The Remnant Armada

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The Remnant Armada

by Darkwolves602
A series of one-shots involving unique female/female pairings and kinks for each chapter.  

(Summary of tags included for each chapter)
Weiss Schnee had seen these words before, she knew what they meant on their own but at first the combination eluded her.

*Insufficient Funds*

That was what her scroll was telling her. Whatever its meaning, it was stopping her order from going through. That was something she simply could not abide.

A call to the First Bank of Atlas, operating under the assumption that it was merely the result of someone’s incompetence, didn’t help matters. The twit at the end of the call said she had exceeded her monthly limit and, per the terms of her account, additional funds would not be released until the end of the month.

How could that be right? She’d hardly spent anything this month. Only some new combat skirts ordered from the specialist tailor in Vale and some custom dust cartridges for Myrtenaster and the deluxe collectors boxset of Downton Atlas. As she thought it through she began to see the problem.

Faced with such a situation a lesser individual would have admitted defeat, cut back for a few weeks or sought help from family or friends. But Weiss Schnee had developed an appreciation for the finer things in life and she was not about to give in so easily. Besides, it wouldn’t be right to ask such a thing of her teammates and it would be cold, cold day in Vacuo that she would go crawling back to her father begging for an extension he had every reason to decline. Instead, Weiss decided upon a most Un-Schnee course of action and opened her scroll to the help wanted ads for Vale.

Paid hunting assignments were out of the question for pupils, leaving only work inside of the city itself for her consideration. Being a student with few marketable skills meant few short-term jobs were open to her and even fewer that would even come close to seeing her through to the end of the month. Weiss was about to give up and accept this as a lesson in humility when a new post appeared in the recently added section:

*Female applicants required for short or long-term shift work. Retail or performance experience preferable but not a pre-condition. Once in a lifetime opportunity to have first-hand experience of a completely new application of Dust. On the job training offered. Large cash bonuses available.*

Underneath the advertisement were the contact details for a restaurant in the city centre of Vale that Weiss had never heard of before. The sensible part of her mind told her to beware of such seemingly unbelievable offers, especially claims surrounding never before seen applications of Dust. There was very little a Schnee was not privy too when it came to the use the mysterious element, the Dust
research centre of the Atlas Academy wasn’t named the Schnee Wing for nothing.

However, the tempting allure of cash bonuses eventually won her out over her natural scepticism. Plus, should things turn out to be less than agreeable, she always had Myrtenaster and her glyphs to call upon. Even the most underhanded of criminal elements in the city could not compare to the creatures she faced out in the wilds. This was going to be a piece of cake.

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The reality turned out to be not quite as much of a piece of cake as she had anticipated.

After arriving at what was indeed a café inquiring about the job advertisement Weiss was escorted to the back office for an interview with the shift manager. She gave a false name of course, she could ill afford to allow anyone to know the heiress to the Schnee Dust Corporation was inquiring for work in the service industry. Although in reality, despite her high standing, it was unlikely that anyone outside of Atlas high society or Beacon Academy would know her by face alone.

As she walked through the café Weiss couldn’t help noticing the outfits that the waitresses were wearing seemed remarkably similar to how her servants back home used to dress. The major difference was that these clothes appeared to have been designed less with practically and more with sexually enticing appeal in mind. Weiss was amazed that such a public establishment even existed. In the far more conservative Atlas such a thing would be unthinkable or perhaps even illegal.

Discussing the job opportunity with the shift manger it soon emerged that the ‘completely new application of Dust’ being advertised was actually a medical supplement that had been freely available in medical facilities for years. Its use was primarily intended for mothers to increase the amount they lactated after childbirth to ensure their children would have sufficient nutrition.

When the manager explained their application for the supplement Weiss was fully prepared to strike the man for his insolence and storm out but forced herself to resist the temptation. The manager explained that while the use of the supplement was not a pre-condition for employment the cash bonuses advertised were specifically for those willing to use it. Deciding that she had come too far to shy away now Weiss decided to at least try it. Agreeing that she could start her first shift today one of the servers escorted her to the staffroom where they helped her pick an outfit which fitted her.

This was how Weiss Schnee, heiress to the most influential and profitable company in Atlas, found herself serving tables in what she would have previously described as a single step up from a house of ill repute. She kept herself together by imagining that she was playing a tribute piece to the Atlas princess Mariette Antoine who would while away the hours masquerading as a commoner on her private estate. Weiss set about her task determined to make the most of it.

Under the tutelage of one of the more experienced servers she learned how to greet customers, take and prepare orders for serving all while ensuring that her outfit did not spontaneously erupt from her body. A few hours into her shift Weiss felt as though she was beginning to get a handle on everything. Best of all, she had yet to called upon to make use of her new ‘ability’. The only condition of the bonus was that you were willing to take the supplement and make use of it at the customer’s request, if no one requested it you were sitting pretty.

Weiss had adopted a carefree and boisterous personality so unlike her usual refinement it surprised even her. She’d chosen her new persona based on one of the staff from Atlas, a faunus girl working in the kitchen who despite her labour was never without a smile on her face and would always take
the chance to be of help to anyone. Buoyed by her progress her mentor agreed to allow Weiss to handle the next customer on her own.

The café door opened. Weiss prepared her warmest reception and turned to greet her customer. “Hello, and welcome to-”

‘This couldn’t be right’ Weiss told herself, but of course it was.

Things had been going so well, it was almost inevitable that something was bound to occur. Who else could possibly be walking in the front door but Ruby Rose herself.

Weiss fought to maintain her persona, she’d gotten too far to be thrown so easily now. “Welcome Master” Weiss greeted her with the same warm smile she had been practicing for the past several hours.

“Weiss?” Ruby called out in surprise. “What are you-”

“May I show you to a table?” Weiss interjected before Ruby could voice any other questions. So caught up in the moment, Ruby simply nodded in response and followed her teammate across the café.

Weiss lead her to a table which couldn’t be overlooked from the outside, she didn’t want to risk the chance of attracting anymore people who might know Ruby seeing her through the window and deciding to come in to say hello.

Weiss handed Ruby a menu. “What would you like to order Master?”

Rubys eyes scanned down the menu, Weiss silently praying that Ruby would settle on something simple.

“I’ll have a Hot Chocolate, please” Ruby noticed something at the bottom of the menu. “And can I have it… ‘Imbued with your love’?”

Weiss’s cheeks flared bright red at the very idea that Ruby would request such a thing. Given Rubys innocent nature it wasn’t a stretch to imagine she was completely in the dark about the true nature of the establishment or what kind of service she had actually requested. Weiss knew she couldn’t allow herself to lose out on the money, much less admit to Ruby exactly what she was doing here.

“Of course, Master” Weiss gritted her teeth at the final word. She’d only recently come to accept Ruby as their team leader and now this. The universe just loved seeing her taken down a notch.

Weiss accepted Rubys menu back before departing to the counter to prepare her drink. She’d considered sneaking off to the kitchen to do it but part of the service was that it was done at the table for the customers enjoyment. Why anyone would ever wish to witness such a thing much less participate was beyond Weiss’s comprehension.

Returning to Rubys table Weiss set her customers drink down beside her.

“Thanks” Ruby said, reaching out to accept her drink.

“One moment, Master” Weiss said, halting Rubys advance. “It still needs my… love”
Taking inspiration from the other servers Weiss had been observing throughout the day she decided to add a bit of flourish to her performance. She did this, if nothing else, to avoid drawing any further attention by appearing underperforming in front of the other servers.

Weiss undid the first few buttons of her top, revealing the rolling plains of pale white skin concealed beneath. A few buttons from the bottom she peeled back the two halves of her uniform top, revealing the twin peaks of her modest bust to a very stunned Ruby.

“Roses are red, violets are blue” Weiss began singing, shifting her hands to form the outline of a heart across her breast with her nipple at the centre. “Enjoy my love, because it’s all for you”

Seemingly at her command, a stream of cream white milk began to leak from Weiss’s pert nipple. Weiss’s aim was out at first, managing to spill as much on the table as she managed to actually get into the cup before shifting her target. As her breast ran dry Weiss was left to judge her handiwork. In the end the stalwart perfectionist, who would rewrite her entire assignment if she discovered so much as an unnecessary shift in verb tense, found herself enjoying a flicker of pride that she’d only misplaced half of the contents on her first attempt.

Ruby was completely stunned by the unexpected display. “I hope you enjoy my love, Master” Weiss’s comment snapped Ruby out of her daze, reacting impulsively Ruby reached out and took a tasting sip of the still warm drink. “So, how is it Master?” Weiss asked.

Ruby considered her response. If she was honest, it wasn’t what she had anticipated, more of a hint of bitterness than she was used to. Whether that was as a result of the drink itself or the inclusion of Weiss’s ‘Love’ she couldn’t be sure. Seeing Weiss still awaiting her answer Ruby responded. “It’s really good, thanks”

Weiss’s cheeks flared red at the unexpected compliment, a sharp contrast to her usually porcelain white skin. This blush only intensified as she realised that her breasts were still lingering in full view, a faint line of milk tracing down her front from her nipple. Weiss hastily redid her uniform, the fastest she’d ever redressed herself. “Enjoy your drink, Master”

The icy glare Weiss left Ruby as she turned away was all that was necessary to inform her team leader of what would happen should any mention of today’s events be divulged to anyone. Weiss returned to her other duties of the day, eager both to distract herself from her lingering embarrassment and put some distance between herself and Ruby for some time.

This bonus had better be worth it.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

Ruby: “Weiss, why were you working in a-”

Weiss: “I don’t want to talk about it”

Ruby: “Weiss, if you needed money I know Yang or I-”
Weiss: “I said I didn’t want to talk about it”

<Pause>

Ruby: “I liked your poem by the way”

<Weiss’s cheeks flare red>

Ruby: “Could you do another for me?”

Weiss: “Alright then. How about ‘Roses are red, violets are blue. I’d rather fight Grimm, than be stuck here with you’”

Ruby: “Weiss, that’s not very nice. Surely you can do better than that”

Weiss: “Fine, ‘Roses are red, Rubys a dolt. But if I were a nut, then I guess you’re my bolt’”

Ruby: “Yay!”

<Much White Rose fluff ensues>

Chapter End Notes

I’ve been wanting to write a RWBY story for quite some time, but in the same way that being asked to tell a joke leaves you scrambling the variety of ships, scenarios and canon hints left me to ponder what I wanted to do. As I said in the beginning, this is going to be a series of one-shot stories each focusing on a unique female/female pairing and kink per chapter. That also explains the logic behind The Remnant Armada, because there’s going to be a lot of ships.

As volume 5 goes on I’ve started to like Ilia a lot more than I thought I would. At this point I’m starting to see the comparisons between Ilia and Blake and Blake and Team RWBY. It’s almost like Ilia deciding to betray Blake the way that Blake supposedly turned on her teammates is a sort of divine retribution. You could almost say shes a… Karma Chameleon.

Overall, I don’t have a single particular ship that root for or any that I object (Yes, that includes Enabler) but I am aware that some members of the fandom have deeply rooted beliefs that their pairing should become confirmed canon. Personally, I like that the relationship side of things is vague and hints are seeded for pretty much every major pairing simply because it keeps things alive and doesn’t distract from the other great parts of the show. But to the diehard shippers out there I say this:

Lay down your arms, put an end to the shipping wars. There are wide oceans in this world and the sea is rich enough for all ships. Instead of fighting amongst ourselves, we should come together as one under a single banner as a single RWBYmada, sail together as a fleet towards the setting sun and use the strength of all of us combined to blow the crap out of the Avatar shipping fleet when they’re not looking!
Yang Xiao Long had always considered herself a rather direct person. Always one to stand her ground or jump to the defence of someone in trouble without hesitation or restraint. It seemed that over time that penchant for fearless risk taking had manifested itself in some rather more unconventional ways.

When she had first suggested her idea to Pyrrha, Yang was met initially by shock, then embarrassment which swiftly lead to her partners cheeks flaring redder than the athlete’s crimson hair. Since they’d been together the two lovers had learned to live with the risk of being strayed upon by accident whichever of their dorm rooms they chose to meet up in. Something about that clicked with Yang in particular, Yang enjoyed the idea of nearly being caught. Combined with Pyrrhas latent semblance for polarization this presented a unique opportunity.

In the end, Yang managed to convince Pyrrha to proceed with her scheme on the condition that they practice in private first. This proved to be a prudent idea as they spent the next few days learning to concentrate Pyrrhas abilities in both scope and intensity. At the same time, Yang practiced her ability to maintain her composure no matter the situation. As soon as they were both confident with the results of their practice the real task was set to begin.

They chose their time and place, arranged all the pieces into place and waited for the right moment. That was the backstory for how Yang Xiao Long found herself in the middle of Professor Ports class on strategies for fighting water based Grimm with a pair of claw nipple clamps and a vibrating egg secured about her person.

The amateur mistake that people tended to make was assuming that the motor inside of the remote was silent enough for use in public without drawing attention. Add in the risk that the wireless controller tended to lose the connection and you had a recipe for a very public embarrassment. Yang sort to annul both of those concerns with a little help from her polarising lover.

Yang also had a pair of claw shaped clamps secured loosely in place around her nipples, just enough to hold them whilst retaining ample space for further stimulation. The clamps included a screw which could be tightened or loosened at will. The clamps were enhanced by a thin chain, metal of course, which hung loosely down Yangs front beneath the material of her school shirt. With her school blazer covering her chest all would appear normal on the surface to the casual observer, allowing everyone around her to remain engrossed in another of Professor Ports stories.

“So, after fighting off the Neptune Basilisk to protect the refugee convoy and being cast overboard I found myself marooned on a deserted island in uncharted waters. Making use of my extensive knowledge as a seasoned Huntsman I managed to craft a rudimentary canoe out of a fallen log, some tree vines and a particularly sticky sap I later learned is known to cause severe hallucinations. As I made my way across the Shark Grimm infested water I happened upon a group of indigenous
aquatic mer-faunus who decided to name me their leader. It was during my reign as King of the Sea People I discovered…”

Beside Yang, Weiss proved as diligent as ever in her note taking. Blake seemed to only be paying half attention as she continued with her novel concealed amongst her textbooks. Ruby remained enraptured by the tale, despite its questionable authenticity. With everyone otherwise engaged Yang saw her opportunity.

Adding the final flourish to her notes Yang laid her pen aside before resting her hand on the desk beside her. Her fingers began to tap lightly across her desk top in a seemingly random motion, the signal they had agreed. From her seat, a few rows back in the classroom, sitting at the near end of team JNPR, Pyrrha watched as Yang gave the signal.

Reaching her hand across the desk Pyrrha tried to maintain a façade of concentration as she summoned her Semblance into existence. After all the practice they’d undergone together Yang was convinced that somehow she had developed some keen sense for the onset of Pyrrha’s ability.

She felt it lightly at first, a fleeting tug on the chain attached to the clamps around her nipples as a test of the waters. The sudden jolts caused her nipples to harden, feeling them beginning to strain against the confines of the clamps before they had even been tightened. Yang began to feel it, a light pressure at first but it was quickly growing, the clamp around her right nipple beginning to tighten. Yang bit her lip, both to contain the yelp of surprise and the low moan of exhilaration that followed swiftly in its wake. Part of what had drawn her to this idea had been that her choice of combat style allowed her emotions to run wild. Now she was forced to contain herself for fear of discovery, an act which was proving increasingly difficult as the pleasure continued to build inside of her.

Not wanting it to feel left out, the left nipple clamp decided it was time to join the fray as. It began to tighten around her, slightly faster than before as it rushed to catch up with its partner. But as the left began to make pace with the right, the intensity of the pressure upon the right began to wane.

This momentary reprieve was countermanded by a sharp pull on her right nipple, Pyrrha’s powers giving her the ability to manipulate the bound nipple in any direction in any way she wished. This was in dispersed with random pulls on the attached chain which introduced a tantalisingly random element to everything. But just as Yang was convinced that she finally had a handle on everything it suddenly stopped.

Yang suppressed a forlorn cry as she felt the pleasure that had only moments ago been overtaking her drifting further away. While the exhilaration had been difficult to contain its sudden absence was bordering on abject torture. At first Yang feared that Pyrrha had been spooked into calling off their arrangement, until she realised that the devilish gladiatrix was merely playing the long game.

Leaving her nipples on the very cusp of breaking free of their own volition Yang felt a flutter deep inside of her. A familiar movement like a heartbeat in her most intimate place began to make itself known to her once more. Yang almost lost it in an instant, but pulling herself back from the cusp just in time. While Yang was usually so boisterous and loud when she could she knew how to keep it down when the situation called for it. But this, staying completely silent, was going to be more difficult than she could ever think-

“Miss Xiao Long”

Yang felt the egg go haywire for a brief second before just as quickly flatlining. Yang snapped her
attentions back to Professor Port standing at the front of the lecture hall.

“Perhaps you would care to explain…” Professor Port directed towards her.

‘Crap, he knows! I knew this was a stupid idea. This is it, this what gets me kicked out of Beacon for good. I’ll never become a Huntress and I’ll be forever known as the girl who stuffed a vibrator in herself before class and—’

“…the strategy you would use when faced with a Shark Grimm attack?” Port asked.

‘What?’

Yang didn’t have time to think before she blurted out “Punch it in the snout”

‘What did I just—’

“An excellent suggestion, Miss Xiao Long” Port congratulated. “While some might suggest jabbing the eyes or the gills the Shark Grimm’s tendency towards ravaging its prey during its attack…”

Yang glanced back towards Pyrrha sitting behind her, catching sight as Pyrrha mouthed her best ‘Sorry’. The vibrator being sent into overdrive must have been the result of Pyrrha being spooked by Port’s question. Most would take that as their sign to bow out gracefully, they’d had their fun, now was the time to play it safe. Most people were not Yang Xiao Long.

Yang replaced her hand on the top of the desk. She’d agreed with Pyrrha beforehand that all she had to do to call things off was to not to use her abilities. Despite the risk being almost all Yang’s she wouldn’t force Pyrrha to progress if she wasn’t entirely comfortable with the idea.

Yang suspected that might have been the end of their fun, until she felt the slow rumble of the egg returning to life inside of her. It was like the closing scene in almost every movie you’d care to name where everyone thinks the hero has sacrificed themselves and everyone’s about to surrender to despair when miraculously the supposedly fatal injury suddenly becomes a lot more survivable. Although to be fair, most of those movies didn’t involve a vibrating egg and a magnetically charged Gladiatrix. At least not the ones Yang would let Ruby watch with her.

Although trying to start again from where they left off was almost like beginning all over again the spike of the adrenaline rush meant that the climb back up was a lot faster than it had ever been the first time around. It wasn’t long before Yang found herself dangling on a precipice, all that was necessary to thrust her over was one last push.

Yang clenched and released her hand still laying atop the desk beside her in quick succession. This was the ultimate signal, the go ahead for Pyrrha to unleash the beast. After a momentary delay, the vibrating egg once more went wild inside of her, the nipple clamps tightening just to the verge of being painful.

A few tantalising moments passed before Yang’s entire body suddenly erupted in an orgasm like she had never felt before. Pyrrha was an excellent lover in her own right and Yang wasn’t ashamed to admit she was a dab hand with her own digits when the mood stuck her but this was something else entirely. Trying to keep herself level was almost maddening when every cell in her body was left screaming out for release. The complete disconnect between her desire for release and her self-enforced containment were an unbelievable combination. Even as she felt the egg whirr down into silence and the clamps slowly begin to loosen Yang could do little but simply bask in the warm
afterglow of her glorious high.

In an instant Yang was yanked from her blissful torpor, met by the sight of Weiss sitting beside her, staring with a look of complete astonishment. Fearing the worst, Yang followed her gaze down and realised Weiss was staring at her chest. Or, more specifically, at Weiss’s handcrafted Atlesian pen which was currently dangling from the nipple of Yangs dress shirt.

Without a word Yang reached down to retrieve the item and held it out to Weiss as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Weiss accepted it back before resuming her notes where she had left off.

Yang tried to redraw her attention to the lecture just in time for Professor Port to come out of his most recent tangent, returning to the lecture topic of strategies to fight fast moving aquatic Grimm. Yang hoped she hadn’t missed anything important from Ports rant, she could hardly ask to copy Weiss’s notes now.

Pyrrha slumped lower in her chair as her face erupted into a new shade of crimson. Yang had not seen such a deep red since having to explain to Ruby that the deer back home in Patch wasn’t actually giving the other one a piggyback ride.


***************Authors Nonsense***************

Yang: Pyrrha, have you seen my remote vibrator

Pyrrha: No

<Low buzzing sound>

Pyrrha: Maybe

<Yang holds out a metal pen, which is immediately drawn straight onto Pyrrhas skirt>

Pyrrha: Give it another ten minutes, I’m sure it’ll turn up somewhere
“Do I have to do this?” Weiss sighed dejectedly.

“You promised” Ruby replied eagerly. “You don’t want to back out of it now”

“Fine” Weiss sighed, knowing that she could never bring herself to back track on a promise. Not even accounting for her feelings for Ruby she had the Schnee legacy to consider. What would people think if they were to learn that Weiss Schnee did not uphold her agreements? The fact that they had made it this far together only compounded her desire to see it through to the end.

Getting herself into character Weiss began her performance with the immortal words “Hello Little Red” Weiss’s voice shifted from her natural Atlas dialect, born through years of tutelage by some of the most renowned educators of Atlesian high society, to what could only be described as her unique interpretation of menacing. “I’m the Big Bad Beowolf”

“My, Mr Big Bad Beowolf” Ruby replied with a cheery inflection. “What big eyes you have” Ruby reached her hands up to caress Weiss’s swiftly reddening cheeks.

“All the better to see you with, my dear” Weiss responded.

“And my, what big ears you have” Ruby’s roaming hands shifted up across Weiss’s head, tracing her finger tips along the edge of Weiss’s pointed furry ears.

“All the better to hear- seriously, are we going to do this whole thing?” Weiss asked, surrendering to her usual voice in complete disregard of the artistic principal of maintaining character throughout the performance.

Ruby couldn’t help but give a soft giggle that out of everything about this arrangement this was the one thing Weiss was taking issue with. It wasn’t laying straddled atop her girlfriend on her bed in their shared dorm room in the middle of the afternoon. It wasn’t the headband topped by pointed canine ears tying back her long white hair, leaving it to flow freely across her back. It wasn’t the fluffy black shoulder less one piece, and accompanying fluffy paws, pocketed by patches of sleet white and bloodshot red that dressed her torso while leaving her shoulders and her creamy thighs free to the open air. It wasn’t even the large fluff of black fur erupting from the plug secured firmly between her puckered butthole which held her interest.

The tail alone would have been cause for comment merely on the basis of its sheer complexity. Made of fine materials the length of replicated animal fur was infused with dust that reacted to the users
Aura, capable of both conscious movement as well as seemingly reacting to the persons mood when left to its own devices. It had almost certainly cost a small fortune to commission such a thing discreetly, no doubt requiring an in-depth knowledge of dust known only to a few outside of the very highest levels of the Schnee Dust Company.

It seemed like such an exorbitant thing to simply buy on a whim, on the surface appearing to be just another example of the Schnee family’s excess. To Ruby, it showed just how much Weiss cared for her that she would not only be willing to risk commissioning such a thing but dare to make use it herself.

In the end though, it was being asked to play the role of the Big Bad Beowolf that Weiss chose to raise her objection with.

By contrast Ruby, playing the part of Little Red, was wearing her customary black top and skirt trimmed with flashes of deep crimson and matching black tights. Her outfit lacked the flowing red cape, boots and ammo belt which accompanied her usual combat uniform.

“Not to be picky, but I wore the dress when I played the Atlesian noble girl attending her first winter ball who gets seduced by the rakish noble woman in the parlour” Ruby reminded her. “And I never said a thing even when it took you nearly thirty minutes to untie the first bow”

“It would have been easier had you been able to keep your boorish hands to yourself long enough for me to actually untangle it” Weiss protested.

“But where’s the fun in that? Besides…” Ruby’s hands found themselves grasping at Weiss’s sides, feeling the soft material of her costume beneath her fingers. “I thought you liked my wandering hands?” as if to emphasise her implication, Ruby’s finger tips began to tickle and trace their way along Weiss’s exposed flanks, eliciting a sharp inhale of breath from the usually composed huntress. “Now, are you going to set about the innocent Little Red and ravish her mercilessly as your helpless plaything or not?”

“You can hardly be called prey if you’re willing” Weiss retorted.

Ruby simply stared up at her girlfriend with those same puppy dog eyes, the eyes Ruby could bring to bear at a moment’s notice whenever she wished knowing precisely the effect they would have upon her. Weiss dejectedly rolled her eyes in defeat, knowing that she could never hope to contest Ruby when she got like this. Damn those eyes.

“Yes” Weiss attempted to regain her ominous façade. “All the better to hear you with, my dear”

Ruby’s fingers ceased their rampage across Weiss’s side to begin a sharp descent down towards the steep bulge that had formed betwixt Weiss’s creamy thighs. “My…” Ruby cooed as her fingertips followed the curve of the swell nestled between Weiss’s legs. “What a big thing you have”

“All the better to have my way with you” Weiss growled. Such was the power of the Schnee family semblance, the ability to manifest creatures and objects at will. In this instance Weiss had managed to manifest herself an 8-inch member forming seamlessly into her skin just above the opening of her pussy lips. Despite lacking the accompanying testicles, there was one unique feature that Ruby had requested herself, although with less boisterous enthusiasm than usual.

Weiss’s suspicions were immediately aroused when the usually carefree Ruby insisted she lean in close to whisper the request such that Weiss had needed to strain herself to hear it. To complete her
transformation as the Big Bad Beowolf Weiss’s new creation, although human in appearance as much as Ruby’s admittedly limited experience could discern, included a large knot an inch up from the base. This enhancement gave her already impressive girth an even greater size.

“Oh, Mr Big Bad Beowolf” Ruby reached up to guide Weiss’s lithe hands towards her covered biceps, wrapping Weiss’s fingers in a firm but tender grasp. “How will I ever be able to break free of such big, strong hands” Ruby had to struggle to maintain her composure at the juxtaposition she had created, her natural tendency towards giggles working against her not for the first time in her life. Being arguably the least adept fighter of the team in terms of raw physical strength Ruby could not help but titter at the mental image she had created for herself of struggling to resist Weiss’s hold over her. She felt a certain twinge of pleasure knowing that such a fantasy was moments away from being realised.

Weiss leant closer to plant a tender kiss on Ruby’s bright red lips. Ruby accepted Weiss’s kiss and drew her arms around Weiss’s waist, urging her forwards and encouraging her to delve deeper. Weiss had something of a reputation for being rather cold and distant. The truth was that this was merely a façade, mostly. When they were together all that training, order and attention to detail seemed to melt away and Weiss became the model of the tender and affectionate partner. While Ruby might not have had as much experience as her friends she proved herself both impulsive and eager, leaning herself more towards spontaneous and excited to contrast Weiss’s more refined techniques.

As their lips parted Ruby shifted her lips to kiss at Weiss’s bare neck, darting from place to place to leave a constellation of kisses all across her skin. Time and practice had given Ruby a pretty clear mental map of Weiss’s weakest points, feeling the low moan rising up through her throat as the number of places left untouched by her kisses rapidly decreased.

It was at this moment, having lain docile for so long, that Weiss’s fluffy dust infused tail suddenly awoke with a start and began to drift from side to side. The slightest shift of the tail caused flashes of pleasure to cascade through Weiss’s body. Ruby glanced over Weiss’s shoulder to watch the display unfold before her. “Someone seems eager” The off-handed remark brought a sudden flash of redness to Weiss’s cheeks. The embarrassment only caused the desire emanating from the tail to increase. Or perhaps she was simply becoming more aware of it as the tail began to shift even more enthusiastically. Weiss began to think of the tail as some unruly pet in need of proper instruction to bring it back under control. Whether reacting to her unconscious desires or simply refusing to follow her directions the frequency of the movements intensified, seemingly in a conscious effort to spite her. In an attempt to distract herself Weiss decided to refocus her efforts on Ruby.

Weiss’s hand shifted from Ruby’s arm, using one to keep Ruby’s hands pinned while being free to explore Ruby’s front. Weiss began by tracing the tip of her finger across the jet-black expanse of Rubys top, feeling the soft fabric shift beneath her as she moved. Weiss had discovered a few weeks ago that this particular area, the line concealed just beneath the hem of her lover’s corset, was amongst her most sensitive. Weiss began to trace along it with a graceful finger, feeling Ruby beginning to stir beneath her not out of a desire to be free but from the pleasure of her lingering touch. Weiss began to question quite how much of it was a genuine reaction and how much of it was simply Ruby playing into her fantasy.

Arcing out of the final pass Weiss turned the path of her caress upwards to follow the seam of Rubys top. Accepting the rather unsubtle hint Weiss gripped the zipper at the base of Rubys neck, slowly bringing it down with a delectable crunch of retreating metal. The parting of Rubys top revealed
increasingly more of the young girl’s creamy white skin as Weiss advanced.

“Oh, you beast, you” Ruby cooed. “Are you going to tear my clothes right off my quivering body? And here’s me, laying completely helpless and unable to resist your forceful advances”

Weiss didn’t respond, content to allow Ruby to continue chewing her way through her performance on her own. She simply continued to open Ruby’s top further, revealing Ruby’s modest bust concealed beneath her crimson red bra. Ruby’s choice in undergarments lacked the refined elegance of Weiss, the exotic flare of Blake or even the rugged simplicity of Yang. Instead, Ruby seemed to straddle some invisible point between all three which seemed to make sense only to herself. Weiss passed her pawed hand across the cotton cups of Ruby’s bra, feeling the hardened nubs of the young girl’s nipples even through her gloves. Despite Weiss’s intervention, taking Ruby shopping to buy some more fashionable sets for ‘special occasions’, Ruby insisted on wearing such things almost without exception.

Something about this unorthodox choice enflamed Weiss’s innate sense of style and fashion and took it upon herself to do the world at large a favour. Taking matters into her own hands, or as best as she could manage in these ridiculous gloves, Weiss gripped the cups of Ruby’s bra and tore the garment asunder in a single sharp pull.

Ruby squealed in delight at the sound of tearing fabric as one of her more disposable articles of clothing disintegrated in an instant. The truth was, they had previously talked about doing such a thing during their intimate moments. Ruby’s suggestion for a scenario in which the tearing of clothing from her heaving body was almost guaranteed seemed too great of an opportunity to let pass.

Finally released from their fabric confines the cool air washed across Ruby’s nipples, turning the semi-erect buds into hardened pebbles. This only served to make them an even greater target for Weiss’s attentions. Weiss teased her hands across Ruby’s nipples, or more truthfully, settled for pawing at Ruby’s modest mounds. All that Weiss really managed to achieve was passing her palms across Ruby’s front while her fluffy fingers fondled for purchase across her smooth skin.

Seeing little chance at a dignified way forwards Weiss leant down to press her lips to Ruby’s breast, catching her nipple between her lips as she began to suck. Weiss alternated between sucking on the nipple and passing her tongue across the very tip, each irregular pass of her tongue sent a shock of pleasure through Ruby’s body. Weiss sucked at the nipple a little harder, drawing it in enough such that she could finally grasp it with her teeth. This applied a different kind of pleasure, a sharp pressure against one of her most delicate places.

While Weiss had been preoccupied with focusing her attentions on Ruby her partner had not been idle, Weiss feeling a pair of mischievous hands taking hold at key points across her body. Ruby began to take the initiative, while Weiss had been focussed on her lover’s chest Ruby’s fingers had begun their own campaign. With unexpected precision Ruby’s agile fingers had begun tracing their way across the furry flanks of her costume. The design of the outfit contained a multitude of patterns and marks which somehow managed to coincide with Weiss’s most sensitive points.

Feeling the sudden ticklish stimulation, despite Weiss’s best efforts to maintain her composure, that insufferable tail of hers would not be restrained. The tail once more began to wag itself in all directions, proving more prone to excitable behaviour than Zwei anytime someone mentions ‘Fastball Duty’.

Ruby’s explorative fingers would not be content roaming the plains of Weiss’s front for long. The trainee huntress decided upon a bold strategy of a two-pronged assault, while her left hand dared to
slip lower her right would make an advance to scale the summits to the north. While it wasn’t exactly a perilous ascent Ruby savoured the reward to be found at the peak none to less. Without the cumbersome gloves Weiss was burdened with Ruby could make full use of her dexterous fingers to slip beneath the lip of Weiss’s top.

A sharp jolt of pleasure resonated through Weiss’s body at the touch of Rubys fingers against her bare skin. This only encouraged Weiss’s tail to continue its wild movements, threatening to erupt from between her clenched butt cheeks if she didn’t find a way to supress its movements. Ruby was determined not to make it easy on her though.

While her right hand focussed on her breasts, her left hand traced the line between Weiss’s fluffy one piece and the snow-white skin of her bare thigh. Rubys fingers slipped beneath the lip of Weiss’s clothing, feeling the pulsing warmth of her new creation before she could even reach it. The moment that she touched it Weiss let a sharp yelp escape her lips, releasing her hold over Rubys tender nipple.

Rubys fingers wrapped around the shaft, grasping the length tenderly but firmly in her hand as she released from straining against the fabric of her one piece. No matter how many times Ruby saw it she was always amazed by the power of Weiss’s semblance, her creations almost seeming as if it could have been entirely natural.

Following it down to the base she began to enter the realm of the uncanny valley, but such was the power of the Schnee family semblance that something so obviously alien looked as if it belonged there. Ruby was eager to try it out, but she decided that Weiss deserved some more teasing first.

Ruby began by shifting her fingers across her lover’s shaft, merely grazing her lightly across the foreskin as she passed. Each pass, while allowing for some fleeting contact, never took hold sufficiently to be more than a tantalising tease of pleasures yet to come.

As the pleasure began to overtake her Weiss was finally forced to abandon her ministrations on Ruby entirely. Weiss’s hands left Rubys body and braced her hands on either side of Rubys body, struggling to keep herself from collapsing on top of her lover in an undignified heap. Seeing her opportunity Ruby took the initiative.

Placing her hand on Weiss’s side a gentle nudge was all that was necessary to throw Weiss off of her precarious balance and send her tumbling down onto the bed beside her. Disentangling herself from amongst the splayed array of limbs Ruby managed to gain enough of a position to be able to turn Weiss entirely onto her back with ease, a move that in her weakened state Weiss was in no place to resist. Ruby soon found herself on her side, staring down at a panting Weiss as her ragged breathing struggled to sustain herself.

Turning her onto her back brought forth another unexpected effect on Weiss, pressing the tail further up inside of her while at the same time giving it even less space to manoeuvre inside of her. The confinement combined with the devices seemingly unwillingness to be constrained seemed to stir it into greater acts of movement, continuing to vibrate from side to side whilst stimulating her most sensitive region.

Ruby continued to toy with Weiss’s member, her grip slowly beginning to tighten as she continued to give her lover a tender handjob. Rubys mouth leant in closer, bringing her lips towards the engorged tip. Ruby wrapped her lips around the head of Weiss’s cock, playing across the tip with the point of her tongue. Rubys lips descended down the thick length, covering Weiss’s member in a thin film of saliva as she retreated back.
Although the creation was a product of her Semblance it did not dampen the effect it had upon its creator, managing to subdue the heiress purely by the pleasure emanating from her new member. Releasing her lips from Weiss’s cock with a wet pop, whilst continuing to tend to her with her hands, Ruby shifted herself to straddle across Weiss’s legs.

“What do you say now Mr Big Bad Beowulf” Ruby reached out to take Weiss’s hands and shifted them to rest against the outside of her thighs. “Are you ready to have your fill of the helpless Little Red?”

Weiss fingers wrapped tenderly around Rubys tight clad thighs as she helped the heiress guide the material smoothly down across her legs, revealing the natural beauty beneath. Ruby bit her lip, savouring the moment as her mind sawm with imagery what they were about to do together.

This wasn’t the first time they had been together, it wasn’t even the first time Weiss had made use of a phallus, whether the creation of her semblance or a strap on. Ruby knew she had requested it herself but seeing just how thick the knot at the base of Weiss’s member truly was set her hear aflutter. The thought that within a few fleeting moments such a thing was going to be buried deep inside of her was almost too much for her to contain.

Eager not to waste a single moment more, Ruby lifted herself high above Weiss’s waist, teasing the outer folds of her moistened pussy lips across the tip of Weiss’s member. Tracing her fingers across her lips she dared to slip a single teasing extremity inside, coaxing more moisture to ooze down across Weiss’s penis beneath her. Reaching down Ruby spread the moisture along the full length with her other hand, ensuring that Weiss was at full readiness for what was about to come. Now she was ready.

Ruby took Weiss’s hand and guided her to grip herself at the base of her member, steady and erect beneath her. steeling herself for the descent Ruby began to slowly lower herself, the flared head parting her lips as she dared to take the full girth of the head inside of her.

The thick crown spreading her lips around it sent a shock of pleasure coursing through her. All the anticipation, everything that had been leading her towards this moment was released in an instant. Rubys body craved for her to just let go. All she wished was for her muscles relax and carry herself down beneath the presence of her own weight until the whole thing was buried up to the hilt inside of her. But Ruby knew that there was still one more hurdle left to pass.

Ruby slowed herself as her sensitive lips caressed the bulge which marked the boundary of Weiss’s unique creation. This, she knew, would be an experience unlike anything they had ever tried together before. It wasn’t just the size that captivated her. The very idea that once they came together they were going to be locked together in eachothers embrace for a good long while only encouraged the deepening quiver that was spreading throughout her entire body.

Ruby allowed herself a deep breath to steady herself before she relaxed her legs and allowed herself to lower the final few inches. Met by only a brief moments resistance as her lips enveloped the substantial girth she was soon met by the press of Weiss’s bare thighs against her own.

That was it. It was in, the whole thing was inside of her. She’d never felt something this big before. It was unimaginable, even the largest toy she had couldn’t compare to this. While a part of her might have been content to simply stop there an even greater part of her wanted to know exactly what this thing was capable of.
Refocusing all of her strength into her legs Ruby set about the arduous task of lifting herself free of the constraint she had just worked so hard to envelope inside herself. Once more she felt the resistance as she passed the knot which was quickly overtaken by just the most intense burst of pleasure she had thought she could ever experience in her life. Alternating between straining to keep herself aloft and relishing the feeling as gravity brought her back down over it Rubys breathing became ragged in a desperate effort to keep herself together.

Weiss, whether a conscious effort to add to their shared pleasure or an instinct, began thrusting her hips upwards to meet her. The two movements were uncoordinated at first but soon developed into a natural rhythm in which each of Rubys downwards falls were met in equal measure by another of Weiss’s up thrusts.

Weiss began to feel a moan escape her lips, prompting her to clasp her hands across her mouth in a desperate attempt to stifle herself. Given her universally composed and demure attitude one might not expect that Weiss Schnee was a moaner but the reality was sometimes surprising. Ruby, not content with allowing Weiss to get off so easily, reached out and grasped Weiss’s hands to pull them apart and bring them down to her side with only fleeting resistance.

On more than one occasion Ruby had been forced to cease her attentions on Weiss for fear that her howling calls would give away their activities. They’d both learned the hard way quite how thin these dormitory walls really were. The embarrassed aside glance from Jaune and the grinning thumbs up from Nora was almost too much to bear at the same time.

Deciding that Weiss had suffered enough, her face clearly straining with the effort of keeping herself quiet, Ruby decided upon a fair compromise. Instead of releasing her hands Ruby leant forward to press her mouth to Weiss’s. Parting Weiss’s lips with her tongue Weiss was suddenly free to howl away to her hearts content before her cries of pleasure were stifled by the press of Rubys mouth.

The pleasure became too much for both of them. Acting slightly ahead of her lover Ruby was the first to cum, her pussy lips tightening around Weiss’s shaft. The sudden onset of pressure caused Weiss to quickly follow suit, releasing a cascade of phantom semen created as a by-product of her Semblance into Ruby. At the same time, the knot that was still buried inside of Ruby began to expand. In that moment Ruby discovered a practical definition of the reality of when an unstoppable force encountered an immovable object.

As Weiss’s knot continued to try to force its way to freedom Rubys lips did everything they could to contain it. In the end, a happy compromise was decided as Rubys lips formed tightly around Weiss’s knot, never allowing a single speck of their combined release to slip free.

As the warm afterglow of their shared orgasms overtook them Ruby and Weiss lay together in eachothers embrace. Whatever the personas they adopted during their plays together the cooldown of simply laying in their partners arms was sometimes the most rewarding part of the whole experience. Weiss nuzzled her face into her leader’s chest, listening to the raging beat of Ruby’s heart as it slowly returned to the soft pitter patter of its usual tempo. A part of Weiss enjoyed knowing that she had caused that, that she could have such a profound effect on the one she loved.

It was strange really. Born to the wealthiest family in Atlas, heiress to the largest producer of Dust in all of Remnant, Weiss had lived a life which, on the surface at least, almost anyone would be jealous of. And yet all that seemed so insignificant in the moment. Instead she felt a profound sense of calm in the knowledge that there was nothing which could be done to make this moment-

“And then the huntsman says to the barman…”
A familiarly boisterous voice could be heard from the corridor just outside. The lock to the dorm room disengaged with a mechanical click. The door was open before Ruby or Weiss could even think to react.

“‘It’s not a lion, it’s a-’ Grimm’s curse!”

Neither Ruby or Weiss had much time to prepare their response. And the longer they took the more time Yang and Blake would have to come to conclusions of their own.

