Ignore it. You’re here for her. No, wait. You’re here with her. That’s right._

Yang stood up, finishing her own lacing and followed Weiss onto the ice. Only to quickly flail about and grab for the sides. She breathed out, watching her own breath fill the air. Vale’s winters weren’t exactly the coldest, but weren’t the warmest either. Even inside the rink they had to wear a decent amount of warm clothing to stay warmed and contented. And they made sure not to dally about outside.

Weiss once again covered her mouth in a giggle as she glided along the ice with such grace and ease.

“All right there, Ms. Ice Queen why don’t you come help a newbie out?” Yang seemed to cry out.

_She makes it look all too easy. The way her legs help her glide along the ice and the way her hair sways… it really must help her form!_

Weiss held her hand out for Yang to grab onto.

For a second her heart began to jumpstart.

_This shit again?! I’m just with Weiss so why am I like this? It doesn’t feel bad at all but every time Weiss and I are alone I just can’t seem to fight whatever this is._

Yang held onto Weiss’s hand, nearly stumbling as she let go of the side railing.

“Take it easy there, you big brute. Try moving your legs in this sort of gliding motion.” Weiss seemed to playfully tease as she helped Yang slide along the ice. They were lucky that it wasn’t a packed rink as a few others seemed to also glide around them with ease. The two had seemed to pick up speed without Yang even noticing.

“Everyone’s a show off, huh.” Yang gave off a light-hearted grin towards Weiss who grinned at
her in return.

Another sensation hit Yang.

_Shit. When did it get so warm in here? And why do my hands feel so clammy? I should let go of Weiss._

With that thought Yang had accidentally entered into another daydream like-state. Her mind immediately taking the thought into consideration and letting go of Weiss who’s momentum had already taken her forward near the outer edge.

“Yang?!” Weiss sped a little forward and turned around only to see Yang snap out of it and wildly flail her arms towards Weiss.

_OH SHIT._

With her arms in front of her, she seemed to wave about wildly wanting to catch the wall that Weiss happened to be in the way of. “How do I stop?!”

It was a little too late as Yang’s lengthy arms caught the wall, but now Weiss was trapped in between Yang and the wall - Yang who had come at a surprisingly fast speed had managed to not crush Weiss too badly.

But now the situation had turned, what Yang considered, awry.

She was chest to chest with Weiss, she could feel Weiss’s breath tickling her collarbones. Yang looked down at Weiss, who seemed to be caught off guard. The look that Weiss had given her has they stood so intimately close was one that would be ingrained into the mind of Yang Xiao Long for the rest of her life. One, that Yang couldn’t really be sure if she was seeing things correctly.

_Weiss, are you blushing?_

“W-Weiss…I’m so sorry.” Yang’s voice suddenly trembled. This wasn’t a life-threatening situation, but it was for Yang.

Her heart was **burning.**

Weiss once again rose her hand to cover her mouth in a laugh. But for some reason Yang lightly grabbed her hand to hold it down.

“Don’t hide it. It’s beautiful.” Yang blurted out.

Weiss’s eyes went wide with a very visible blush. Or maybe it was the coldness hitting her cheeks.

_Shit. Why did I say that? Why did it feel so good? Why does she look like that?! What’s going on?!_

“Have to pee. Be right back.” Yang babbled out. She seemed to awkwardly inch her way off of Weiss and and quickly shuffled herself along the railing, leaving a stunned and bewildered Weiss to her own devices.

_I don’t have to pee. That was a lie. That last thing about Weiss’s laugh being beautiful WASN’T a lie. It balances it out, right?_

Yang untied her skates and put on her shoes and ran off to the restroom.

_Why won’t these feelings go away?_
She had entered the restroom and stood in front of the sink, staring at herself in the mirror.

_Gah, mom if you were here what would you do? What do I do?_

Turning on the sink, she splashed her face with water and sighed as she dried it off. The burning sensation within herself only seemed to diminish slightly.

_It really feels like I’m walking with my heart on fire._

Her mind raced with the thought of Weiss and her pressed up against one another. Yang remembered the way Weiss’s lips looked, how she seemed to tremble under the pressure of Yang - a blush filling the image of not only Weiss but Yang as she seemed to stare at her own reflection.

_W-What are these thoughts?_

_And why do I like them so much?!_

**February 14th, 20[xx]**

The break had passed as had the beginning of the second semester. Weiss and Yang were as close as ever. But Yang couldn’t help but notice these growing feelings within her. Feelings that she couldn’t avoid, but why would she want to when they made her feel so good.

Every day she woke up with the intention of seeing Weiss. But parts of her still didn’t know what that meant. She herself, couldn’t see that she was in denial.

To make matters more complicated it was Valentines day. This day was all about love and Yang had the urge to learn a little bit more.

But today, Yang felt compelled to look for a good source of advice and who better to give advice than none other than Blake Belladonna? Her long time best friend and basically second sister.

“Blake, I need some advice.”

“At 7 am? Did you have some weird prophetic dream again?”

Yang furrowed her brows, “What, no. Just listen…this is the most important question I’ll ever ask you.”

Blake looked at her suspiciously, the two were sitting the cafeteria waiting for classes to start - everyone else seemed to be groggily walking along on this love-filled day.

“Okay, so for context let’s just say that during certain times I get these feelings that I can’t really explain. It’s with this one specific person and I can’t make heads or tails of it. You know, it feels really good and I just can’t stop thinking about them and I just want to be with them -”

“Yang, get to the point. It’s too early in the morning for my attention span to be fully here.”

“Oh, right. Anyways, what I’m trying to say is I really like these feelings and I don’t want them to go away with this person but I just don’t have a name for it yet.” Yang seemed to look over her own hands, she seemed to be fiddling a lot more than she had remembered.

Blake seemed to look at Yang as if she was the dumbest person to walk the planet.

“Uh, Blake?”
Blake smirked, “Holy shit, Yang. You’re in love!”

“What?!”

No, what? That can’t be right. But my heart says otherwise. Ack! Brain, what are you doing to me?

“Oh my gosh, is it Weiss? You’re in love with Weiss, aren’t you?” Blake seemed to be on the edge of her seat leaning over the table now wide-awake.

Yang’s heart seemed to beat a mile per second. A burning sensation filling her entire being. “A-aah… keep your voice down!”

Huh? No. Yes. Wait. Weiss? Oh gosh. She’s not…Blake isn’t wrong. I really do like Weiss…and I like liking Weiss! Is that wrong? But am I also that obvious? Does Weiss know?

Blake smirked, “Well, that’s interesting.” she returned to being her usual calm and collected self “I’m glad you’ve found something other than your studies and sister you can focus on.” she eyed Yang with a devilish look about her.

“T-that’s not bad, is it? Liking girls, I mean?”

Everything I thought I knew about me is turned upside down. But honestly, I love finding out new things about me. All these sensations and feelings are starting to make sense.

“No, not at all. Though, I know not everyone will agree. Especially… Blake trailed off her face contorting into one of concern, “Weiss.”

Yang’s shoulders now slacked as she looked down at the empty seat next her.

That’s right. Love has to be reciprocated. I don’t even know if Weiss is interested in me like that. How does she feel? About me? About us? This could change the entire dynamic between us if I tell her. Do I do this right away? Can I really go up to someone and say “Hey! I like you a lot!” all of a sudden with no warning?

“Hey, Yang. I say go for it. The best case scenario is that you find yourself with a girlfriend. Worst case is, is that you two never really speak again.”

Yang glared, “That’s not helpful at all. Thanks.”

With a sigh Blake began again “Okay, that sounded really terrible but what I mean is if you two can’t remain friends even after a confession like that then is the friendship really worth it? Besides, I know you’re not the kind of person to go shoving your feelings and wants into everyone’s faces.”

“Blake. Every friendship is worth it. That’s it. I’ve decided, it’s Valentines Day and I’m going to ask her out.” Yang stood up banging her hands on the table, managing to startle several sleepy students.