Ruby, possibly a gift of her Semblance, was the quickest to interject. “It’s not what it looks like” Even as she said it she realised the futility in her words. Still, she felt as though it was necessary to say something if only to avoid the awkwardness of the deafly silence that would have otherwise lingered. “I mean it kind of is like that, but I’m sure I can explain if-”

In her rambling confusion Ruby’s attempt to lift herself from Weiss’s lap neglected to remember that the knot Ruby herself had requested was still snuggly secured inside of her. As the sharp jolt tore through her body, Weiss was quick to remind Ruby of their arrangement in a most cordial and diplomatic manner.

“Watch it, dolt!” Weiss snapped.

“Sorry” Ruby pleaded, settling herself back down onto Weiss’s lap so as not to give her further cause for chastisement. It was only now, after several agonising moments of inelegance had passed that Ruby realised that her breasts were still lingering in full view. It was all she could do to sheepishly pull her top down to cover herself as well as the lingering fragments of her torn underwear. The tattered underwear alone would have been cause for concern if Ruby and Weiss’s penchant for this type of activity had not already been let slip on a previous occasion.

It was more moments still before Ruby appreciated that her position on the bed was causing the back of her skirt to ride high up on her back, revealing the details of everything that was transpiring beneath. Ruby’s attempts to draw her skirt back into place to cover Weiss’s lap was met with minimal success.

Yang chose this particular time to finally look aside, bringing her hand up to cover her eyes. While she generally considered herself a pretty easy-going person over just about anything, short of anyone other than her own dusky kitty cat touching her hair, witnessing her own younger sister entwined in such an embrace was not something she could be quite so laidback about. Blake, by contrast, maintained no such reservations.

Feeling an overwhelming urge to diffuse the situation Ruby decided upon another strategy which would surely see an end to the tension of the situation. “You see, I’m Little Red and Weiss is the Beowolf and I told her what a big thing she has and then she said, ‘All the better to have my way with you’ and so we did and then we got stuck together because I asked her to-”

“They don’t need to know all that, dolt!” Weiss gave Ruby a discouraging clap across her side, perhaps a little harder than was strictly necessary.

“It seems like you two managed to tie yourselves in quite a, knot” Yang, even with her eyes still firmly hidden behind her hand, managed to say it with a sly grin.

*Did she really?*
Of course Yang managed to make fun of this situation. Once more Blake proved herself to be the voice of sensibility. “Shall we just leave you two…”

“Please” Weiss spoke for the both of them, probably for the best at this point.

But even as Blake turned to leave Yang remained where she was. Blake rolled her eyes and reached out to take Yang’s free hand as she led her towards the door.

“You know, it was kind of surprising to see Ruby on top” Blake remarked as she reached for the door handle. “Guess we know who’s really, top dog”

It seemed that being together had caused some of Yang to rub off on her. “Yay, your first pun!” Yang threw her free arm around Blake, almost causing the agile faunus to stumble and fall into the door as she pulled it open. Relying on her natural penchant for balance Blake shifted to keep herself upright as Yang continued to tighten her hold around her.

As the entangled pair finally managed to work their way out the door Blake could be heard commenting as a final farewell. “Who knew out of the both of them it was Weiss who liked it RUFF”

“Two in a row!” Yang’s howls of laughter could be heard from outside in the hall, almost certainly unsettling team JNPR in their dorm. As the voices faded away Ruby and Weiss once more found themselves alone.

Ruby was the first to break the silence. “Sorry about trying to climb off earlier” Ruby began babbling as she was prone to do when she was nervous. “I hope it didn’t hurt or-”

Weiss silenced her with a single touch of her fingertip to her cheek. “Its fine” Weiss’s fingers began making graceful passes across Ruby’s enflamed cheek. “It feels kind of nice being this close together”

Feeling a renewed smile coming to her lips Ruby settled herself back into Weiss’s embrace, supporting her lover as they moved to lay down on the bed together. “Do you wanna just snuggle for a bit, Snow Angel”

“You really like using that name don’t you, Dolt” Weiss said.

Ruby merely tightened her embrace. “That’s why you love me”

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<After Ruby and Weiss have just stumbled in (And stumbled back out) on Blake and Yang while they were in the middle of things>

Ruby: “Weiss, did Blake really have a-”

Weiss: “Yes”
Ruby: “Do you think that was part of her Semblance or-?”

Weiss: “I don’t know”

Ruby: “But, was I seeing things or did it really have all those little bits sticking out of it?”

Weiss: “They’re referred to as ‘Penile Spines’, a common attribute in felines. They’re intended to induce ovulation while also clearing the vagina of any lingering sperm from a previous mate… or so I’m told”

<Ruby suddenly very sheepish>

Ruby: “Weiss, stop me if this sounds crazy. I know neither of that really applies to us but maybe we could-”

<Weiss walks away>

Ruby: “Just think about it! You could be the savage faunus and I’ll be the hapless noble woman who gets herself lost in the wilderness. I promise, I’ll even wear that dress you like and we could do the whole ‘Me Weissan, you Dolt’ thing”

Chapter End Notes

Alternate Title: Who’s Afraid of the Big Bad Beowolf?

Weiss can never seem to catch a break around here. If she’s not working in a topless restaurant or having her pen stolen by magnetic nipples she’d playing the role of the Beowolf and Ruby the Huntress.

Something I noticed while writing this chapter is that all the scenarios I mentioned Ruby playing the submissive while Weiss plays the dominant.

Based on this, I sort of get the sense that Ruby enjoys playing the innocent so she can then turn the tables when she has them where she wants. Considering Weiss was playing a Beowolf in this one, it kind of puts Rubys first trailer when she was attacked by Beowolves in the forest and immediately cut them to ribbons into a new perspective.
Highborn Ladies of Atlas - (Red Willow), (White Rose)

Chapter Notes

Contains Minor Canon divergence: Weiss and her parents have a frosty relationship, Jacques is slightly less of a complete arsehole

Ruby x Willow (Schnee Mother) (Red Willow): Futanari (Ruby), Flirty, MILF, Under the table, Teasing, Foot play, Stockings, Mild Dub-con

Ruby x Weiss (White Rose): Futanari (Ruby), Blowjob, Handjob, Fingering, Under formal dress, Tsundere Weiss, Romantic Fluff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ruby knew she was so incredibly far outside of her comfort zone, she might as well have been in another world entirely for all the difference it made.

Ruby found herself presented with what looked to her like the sort of thing Zwei would bring back from the forests in Patch. Weiss said it was some kind of rare fish found only in the seas off the northern ice flows of Atlas. If this was what it looked like even after being prepared by top chefs she was rather glad it was rare.

Whatever it was, it tasted about as good as it looked, leaving a heavily bitter aftertaste in the wake of every mouthful. While her first instinct had been to just wolf it down as quickly as she could, if only to get it off her plate, she knew such a thing would not be appreciated in present company. Only adding to her confusion was the seemingly endless array of unique cutlery which made her question whether she was supposed to be using a new fork for every bite. But in the end her biggest challenge was sitting at the head of the table, and it was named Jacques Schnee.

“So Ruby” Jacques Schnee finally spoke to break the lingering silence that had hung thick almost since the dinner began. They’d somehow managed to make it through starters with barely a word spoken between them. “Weiss tells me that you were accepted into Beacon two years early. You must have had some sterling academic credentials”

Ruby shifted in her seat, sitting at the edge of one end of the long dining table which spanned the length of a vast hall. The entire décor, snow whites and ice blues, matched the ever-present atmosphere. At the head of the table was the master of the household, Jacques Schnee.

While Ruby had not prepared much of an image in her head of what she had expected him to look like, Mr Schnee seemed rather more human than some of Weiss’s more inflammatory descriptions would have you believe. Across from Ruby, sitting at her husband’s right hand, was the lady of the house, Willow Schnee. Willow seemed a lot closer to what Ruby might have expected. Her features remained amazingly youthful despite her status as Winter and Weiss’s mother, an exaltation of the benefits of a life spent in high society perhaps.

Willow had the same long white hair which seemed to be a Schnee family trait. But while Winter and Weiss styled theirs for practicality Willow had hers held in an elaborate plumage across the back of her head with a few lingering strands left to flutter across her shoulders. The style reminded Ruby
of some of the exotic birds found amongst the wildlands of Mistral. Ruby was about to joke to Weiss that maybe her mom intended it as some kind of courtship display but decided to not to take the risk, she had more important things to focus on that trying to make crass jokes.

At Ruby's side, sitting at her father's left hand, was her teammate and long-term partner Weiss Schnee. Weiss had invited Ruby home with her to Atlas for the weekend to stay with her parents. It turned out that, despite their best efforts to keep the relationship known only to those closest to them at Beacon, Jacques Schnee was nothing if not relentless in his questioning over why his daughter had taken such a particular fondness to only one of her teammates. The explanation that they were merely training together to improve their cohesion as team partners could only be sustained for so long before the truth had to emerge.

Weiss for her part was never one to take things at face value when it came to Atlas high society, her parents, or any combination of the two. Sensing an ulterior motive, likely to brand Ruby as some country bumpkin from some nowhere island that self-identified as part of Vale only so the other Kingdoms could find it on a map, Weiss began drilling her crimsonette leader in proper etiquette.

Things did not get off to a promising start when Weiss had to explain, very calmly, that it was not an appropriate introduction to simply hold out her hand and say, ‘Greetings Mr S, I’m Ruby Rose, I sleep on top of your daughter at night’. (A/N: Bunk beds, she means bunk beds!)

In the end, Weiss felt she had managed to teach Ruby enough that she was, while not fluent, at least able to grasp the key points of decorum in Atlas.

“I like to think I did ok at Signal” Ruby laid her cutlery aside as she spoke. “But I think what really did it was meeting Professor Ozpin after I stopped some thugs trying to steal a load of Dust from a shop. But I’m sure you know all about that” it took a lingering moment before Ruby realised her blunder. “The Dust I mean, not the robbery” Ruby tried to recover. “You know, because you own the company… that makes Dust” Rubys attempts at clarification did not soften Jacques expression. Even Weiss’s chilly stare told Ruby she should probably stop at this point.

Ruby thought she was at least having better luck with Willow, who spent much of the meal passing Ruby encouraging smiles from across the table.

“So, Ruby” Willow interjected. “You are your team leader at Beacon?”

“Yeah, it’s not a big deal though” Ruby replied humbly. “It’s just me and Weiss, our friend Blake and my sister Yang”

“A sister?” Willow said with an added tint of enthusiasm. “Nice to know there are more Roses out there in the world”

“Well, half-sister really” Ruby corrected. “You see our dad remarried and met my mum and so here I am”

“Still” Willow took another tasting sip of her wine. “A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet. I wonder, is she quite as captivating as you? There’s not many who can claim to have quite such, silver eyes”

“Shes, err, different” Ruby replied. “Shes a lot taller, more muscular than I am”

“I see” Willow said. “Then perhaps we have your mother to thank for your rather, adorable features”
“Did Weiss ever tell you how we first met?” Ruby tried to divert the conversation. “It’s kind of funny really. You see, we actually met on the first day at Beacon when I managed to blow-” Ruby felt a sharp kick of Weiss’s well-heeled shoe against her shin, perhaps harder than was strictly necessary but the point was made nonetheless. “-her away with my knowledge of Dust” Ruby swiftly corrected herself.

“I’m sure there’s a lot Weiss could learn from you about the exotic applications of Dust” Willow raised another sip of her glass to her lips. “Perhaps you would even be willing to show me a few things, when we can be allowed some privacy of course” the brief flutter of a wink accompanying the words set Ruby on the back foot.

“Yeah, of course” was all Ruby would think to reply.

Ruby was not always clued in on social cues, Yang telling her as much in the most sisterly way possible. But she got the strangest impression that Weiss’s mum was hitting on her?

That couldn’t be right. The number of times Ruby had grasped the wrong end of the stick in social situations was too many for her to remember. Ruby glanced over to Weiss for some semblance of reassurance that she wasn’t misinterpreting the situation, but Weiss’s expression remained unconcerned. Ruby finally convinced herself that she was just imagining things.

“Ruby is quite adept in her use of Dust” Weiss spoke up. “She regularly designs and builds upgrades for her own equipment and has even…”

Ruby felt something touch her leg. It was softly at first, a feeling she could easily dismiss as a nervous twitch or a trick of the mind. Then it began to become more insistent, more frequent as she felt it moving and feeling its way across the curve of her knee.

At first, she thought it was Weiss’s hand, momentarily taken aback at the thought of Weiss being so forward in front of her parents like that. But when Ruby looked over she saw both of Weiss’s hands were resting on the table as she continued to speak. Could it have been Weiss’s leg? Weiss may be nimble but even she couldn’t turn herself through those sorts of angles and still keep to her seat beside her.

The truth of the situation was even more difficult for Ruby to make sense of given Weiss’s decision on her choice of wardrobe for the evening. Weiss had insisted in dressing her in some voluptuous red thing with a seemingly endless number of frills and elaborate designs woven into the fabric. Ruby had suggested that she could just wear what she had worn to the Prom at Beacon but Weiss was adamant such an outfit would not stand up to scrutiny by her parents. The layered ruffles of the dress muffled the caresses and seemed only to encourage the explorative appendage to delve deeper. Whatever it was it was long, dexterous and-

Across the table, Willow maintained an unwavering poker face as she listened intently to her daughter singing her partners praises on her knowledge of Dust. Beneath the table was a different story all together as Willows agile foot, devoid of its finely crafted heeled shoe, managed to find its way between Rubys legs.

Despite the layers between them created first by Rubys dress and again by the lace stockings adorning Willows shapely legs Willows touch was still having an effect. Ruby could already begin to feel a part of herself stirring, evidenced by the tenting in the front of the dress. She could feel herself straining against the delicate underwear Weiss had insisted she wear. Ruby feared for the wrath that
would be wrought if even a single stitch was left out of place because she wouldn’t keep herself under control.

Ruby tried to keep herself balanced, but every effort to suppress her desires only seemed to enflame them further. Even the old standby of imagining Professor Port in a mankini did little to keep herself in check. For whatever reason it was at this moment that her conscious mind decided to make the connection which made the situation that much more awkward.

Looking across the table Ruby began to take note of the striking resemblance between Willow and her youngest daughter. While Winter may have looked like Weiss’s older sibling Willow looked remarkably like Weiss herself, given a few decades and an idyllic life of pampering. This only seemed to encourage her loins to grow further, now making the mental connection between Weiss and Willows relentless attentions.

Thoughts began to permeate Ruby’s mind of Weiss being the one to tease her. The illicit thrill that accompanied it made her fear that she was about ready to reach the point of no return any moment now. Even the abject horror and embarrassment at the prospect of being discovered somehow reformed itself into a pleasurable anticipation. Ruby vividly imagined the stunned expressions of Weiss’s parents as the truth was revealed to them. She saw Weiss basking in the afterglow of the revelation, knowing that in a single act she had struck a blow against the protracted rules and arcane etiquettes she had been forced to labour under her entire life.

Ruby felt the tip of Willows foot brush past the head of her hardened member. Even as she was met by Rubys secret her expression never faltered. Ruby was not sure whether Weiss had divulged to her parents about her unique trait or whether Willow was merely that skilled at maintaining her façade of nobility. Ruby tried her best to match her composure but Willows agile foot was proving too great of a distraction, whether through ingenuity or sheer luck managing to search out each of Rubys sweet spots in quick succession.

The momentary distraction of the servants coming forwards to clear the plates allowed Ruby a modicum of relief. Her mind was telling her to stop this while another part of her anatomy begged to differ. She just had to hope that Weiss hadn’t noticed-

Glancing to her side Ruby felt the colour draining from her expression as she was met by Weiss staring daggers at her. If ever glares could kill, Weiss would probably be the one to find out.

‘Yeah, she noticed.’

Ruby tried to motion back with an expression which said, ‘It’s not me, really’ but Weiss was having none of it.

“Will you excuse us” Weiss spoke through gritted teeth. Rising from her seat she reached across to grab Ruby by the wrist and practically dragged her from the dining room after her, setting a remarkable pace down the carpeted corridor in heels.

At the table Jacques gave a cursory glance towards his wife, seeking some explanation as to his daughter’s sudden outburst. He was well aware of Weiss’s hot-headed tendencies but couldn’t quite decipher exactly what had been the cause of her rebelliousness this time. Willow simply gave an innocent shrug before helping herself to another sip of her wine.

After being drawn into an adjoining room Ruby found herself perched on the edge of a marble
counter in a large bathroom. The walls were adorned in pale white colours and even had a chandelier suspended above the wide tub which dominated the centre of the room.

Weiss secured the wide double doors behind her. Turning to press her back against the only exit she ensured there was to be no escape from whatever she had planned. Weiss suddenly propelled herself across the room towards Ruby, grasping her arms and bringing her face mere inches from Rubys. Weiss’s eyes were alight with barely restrained fury. “Right, what the hell is going on?”

Weiss was not one to allow her emotions to creep to the surface, that alone proved the severity of their current situation.

“I’m sorry Weiss” Ruby replied, deciding to get that out of the way first before her mouth could get her into any further trouble. “But your mum was making all those quips and then she started doing that thing under the table and—”

Weiss glanced down. Upon seeing the tent forming in the front of Rubys dress her eyes widened like saucers, her brief outpouring of anger immediately turning to shock. “She didn’t”

“Yeah, she did” Ruby admitted sheepishly.

“And you did that!” Weiss shrieked, her shock beginning to shift back towards anger.

“I didn’t have much choice” Ruby pleaded. “She was being all flirty then she started teasing me down there. Before I realised it, I noticed she kind of looks like you and that made me think of you doing it—”

“Ruby” Weiss held her hand up to cease her lovers rambling. “Let me give you one simple piece of advice. No girl wants to be reminded that she’ll someday look like her mother”

“But like you said, it made me like this” Ruby indicated the bulge in the front of her dress. “So, I guess that bodes well for us in the future, don’t you think?”

It was in this moment that Weiss was faced with one of those pivotal moments in life. She could either decide to kiss Ruby for being so sweet or slap her for being a complete dolt. The keen strategist that she was, Weiss chose a third option. Lowering herself to her knees Weiss began lifting the hem of Rubys voluptuous dress.

“Weiss, what are you—” Ruby didn’t get an answer before Weiss had dived beneath the seemingly never-ending frills of Atlesian tailoring.

Bathed in the thick film of darkness Weiss had to rely upon touch alone if she had any hope of finding her way around. Reaching out an inquisitive hand her fingers met the silky-smooth skin of Rubys thigh, the unexpected contact causing Ruby to yelp in surprise. Tracing her fingers along the curve of Ruby’s inner thigh, never breaking contact lest she once more lose herself in this abyss, her fingers met in the middle at the base of Rubys throbbing member.

Weiss traced her finger tips across the soft material of Rubys underwear, one she had chosen both for its exceptional quality and the way it formed perfectly to the curve of Rubys body. Normally. In Rubys current state the material threatened to tear under the immense strain of Rubys ever growing member.

Weiss carefully reached inside, using her dexterous fingers to preserve the exquisite example of
Atlesian fashion as she withdrew the straining underwear to one side. Rubys stiff member immediately leapt out to greet her, feeling the brush of the air across her face at its sudden appearance.

Weiss sought out the tip of Rubys penis with the tip of her tongue, feeling Rubys body quiver all around her as Weiss made her first fleeting contact. Weiss caressed her tongue around the flared head, feeling the familiar give and rebound as the pressure was applied and released intermittently. Weiss began to trace her lips across the shaft itself, just below the crown at first before descending lower to leave a trail of fresh saliva in her wake.

Soon Weiss’s hand dared to enter the fray, gently caressing the places where her lips had yet to tread themselves. The heiress’s finely manicured fingers moved up and down the length of the shaft with the greatest of ease, spreading the moisture so it covered the entire length.

At the same time Weiss’s other hand began to trace circles around Rubys wet pussy lips, the two-pronged assault only enhancing Rubys pleasure. During their time together, Weiss usually focussed her attentions on a single point, whether gently caressing her shaft or deftly fingering her lips. It was a rare treat when she could summon up the ambidexterity to handle both at the same time.

The depth and rhythm of the blowjob intensified as Ruby reached out to grasp the mound in the front of her dress for support, feeling the mass bob up and down beneath her grip. This whole endeavour was quick and primal, designed to deliver the most pleasure in the shortest possible time. This was so unlike Weiss usually, requiring some arcane ritual just to get her top button undone.

The juxtaposition between the warm mouth and the soft hands was quickly proving too much for Ruby to handle. Ruby knew that Weiss would never forgive her for blowing up in her face and completely ruining her makeup, again. But at this rate Ruby didn’t really have much say in the matter. With all of Willows teasing and now Weiss’s intervention any remnant of the crimsonettes self-control had long since been overtaken.

As she let loose her fury Ruby was forced to grasp and claw at the mound of her dress desperately for purchase. What started out as a single powerful release was quickly followed by several smaller waves in quick succession as Weiss continued to suck Rubys member, enduring that all that Ruby had to give with not a single drop lingering in reserve.

As Ruby was left basking in the afterglow of such an intense experience her dress began to shift as Weiss moved to release herself of its confines. Weiss rose to her feet as she brushed the lingering creases from her dress, her angelic figure marred only by the straining bulge in her cheeks as the evidence of the scale of Rubys release. Weiss gulped it down in a single movement as if it were entirely natural to her.

Ruby panted to regain her breath, her cheeks flushed bright red and her body quivering to such a degree that it took both her hands clasped tightly on the edge of the bathtub to keep herself upright. Weiss paid her little attention as she turned to inspect her appearance in the wall mirror.

“‘Weiss” Ruby managed through ragged pants. “Why did you-”

“I couldn’t have you embarrassing yourself in front of my parents” Weiss remarked without glancing back, adjusting the few strands of hair that had dared to go awry. “This was the most efficient way to resolve the issue”

“I just didn’t expect you to, you know” Ruby mused, unable to bring herself to say the word even
after what they had just experienced together.

“And don’t be expecting me to be doing that for you again anytime soon” Weiss retorted.

Ruby felt compelled to ask. “Do you want me to…”

“Unlike you, I actually have a modicum of self-restraint and can reign in my baser instincts” Weiss put the final changes to her appearance in the mirror, turning back to face Ruby as she grasped her hands wide on her hips. “That being said” Weiss’s expression turned deadly serious. “The moment that we are alone together you shall immediately remove both my dress and your own and proceed to ravish me relentlessly until I am listless and hoarse from screaming your name for all of Atlas to bear witness to your prowess. Am I clear?”

“Yes, Weiss” Ruby called back without thinking.

Ruby had to admit that she was getting surprisingly flustered at being met by forceful Weiss. Ruby wasn’t sure how she was ever going to make it through dessert.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

Winter and Willow enjoying tea the morning after the dinner>

Winter: “How was the dinner with Weiss and Ruby?”

Willow: “She was very sweet and charming. But let me tell you, she has quite the secret under those adorable features of hers. It was so big and firm I’m surprised she can even stand up straight, I don’t know how Weiss expects to handle it on her own. Still, I shouldn’t need to worry about grandchildren for too long now”

Winter: “Are you sure it wasn’t just the table leg?”

Willow: “Winter my dear, after several decades of marriage I think I’ve learned the distinction between the two. In fact, I used to do those sorts of things for your father when we were first married. Although I have to say, compared to discovery of what Miss Rose has…”

<Willow takes another sip of her tea>

Willow: “Button mushroom”

<Winter spit takes her tea at the mental image>

Chapter End Notes

Writing this I was working under the impression that the name of Weiss’s mother had been revealed to be Willow and that, although she hasn’t appeared in person, her
appearance was at least hinted at in a family portrait in the Schnee Manor. Turns out I may have been remembering those wrong, or at least they haven’t been confirmed officially, but I’m just going to run with it.

This series is also going to rather more Weiss heavy than I’d first expected. While I admitted I had a thing for White Rose when I began it wasn’t until I set about writing that a lot of my ideas started involved Weiss either as a major player or at least turning up in some fashion. Therefore, a lot, but not all, of the future chapters will likely involve Weiss in some respect.

I think the reason is not only do I like her as one half of my favourite ship but her initial personality as the bitchy heiress has proven a deep vein of inspiration and comedy so far. So, look forward to more of that.
Cold Fire - (Freezerburn)

Chapter Notes

Contains Team RWBY: Nudity in Dorm, No Incest, Sisterly hugging, Legal Age Ruby

Weiss x Yang (Freezerburn): Tsundere Weiss, Shower Sex, Towel drying kink, 69 position, Oral, Vaginal Fingering, Arse Worship, Light Spanking, Bellabooty ain’t got nothing on the Yangtail

“Oh, hey Weiss”

The cheery way in which Ruby Rose delivered her welcome would, on the surface at least, lead one to believe that there was nothing which could be considered amiss about their current situation. The reality was the casual nature of the greeting was sharply juxtaposed by the crimsonettes state of dress, or rather lack thereof. As Weiss had returned to the dorm room to find her leader dressed without a shred of clothing. Even the latest copy of Swords, Also Guns magazine in her hand was in no way being used to maintain even an attempt at modesty.

“You’re naked!” Weiss blurted out in surprise.

Ruby glanced down at herself as if only now realising after someone had specifically pointed it out to her. “It’s hot”

Weiss had to allow herself a moment to process Rubys response, said as if it were the answer to every question Weiss could ever think to ask about this situation. Granted, Vale was just entering the height of summer and the provision of air conditioning in the dorms wasn’t exemplary. Still, Weiss struggled to make sense of the logical leap which had brought Ruby to the conclusion that such a response was sufficient.

“But why are you naked?” Weiss asked again.

“This is how I cool down” Ruby replied. “It’s how we used to do it back home”

‘Was she completely missing something here?’

“But you’re not at home” Weiss felt her fingers beginning to unconsciously clench into stark representations of Beowolf claws. “You’re here, in a shared dorm”

“So what, I don’t mind” Ruby continued with the same level tone as if Weiss had asked if she could borrow her weapon repair kit.

“I mind!” Weiss’s voice cracked with emotion bordering on sheer panic as Ruby still made no attempt to conceal herself as the conversation continued unabated. “What if someone else were to come in and see you?”

“Chill out, Weiss”
Weiss recognised the voice, as well as the accompanying snigger at their own ridiculous pun. Weiss had been so consumed by Ruby that she hadn’t even noticed Yang laying on her bed atop the bunk, idly scanning through her scroll perched atop her ample bust like Remnants most convenient scroll holder. Yang climbed off her bed and stood proudly beside her sister, her long blonde hair cascading over the front of her shoulders offering some small shred of modesty. This small redeeming quality of her hair draped across her nipples was rather undermined by the rest of her being unabashedly on display.

Seeing the two sisters standing together it was hard to imagine that the two were even tangentially related. Ruby was short, lithe and with only a hint of muscle focussed in her arms and legs from her time spent running and wielding Crescent Rose. Yang was taller, more muscular in every conceivable place but without sacrificing a hint of her femininity. Weiss didn’t even need to comment on the distinction when it came to their busts.

Weiss snapped herself from her surprise. “Wha- you’re doing it too?”

“Yeah of course, why wouldn’t I?” Yang threw her arm across her little sister’s shoulder, bringing her into a tender embrace. It would have been a touching moment of sibling familiarity, had they been wearing clothes.

“Oh, I don’t know” Weiss made a tenuous step into the realm of sarcasm. “How about because you’re sisters!”

“Half-sisters” Yang clarified, as if that helped the situation. “Besides, this is totally normal in Patch. You would not believe how hot the summers can get there so this is how we beat the heat”

“We’re not in Patch!” Weiss was on the verge of a sanity meltdown. Such flagrant disregard for public sensibility was unthinkable in the far more conservative Atlas. That wasn’t even accounting the harsh climate which would soon deter any would be public nudists.

“Don’t I know it” Yang groaned. “If this were Patch I could be going outside and lounging in the shade. I tell you, there is nothing better than feeling the breeze across your bare…” as she said it Yang raised her arms high above her head in an indulgent stretch, bringing them down to her sides in a spread arc. Despite everything already being on show this act somehow made it seem even more indecent. Weiss clasped her hands across her eyes in an overdue attempt to preserve her sensibilities.

“I can’t believe this is real” Weiss muttered into her hands, as much to herself as to the sisters. “Does Blake even know you’re doing this?”

“Oh, I think she knows” Yang stifled back a titter from overtaking her. “Don’t you Blakey?”

‘She couldn’t be’

Weiss dared to peer out from between her thinly spread fingers. She was met by the sight of Blake reclining in her bed, naked as the two sisters, reading her novel and seemingly unperturbed despite the ongoing altercation. Weiss could understand these two, but Blake as well?

Any hopes the heiress might have had of Blake supporting her as the voice of reason was swiftly torn asunder. Weiss was convinced that she had lost her mind, that was the only conceivable explanation. Weiss turned and left the dorms, suddenly finding herself in desperate need of a cold shower somewhere far away.
‘All mushrooms can be eaten, but some only once’ Such was the remark made by esteemed Vale Hunter Edward Ursa on the subject of procuring food from wild plants in the wilderness. In a single statement, he artfully summarises both the availability of edible plant species outside the populated cities and the dangers presented by many others. To add to the inherent risk some edible plants, to the untrained eye, appear indistinguishable from deadly poisons. Therefore, to a Huntress, an in-depth knowledge in the identification of flora can prove invaluable to their survival.

Taking an example in the Vacuo Nightshade found growing amongst the harsh deserts on the southern edge of...

Weiss’s patience had finally reached its limit, discarding her pen and leaning heavily back on her desk chair. The mention of the desert combined with the ceaseless heat of the dormitory was all she could stand. She couldn’t take this any longer. In the end she decided, perhaps against her better judgement were the circumstances more favourable, to simply surrender to temptation.

Stepping to her feet, Weiss grasped the edges of her school jacket and slipped it off of her shoulders before laying it neatly across her bed. Next, she removed the hair pin keeping her long hair in place, unfurling the mornings work to allow it to cast itself down her back. That was the easy part.

Weiss untied the bow of her shirt with a single pull, laying it aside with her jacket. Reaching back up she undid the first button of her dress shirt. She had done this so many times before, yet somehow this time proved so much more difficult. Finally reaching the last of the buttons she tentatively grasped the two halves of her shirt before finally working up the resolve to slip it from her body. She laid the shirt out on her bunk.

Next came her skirt. Weiss released the clasp concealed beneath the waistband, pulling the zip down and allowed it to fall to the ground under its own influence. Stepping out of her discarded skirt Weiss picked it up and laid it out on her bed beside everything else. The removal of her outer clothes left her standing in her matching pale blue underwear. Weiss considered putting on her nightdress for some semblance of decency but reasoned that would just put her right back where she started.

Sitting back down at her desk Weiss was already beginning to appreciate the effect, the air washing over her bare skin a welcome relief. Perhaps the two sisters really did have a point. Weiss relaxed back into her seat as she prepared to resume her work. But even as the heat left her body her mind still refused to focus.

Thoughts, that she had first attributed to the heat, continued to be brought to the forefront of her mind. At first, she had attributed them as an illusion of her heat addled mind. Now without that excuse to sustain her she was faced with the very real prospect of where they came from. These thoughts were of Yang, specifically they were thoughts of Yang naked. They were thoughts of a naked Yang beckoning her over with a coquettish smile that would not seem out of place in the bedroom eyes of a Vacuo courtesan as she lay bare across a sea of silken bedrolls as the soft scent of exotic spices wafted-

Weiss’s heart threatened to leap boldly from her chest as she heard the door lock disengage with a metallic click. Weiss had been so consumed with removing these thoughts from her mind lest their presence become known by her expression that she had never considered to regather her clothes before the opportunity had passed her by.
“Finally!”

Weiss heard the voice and began to despair over whether fate had allotted her position of its favourite chew toy for the day. Yang came into the dorm as if seemingly summoned by Weiss’s intimate thoughts of her, fresh from another of Professor Goodwitch’s interminable lectures. Yang had barely closed the door behind her before she was already shrugging off her school jacket with a heady sigh of relief.

Expecting her to simply stop there Weiss was taken aback to see Yang begin to unbutton her shirt. Weiss already knew exactly where the brawler intended to take this. Even if they were both girls this was not how things should be conducted properly. Clearing her throat, Weiss made her presence acutely known as she shifted to keep as much of herself concealed from Yang's view.

Yang glanced over at Weiss. “Oh, hey Weiss” Yang only faltered in her undressing for a moment, quickly resuming it without a care for Weiss’s presence.

“What are you doing?” Weiss asked.

“Getting undressed of course” Yang replied matter-of-factly.

“I meant why aren’t you doing it where I can’t see you?” Weiss asked.

“What’s the point?” Yang countered. “I’m going to be naked either way”

In sharp contrast to the meticulous order of Weiss, laying her clothes out neatly across her bed, Yang simply threw her crumpled clothes aside into a seemingly random constellation across the floor at the foot of her bed.

Weiss entertained the thought of giving up entirely, redressing herself and trying to find some semblance of peace in the library. But then she remembered the noise and the endless disruptions which would endeavour to make the heat the least of her annoyances. Weiss couldn’t bring herself to surrender now. She couldn’t demand that Yang change merely to satisfy her, that would only prove herself the pampered heiress she’d tried so hard to shake off of herself.

Weiss decided that the best option was to simply engross herself in her work.

…Vacuo, it bears a striking similarity to the common Ember Dragon Lily. While on the surface the two may appear interchangeable the consequences of misidentification have on occasion proven fatal. This is due to the Nightshades latent ability to induce-

“You working on that assignment for Port’s class?”

Yang leant over the back of Weiss’s chair to get a better view of her notes, the outside of her forearms pressing against Weiss’s shoulder blades.

“Man, I haven’t even started that yet” Yang bemoaned. “I’ve got a lot of reading to do on this Huntress from Vacuo who once managed to rip out a Beowolfs skull and beat-”

“What are you doing!” Weiss snapped, her arms flailing back in an undignified flurry. “I don’t want your sweaty arms all over me!”
Yang stepped back. Yang sometimes enjoyed teasing Weiss a little, partly it was to teach Weiss to loosen up but at the same time it taught Yang a lot about Atlas society. If the rest of Atlas was even half as uptight as Weiss could be Yang had to wonder how the Kingdom could even continue to function with such a collective stick up its arse.

“Glad to see you’re finally embracing the freedom and all but why are you still wearing your underwear?” Yang asked, deliberately evading Weiss’s momentary outburst. “Aren’t you still hot?”

Weiss had to admit that the presence of her underwear was causing the heat to gather in the most uncomfortable of places, but she could never admit that to Yang. “Because I still have some modicum of modesty to maintain” was the best response she could come up with in a panic, keeping her eyes firmly fixed on the wall in front of her.

“Sure” Yang replied. “Whatever’s cool for you” Yang stretched her arms out, unkinking her tense muscles. “I’m going to take a shower” Yang headed out to the adjoining shower room, leaving Weiss to her work. While Yang enjoyed every opportunity to tease Weiss she wouldn’t get in her way when she was trying to work.

The dorm once more all to herself Weiss thought she would be free to return to her topic at hand. But once more, every time she tried to focus on her assignment her unconscious mind seemed to have other ideas for her, bringing thoughts of the boisterous brawler to her conscious focus.

How could she possibly be so infuriating and yet so captivating?

Adding to the distraction was the low hiss of the shower in the adjoining bathroom. Each Beacon dorm room had its own bathroom and shower to be shared between the four team members. Such an arrangement proved sufficient most of the year but with the fast encroach of summer the demand for showers was rising rapidly and suddenly one to four was proving a difficult ratio to live with.

Weiss was tempted by the mention of the shower. She had been so caught up in her work that she hadn’t even thought of it. Sense told her to wait until Yang was finished and go in after her. Another part of her, probably the same part of her seemingly enraptured by thoughts of a naked Yang, told her to follow. In the end, Weiss surrendered to the latter.

Rising from her chair Weiss stepped across the dorm room towards the bathroom door. She hesitated only for a moment before daring to follow Yang in after her.

The bathroom was relatively small but held all the usual amenities, intended only for use by one person at a time. Through the thin film of steam Weiss saw Yang in the shower across the room, her back presented to Weiss and blissfully unaware of her presence.

As Weiss watched the water spilling over Yangs frame she suddenly realised that this was really the first time she’d ever seen her teammate like this. Weiss had caught passing glimpses of it in the changing room after duelling practice, but now she was free to take a detailed look. Yangs wet hair clung to the long curve of her toned back, giving usually cream her skin a bright golden tint. The fleeting strands of hair continued to follow down across the curve of her back to come to rest at the crest of her finely sculpted buttocks.

Weiss could not help but be reminded of the trips she had taken to the Kingdom Arts Museum in Vale. Born to a Kingdom which heavily restricted arts and culture Weiss had been intrigued to learn exactly why the other Kingdoms valued their cultures so highly. Amongst the grand displays of heroism, captivating landscapes and completely nonsensical interpretations of ‘art’ was a statue
dedicated to one of the great Huntresses of Vales history. For whatever reason, her image had been captured wielding her long spear aloft with little adorning her body other than a long fluttering robe which left her practically nude for all to witness.

Weiss recalled how she had been captivated by the preservation of finely polished marble, the detailing in the features. But all her mind wanted her to focus upon was the elegant curve of the statues rear and quite how much it reminded her of Yangs. Callipygian was a word she’d heard cast about on that particular subject. Without even realising her mind had once more caught her off guard, the memory of the statues face reforming into an uncanny mimicry of a certain.

Why was her subconscious betraying her now? Of all the things she could have thought of why did it have to be-

“*You can come in if you want*”

Weiss’s attention snapped into focus in an instant. Having been so caught up in her own thoughts she hadn’t noticed Yang peering over her shoulder to meet her gaze. Weiss’s face involuntarily erupted in unrestrained redness. Weiss could not bring herself to answer, instead mustering the boldness to step forwards towards the shower. She had come this far, she could not allow hesitation to overtake her at such a crucial-

“You might want to lose those” Yang called over.

Weiss realised the lack of sense in stepping into the shower while still dressed in her underwear. In that moment Weiss couldn’t help but feel like an absolute dolt. Eager to make right her mistake she began to remove her underwear, sans the arcane ritual that had permeated almost every aspect of her life since childhood. Somehow removing her underwear was far less intimidating than taking off the rest of her outer clothing had been even on her own.

Weiss stepped into the shower cubicle, keeping her back to Yang both to conceal herself and to avoid seeing any more of Yang that might tempt her imagination any further. Despite Weiss’s best efforts to keep some amount of distance between them only to soon realise the small space made such modesty an impossibility. Despite having been allocated for a four-person team the architects clearly envisioned its use by one person at a time.

The closeness of Yangs embrace allowed Weiss to feel the press of the blondes larger bust against her bare back. Weiss could not help but allow a private dismay at her own relative lack of development in that area. Having spent nearly her whole time at Beacon listening to other female students bemoaning about back strain and the difficulty in finding bras to fit did not help matters.

Weiss refocused her mind on the warm wash of the water across her body, feeling her damp hair clutching to her back. Born to a continent that was blanketed in a perpetual layer of snow and ice Weiss had always savoured her showers as something of an indulgence to be enjoyed at her leisure. Often, she allowed the warm stream to caress her skin and sooth her troubled mind long after the task of cleaning herself had been fulfilled.

“Hey Weiss, can you do me, please?” Yang asked out of nowhere.

Weiss was completely taken aback by Yangs sudden forwardness. It was only when Weiss managed to turn to look over her shoulder that she saw Yang was holding a luffa and a bottle of liquid scented body wash. It took a moment longer for Weiss to finally realise that she had meant her back. It seemed that Yang was having more of a marked influence upon her than she was willing to admit.
Weiss struggled to turned herself in the confined space to be met by Yang's back being presented to her. Weiss accepted the offered items, applying a generous application of body wash to the luffa. Now came the task at hand, but as Weiss reached out a hand to brush Yang's blonde hair aside she hesitated.

At first, she had thought it was due to Yang's well documented pet peeve about anyone touching her hair but realised that once again she found herself entirely captivated by it. She could not help but imagine what it would feel like to pass her fingers through those long locks of golden-

“Oh, here” Yang said, reaching back to draw her hair back over her shoulder to give Weiss clear access to her toned back.

Weiss placed a tentative touch of the moistened luffa to the centre of Yang's back, beginning with a slow swirl which arced just beneath her shoulder blades. The size of the circles continued to grow with each pass until Weiss found herself covering all of Yang's shoulders in a thin film of soapy suds. It was not long before Weiss caught her gaze, and with it her hands, descending further than perhaps was entirely necessary. She began to feel herself slowing with each pass. This made so little sense, they were friends after all, touching didn't have to be inherently dirty given the circumstances. But could she actually bring herself to touch it, even through the medium of soapy sponge.

“I can do you if you want” Yang said.

Weiss mutely handed the luffa and the body wash across to Yang before turning herself around to face the wall, eager to conceal the ever-growing blush forming on her cheeks. A brief intermission lingered between them before she began to feel the press of Yang's hands across her back, gentle but with a surprising firmness behind it. Weiss remembered when her maids would wash her, how they would take every care to treat her with the greatest of tenderness as if she were some fragile doll. To Yang, it seemed that washing was just that, a practical task to be completed with the greatest efficiency.

Weiss braced her hands against the wall, both to maintain her balance but also for the overwhelming fear that allowing her hands any opportunity at freedom would only see them delve into untoward places. But over time the temptations began to grow until they became almost overwhelming. Lifting a shaking hand from the wall Weiss began to caress lightly across her pert nipple, the ceaseless attention which she lavished on the fast-growing bud was evidence enough that the act had little to do with cleanliness.