Yang knew Weiss’s schedule only because Weiss had shared it with her. She’s be in the band room right now, practicing piano. Yang usually wasn’t the one to venture towards that area simply because she didn’t really have any classes towards that hall but she had a mission.

A mission that involved feelings that could not wait. To her it was like ripping a band-aid off and getting it over with.

But as she entered the hallway, she heard Weiss’s voice. Yang froze and made sure to not show her
face. Her heart suddenly pounding and wanting to burst out of her chest.

_Not now love monster! We do this her way or no way!_

“A date? I mean…” Weiss’s voice could be heard saying these words, but Yang wanted none of it and turned heel to leave.

She could feel the pain of rejection already hitting her.

_She’s Weiss Schnee. The prettiest girl in all of Beacon. Of course she’d be getting asked out. Why wouldn’t she? So, this is what love feels like? I love it and hate it. All of these new emotions - sometimes it’s just too much!_

_But there’s no way that I’m turning these feelings off._

**March 1st, 20[xx]**

Yang liked to pretend everything had been the same ever since. She never really delved into the ‘date’ Weiss had, in fact - Yang had practically begun to shut herself down without really ever meaning to. She didn’t want her feelings to impose on Weiss’s.

But Weiss was a lot sharper than she let off.

“Yang Xiao Long. Freeze.” Weiss had followed Yang to the nearly empty school parking lot. Yang froze, just as she was told to do. It was hard not to resist such a demanding yet lovely voice.

“Turn around, you oaf.” Weiss now told her.

Yang turned like a puppy on command and sheepishly smiled at her, “You need something Weiss?”

“Yeah, I think I do.” she paused “I need an explanation of why you’ve been so distant with me these past few weeks.” her gorgeous eyes seemed to pierce Yang’s very soul.

_I guess there’s no time like the present._

“I…I think I realized something about myself. With you.” Yang began “And, I don’t think it’s fair of me to put my feelings on you but I like you, Weiss Schnee. And not like friendship like, I mean like ‘I want to date you’ like.”

“Ya-”

“Wait, please let me finish.” Yang had shut her eyes not wanting to see Weiss’s reaction as she gathered her thoughts “I know you got asked out on Valentine’s Day. I guess you could say I got jealous. But I didn’t want to inadvertently get mad or possessive of you so I decided to distance myself from you.”

_Leaving my feelings out in the open is scary. But sometimes, it’s for the best._

“Are you done?” Weiss coldly asked.

Yang felt another sharp pierce through her heart. She lowered her head.

“You didn’t even consider to think how I felt about you? If you had of asked me that day, you would’ve known that I rejected him. You wouldn’t even let me mention it because you kept
changing the topic!”

“What, why would you reject him?” Her head lifted up.

Weiss’s face seemed to redden as she turned away to look away from Yang. “...e...nt...o...”

“Huh?”

“HE WASN’T YOU. YOU OAF.”

Yang looked a little confused, “What does that have to do with anything?”

“Yang Xiao Long, are you really that dense?”

As if calculations were forming next to her mind, her eyes widened in an almost crazy revelation.

With a finger pointed outstretched and in an accusatory manner Yang loudly proclaimed “YOU LIKE ME??!”

Yang felt her heart pound and then settle. A huge grin overtaking her face.

Is this real?

Weiss buried her face in her hands. “And this is why I like you...” she muttered.

That’s right, I’m forgetting one last thing.

“Hey Weiss?”

Weiss popped her head up, still red in the face.

“You want to go out on a date with me?”

She chuckled, “Of course I do.”
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

One Bed Trope along with other shenanigans. Requested by close friends.

Posted on tumblr originally.

“Uhh, we should really pull over.” an obvious statement that had escaped the mouth of Yang Xiao Long.

“Put the top up at least!” yelled out Weiss, she could feel herself getting hit by the droplets as they sped down the road.

The two girls were on a long planned roadtrip to California, where their best friends Sun and Blake lived, along with Ruby who happened to go to a college there. But trips don’t always go according to plan.

After leaving New York in a 1993 Toyota Celica GT Convertible on a beautiful Friday morning the two had arrived in Ohio, where the roads were dimly lit and the rain clouds have gathered from the depths of nowhere and had now loomed over Yang’s and Weiss precious top down ride.

Yang frantically pressed the button for the top to come back up, but it seemed like the vehicle itself had other plans. Halfway through lifting itself up, it had gotten stuck. “Shit.” Yang muttered as she kept driving, the rain not letting up. “A little help?” Yang cried out to Weiss who was already, stupidly, crawling towards the back of the speeding vehicle and trying to lift the top up.

But to no avail.

“It’s no use!” Weiss yelled in return as the rain had begun to pelt them, drowning out any sort sound.

“Whaaat?” Yang yelled back as Weiss seemed to crawl her way back into the front seat, soaked, putting her seatbelt back on as the two of them sped down the luckily empty, and straight highway.

Weiss groaned to herself. They should’ve checked the weather before leaving, and now they had a dent in their plans as they’d have to find the nearest hotel. Not like it mattered, it was getting late anyways.

Yang pointed ahead of them, how she could see anything clearly was beyond them. It was a good thing that Yang was a deceivingly good driver in any vehicle she was in. “I can see the light! Look, a hotel!”

Weiss nodded frantically, she really didn’t need to say anymore as they were both ready to get out of this rain. As they pulled off towards the exit, the thunder roared above them causing them both to nearly jump in their seats.

“Shitshitshit…” Yang muttered to herself in a sing-songy way. It was hard to tell if she was scared or actually shitting herself at this point in time. Weiss was nearly in the same boat… or car.
Yang pulled into the parking lot, which was surprisingly filled. Several other people who had been caught in the rain could be seen running into the lit hotel as they found a parking spot. The two scrambled to exit out of the car, grabbing all of their bags and running into the building soaked and drenched.

The receptionist seemed to take pity on them as she had noticed the two running in from a distance and grabbed them towels to dry off on. “Looks like you two have seen better days.” she jested towards the two miserable girls.

“I blame her for this” Weiss meekly pointed at Yang, “she chose the old janky convertible versus my pristine bmw.” she glared at Yang who cheekily smiled at her.

“Hey, nothing says roadtrip like good tunes, janky cars, and random weather.” Yang continued to grin as she rubbed her sopping wet hair off with the towel.

The receptionist had returned to her computer, “We’re in luck. We have one room available and I’m sure it’d be fine for you two.”

Weiss whipped out her card and handed it to the receptionist, “We’ll take it.”

The receptionist busily typed things in and spoke to the two girls, “Let us know if you two need anything, there’s a convention several miles down here so it might get a little rowdy here.”

Weiss groaned, just what she needed. Lack of sleep.

“A convention? Sweeet.” she eyed the lobby which was filled with young students like them. Though, Yang and Weiss weren’t exactly young… but they were young adults. They could fit in… if they tried.

Weiss grabbed her card back, and the keycard to the room along with her bags slugging them around her shoulder. She grabbed Yang by her forearm and dragged her along. “No time for conventions Yang, we have a California to get to.”

Yang whined as she was dragged along. “You just want to get me alone in a hotel room, don’t you?” she teased.

Weiss whipped around as she had stopped at the elevator. The rain still pouring down loudly around them. She glared and the hotel lights flickered.

“Whoa, Weiss - cool magic trick. I didn’t know you were a demoness.” Yang winked as they entered the elevator.

Weiss scoffed and rolled her eyes as they took to the third floor. They were lucky that the flickering power didn’t trap them there.

The two walked their way past several hotel goers and had made their way to their room, Weiss quickly swiping her keycard and shivering as she entered the room. Her teeth chattered, why were hotel rooms always so damn cold?!

Yang on the other hand, seemed all too fine with this. “And Yang said, let there be light!” she followed in behind Weiss flickering on the lights.

The two paused at the sight before them.

“Well, this’ll be interesting.” Yang commented.
“Really?” Weiss muttered.

One bed. For two girls.