The innate peril of the act only enhanced the pleasure. Weiss could feel it building up inside of her. Without even touching her lips she was finding herself becoming completely enraptured by the ceaseless push and pull of the-

And just like that, as swiftly as it had begun, it stopped. Weiss's back felt suddenly cold without the presence of Yang's hands to warm her.

“Well that’s it for me” without another word Yang stepped out of the shower cubicle leaving Weiss to stand listless beneath the stream and feeling wholly unsatisfied. Once again fate proved itself a cruel overseer. Part of her feared that Yang had realised her intent and made a composed exit to save both of them the embarrassment. What Weiss had learned of her teammate was that was not how Yang would react. If that were the case, Yang would have made some flippant remark in an attempt to disarm the situation. This left Weiss thinking that the brawler simply hadn’t realised the effect she was having on the heiress.
Weiss could have simply left it at that. In a pinch she could dealt with the matter herself, the lack of privacy in the dorm itself meaning that this would not be the first time she had been required to do so in the shower. But Weiss knew she couldn’t be satisfied like that, she needed Yang to do it. For better or worse it seemed that her subconscious was abundantly clear on that. Weiss turned off the shower before stepping out of the bathroom prepared to demand that Yang finished what she had started.

As Weiss stepped back into the dorm she was met by the sight of Yang standing away from her, drying her long hair with her bright yellow towel and froze Weiss in her step. All the confidence and determination she had mustered melted away.

‘Why? I’ve never felt this way before, why did it have to be now?’

“Yang” Weiss forced her lips to move. Yang looked back to face Weiss at the sound of her name. “Can we… keep going?”

“What do you mean?” Yang asked with a hint of innocence to her voice. Yang turned to face Weiss, once more treating the heiress to a front row seat with little concern for what Weiss was free to admire.

“You know, what we were just…” Weiss said.

Weiss saw the glint of a devilish smile emerge across Yangs lips. “I thought you said, ‘I don’t want your sweaty arms all over me’” Yang decided to tease out of her.

But Weiss was determined not to back down now. “Well, they aren’t sweaty anymore” even as she said it Weiss realised it for the paper-thin justification it truly was.

Witnessing that Weiss was about to burst a blood vessel from the strain of it all Yang finally decided to relent on the teasing. Allowing her towel to slip around her shoulder Yang stepped forward and clasped her hands to Weiss’s biceps. Despite their differences Weiss had never felt intimidated by Yangs height or her toned muscles. Somehow, Yang projected this ceaseless air of gentle love to all those she cared for.

“As you wish” Yang said. “But first we need to get you dried off”

Weiss glanced down, only now to realising she had actually been dripping water all over the dorm room carpet the entire time. Yang retrieved a fresh sky-blue towel from Weiss’s bed, discarding her own towel into the laundry basket as she headed back across the room towards Weiss.

Weiss held out her hand to accept the towel only for Yang to cast it over her head and begin drying her hair with it. Weiss hadn’t been treated in such a way since she was a small child, at the same time she couldn’t honestly say she was entirely opposed to the idea.

Yang drew the towel down across Weiss’s back, freeing Weiss from its shadow to be met by a view of Yangs neck as she leaned across to pass the towel lower. Weiss felt an overwhelming urge to bury herself there, to feel the press of Yangs warm skin against her enflamed cheek.

“Arms up” Yang instructed.

Weiss lifted her arms over her head as Yang had requested, allowing Yang to shift the towel around
her midriff to begin drying her sides. The brush of the fabric across her skin caused a tickling ripple through her body as the brawler’s hands moved across her flanks. Yang’s hands began paying particular attention to the gentle curve of Weiss’s hips as she reached the bottom of each pass.

Yangs focus soon shifted to Weiss’s legs, passing the fluffy towel up and down the feminine curve of Weiss’s calves. Despite her apparently girlish figure the amount of training and regular exercise Weiss undertook as part of her Huntress education allowed Yang to feel the toned muscle beneath a smattering of soft fat. Weiss felt her legs begin to weaken underneath her own weight, feeling her balance beginning to wane despite her resolve to remain upright.

“Easy there Snowflake” Yang assured her as though she were settling a startled animal.

Yangs hands shifted from her legs to support Weiss’s lower back, her very lower back, as she was guided to sit down on the edge of her bed. As the heiress settled herself down on the bed, Yang returned herself to tending to the girl’s shapely legs. Having thoroughly dried Weiss’s lower legs Yang shifted her attentions further up, passing the fabric across to focus on the creamy white skin of the young woman’s thighs.

As the last of any lingering droplets were removed Yang let the towel to begin to slip from her grasp to gather at Weiss’s feet, allowing all pretence of drying to at last be cast aside. Yang dared to advance her way across Weiss’s lithe body, clambering up onto the bed until she was face to face with the white-haired beauty.

“I knew what you were up to in the shower” Yang leant in closer to caress her lips across Weiss’s ear, the brush of her warm breath causing a shiver across her still damp skin.

“You did?” Weiss asked with a quaking tint to her voice.

“It was kind of hard not to notice” Weiss felt the touch of Yang’s cheek against her own as the brawlers face curled into a devilish smile. “I tried my best to give you hints, I guess I need to be a little less subtle next time”

Weiss couldn’t help but feel embarrassed that she hadn’t realised that fact. But she was even more surprised at the concept of Yang being too subtle. Yang shifted to trace her lips across the curve of Weiss’s swiftly reddening cheek, feeling the heat pulsating against her skin. Weiss turned her head to face Yang, feeling her lips brush lightly past each other as moved. Weiss suddenly felt her lips pressed against Yangs, the touch of the skin warm and inviting. It was something unlike she had ever experienced before in her life, something she wanted to accept with every fibre of her being.

On a rational level, Weiss could not fathom why this was having such an effect on her. What part of her mind was screaming out to just throw her entire self against the brawler and get to the good part already? Regardless, when the two eventually parted Weiss found herself uncharacteristically flustered. Yang somehow maintained her ever-present expression of relaxed contentment. Weiss just had to know.

“How do you do it?” Weiss dared to ask. “How can you possibly be so blasé about all this?”

Yang took a moment to consider her response, responding in a way which was somehow deeply philosophical and yet profoundly Yang in its simplicity. “I like doing this, I like you. It doesn’t take a Weiss Schnee level intellect to unravel the maths on that one”

Weiss had to admit that made a certain amount of sense. Weiss had been born into a society which
valued bloodline and familial status more than anything else, considering trivial things like love and shared interests of little interest in choosing a partner. It was refreshing to see those outside the Kingdom placed at least some stock in their feelings towards the other in romance.

“So tell me, how do they tend to make love in Atlas?” Yang asked.

“Love tends not to come into it in Atlas” Weiss replied.

Yang held back a snigger, not so much at Weiss herself but of the image she painted of the society she had been brought up in. No wonder the heiress seemed so determined to rebel against everything she had once been taught to be believe.

“I guess this is going to be something of an education for you” Yang said. “If you want to that is” Weiss simply nodded to Yang before the rational part of her mind could think to intervene.

“Then just lay back and enjoy” Yang said.

Before Weiss could request any further details, Yang was already on the move, planting a lingering kiss on Weiss’s lips before she cast herself over the cusp of Weiss’s chin. The blonde brawler clambered her way down Weiss’s front, leaving a trail of caresses through the valley of Weiss’s breasts. Yang settled upon laying a seemingly random constellation of kisses along the plain of Weiss’s stomach.

At the same time, Yangs fingers began to caress across Weiss’s thigh, feeling the silky-smooth skin move beneath her touch as Yang made her advance towards Weiss’s centre. Yangs fingers drew teasing circles around Weiss’s lips, already moist and not just from the shower. Yangs dexterous fingers began to focus their attentions on the very peak of Weiss’s lips, coaxing the clit to peek out from beneath its protective hood. “There’s the little snowdrop” Yang mused as if she’d tempted some small woodland creature from its burrow. Weiss had never heard it being called that before.

While Weiss could not exactly draw from a wealth of previous experience she had expected Yang to simply bury herself between Weiss’s lips and ravage her wildly. It took her aback when instead Yang simply grasped the area around Weiss’s lips firmly but tenderly, effectively pinching it between her thumb and index finger. Weiss at first thought Yang was just messing with her until she began to feel the effects.

As Weiss’s muscles began to move inside of her the desire for her clit to be free of Yangs hold began to grow. And as Yang held her, gently releasing and applying pressure as she wished, Weiss felt her clit shifting seemingly of her own accord. Weiss had never experienced such a feeling in her life, her fingers clawing at the loose bed sheets underneath her writhing body.

“Is that good?” Yang asked. Weiss simply nodded swiftly in response, not trusting herself to be capable of forming a coherent sentence at the moment. “Let me show how it’s done” With her approval given Yang reached her hand up to take Weiss’s shaking hand into her own.

Under Yangs guidance Weiss shifted her hand to replace Yangs, accepting the lips of her pussy between her clenched fingers. Weiss found her pleasure placed under her own influence, the fingers of her hand free to shift around her engorged clit as she wished.

At the same time Yang was not left idle, refocussing her attentions as she pressed her pussy lips against Weiss’s. It was a tender kiss at first, a fleeting caress of skin across skin. The blondes
wrapped around the sensitive bud that her earlier attentions had coaxed into the open. Weiss fought
to keep her voice contained, what little tutelage the Atlas education system allowed on the subject
reinforced the idea that a ladies’ duty was to remain composed at all times during the intimate act. As
thick headed as she may be at times, even Yang couldn’t help but take notice.

“You okay, Weiss?” Weiss knew that Yang was being genuine if she wasn’t resorting to some
endless array of ridiculous nicknames.

“I’m fine it’s just…” Weiss’s voice trailed into silence.

“You know I won’t be offended either way” Yang interjected, her warm breath flowing across the
heiress’s wet lips sending a delightful shiver up through her spine. “But you don’t need to hold
yourself back on my account”

“But” Weiss hesitated before she continued, barely able to muster herself above a low whisper.
“What if I sound stupid?”

Yang simply smiled back, that same disarming charm which led everyone to trust the bruiser with the
mechanical shotgun gauntlets. “Then I guess we can sound stupid together”

Yang thrust her face between Weiss’s thighs, the sudden contact causing Weiss to emit a shrill shriek
of surprise before she could restrain herself. Yang however did not relent, burying her lips against
Weiss’s moist pussy as a low hum seemed to rise up from within her throat. The regular vibrations
seemed to resonate with Weiss’s natural frequency to increase the intensity of her swiftly growing
pleasure. Weiss opened her lips slightly, just enough to allow a few fleeting squeaks to escape her
lips.

Then Yang found it, the perfect combination of pressure and humming which caused Weiss to
abandon all illusions of composure and throw back her head, howling like an Atlesian Snow Wolf.
To her credit, Yang didn’t laugh or take some twisted glee in being witness to the Ice Queen finally
defrosting, she simply continued to lavish her attentions upon her.

But even as Weiss basked in the ecstasy Yang was giving her she could not help but feel rather ill at
ease. Yang had been giving her so many new experiences and yet she did so concern for her own
satisfaction. If Weiss was ever going to annul her reputation as a self-absorbed aristocrat she had to
take matters into her own hands.

“Yang, not that I want you to stop” Weiss forced herself to speak coherently.

To her credit Yang didn’t cease her ministrations, only shifting herself to better meet Weiss’s gaze as
she continued to press herself into the white head girl’s nethers.

“But I kind of feel bad that you’re not… you know, getting anything back” Weiss said.

Yang lifted her lips from the heiress’s pussy. Weiss could not help but mourn the loss of the sublime
contact, even as the sight of Yang licking the cascade of wetness from her cherry red lips sought to
push her ever closer towards the precipice. “Don’t worry, I know just how to fix that”

Weiss welcomed the clarity of mind that swiftly followed Yangs temporary lapse in her attentions,
assuring her that she wasn’t hallucinating as Yang slipped her muscled arms underneath the heiress.
Weiss suddenly found herself hoisted into Yangs arms above the bed as if she weighed close to
nothing. Weiss felt herself instinctively clutching to Yang for support, burying her face against
Yang's chest as a child would to her mother’s breast. At least, that was what she had been told it should be like.

Yang laid her down on her bed. While Weiss had been expecting Yang to climb on top she had never quite expected Yang to lay atop her top to tail. Yang shifted herself to compensate for their difference in height, straddling her well-toned legs on either side of Weiss’s shoulders.

“Do you think you could return the favour?” Yang asked.

Weiss hesitated. Despite asking for this herself she wasn’t sure exactly how Yang was expecting her to proceed. “I don’t know if I’ll be any good”

“Don’t you worry about that” Yang assured her. “Just give it a shot”

Weiss was faced with the prospect of contending with something she had never encountered before. She’d performed a cursory analysis of her own anatomy on numerous occasions, purely in an effort to increase her own sum total on knowledge. Regardless, Weiss was determined to make good on returning the pleasure Yang had given her.

Weiss lifted her quivering hand from her side, ready to trace the very tips of her fingers across Yang’s warm lips. As Weiss approached she stopped short of her caress, as she could not help but note the presence of Yang’s shapely buttocks. So close, so close she could reach out and touch it.

Weiss’s hand abandoned its original intent and began to drift upwards, softly tracing her fingers across the back of Yang’s thigh. The fighter’s posterior was far more muscled than she might have first anticipated. Where Weiss’s was accentuated by gentle curves and milky white skin Yang’s had a distinct firmness born of her countless hours of endurance training.

Weiss acted before her usually restrained self could stop her. Weiss clapped her open palm across the peak of Yang’s buttocks, the sharp thwack of skin striking skin resonating in her ears. For her part, Yang was taken aback by the heiress’s sudden display of boldness. Did she feel that right, did Weiss Schnee just spank her?

“Weiss, did you just…” Yang had to ask.

“Oh dust!” Weiss yelped. “I don’t know what came over me, I-”

“I mean you call that a spank?” Yang chided her partner. “I’m going to need a lot more than that if you expect to get me going”

Weiss refused to accept such an insinuation from Yang Xiao Long, her pride as a Schnee would not allow such a slight to pass without retribution.

“As you wish” Weiss said with a devilish grin across her lips. Weiss unleashed a sharp slap of her open hand across Yang’s bare backside, harder than she’d dared before. Weiss felt the muscle ripple beneath her touch, Yang giving out a sharp yelp of surprise at the sudden forcefulness of the impact. Before Yang reacted, the next impact was already upon her, swiftly followed by another spank in quick succession.

Determined not to be undone, Yang buried her face between Weiss’s sopping wet lips. Yang took to Weiss’s core like she was devouring some exotic fruit, her tongue lashing wildly from side to side in a seemingly desperate effort to elicit some hidden flavour from deep inside of it. Despite the
brawler’s crude technique, Weiss could not deny it was having an effect on her.

Weiss focussed herself on the regular rise and fall of her hand against those amazingly smooth buttocks, alternating cheeks to avoid erupting too much tenderness in a single area. Every impact sent a flurry of movement through Yangs entire body to ripple through her tongue still buried inside of Weiss’s pussy.

Weiss finally plucked up the courage necessary to introduce her own tongue into the mix. With no real plan in mind Weiss decided to take a lesson from the Yang Xiao Long school of oral fixation and simply thrust herself forward until her cheeks were pressed tightly betwixt Yangs strong thighs. Thankful for something to press her lips against in an effort to supress her own ceaseless moans Weiss finally let her own pleasure prove unconfined.

Weiss set about Yang with renewed enthusiasm, lashing her tongue wildly in all directions in the hope of eliciting some favourable reaction. While this elicited some pleasurable twitches and moans from Yang in response all it really managed to accomplish was making her tongue sore with effort. Weiss decided to settle upon a different tactic.

Weiss used her tongue in a series of elegant thrusts and lunges of the tip across Yangs lips. This seemed to garner a far greater reaction as Weiss stumbled across Yangs most sensitive points. This lavishing of attention was quickly repaid to Weiss in kind as she felt herself reaching the end of her tether. A deep moan of pleasure cascaded through the room as the entwined lovers experienced their first shared orgasm.

Utilising what little endurance the heiress had not drained from her Yang rolled herself over onto her bed beside Weiss. It would have proved something of a significant dampener to the mood if their union ended with Weiss pinned beneath the brawler. They would have to get dressed at some point, remake the sheets and clear up the dorm before Ruby or Blake came back. Weiss couldn’t face the thought of having to explain such a situation to either of them.

But for now, the two simply cuddled eachother on the bed as they enjoyed eachothers presence. After all that had occurred Weiss felt like she was in need of another shower. But she could deal with that later, she couldn’t bring herself to disentangle from the bruiser just yet. Weiss also accepted the very real possibility that she was never going to finish her assignment at this rate. She could live with that.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

Winter makes a surprise visit to Beacon to see Weiss only to discover her sister has ‘Gone Native’ and begun indulging in nudism in her room alongside her dormmates> 

Winter: “Weiss Schnee, I presume?”

<Weiss fights to maintain her composure despite her state of undress>

Weiss: “Winter, I would like you to meet my teammates, Ruby and Yang. Apparently, this is how
they do things in Patch, even between sisters”

<Weiss realises her blunder>

Weiss: “Not that I’m implying that we should be doing this together or-”

<Winter embraces Yang in a crushing hug>

Winter: “Oh Weiss, I’m so happy you’re making friends!”

<Winter finally takes note of Weiss’s state of dress>

Winter: “We might not tell father about this though”
The fearsome Ursa stood high on its hind legs and roared with an ear-splitting howl “I’m going to gobble you up, little one” the beast grinned with a flash of its rows of sharp white teeth. “And then, I’m going to eat everyone in that defenceless town”

“Not if I can help it” came the reply from the heroic Huntress as she brought her weapon to bear. And with a single swing of her collapsible dual-purpose scythe and high impact sniper rifle with Dust infused titanium edge, the Huntress sliced a gaping wound across the beast’s soft underbelly.

“Argh, I am beaten” the beast howls in its last throes of life as it falls back onto the ground. “Who would have thought such a good little Huntress could ever hope to defeat me” a growling exhale accompanied its last monstrous breath as the creature faded in a dark plume of smoke.

Once more, the daring Huntress has saved the day and protected the people of the Kingdom against the threat of the Grimm.

The End

Ruby Rose closed the storybook in her lap, snuggling closer to her daughter Lily Rose-Schnee on her bed. Her round face and tuft of deep brown hair gave a perfect likeness to her crimsonette mother while her pale white skin was clearly the design of her Atlesian ancestry.

“How was that?” Ruby asked.

“Great, mummy” Lily replied enthusiastically. “Especially the bit where it let out that enormous roar”

“Yeah” Ruby said. “I liked that bit too”

“Isn’t that story a little graphic for her?”

Ruby and Lily looked across the room to see Weiss leaning against the doorframe of her daughter’s bedroom, admiring the sight of her two most important people snuggled together.

“These are the same stories that Yang used to read to me when I was her age and I turned out ok” Ruby nuzzled her arms closer around her little girl.

Weiss chuckled as she stepped across the room. “The jury’s still out on that one” Weiss came to the side of the bed, holding out her hand to accept the storybook. “Come on, time for bed”

“Me or her?” Ruby asked.
“Both of you” Weiss replied sharply, accepting the storybook from Rubys hand.

“Are there really big scary monsters like that out there?” Lily asked not with fear but with a twinge of excitement one wouldn’t normally expect of such a small child. It seems they had a little Huntress on their hands already.

“There are some” Ruby admitted. “But that’s what Huntresses are there for, to protect us against the monsters out there. But you don’t have to worry about that, there’s only one terrifying, unstoppable creature of doom around here. She’s called Weiss”

Her wife’s retort was to whack Ruby across the back of her head with the broadside of the book. Despite being a hardback her sympathies were entirely with the book. Rubys head was evidently so thick she hardly felt it. Laying the book down on the bedside table Weiss reached over to extinguish the table light that was the only source of light in the room. Guided only by the dim light seeping in from the corridor Weiss grabbed Ruby by the arm and lead her out of the room, avoiding the constellation of toys littering the floor with remarkable deftness. Ruby might have taken the opportunity to joke that Weiss must have had a little Faunus in her but decided that one chide was sufficient for the night.

“Good night sweetie, sleep well” Weiss called over her daughter as she and Ruby made it to the door unscathed.

“Goodnight mummy” Lily replied as she settled down to sleep, nestling snuggly amongst her thick sheets as the door closed behind them.

Leaning her back against the wall for support Weiss let out a depleted sigh. “I don’t know how you do it”

“Do what?” Ruby asked.

“Get her to sleep like that” Weiss remarked as she walked with Ruby down the hall back towards the sitting room. “Whenever I try and read it shes always bouncing around and refuses to settle down”

“You’ve got to do the voices or it doesn’t count” Ruby replied. “Didn’t your parents ever read to you when you were little?”

“Atlas doesn’t believe in stories” Weiss replied.

They emerged together into the sitting room which served as the centre of their home. Weiss sat down on the sofa as Ruby took her usual place beside her. It was still a few hours before they went to bed together, time they usually dedicated to simply relaxing in eachothers company.

“I guess I’ll just have to teach you some then” Ruby said as she snuggled up to Weiss, wrapping her arms around her middle and resting her head against her chest. “Maybe one about a daring huntress in a red cape who saves the snow princess from the evil Grimm”

“I prefer the ones where the crimsonette huntress gets herself captured and has to be rescued by the very snow princess she set out to save” Weiss mused as she gently caressed Rubys long, dark hair.

“Yeah” Ruby nuzzled closer, listening to the restless heartbeat of one of the two people she loved most in all the world of Remnant. “Those are good too”
<Ruby relaxing at home when she sees a horde of invading Grimm attacking the town. She runs to her weapon locker to find a Scythe shaped gap where Crescent Rose should be>

Ruby: “Weiss, where’s my Scythe?”

Weiss: “What?”

Ruby: “Where… is… my… Scythe?”

Weiss: “Why do you need to know?”

Ruby: “I need it!”

<Ruby starts tearing apart the room searching for it, as the howls of the Grimm horde grow louder>

Weiss: “Oh no, you are not running off to fight some Grimm attack. Winter, Blake and Yang are already on their way over for dinner. Do you know how long it took me to get everything ready?”

Ruby: “The Kingdom is in danger!”

Weiss: “My evenings in danger!”

Ruby: “You tell me where my Scythe is, Weiss! We are talking about the greater good!”

Weiss: “Greater good? I am your wife, I am the greatest good you are ever goanna get”
The Travellers Princess

By Feline Ninja

“This isn’t right” Weissan pleaded as she fought to hold back the tears threatening to stream from her eyes. “How can we ever hope to be together, we’re from two different worlds. I’m an Atlesian princess escaping her oppressive family and you’re a faunus traveller searching the wilderness of Remnant in a quest to avenge her family”

“It won’t always be like this” Rubbia replied, her voice cracking with emotion. “We can go somewhere, anywhere we can be together”

“But where could we possibly go that we would never be found?” Weissan said. “Even now my father seeks revenge against all Faunus for my kidnapping when I was a child by the remnants of an ancient Faunus Pirate Ninja Clan. If he discovers you close to me he will not hesitate to see you killed with the others”

“But none of that means anything to me” Rubbia breathlessly replied, clasping her secret lover’s hands tightly in her own. “All that matters is what we feel for each other”

“I’ve never experienced these feelings before” Weissan said, suddenly acutely aware of the caress of the tear as it began to trace across her cheek.

“It’s called ‘Love’” Rubbia replied.

“That’s may be what you call it” Weissan felt the onset of the flood of tears approaching, she summoned everything she had to keep them at bay. She had to say this now before she was completely overcome. “I just call it Rubbia”

The two of them lean in closer together, their lips brushing over each other in a tender embrace as the two prepared to become entwined in a passionate kiss. But just as their lips were to meet Rubbia pulled away, a tear forming in the corner of her eye.

“Princess Weissan, I’m afraid I can’t” Rubbia pleaded, fighting to hold back her sadness. “Because, I have a terrible secret” Rubbia released Weiss’s hands and turned away, unable to face her as she said. “I had kept it hidden for so long but when I met you I knew you would have to learn the truth in time” Rubbia turned to face her in a dramatic flourish. “For you see, I was in that Faunus Pirate Ninja Clan!”

Comments section:
**Bunny Pictures: Love so much! <3**

**Hyperactive Sloth: Too much romance, needs more pirate ninja fights!**

**Burning Gold: There’s only two g’s in the word ‘engorged’.**

**Cardinator: <This comment has been removed for breaching the forums guidelines.>**

**Snow Angel: While I can appreciate the creative license, I have to say the physical arrangements Princess Weissan can reach in the third chapter would make her inhumanly limber. I’m pretty flexible and I’m fairly sure I couldn’t bend that far.**

**Little Red: Does anyone know what a ‘Furry’ is?**

**Burning Gold replying to Little Red: You shouldn’t be reading this!**

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**<Weiss and Yang are in a relationship, Ruby and Blake are in a relationship>**

Weiss: “I still don’t see why you and Ruby insist on using those ridiculous pet names”

Blake: “And you and Yang don’t?”

Weiss: “Of course we don’t, it would hardly be proper”

Blake: “Of course. Say, do you remember that song Yang used to sing all the time. Red-hot Desire? Ember lust?”

Weiss: “Burning Love”

Yang from the other room: “You called my Snowy Nymph?”

**Alternate <Yang is a futa>:**

Blake: “What was it Nora used to shout before she nearly blew up half the dorm testing some new grenade design? Flame in the burrow? Ember in the dump?”

Weiss: “Fire in the hole”

Yang from the other room: “Please Weiss, at least control yourself until Blakes left”

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**<Ruby, having discovered a girly magazine intermixed in with her copies of Swords, Also Guns, is intrigued by a psychological test which claims to be able to tell your personality and decides to test it out with her teammates>**
Ruby: “You enter the shopping precinct knowing that the store with the item you want is at the far end of the street. The shops on the way look pretty cool as well and may contain some unexpected finds. How do you proceed?”

Weiss: “Well, in place of ordering online or getting an underling to fetch it such a scenario calls for planning and precision. That will ensure that sufficient time is allocated to visit every shop before heading to the final store to get the item”

Blake: “I would take my time, enjoy the experience. I would make sure to look in every store along the way, savouring the anticipation of it all. Only once I was sure I was completely satisfied, I would head to the final store and retrieve my ultimate prize”

Ruby: “I don’t know whether this is allowed, but I would use my semblance to get the item as fast as I could, leaving me more time to explore the rest of the stores at my own pace”

Yang: “I’m with Rubes. I say get in, get the item and get out. No messing around”

<Ruby looks up the results in the back of the magazine. A quizzical expression forms on her face>

Ruby: “Yang, what does being an ‘Inconsiderate lover’ mean?”

<Ruby and Yang are out on a nature walk when they crest the final hill, looking out over the Warwick Plains in the heart of Vale>

Yang: “Have you ever seen anything like it?”

Ruby: “I know, it’s amazing. It’s completely smooth, just an endlessly flat expanse as far as the eye can see”

Yang: “It’s comforting in a way, to know it’s always going to be like that. That no matter what happens it will always remain just as it is now, with not a rise or mound to be seen”

Weiss from afar: “I told you two, I’m still growing!”

<Zwei bounds up to Ruby>

Ruby: “What is it boy?”

<Zwei grabs a marker between his teeth, scrawls on a scrap of paper ‘Get help’>

Ruby: “Jaunes trapped down a well?”

Weiss: “You think we should hire a cleaner?”

Blake: “Maybe he’s seen you trying to interpret meanings in messages written by a dog and concluded you need psychiatric assessment”
I’ve heard people say that a Priest is like a free psychiatrist, but who wants mental health advice from someone who still talks to their imaginary friend?
Chief Executive Officer of the Schnee Dust Company, SDC, Weiss Schnee was frustrated. It was nothing major, major she could handle with calm composure. Instead it was a lot of trivial things, ceaseless petty annoyances which continued to descend from every conceivable source imaginable.

First it was her personal assistant printing outdated versions of the projected finances for her review. Next it was a system crash in the board room ten minutes before the conference call with London. And on top of all that she’d started receiving private messages from some group calling itself ‘White Fang’, one she’d never encountered before.

As part mining conglomerate, part defence manufacturer, SDC was an eco-terrorists wet dream. This manifested itself in the occasional protest or attempted disruption of the companies more controversial operations across the world. But while these activities were focussed on the company itself this latest example was directed to Weiss personally.

Weiss had received a personal letter designated ‘For Weiss Schnees eyes only’ stating exactly what they intended to do if they ever managed to get their hands on her. The delicately written script read like a very unhinged reinterpretation of the children’s song ‘Head, Shoulders, Knees and Toes’. But Weiss didn’t allow it to affect her, she had far too much work to contend with already.

Weiss was currently dealing with an altercation between the engineering and finance departments over the budgeting for their latest project. The engineering departments preliminary technical analysis had determined that re-engineering the existing design to comply with the European Union legislation regarding the Registration, Evaluation, Authorisation and restriction of Chemicals (REACCh) would require additional resources and time than had been allocated.

This revelation did not sit well with finance, who had already agreed quotes with some of SDCs biggest customers who would not take kindly to a sudden increase in price to compensate for the additional work. At the same time swallowing the cost themselves or delaying the project could do considerable damage to the company’s bottom line. This left Weiss in the middle to arbitrate.

Yet, despite several hours staring at the assembled reports, proposals and email traffic, Weiss was still no closer to finding a way forwards. She’d once heard that REACh was the most complex piece of EU legislation to date. But what they must have meant was utterly impenetrable to anyone but the authors themselves. There came a point where even the workaholic Weiss had to admit it was time to stop for the day. That time was when she looked up from her document and saw the clock had just ticked over to 9pm. She knew full well that no good decision was ever going to be made this late on a Friday.
After shutting down her computer and securing away her documents Weiss gathered up her bag and her coat before leaving the office. The SDC office was eerily quiet after hours, a sight which was becoming a more familiar as the deadlines for some of the company’s major projects loomed. The fatigue was starting to get to her, she needed some form of relief.

Stepping off the lift into the underground parking area. Weiss found it deserted except for her modified white BMW. Walking through the cavernous space, hearing the regular clack of her heels against the concrete floor, she began to feel the bite of the chilly night air seeping in through the open parking area. She didn’t mind though, she preferred the cold. Some even went as far as to nickname her the Ice Queen, although very few dared voice it within earshot.

As Weiss approached the car she released the door locks but as she reached out a hand for the handle she stopped. Weiss instinctively turned back to be met with the sight of an empty parking area. Aside from the night guards and the few support staff working overnight there should have been no one else in the office. Putting it aside as a product of a fatigued mind Weiss shook her head clear and took her seat inside her car.

Leaving the artificial lighting of the underground parking area she was met by the mercifully quiet autobahn on the outskirts of Frankfurt. It was less than forty minutes back home on a good day and Weiss was determined to end today on a good note.

Just over halfway to her destination fate decided to intervene on her behalf. Her phone sitting on the passenger seat awoke in a flurry of tones alerting her to an incoming message. Her first thought was simply to ignore it, deal with it when she got home. But as she continued driving her patience was slowly being eroded by the ever-persistent beeping of her phone, having foolishly set it to regularly repeat the text alert for any messages marked as urgent.

Pulling the car over into a layby Weiss made a mental note that whoever marked this message as urgent had better have a good reason for doing so or she was going to-

Weiss saw the message was from Blake, probably asking after when she would be coming home. Despite knowing what she would be getting into when they married, and having to face Weiss’s hectic schedule on a regular basis, Blake never seemed to cease worrying after her. Weiss liked that about her, it was part of the reason she married her.

Unlocking her phone with a practiced series of swipes released the contents of the text to flash up on the screen.

**CODEWORD: ATLAS**

Weiss had little chance to concern herself with its cryptic meaning. As soon as she laid her phone back down on the seat, preparing to set off again, the nights stillness was torn asunder by a sharp screech of stressed metal. Glancing aside she found her way out blocked by the broadside of a black Range Rover. Two figures, young women dressed in all black shirts, pants and face coverings leapt from the car to approach her.

Barely able to differentiate them in the darkness the only way Weiss could distinguish them at all was as the shorter brunette with flashes of red in the tips of her hair and the taller blonde with her hair contained in a messy ponytail.

The shorter brunette came around to the driver’s side door, throwing it open her hands were upon
Weiss in an instant as she was pulled roughly from the car. The surprise of the attack caused Weiss’s mind to freeze, taking with it any thoughts she might have had about resisting her attacker. By the time her mind finally caught up with what was happening the brunette already had her hands behind her back, securing them firmly with some kind of restraint. It was at this point that Weiss realised that this was far more than a simple robbery, this was fast becoming an abduction.

Weiss’s immediate thought was to scream for help but cautioned herself that it might only enrage her attackers while doing little to help her situation. Forcibly dragged to her feet, Weiss focussed on trying to maintain her balance as she was taken towards the car. As they came around the front of the BMW they were met by the blonde, Weiss’s purse and her phone in one hand and a strip of black cloth in the other.

This moment of pause gave Weiss the chance to take in the design in the front of their t-shirts: a red beast head and claw marks. The same design that headed the letter she’d received, the insignia of the White Fang. These were not exactly the subtlest kidnappers around. Before she could take decipher anything else the strip of cloth was secured tightly over her eyes, obscuring her vision but leaving the rest of her face free.

Weiss found herself being carried more than dragged, the brunette proving herself stronger than one would expect given her size, and was summarily dropped into the back seat of the Range Rover. The brunette took the back-passenger seat beside Weiss, a firm hand keeping her laid across the back seat as the blonde retook her place at the driving seat. Within less than a minute, they had appeared and escaped with their captive.

As they made their way down the road the only thought in Weiss’s head was to remain calm. There was no salvation to be gained from panicking. For the moment, all that she could think to do was listen and try to overhear as much as she could about her abductors. Weiss could hear music playing over the car radio, Bonnie Tyler’s *Holding Out for a Hero*.

‘Great. I’m being abducted by a pair of comedians’

Weiss could only wonder if the next song on the playlist was *Please Release Me*.

“Can’t we listen to something good?” the brunette asked.

“When you arrange the kidnapping, you get to pick the radio station” the blonde called back.

“And when am I ever going to get to arrange the kidnappings if the boss always picks you?” the brunette contended.

“Did you get the hacksaw and the plastic sheeting?” the blonde asked.

“What do you mean a hacksaw?” the brunette questioned. “I thought we were going to ransom her off to her rich daddy”

“Right, and if he doesn’t pay we need the saw and the sheeting” the blonde remarked. “Were you not paying attention at the pre-kidnap meeting?”

“I was” the brunette replied. “But I was also thinking about this idea I had for a scythe that’s also a gun”

“And that is why you’ll never get to pick the radio station” the blonde sighed in a way which
suggested this wasn’t the first argument of its kind. “And you can explain to the boss why we have to make ANOTHER trip just to make sure we’ve got everything ready in case they don’t pay up”

This exchange persisted as Weiss felt the vehicle continue to shift beneath her. Weiss was sure she’d read some spy nonsense somewhere about counting the number of turns or estimating the distance based on average speed and time. But when she was in such a situation she was so focussed on forcing herself to remain calm that any other concerns were pushed entirely from her mind.

While her conscious thoughts were somewhat under her rational influence her body continued to scream for her to run, to fight, to do anything but simply lay there and let this happen. Weiss spared herself from pondering the reality of her situation when the car began to-

The car lurched to a halt. “We’re here” the blonde called back to them. “It’s time to meet, the Boss”

The passenger door of the car swung open in a sudden in wash of chilled night air into the heated car. Weiss once again felt the brunette’s hands upon her, drawing her out of the car in an action Weiss no longer had the strength of will to resist.

Weiss was lead across the pavement, the sound of her heels clicking beneath her as she walked. She was lead inside a building, feeling the touch of the warm air across her skin as she was brought inside. Weiss stumbled her way up a flight of stairs in spite of the support of both her captors under each arm. It almost certainly would have proved quicker if her captors simply carried her up, but she was sure her dignity would not survive the trip intact.

Reaching the peak of the stairs Weiss was lead down the corridor into another room. Her journey was finally brought to an end as she felt herself being lowered into a chair, her hands still secured behind her back forcing her to shift towards the edge of the seat.

Weiss heard another pair of footsteps approaching muffled by the carpet. “So, you managed to get her here safely”

“Yes” the brunette interjected. “She was right where you said she’d be”

“We’ll leave you to it, Boss” the blonde interrupted. “I’ve got to take muggins here to get the supplies for later”

“Where are we going to find a tool store open at this hour?” the brunette asked.

“Should have thought of that before you forgot to get it in the first place” the blonde responded, the regular patter of a pair of footsteps sounding off into the distance.

“Can I pick the radio station this time?” the brunette asked, her voice becoming more muffled as they moved further away.

“Is this your kidnapping?” the blonde responded. “No, then you get to listen to more of my sweet tunes”

The sound of the door closing behind them. Weiss was left with the one they referred to as ‘Boss’.

Weiss felt fingers, soft fingers, caress across her cheek. Weiss instinctively pulled away from the contact, feeling the touch continue to follow her. The brush of warm breath against her ear sent a
quiver down her spine.

“I take it you got the text?”

Weiss gulped before replying. “Codeword, Atlas”

“Good” came the reply, even blindfolded she could practically hear the delectable smirk.

Without warning the blindfold was whipped away from Weiss’s eyes. Weiss’s eyes took a moment to adjust to the dim light which met her eyes. Blinking the light blindness from her eyes Weiss found herself faced with a woman with long black hair, hair she was very familiar with snuggling up to after a long day’s work. This woman was wearing a simple white dress shirt and black trousers. Weiss noted that her outfit lacked her customary black bow, revealing the pair of pointy Faunus cat ears usually kept concealed beneath.

The room itself was one she knew intimately well, their bedroom to be precise. The room had been designed with a combination of their preferred tastes in mind, sharp contrasts and mixes between pale whites and deep blacks.

“I’ve heard a lot about you Ms Schnee” Blake Belladonna remarked, having both agreed to maintain their families’ names after the marriage. “The kind of business you run, the company you keep”

Weiss had inherited the Schnee business after her father had retired over five years ago. Jacques Schnee had tended to view the business as little more than as a prestige symbol and perpetual source of personal wealth. He tended to see a lot of things that way.

The reality was that since taking on her position Weiss had been working tirelessly to change all of that, improving conditions for workers and stamping out corruption across the entire business. But still, such accusations served the fantasy so Weiss was willing to let it slide.

“You remember what I sent you” Blake said with a menacing hint to her voice. Weiss felt herself stiffen at its mere mention. “The letter, all the things I intended to do when I at last had my hands on you”

Through all the time they’d been together Blake and Weiss were both well versed in eachothers limits, intimate knowledge born through years of mutual communication and experimentation. The finely crafted letter was the result, serving as their guidebook for the evening, in dispersed with enough vagueness and freedom to indulge a touch of spontaneity from either side.

Weiss had privately entertained the idea of staging an impulsive breakout of her confinement. Weiss had planned to wait until a moment where Blake was occupied before making an escape or seemingly making an attempt to call for help. The unpredictability of the scenario alongside the very real possibility that Blake would misinterpret it as a genuine attempt at escape forced Weiss to put the idea aside for now. Still, perhaps that was something she could reserve for later, possibly even when the binds were around the other wrists.

Blake circled around the back of the chair with a slow saunter, surveying her captive as if she were scrutinising over where she should go first. Blake decided to start simple, splaying her open fingers across Weiss’s shoulder as she felt the taut muscle tense beneath her touch. Blakes hand began to pass her hands down across Weiss’s front while her other hand reached up to trace her fingertips across her neck.
Weiss flinched as she felt the brush of nails across her skin, never deep enough to draw blood but enough to leave a lingering impression. Blake thankfully limited her attentions to places where the lingering evidence could be concealed beneath her clothes. Although, on one occasion Weiss had been called upon to fend off queries from an overly observant business colleague. Weiss had to explain away the scratches on her cheek by explaining that she had an overly affectionate feline at home. Technically true.

Blake leant down to brush her lips across the wake left by the pass of her nails, leaving a soft tingling feeling to overshadow the lingering irritation. The brush of her tender lips soon turned to kissing, sucking, the occasional bit of nipping. Blake was rather versatile with her mouth like that. But while her lips played their way across Weiss’s neck Blakes hands ventured further, gliding down her captive’s shoulder blades to follow the gentle rise of Weiss’s modest bust. Blakes fingers moved effortlessly across the material of Weiss’s dress, a single finger tracing the fine line across the width of her chest where the silken fabric gave way to flawless skin.

An explorative finger dared to slip beneath this boundary, probing incursions at first, enough to make the white-haired woman quiver with trepidation. Without warning the inquisitive fingers began to delve lower, emboldening their advance and drawing the front of Weiss’s dress away with them. The tips of Blakes fingers crested the peak of Weiss’s breasts and lingered, pressing the material of her bra deeper into her skin.

Weiss heard Blake emit a low titter. “My, what little things these are” Blakes hands, gentle and teasing till now, turned unexpectedly coarse as they seized whatever amount of covered flesh they could encircle. Weiss had to supress a sharp inhale of surprise at the sudden boldness. “And look at this” Blake takes particular interest in Weiss’s plain white bra. “Makes one wonder why it’s even necessary” Blakes grip tightened around the cups of Weiss’s bra. “Seeing as it’s just in the way” with a single sharp pull the seam between the two halves disintegrated in an instant.