It’s not like it wasn’t unusual for two girls to share a bed. But there was a key difference in this scenario. And it didn’t help that these two liked to pretend that there isn’t some sort of physical, emotional, and romantic attraction towards one another. Neither one of them letting down their barriers for the other.

Just quips, comments, and all too passable flirtatious remarks.

Yang just played around too much.

While Weiss found it hard to take the passes at her seriously.

Even if the two really did like each other.

“I call dibs on the first shower.” Yang rushed passed her with her wet bag in hand and locked the bathroom door behind her.

Weiss groaned pacing the room quietly, she checked her phone and texted Blake telling them all that had happened… all except for the fact that they had to share a bed together. Blake wasn’t exactly lost on the news between Weiss and Yang, she was fully aware that the two had a thing for one another. But she knew her words would usually fall on deaf ears.

The rain grew louder, beating hard against the third floor window. She could hear the trees below them rattling and crying out in the wind. The loud thunder boomed before her as paced through the room. The lightning peeked through the closed window and sure enough, she knew that this storm was going to be a doozy.

She continued to shudder as Yang finished her shower. Which seemed to be a long grueling one as all Weiss could hear was running water, light chattering from outside the room, and inconsistent booms from the Gods above.

Minutes passed and Yang had finally exited from the shower looking refreshed and as fit as ever. She wore her usual tank top and shorts to bed and kept her towel around her neck as if she had just worked out.

“Your tu-” before Yang could even finish her sentence, Weiss bolted passed Yang and had begun her shower.

Not even the warm water could stop her from shivering. The loudness of the water only seemed to add onto her growing anxieties. She managed to clean herself up quickly and hopped out of the shower and dressed only to exit the bathroom and instantly be greeted with an almost glass shattering boom that knocked out the hotel’s lights in an instant. Weiss was thankful the sound covered her quick squeal as she jumped from the sound.

“So much for a movie night.” Yang groaned now curling herself up underneath the covers.

Weiss quickly paced herself to the otherside of the bed, as far away from Yang as possible. Weiss was cold, a little too cold. Her body could not escape this constant jittery feeling as her nerves continued to rattle her. “Better to get rest now, then to complain about it later.” Weiss’s words were fast and almost short of breath sounding.

“Mm… I guess you’re right. Goodnight Weiss.” Yang shifted and Weiss could feel the entirety of
Weiss tried to breathe deeply but as the storm grew louder, her shivering became worse and worse. She could hear the rain droplets turn into what sounded like hail. The thunder and lightning paraded the sky and their window as if they were getting their own private light show.

Weiss gripped the sheets, her entire body unable to stop the trembling.

Yang seemed to groan out, “I didn’t realize this was one of those kinds of beds… wait! Isn’t the power out?” she turned back over to face Weiss. Weiss, who was curled up into a tiny ball at the other end of the bed, her vibrations clearly rocking the entire bed.

“Weiss?” Yang called out, but Weiss didn’t move. Weiss’s entire body felt frozen, her hands gripped her arms tightly as she shook. Yang’s words fell on deaf ears. All Weiss could hear was impending doom, known as the storm outside.

Yang reached out to touch Weiss, which only caused her to yelp and jump - making her anxiety far worse. “Whoa, whoa…” Yang sat herself up and moved closer towards Weiss.

Weiss swallowed hard and continued to tremble and turns towards Yang, also sitting up. “I’m fine.” her words quick and almost harsh. “Sharing a bed with you is miserable that’s all…” as she had finished speaking thunder crashed, causing the building to rattle - once more Weiss had the knee-jerk reaction to squeal and clutch the covers over her.

It took Yang a second, but she finally caught on. “Snowflake’s afraid of a little storm?” she asked.

Weiss slowly turned her head, which was mostly hidden by the thick blankets and looked at Yang. “You’re glaring at me, aren’t you?” Yang questioned.

Weiss threw the covers off of her, “Yeah! Fine! I’m afraid of a storm. But, I’ve never really liked thunderstorms. All the sounds are so horrible, the rattling, the howling, I.. the intensity is too much!” her tone was rushed as there was an obvious fluctuation in her voice as she tried to keep her resolve. “So fine, make fun of me for being scared!” Weiss clenched the sheets in front of her, looking down, continuing to tremble.

“I’m not going to make fun of you, you know. Everyone’s got their weaknesses. Mine’s spiders… but seriously, have you never been through a hurricane? A blizzard?” Yang questioned once more.

Weiss shook her head, “Spiders, really Yang? Those are mostly harmless.”

“Mostly.”

“But no, I’ve never really been through a hurricane. You forget that I was born and raised in Germany. But I’ve been through plenty of storms that have caused sleepless nights and anxiety that I can’t comprehend. But Blizzards don’t bother me one bit. I prefer them over thunderstorms.” she continued to clench the sheets, pulling at them.

“But you’ve said you lived in the states for several years now, and you’ve still never gone through one?” Yang inched closer to her.

Weiss looked up at her, now noting how close Yang had gotten. “I plan ahead.”

“Alright, well then you must have a plan for when you get scared in situations like these, right?” Yang’s voice had offered up concern to the smaller, but not totally fragile girl.
Weiss shook her head again, looking down at the sheets once more “I don’t.” she noticed her own trembling had ceased a little, she hadn’t considered how calming it would be to talk about one’s fears… even if it was with Yang.

“We could cuddle.” Yang offered in the most serious tone Weiss had ever heard.

Weiss whipped her head back to look at Yang.

With another boom of thunder and the dance of lightning filling up the room once more Weiss nearly leaped into Yang’s arms.

“Is that a yes?”

“Tell anyone about this and you die.” Weiss gripped onto Yang for dear life as Yang had begun to settle the two of them down into the sheets, finally laying their head backs against the pillows.

“Yes ma’am.” Yang chuckled, embracing Weiss - not only wrapping her up in the blankets, but within Yang’s body. Weiss’s face happened to be in the crook of Yang’s neck as they laid there. Yang could feel the anxious and warm breath that escaped Weiss.

Weiss continued to tremble as she laid with Yang, her arms draped over Yang as best as they possibly could. Her hands clenching onto the thin fabric that was Yang’s tank top.

“You’re safe…” whispered Yang, hoping some words of reaffirmation would help ease Weiss’s mind. “I’ve got you.” her hands slowly running through Weiss’s damp hair, caressing her head lightly and continuously whispering words of assurance.

After awhile Weiss’s trembling had begun to cease completely, even as the thunder and lightning continued on. Yang continued with her soft movements, eventually moving onto the backside of Weiss. Lightly rubbing and scratching at her back.

Yang didn’t rest until she knew that Weiss could. It was when Weiss’s grip had gone completely limp and her breathing itself had slowed down indicating she had finally fallen asleep.

“Weiss?” she called out. But no obvious answer would arise from the sleeping beauty before her. Yang let out a light chuckle and decided it was maybe time for her to get some sleep too. They did have a trip after all.

“Look, I finally got the top up!” Yang grinned as Weiss proceeded to put the bags into the trunk.

Weiss groaned, “We should’ve gone with the BMW!”

“Too late for that now, you’re stuck with this AND me.” Yang made her way to the driver’s seat as Weiss popped into the passengers side.

“I’m thankful for one of those.” Weiss slyly smiled as Yang turned her head to face Weiss.

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” she playfully glared.

Weiss leaned over towards Yang, placing a gentle kiss on her cheek. “It means thank you, you dolt. Now let’s go to California.”

Yang’s face turned a crimson shade of red as she stumbled with the car keys, trying to stuff them into the ignition. “Buh..bu..” she mumbled, but it was far too late - she was fully flustered.
“Do I need to drive?”

Yang simply nodded and handed her the keys. Quickly exiting the the driver’s side and switching spots with Weiss.

For a good hour, Yang held her face in her hands and mumbled something about Weiss, cuteness, and being caught off-guard.

Weiss couldn’t help but chuckle to herself as she drove, “I guess we found another weakness of yours… Me!”

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