While most of Weiss’s wardrobe was composed of clothes from some of the most fashionable brands in the world today she had made an exception. For the past several days, in preparation for what she anticipated to come, Weiss had surrendered her usual designer silk lingerie for some cotton monstrosity. While Weiss would not normally stoop to wearing such ghastly attire she also wasn’t about to let Blake tear one of her best pieces to shreds for sexual gratification no matter how exhilarating.

The downside having not known when the plan would be set in motion, she had been forced to endure a seemingly endless amount of uncomfortable shifting and subtle readjustment. The coarse material, by her standards at least, seemed determined to gather in the most uncomfortable of places. Frankly, at this point Blake was doing her a favour by obliterating it.

Blakes hands were once more upon the soft mounds of Weiss’s breasts, kneading the tender flesh between her dexterous fingers. “I suspect I know what the other girls used to say about you. ‘Roses are red, violets are black. Why is your chest as flat as your back?’”

Despite the Faunus’s words, her caresses could not be telling a more different tale. Blakes soft fingertip was circling around the very cusp of Weiss’s swiftly hardening nipple, following the boundary where the pale white skin darkened to a rosy pink.

“Still” Blake mused to herself. “I suppose it has some advantages” the curve of Blakes finger began to swirl inwards until she began playing across the very tip of Weiss’s erect bud. Weiss could not help but allow a low moan to escape at such focussed attentions.
“It seems someone can’t help but open her mouth” Blake slips the remainder of Weiss’s bra from her shoulders. Weiss knew where this heading. “I guess we’ll have to do something about that” Blake gathered up the tattered underwear, balling it up in her hand as she held it up for Weiss to see. Blake shifted her head from side to side in quick succession, reminding Weiss of their long established non-verbal Safeword.

As Weiss gave her nod of agreement Blake took Weiss’s chin between her fingers and guided her mouth wide open. Blake carefully eased the tattered underwear between Weiss’s parted lips. Weiss felt a quiver shoot through her body at the pass of the fabric against her tongue, a lingering flavour of her own scent still clinging to the fabric. Blake positioned the underwear such that Weiss would be able to force the material from her mouth if necessary, allowing Weiss a moment to adjust to breathing almost exclusively through her nose.

Finding little else to entertain her above Blake decided to delve deeper across Weiss’s body, across her flat stomach and further still. Deciding to skip her other area of cardinal beauty Blake persisted in her descent and made her way down to the very tips of Weiss’s elegant feet.

Blake found them wrapped within her porcelain white heels. Blake still couldn’t understand why Weiss insisted on wearing such impractical footwear, preferring flatter and conventional footwear outside of the most formal of occasions. Blake slipped the heels from Weiss’s feet like some reverse Cinderella. Blake knew she didn’t need a glass slipper to find her princess.

The shoes discarded Blakes hands were now free to roam upwards, tracing her hands across the silky material of her snow-white stockings wrapped around her athletic legs. Blake left a trail of kisses across her covered skin as crept slowly upwards. Each unexpected caress heralded another dainty shift of Weiss’s leg, never knowing where the next contact was to be made but knowing that each touch signalled a move closer towards her as yet untouched centre.

As Blake returned to Weiss’s waist her fingers met the boundary of Weiss’s dress, the crumpled dress encircling around her stomach. Gripping a handful of the delicate fabric a simple tug was all that was necessary to slip the garment off of Weiss’s lower body, Blakes lover obligingly lifting herself up on her seat to allow the dress to pass over her curvaceous buttocks.

This left Weiss completely bare, her underwear having already been removed before Blake had intervened. Whether Weiss had decided to remove them herself upon finding the fit uncomfortable or simply to increase her own arousal Blake couldn’t be sure. Weiss herself was in no position to answer.

Boldness like this was so unlike her white-haired partner Blake had to wonder whether her subordinates had followed her strict instruction that her captive be brought in one piece and not dared to indulge themselves beforehand. Despite knowing the truth Blake couldn’t help but allow the mental image she had just conjured for herself to excite her.

“It seems you are far more daring than I ever gave you credit for Ms Schnee” Blake teased. Blake theorised that were she to go delving amongst the contents of her purse she would quickly discover what Weiss was lacking. Instead, Blake decided that she was far more focussed on the contents than the garment itself.

Blake knelt herself in front of Weiss’s closed legs, touching her hands to Weiss’s knees as an indication of precisely where she intended to go from here. Weiss’s response was to close her knees evermore tightly together, a final defiant last stand at defending herself from her abductor. Gripping Weiss’s knees in her hands Blake looked up to meet Weiss’s gaze, not a fleeting movement of her
head to be seen. Blake, with gentle firmness, parted Weiss’s legs in spite of the heiress’s half-hearted resistance. What greeted her was a sight Blake was all too familiar with and yet it never failed to amaze her with its majesty.

Blake licked her lips alluringly as she drew herself closer to Weiss’s centre, smelling the tangy scent of Weiss’s body wash rising all around her. Blake could not resist the temptation to trace her tongue across the silky-smooth skin of Weiss’s thigh, discovering that the lingering fruity scent tasted just as good as it smelt. Weiss’s body quivered at the fleeting contact, her growing moans suppressed by the underwear still held in her mouth. Staring down into her lap Weiss could see was the flutter of Blakes pointed ears as they twitched in time to her elegant insinuation.

Starting from the outer edge of Weiss’s thigh Blake made a slow, trailing advance across one side with her tongue while the other thigh was similarly teased with the very tips of Blakes fingers. Weiss lifted herself bodily from her seat of her chair, trying to force the contact only for Blake to pull away in the face of her captive’s insistence.

Weiss reluctantly returned herself to her seat. She understood the dynamic here. Outside she was the CEO of the largest commercial business in Europe, arguably the world. And yet here, in this moment, she found herself firmly at the will of her faunus abductor.

The simultaneous advance of Blakes tongue and her fingers lead inexorably towards their meeting in the middle. Blake took a lingering moment to admire the sight up close, even as Weiss’s muffled wails practically begged her to continue.

Blake blew a teasing gust of air across Weiss’s wet lips, emitting a low giggle of satisfaction as Weiss let out a sharp yelp as the cool air washed over her. Blake brushed the tips of her fingers across Weiss’s clit, her tongue delving lower to brush the underside of Weiss’s lips. Blake had spent a significant amount of time in a similar position to her current arrangement, providing her a detailed map of places to venture to bring about the greatest effect.

Weiss’s legs began to curl inwards, wrapping herself around Blake in a desperate attempt to urge Blake closer to her centre. Weiss’s legs crossed behind Blakes back, presenting the Faunus with few avenues of recourse but to continue until she gave Weiss the relief she clearly desired. The growing flood of arousal assured Blake that Weiss’s release was on the very verge of being realised. But Blake was not one to be taken in so easily. It was time to remind Weiss of exactly who was in charge in this situation.

Pulling her tongue and lips away Blake had to supress a low titter at the muffled, howling shriek as Weiss’s perilously close release was so suddenly stifled. Even as Weiss’s legs tightened around her back Blake utilised her feline agility to slip free of the looming trap, leaving Weiss’s calves grasping little more than empty air. Blake did not allow Weiss the opportunity to dwell on it for much longer.

Slipping one hand beneath her knees and the other around the small of her back Blake hefted Weiss between her arms as if she weighed nothing. Blake hadn’t had her wife in such a position since Weiss had sprained her ankle during their last walking holiday in the Ardennes. Weiss had given her that same piercing look that time as well.

With her arms still bound securely behind her back Weiss had little recourse but press herself against Blakes chest as best she could for fear of slipping from her grasp. The intimate contact it provided was also a not an entirely unpleasureable consequence. Blake carried Weiss only a few steps across the room before casting her down onto the bed. Weiss rebounded against the bed as she struggled to keep herself from rolling off entirely under her own momentum. Before she could resettle herself,
Blake was upon her, straddling her legs and anchoring her arms to either side of Weiss to ensure that there was no route of escape.

Blake leant in close to Weiss’s ear, her lips brushing across her tingling earlobe. “Time to see what a real pair looks like”

Blake leant back up to rise above Weiss. With agile deftness Blake began to undo the buttons of her white shirt, releasing each in quick succession to allow the material to fall further away from her athletic body. As the final button was released Blake drew the two halves aside to reveal her perky breasts standing defiant to gravity’s whims. Her lack of any underwear unveiled her uniquely inverted nipples buried into the peaks of her breasts.

Blake leant forward and pressed her chest across Weiss’s face, stopping just short of smothering the poor girl in her embrace. Blake reached her hands up to clasp the sides of her breasts against either side of Weiss’s head, eclipsing her from all sides until Weiss found herself enraptured by Blake’s chest.

“Bet you wish you could do this” Blake teased, only to remember the press of her breasts likely prevented Weiss from hearing it. The muffled moans rising up from between her cleavage assured her that Weiss understood the implication.

Deciding that Weiss had enjoyed enough time being enveloped in her ample bosom Blake pulled herself away to discover Weiss’s usually pale skin suddenly flush red with a mix of exhilaration and embarrassment in equal measure. Blake decided, having lavished her attentions upon Weiss and brought her to the very brink of ecstasy, that if she ever wanted to get anywhere close to that again tonight it was going to be Weiss that would be the one doing the lavishing.

Realising that Weiss’s mouth was no good to her in its current state Blake reached up to grasp the loose lip of Weiss’s underwear still clutched between her teeth. With supreme gentleness Blake slipped the heavily moistened garment from Weiss’s mouth, taking a moment to admire the absolute mess Weiss’s saliva had made of the material before casting it to an unimportant corner of the room.

Weiss was afforded only a moments respite to finally breath easily before finding herself once more engulfed by Blake’s ample bosom. This time she found herself pressed against the peak of one of Blake’s breasts, her mouth agape and suddenly filled with the succulent bosom. The implied instruction was all too clear.

Weiss began to suckle at Blake’s breast, feeling the tip begin to swell as Weiss teased the nipple from its concealment. Weiss felt the head begin to emerge, playfully nipping the sensitive bud between her teeth before it had a chance to retreat back into its hide. Once her hold over the nipple was secure she redoubled her efforts, seemingly attempting to suck whatever nourishment might spill forth knowing full well there was none to be had. Not content to simply accept such a reality, Weiss once more nipped her teeth around the engorged nub.

This did not go unnoticed by the black-haired beauty upon whose nipple the heiress was so boldly masticating. Reaching a hand down Blake took the swollen nub of Weiss’s own erect nipple between her fingers, giving it light squeeze merely to ensure she was afforded Weiss’s full attention as she remarked. “You touch mine, I touch yours”

Most would take such a comment for the thinly veiled threat it was intended. Weiss, merely saw it as a challenge. With little regard for her own anatomy still held firmly in the Faunus’s grasp Weiss once more closed the edges of her teeth around the engorged nub, its time spent hidden from the world
only making it all the more sensitive now that it was free. It was not long before Blake responded in kind, tightening her hold whilst adding a delectable twist to Weiss’s nipple. The grip of Weiss’s jaw began to loosen before she wrested it back under her control.

It was hard to say whose nipples were actually the more sensitive. Blake tended to remain composed no matter the situation while Weiss often used their intimate times together as an opportunity to let loose and allow herself the freedom to be as she wished. As such, Weiss was never shy about allowing her moans to escape her lips as Blake continued to tug and roll her nipple between her dexterous fingers. Blake played with the delicate bud as though it were the ultimate control switch for Weiss’s entire being. Yet despite the ever-growing pleasure, Weiss continued to return as much as she received.

In the end, it became Blake who was the first to concede. Releasing her hold on Weiss’s breast Blake shuffled back as Weiss was forced to release her constrained nipple with a wet pop. Watching from her place on the bed as Blake clambered off Weiss soon realised that her partner had in no way surrendered, she was merely preparing for what was to come next.

With those same inhumanly agile fingers which had brought her lover so much enjoyment in the past Blake released the clasp of her belt without a falter in her stride. Without the belt to keep them in place Blakes trousers were soon overtaken by the influence of gravity, shimmying its own way across her athletic legs to pool at her feet. Blake casually stepped out of them to reveal a hint of jet black lace underwear teased from beneath the hem of her white shirt.

It had long ago been established that if Blake ever wished to do something special for Weiss all she needed to do was appear wearing that design of underwear. Although Weiss would never dare admit it they both knew that she would be willing to do very bad things in the course of unveiling the contents of such a garment.

Finally casting aside her white shirt to join her trousers on the floor, Blake bent herself over to search the bottom drawer of their cupboard for her desired item. Tearing her mind away from admiring the fine curve of Blakes backside, Weiss began to consider the possibilities of what was to come given the contents of that particular drawer.

Having finally decided upon something Blake kept the item clutched to herself out of Weiss’s view as she rose back to her feet. Blake glanced back over her shoulder with the bedroom eyes of a courtesan. Damn those eyes.

“Close your eyes” Blake instructed.

Weiss was reluctant to surrender yet another of her senses but could not bring herself to question her. Weiss closed her eyes tight. Weiss thought about daring to sneak a peek but knew that Blakes Faunus senses were so well attuned to the world around her that she may as well have had eyes in the back of her head for all the difference it would have made.

Instead, Weiss tried to focus her hearing on making out what was being planned. Weiss could discern a wet slurping sound, the soft rolling of a moistened tongue. Weiss could make out a low moan, the shuffling of feet across the carpet, the trailing of fingers across the wall as she was forced to brace a hand against it to support herself. With a hint of breathlessness to her voice she heard Blake say “Ok, open your eyes”.

The sight which greeted her almost made Weiss want to cry out in exhilaration. Blake stood there, the last of her clothes now discarded, with a strapless dildo now protruding from between her lips.
The toy was black and roughly eight inches to the tip, with the shorter end already resting inside of Blake. Blake insisted on calling it Heide. Weiss had never thought to ask why she insisted on giving a feminine name to a rather masculine artefact, partly because the thought only seemed to come to her during moments where Weiss couldn’t muster herself to vocalise anything beyond deep moans on pleasure.

Blake approached the bed with a delectable saunter of her hips as she moved. Blake climbed onto the bed, prowling over Weiss like a beast preparing to ravage its prey. Looming over her on all fours Blake seemed to be contemplating just how she wanted to enjoy her next taste of her prize.

Blake crouched lower over Wiess, the press of her warm skin meeting Weiss’s heaving chest coming up to meet her own. Blake passed the tip of the dildo teasing across the entrance of Weiss’s folds. Leaning closer she whispered in Weiss’s ear “I want you to say it”

Weiss bit her lip, tentative to voice such a request no matter how much she truly yearned for it. “I want… you to… do it”

Blake teased Weiss with her slyest of grins. “Do what?”

Weiss looked as though she was about ready to pass out from the strain of keeping herself together. “Please… just put it-”

Weiss’s plea was interrupted as Blake pressed the dildo against her dripping lips, applying ever growing pressure to overtake the resistance her muscles presented. Weiss felt an unimaginable sense of relief wash over her, the culmination of a seemingly endless build-up of tension in a moment.

Blakes dildo reached half way inside before pulling back almost to the apex before driving herself forwards once more. Weiss’s back arced as the pace began to increase, pressing her smaller chest into Blakes larger bust. The press of Weiss’s hardened nipples against her own couldn’t help but foster the excitement inside of her. Blake reached down to paw her hands across Weiss’s breasts as she continued to gyrate inside of her, every thrust of her hips pressing Weiss’s chest further against Blakes.

Just as Weiss thought she was about to become overwhelmed by the pleasure of the moment Blake suddenly retreated, withdrawing the dildo from between Weiss’s lips. Weiss had only a moment to mourn the loss of the wonderfully filling presence inside of herself before things shifted once again. Gripping her hands to Weiss’s sides Blake made use of her superior position to flip the smaller girl over onto her front. With Weiss’s hands still bound behind her back Weiss had no way to steady herself, leaving her entirely at Blakes mercy as she stepped back onto the bed.

Following the curve of Weiss’s flanks Blakes hands soon found their path to Weiss’s taut butt, feeling the muscle quiver beneath her fingers. Blake guided the dildo forwards, once again preparing to enter past Weiss’s lips. But just as Blake was preparing to advance her thrust went high, missing Weiss’s lips entirely and spearing between Weiss’s spread butt cheeks leaving a moistened trail in her wake. Instead of correcting her mistake Blake began to tease the dildo back and forth through the soft valley of Weiss’s spread cheeks. With this level of teasing and the feeling of her long overdue release slipping further from her grasp Weiss was left practically on the verge of howling.

Blake withdrew her hips before once more driving the dildo forward into Weiss’s pussy. Weiss felt herself being overtaken by a renewed sense of pleasure, something completely different than when she had been on her back. The full press of the dildo was reaching places which had yet to be tended until now. Each thrust that Blake delivered was met in return by Weiss’s hips, forcing the smaller
dildo back inside of Blakes pussy. Soon it became too much for either of them to bear.

Weiss came first with a howling scream some might regard as unbecoming given her role as the head of one of the largest companies in the world. Others would call it highly appropriate under the circumstances, knowing that behind closed doors was the one time that Weiss could allow herself to be who she wished to be. It was not long before Blake followed swiftly behind her, what little strength that had been sustaining her swiftly leaving her as Blake collapsed onto Weiss’s back in an undignified heap. Blake panted to sustain herself in the wake of the exertion, smelling Weiss’s scent in every breath. Even dishevelled and covered in sweat Weiss still smelt amazing.

‘How did she ever manage that?’

As the black-haired woman’s strength began to return to her Blake planted her open hands onto the bed as she lifted herself off of Weiss as the dildo slipped from between Weiss’s folds. Carefully, Blake summoned up the strength to roll her lover back over onto her back. As her theirs eyes met Blake could not help but lean down to plant an intense kiss on her lips, sacrificing what little endurance remained in their passionate union.

Blake stared down at her, breath quivering with the exertion of sustaining herself. “Checkmate?”

“Checkmate” Weiss panted back.

A smile grew across Blakes lips as she leant down to envelope Weiss in a tight embrace. That was it, the finish code. That alone was all that was necessary to bring their scenario to a close.

Blake supported Weiss’s back, lifting her off of the bed while her other hand reached around to release the restraint which kept Weiss’s hands behind her back. Weiss shifted her tense muscles as the kinks were released, enjoying the renewed sense of freedom the end of their play brought with it.

Seeing the tint of redness around Weiss’s wrists brought on by her captivity Blake tenderly held Weiss’s hand as she leant down to plant an affectionate kiss on the affected skin. Weiss could not help but giggle at how sentimental Blake could become at times like this, the proud tigress once more her docile kitten.

Blake laid her head out across Weiss’s chest, feeling the gentle rise and fall of her chest. Blake listened to the relentless beat of her lover’s heart and smiled knowing that she was the root of it all. “I’m sorry if I was mean about my little snowdrops” Blake mused as she nuzzled closer to Weiss’s breast, petting them softly in her hands like she would some beloved pet.

While Weiss was trepidatious about playing upon Faunus stereotypes she found it hard to resist her when Blake started nuzzling and pawing at her chest as though she were softening them up to take a nap. Sometimes she even purred.

Now came the cooldown, the time when they could lay together in eachothers arms and let themselves come back from the places they had just gone together. It was a ritual that had emerged in the wake of their intimacy. For what felt like an infinity they embraced until Weiss was the first to finally end the silence. “You didn’t tell me Ruby and Yang were going to be involved in this”

Ruby Rose and Yang Xiao Long, two half-sisters, were their mutual friends going back to their time sharing a student flat together at university. Weiss had been studying Business, Ruby was in Engineering, Blake was Literature and Yang was in Sports Science. A simple ad requesting roommates for a shared apartment had intertwined the four of them for their university lives and
beyond.

“I’m surprised they ever agreed to in such a thing” Weiss said.

“I needed help and they were the only two people I could trust to look after my precious snowflake” Blake mused. “When I told them they would have a chance to have Weiss Schnee at their mercy they couldn’t resist”

“You didn’t tell them exactly what we would be doing, right?” Weiss asked.

“I made sure they knew everything they needed, but I may have neglected to mention some of the more inconsequential details” Blake said. “No need to corrupt their innocent minds with thoughts of what we would be doing after they left”

The whole thing had been the culmination of several weeks of planning and discussion to minimise interference with Weiss’s schedule. While Weiss had known that it could happen anytime over the weekend, starting from the time she left work, Blake made sure to keep any further details a secret. To distinguish between the staged kidnapping and any real attempt on her life, not an entirely farfetched scenario given her status, Blake made sure to deliver the prearranged codeword in some verifiable fashion before anything occurred. This also acted as the Safeword for the duration of their play.

“It’s nice to finally see them again after so long” even as she said it Weiss realised the oddity in the statement given the circumstances in which they were reunited. “We should invite them over… have a drink or something”

Blakes ears perked for a moment before replying. “I genuinely thought you were suggesting we invite them over to… you know”

Weiss gave her a love a playful chastisement across her shoulder. “Yang may be open minded but I don’t think even she’d be comfortable with inviting Ruby for something like that. And besides, Rubys so much like a little sister to all of us do you really think you could ever hope to keep a straight face?”

“You’re right” Blake giggled. “Speaking of a drink. I’m rather in the mood for some relaxing tea”

Blake planted a lingering kiss on Weiss’s forehead before she shuffled over to climb out of the bed. As Blake stretched out her tensed muscles Weiss took a moment to admire the feline curve of her lovers back. Weiss’s gaze drifted to follow Blakes hands as her fingers wrapped around the shaft of the double ended dildo still buried deep inside of her.

Glancing over her shoulder and noticing Weiss’s gaze laid firmly upon her Blake returned a coquettish wink as she began to remove the dildo. A low moan escaped past her lips as the flared head of the dildo passed over her tight pussy lips, releasing from her hold with a wet pop.

Blake brought the intimate item up for inspection, admiring the thin film of their shared arousal still clinging to its surface. Without glancing away from Weiss’s gaze Blake brought the wettened head to her lips and began to teasingly lick away with her tongue. Blake focused on the tip at first, lapping away like a kitten with its saucer of milk before taking the first inch into her mouth. Weiss knew that if she hadn’t been so utterly drained she would have thrown herself upon the teasing Faunus with a moment’s hesitation.
Weiss felt an unconscious stirring within her belly as Blakes finely toned rear was presented as she leant over, perhaps a little further than was strictly necessary, to retrieve her dressing gown. Weiss had to admit to a ping of sadness as her lover’s form was once more hidden beneath the material of her yukata-style gown, having a certain flair for the oriental fashion. Still, Weiss could not help but admire the way the material conformed to hug her delicate curves as she stepped the room to head towards the kitchen.

This left Weiss alone in the bed, bringing the dishevelled bedsheets up to cover herself as well as stave off the encroaching cold. Weiss reached across to retrieve the TV remote from the bedside table, flicking it on to catch the tail end of the evening news. As a local business leader, it was important that she keep informed of all the important goings on around-

“-confirmed that police in Frankfurt have apprehended two suspects in the ongoing abduction that occurred earlier this evening” the news reporter announced.

‘Oh no’

“The victim was identified as Weiss Schnee, CEO of the Schnee Dust Company whose global headquarters are based in Frankfurt” an image of Weiss to accompany the story appeared on the screen.

For whatever reason, the news channel had insisted on using that god-awful press release photo from her last charity event supporting disadvantaged children. Why SDCs Public Relations department had insisted on photographing her being enveloped in the arms of the charities mascot, a six-foot-tall fluffy pink bear called Bunty, was completely beyond Weiss’s comprehension. The PR department later claimed it was something about ‘Making her appear more approachable’. The mist of bullshit circulating around them was especially thick that morning.

“The suspects were witnessed abducting Ms Schnee from her vehicle as she was stopped on an autobahn” the reporter continued. “Police say that the whereabouts of Ms Schnee are currently unknown and are appealing for any information”

‘Oh no, this can’t be right’ Weiss’s mind ran rampant with possibilities, none of them good.

“The detectives in charge of the case have released this statement” the news report shifted to an interview with two police detectives, each with very striking moustaches.

“These perps thought they could get away with such a heinous crime under the watchful eye of the two best detectives in the city” said Detective Neptune.

“It looks as though, once again, we detectives have proved them wrong” added Detective Sun.

“Suspicions have been raised that the motive of the kidnapping may have been corporate espionage” the newsreader returned. “This emerged after several documents were found in the suspects possession which have been described as detailing ‘Technical specifications for a Scythe, which is also a gun’”

As Blake returned to their room carrying a tray of freshly prepared tea she was met by an ear-splitting shriek of “Oh, you utter pair of dolts!”
Weiss Schnee was clothed only in her nightdress concealed beneath a knee length coat as she walked into the Frankfurt police headquarters. Blake followed swiftly behind her, having driven them as Weiss’s car was still at the side of the road.

While the initial reaction of the police officer manning the desk was surprise at being greeted with the supposed kidnap victim the task of confirming her identity proved somewhat arduous. As the waiting and ceaseless inquiries wore on Weiss was getting sorely tempted to find the nearest television screen and simply point to the rolling footage of herself and that bloody bear as proof of who she was. Thankfully Blake managed to temper her wife’s fury before she succeeded in degrading the situation any further.

Although all this may have been for nought as Weiss was once again brought to the verge of losing any semblance of restraint. This was after the desk sergeant informed her that her car had been impounded as evidence and wouldn’t be released until after the weekend.

After a seemingly endless amount of wrangling, paperwork and a few muted curses the two suspects were finally absolved and released from custody. As they left the back offices Weiss was met by two individuals she hadn’t seen in person since their time together at university. When faced with such a situation most would ask after how things had been going, what they had been up to in the interim. Instead, the first words out of Weiss’s mouth were “What were you dolts thinking? How did they ever think of arresting you?”

“Oh, it was amazing” Ruby answered with characteristic gusto. “There was this car chase, and a big shoot out and a dozen helicopters and-”

Yang interjected before Rubys rampant imagination got them in any more trouble. “Actually, we were sitting in a car park eating take out Chinese from We Will Wok You, celebrating a job well done and all. Then before I knew it these cops burst out of nowhere and my dashboard is covered in sweet and sour pork. Turns out you managed to park yourself right underneath a traffic camera and they witnessed the whole thing in real time”

“Oh my god” Weiss held her head in her hands in embarrassment.

“Things probably could have been resolved pretty quick” Yang continued. “Were it not for the saw and the plastic sheeting they found in the boot”

“What do you mean?” Weiss looked up from her open palms. “You actually had that stuff in your car?”

“I may have overdone it a bit” Yang looked uncharacteristically sheepish at the admittance. “You see, Blake asked me to make it as real as I could so I came up with this whole plan. You would not believe the look the guy at the print shop gave me when I showed him the design for the t-shirts. I had to tell him it was cosplay for some show I saw online. Blake said she’d pay me back for whatever I needed so I thought ‘Great, I can use this stuff in my garden later’. Still though…” Yangs characteristically devilish grin returned in full force. “It looks as though you two had a fun night”

Weiss didn’t respond. She didn’t need to, the eruption of blistering redness across her cheeks said it all. “You didn’t tell them anything did you?” Weiss forced a whisper just loud enough for them to hear.

“Yeah, because the authorities really take kindly to withholding evidence during questioning” Yang
responded with her usually glib remark. “Relax Weiss, I told them the truth. The whole kidnap thing was a joke between friends which got out of hand and that was it. Now…” Yang clapped her hands together triumphantly. “How are we going to celebrate this little reunion of ours?”

Weiss rolled her eyes at the prospect of how quickly Yang could seem to recover from the most unpleasant of situations. Despite her overwhelming desire to simply crash back into bed and sleep the night away Weiss consigned herself to an occasion of enforced merriment. Perhaps an evening drink would help the embarrassment to be forgotten.

As they were leaving the police station Ruby took the opportunity to note the fresh scratches on Weiss’s neck emerging from beneath the lip of her nightdress. “Weiss, you never told us you had a cat”

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<Yang being interrogated by the police>

Yang: “Look, officer, there is a perfectly reasonable explanation for the hacksaw, the plastic sheeting and the video evidence of the CEO of SDC being thrown in the back of my car. If you just confirm things with my sister I’m sure this will all work out”

Detective Sun: “Yes, we interviewed Miss Rose but all she would comment on was something about ‘Not being able to change the radio station’. In any case, Ms Schnee has since presented herself at the station, alive and well, and has corroborated your story. As a result, you are free to go. Although, Ms Schnee has asked if there were any laws which could see you and Miss Rose rearrested for being ‘A pair of complete dolts’”

<Beat>

Detective Sun: “I assume that was a joke”

<Ruby being interrogated by the police>

Detective Neptune: “Are you ready to talk yet? We can do this all night. Why don’t you just admit it, make it easy on yourself”

Ruby: “Um, isn’t ‘Good Cop, Bad Cop’ supposed to involve two people?”

Detective Neptune: “So you want more do you?”

Detective Neptune into COM: “Send in, the bad cop”

<Interrogation room door opens. In steps a familiar black and white Pembroke Welsh Corgi>

Detective Neptune: “Miss Rose, meet Two”
Ruby Rose always kind of knew she was weird. She liked weird music, watched a lot of obscure online shows and read books by authors no one else had ever heard of. But even all of that couldn’t hope to compare to the oddest thing about her, something that no one else knew anything about.

Ruby had a thing for girls, specifically, girl’s butts. But it wasn’t just seeing them which excited her, it was the prospect of glimpsing a girl’s butt from beneath her skirt. If all she was interested in was just their butts then any top shelf magazine or mildly scintillating website could provide ample fodder. It was the teasing curve from beneath a fluttered hem. It was the innate skill which came with catching only the briefest glimpse and being able to retain the vivid mental image away for future enjoyment.

Ever her arrival Beacon Academy had proved an ample supply of young, athletic and strikingly beautiful girls for Ruby to admire from afar. Sometimes they glanced over and saw her looking. Almost always they simply dismissed her because she was an innocent looking girl.

Even some of the professors were not exempt from Rubys wandering gaze. Although Professor Goodwitch’s form fitting pencil skirt offered little chance of fluttering out of place where reality failed, Rubys imagination would take precedence. Ruby could still admire the elegant curve it presented and idly dream of what it would look like to catch a glimpse at such a mesmerising example of-

‘There she is’

While Ruby heartily enjoyed her fill of what Beacon had to offer there was one in particular who never failed to catch the crimsonettes attention, that mysterious girl with raven black hair. Ruby didn’t know her name, never daring to speak to her. But she knew that they attended a lot of the same classes and where she could encounter her.

Every time Ruby saw her she would be engrossed in reading her book, even as she walked to class. And yet she moved with an unshakable confidence in her step. Ruby had once even seen her dodge a wild football without even breaking step or glancing away from her novel. It was like she had some kind of inhuman senses to her advantage.

After a while Ruby soon realised that not only did she attend the same lectures her class schedule meant she always took the same stairway at the same time to reach the lecture hall. And it was pure coincidence that Ruby just happened to find herself a few paces behind the black-haired beauty eager to indulge herself in admiring the sight of the most perfect backside she had ever witnessed.
The girl began to ascend the stairs and as usual Ruby followed a few steps behind. For the first time in her life Ruby was thankful that she had yet to experience her foretold growth spurt, allowing her to remain in close proximity while still being able to admire her full beauty.

Starting from the bottom she wore black socks in her uniform shoes which reached up over the top of her ankles. The dark material contrasted sharply with the pale white skin of her curvaceous legs. Following up the back of her leg, through the dimple of the back of her knee, Ruby admired the soft outline of her delectably creamy thigh.

Above that fluttered the hem of her dark red school shirt, Ruby watching enraptured as the material lifted a little with each step she took. At times, when the breeze caught it just right and usually too fast for anyone not already looking to notice, Ruby would be treated to the sight of what lay beneath. Copper blue today.

Ruby made a conscious effort to record the memory to be enjoyed at her leisure. As she reached the top of the stairs Ruby stepped aside from the flow of the people climbing the stairs, closing her eyes to indulge herself in a little fantasy before class. When Ruby opened her eyes, she scanned the crowd around her in search of her secret crush but to no avail.

Just as Ruby was about to surrender she felt a hand on her shoulder. Rubys heart immediately stopped, slowly glancing around to face the source of the hand. Some part of her already knew who it was, that same girl, staring back at her with an unflinching stare making it impossible to tell what she was actually thinking.

The girl spoke first. “Are you, the one who’s always looking up my skirt?”

So, this was it. This was how Ruby was going to be thrown out of Beacon. Forever branded the pervert who liked looking up other girl’s skirts. She considering making a break for it. But where would she go, what would happen tomorrow? She attended a lot of the same lectures and they lived in the same dorms. How would she ever hope to evade her.

“I…” was all Ruby could think to say before her brain went into overdrive. “I’m sorry, I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to and I promise I’ll stop and-”

“I’m not mad at you” the girl interrupted.

Rubys brain shorted out as she processed her response. “Huh?”

The girl leant in closer, whispering beneath her breath in a way which proved unbelievably arousing. “When a girl looks up my skirt” her fingers began to idly toy with the shoulder of Rubys jacket. “It really excites me”

Ruby couldn’t muster the mental fortitude to respond, simply staring back as the raven-haired girl returned a sweet smile completely at odds with what she had said.

‘Is this what Yang used to call a tease?’

The girl moved back to face Ruby. “I wasn’t sure if I was right, but it’s such a relief” she held her hand out. “I’m Blake”

Ruby accepted the offered hand. “Ruby” This seemed a surprisingly formal introduction given the
circumstances of their meeting.

“Ruby, you can keep looking if you want” Blake said.

“Really?” Ruby asked. Blake nodded in agreement.

A part of Ruby made her think she was being set up for something, this all seemed to convenient that the girl she had pined over for so long secretly enjoyed her attentions. Still, even if that were the case, she was determined to make the best of the moment while it lasted.

“In fact” without another word Blake grabbed Rubys wrist and pulled her after her.

Ruby found herself being drawn towards the stairs leading to the upper lecture halls. Most of the other students had already passed so only a trickle of dawdlers still remained. Blake suddenly stopped, Ruby about to stumble into her before Blake caught her. Leaning in close the black-haired beauty whispered “Stay behind me”

Blake stepped ahead of Ruby, ascending the first steps of the stairwell. Ruby couldn’t think to do anything but follow what she had said. Ruby placed herself in her ideal spot a few steps behind Blake. Rubys heart was beating wildly in her chest as she walked. She was usually so clam when she looked and yet not only being given permission but being encouraged somehow seemed more deviant than ever before.

Ruby indulged herself in admiring Blakes shapely legs, her toned thighs, her beautifully bouncing butt. Blake moved with a renewed sway to her hips as she ascended the stairs. Each movement caused the hem of her skirt to rise, kept aloft by the next step such that her underwear was left almost perpetually on display to those in the ideal position to view it. At any other time, Ruby might have considered that too flagrant of an act to find appealing. But knowing that Blake was presenting herself specially for her enjoyment just ignited something inside of her.

Ruby could have sworn she saw a darkened patch on Blakes underwear. While it may have simply been a trick of the light, she really hoped it wasn’t.

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The early morning walk to lectures the next day was conducted with a renewed sense of enthusiasm Ruby had not experienced since her first arrival at Beacon. The crimsonette stood to the side at the base of the stairs, waiting in thinly veiled anticipation. She’d even arrived a quarter of an hour early just to ensure that she was there in time to meet her.

Ruby glimpsed the tips of Blakes customary bow above the heads of the crowd. Blake moved into view, her eyes as always buried deeply in her novel of the day. Ruby fought to keep her excitement from boiling over as Blake passed her without acknowledgement. Part of Ruby was thankful for that, knowing that if she had caught a glimpse of that smile she would not have been able to control herself from making a scene.

Instead, Ruby formed herself into the stream of people, her customary place a few paces in the wake of the raven-haired beauty. Ruby began as she always did, admiring her sculpted ankles and her creamy white calves. Ruby worked her way up past her rounded thighs, all the while she wondered what colour Blake had chosen for the day. Perhaps a pure white or a fiery orange. Ruby dared even to imagine what Blake would look like were she to see her dressed in a lacy black-
Ruby almost lost her footing, caught only from rolling back down the stairs by grabbing the side railing for support. Ruby stumbled to regain her footing and her senses. At the same time Blake continued up the stairs unabated even as a few ahead of her turned back to witness the commotion. Ruby had lost her chance at a second glance to assure herself of what she had just seen. Re-establishing her footing Ruby followed swiftly up the stairs after her, cresting the peak only to have lost sight of her objective.

Just as she was about to surrender to defeat Ruby felt the touch of a familiar hand upon her shoulder. Ruby turned to be met by Blake, a warm smile forming at the edges of her lips. With her free hand she reached down to sequester something into Rubys open palm, tightly closing her hand into a fist around it to ensure Ruby had no chance of misplacing it. It felt warm.

Blake leant in close to her ear and whispered “A gift, my little peeper”

Blake sauntered off into the crowd without another word. Ruby instinctively thrust her closed hand into her pocket to conceal what she had just been given. Yet, at the same time, she could not suppress the temptation to peek the material over the lip of her jacket pocket just to catch a fleeting glimpse.

‘Pink’

Ruby quickly stuffed the article back into her jacket as she made her way down the corridor towards the lecture hall. Ruby focussed herself on the regular clap of her shoes against the floor in an effort to distract herself from what had just transpired. Ruby was sure she would have to catch up with Blake and return these later today. But, perhaps, not before she’d had the opportunity to indulge herself a little first.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<Ruby performing her customary ritual of admiring the view from underneath Blakes skirt when she realises there’s something different about her underwear. On closer inspection she can make out the phrase across her buttocks ‘If you’re reading this, you better be Ruby Rose’>

Chapter End Notes

Inspired by: http://www.yuri-ism.net/slide/read/is_my_hobby_weird/en/1/1/page/1
Blake Belladonna considered herself a rather composed individual. Rarely quick to anger, always one to maintain a level head in a crisis, prepared to perceive things from every angle before she acted. But even she had her limits. It wasn’t anger that was overtaking her, it was frustration of an entirely different sort.

The concept of Faunus entering heat in the same way that animals did was merely the product of black propaganda intended to justify those who saw Faunus as little more than beasts with a superiority complex. But such false assertions did not change the fact that, like any other, Blake had certain needs that had to be sated.

Living in a shared dorm room meant that there was little opportunity for Blake to relieve herself. The communal showers in the training areas and the dorms offered neither the privacy nor the mood setting to allow her more than a brief reprieve. It didn’t help that it seemed like fate was continually thrusting her into situations designed solely to challenge her resolve. Case in point.

“Aw, Yang” Ruby groaned. Despite her attempts to make herself appear more mature since coming to Beacon Ruby couldn’t help but default to her big sister when she needed to. “I spilt milk on my shirt”

Blake looked across the dorm as she lay on her bunk, rereading her favourite edition of Ninjas of Love, to see Ruby as she got up from laying down on her bed. Her leader had been laying propped up on her bed with a plate of cookies and a now half empty glass of freshly poured milk, the rest of it having drenched the front of her white school dress shirt. Ruby clambered down from her bunk as she tried to brush the stain away with a flick of her hands.

“I told you not to drink it laying down on your bed” Yang chided her younger sister as she lay atop her bunk idly reading her scroll.

“But it’s so comfy with milk, cookies and a copy of Swords, Also Guns” Ruby replied.

“Well you better get it off then” Blake couldn’t help but feel her ears shoot to attention as Yang called down to her sister. “And don’t just dump it in the clothes bin to stink up the room like last time”

“I only did that once” Ruby whined in response as she began unbuttoning her shirt.

“You know, I’ve heard milk can be incredibly good for your skin” Weiss interjected, up until now having been consumed in reviewing her latest assignment on scroll for Ooblecks class. Weiss
stepped out from her bunk to stand beside Ruby as the crimsonette continued to unbutton her shirt. The material was fast becoming see through enough to make out the shade of her bright red bra underneath.

“If you just rub it in like this” Weiss reached over Rubys shoulder to begin tracing her fingers across the skin of Rubys collarbone. “It’s supposed to make it silky soft and shiny”

“Weiss” Ruby giggled at her teammates soft caresses. “That tickles”

The rational part of Blakes mind saw Ruby like an extended little sister. Faced with such a sight however, it seemed the rest of her wasn’t quite so discerning.

“The ancient princesses of Vacuo used to take baths in milk to preserve their youth and beauty” Weiss’s explorative fingers began to trace lower across Rubys front, shifting perilously close to intruding upon the work of the divine potter. “It was said they needed to keep over seven thousand animals just to produce enough milk for their daily-”

“Hey” Ruby interrupted. “Where did Blake go?”

Finding little hope of reprieve from her ever growing sexual frustrations Blake decided to seek some form of solitude in one of her favourite places, the Beacon Academy library.

Finding a seat at one of the tables in a quiet corner of the library, away from the help desks and the study groups, she settled down to enjoy rereading one of her favourite novels, *Ninjas of Love*.

Despite what the title might infer it was not some smut piece masquerading as a romantic novella. Instead, it was a historical epic based on the early history of Mistral. Before the academies and the Kingdoms were established as the first true form of centralised government in Remnant Mistral was divided into over a hundred quasi-states each presided over by a feudal lord. Rather than face their rivals directly in battle these rulers would make use of mercenary clans to fight on their behalf.

While this arrangement made the clans wealthy it brought them into perpetual conflict with other clans working on behalf of rival lords.

Blake had reached the chapter where two members of rival clans, Sakura Nishizumi and Kurata Shinzo, were preparing to face one another in an honourable duel in the plains at the foot of Inabayama. Their two clans had faced eachother in combat more times than anyone could recall in their shared history. There had been many victories, losses and even short-lived alliances shared between the two clans. But in this instance, as was so often the case, they found themselves facing eachother on the field of battle.

The air rang out with the clash of folded steel. Cut and thrust, dodge and sidestep. The meeting of two equally skilled and determined fighters. Kurata was far stronger than she remembered the last time they had fought. This time was different, the stakes were higher for more reasons than one.

Sakura knew his techniques, but he knew hers all the same. Another step, another counter step. It was a play, an intermingling of deception and counter-deception to the extent where neither of them could keep track.
Sakura saw an opening. Drawing herself in close she prepared to deliver her finishing strike. Sakura realised almost too late that it was a deliberate trap. Kurata brought the hilt of his sword up towards her chest. Sakura countered, sacrificing her hold over her own weapon to break her opponent’s stance with her strike.

Utilising her momentum Sakura charged her opponents centre, casting him off of his feet and casting Kurata onto the ground beneath her. Kuratas sword fell from his hand. Sakura thrust herself upon him, struggling to pin the larger man beneath her as their duel quickly descended from swords into a hand to hand encounter.

The two combatants struggled to gain a superior hold over their opponent. While Kurata had reach, Sakura had flexibility. Utilising her superior agility Sakura managed to secure her dominance over him, for the moment. But the feeling of the tensing muscles like the power of a wild beast held beneath her Sakura knew she could only contain him for so long. In her heart she knew it would only be a matter of time before-

“**Young lady!**”

Blake snapped alert in an instant, her concealed faunus ears threatening to leap from beneath the cover of her bow. Blake looked around for the source of the familiar voice. The frantic beating of her heart only subsided when she realised what had actually occurred.

Professor Goodwitch stood across the library, reprimanding a female student for the shortness of her school skirt. In spite of the variety in combat uniform Beacon Academy maintained a student dress code rigidly enforced by some of the stricter staff including professor Goodwitch.

A part of Blake couldn’t help but feel a tinge of excitement as she watched professor Goodwitch’s chastisement and imaging what it would be like to be the one on the receiving end of the professor’s scorn. She had to imagine what it would be like to feel the harsh clap of the professor’s cane across her soft-

Blake clapped her book shut sharply. Blake had come here seeking sanctuary and it seemed she had utterly failed in her endeavour. Blake decided if she was ever going to find any semblance of peace she needed to head elsewhere.

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Blake embraced the natural scent of the fresh air wafting across the main courtyard of Beacon Academy. A warm summer day meant that there was a ceaseless parade of people meandering about the walkways. It was always the moment that the sun came out that everyone seemed to collectively agree to indulge themselves and take a little extra time to get to where they were heading.

Every girl which passed her proved another tempting indulgence for Blakes rampant imagination. Blake sat at the edge of the fountain, focussing on the rhythmic splash of the water. Blake momentarily entertained the idea of plunging her head into the water to snap herself out of such thoughts if only her sense didn’t remind her of quite how filthy the water actually was.

Before she could dare to enact it however, Blake was once more met by another test of her resolve. In keeping with each and every other encounter she’d faced today it seemed fate was taking every opportunity to make her squirm.
“Hi Blake” Velvet Scarlatina approached from amongst the surrounding crowd. “Lovely day isn’t it” velvet had forgone her usual dark-brown combat uniform for a bright yellow sun skirt and matching top.

“Yeah” Blake replied. “A little warm for my tastes though”

“It can be kind of tough with this heat” Velvet mused. “But it’s even hotter when you wear leggings like yours” Velvet motioned to Blakes all-encompassing leggings and shorts combo. “You should get yourself a nice summer skirt, the breeze is so refreshing”

Without hesitation Velvet suddenly gave an energetic twirl. Whether an intended consequence or not the hem of Velvets skirt swirled upwards under the influence of a sudden breeze. While Blake couldn’t be sure she swore she caught a flash of Velvets bright pink underwear detailed with-

‘Were those carrots?’

The amount of mental capacity dedicated to this analysis left little remaining for the important task of reminding Blake to maintain her balance. It was not long before Blake had first-hand experience of the contents of the Beacon courtyard fountain.

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Stepping into the locker rooms adjoining the Beacon training centre, for the first time in perhaps the entire day Blake felt like she could focus herself. After nearly falling into the fountain almost immediately after the first time upon catching an undeniable glimpse of Velvets cleavage as she pulled her free Blakes mind was consumed only by thoughts of a cleansing shower.

Blake pulled off her soaked clothing and cast it aside with little regard for creases or bunching them up, it would all need to be washed when she got back to the dorm regardless. Stepping into the shower stall she allowed the waters cleansing influence to wash away the dirt and she didn’t want to think what else clung to her from the fountain. With a moment to herself Blake finally began to feel like her mind was more back under her control.

Blake shut off the water off before stepping out of the shower into the changing room. Blake retrieved the spare gym clothes and towel in her locker for after practice, tightening the fluffy white towel around her athletic figure. Blake consumed herself using her other towel to dry her long, thick hair and her pointed ears atop her head.

Blakes Faunus ears piqued at the sound of footsteps, her acute hearing allowing herself to decipher their identity by their step alone.

Of course, it was her. Out of everyone in Beacon it just had to be the most athletic, most popular, arguably most physically appealing member of the female student body.

“Hi Pyrrha” Blake acknowledged her friend as she entered the locker room.

“Hi Blake” Pyrrha replied warmly. “Have a good workout?”

“Yeah pretty good” Blake remarked offhandedly, preferring the preconception to admitting the reality of the situation. “What about you?”
“I just finished a sparring match with Nora” Pyrrha opened her locker and retrieved her towel. Blakes finely tuned ears peaked at the rustle of fabric. Blake forced herself not to look over. “I tell you, for a girl her size she really packs a heavy punch”

‘Just focus on what you’re doing’ Blake repeated to herself in her head. ‘Get dressed, get out and nothing has a chance to happen’

Blake refitted her t-shirt and gathered up her bag as she allowed a relived sigh to escape her lips. Blake stepped away towards the exit of the locker room. She’d made it.

“This may sound unusually forward” Pyrrha called after Blake, stopping only a few steps from the exit. “But would you mind doing something for me”

“Ok” Blake replied, trying to keep the hint of trepidation reaching her voice.

“I’ve got another set of promotions tomorrow and I was hoping you could check my back for bruises” Pyrrha explained.

“Your back?” Blake queried as she approached cautiously.

“I know it sounds silly” Pyrrha said as she pulled off her sports top, presenting her back to Blake. “But Nora can get a little rough sometime, girl hardly knows her own strength. My sponsors really don’t like me showing up like to see a battered piece of fruit. It would be helpful if you could tell me if there’s anything already showing I might need to tend to”

Pyrrha reached back to grasp Blakes hand in her own, guiding it towards the small of her back. “There’s a spot right here. It feels kind of tender and I’m worried it’s going to turn into a dark…”

Pyrrha looked back over her shoulder. “Are you ok Blake? You look awfully red”

******************************************************************************

Just a few more steps and she was back in her dorm. Blake walked down the corridor towards the RWBY dorm room. Blake was determined to get back so she could just lay down on her bed and enjoy some well-deserved-

As Blake brought her scroll up to unlock the door she could have sworn she heard voices from inside the dorm.

“I’m telling you, it’s not going to fit”

“Of course, it will. I just need to find the right hole”

“They couldn’t possibly be?”

“Well just hurry up and put it in then”

“I’ve almost got it. Can you fit two fingers inside?”

“What do you mean?”
“If you can fit two fingers in, it means there’s enough room”

“Like this?”

“That’s it, make sure you’ve got a firm grip. We don’t want—”

“Where exactly is that tongue of yours going?”

“Nearly there, I just need to shift- Hey, stop squirming!”

Blake had just reached her limit, the last of her precarious restraint had evaporated. Without waiting to consider any other option Blake unlocked the door with her scroll and burst into the dorm.

“Don’t come in, we’re—”

The sight which greeted her was… not what she had anticipated.

Ruby and Weiss were kneeling together on the rug in the middle of the room, both fully clothed, and with Zwei. Blake couldn’t resist blurting out. “What the heck are you two doing?”

“We were giving Zwei his new collar” Weiss held her hands out in display around Zwei like she was selling him on the late-night shopping channel. “Isn’t he so handsome” Weiss said gleefully as she clutched the playful pup to herself in an all-consuming hug. It was only now that Blake finally took notice of the finely crafted black leather collar around Zwei’s neck.

With Weiss currently indisposed Ruby chose to interject. “We realised today was the anniversary of when dad sent him to Beacon so Weiss and I decided to get him a gift. We didn’t tell Yang because we wanted to surprise her and when you showed up we thought…” Rubys voice began to trail off. “Ugh, Blake. Doesn’t that kind of hurt, banging your head on the wall like that?”

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<Ruby giving Weiss advice on maintaining Myrtenaster>

Ruby: “You see, the problem most people make is they focus too much on just the parts they can see”

<Ruby holds up the disassembled firing mechanism>

Ruby: “What really needs the most attention is anything which moves or any areas where there’s a lot of excess dust build-up”

<Ruby retrieves the cleaning tool and begins cleaning out the internal chamber>

Ruby: “What you want to do is just go ahead and stick it right in and jiggle it around. Try to get as much out of it as possible and sometimes to do that you’ve got to really drive it in or you won’t—”

<Ruby and Weiss notice that Blakes ears are flicking on top of her head as she tries to appear as
though she’s not listening as she reads>

Weiss rolls her eyes: “Better watch out, Blake. If I’m not careful I may become so overtaken by the passion of the moment that I am no longer be able to restrain myself from forcing my attentions on our innocent and easily corruptible leader”

Ruby drops her tool in surprise, glances over at Weiss: “Really, Weiss?”

<Weiss gives Ruby a freezing stare>

Weiss: “No”

Chapter End Notes

I decided that Weiss has been the butt of jokes enough (For now) so let’s have some fun with Blake for a bit.
Weiss wiped the fresh beads of sweat from her brow with the back of her hand. Finally, she was finished.

Storing away the cleaning supplies in the hallway cupboard Weiss took a moment to enjoy the view of her freshly cleaned house. She enjoyed the sight of a carpet clear of dirt, shelves neatly dusted, a table tops freshly polished. There was simply a thing of beauty to see it all combined. And while she knew that such things were only fleeting she could not help savouring it while it lasted.

Heading back into the kitchen Weiss was prepared to indulge herself in a celebratory drink of-

Weiss stepped into the kitchen to find Ruby. Sitting on the counter. Eating cookies.

Weiss fought to keep her voice level “Ruby”

Ruby glanced up from her weapons magazine perched in her other hand, a constellation of lingering cookie crumbs persistently clinging to her cheeks. The movement caused a flicker of the crumbs to dislodge, falling to the floor at her feet. “Oh, hey Weiss…” Rubys voice trailed into silence as saw Weiss’s expression.

Weiss stepped across the kitchen, her piercing gaze never flinching from her partner. “Ruby, I just cleaned this kitchen”

Weiss pinned her hands to the counter on either side of Rubys thighs. Despite Weiss’s stature necessitating that she look up to face Ruby on the counter the white-haired woman’s mere presence was enough to freeze Ruby in her place. “Off the counter. Now” Weiss ordered flatly.

Ruby diligently obeyed as she laid the remainder of her cookie and her magazine aside, clambering down off of the counter as she found herself pressed between Weiss and the counter. Ruby was dressed in a black tank top and rose patterned sweatpants. Weiss was wearing a loose white t-shirt and jeans.

“Turn around” Weiss instructed.

Ruby turned herself around as best she could in her confined space, flanked on either side by Weiss’s arms.

“Hands on the counter” Weiss ordered. Ruby obeyed as she laid her open hands across the countertop. Weiss leant forward to press her chest into Rubys back, her hands shifted up to grasp
Rubys sides between her dexterous fingers.

Weiss leant in closer, brushing her lips across Rubys ear as she whispered. “Do you know how long it took me to clean this kitchen?”

“A long time?” Ruby offered.

Weiss’s reply was an open palmed spank across Rubys smooth backside.

“Ow, okay, a really long time” Ruby replied swiftly.

“And how long did it take you to make a mess of it again?” Weiss asked flatly.

“About a minute” Ruby replied sheepishly.

Weiss seemed satisfied with that answer. “And how do you intend to make it up to me?” Weiss asked.

“I don’t…” Ruby stammered as she considered what answer would avoid her getting spanked again. In the end, Ruby took so long considering her answer that Weiss decided to reprimand her wife regardless.

“Ok, I’ll clean the kitchen” Ruby yelped. “I’ll make the beds, I’ll give Zwei a bath, I’ll even do that thing you like with your-”

Weiss’s open palm met Rubys butt, harder this time.

“A generous offer” Weiss’s hand moved to cup the swell of Rubys pert butt cheek in her palm. “But that’s not what I had in mind”

“Oh, right” Ruby caught on pretty quickly after such a comment. “I guess we could, but… weren’t you just complaining about the mess”

“I think we’re well past the point of being concerned about mess” Weiss said, her fingers tracing along the edge of Rubys sweatpants. It was not long before Weiss dared to venture inside. Slipping the tips of her fingers beneath the waistband of Rubys trousers, the elastic surrendering to her presence with minimal resistance. Weiss began to feel the touch of the soft cotton underwear concealed beneath.

Weiss began to feel Ruby shift beneath her touch, the product of the younger woman’s anticipation, her trepidation or both in equal measure. Weiss’s probing fingers moved to grab a generous handful of Rubys plump backside, eliciting a sharp yelp as Weiss’s fingers applied a modicum of pressure.

One layer down, only one more left in her way.

With her free hand Weiss dared to slip her fingers beneath Rubys cream pink underwear. The touch of bare skin across skin completely eclipsed the feeling of all that they had shared before. Weiss had to reach far deeper this time. Following the curve of Rubys backside, between the valley of her creamy thighs until she approached the base of the slit of Rubys pussy.

Weiss’s fingers teased across her outer folds, sending a rippling shiver cascading through Rubys body. Weiss dared to press further inside of Ruby, shifting her finger upwards to tease across the length of Rubys quickly moistening pussy. Weiss began to circle the tip of her finger around Rubys
pussy, each gentle movement exploring some as yet untouched space across her lips.

Weiss’s fingers descended from her arc, turning in to press between Rubys spread lips. Ruby mewled in pleasure at the sudden intrusion of Weiss’s fingers. This was not what she had been expecting from Weiss. Weiss’s fingers continued to dance and play across the inside of Rubys pussy, sending electrifying pulses of excitement through her whenever Weiss touched a particularly sensitive nerve cluster.

As quickly as she had enticed them Weiss suddenly withdrew her explorative fingers, bringing them up to her face to admire the thick film of moisture that covered them. Already Ruby began to yearn for the presence of Weiss’s fingers returning to her.

Weiss pressed her open hand into Rubys back, guiding her wife face down onto the counter. While Weiss kept Ruby pinned to the countertop with one hand she began working at the belt of her jeans with the other. Weiss’s ample dexterity allowed her to unfasten the buckle and shimmy her trousers down across her thighs single handed. Reaching down Weiss pulled away her white cotton underwear, feeling the material already straining against the rise of her growing erection. Weiss’s member hardened as she teased herself with a few energetic pumps.

“Ruby” Weiss said.

“Yes, Weiss?” Ruby replied breathlessly.

“Plead me for it” Weiss teased the tip of her member across Rubys moistened pussy lips.

“I… want it” Ruby said.

“What, Ruby?” Weiss asked with an audible glee in her voice. “What is it you want?”

Rubys voice quivered as she replied “I want you Weiss. I want you inside of me”

Weiss may have been a tease but even she could not bring herself to torment her. Leaning forward Weiss pushed the tip of her member past Rubys outer lips. Weiss felt the pulse of Rubys body as she quivered at the end of her sensitive head. Ruby squealed at the sudden intrusion of Weiss’s member inside of her. The crimsonettes hands scrambled for purchase on the counter top, her fingers clawing at the smooth surface of the counter.

Weiss introduced a heady mix of exhilaration to their union that Ruby had not been anticipating. Weiss slapped her open palm across Rubys pert butt, feeling the ripple of the skin against her hand. Ruby pulled herself forward in a vain attempt to escape only to find herself pinned against the counter. Ruby found herself with no room to manoeuvre as Weiss let loose with another volley of slaps onto Rubys swiftly reddening backside.

Weiss proved herself far more tender with Rubys pussy as she gently eased herself in, allowing Ruby to adjust to each inch before retreating and resuming her advance. Weiss pressed her member deeper inside of Ruby, pulling out and pushed herself back inside in quick succession. Weiss’s thrusting quickly gained in speed and ferocity with her thrusting, reaching new depths with every cycle.

Weiss felt herself reaching her pinnacle. Slowing herself Weiss pulled herself out completely before she could lose control. Part of Weiss wished to administer some chastisement for Rubys actions and there was still far more she wished to see done to her wife.
“I expect you won’t be sitting on my clean counters anymore?” Weiss asked, teasing the length of her member with her hand to keep herself teetering on the edge of release.

“No, Weiss” Ruby replied.

“Well, how can I be sure of that” Weiss mused as she idly teased the tip of her member across Rubys butt cheeks.

Weiss replaced the emptiness between Rubys moist lips with her explorative fingers. Although unable to reach quite as deeply as the other part of her anatomy their dexterity and coordination more than made up for it. Once Weiss was satisfied that her fingers had been sufficiently moistened she withdrew them back, only to begin teasing them around the entrance to Rubys other hole.

“Perhaps I should make sure that you won’t want to be sitting anywhere for a while” the tips of Weiss’s wettened fingers encircled the ring of muscle, each pass of her fingers bringing them closer to the centre. This removed any lingering ambiguity as to the white-haired beauties next intentions. “How would you like that?”

“As you wish, Weiss” Ruby replied, trying and failing to keep the excitement from tingling her voice.

That had been Rubys way out. Ruby knew Weiss would never want to place Ruby in a position she found uncomfortable. But now that Ruby had given her permission to keep going Weiss was determined to make the most of it for the both of them.

Weiss pressed a single moistened digit into the centre of the bud, feeling a far greater resistance than what had come before. At the same time, Weiss continued to tease her fingers around the circumference of the hole, feeling the tightened muscle loosening with every tender caress.

“I’m determined to make sure you won’t be tempted to sit on my clean countertops for a while” Weiss remarked.

Using her free hand Weiss guided her hardened member into position, removing her fingers and pressing the tip against Rubys puckered ass. Weiss reached out and grasped Rubys sides with both hands for support, feeling Rubys body tense beneath her fingers. Weiss allowed Ruby a brief reprieve before pressing herself forwards. Weiss entered Rubys arse with a single thrust, feeling the delectable resistance to her every move. Weiss felt the warmth engulfing her tip, burning hotter than anything she had felt before.

A gentle application of weight was all that was necessary for Weiss to feel Rubys body give to her, opening the bulb like a precious flower. This felt so distinct from Rubys pussy, it felt like every muscle inside of her was closing in around her, simultaneously trying to expel her and draw her in simultaneously. Rubys moans grew louder and deeper from across the counter with each thrust and counter thrust of Weiss’s member into her.

Their shared pleasures soon reached their inevitable conclusion as Weiss released herself into Rubys ass. Weiss felt Rubys muscles tightening around her, coaxing even more of Weiss’s release from within her member.

Weiss’s endurance left her body in an instant, collapsing onto Rubys back as the two of them lay splayed atop the counter. The two lovers lay together, left as little more than a mess of panting as they struggled to regain their composure. All the while Weiss’s slowly deflating member eased itself from within Rubys ass even as her body unconsciously fought to retain it.
Weiss was the first to regain herself enough to speak. “Maybe now” Weiss swallowed to clear her rasping throat. “You’ll think again before messing up my counters”

“I will… Weiss” was all that Ruby could muster herself to reply.

Seemingly satisfied with her answer Weiss utilised her slowly returning strength to lift herself off of Ruby and shift forward, reaching out to turn Rubys face as she drew the younger crimsonette into a tender kiss.

For her part, Ruby was left to consider one thing which lingered in the back of her mind. While she didn’t like the idea of upsetting Weiss deliberately the white-haired beauty had proved herself to be a completely different kind of lover when she became genuinely angry. She had a fury behind her actions that normally didn’t show even as she remained acutely aware of Rubys limits. Despite her assurances to the contrary, Ruby was sure she would find herself sitting on more clean counters in the near future.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

In her younger years Weiss had never imagined that life would turn out this way. While Ruby worked as an engineer at the Vale Defence Laboratories, developing new equipment to protect the people and the Kingdom, Weiss dedicated herself to her family. Weiss was beginning to embrace the prospect of being a stay at home parent. Sure, there were challenging times but they worked them out together.

Weiss settled down on the sofa after a long day’s work. She’d cleaned the house, taken Zwei for a run, fed Lily and sent her to bed. Ruby had said she had to work late tonight on some new project but she would be getting home anytime now.

Weiss had prepared a stew for Ruby to warm up when she got back and then they could both settle down and enjoy a few sparse moments together after her wife’s long day of making the Kingdom a better place to-

<Door opens, Ruby rushes in excitedly>

Ruby: “Good news Weiss, I’ve weighed my own head”
“Do you trust me?” Yang asked.

“Of course, I do” Blake replied.

“And do you trust Ruby?” Yang continued.

“Most of the time” Blake admitted.

“So then can you trust me to trust Ruby?” Yang persisted.

Blake sighed. “I suppose, I mean what’s the worst that could really-”

“And now boys and girls” Weiss called out to the assembled crowd, having been roped into the role as the warm up presenter. “Prepare to be astounded by The Great Rubina and her friend penny” Weiss lead them all in a welcoming clap.

The curtain of the makeshift stage pulled away to reveal the Great Rubina, or Auntie Ruby as she was usually known, came out to the adoring crowd of around fifteen who had attended Felice Belladonnas 5th birthday party. While the stage was surrounded a cheering ring of eager children Yang and Blake watched from the back as the attending parents as the act unfolded.

In addition to her customary flowing red cape Ruby had added a red and black tinted top hat. Ruby took her place on the stool in the centre of the stage, with her companion Penny sitting atop her lap playing the role of the ventriloquist doll.

“Well hello there boys and girls. I’m The Great Rubina and this is my friend Penny” Ruby indicated her companion with an exaggerated wave of her hands. “Say hello, Penny”

“Hello Penny” she waved enthusiastically.

A giggle emerged from the children. While not exactly the height of comedy it seemed Ruby understood the expectations of her audience.

“We’re both very happy to be here” Ruby said.

“Speak for yourself” Penny interrupted.

“What do you mean, of course you are” Ruby replied.
“Well now you’re just putting words in my mouth” Penny joked.

Another laugh emanated from the crowd.

“I mean, who even does ventriloquist gags anymore?” Penny asked.

“Look, it was either this or a Punch and Judy and that’s just awkward these days” Ruby explained.

A low titter emerged from the understanding adults at the back of the room.

“Alright, we’ll try something different” Ruby reached into her cloak and retrieved an oversized novelty pocket watch. Putting on a ridiculous voice Ruby began to swing the item in front of Penny’s eyes. “You’re feeling sleepy”

“No, I’m not feeling it” Penny replied flatly.

“Give it a moment” Ruby began really leaning into her exaggerated performance. “You’re feeling very sleepy”

“Try some more of your jokes, that’s bound to do the trick” Penny interjected.

Finally surrendering to the inevitable Ruby replaced the watch back into her cloak pocket. “I can be funny without you, you know”

“You’re hardly funny with me” Penny chided.

“You’re very difficult to please, you know that?” Ruby countered. “I’ll have you know I was top of my class at Signal”

“And look at you now, still playing with dolls” Penny replied.

Reaching the end of her sketch Ruby departed the stage still cradling Penny in her arms, her experience wielding Crescent Rose coming in handy for more than just fighting in effortlessly carrying her partner.

“And where exactly was that hand of yours going?” Penny could be heard from behind the curtain at the edge of the stage.

“Rubina and Penny everyone” Weiss reignited the audiences clapping once more as Ruby prepared to re-emerge onto the stage.

“Since its someone’s birthday I thought I’d prepare something special” Ruby wheeled out a large colourful box adorned with rose designs from behind the stage. “For this, I’ll need a volunteer” Ruby turned to the snow coloured beauty beside her. “Weiss, if you would be so kind”

Weiss’s face was a study in shock as Ruby lead her towards the box. When Weiss had offered to assist with the performance she hadn’t expected to be pulled into the act itself. Opening the lid of the box Ruby helped Weiss to lay herself down before shifting to close the lid on top of her.

“Are you sure you’re all in?” Ruby asked, adjusting the lid on top of Weiss.
“Are you sure you know what you’re doing?” Weiss questioned.

“Just try to relax” Ruby secured the lid in place with a metallic click. Turning her attention back to the crowd Ruby began to search across the stage. “I’m sorry boys and girls. It seems like I’ve misplaced by saw”

“Saw?” Weiss asked quizzically.

“But don’t worry, I have the perfect replacement right here” with a dramatic flourish Ruby withdrew Crescent Rose from beneath her cape, the screams of excitement from the assembled children thankfully overshadowing the flurry of Atlesian vulgarity emanating from behind Ruby. “Don’t worry Weiss” Ruby reassured her as she prepared her swing. “Nothing can go wrong”

***************Authors Nonsense***************

Blake: “Yang, while I appreciate the effort Ruby went too, next time wouldn’t it be better to just hire a professional”

Yang: “You mean like that ventriloquist we saw advertised at the Vale Performance Festival?”

Blake: “Yang, her selling point is she does the whole act topless”

Yang: “In her defence you never saw her lips move”

Blake: “What about that magician you told me about when Ruby was little. Is he still around?”

Yang: “Let’s just say he’s known for pulling out more than just rabbits”

Chapter End Notes

The whole time I was writing this resisted the urge to turn this chapter into a panto piece. Because nowadays that kind of humour is rather dated and unfunny isn’t it boys and girls? Oh, yes it is.
Weiss always enjoyed the brief moments of tranquillity when the dorm was left all to herself. Blake and Yang were out doing their regular team building drills and Ruby was busy doing whatever it is she did in her spare time. Weiss lay lounging on the bed on the bottom bunk, idly rereading her book on the history and politics of the Great War.

Laying her book aside Weiss looked across the dorm towards the drawers set against the far wall. She glanced at her scroll. Yang and Blake left for practice just over half an hour ago. Based on their usual workout routine they wouldn’t be back for a while. Weiss had time to indulge herself freely.

Stepping off of her bed, wearing her white school shirt and her red tartan skirt without the accompanying jacket, Weiss stretched her hands high above her head as she unkinked her tense muscles. Weiss’s hands descended in a swooping curve towards her chest as she grasped the first button at the top of her shirt. Weiss’s fingers descended down the front of her shirt with practiced ease, releasing each of the buttons in quick succession as she passed over them.

Drawing the two halves of her top aside revealed the simple white bra covering pert breasts that had been concealed underneath. Weiss reached behind her back and unclipped her bra, shuffling the garment off with a roll of her shoulders. Weiss gathered the two garments in her hands before casting them into the shared laundry basket, her top half now bare while her lower half remained fully clothed.

Eager to remedy this imbalance Weiss reached down and undid the clasp at the side of her skirt. Weiss prepared to unzip it when she heard a noise behind her and was stunned in place. Weiss listened for the noise again, silence was her reply. Undeterred, Weiss resumed where she had left off and drew the zip down her side with a delectable crunch as it released.

Once the fit of the skirt had been sufficiently loosened Weiss allowed the garment to fall to the floor at her feet, revealing her matching white underwear beneath. Weiss slipped her thumbs beneath the lip of her underwear, drawing them down her legs before stepping out of them completely. Gathering up her lower clothes in her hands she cast the remainder of her clothing aside.

Weiss could not help but admire herself in the full-length mirror standing at the foot of her bed, a shop bought from a specialist antique in Vale originally from a craftsman in Mistral. Weiss had no reason to be doing it, she had already seen herself countless times before after practice. Still, she felt it was necessary to maintain the fantasy regardless.
Taking stock Weiss noticed more muscle beneath her feminine frame than she remembered from last time. While she hadn’t exactly been idle in Atlas it had taken her coming to Beacon before she found herself fighting Nevermores and White Fang terrorists as an almost daily occurrence. Such regular exercise was bound to impart its effects.

Still little growth up top though. Cupping the small mounds, she could technically identify as breasts she could not help but privately despair as she mentally compared herself to Blake and Yang, even Ruby. The truth that the crimsonette was several years younger only poured an ample amount of salt upon the wound.

Weiss heard another noise emanating behind her. Once again Weiss forced herself not to react to the ever more conspicuous Ruby shaped mound rising beneath the covers on Yang’s bed. Although, to be fair Yang’s bed was typically in such a state it took an exceptionally keen eye to distinguish the difference. Weiss also dismissed the glint of the pair of silver eyes peeking out from beneath the cover as a mere trick of the light

Weiss had known Ruby was there, she’d known she was there since the moment she had come back from studying in the library to find the dorm room ‘empty’. Weiss didn’t care, in fact she welcomed it. The reason for that is simple, Weiss had a thing about being watched. But even so there was only a select few she could ever think to be comfortable with actually allowing to watch her, even fewer she imagined would be open to such a proposal.

Deciding to throw caution to the wind Weiss had none too subtly informed Ruby of precisely what she would be up to while the rest of the team was otherwise engaged. She also made it clear that she would not be entirely against the idea if a certain crimsonette reaper were to just happen to be in place to overlook such things. After that, she left Ruby to make her own decision.

Dense as Ruby could sometimes be she soon got the message. After the words left her mouth Weiss was treated to a display of watching the younger girl’s expression shift in real time through a multitude of expressions. It proved an enlightening experience. Such was how Ruby came to be treated to her own private peep show.

Ruby tried to be subtle in her attempts to hide and failed miserably. At first Weiss assumed that Ruby would have tried to conceal herself underneath the bed, in the cupboard or any of a multitude of places her spying might be less conspicuous. It seemed Weiss would need to have a serious talk with her leader regarding proper voyeur etiquette.

Weiss flicked her long hair up behind her, savouring the fleeting moment of serenity as the strands lingered in the air before settling back down across her shoulders. Traces of white hair lay across her chest, Weiss’s pert nipples peeking out from beneath the cover of her long hair. The sight reminded her of the paintings she had seen of Vacuo’s historic princesses basking topless in the sun with their long flowing hair draped across their front.

Weiss boldly strode naked across the room with the same unwavering confidence as she would into the mid-term exam on the ‘Evolution of Nocturnal Grimm’. Weiss reached the chest of drawers shared by the team and pulled open her own drawer, second from the top. The arrangement of clothing inside was a picture of order and symmetry, every article of clothing laid out precisely as they should have been.

Weiss traced the tips of her fingers across a sea of tranquil blues, deep purples, pale whites and even the occasional fiery red. Each delicate piece of lingerie was unique, and every article felt different
beneath her touch. Weiss took a moment to consider which she would choose first.

Weiss decided to start simple, selecting a modest sky-blue bra and matching shorts bottoms lined with light, lacy frills circling the edges. While not exactly classless this particular set lacked many of the intricate designs and hand-crafted weaving that adorned much of her more intimate attire. This pair had just enough of a hint of elegance to be what Ruby would call ‘cute’ and what Weiss would describe as ‘sufficient’.

Weiss knelt down and stepped into the bottoms first, grasping the hem of the shorts as she brought them up across her legs and over her thighs. The underwear bottoms formed snugly to Weiss’s buttocks, having just enough give that they were comfortable to move in. Weiss turned to take in the sight of her new attire in the mirror. This was the sort of thing Weiss would be more inclined to wear on free days in the city or strolling about the campus. Such a garment was reserved for times when she wished to indulge herself in a modicum of fashion without necessitating the elaborate dressing and ceaseless readjustment of some of her other garments.

From her perch atop her sister’s bed Ruby was afforded an ideal view from which to admire the combination of Weiss and her new outfit. In contrast to Weiss’s fashionable lingerie the ever practical crimsonette was dressed in her loose pyjama top and rose patterned bottoms. Ruby consciously forced herself to suppress her laboured breathes, fighting the growing urge to shift herself beneath the covers lest her presence be revealed. Despite her proficiency in the use of a sniper rifle, a weapon famous for its user’s ability to maintain unflinching stillness for hours on end, the ever-restless Ruby refused to settle.

The crimsonettes own hands were not helping her. Seemingly moving under their own influence Rubys fingers began to claw at her hardened nipple pressing against the material of her top. Rubys fingers grasped the hardened nub catching it between her fingers before it could dare to retreat. Ruby teased her nipple, applying just enough pressure to elicit a jolt of pleasure to course through her body at the feeling.

Weiss decided that she had dallied enough for the moment, it was time to move onto the next one. Reaching behind her back Weiss undid the clasp of her bra, sliding the garment from her shoulders. Weiss’s fingers slipped beneath the lip of her undershorts, guiding them back down the curve of her legs until they were sufficiently loosened to be overtaken by the influence of gravity. Weiss gathered up her discarded clothes and cast the delicate pieces of artisanal Atlas tailoring onto the bed with little regard for whether they were left to crumple.

Weiss immediately began searching through her drawers for something different this time, something more, exotic. Weiss withdrew a turquoise bra and thong with matching fishnet checkered design across the cup. Weiss slipped the thong up her legs and settled it into place on her hips, requiring only a modicum of adjustment before it conformed seamlessly to her body.

Weiss drew the bra over her chest and secured it in place before once more taking in the sight presented in the mirror. This set was different from the first, offering a certain amount of push up effect even on Weiss’s relatively small bosom. The effect created a distinct valley of cleavage across the middle of her chest. The tranquil blue colour combined with the fishnet overlay made Weiss think of the Mer-faunus Blake had described in Menagerie.

Weiss turned to present her backside to the mirror, finding much more on view than had been with the shorts. Weiss could imagine this streamlined design being perfect for moving effortlessly through the water. Weiss closed her eyes and imagined the caress of the cool sea waves across her skin as she swam with unparalleled grace and speed. Atlas’s perpetual winter ensured the climate was always
too cold for outdoor swimming. Even the rather more temperate Vale was relatively lacking in places to swim naturally outside of the coastal towns. By contrast Menagerie was a paradise of clear blue seas and winding waterways.

Unbeknownst even to her Weiss’s hands began to trace elegant lines across her bare front. Weiss felt the ticklish feeling of the waters soft caresses across her skin. Her excitement grew with each pass of her hands as they moved daring close to the boundary of her underwear. All it would take was one peek at what lay hidden underneath to tip her over-

Weiss forced her fingers from her body, the sirens influence shattered. She still had so much more to indulge herself in, she could not allow herself to succumb to her temptation just yet. Weiss forced her mind to return to the task before her as she began to disrobe herself once again.

Ruby by contrast was under no such obligation of self-control. Rubys hand grew wilder and freer with each passing of her fingers as she continued to savour Weiss from afar. Somehow, the act of putting on the clothes was proving just as tantalising to see as watching them come off again.

‘Was this something they taught at those Atlas finishing schools or is it a uniquely Weiss ability?’

Either way something about the heiress’s aloof nature regardless of her state of dress combined with the lingerie was something Ruby could not help but be captivated by. Rubys hands moved across her front, finding the lip of her top already drawn half way down her stomach. Rubys hand went underneath her top, working her way back upwards towards her uncovered breasts. Ruby began to focus entirely on her uncovered nipples, circling her fingers around the circumference of her areola. The sensitivity of the area grew as Ruby began to tease her nipple directly.

Weiss decided to choose something different this time. The white-haired beauty selected a black lace strapless bodysuit, a single elegant piece which covered her from her thighs all the way up to her chest. Weiss stepped into the lingerie and drew it up over her torso, adjusting the garment into place. While Weiss didn’t quite have the chest to ensure the top kept snugly in place the laces across the back of her suit ensured it followed the smooth curve of her stomach. The black material was in sharp contrast to her pale white complexion.

Such an item was far more suited to someone like Blake, tall, mysterious, exotic. Weiss struggled to imagine wearing something like this, even for an intimate night alone with her lover. The thought of their eyes roving hungrily across her physique, Weiss’s body quivered at the prospect.

Watching Weiss’s body tremble with barely contained anticipation swiftly induced some form of sympathetic effect in Ruby. Ruby felt her entire body convulse with unbridled pleasure. The crimsonettes free hand unconsciously drifted between her legs, her knees spreading further with each moment to accommodate the intrusion. Ruby teased the tips of her fingers across the nub of her engorged clit through the thin material of her pyjama bottoms.

Weiss chose something special as her next choice. This pair was a custom design, something made specially at her own request. The white fabric was adorned with delicate designs of snowflakes appropriately positioned to cover those places which needed covering. The rest of the matching underwear set was practically see through onto her skin.

While the other articles fit well, accommodating a certain amount of give in some areas, this set formed to her body perfectly. At times she almost tricked herself into imagining she wasn’t wearing anything at all. A pang of arousal at the very thought of doing such a thing for real rippled through her body, her skin erupting in a display of fresh goose bumps. Walking across the campus not
wearing anything under her uniform, the slightest breeze causing her skirt to lift or her nipples to peek from beneath her top.

The sight of Weiss’s latest underwear conforming so perfectly to her figure urged Ruby on further, the pleasure of herself teasing through her clothes no longer sustaining her. Ruby shimmed her pyjama bottoms down to her knees, tracing her fingers across her creamy thighs as she moved her hands back up towards her centre. Ruby traced her fingers across the crotch of her bright pink panties, feeling the growing damp spot forming against her fingertips.

Ruby reached down to her chest with her free hand, pulling her own breast into her mouth in an effort to silence her growing moans. Ruby began to suck and lick at her nipple, feeling the nub swiftly hardening between her lips. Ruby nipped the pert tip between her teeth, the brief flash of discomfort helping to sustain her that brief moment longer.

Discarding the latest item Weiss swiftly moved on to selecting another pair from her lingerie collection. The next set proved to be a stark contrast to the previous ensemble in almost every way imaginable. Where one was pale whites, this was stark black. Where one was understated and refined this one was bold and outrageous. And where one had elegantly tailored designs providing ample cover to the wearer this one offered nothing of the sort.

The cupless bra and matching panties were simply frilly strips of materials designed to accentuate her femininity while offering little modesty in return. It was a stretch to even describe such an article as underwear, serving as little more than fashionable window dressing for her most intimate areas. Weiss had to check her reflection in the mirror just to assure herself that it really was as outrageous as she had anticipated.

Weiss felt fiendish just wearing it for ‘herself’. The idea of wearing such a thing for someone else was something which set her beating heart aflutter. There was no doubt it would save time to emerge dressed in such a way without even the prospect of disrobing stirred something within Weiss she had never knew existed.

The sudden brush of a swift breeze across her hardened nipples sent an unanticipated shudder rippling through her body. Weiss brought her hands up to cover her breasts and shield them from further stimulation. The reality seemed to have the opposite effect however, the press of Weiss’s palm against her already sensitive nipples only seemed to cause greater feelings to stir within her.

The greatest effect was felt a little lower, with the lingering dampness threatening to turn into a flash flood. Weiss forced her hand from her breast to her lips in a desperate effort to keep it contained. The brush of her fingers across her across her engorged clit only made the situation worse. Weiss felt her lips quivering against her fingers, with nothing standing between them Weiss began to curl her fingers inwards to tease herself of her own accord. Weiss felt an urge to pass a teasing finger inside of herself.

The brashness Weiss was now displaying was bringing Ruby perilously close to her limit. Ruby forced her lips to close around the tip of her engorged nipple just to keep herself from being revealed by crying out. Even as Rubys mind fought to reign herself in her hands continued to act of their own volition.

Ruby slipped her fingers beneath the lip of her underwear, feeling her engorged clit rising up to greet her fingers. Ruby dared to brush her fingertip across the sensitive nub, feeling a sudden jolt of pleasure pass through her. Ruby continued to tease her fingers across the very outer edges of her slit, keeping herself lingering tantalisingly close to being overtaken as she continued to watch Weiss’s
Having reasserted control of her faculties Weiss moved onto the next item, one she had left to one side until now. This set happened to be Rubys preference, if the face the crimsonette had fought so hard to conceal the day Weiss had brought it back to the dorm served as an indication. Alongside the red and black tinted bra and pantie set was a matching suspender belt and black lace stockings.

After once more discarding her last lingering article of clothing Weiss retrieved her latest set and stepped across the dorm to the bed, a delectable sway overtaking her hips as she moved. Weiss sat herself down on the edge of the bed. Taking the first stocking in her hand she gathered it up before slipping it over her toes. Slowly the heiress began to bring it up over the curve of her leg, feeling the material climb as she began to raise her leg as she went until her toes were pointing high into the air. To an outside observer it would almost appear as though she were pointing an accusing gesture towards her concealed voyeur.

Weiss allowed her leg to linger in the air for a moment before allowing herself to lower it to the ground, feeling the silken material settle against her skin. Retrieving the second stocking lying beside her on the bed Weiss slipped the delicate material up across her athletic leg, pale white being swiftly overtaken by silken black. Rising from the bed Weiss traced her fingers down across her now covered legs. The difference in touch between bare skin and stocking was mesmerising.

Weiss plucked the suspender belt from its place on the bed, wrapping it around her waist before securing it in place. Next came the panties, leaning over Weiss brought the underwear up to nestle underneath the curve of her buttocks. Weiss reached down and secured the stockings to her suspender belt. Weiss moved onto the final article that would make her outfit truly complete. The heiress wrapped the bra around her chest, securing the catch of her bra behind her back.

Weiss took a moment to admire the completeness of her new outfit in the mirror, somehow the entire outfit together appeared greater than the sum of its parts. Weiss felt the tips of her nipples fighting to be contained by the gossamer thin material of her bra.

The Ruby shaped lump beneath the covers on the top of the opposite bunk began to shift much more vigorously. It seemed Ruby truly appreciated Weiss’s choice of lingerie. Even when the lump started making noises not unlike moans Weiss remained blissfully dismissive of them.

Weiss reached down underneath the bed, retrieving the nondescript box she kept concealed underneath there. Such was the advantage of having the bottom bunk of the dorm, giving Weiss a place to conceal things from the rest of the team. The advantage of being the heiress to the single largest corporation in Remnant was that you had access to ample disposable income to discreetly commission, deliver and conceal a custom-made item of your choosing.

Weiss took a moment to admire the unique craftsmanship of such a purchase, crafted in an artisanal workshop in Mistral. Despite not being particularly well versed in the intimate arts Weiss recognised quality when she saw it. This particular creation was based on the designs of the Beowolves which roamed the forests of Vale. There was a certain inherent morbidness in creating an item based on such a creature, but Weiss could not argue with the result.

The black shaft of the thick member was tinted with red and spots of white, the length marked by a constellation of irregular bumps and ridges marking it as the creation of a wild, untamed creature. The animalistic design was completed by the combination of the flared tip and the thick knot surrounding the base of the member. The feel of the body was firm but with a hint of give to it. The length was an ample eight inches long, maintaining its bestial nature without being so overwhelming...
as to unravel the fantasy by tearing her nethers asunder. The circumference was something that her fingers could never hope to overtake singlehanded.

Weiss grasped the dildo in her hand as she prepared herself to be overtaken by her fantasy. “Oh no” Weiss said aloud. “I foolishly came into the forest alone to practice my combat techniques” Weiss purred beneath her breath. “I arrogantly thought I could fight the creatures alone” Weiss began to squirm on the bed in anticipation of the pleasures to come. “Now I’m pinned beneath a snarling Beowolf, with no hope of escape or possibility of resistance. Whatever do you intend to do with me?”

Weiss teased the tip of the thick dildo across her covered lips, pressing the material of her underwear closer against her sensitive skin. Weiss’s eyes flashed with mock realisation. “You can’t possibly be thinking that” yet in spite of her own vocal protests Weiss reached down, slipping her fingers underneath the lip of her underwear to pull it aside. “No, you can’t be-”

Weiss cut herself off as the dildo was pressed further against her lips. “Oh, you beast”

Weiss raised her hand up from her side and began to paw at her covered breast with her roving hand. “And now you’re ravaging my chest”

Weiss hooked her fingertip underneath the frilly lip of her bra, pulling the cup away from her breast and exposing the pert nipple already rising to its peak. Weiss began focussing her attentions on her nipple directly, teasing, pinching and rolling the pert nub between her finger tips.

“Oh please” Weiss pleaded. Weiss tightened her grip over her tender nipple, pinching and adding a delectable twist as she held it tightly. “Please, please be gentle-”

Weiss’s pleas went unheeded as she continued to drive the member forwards, managing only a few inches inside before the ‘resistance’ became too great for her to overcome. Weiss’s advance faltered as she held the dildo in place just inside of herself, pretending to struggle to press it even deeper.

“Oh, I can’t” Weiss squealed. “My virgin pussy can’t possibly handle that”

Weiss pretended to tear up as she overcame the opposition, pushing the dildo past her outer lips and into her pussy. Weiss’s throat roared with a primal moan as the dildo hilted inside of herself. The more composed part of her mind told her that the moaning was a little dramatic. Still, it continued to serve the fantasy well.

Ruby could not help but agree with such a sentiment. Ruby continued to pleasure herself to Weiss under the covers on the bed as she continued to watch. The time for gentle teasing had elapsed, the time for furious masturbation had begun. Ruby fingers circled furiously over her moist lips, touching and caressing a new spot with each pass.

At the same time Ruby pulled her breast deeper into her mouth, both to enhance the pleasure of her experience and to silence the persistent moans yearning to escape her lips. Ruby alternated between swirling her fingers around her outer lips and plunging them deep inside of herself. Ruby had begun with one, which soon grew to two, then to three in an unfulfilled hope to match the size and girth of Weiss’s instrument.

Whether fingers or dildo the result was swiftly the same. Weiss reached her vocal climax, forcing the dildo deep inside of herself in one final desperate effort to keep her release contained. Weiss’s body continued to convulse with the pleasure of her orgasm, her pussy juice leaking out around the shaft
of the member inside of her.

As fatigue began to overtake her Weiss’s grip on the dildo began to loosen, slipping from between Weiss’s pussy as more of her release spilled out of her pussy onto the bed beneath her. Weiss fell back onto the bed panting deeply to sustain herself, her entire body completely drained of energy. Weiss allowed herself to be consumed by the plushness of the pillows surrounding her. Over the lingering silence Weiss could hear the deep breathes of satisfaction wafting from across the room, Rubys fulfilment blissfully mimicking her own.

Weiss was the first to regain her composure, lifting herself off of the bed and striding confidently across the dorm room on only slightly faltering feet. Weiss reached up to the top of Yangs bunk and pulled the covers aside with a single pull, a sharp yelp emerging as Weiss was greeted by a very red-faced Ruby.

“Oh, Weiss” Ruby squeaked. “I was just-”

“Move over” Weiss interrupted.

Ruby silently agreed to Weiss’s instruction, shifting herself across the bed towards the far wall. Weiss climbed up into the bunk and shuffled under the covers beside Ruby. The deep musk of Yang combined with the lingering scent of Rubys arousal met Weiss the moment she came beneath the bed sheets.

Without another word Weiss wrapped her arms around the crimsonettes waist, nuzzling herself tightly to the younger brunettes back. Weiss leant forward and kissed the back of Rubys neck tenderly, feeling the heat and the lingering film of sweat as the hallmarks of the younger girls exertion.

“Thank you, Ruby” Weiss said breathlessly.

“For what?” Ruby asked.

“For getting so excited just from watching me” Weiss replied.

Rubys cheeks erupted into an even deeper shade of redness. Ruby swiftly nestled herself deeper into the covers in an effort to conceal it before Weiss could take notice.

“Do you really like watching me?” Weiss asked.

“Yes” Ruby replied, slightly muffled by the surrounding sheets.

“But, wouldn’t you rather be looking at Blake or Pyrrha or…” Weiss stopped herself before she could mention Yang.

“But I like looking at you” Ruby said. “You’re pretty and confident and your clothes…” Ruby began to trail off as her characteristic shyness overtook her.

“Well, I best make sure I’m wearing something worth looking at” Weiss said.

“You don’t have to do that” Ruby stammered, trying to recover herself. “I mean you can if you want but you would look good no matter what you wear which is not to say you don’t look good now because you really do but I wouldn’t mind seeing you in just a-”
Weiss tightened her hug, silencing the reapers tireless yammering. The two huntresses settled into their union, allowing the lingering fatigue of their shared exertion to carry them off to sleep in each other's warm embrace.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<Weiss trying on another set of lingerie and, upon seeing a mound moving beneath the covers on Yangs bed, decides to let her little voyeur have a little more of a 'hands on experience'>

<Weiss creeps up to the edge of the bunk bed, takes the lip of the bedcover in her hand>

Weiss whispers: “Hey my little peeper. How about giving me a hand with-”

<Pulls back the cover to see a mess of dishevelled blonde hair>

Yang: “Morning Weiss”

<Yangs looks down and notices Weiss’s choice of attire>

Yang: “Well, someone knows how I like to be woken up in the morning”
<Ruby awakes in her bed with a splitting headache. Yang sitting by her sister’s bedside hands her a warm glass of milk>

Yang: “Welcome back sleepy head”

Ruby: “Ugh, what did I do last night. My head feels like when Weiss is explaining the material structure of Dust, but worse”

Yang: “Aww, my little sisters first hangover. Don’t worry, you’ll be back to your usual self in no time”

Ruby: “It’s not that, I’m just thinking about all the stupid things I must have done. Grimms curse, it must have been embarrassing”

Yang: “Tell me about it. Weiss said you tried to kiss her”

Ruby: “She’s my girlfriend, we kiss all the time, that’s not embarrassing”

Yang: “I never said it was on her mouth”

<Weiss teaching Ruby to speak Atlesian (French) in preparation for their trip to Atlas>

Blake: “How are the lessons going?”

Ruby: “Pretty good”

Weiss: “We’ll see. Ruby, what have you learned today?”

Ruby: “Si je t’aide à apprendre l’anglais, est-ce que tu m’apprendras comment embrasser à la française? (If I help you learn English, will you teach me how to French kiss?)”

<Weiss’s face erupts in redness>

Weiss to Blake: “I did not teach her that!”

Blake: “Bien sûr non (Of course not)”

<Team RWBY decide to play ‘I never’. Yang, being the one who suggested it, goes first>

Yang: “I’ve never had an embarrassing video uploaded to RemTube”
Yang: “Ruby, you know you’re only supposed to drink if you actually did what the other person said”

Ruby: “I know. Please don’t go searching for it, it’s not pretty”

Blake: “I have never fostered a secret attraction to someone else in the room”

Ruby: “I’m not saying who, it will only lead to conflict”

Weiss: “I have never tried on my sister’s clothes when she wasn’t around”

Ruby looks around at the growing stares: “It was one time!”

Ruby: “Let’s see, I never had a dream in which I was named supreme ruler of Remnant and proceeded to rule over the Kingdoms with an iron fist”

Yang shakes her head: “Ruby, you’re supposed to say something you think someone else might have actually-”

Blake, noticing the looks: “There’s a lot more to me than you think. I mean, who among us doesn’t enjoy the sight of humans on their knees”

Blake flatly: “That was a joke”

Yang: “Now I’m going to make sure you can concentrate by nailing the door shut. That way you’ll have no choice but to focus on your test”

Yang leaves the dorm and secures the dorm room door

Yang from outside: “Oh crap, I left my scroll in there”

Yang: “Dammit, it’s nailed shut”
Ruby picks up Yang's scroll off the desk, checks the status

Ruby: “Yang looks like Blake just sent you a text with a picture attached. Do you want me to open it?”

Yang: “Oh crap, Blake, I don’t have the scroll. Stop sending pictures!”

Yang hastily fights to undo her handiwork

Blake from down the hall: “I already sent four more!”

<Ping> <Ping> <Ping> <Ping>

Yang panicked through the door: “Ruby, put down the scroll, don’t look at those!”

Ruby: “Wait, if that’s both her hands, then how is she taking the picture-”

<Yang smashes through the door, grabs the scroll off Ruby>

Yang: “Alright, now give me that scroll and get back to work! And before you say anything, they have a very different culture in Menagerie”

Yang filming herself on her scroll in the RWBY dorm

Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. Now, we’ve all heard of Erwin Schrodinger and his application of physics principles to everyday objects. In quantum physics it’s said that without outside observation it’s possible for something to exist in competing states simultaneously. Schrodinger demonstrated this with a thought experiment involving a cat in a box with a bottle of poison, creating a scenario where the cat is simultaneously alive and dead. Now, we here at Quantum Physics wanted to test this theory but were told there are laws surrounding animal experimentation these days. So instead we’ve come up with our own thought experiment”

Yang: “What if you were to take a cat faunus and then place them in a bathroom with a running shower. Without outside observation the faunus is considered to be both simultaneously dressed and undressed. Quite the conundrum we’re faced with. So, without further ado, let’s find out”

<Yang opens the door to the RWBY dorm bathroom, the camera lens immediately fogs up with steam as Yang steps inside>

Blake: “Yang, what are you doing! I’m in the shower and I’m naked!”

Yang: “And there you have it folks, Schrodinger’s thought experiment practically demonstrated”

Blake: “Is that your scroll? Yang, I swear if you’re filming another of those stupid videos I will shove that scroll so far up your-”
Blake hand to hand sparring with Yang in the training centre>

Blake: “I must admit, I expected more from you Yang”

Blake lands another body blow>

Blake: “Hand to hand is supposed to be your speciality”

Blake grapples Yang and forces her to the floor, pinning her arms above her head>

Blake: “But it seems like you’re not even trying to-”

Yang is panting heavily, and not just from the exertion. Blake looks down to see Yang’s hardened nipples poking against her tank top>

Blake: “Oh, Grimm’s curse, you’re getting off on this aren’t you”

Yang: “Could you just tighten your grip a little, please”

Weiss: “Ruby have you seen my scroll?”

Ruby: “Yeah, I hope you don’t mind but I kind of borrowed it for an experiment”

Weiss: “Experiment?”

Ruby: “I wanted to see what Zwei got up to all day, so I tied it to his collar to record what he saw”

Weiss: “Anything interesting?”

Ruby: “Drinking out of the fountain in the courtyard, chasing squirrels around the training field and Blake laying on top of Yang in her bunk saying, ‘I can’t do it while the dogs watching’”

Yang walks into the dorm soaking wet and covered in fresh claw marks>

Weiss: “What happened to you, did you lose a fight with a Nevermore?”

Yang: “No, I just had a bath with Blake”

Weiss: “I didn’t realise Blake hates taking baths that much”

Yang: “Oh she doesn’t hate it, she just gets a little too relaxed and forgets about the claws”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I realise that even though she’s a cat Faunus Blake doesn’t actually have claws but
it was a funny idea, so I ran with it.
The door lock to Yang Xiao Long's apartment released with a metallic click. One small step across the threshold and the city's problems were no longer her problems. Such was the life of Vale Police Detective Yang Xiao Long, Protect and Serve and all that. Just another day spent keeping the people safe from all the monsters that threatened the safety of the Kingdom. Or so the recruitment posters would have you believe. The reality of her day to day work was actually a little different.

For a start, she'd spent the majority of the day chasing leads on some guy who got it into his head that the company pension fund was there to serve as his own personal piggy bank. This criminal mastermind decided the best way to hide from the police force that was undoubtedly hot on his trail was not to catch the first boat out of the city or hire a few Hunters to escort him through the wilderness. Instead, he decided to put himself up at the most expensive hotel in the city with the prudent precautions of paying in cash and using a false name.

If things were still on track the SWAT team should be knocking on his door about the same time as his fifth order of prime Mistral steak arrives.

Another criminal genius had been cloning electronic keys to steal luxury cars. While he'd been successfully evading police for several months it since emerged one of the cars belonged to the wife of a prominent judge. While they'd managed to apprehend the thief, there was still the matter of the missing vehicles to contend with. Last she heard they were likely on a container ship headed to Vacuo, international crimes always meant a shedload more paperwork to contend with.

But all of that was concern for tomorrow. Right now, she was just Yang Xiao Long, private citizen.

Dropping her well-worn satchel down by the door Yang kicked off her work boots and hanging her long black coat on the wall she allowed her arms to rise up from her sides in a wide arc. The slow rise was accompanied by the regular clicking and wet thwacks of loosening muscles as they moved. Reaching back, she fiddled with the hair tie which kept her long blonde hair back in a messy ponytail, something about keeping it out of the way in case she need to apprehend a suspect.

It was during this impromptu yogic display that Yang stopped and glanced into the living room just off the entry corridor. There she found her flatmate combined romantic counterpart lounging on the sofa, her back presented to the door giving Yang the most mischievous of ideas. Creeping forwards with cat like silence Yang loomed over the sofa like a spectre before pouncing to clasp her hands across the shorter girl’s eyes. “Guess who” Yang whispered in her ear.
Neo let out a dejected sigh. Holding her tablet in one hand she began typing away with incredible speed in spite of her sudden blindness. Such were the benefits of countless years of practice.

*Are we seriously doing this?*

“Come on” Yang said. “It’s no fun if you don’t guess”

*Fine. Is it Vales second best police detective?*

“Guess again” Yang persisted with a sly grin that was undoubtedly lost on Neo.

*Shame, because I had this kiss all ready for her. Guess I’ll just have to give it to you instead. BTW, you’re number 3.*

Yang withdrew her hands and leant across the back of the sofa to plant a kiss upon Neos moist lips, savouring the lingering taste of her favourite Neapolitan ice cream still lingering from her lunch. As Yang deepened the kiss she accepted the tablet from Neos hand and leant further across the sofa to place it safely on the coffee table.

Taking full advantage of Yangs precarious position Neo reached out to grasp her lover’s shoulders in her hands. A firm pull all that was necessary to see the larger woman brought over the cusp of the back of the sofa, landing in an undignified heap on top of her love.

It was not entirely true to suggest, as one might assume, that Neo was merely strong for her size. It would be more accurate that her ability to apply her strength was almost unparalleled. Neo demonstrated this as she managed to assist Yang in shifting to a comfortable position with one hand while the other sought out the woman’s front to caress. What had merely begun as a welcoming kiss soon shifted into an afternoon romp.

Sometimes it was hard to imagine that they had actually been together going on nearly three years now. Having met on an online gaming forum they had soon shifted to chatting over Skype, usually about anime and other games they’d recommend eachother. Yang was surprised to find Neo relied exclusively on texting rather than the voice chat. The suspicious part of Yangs mind made her suspect she may have been a scammer using a premade video. A few requested hand gestures, including a few choice ones of her own, assured Yang of her new friend’s status as real.

As it turned out they both lived in Vale. Yangs offhand suggestion that they should meet up led to their first encounter in a local coffee shop, confirming to Yang that she was most definitely real. It was during this meeting Yang learned the truth about why Neo never said anything during their online conversations, because she was born mute.

In person, Neo mainly relied on her electronic tablet to communicate, using a pad of paper or gestures in a pinch. While Yang had to admit she was surprised at first as the day went on she began to realise it didn’t really bother her, it was just another part of what made up Neo. Neo simply found ways to express herself other than her voice.

Neos intimate use of technology and non-verbal communication had developed into a love for art and writing. This led her towards a career as a freelance graphic designer. It did not require a lot of talking, with communication with clients usually handled over email or occasionally in person. It also allowed Neo to work largely from home as it tended to fit better with her choice of lifestyle.

On top of her mutism Neo had been born with Heterochromia, one eye pink and the other brown.
Sorely tired of peoples attempts to divert the conversation away from her mutism by asking about her eye colour Neo had decided to dye half her naturally brunette hair pink to match. It certainly stopped people questioning her about her eyes.

After their first encounter they’d begun seeing more eachother until they decided to move in together, splitting the cost between Neos graphics work and Yangs position with the police department.

Neos agile hands delved deeper. She began on Yangs sides, tracing her fingers across the material of Yangs plain white dress shirt. Neo felt the weight of Yangs ample bust in her hand, enjoying the soft feel of the mound of flesh as she rolled it across the palm of her hand.

At the same time Neos other hand, still lingering on Yangs side, began to shift upwards to brush across the strands of Yangs long blonde hair. Her fingers searched out a path to the nape of Yangs neck and began to ticklishly play across the sensitive patch of skin. This did not go unnoticed by Yang, acutely aware of the implications it carried. Reluctantly breaking away from the kiss Yangs lilac eyes met Neos. A curt nod was all Neo gave in reply.

Early in their relationship they had decided upon that as their code for it, for when one of them was in the mood to take things further. It soon emerged that it was a real mood killer for Neo to have to search out her tablet whenever she wanted to move things along. In addition, quivering hands ensured that any message she did attempt was little more than incomprehensible gibberish. It was hard to keep a straight face when your girlfriend asks you to ‘Tak me to the bedroom and duck me silly’.

Disentangling herself from Neos embrace Yang clambered herself off of the sofa with all the dignity and grace of a freshly birthed lamb. Once she had regained her footing Yang slipped her arms beneath Neos knees and underneath her back to lift the woman into her arms like she was weightless.

Neo soon found herself being carried up the stairs wrapped in her lover’s arms like a sleeping child being taken to bed. Neo decided that she needed something to take her mind off of such thoughts. Neo nuzzled herself against Yangs chest, feeling the comforting rhythm of Yangs heart beating through the thin material of her shirt.

Neos dexterous fingers reached up to grasp the first button of Yangs shirt, an agile flick all that was required to release it. Once she had a few more off Neo was free to sneak her fingers beneath the outer fabric and trace across the cup of Yangs bra. Even operating blind, it did not take long for Neo to discern the location of Yangs nipple. Neo began to focus the entirety of her attentions there, circling her fingertip around the swiftly hardening nub at the tip of Yangs pert breast.

Despite the perilous position, with Yang still supporting Neo in her arms even as she continued to lavish her attentions on her, Yang managed to maintain her composure long enough to reach the bedroom. Rather than laying her lover down gently on the bed like a new bride Yang instead dumped her down onto the bed, Yang collapsing unceremoniously on top of her.

Yang leant in to kiss Neo on her lips, Yangs hands beginning to roam freely across Neos front. In contrast to Yangs shirt and dress pants Neo was wearing a loose fitting casual t-shirt and cargo shorts. Neo pressed herself deeper into the kiss, reaching her hands up to Yangs shoulders, a minimal application of pressure was all that was necessary for Yang to roll over onto her back and allow Neo to take the lead.

Early in their relationship Yang had been the natural leader in most of their intimate moments together. They soon learnt however that Yang found herself unable to let herself go, finding herself
overtaken with concern with no vocal insight to gauge her actions. While Neo found Yang's
tenderness sweet at first there came times the shorter woman was eager for a little more rough and
tumble in their lovemaking.

Neo offered to take the lead on a few occasions and it soon emerged that this was an arrangement
preferable to the both of them. That wasn’t to say Yang never played the big spoon or left it entirely
up to Neo but those were happy intermittences. Yang felt she could relax more knowing that Neo
could take things at her own pace. It likely helped that some part of Yang, for all her confidence and
outward strength, enjoyed the idea of allowing the shorter girl to have some semblance of control
over her. Instead, Yang simply lay back with her hands clasped behind her head as Neo did her
thing.

Neo planted a kiss on Yang's neck, latching her lips in place Neo gave an experimental suck, a
teasing lick of her tongue across her skin. Yang could smell the sweet scent of Neos shampoo
wafting up from her hair, admiring the fleeting flecks of chocolate brown hair peeking out from
beneath the bright pink colouring.

As Neos attentions continued to intensify across Yangs neck her dexterous fingers did not lay idle,
managing to skilfully release the last of the lingering buttons of Yangs shirt. Splitting the two halves
of the blondes top apart revealed a practical black bra concealed beneath.

Neo eagerly nuzzled her face into Yangs lightly covered bust. It was many a night that Neo had used
these delectable mounds as a fleshy pillow. Neo traced the tip of her finger across the undercurve of
the bra swelling against Yangs ample bust. Neo slipped the tip of her finger underneath the lip of the
cup of Yangs bra, feeling the warmth of Yangs skin pressing against her own.

Neo pressed her fingers deeper as the material began to peel away from Yangs chest, finally reaching
the tipping point as Yangs breast leapt from its confines of her bra into Neos view. Neo buried her
face into the valley of Yangs cleavage, kissing and licking at Yangs warm skin.

Neo moved her mouth across the curve of Yangs breast, tracing the tip of her tongue around the soft
nub of Yangs nipple. Neos lips wrapped around the sensitive bulb, gently sucking it to hardness
between her lips. Neo drew the nipple into range to clutch it between her teeth, a teasing application
of pressure being all that was necessary to send a quivering shiver through Yangs body.

Having had her fill of Yangs chest, much as there was to enjoy, Neo released Yangs nipple with a
wet pop. Neo slipped her way down Yangs front, leaving a trail of kisses in her wake as she moved.
To an outside observer it would seem an entirely random constellation of kisses, but Neo knew she
was actually following a well-versed map of Yangs most sensitive spots. Such knowledge was the
benefit of years of mutual experimentation.

Neo reached the boundary of Yangs waist, tracing her finger across the line of Yangs belt. Neo
worked blindly to seek out the buckle, her dexterous fingers managing to work it free one handed
with minimal effort. Releasing the clasp, Neo slipped her fingers beneath the lip of Yangs trousers.
Neo felt the heat before she could even reach it, her finger tips brushing across the swell of her
lover’s proud erection through the thin material of Yangs boxers.

Neo continued to crawl down across Yangs athletic legs, drawing Yangs trousers along with her
before casting them aside into an unimportant corner of the bedroom. As swiftly as she had made her
descent Neo began her climb back up Yangs now bare legs, past her toned calves and across her
muscle firmed thighs.
Neo slipped the tips of her fingers beneath the lip of Yang's boxers. Neo always felt her heart beginning to flutter at this point, feeling the size and heat of it in the palm of her hand and knowing with absolute certainty it was all for her. Neo's fingers soon drew Yang's member out from beneath her boxers, her erection snapping to attention as she broke free of their fabric constraints.

Neo licked her lips eagerly as she leant down. Neo began tracing her tongue along the length of Yang's member, engulfing the erect head between her lips. At the same time Neo's hand reached up to tease the remainder of Yang's length that her mouth had yet to reach. Neo began propelling her lips up and down Yang's member, each thrust and counter-thrust drawing ever more of her length into her mouth.

While Yang was left preoccupied with her mouth Neo reached down with her free hand to undo the clasp of her shorts. The shuffle of Neo's hips allowed the garment to shimmy down her legs. Neo's fingers reached inside the lip of her shorts, her fingers teasing across the soft material of her sky-blue underwear. Neo felt the bud of her clit straining against her underwear, teasing the tip of her finger across the sensitive mound.

Neo released Yang's member from her mouth with a wet pop, the sudden brush of the cool air sending a shiver through Yang's spine. Neo climbed her way back upwards across Yang's chest until she found herself once more face to face with her golden-haired lover. Neo reached down to discard her shorts and her underwear entirely.

With no more strips of fabric to separate them Neo settled back into Yang's lap, feeling the moistened tip of her member teasing across the curve of her butt cheeks. Neo reached down between her spread legs, taking hold of Yang's cock between her fingers she guided it towards her moistening pussy. The firm tip of Yang's member brushed across the outer lips of Neo's pussy, the briefest touch being all that was necessary to stoke the growing flame inside of her.

Neo lowered herself down slowly, feeling her entire weight being carried on the bulbous head of Yang's penis. Neo's outer lips opened like petals around it until Yang met a greater resistance touching Neo's inner lips. Neo slowed her descent, trailing her fingers up from the shaft of Yang's cock to brush the pad of her thumb across her stiffened clit.

Such encouragement was all that was necessary for Neo's lips to part further under Yang's influence, her member entering Neo inch by tantalising inch. Neo lifted herself back up over Yang before lowering herself down once again, feeling Yang finally bottoming out inside of her. Neo repeated the rise and fall in quick succession, bouncing gleefully with Yang's member remaining buried deep inside of her.

Neo's hands reached up to grasp her breasts against her palms, teasing her hardened nipples through the thin material of her t-shirt. Her fingers began clawing at her t-shirt in a sudden overwhelming desire to be free. Neo ran her hands down her front as she gathered a rough handful of the material between her tensed fingers. Pulling her top up her front she wrestled it off her head, revealing her perky uncovered chest underneath.

Yang's laid back composure broke in an instant. Those hands that until now had been laying idly behind her head moved to rest upon Neo's thighs, her long fingers massaging the soft skin of her lover's flanks. Yang felt herself grower closer, her grasp on Neo's thighs tightening as she quickly approached her release. Neo pulled herself off of Yang before she could reach her peak inside of Neo. Yang silently cursed to herself as she felt her impending orgasm slowly seep away from her.

Neo lifted herself off of the bed, supposedly leaving her lover in the cold. Yang knew better though,
she knew that Neo had something planned. Neo stretched her arms high above her head as she stepped across to the set of drawers set against the far side of the room.

Leaning over, Neo presented her pert backside for Yang to admire as she began to hunt through the drawers in search of the item she was looking for. She found it concealed in the bottom of the drawers. It was a black strap on formed of a black plastic dildo with an arrangement of leather straps surrounding it. Neo leant down, slipped the strap on over her legs and brought it up to her thighs, checking each of the straps as she secured it in place.

Neo standing there with a six-inch strap on emerging from her waist would almost seem comical outside of context, and likely even within it. Neo and Yang were well aware of their difference in height, even more so when they were stood next to each other. One of the effects of their opposing statures was that Neos natural position when she wrapped her arm around Yangs waist rested her hand right above Yangs butt. Once Neo discovered this fact there was soon to be no end of flirtatious teasing and surprise squeezes no matter the circumstances. Her family still joked about the time she nearly knocked out Uncle Qrow when he came in for the hug at the wrong moment.

On more than one occasion their relative difference in height had led to some, misconceptions. Yangs colleagues always joked she could pull off a pretty decent criminal act given the right outfit and a willingness to forgo showering for a few days. Neo on the other hand was more suited for interactions with the types of unsavoury characters who enjoyed their meat just a little too tender.

Yang could not help but feel a tinge of embarrassment, even several years on, as she recalled the incident with the young female barista at a local coffee shop asking Yang what her little girl wanted to order. Neos response had been to meekly point out her order from the board behind her as she clutched onto Yangs arm. This prompted the server to cheerfully lean forward and ask her if she was shy, only for Neo to bury her face into Yangs arm as she seemingly clutched at her for dear life. Yang quickly learnt that Neo rather enjoyed playing on peoples misconceptions of her, both surrounding her height and her mutism.

Once Neo was sure the barista was watching she had tugged on Yangs sleeve. The moment Yang glanced down to face her Neo had grasped the taller woman by her collar and, admittedly having to stand on tip toes, pulled her into a passionate kiss. The baristas reaction was more than sufficient for Yang to forget the implication that she apparently looked old enough to pass for Neos mother.

Neo looked back towards Yang still laying on the bed, a delectable smile forming across her lips. Neo climbed back onto the bed, straddling herself across Yangs middle. The tip of Neos strap on teased the entrance to the valley of Yangs ample chest. Thrusting her hips forward Neo buried her strap-on between Yangs breasts. Neo traced her fingers across the edge of Yangs mouth, slipping them past her lips as Yang parted to accept them.

Yang eagerly sucked at Neos fingers, swirling her tongue across the length of her fingers teasingly. Neo withdrew her moistened fingers to trace along the length of the strap-on adding a thin layer of lubrication to assist its smooth movement across Yangs skin. Yang leant forward and accepted the head of Neos strap-on between her lips, sucking eagerly on the moistened tip. Yang could not resist allowing a low moan to escape past her lips as she savoured the lingering taste of her breasts combined with her saliva.

Neos strap-on retreated from between Yangs breasts in the wake of her final thrust, the shorter woman climbing off her partner to crouch on the bed beside her. Neo swirled her finger in the air in front of her. Yang accepted the wordless instruction and rolled herself over onto her front, looking back at Neo with a coquettish smile across her lips.
Neo grasped Yangs thighs as she helped lift her up onto her hands and knees on the bed. Neo ran her hands across Yangs covered back, feeling the toned muscle concealed beneath the thin layer of her shirt. Neo grasped the sides of Yangs shirt and helped to guide it from her lovers back, casting it into an unimportant corner of the room. With an agile flick of her wrist Neo did away with the clasp of Yangs bra, allowing the garment to slip from her shoulders under its own influence before it could be safely cast aside.

With Yangs back now clear Neo was left to admire the natural beauty in the taller woman’s physique. Neo especially admired the back tattoo nestled between her shoulder blades, a black tribal design made up of a central circle with four points branching off surrounded by eight half-moon curves. Yang said it was based off of a video game about a waitress who could transform into demons and a lump of walking granite with a pouncey British accent. For her part Yang claimed it acted as a sort of ‘rune of protection’. For her part, Neo simply enjoyed tracing lines across it any chance she got, savouring the quiver it elicited from Yangs ticklish skin.

Following up from there Neo could still make out the impression of the curved scar across the top of Yangs left shoulder. That dated back to her time as a Patrol Officer when, after forgoing her stab vest due to the ceaseless heat, a perp tried to take a bite out of her as she escorted him out of the van. So much for the runes protective power.

Neo had only learned what had happened after Yang had texted her accompanied by a photo of her freshly bandaged shoulder asking if Neo could wear the sexy nurse outfit while she tended her wounded lover back to health. Neos response had been that clearly whatever had happened had done something terrible to Yangs brain. Clearly the best course of treatment was to have the doctors administer some electroshock therapy until all those bad thoughts went away.

Neo shifted herself across the bed, her smaller stature requiring her to perch precariously on the edge of the bed to be able to reach the bottle of lubricant atop the bedside table. Neo unclipped the top of the lube bottle and emptied an ample supply into her open hand. Neo wrapped her hand around the stiff member and moistened the length with a few firm pumps of her hand.

Neos hand reached down to trace the tip of her wettened finger up and down the valley of Yangs shapely arse, feeling the sensitive muscle twitch beneath her touch. Neos explorative finger began to home in on its target, circling around the tense ring of muscle which served as the entryway to Yangs most precious space.

Neos tender caresses were added to by a sudden bite as Neo clapped her open palm across Yangs ample backside, feeling the ripple of the muscle beneath her hand. In addition to the delectable surprise it added to their lovemaking it worked well to send a clear message to Vales most prestigious police detective. Out there you may be the nightmare of every low life criminal in Vale but right here, right now, her ass belonged to Neo.

Neo was eager to deliver upon her implied promise. Grasping the base of the base of her strap-on Neo guided the tip towards her partners round backside, finding her mark in Yangs puckered arsehole. Neo slowly began to push herself inside, listening to the low moan of the usually composed Yang resonating inside of her throat. Neo settled herself inside of Yang before she pulled herself back tantalisingly slowly, feeling the pull of Yangs muscles trying to draw her back in. Feeling the head of her strap on about to reach the opening Neo shifted herself forwards and pressed herself back inside.

Settling herself into a regular rhythm of thrust and counter thrust Neo leant down and reached her
hand underneath Yang, teasing her fingers across the outside of Yang's pussy. Neo dared to sneak a single finger inside of Yang, timing her fingering with the slow press of her member inside of Yang's arse. Neo added another finger to Yang's dripping pussy, swiftly adding a third into the fray. Neos dexterous fingers alternated between thrusting, stroking or simply filling Yang with their combined size.

Neos fingers soon retreated, dripping with the fresh results of Yangs arousal. Neo wrapped her moistened fingers around Yangs pulsing member, feeling her thick cock swelling in her hand. Neo began to pump her hand up and down the length of Yangs growing erection. Neos handjob varied in speed and intensity compared to her thrusting hips, ensuring that Yang was never left unfilled.

Neo felt the girth of Yangs erect penis growing in her hand, a precursor to Yangs sudden orgasm as she released a flurry of spunk across the bedsheets beneath her. With Yangs arms no longer able to support her the blonde bruiser fell unceremoniously onto the bed. Neo followed swiftly, splaying herself out across the larger woman’s back as they each began to breath heavily to sustain themselves.

Neo lifted her head from atop Yangs back, admiring the long strands of Yangs dishevelled blonde hair clinging to the line of her sweat covered back. Neo brushed her lover’s hair aside from her back with the tips of her fingers. Neo leant down and kissed her lips to Yangs skin, starting from the small of her back and working her way upwards. Neo felt the lingering goose bumps across Yangs neck and she settled her lips in place, burying her nose in Yangs familiar scent.

Neo looked aside and noticed the notepad and pen she kept on the bedside, for times when she didn’t have her electronic tablet to hand. Neo reached across the bed to the table, balancing her stomach on Yangs back as she stretched across to reach it. Bringing the items back Neo began scribbling her note out on the paper before bringing it down in front of Yangs eyes.

*I may have to move you up from third after that performance.*

Yang giggled. “I'm glad I meet your expectations”

*You know what I enjoy.*

Neos note was swiftly followed by the clap of her hand across the broadside of Yangs round buttccheek.

*It seems I can’t get enough of this delicious arse of yours.*

“You know the feelings mutual” Yang teased.

Without warning Yang lifted herself off of the bed with sudden renewed energy. Neo began clawing at her lovers back to stay on only to roll free, the strap on slipping free with a wet pop. Yang shifted to crouch over her lover laid out on her back like a proud lioness prepared to chow down on that mornings antelope. Glancing down between her legs Neo could see Yangs member already returning to its true hardness. And with the strap on still firmly secured across the front of her waist it was clear that Yang had only one place on her mind to go.

“What do you think?” Yang asked. Reaching down Yang teased her fingers across the outer ring of Neos arsehole. “Are you wet enough yet?”

Neo felt her body quiver at the prospect, the product of Yangs teasing combined with the mental of
Yang going in almost dry. Part of Neo wished she would do it simply to end this ceaseless teasing. Yang however had a much more considerate proposition. Yang reached down and gathered up what remained of her initial release across the bedsheets on the tips of her fingers. Yang spread her own release across the length of her hardened member to use as lubricant for what was to come.

Satisfied, Yang shifted forwards to press the tip of her cock to the centre of Neo’s arsehole. A gentle push forwards was all that was required to overtake the initial resistance to nestle herself inside. The expression of relief and overwhelming pleasure across Neos face was all that Yang needed to see to encourage her to keep going.

While Yang continued to press her erect cock into Neos arse she reached down and grasped the ever-erect length of Neos strap-on between her fingers. Despite the strap-on being entirely inanimate the image created of Yang slowly jerking it off in time to the thrusts inside of Neo only served to heighten their shared pleasure.

Yang felt herself getting closer, helped in no small way by the press of Neos muscles closing around her from all sides. Yang soon finished herself inside of Neos ass, feeling the ripple of Neos body as she was overtaken by her orgasm.

Yang collapsed onto the bed beside Neo, her wavering breath struggling to sustain herself. Yang idly reached her hand across to gently pet across Neos stomach. Yangs explorative fingers soon rested across the curve of Neos butt. “You have such a perfect little butt”

Neo shuffled to retrieve her notepad, scrawling out a note on the paper she showed it to Yang.

Callipygian.

“Calli- what?” Yang replied.

Neo rolled her eyes before writing out another note beneath it.

It’s ancient Greek.

“Not everyone went to art school, you know” Yang said with only a slight hint of bitterness. “Some of us studied at the University of Life”

It refers to the trait of having perfectly proportioned buttocks.

Yang giggled. “I’ll have to remember that for next time. So tell me, what’s the ancient Greek word for having the most kissable lips, the perkiest breasts and the snugglisest little pussy all rolled into one?”

Neo considered it for a moment before replying.

I’ll have to look it up.

Yang leant down to kiss Neo on her lips. That was ok. Yang didn’t need to rely on a bunch of dead Greeks because she already had a word for all of that. And her name was Neo.
<Yang texting Neo as she leaves work>

Yang: I’m passing Ceasers Pizza on the way home, want me to get you anything?

Neo: Double pepperoni thanks. I’m starving, I just spent all day creating a new batch of drugs for a client!

Yang: Do I need to request the sniffer dogs again?

Neo: DWGs! I meant drawings!

Yang: Either way, I’m going to have to conduct a thorough search when I get back. After pizza of course.

Neo: The suspect may attempt to resist, better make sure you have your muff ready just in case.

Neo: Cuffs!

Neo: Ducking autocorrect!

<Yang and Neo drinking at a bar, getting lovely dovey together>

Stern Female Voice: “Excuse me!”

<Yang and Neo look up to see a white-haired woman in an Atlas military uniform and a very angry expression>

Winter: “Did you really think you could come to a public place and be able to get away with such behaviour without someone saying something? It is illegal to give alcohol to a minor!”

<Yang and Neo glance at eachother, Yang about to burst out laughing>

Yang recomposes herself: “Okay, I know this looks bad. But you’ve got so many things wrong about this it’s almost funny”

Winter: “You’re not going to be talking your way out of this”

Yang: “I’m serious. If you’ll just give me a chance to…”

<Yang looks over to Neo for support. Neo had disappeared from beside her only to reappear clutching Winters free arm playing a very good impression of a scared teenager. Neo withdraws her notepad and scrawls a hasty note, hands it to winter. Winters expression turns from indignation to outright rage.

Winter: “How dare you!”
<Winter draws her sword on Yang. Yang throws her hands up>

Winter: “Not only did you give this poor girl alcohol, but you also intended to force yourself upon her!”

<As much as she loved her Yang had to admit that Neo had an incredibly warped sense of humour in the worst possible circumstances>

Yang points to Winter: “Ok, you have got this all wrong”

Yang points to Neo: “And you, we’ll discuss this when we get home and you can be sure there will be serious punishment involved”

<Neo yelps and clutches herself tighter to Winters free arm>

Winter: “You will not lay another finger on such an innocent girl”

Yang: “Innocent? Oh, lady you have no idea. Do you know I once made a joke about the carpet matching the curtains and you know what she did? The next time I went down there she’d dyed it in three separate strips like a-

<Winter is about to run Yang through on the tip of her sword>

Yang: “Ok, let’s talk about this”

Chapter End Notes

True story. A friend of mine once had autocorrect change the shorthand DWGs for drugs when he texted me about some complex drugs he was working on. At least that’s what he told the police.
Whenever I feel afraid
I hold my <BZZ> erect
And whistle a happy tune
So no one will suspect
I’m a <BZZ>.

<Weiss comes back to the dorm and hears the podcast>

Weiss: “What sort of filth are you two listening to?”

Ruby: “Aww, it’s great Weiss. It’s a show where they sing songs but censor out some of the words to make it sound funny. Listen”

The result of this deception
Is very strange to tell
For when I <BZZ> the people I <BZZ>
I <BZZ> myself as well!

<Weiss’s delicate composure as a Highborn Atlas lady shatters as she swoons and faints in the middle of the dorm. Yang peers over from her bunk>

Yang: “Wow. We better not let her listen to the one about ‘My Grandfathers C<BZZ>k’”

(An alternative song being considered was ‘Look at my Enormous <BZZ>’ which is actually made cleaner via censorship than the original)

<Yang sitting with Blake and Weiss watching the match between Pyrrha and Nora in the training centre through binoculars. Yang happens to focus on a prominent area of Pyrrhas anatomy beneath her form fitting shorts>

Yang: “It’s always nice to have the opportunity to admire the famous Nikos branded lunchbox”

Weiss: “I didn’t know Pyrrha was advertising her own merchandise”

<Blake and Yang fight to contain their laughter>

(If confused, google the phrase ‘Linfords Lunchbox’)

<Ruby and Weiss watching anime together>

Weiss: “I just don’t get it”
Ruby: “What’s to get? It’s people fighting in giant robot suits or teenagers battling monsters with magic powers.”

Weiss: “I get that, but I mean about the girls that keep appearing in every single show. Somehow they’re all like…”

<Weiss kneels on the sofa in an innocent anime girl pose>

Weiss: “Oh no, I’m all pure and innocent and yet underdressed and of questionable age. Just look at how loose and baggy my half-undone and practically see through school shirt is. If I’m not careful it could slip right off. If that happened, you could see all of my naturally perky and yet unreasonably endowed breasts because apparently I’m in the habit of not wearing underwear in public”

<Weiss turns onto her hands and knees on the sofa, showing her backside to Ruby>

Weiss: “And what if I turn around and bend over like this, why you would be able to see everything because my skirt only touches the very top of my thigh and yet-”

<Weiss notices Rubys about to burst into flames judging by the deep colour of red her face had turned>

Ruby calmly: “Weiss, can I please ask you to look over your shoulder and chew on your finger for me. No reason why, no reason at all”

<Ruby is trying to prove to her teammates that she can be a bad girl in spite of their assertions that she’s really not>

Ruby: “I really am a bad girl!”

Ruby turns to Yang: “Yang, I’m the one who used up all the weapon grease and didn’t replace it when you tried to calibrate Ember Celica”

<Ruby turns to Blake>

Ruby: “Blake, I’m the one who read all your fantasy novels and put them back on the shelf in the wrong order”

<Ruby turns to Weiss>

Ruby: “Weiss, I’m the one who tried on all your frilly underwear while you-”

<Ruby realises what she just said>

Ruby: “Is what I would say if I were a bad girl, which as you’ve said I’m clearly not”
<Yang, trying to be flirty, sneaks over to nibble on Blakes ear as she sits reading in her bunk>

Blake: “Yang, what are you doing? You know I’m not into girls”

Yang whispers to her: “That’s ok, because I prefer it when I get into you anyway”

<Blakes ears nearly shoot off the top of her head>

<Weiss suggests a fun game to Ruby where they write a list of people they both agree they can sleep with outside of the relationship should the opportunity arise. Weiss reads out her list>

Weiss: “Kreia Knightly, Emma Thompson, Lionela Stirling, Daisy Ripley”

<Weiss is eager to hear Rubys list>

Ruby: “First is… Weiss. Second… also Weiss. Number 3-”

Weiss: “Ruby, as sweet as that is you’re kind of missing the point of this exercise”

<Ruby glances down her list, suddenly less confident about her choice>

Weiss: “Ruby, number 3 better not be me again”

Ruby: “Number 3… your sister”

<Weiss shreds her list into tiny pieces>

Weiss: “I’ve just decided we’re not doing this anymore”

<Yang filming herself on her scroll in the RWBY dorm>

Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. According to the latest understanding of physics when you get down to observing the very smallest objects in existence even the simple act of measuring the occurrence can have a marked influence the results. This is known as the Observer Effect. Now, we here at Quantum Physics wanted to demonstrate this effect but we simply don’t have the budget to practically show this unfolding at an atomic level”

<Camera pans to follow Yang around the RWBY dorm>

Yang: “Instead, we’re going to demonstrate the phenomenon using the smallest objects we have available to us. Weiss has always maintained that she’s an above average C cup, so let’s see if the act of measurement will influence that result”

<Weiss comes out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, notices Yang with a tape measure>

Weiss warily: “Yang, what are you doing with that tape measure?”
<Yang snaps the tape >

Yang: “Just hold still Weiss, this is all for science”

<The two quickly descend into a flailing mass of arms, legs and measuring equipment as Yang fights to wrap it around Weiss’s front>

Yang: “A firm A cup. So, there you have it folks, another practical demonstration of how observation can alter the outcome”

Weiss off camera: “At least I don’t risk knocking myself unconscious every time I go jogging!”

<Winter in an apron (Actual apron this time, not the sexy kind I’m afraid)>  

Winter: “Here Ruby, I baked another batch of cookies for you”

<Ruby ravenously tucks into the offered plate>

Ruby: “Oh Winter, they’re amazing. So big and soft. I could bury my face in these for days. I wish Weiss could do things like this. Maybe you can be the one to teach…”

<Ruby wakes up from her dream to find the other side of the bed empty. Ruby heads down to the kitchen to find Weiss making her morning tea>

Ruby: “Morning Weiss”

Weiss coldly: “Good morning, Ruby”

<Ruby sits down next to Weiss at the table>

Weiss staring daggers at her: “Did you have a nice dream last night?”

Ruby: “Dream? I guess I did”

Weiss coldly: “You were talking in your sleep. It sounds like you were having fun. You called me Winter”

Ruby in despair: “Weiss, I’m sorry. It was just a dream and I couldn’t help it. You know how much I love cookies and she-”

Weiss: “Cookies?”

(The pieces quickly fall into place>

Weiss: “Ruby, I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have assumed like that and-”

<Weiss comes around the table to pull Ruby into a tight hug. Rubys not sure what just happened but just enjoys it anyway>
Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. We’ve all heard the story of Newton and his demonstration of gravity with the apple. Yet, in spite of its tendency to hit prominent scientists in the head with fruit, gravity is a comparatively weak force as I shall now demonstrate.”

Yang: “As you can see, even the full strength of the planets gravitational pull cannot dent the perkiness of the all-powerful Bellabooty.”

Blake offhandedly: “Yang, stop looking at my arse and do your assignment”
Ruby Rose had never done anything like this before. She’d heard people talk about it, seen it on TV a few times, even had a brief perusal of a selection of adult’s special interest videos on the internet. She’d debated it for so long before, in a moment of boldness, she’d sent the message. She’d received the email confirming the appointment a few agonizing minutes later.

‘Appointment, was that really the right word for this?’

Ruby sat on the edge of her sofa, her hands in her lap ceaselessly restless despite her efforts to calm herself. Her mind was constantly worrying about so many trivial things that they overshadowed the bigger things she probably should have been thinking about.

A knock at the door practically caused Ruby to leap from her quivering skin.

‘She’s here’

They’d almost certainly heard her. There was no way she could pretend she wasn’t home now. Ruby leapt from her sofa and charged across the flat to reach the front door, stopping herself a few paces short. Ruby forced herself to take a deep breath and compose herself before opening the door. The sight which greeted her was not what Ruby had been expecting. Although she wasn’t exactly sure what she had been expecting.

The woman was standing there, dressed in smart black trousers, white V-neck shirt, a leather jacket and a rucksack hefted over one shoulder. Her long black hair cascaded freely down her back, the crown of her head peaked by a pair of Faunus cat ears.

Ruby hadn’t thought much on what she would wear. She suddenly felt supremely underdressed in her well-worn dark blue jeans and t-shirt emblazoned with a wolf’s head design.

“Hi, are you Ruby?” her visitor asked.

“Yes” Ruby blurted out before her brain could think to engage.

“I’m Blake” she held her hand out for shaking.

Ruby accepted it. “Please come in” Ruby stepped aside to allow her in.

“It’s a nice place you have here” Blake complimented. “It’s very tidy”

“Thank you” Ruby said. “My wife is very particular about that kind of thing”
Blake smiled at her. Sensing her nervousness Blake reached out to place a tender hand cupped across her cheek. “You don’t need to worry, Ruby. We can do as much as you feel you’re really comfortable with”

Ruby felt her heart racing wildly in her chest. Somehow, she still felt tenser but at the same time her fear seemed to be subsiding.

“So, where do you want to do this?” Blake asked.

“I was thinking the, sofa” Ruby replied.

“That’s fine” Blake assured her. “Do you have somewhere I can get ready?”

“Yeah, you can use the bedroom” Ruby held her hand out and indicated down the hall. “Just that way”

“Great” Blake responded. “Why don’t you go get comfortable and I’ll be right out”

“Ok” Ruby replied sharply, watching as Blake stepped away with a coquettish shake of her hips.

Returning to the living room Ruby sat herself back down on the sofa even as the nerves relentlessly continued to plague her. This was beginning to feel like the wait before the worst job interview, public speech and doctor’s appointment all rolled into one. She knew she could say no at any point, she didn’t have to do anything she wasn’t happy with. But at the same time, she knew what this meant.

Ruby heard the rustle of movement from down the hallway behind her, her eyes slammed shut as her body was wracked by internal conflict. The sound of footsteps across the carpeted floor grew louder, a dull tump of something dropping onto the floor beside her as they circled around the arm of the sofa to stop in front of her.

‘Last chance, Ruby’

Ruby forced her eyes to open. Again, not what she had expected.

Blake stood in front of her, a confident hand on her hip, dressed in a jet black yukata robe. Ruby could only sit there and hope that she didn’t look as nervous as she felt.

Blake reached out to caress her fingers across Rubys cheek. “You still ok?”

Ruby took a deep breath to calm herself. “Yeah, I’m ok”

Blake smiled softly. “Good to know”

Blake reached up to take hold of the tips of her sash without another word. A single gentle pull served as the lingering precursor as Blake began to undo her garment tantalisingly slowly. Ruby soon realised quite why she needed that deep breath with the amount she was suddenly exhaling.

Blakes sash fell to her sides with a gentle flutter. Blake grasped the two halves of her robe between her fingers, preparing to draw them apart. Ruby watched with rapt attention, her eyes unwavering from the beauty before her.
Blake glanced back over her shoulder coquettishly, suppressing a soft giggle at Rubys adorable expression of barely contained anticipation. Blakes robe began to slip from her shoulders to reveal ever greater spaces of creamy white skin concealed beneath the dark fabric.

Rubys hands tightened into fists as she forced herself to resist leaping up and seeking to accelerate matters herself. Ruby reassured herself that this was all part of the performance, a prelude to build anticipation for what was soon to come. The robe slipped further down her body, revealing the straps of her black lace bra following the curve of her shoulders. Ruby never much cared for such attire herself, preferring practicality over style in almost everything she owned and especially clothing. But seeing such a garment worn by someone who had both the body and the confidence to wear it well was breath-taking.

Blakes robe descended further down her back and fell to the floor in a pool at her feet. Ruby couldn’t prevent herself releasing a high-pitch squeak she was immediately embarrassed about. Ruby admired the delicate lines of her back, the firm swell of her butt accentuated by the laciness of the material, the smooth curve of her long athletic legs. It all came together in a truly mesmerising combination.

Blake turned herself to face Ruby, bending down at her waist to meet the shorter girl’s eyes.

Rubys inner voice screamed inside her head ‘Don’t stare down her cleavage, don’t stare down her-’

Ruby felt her eyes suddenly turn very heavy, unable to resist her gaze being dragged downwards towards and she saw it. The valley of her ample breasts concealed beneath the cover of her gossamer thin lingerie draped perfectly across-

“It’s ok” Blake cooed. Rubys eyes darted back upwards to meet Blakes. “I’m all yours to enjoy” Blake smiled coquettishly as she rose back up in front of Ruby. “Now, why don’t I give you something to look at”

Blake reached into her bag and retrieved her smartphone and a speaker mount. Setting it on the coffee table she searched the playlists for the appropriate song. All the time she kept her backside presented to Ruby, something the crimsonette could not help but admire. The music started with a slow beat. Blake turned herself around to face Ruby, tracing her open hands across the curve of her smooth midriff.

Blake started slowly, shifting herself from side to side in elegant movements like some exotic dancer from an Arabian myth. While Ruby didn’t quite feel like the Shah of some great dynasty she certainly felt blessed to be bearing witness to this display. Blake approached Ruby with an elegant sashay to her hips. Blake turned herself around on her feet, once more presenting her fine backside to Rubys gaze as she began to lower herself down. Blake brushed the curve of her booty across Rubys lap, one pass after another of teasingly brief contact at the lowest point of her pass before coming back around once more. Ruby felt Blake begin shift closer to Rubys lap, her song growing in intensity with her dancing, gently lowering herself to sit in the smaller girl’s lap.

Blake idly shuffled herself as she settled herself into her new seat. Yet, Blake couldn’t seem to get herself comfortable as something continued to bother her. “Ruby, my bra feels really constricting” Blake reached her hand back to gather up her long black hair, drawing to up in a single movement to drape across the front of her shoulder. “Would you mind taking it off for me” The unexpected offer, as tantalising as it may be, presented Ruby with a dilemma, knowing that she could not trust herself to remain civil. Ruby had pre-emptively buried her hands between the seat and
the outside of her thighs the moment she had sat down. She had read on an online forum that this was the done thing in these situations. Now that she was being presented with such an offer the brunette knew she may not have the will to resist interfering further if she were to accept it. Rubys frantic thinking saw only one alternative.

Leaning forwards Ruby buried her face between Blakes shoulder blades, working to snatch the strap of the bra between her teeth. It was only once Ruby had begun struggling to release the clasp that she realised quite how much of an idiotic idea it had been. But by now she was committed. Working her teeth as best she could Ruby tried not to make it too obvious she was enjoying the smell of Blakes hair as she worked.

Ruby could have sworn she heard a soft titter accompanied by a ripple across Blakes back.

‘Was she ticklish?’

Ruby finally worked the clasp of the bra free. Perhaps her idea hadn’t been quite as stupid as she had first envisaged.

Blake slipped her bra off with a shuffle of her shoulders, dangling the garment on the tip of her finger before placing it aside on the sofa. Blake raised herself up off of Rubys lap. Turning herself around Blake had her arm draped across her front, her long black hair obscuring anything of note her arms were unable to cover.

With her arm never leaving her front Blake clambered back onto Rubys lap, her covered bust falling almost perfectly in line with Rubys eyes. Blake withdrew her arm from across her chest, her erect nipples growing at the new freedom.

Looking down Blake finally took note of where Rubys hands were concealed. A coquettish smile formed across the raven-haired woman’s lips. Without a word Blake reached down to grasp Rubys bare wrists in her fingers, withdrawing Rubys hands from underneath her thighs.

“I usually don’t let people do this” Blake said. “But you’re a rather unique case”

Blake guided Rubys hands up to caress her breasts, massaging Blakes hardening nipples against her palms. While Rubys hands remained occupied Blake began to snake her own downwards across Rubys front, her bust concealed beneath the material of her t-shirt. Blakes explorative hands drifted into Rubys lap as she leant in to place a distracting kiss on Rubys lips.

Blakes fingers grasped the clasp of Rubys belt, working the buckle free as best she could as her tongue searched its way past Rubys lips. With the buckle released Blake was able to wiggle just enough clearance out of Rubys jeans to slip her fingers across the front of Rubys red, cotton soft underwear. Blake could not help but note the feel of the distinctive wet spot that had begun to form.

Blakes dexterous fingers teased up and down the length of Rubys covered slit, feeling Rubys body quivering beneath her touch. Rubys fingers began to tense around the soft mounds of Blakes breasts. Blakes fingers peaked over the lip of Rubys underwear, her finger tips brushing across the outer edge of Rubys lips. Blakes teasing fingers slipped inside with minimal resistance, the sheer wetness of Rubys pussy only making it an even easier prospect than she might have anticipated.

Blake began slowly, continuing to press her fingers deeper inside before retreating and returning herself back in. The repeated action soon saw Blakes intrusion growing in depth, caressing areas left untouched by her previous teasing. Ruby felt her head fall back listlessly as her body was overtaken
by the feeling of pleasure. Peering through her fluttering eyelids Ruby could only sit and watch as Blakes ears twitched atop her head.

Utilising her newfound boldness born of her excitement Ruby reached her hands up to caress along the edge of Blakes ears. The moment Rubys fingers touched her ears Blakes fingers, still buried inside of her, suddenly turned passive in pleasuring her partner. Ruby was sure she could hear the raven-haired woman softly purring beneath her breath.

Rubys fingers gently grasped the point of the faunus’s ears, trailing the pad of her index finger along the trailing edge. There was no doubt in Rubys mind now, Blake was most definitely purring. In response Blake leant forward to bury her face into Rubys neck in an attempt to supress the sound from escaping.

Rubys fingers traced along the back of Blakes ear, searching out the little dimple at the base of her ears. Ruby felt the soft purr swiftly turn into a low moan at the moment of contact. It was undeniable that her kitty was enjoying this.

Ruby could feel Blake gently beginning to nibble and suck at the brunettes exposed neck, her tongue slipping out to trace across her silky soft skin. Ruby felt a tickling shiver cascade down her spine at each of Blakes teasing licks. When combined with the movement of Blakes fingers still buried inside of her pussy it was only a matter of time before Rubys orgasm overtook her. Ruby clutched her arms around Blake even as her body convulsed with shakes of the orgasm rippling through her, panting breathlessly as she fought to sustain herself.

“You’re really with your fingers” Blake seemed almost on the cusp of orgasming herself just from Rubys attentions to her ears.

“You too” Ruby replied, her orgasm unambiguous evidence of that.

“Your wife is a very lucky woman” Blake said.

“Yes, she is” Ruby cuddles herself closer to Blake, wrapping herself in the taller woman’s arms. “Perhaps I could-”

A metallic clack resounded from down the hall across the apartment. The front door swung open. The only other person with the key was-

“Hey Rubes, you home?”

Heavy footfalls could be heard coming down the corridor. Watching as they turned into the living room Ruby was met by a familiar puff of bright blonde hair.

“I finished work early so I thought maybe we could-” Yang stopped in her step, wheeling around as the sight before her came into view, clasping her hands across her eyes for good measure. “Sorry, I totally forgot it was date night”

An awkward silence lingered between as none of those involved was prepared to make the next move. Yang dared to break the awkwardness. “What was the theme this time?”

“Striptease” Blake answered flatly.

Yang let out a nervous titter. “Can’t argue with the classics”
Ruby on the phone to Yang: “Sorry, sis. I’m going to come out another night, I’m just goanna stay in with Blake”

<Ruby ends the call as Blake steps out of the bedroom, dressed in a full black ninja outfit>

Blake: “Ok, tonight I’m one of the Ninja clan and you’re the wife of the nobleman I’ve been tasked to kidnap and instead decide to have my wicked way with”

Ruby: “I don’t think Ninjas actually wore black though”

Blake: “We’re not going for complete historical accuracy here, Rubes”

<Blake holds up Rubys outfit>

Blake: “Now put on your Kimono and prepare to learn more than you ever thought there was to know about 16th century Japan”
The window to the RWBY dorm eases open. A figure in black climbs in out from the darkness. Their foot catches on the windowsill and they fall to the floor with a heavy thump, followed by a stream of muffled curses.

Weiss, roused from her bunk, looks over at the figure: “Oh no, an intruder!”

Weiss crawls up onto her knees on the bed, thrusting her chest out teasingly.

Weiss in her most coquettish voice: “And here I am all alone and dressed in my skimpiest nightie. Whatever will I-”

“Weiss?”

Weiss shocked: “Ruby?”

Weiss scrambles to turn on the bedside lamp, finding her team leader flopped out on her back in the middle of the floor.

Weiss: “What are you doing?”

Ruby: “I forgot my scroll and I didn’t want to wake you. Then I saw the window was open and-”

Ruby finally takes note of Weiss’s state of dress.

Ruby: “What are you wearing?”

Weiss quickly moves to cover herself: “Nothing”

The lingering awkwardness is swiftly broken by a pair of familiar black faunus ears emerging over the windowsill. Blake pulls herself up as she catches sight of her teammates staring at her.

Blake: “Ruby, you’re back early. Now, I would like to say this isn’t what you think it is…”

Ruby whilst making a hasty retreat towards the door: “No, no its fine you two just enjoy yourselves and I’ll… leave you too it”

Ruby closes the dorm room door behind her. An awkward silence lingers in the air between Weiss and Blake. There’s a knock at the door.

Ruby: “Guys, I left my scroll in there again”

Yang filming herself on her scroll in the RWBY dorm.
Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. It has been demonstrated both in experiments and observation in the wild that many animals have a greater capacity for intelligence and problem solving than we give them credit for. For example, some animals can be presented with a problem and a set of tools they have never encountered before and are able to devise a solution within minutes. Whether it is a bird with a piece of string or a mouse in a maze, they can figure it out and retrieve their reward. Now, once again Quantum Physics is forced to prostrate itself before animal experimentation laws in the pursuit of knowledge. Instead we’ve come up with our own experiment to demonstrate. Let’s see how our test subject is getting on”

<The camera pans around to reveal the test scenario comprised of a tall, upright plastic tube at the bottom of which is a flask in a small bucket. Qrow persists in attempting to force his arm down from the top of the tube, continuing to overlook the hooked pole laying against the wall behind him. The camera pans back to Yang>

Yang: “It seems the natural capacity for problem solving doesn’t quite extend to everyone”

<Team RWBY reviewing a poster for the Beacon Academy Talent Show>

Yang: “I think we should do an improv sketch”

Weiss: “What makes you think any of us are suited to doing improv? We haven’t even had a chance to practice”

Yang: “Don’t worry about it, we’ll just make it up as we go along”

<Looming silence in the wake of Yangs terrible joke>

Ruby: “Booooooo!”

<Yang showing Weiss and Blake her new car>

Yang: “I spent most of the summer break repainting the body, sunrise yellow of course. I installed new brakes, tuned up the engine and completely redid the interior”

<Yang opens the door show everyone the inside. Along with the new carpet and the leather seats the team found Zwei sitting on the dashboard>

Weiss: “Yang, why do you have Zwei in there?”

Yang: “He’s part of the new sound system”

<Yang comes around the back, opening the boot to reveal even more Pembroke Welsh Corgi puppies inside>

Blake: “And what are they?”

Yang: “Sub-woofers”
Yang and Blake are interrogating Neo in a warehouse after capturing her during a raid on a White Fang safehouse. Neo leans back casually in her chair, a smug smile on her face as she remains unperturbed by her circumstances.

Yang: “Now, we can do this the easy way, or the hard way”

Blake stands behind Yang looking menacing.

Yang: “We’ve got ways of making you talk, or mime or whatever. So tell us what we want to know and everything will work out just fine”

Neo leans forward, staring at Yang. Neo points upwards.


Neo points at Yang.

Yang: “Me, Yang, Huntress?”

Neo starts doing a milking motion.

Yang: “Milking? They wanted you to milk someone for information?”

Neo draws an arc in front of her chest.

Yang: “Chest? Bust! They wanted you to get information on what part of your operation the Council were going after next?”

Blake shakes her head: “She’s saying ‘Up yours cow tits’”

Neo nods at Yang, her smirk deepening.

Yang cracking her knuckles: “Alright, that’s it. We’re switching up, I’m bad cop, you’re good cop”

Blake, knowing what was coming: “No, Yang we’re not here to-”

Yang lashes out with a feral punch at Neo. Neos image shatters into fragments on impact. Yang is left bemused as she searches for the target who is already long gone.

Yang: “In my head that went so much better”

Yang filming herself on her scroll in the RWBY dorm.

Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. Today we’re going to be taking a rather different approach and talk about psychology. I’m not talking about the theories of Freud or Jung, instead we’re going to be looking at the practical applications of understanding the human mind to which we can all relate too.”
A physiologist named Ivan Pavlov investigated mental conditioning, specifically the effect of stimulus to create a predictable reaction. He accomplished this in a variety of ways, such as feeding the dogs immediately after a series of tones were played causing them to associate the tones with food.

We here at Quantum Physics don’t condone the use of animals for testing, our lawyers have advised, so we’ve come up with a new scenario to demonstrate this effect. Observe”

<Yang reaches underneath her bed and retrieves a jumbo bag of cookies>

Yang shouts out loud as she rustles the bag: “Ruby, cookies!”

<The sound of distant rumbling carried through the dorm. The door bursts open in a flurry of rose petals>

Ruby: “Cookies, cookies, COOKIES!”

<Ruby speeds around the dorm in a hyperactive flurry, finishing hanging upside down from the edge of her bunk by her legs>

Yang into the camera: “And there you have it folks, an entirely repeatable and predictable reaction demonstrated by our subject”

Ruby feeling rather disheartened: “No cookies?”

<Yang rolls her eyes, holds out the bag towards Ruby>

Ruby: “Cookies!”

<Ruby reaches out to grasp the bag, managing to grab it only to slip from her bed and fall to the dorm floor with a loud thump. The soft sound of chomping rises from out of shot>

<Yang returns to the dorm to find Blake looking completely overworked and surrounded by a vast array of books, charts and documents all centred around a pin board strewn with photos and connecting threads all to do with the White Fang>

Yang: “Blake, are you ok?”

Blake bolts up from her desk: “Yang”

<Blake dashes over to Yang>

Blake: “I finally figured it out!”

<Blake drags Yang into the dorm room. Yang sits down on the bed as Blake scrambles in search of a blank notepad>

Blake: “It all starts with Raven and Qrow”

Yang: “What does my uncle and my mother have to do with the White Fang?”
Blake: “You’ll see”

Blake starts to draw out the connections

Blake: “We both know that they were involved. You said you saw your mother on the train. And Qrow has been working with Ozpin long before we came to Beacon. So what’s the connection? A group of Ravens is known as a Conspiracy. And a group of Crows is called a Murder. When you put them together you realise the truth, a Conspiracy to commit Murder. But what’s the last piece of the puzzle?”

Blake doesn’t wait for Yang’s answer

Blake: “The Owl!”

Yang: “An Owl?”

Blake: “Yes, and what’s the collective term for Owls?”

Yang: “I really don’t know”

Blake: “Parliament! It’s a conspiracy to murder those in Parliament. You remember the most famous act ever done against a parliament? Guy Fawkes. They’re going to blow up the Kingdoms Parliament, remove the government and install their own puppet leaders and rule unseen as they allow-”

Yang: “But, Blake, the Kingdoms are governed by the Councils, not Parliaments”

Blake looks back at the board, her theory unravelling in front of her. Blake falls to the dorm floor in a heap

Yang: “You really need to get some rest”

Weiss filming herself on top of a cliff overlooking the Emerald Forest

Weiss: “Hello viewers, and welcome to a very special episode of Quantum Physics with your guest host Weiss Schnee. Today we’ll be exploring the theories of Sir Isaac Newton. According to the third law of motion, for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Isn’t that right, Yang?”

The camera pans around to show Yang on her knees, arms tied behind her back with Ruby and Blake standing guard beside her

Yang: “To be fair, none of what I ever did to you comes close to what you’re proposing to do to me”

Weiss continues on regardless: “For the purposes of this experiment to see what happens when you set an object in motion and then impart another force on it. Yang shall serve as our object; the motion shall be imparted by the launch pad”

Weiss motioned towards Ruby
Weiss: “And the external force shall be from this bolt action sniper rifle”

<Ruby withdrew Crescent Rose in a flurry of well-engineered mechanics>

Yang: “This probably goes against every safety regulation in the book”

Weiss: “I can assure you that safety is always at the forefront of our minds. To that end, we have Ruby serving as our expert marksman to ensure that there is minimal chance of collateral damage during the experiment”

<Ruby readies Crescent Rose>

Yang: “That’s not what I meant, and you know it”

<Yang can feel the launch pad beginning to rumble beneath her>

Yang: “All I did-”

<The launch pad fires her into the air over the forest>

Yang: “- I did for science!”

<Weiss and Blake lounging in the RWBY dorm>

Blake: “I can’t get my scroll to connect to the network. Do you mind if I try yours?”

Weiss: “Sure, go ahead”

<Blake retrieves Weiss’s scroll, starts logging in>

Blake with an ear-splitting shriek: “What the fuck!”

Weiss: “What’s the matter?”

Blake shocked: “There’s so much porn!”

Weiss: “What are doing looking through my private files?”

Blake: “Private? Weiss, I clicked on your scroll and it just came up. There are literally thousands of files here”

Weiss: “I was meaning to clear some of that out but-”

Blake: “Grimms curse, look at the organisation. Faunus girls, Mistral Nobles, Novice Huntresses first time, Red Head amazons”

Weiss defensively: “Well it’s not like you don’t have a load of stuff like this as well”

Blake: “I have A folder, Weiss. What you have here is the Great Alexian library of adult material. What’s this, Real Grimm Girls go Wild?”
Weiss breaks down on the verge of tears: “Oh my god, you’re right, I have a problem. I need help!”

Blake: “There are no such thing as Grimm Girls, they’re just faunus girls in body paint”

Weiss: “This is such a relief to be caught, I wanted to be caught!”

Blake: “Weiss, you need to snap out of this. You need to get yourself together and meet someone because you are spiralling out of control here!”

Weiss: “Alright, I’ll do it. Just stop looking at that stuff”

Blake: “Ok, now let’s get rid of this thing”

<Blake gathers up Weiss’s scroll and heads towards the door>

Weiss: “What do you mean, we could just delete the files?”

Blake: “No, someone can always dig that stuff up. We’ve got to smash your scroll with a hammer”

<Around the back of the Beacon Academy dorms Weiss and Blake smash Weiss’s scroll>

Weiss: “There, are you happy”

Blake: “No, the data could still be retrieved if someone pieced it together. We need to bury it in the forest”

<Weiss and Blake dig a hole in the deepest corner of the Emerald Forest before depositing the shattered remains inside. Blake reaches into her satchel and retrieves a fire dust capsule. Blake dropped the capsule into the hole before quickly covering it with dirt. A muffled pop rose from underneath the ground>

Blake: “Weiss, from this moment on, neither of us will ever mention this again”

Chapter End Notes

Blake Belladonna, the ultimate wing woman.

They say a friend will help you move and a good friend will help you move a body.
It all started with a clunk. Then a high-pitched whirr, followed swiftly by a controlled but no less terrifying manoeuvre to bring the car to a stop on the hard shoulder of the autobahn. It seemed Weiss Schnees custom designed white BMW was kaput. So much for German reliability.

This left the couple stranded at the side of the road in the deep countryside while they waited for the tow truck. Not exactly the best start to their vacation on one of Weiss’s few weeks off from work. When the tow truck arrived, they were escorted to a town so remote Weiss had trouble even finding it on her phones map in amongst the sea of trees, grasslands and hilly ranges.

After an inspection the local mechanic concluded that the repairs required a replacement part he could procure and have installed by tomorrow morning. This left Ruby and Weiss with no car and looking for a place to stay. The mechanic directed them to the local tourist office in the town which had a list of local B & B’s and rooms to rent.

Ruby and Weiss entered the office to be greeted by a woman behind the desk, glancing over the rim of her glasses as she moved a lock of short black hair from her fringe. She introduced herself as Cinder.

Being in the countryside neither of them expected to find an example of the sorts of places Weiss was used to booking for business or holidays. But they had still expected to find something. Yet despite leafing through the register several times over it seemed Cinder could not find any places offering a room at such short notice. This left Ruby and Weiss with the prospect of sleeping in the tourist office overnight.

“Well there is, one place” Cinder clarified as she peered over the rim of her glasses. “But I don’t know whether you want to stay in, ‘The Murder House’!”

A flash of lightning emerged outside in an otherwise cloudless sky. It seems it wasn’t just the weather out here that was strange as Cinder suddenly burst in a maniacal laugh akin to a villain in an old spy film.

“<Cough>” Cinder recomposed herself. “I’ll get the keys”

Contrary to what one might expect based on the name alone the house was actually named after the original owner who built it, Professor John Murder. Again, in spite of the ominous implications, he remained well known in the community as a local businessman, educator and philanthropist.
Yet despite his glowing reputation rumours surrounding the house itself were not so appealing, with whispers of strange occurrences and hauntings continuing unabated. Walking up the cobbled path towards the house you could not help but understand where they were coming from. Stepping inside they found nothing amiss to suggest its haunting origins.

The house was an old European design built in the early twentieth century. Multiple modern renovations had adorned the interior with all the basic necessities of modern living but still retained its original aesthetic. Usually such holiday homes were highly sought after but it seemed even in Europe the stigma of hauntings remained influential.

The couple began to settle into their temporary accommodation, setting their belongings aside as they prepared for the evening. Unbeknownst to them their every movement was conducted beneath the watchful gaze of a pair of looming spectres.

“Can we do it?” Yang asked excitedly, taking on the image of a golden fox faunus with pointed ears and a fluffy tail. She was dressed in a long flowing poncho covering her to her knees. “I want to do it!”

“Patience” Blake reasoned calmly, her pointed cat ears subtle flicking betraying her own underlaying excitement. In contrast to her fiery companion Blakes form was of a cat faunus dressed in a jet-black yukata. “We must allow them to settle first of all we shall see of them is their backs as they charge out the door”

It seemed that no matter how long they spent together it inevitably fell to Blake to keep her overeager companion in check. Still, it would not be long before they had their chance. It was only a matter of time.

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“Weiss, do you really think this place might be haunted?” Ruby asked her partner laying on the bed beside her.

Weiss glanced up from her book, a historic novella about the life of Prussian nobility in the late 19th century. “Ruby, its fine. You know just as well as I do there’s no such thing as ghosts” Weiss clapped her book closed, laying it out on the bedside table she reached over to turn off the light before laying down to sleep.

Despite her partners assurances Ruby could not help but recall all the stories of heroes and monsters she had read in her youth. This included the ones about spirits both benevolent and not so. Still, Ruby was determined to put her concerns aside and settled herself down in the bed to sleep.

Yet despite her best efforts, sleep continued to elude her. No matter what she tried she could never seem to make herself fall into a deep enough sleep to remain there. Finally relinquishing any hope of drifting off for the moment Ruby slipped herself out of bed, resettling the covers so as not to disturb Weiss, and decided to head towards the kitchen.

Following the twists and turns of the unfamiliar corridors Ruby found her way towards the kitchen, flicking the light on as she sheltered her eyes from the sudden light with the back of her hand. Opening the fridge Ruby was met by the remnants of the essentials they’d bought in town to see them through their unexpected stop. Ruby retrieved the milk carton and poured herself a glass of
milk to help settle herself. Downing the drink in a few deep gulps the effect on the crimsonette was almost immediate, feeling the soothing calm passing through her body.

Replacing the carton in the fridge Ruby turned back towards her room determined to finally be able to get some sleep before-

The light flicked off above her, blanketing her in darkness. “Oh, great” Ruby cursed.

Holding her hand out Ruby began feeling her way along the corridor, moving cautiously due to her unfamiliarity with the space. She managed to find her way to the wall, passing her hand back and forth in search of the elusive light switch. When she finally located the switch she flicked it back, only for the all encroaching blackness to persist.

Rubys attempts to investigate further were interrupted when she felt hands delicately caressing her sides over her pyjama top, eliciting a sharp yelp of surprise. “Weiss, is that you?”

No reply returned. Instead, Ruby began to feel the soft brush of air against her earlobe. Ruby felt her body convulse at the sudden feeling.

“Weiss, why-” Ruby persisted.

Anything more was silenced as Ruby felt a pair of lips latch onto her neck. It was a tender kiss at first until the lips began to take hold. Ruby could feel them sucking at her neck, even the brief brush of teeth across the surface of her skin.

Ruby’s whole body suddenly felt as if it were putty in her lover’s hands, forcing her to brace her hand against the wall to keep herself from falling over. Only Weiss knew quite how sensitive her neck was and precisely where best to focus her attentions.

“Weiss, what’s gotten into you?” Ruby pleaded.

No response came. Instead, the shifting of hands from her sides to massage her breasts was her only reply.

“Here, now, really?” Ruby persisted.

Yangs hands shifted across Ruby’s front, lifting the material of her top with one hand the other gently moved across Ruby’s flat stomach. Ruby’s top passed over the swell of her breasts, the touch of the cool night air bringing her burgeoning nipples to immediate attention. Yangs adventurous hands turned her attentions to the newly emerged nubs, grasping them between the tips of her fingers.

Applying just the faintest amount of pressure succeeded in sending a sharp jolt of pleasure through the shorter girl’s body. Yang released her hold on her nipple for a moment only to reassert the pressure once more, eliciting a low moan from between Ruby’s lips. Yang continued her rhythm of pinching and release at ever more varied moments, ensuring that Ruby had little capacity for any thoughts beyond when the next thrill was coming.

While one hand continued to focus on Ruby’s breast the other began to trace elegant lines down Ruby’s front, teasing along the waistband of the sweatpants she used as pyjamas.

“Oh Weiss, don’t you want me to-” Ruby prepared to ask.
Yangs fingers dipped beneath the lip of Rubys sweatpants, tracing lines across the cotton material of her underwear. The seemingly random movements of Yangs fingers managed to brush their way across Rubys clit on more than one occasion, eliciting a surge of pleasure from inside of her body she never knew she had ever existed.

“Okay, never mind” Ruby was quick to retort, any lingering thoughts of altruism quickly being swept aside as her mind was overtaken by her own pleasure.

Yangs fingers started to tease in and out of the crimsonettes pussy, tracing across the outside at first before delving further with each repetition. At the same time Yangs mouth latched tighter onto Rubys neck, sucking at the exposed skin while her tongue lashed across the surface.

Ruby glanced back and caught a glimpse of her partners pale white skin beside her, topped by cherry red lips. Part of her yearned to reach out and kiss those lips but an even greater part of her couldn’t bear to allow her euphoria to subside for even a second.

The deep moans escaping Rubys mouth only grew at her lover’s insistent advances, each avenue of enticement only adding to the pleasure forming inside of Rubys body. The agile licks of her tongue across her neck. The firm but enthralling handling of her sensitive nipples. The seemingly clairvoyant searching of her fingers as she excited every sweet spot inside of her, including some Ruby had only just now learnt existed. All of it combined was utter bliss.

In the end it all proved too great for Ruby to resist any longer. Ruby felt her release rise up from her centre, rippling outwards like some grand explosion to overtake her entire body in an instant. Relying heavily on the support of her lover, as Ruby felt her legs beginning to give way even under her lithe frame, she allowed herself to be guided daintily to her knees.

Truly, there was no doubt in her mind that there was anyone else who could possibly be feeling as wonderful as she did now.

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Weiss shifted herself over in bed as she settled in to sleep. Her hectic business life meant that every moment of her time was valuable and in need of strict scheduling. Such planning even extended to her sleep patterns, ensuring that every moment of rest she had was precious. This combined with the realities of sharing a bed with Ruby, who rarely seemed to be able to drift off to sleep without first exploring the full range of exotic sleeping positions. The result was that Weiss had become well versed in managing to sleep through just about any disturbances.

Case in point, the rather mischievous hand she felt gently caressing the outside of her thigh concealed beneath the material of her nightdress. At first, Weiss had assumed it was just an unconscious movement of Rubys hand in her sleep. This theory was soon disputed as the soft petting grew in intensity, swiftly followed by an array of kisses across her bare skin.

Weiss felt her eyes flutter open, rousing her from her sleep. Glancing down the bed Weiss could see a mound rising and falling beneath the covers. Blakes fingers ascended Weiss’s thigh to begin to trace elegant lines across the outside of Weiss’s puckered lips, being in the habit of not wearing underwear underneath her nightdress.

“Ruby, what are you-” Weiss spoke.
Weiss did not have a chance to make sense of her lovers unexpectedly bold nature before their explorative fingers struck a particularly sensitive point. This unexpected caress removed any lingering sense of fatigue she may have had. Blakes fingers traced elegant circles all around her entrance, some drawing closer while others pulled away in some elegant dance. Blakes tickling fingers elicited jolts of pleasure rippling instantaneously through her body centred on her lips before radiating outwards in waves.

The moment that Weiss thought she would gain some reprieve, as her fingers slowed, was the moment her lovers tongue met her lips. Rubys previous attempts at oral stimulation were what Weiss might have charitably described as ‘Well intentioned’. While the tender enthusiasm was abundant the passionate zeal hadn’t exactly been mind-blowing. Now though, Weiss had to wonder what sort of dark arts her little crimsonette had been practicing to make her tongue so quick and agile.

Weiss offered little objection as Blake urged her onto her back, even less as she eased her legs apart to gain provide even more space for Blake to work. The renewed freedom of movement allowed the raven haired faunus to reach even deeper inside of Weiss. Blake elicited an even greater guttural moan from between Weiss’s pursed lips as her tongue danced from side to side.

Weiss reached down to grasp the mound in the sheets in front of her for support, urging her lover to keep going. Blake slipped her hands around the outside curve of Weiss’s legs, grasping the top of her thighs for purchase as she delved herself even deeper.

Blakes dexterous fingers soon re-joined in the fray. Tracing the tips of her fingers around the outside of Weiss’s pussy she eased herself inside while her tongue moved to lavish attentions on Weiss’s burning clit. Blakes fingers applied the daintiest of pressure to the very base of Weiss’s pussy. Weiss felt her surrounding muscles responding of their own accord, tensing and relaxing seemingly intuitively with Blakes fingers and tongue.

Blake continued to lick and tease at Weiss’s lips, maintaining a relentless pace as her mouth never left a moment without some part of the white-haired beauty being attended. Weiss had to wonder quite how her lover could manage to breathe with the pace she was setting.

Weiss’s orgasm rose inside of her in a bright flash of exhilaration. Her fingers curled around her lover’s head as her body convulsed and her legs tightened to offer them no route for escape. The spike of euphoria began to fade as Weiss felt her muscles begin to fall limp, laying back into the soft bed as her lungs panted to sustain herself. Weiss felt herself drift off into a blissful sleep only a few moments later.

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Ruby awoke feeling more refreshed than she ever had in her life. Greeted by the morning light peering in through the cracks in the curtains Ruby rose up to find herself back in bed. She couldn’t recall bringing herself back the previous night. The mental image of Weiss carrying her limp and utterly satisfied body back was embarrassing and endearing in equal measure.

Ruby rolled herself out of bed and headed down to the kitchen to find Weiss already wide awake and brewing her breakfast tea.

“Morning” Ruby said by way of greeting as she sat down at the table.

“Morning” Weiss replied with a hint of trepidation in her voice as she passed a cup of fresh brewed
tea to Ruby. Weiss took a seat across the table from Ruby, her attention rapt in her tea as the subject of the night before lingered between them.

Ruby reached her apex first. “You were great last night”

“So were you” Weiss eagerly replied. “I don’t know what it was, something I can’t really explain…” Weiss paused as she considered whether to vocalise her next thought. “You think there might be something to this whole haunting idea?”

“I’m not sure” Ruby replied. “But what I do know is there is nothing more amazing than what we did together last night”

Weiss sighed softly at the memory.

“The caress of your hands” Ruby continued.

Weiss nodded.

“The elegance of your tongue” Ruby said.

“Yeah” Weiss agreed.

“And your tail” Ruby said.

Weiss, withdrawn from her blissful torpor, stared across at Ruby dumbfounded.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<Ruby and Weiss return to the mechanic the next morning for an update on their car>

Mechanic: “I have to apologise Ms Schnee but the part we were expecting from the supplier has been delayed. We’ve got an alternative supplier a few hours away. The apprentice is already on their way there and once we have it I’ll be working through the night and we should have it fixed by tomorrow”

<Look passes between Ruby and Weiss>

Weiss: “Oh, there’s no need to trouble yourself. We were actually thinking of spending a few extra days here anyways”

<Ruby and Weiss return to the tourist office to extend their stay a few extra days>

<Ruby looking around the house opens up a door to the cellar. Ruby is taken aback by the sight in front of her>

Ruby: “Weiss, you should come and see this”
Weiss arrives and is equally stunned by the sight of what looks to be burial mounds rising up out of the open earth at the bottom of the stairs.

Ruby: "It looks like an ancient faunus burial ground"

Weiss: “An ancient faunus what!”

Weiss rushes to retrieve her phone

Weiss on the phone: “Miss Cinder, Weiss Schnee calling. When you rented me this house you forgot to mention one little thing. You didn’t tell me it was built on a faunus burial ground!... No, you didn’t!... Well that’s not my recollection… Fine, goodnight”

Weiss hangs up the phone and turns to Ruby: “Ruby, do you ever recall her mentioning it five or six times?”

Cinder showing another couple around The Murder House

Cinder: “And this is the living room. Down the hall is the bedroom”

Cinder opens a door to reveal mist spilling out across the floor, furniture and items swirling around the room and red goo weeping from the walls

Ghostly voice: “Not at peace… not at peace!”

Cinder closes the door

Cinder to the couple: “Mainly storage”
Who Says you can’t Pick up Chicks in a Learner Car - (Freezerburn)

Chapter Notes

Contains (Weiss x Yang - Freezerburn): Futanari (Weiss), Public, In a Car, Fear of Discovery, Vaginal Sex, Handjob, Blowjob, Breast Sucking

Growing up there were a lot of things Weiss was educated in that remain largely unknown to anyone born outside of Atlas high society. Calligraphy, Ancient Atlesian, how to properly use a fish knife.

Yet at the same time there were significant gaps that Weiss’s highborn education had overlooked. Although she only realised it after departing Atlas to study in Vale one such missing link was proving rather a hinderance in her new circumstances. Weiss didn’t know how to drive a car.

In Atlas, her family had enjoyed a fleet of private cars and a staff of chauffeurs. The very thought of one of their own needing to drive themselves anywhere was rather, un-Schnee. Perhaps that had also been part of her father’s intentions in allowing her to study here all along, allowing her transfer to Beacon safe in the knowledge that her reduced mobility would keep his investment from wandering too far astray.

But Weiss wasn’t one to just accept what was handed to her in life. She was determined to no longer have her father dictate to her anymore. Besides, if everyone else could do it how hard could it be.

The sharp blaring of a horn, followed swiftly by a string of Atlesian curses. The clutch protested with an enraged screech of strained metal at yet another ill-timed gear change. Weiss recovered from her initial stall as she attempted to move away before the traffic lights inevitably changed. In the passenger seat Yang waved an apology in the rear-view mirror to the other drivers left in their wake as they were consigned to endure yet another cycle of waiting.

Despite her preference for motorcycles Yang also maintained a car she used as a run about for when a motorcycle didn’t meet her needs. She’d even used it to teach Ruby when she started learning, forgiving the significant wear and tear her sister had managed to add in only a few short months. Yang was certain there would be some additional wear to be forgiven by the end of Weiss’s training.

“Ok, just pull up on the side here” Yang instructed, having directed Weiss away from the main roads and into a residential side street. Weiss drew the car over to the side of the road, a sharp last-minute readjustment necessary to avoid striking the curb. Weiss secured the car with practiced efficiency, releasing a heavy sigh and resting her forehead on the steering wheel to the sound of the low clicking of the slowly cooling engine.

The heavy silence lingered thick between them. Yang was the first to speak. “So, do you want to talk about it?
“No!” Weiss snapped back and immediately regretted her outburst. “Sorry, it’s not your fault” Despite her words Weiss’s hands refused to release from the death grip she was maintaining on the steering wheel.

“You know you’re not going to get it straight away so why get so worked up about it?” Yang asked.

“I know. It’s just, frustrating” Weiss admitted.

It really was frustrating. For so long things just seemed to come easily to Weiss. In Atlas she’d passed school with perfect grades thanks to her penchant for academics and even at Beacon she was maintaining top marks across the curriculum. But this was something completely alien to her. While most people learnt these things as teenagers Weiss somehow felt the task was proving insurmountably greater solely for delaying it only a few short years.

“It just takes practice, you’ll get the hang of it” Yang reassured her.

“I know what I’m supposed to do” Weiss tried to reason. “It’s just when something happens I get flustered and I lose focus and—”

“You just need to stay calm and it will come to you in time” Yang persisted.

“Easy for you to say” Weiss objected. “For you this is like reading book one, page one of ‘Dolts Guide to Motoring’”

“Maybe it is now” Yang replied. “But that doesn’t mean it was always like that. We all start as learners you know; some things just take time. But the main thing is that you’ve got to remember to relax and not get so tense about things”

“Relax?” Weiss turned her head to face Yang. “Don’t I seem relaxed to you?”

The words ‘highly strung’ were insufficient to describe quite how unrelaxed Weiss seemed at this particular moment. Still, telling her such would only make the situation worse. Yang had to admit that this couldn’t be easy for Weiss, practice had been just as difficult with Ruby when she’d started out. Still, perhaps Yang realised that she knew precisely what was called for.

“Come on” Yang gave Weiss a light tap on her shoulder to rouse her from her depression. “Start the car back up”

Weiss did as instructed. “So, where are we going?”

“I’ll give you directions” Yang replied. “Trust me, you’re going to feel so much better after we’re done”

Yangs turn by turn navigation led them along a backwoods road heading out of the city. Eventually Yang instructed Weiss to pull over in a parking area for a scenic viewpoint at the end of a walking trail along the cliffs.

Weiss secured the car and prepared to make her feelings known. “Yang, I’m really not in the mood to be visiting a beauty spot so can we please just—”

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Without waiting to hear the end of her reply Yang was already unclipping her seatbelt. And without a word she reached her arm down and grasped the seat release catch, moving Weiss’s seat back as far as it would allow.

“Yang, what are you doing?” Weiss asked.

“I’m undoing this” Yang unclipped Weiss’s seatbelt. “You’re keeping an eye out”

Weiss only had a moment to process the implications of what Yang was proposing when she felt her skirt beginning to climb its way up her thighs. Weiss glanced down to discover Yangs intervention in it all, her hands lifting the hem of her skirt to reveal the white underwear already beginning to strain against the growing bulge of her erection.

Reaching underneath the lip of Weiss’s underwear Yang carefully pulled it aside as the heiress’s erection leapt out to greet her. Yangs fingers wrapped around it in an instant, eagerly teasing caressing and fondling as she wished. Yang leaned down to brush her lips across the tip of Weiss’s head, a passing brush of contact before retreating and returning again. Weiss kept her hands wrapped tightly around the steering wheel, partly for something to focus on but also for fear of what they may do if she were allowed to roam free.

Yang engulfed the head of the cock inside of her mouth, her fingers continuing to focus her attentions at the very base of her member. The rising feeling of pleasure tempted a low moan from between Weiss’s lips she fought desperately to suppress, only to be swiftly overtaken. Yang continued to work her mouth up and down Weiss’s length. The blonde woman alternated between speed and depth, working the very end of Weiss’s dick in a flurry before diving towards the base in a slow engulf of her entire length.

All the while Weiss’s death grip on the steering wheel persisted, anymore force and she would be in danger of snapping it in two. Weiss finally dared to release her hold on the wheel, moving her hand down to rest on the top of Yang’s head. Given Yang’s protectiveness over her hair such an act served to add a certain level of peril given the proximity of Yang’s mouth to the most sensitive piece of her anatomy.

Yang released her mouth from Weiss’s cock with a wet pop. Yang licked away the lingering spit from the corner of her mouth. Weiss immediately felt her euphoria beginning to seep away from her body. Without a seconds thought she reached down to tease her own cock with her hand, feeling the wet covering of Yang’s spit coating her fingers as she moved.

“Hang on Weiss” Yang assured. “I’m nearly there”

Weiss looked over to see Yang shifting to unclasp the belt of her shorts before beginning to shuffle them down her legs, no easy task given the confinement of the space inside her car. Yet somehow, through a combination of patience and jaw dropping flexibility which almost brought Weiss to the point of release in an instant, Yang managed to work out of her shorts and her underwear.

Yang lifted herself off of her seat, planting a hand on the side of the car beside Weiss as she moved herself into position. Weiss’s deeply ingrained common sense told her this was not a good idea. Her intuition was proved near clairvoyant as Yang’s butt struck the centre of the steering wheel accompanied by a sharp blaring of the cars horn.

“Sorry” Yang was quick to apologise.
“No please” Weiss replied. “Draw more attention to our highly illegal activities”

Yang managed to finally settle herself comfortably in Weiss’s lap, supporting her weight on her knees resting on the seat on either side of Weiss’s legs.

“Here” Yang reached down to grip the bottom edge of her yellow tank top. “Let me make it up to you”

Yang pulled her top over the proud mounds of her breasts, carrying her form fitting bra with it until they leapt free of their fabric constraints. Reaching her hands around to encircle Weiss’s head Yang brought the heiress into a smothering embrace. Weiss’s lips wrapped around the mound of Yangs insistent breast, feeling the delicate nub of her nipple hardening against her tongue.

While Weiss was distracted, Yang was free to reach down in search of the white-haired girls cock underneath her. Yangs fingers encircle the hard shaft. “It’s so big and stiff, even if it went in my mouth it may be a handful to fit anywhere else”

“Yang, that’s the gear stick” Weiss spoke, muffled by Yangs chest.

Yang laughed to herself as she shifted her hands beneath her, Weiss’s sudden moaning as she wrapped her hands around her shaft assuring her that she had got it right this time. Yang teased her fingers across the surface of Weiss’s length, brushing the bulbous head back and forth across the outer edge of her moist lips.

Continuing to support herself with her legs Yang slowly lowered herself down onto Weiss’s cock, feeling her lips beginning to part in greeting. Yang steadied herself before raising herself back up, lowering herself down a little further this time to accept even more of the heiress inside of her. Yang continued to lower and raise herself in quick succession, each repetition gaining rhythm and offering even greater penetration into Yangs pussy.

Weiss’s hands grasped at Yangs bare back for support, her gasping breathes rising in pitch and intensity as Yang continued to ride atop her lover’s lap. Weiss’s face remained buried deep in the valley of Yangs ample cleavage, feeling the mounds of flesh pressing into the side of her head.

Weiss pulled her face back for a moment, greeted by the swell of the pink nipples which topped the mounds of Yangs breasts. Yangs grasping hands pulled Weiss back in, spurred on by Weiss’s member brushing a particularly sensitive point. Weiss’s lips parted in shock only to find her mouth suddenly filled with the peak of Yangs breast. Weiss instinctively began to suck at the ample bust she found pressed inside her mouth.

“Oh Weiss” Yang moaned. “If I’d known you were into that…”

Weiss had honestly never given it thought before. While she may admit to admiring the blondes bust, purely in an aesthetic fashion of course, she had never placed much thought in the idea. This was certainly a bold way to test the waters, but she could not help but feel curious. Given how outrageous the situation was already, what bad could a little more boldness do for her.

Weiss gave the nipple an experimental suck, eliciting a low moan from Yangs quivering mouth. Weiss sucked again, firmer this time, as more of the bulbous nipple is drawn between her lips. Weiss allowed her searching tongue to whisk back and forth across the surface of the breast. Weiss closed her mouth further to catch the tip of Yangs nipple between her teeth.
Weiss applied the faintest amount of pressure to the sensitive nub with her teeth. Yang's body quivered beneath her, enjoying the sudden jolt which accompanied it. Weiss could feel Yang's lips tightening around her shaft in response. Weiss felt the extra exertion necessary to maintain her pace as the blonde continued to bounce on top of the shorter woman’s lap.

As Yang moved her other breast continued to lift and fall freely besides, the large globe of flesh with the pointed nipple threatening to take Weiss’s eye out. Weiss reached up to grasp the breast in her hand, squeezing it softly as she continued to suck eagerly on the other.

Yang howled in delight as she thrust her hips to take Weiss even deeper inside of herself. As her head came forward she suddenly found her mouth filled by the peak of her own breast. Without thinking she found herself sucking away at the nipple, finding the experience different from the way Weiss did it as Weiss focussed her attentions on the nipple alone where Yang was more attentive to her whole breast. Yang noticed Weiss staring up at her, the look of surprise across her face said it all.

Yang released her nipple from her mouth. “What can I say Weiss. You made it look so good I couldn’t help but try it for myself”

Weiss could feel herself growing even aroused at the sight in front of her. The physical tightening of Yang's pussy combined with the image Yang was creating quickly brought Weiss to the very edge.

Weiss felt herself release inside of Yang, grasping and clawing her free hand at Yang's back for support as she was overtaken by the sudden surge of pleasure. Yang quickly followed suit behind the snow-white girl, Yang feeling her body going limp and forcing her to brace her arms against the seat to avoid smothering the smaller girl beneath her.

The two lay in each other's embrace, each having little thought in the moment for the mess they had inevitably made both of Weiss’s skirt and of Yang's seat upholstery.

“So” Yang panted. “You think that you're relaxed enough now?”

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<A sharp knock at the window as Yang and Weiss remain very much entwined in the front seat. Yang looks out to see a female police officer with short brown hair, aviator shades and a police issue beret>

Yang to Weiss: “Let me do the talking”

<Yang rolls down the window>

Yang putting on her most coquettish eyes: “Well, hello officer. It seems you’ve arrived at just the right moment. If you’re interested, perhaps I can ask the lovely lady if there’s room in here for one more”

<Yang notices the officers name tag ‘Coco’>
Yang: “Perhaps we could pretend we’re a frothy cappuccino and sprinkle you all over us”

<Officer Coco peers over her shades>

<Moments later in the back of the police car. Weiss sits staring daggers at Yang>

Yang: “Now in my defence, it seemed like a good idea at the time”

<Weiss taking another lesson with Yang>

Yang: “During your test the examiner will be giving you instructions and asking you safety questions about the car to demonstrate your knowledge. Now I want you to check your left side mirror with one eye whilst keeping your other eye on the road”

Weiss: “My eyes go in the same direction, how is that even possible?”

<Yang marks on her form>

Yang: “What’s your hydraulic fluid level?”

Weiss: “How am I, I’m in the car!”

<Another mark>

Yang: “What’s your tyre balance?”

Weiss: “What does that even mean?”

<Another mark>

<Weiss rolls her eyes before coming to a realisation>

Weiss with her most seductive eyes: “You know Yang, there are other skills I could demonstrate if you-”

<Two marks>

Weiss: “What was that for?”

Yang: “While you were busy making your goo-goo eyes you drove straight past a give way sign”

Weiss: “Oh. fu-”

Chapter End Notes

I also wanted to do a joke about IPDE, but I started having flashbacks.
Weiss Schnee had grown up accustomed to the finer things in life. The best food, the most comfortable bed, expertly tailored clothes. Nothing was deemed beyond her family’s attainment. Out of all of those the clothes were perhaps the least agreeable aspect of it all to the heiress.

It seemed that there was no example of Atlesian tailoring she had ever come across which did not feel the necessity to be overly complicated. Every item was designed with a seemingly endless number of ties, ribbons and other delicate fastenings which needed to be secured and endlessly readjusted.

While she could hardly argue with the results the route to getting there was long and arduous. There was a time in history that ladies of noble birth would have an entire retinue whose sole duty was to tend to their lady’s appearance. Sadly, such extravagance had become a thing of history. Yet the tailors seemed unwilling to adapt, and the burden of the task remained.

Weiss had heard stories of Vacuo princesses who had once disguised themselves to be able to walk freely amongst their people by dressing in their clothes. But such was the stuff of fairy tales. Discounting the task of acquiring such an outfit Weiss’s objective was not to ingratiate herself with the lower classes but simply to make the task of dressing herself less of a daily trial. Weiss could not help but yearn for a simpler solution sometimes.

This all came to a head one day when, infuriated by once more losing the knot on her overcomplicated dress, Weiss had simply cast the troublesome garment aside. Weiss had then seen to her daily studying dressed only in her snow-white lingerie. Although necessitating a hasty donning of her dressing gown when the servants arrived to bring her morning tea Weiss found the morning surprisingly uneventful. She even considered that perhaps it was better as her concentration was no longer being persistently broken by having to readjust her outfit to remain comfortable.

Being of an enquiring mind Weiss decided to test quite how this more relaxed state of dress could be used to her advantage. Through rigorous testing over multiple weeks it soon emerged that no matter the subject: Atlas History, Advanced Dust Mechanics, music or writing practice Weiss’s ability to focus and perform was greatly improved by the simple removal of the lingering distraction of her clothes.

Having thoroughly established that the removal of her outer most clothing had led to such improvements Weiss could not help but speculate what further benefits could be gained from discarding even more. Thus, it was with a certain lingering hint of trepidation that Weiss decided to disrobe herself of her silken lingerie. Weiss ensured she kept her dressing gown within easy reach as she settled herself down at her desk.

Despite the sound logic which had served as the foundation of her experiment it seemed her
hypothesis had proved incorrect. Instead it was proving to have the opposite effect to what Weiss had originally envisioned. Rather than allowing her to focus on her work by removing another potential source of irritation Weiss found herself even more distracted than usual.

Weiss felt the hint of arousal growing inside of her, yet at the same time she couldn’t convince herself it was an entirely negative feeling. In fact, Weiss found she quite enjoyed this rather unexpected discovery. Weiss found the experience rather liberating, the hint of anticipation at the prospect that she may be caught only adding to the feeling.

Weiss decided to continue her investigation outside of her academic studies, pushing the boundaries of the things she could accomplish whilst naked. To that end, Weiss started lounging around her room unclethed with greater frequency. Relaxing, reading, even practicing her sword forms. The lack of support to her chest did little to hinder her, much to her secret frustration.

Weiss began to grow bolder as time went on, going so far as to sit at her windowsill overlooking the courtyard while enjoying her late morning tea. It was during one such bold display of exhibitionism Weiss had begun to feel an overwhelming desire to tease herself.

Weiss had started slowly. She reached her hand up to the base of her neck, tickling the tips of her fingers across her collarbone. From there she worked her way downwards across her front, feeling the gentle swell of her breasts rising beneath her touch. Circling back around she brushed against the swiftly hardening nub of her nipple. She began to trace her way around it, eliciting a shiver to cascade through her body as the nub hardened by the second.

At the same time her other hand followed a straight line from the base of her neck, through the valley of her cleavage and across the flat plain of her stomach. Already Weiss could feel her erection growing, her lips wetting even before her fingers reached her cock.

Despite the freezing temperatures outside anyone brave enough to venture into the courtyard, and glance up to her window, would be treated to the sight the future first lady of Atlas touching herself dressed in nothing more than a hair pin and wry smile.

Weiss swiftly found that her fingers could no longer continue to satisfy her. While she had no access to dedicated sex toys the heiress had found a plethora of ways to improvise. The corner of a table or the rounded edge of a pillow served its purpose well.

Yet still she felt as though something were missing. Weiss began to ponder that perhaps it was not the nudity alone which enticed her, but the boldness of the new experience which drove her to even greater heights of ecstasy. Weiss concluded that the only way to continue this meteoric rise in her pleasure was to push herself further than she had dared. Until this moment her activities had been confined to her room, the door lock safely secured. That was about to change.

Over the next few days Weiss had conducted several practices through the winding corridors of the Schnee estate. Despite having lived here all her life and knowing the entirety of the estate from memory Weiss was never one to enter a situation unprepared. While the Schnee manor was large it was not so big that she could move freely without the risk of running into someone. Weiss spent the time working out her path and identifying places she could flee should things deteriorate or her will prove to be weaker than she had anticipated.

Weiss eventually reached the point where she was determined to make the attempt for real. Weiss chose her moment with great care. She chose a night she knew her father was away on business in the capital and her mother and sister were attending a social function, not returning until the next
morning. This left only the servants who would have completed their daily duties and returned to their quarters by now. Despite these assurances of solitude Weiss’s heart continued to beat furiously in her chest at the prospect of what she was about to do.

Weiss stood naked in her room, watching herself in her full-length dressing mirror. Weiss ran her hands up the length of her supple body, the tingling caress of her skin assuring her that this was real. She took a deep breath to steady herself, releasing it in a slow exhale.

Weiss turned and walked proudly across the length of the room, her bare feet clapping against the carpeted floor. Weiss reached out and released the catch on her bedroom door, the first trial had been overcome. Weiss gripped the door handle eased it open.

Peeking outside Weiss found the corridor quiet. Weiss dared to step an explorative toe across the threshold. Leaning out further, fully prepared to pull herself back inside at the first sign of movement, Weiss was able to gain a better view of the corridor in both directions.

Assured by her observations Weiss dared to take her next step, her whole body now outside of her room, naked. Weiss maintained her hold over the door handle in case she needed to make a swift retreat. She made sure to close the door softly behind her in case anyone walked past and noticed her absence. Any visitors who were to come knocking at this hour would likely assume she was sleeping.

Weiss released her hand from the handle as she took another tentative step into the centre of the corridor. There was no chance of concealing herself anymore. If someone were to emerge around the corner at either end of the corridor at this very moment they would be presented with the unobstructed view of a naked Weiss. The very thought of it sent a tingling sensation through her body, she was really doing this.

Weiss stepped down the corridor, feeling herself slowly growing in confidence and conviction as she walked. With each step the innate excitement continued to rise inside of her. It wasn’t just about being caught, the very idea devastated her. It was the anticipation of it all, the trill which came with not knowing whether she would be discovered

Weiss began to feel so secure that she even felt a spring beginning to form in her step, taking ever greater steps as she made her way down the hallway. It wasn’t long before Weiss became so bold as to start adding some impromptu dance movements into her walk, combining those she had learnt for combat with those of her classical dance training.

Every step she took caused her erection to bounce and shake wildly in front of her, her member refusing to subside even a little. What by all accounts should be a terrifying ordeal only strained her organ to even greater pride and rigidity. What had begun as terrified steps had suddenly exploded into an impromptu dance route along the grand halls of the Schnee manor.

Weiss’s performance came to a muted end however as she was faced with perhaps her greatest obstacle so far. She approached the junction in the corridor with caution. Here she was faced with an even greater prospect of being discovered and had to consider where she would dare to head next.

Weiss ended her step just short of the boundary, pressing herself against the wall for what little cover it offered her. Weiss dared to peer around the corner, finding the next hallway as empty as the first. She held herself there and took several deep breaths, enjoying the brief moment of respite even as the adrenaline fuelled thrill continued to play havoc with her sensibilities.
Weiss took a leap of faith and stepped down the hallway leading deeper into the estate. Weiss moved with the same boundless steps as she had before, eager to discover what else lay ahead of her. Weiss’s gait slowed to a trot as she caught sight of what was hanging on the wall.

Beaming down on her from on high were the portraits of her dear departed ancestors. It was said that the Schnee family could be traced back to the first settlers to arrive on Solitas. Those first few quickly rose to the highest ranks of the emerging aristocracy. Weiss had been taught to remember all their names by heart.

Earl Emmanuelle de Monforte Schnee, Countess Amélie la Rouche Schnee, Countess Nunnally La Fayette Schnee. All of them long since passed and all of them great in their right if the family histories were to be believed. Feeling her heart quicken Weiss spread her arms and legs wide around her, feeling her chest heaving with excitement as she presented herself unabashedly.

Weiss could not help but wonder what her ancestors would think if they saw her now. What they would say to the very idea of one of their descendants being so vulgar and brash as she was. Weiss felt elated at the very idea, like nothing else she did could ever-

A sharp yelp followed by the crash of metal striking the floor withdrew Weiss back to reality in an instant. She turned towards the sound. She found a serving girl with long auburn hair, her hands clasped tightly over her mouth and freshly polished cutlery strewn across the floor at her feet. The girls overwhelming expression of shock said it all. Weiss had been so engrossed that she hadn’t even noticed her.

Weiss was the first to react. Turning away she ran down the hallway with as much speed as she could muster. Weiss’s heart pounded wildly in her chest as she ran, hoping that the girl wouldn’t think to follow her. Weiss didn’t stop until she reached her room, pulling the door closed behind her and locking it securely in place.

Weiss pressed her back into the door for support, her breath rasping in and out as she fought to sustain herself. She was unbelievably excited, she never imagined such a thing would ever feel so amazing. While previously she may have only understood the pleasure theoretically only now she could understand the practical appeal.

Weiss grasped her hand tightly around the shaft of her member. This was going to be a long night.

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Weiss’s eyes fluttered open as she awoke in her bed. This morning she felt decidedly unenthusiastic to face the day ahead of her. She could not help but envisage the unbearable awkwardness she would face if she ever encountered the same serving girl again. Weiss forced herself from her bed in the end. She was a Schnee, and part of that was having the resolve to face the inevitable.

Having washed and dressed Weiss stepped out into the corridor, finding it empty. While it was almost always quiet this silence felt different than it ever had. Weiss headed down the corridor towards the dining hall for breakfast. With each step she took her confidence grew that everything did indeed seem normal. Perhaps she had been just getting agitated over-

“going to believe what Marie claims she saw last night” a voice asked.

“What do you mean?” another voice asked.
“She was all tense and jumpy” the first voice responded.

Weiss dared to approach cautiously towards the voices, peering around the corner she saw two of the servants chatting as they cleaned the hallway. A shorter girl with blonde hair contained in a neat ponytail, another with bangs of deep red hair.

“She said she saw someone in the corridor last night. A girl, pale skin and flowing white hair” the blonde girl said, passing the extended duster along the rails of the curtains. “What’s more, she was naked!”

“You don’t really believe she saw something like that” the redhead replied. “I mean, really saw a ghost?”

‘Ghost?’ Weiss thought to herself.

“Whatever it was, she really did seem tense about it” the blonde continued. “You better be careful walking around at night or she might just show up for you as well”

And thus, was born the legend of the Naked Ghost Girl.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

Marie attends to Weiss at lunch the next day. Marie continues to act awkwardly, no doubt the result of what had passed between them the previous day. Weiss finished her meal as the she came forward to remove her plates. A lingering awkwardness hung between them as Marie fought desperately to avoid meeting Weiss’s gaze.

Weiss attempts to break the looming tension: “What’s on the menu for dessert?”

Marie lays the plates out on the trolley.

Marie checks her scroll: “The chef has prepared a fine selection of fruits, freshly poured ice cream or perhaps some-”

Marie’s face lights up in bright redness.

Marie: “Um, Spotted Dick”

Weiss turns red to match her.

Weiss: “Just some fruit, please”
<Yang filming herself on her scroll in the RWBY dorm>

Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. Today we’re going to be exploring light, specifically the way light projects itself. As any student of science knows in the day to day world that we experience light moves only in straight lines. As such, the only way to observe things out of sight is using a reflection in a polished surface like a mirror. Such as this one I’ve prepared earlier”

<Camera pans around to reveal an arrangement of mirrors set up to allow Yang to see through the open door into the RWBY dorm bathroom. Blake stands at the basin in front of the wall mirror brushing her teeth. Blake glances aside and notices Yang through the arrangement of mirrors. Blake retrieves her scroll from the counter and types something out, holding it up to the mirror>

Yang after pulling the camera back around: “We’ll have to censor that. But there you have it folks, a practical demonstration on the reflection of light brought to you by Quantum Physics”

<Ruby and Weiss having team-bonding training with Professor Melinda Drake>

Drake: “Today I’ll be teaching you about the dangerous mindsets a Huntress can experience. This will primarily focus on what are known as the Six Deadly I’s. They are-”

Weiss: “Impatience, Impulsivity, Indecision, Insecurity, Invulnerability and I know best”

Drake: “Excellent Weiss, top marks. Now, let’s take them one at a time. Invulnerability is the belief that nothing bad can ever happen, that you’re free to act recklessly without concern for the consequences. Now, you may not have encountered someone like that before-”

Weiss: “I have. I definitely have”

Drake: “Ok, without naming names”

Weiss: “Of course not, that would be most uncouth. Well this person, could be literally any of the other members of Team RWBY. Let’s call her, Ruble. Ruble, when given an assignment to write a report on forest-based Grimm, decided that the best way to research them would be to go into the forest singlehandedly to attempt to capture one alive for study”

Ruby defensively: “It would have worked if only someone would have agreed to help dig the pit deep enough”

Weiss innocently: “Oh, have you worked with Ruble, Ruby? What a coincidence”

Drake: “The next one is ‘I know best’, this is the anti-authority attitude that rules and regulations don’t apply to you, that you can just decide things entirely by yourself. Again, you may never have encountered someone like this-”

Ruby: “I have. Let’s call her, Waiss. Waiss ignores team meetings, group assignments and
persistently argues and disobeys instructions during combined training. She basically thinks she’s always right”

Weiss: “Has it occurred to you that maybe Waiss is always right?”

Ruby: “Well, it’s certainly occurred to Waiss”

Drake: “Then there’s ‘Impulsivity’, the tendency to panic under pressure and do the first thing you think of just for the sake of doing something”

Weiss: “Ruble”

Drake: “‘Insecurity’, always trying to prove themselves better than anyone else”

Ruby: “Waiss”

Drake: “And finally, ‘Indecision’, being faced with a problem and being unable to settle on a course of action”

Weiss: “And Ruble”

Ruby: “I thought you said Ruble impulsively did the first thing she thought of?”

Weiss: “Amazingly she manages to combine both, doing whichever is LEAST appropriate to the situation”

<Beat>

Drake: “Ok, well what’s good here is we’re fostering a real openness between you”

<Weiss and Yang have been dating for several months when Yang invites her back to Patch for a family meal. Sitting down to dinner Weiss demonstrates herself to be a model house guest, getting on wonderfully with Taiyang and Ruby. Weiss excuses herself from the table to use the restroom only to realise the only bathroom is directly above the dining room. Recalling a piece of advice from her Atlas finishing school she turns on the tap to cover the sound. Weiss returns to the table to finish the meal>

<Yang texting Taiyang the next morning>

Yang: Thanks for the meal last night. What did you think about Weiss?

Taiyang: Nice girl. Pisses like a horse.

<Weiss and Professor Drake sit down for a one on one session>

Drake: “Weiss, this is a session specifically for other members of the team without their leaders. You see, one of the commonest issues that inexperienced teams face is that some of the team members become overly in awe of their leader”
Weiss dryly: “Is it now?”

Drake: “So today I’m going to teach you an assertiveness technique known as the ‘Five Step Statement’. Now, imagine you’ve noticed a problem but you’re shy about bringing it up with your team leader”

Weiss: “One moment. Sorry, this is just going to take a lot of imagining”

Drake: “First you get their attention. Now depending on how you get on this may be ‘Excuse me Miss Rose’ or ‘Leader’. Or if you’re more familiar it may simply be ‘Hey, Rubes’”

Weiss: “Might it really”

Drake: “The next step is to state your concerns in a non-confrontational way. ‘I might be wrong’”

Weiss shocked: “I might be WRONG?”

Drake: “‘But I think this may be the wrong path’. Step three, explain how you feel about it. ‘This makes me feel, uneasy’. Step four, propose a solution. ‘Maybe we should head to the top of that hill, so we can get a better view of our surroundings’. And lastly, seek approval for your suggestion. ‘How does that sound to you?’”

Weiss: “Well frankly it sounds like the stupidest-”

Drake: “That’s what you say ‘How does that sound to you?’ Would you like to practice?”

Weiss: “I would love to. ‘Hey Rubes. I might be wrong, but I think that’s a Deathstalker coming out of the forest. This makes me feel, scared of the Deathstalker. One thing we could do is turn around and run away from the Deathstalker. How does that sound to-”

<Weiss lets loose with an unholy death rattle>

Drake: “Yes, well in that situation perhaps it would be better to act a little more instinctively”

Weiss: “Oh, do you think so?”

<Yang working on Bumblebee in the garage>

Weiss: “How’s the repair going?”

Yang: “Pretty good. I finally tracked down the problem. Seems they didn’t fit the fuel regulator properly when they built it”

<Yang holds up an engine part with the SDC logo stamped on it>

Yang: “But I’ll fix that”

Weiss agitated: “Yang, you can’t just go around dismantling an advanced piece of equipment like that. It specifically says you need to send it back to the manufacturer for refurbishment”
Yang: “Naw, we don’t need to worry about that. Can you hand me the Vacuo screwdriver?”

Weiss: “The what?”

Yang: “Never mind”

<Yang reaches into her toolbox and retrieves a large hammer>

Weiss rolls her eyes: “Can you at least use the instruction manual”

Yang: “Of course I’m using it. What do you think I used to mop up the fuel spill”

<Ruby sat in the cafeteria, unable to take her eyes away from watching Weiss eating her lunch. Ruby wasn’t quite sure what it was about her, her poise, her lips, her dainty hands, all of them combined. Did they teach this as technique at those Atlas prep schools? Ruby watches dumbfounded as Weiss bites into a fresh strawberry, the very faintest red line of juice tracing its way down her smooth cheek. What Ruby wouldn’t give to be the one to lick the stain from such porcelain white->

“Ruby!”

<Ruby snaps alert, sees Weiss staring straight at her>

Ruby panicking: “I was just wondering…”

<Ruby grabs her banana from her plate>

Ruby: “If you would like to eat this banana”

<Ruby realises what it was she just said, slams her head into the table before she can make things worse>

<Yang finds Ruby lounging in the dorm>

Yang: “So how did your date with Weiss go last night?”

Ruby: “Not great. We tried that thing where we agree to meet and pretend we don’t know eachother, so we can flirt like when we first started dating”

Yang: “So, what happened”

Ruby: “It turns out Weiss had a few drinks to perk herself up before she arrived. She came over to me and asked if I was single. I tried to be suave and she started crying when I said I wasn’t”

<Yang and pregnant Weiss are attending a group pregnancy class. The class is being led by a rabbit faunus care practitioner named Velvet. All the prospective parents are gathered in a circle for a
Velvet: “Today, we’re going to go through some of the changes you may experience during pregnancy. This will help you to know that these are all natural and part of this amazing journey we’re taking together. For example, some of you may have experienced, constipation’’

Yang: “We’ve had that”

Yang wraps her arm around Weiss, smiling warmly. Weiss’s face is an expression of ‘We? I don’t think WE’VE had that’

Velvet continues down her list

Velvet: “Others of you may have experienced, sore nipples”

Yang: “We’re a martyr to it”

Velvet continues down her list

Velvet: “Some of you… may have experienced…”

Velvet’s ears twitch as she reads the next line

Velvet: “…Unusual discharge”

Before she has a chance to do anything Weiss’s freshly manicured fingers burrow into Yang’s thigh. Yang’s hand remains firmly down

Yang filming herself on her scroll in the RWBY dorm

Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. Today we’re going to be looking into ‘The Butterfly Effect’, the phenomenon whereby even seemingly insignificant actions can have a marked influence on the later state of a system. This effect is most well known in terms of weather, supposedly influencing tsunamis and tornados. Now, we here at Quantum Physics don’t have the moral bankruptcy or even the budget to start causing natural disasters for the sake of an online science video. Instead we will be demonstrating the effect in a more practical and some would say ethical way”

The camera pans around to see Weiss lounging in her bed

Yang: “Weiss?”

Weiss flatly: “What?”

Yang sneaks forward to whisper in her ear: “I love you”
Weiss’s face erupts in redness

Weiss: “What? How could you- Why… now?”

Yang into the camera: “And there you have it folks, showing how even the smallest actions can result in a far greater reaction”

Weiss: “Yang, what are you… I can’t believe you would tell me something like that on camera. I swear, I am going to take that stupid scroll and shove it so far-”

Professor Drake leading another team building exercise with Team RWBY. Split into two groups (Ruby and Yang, Weiss and Blake) their task is to propose ideas for a team weekend based on an unlimited scope and budget

Drake: “Ok so now that you’ve had an opportunity to discuss, let’s see your ideas. We’ll start with Weiss and Blake”

Weiss: “Well, based on the knowledge that we had an unlimited budget for this assignment we decided to think big. The weekend starts with a private flight to the finest restaurant in Haven on the cliffs overlooking the Vermillion Sea. We will stay overnight in a 5-star hotel and resort before taking an all-expense paid shopping trip of the artisan district and tour of the historic cultural landmarks of the city”

Yang: “That just sounds like a standard weekend for you, Weiss”

Drake: “Ok, Ruby and Yang. Let’s see what you have”

Yang: “Our idea is very simple. What’s the best time in people’s lives? Being a kid. And what’s the best part of being a kid? Games! So, I propose a weekend of fun with all the classics: Battleships, Snakes and Ladders, Minesweeper…”

Blake: “That seems a little unambitious for you, Yang”

Yang gets a devilish glint in her eye: “Not in my version it’s not”

Yang pulls back the top sheet of her sketchpad to reveal their idea

Yang: “Battleships, using Atlas surplus airships and ground-based air defence cannons. Snakes and ladders, with real ladders and slides shaped like snakes. Minesweeper. You plot out a grid, everyone chooses a plot to place their flag, and if you get it wrong the paint bomb goes off in your face. And finally, Chess. With real armies”

Drake: “Well, both groups have certainly come up with some interesting ideas. The purpose of this exercise is to show that it’s better to have a mix of people in a team. You need some people who are a bit more grounded and others who are more carefree”

Blake: “So, you’re saying we should improve our team cohesion with a relaxing spa evening after a day playing life-sized battleships?”

Drake: “It would certainly be a unique experience”
Yang: “Welcome back to another episode of Quantum Physics with Yang. Today we’re going to be discussing Quantum Entanglement, the phenomenon in which states of two or more objects become linked. The two objects can even affect each other regardless of spatial distance. Once again, Quantum Physics finds itself in a position with neither the academic credentials or the funds to demonstrate this at the truly quantum level. Instead we’re going to do what we do best in such situations, improvise the heck out of it”

Blake, without glancing up from her book: “Yang, I swear if you try another one of those stupid experiments on me-”

Yang: “And there you have it folks, by influencing one you create an immediate and equal reaction in the other. Now, I best end it there as I have no illusions about the outcome of entangling her claws with the most sensitive parts of my anatomy”

Android: “Statement: Oh yes, my Master had quite the collection of tortured individuals that seemed unable to confront their basic personality conflicts. Let me cite some specific examples.

Mockery: Oh Master, I do not trust you, instead I will insist on continually running away at the first sign of emotional conflict as even my own Semblance is an embodiment of my innate spinelessness.

Mockery: Oh, Master, you cannot truly be leader because I insist it should be me despite my own inadequacy. But I refuse to admit it to you directly, instead remaining passive aggressive at every opportunity while secretly pining after you for an ill-conceived romance which we both know will never come to pass”
“Shut up” Weiss snapped at her from across the room.

“I wasn’t talking” Ruby replied.

“But you were thinking it” Weiss retorted.

The looming silence fell between them once more as they lay back on their respective beds in the RWBY dorm. The reality was that Ruby and Weiss were not getting along. What had started as merely a clash of personalities had started to affect their cohesion as teammates.

Yang’s attempt to intervene as a team mediator had not gone to plan so far. They’d started out with the usual trust exercises. Those had proved less than effective when Ruby had focussed her attention so much on assuring Weiss she was going to catch her she had neglected to do exactly that.

The exercise with the ‘Get Along Shirt’ had to be disbanded after Weiss refused to stop complaining that it was not Mistral cotton. In the end the team came to the most practical compromise.

In any other circumstances where Ruby was trapped in a room with no means of escape Yang would be the first to be shatter the door into tiny splinters. Such sisterly devotion did not apply in circumstances where Yang had been the one to place her sister in there in the first place. This was of course after emptying the dorm of any other sources of distraction or entertainment with the aim that proximity might help improve their team cohesion. At least that had been the idea originally.

“It’s not that bad” Ruby said by way of reassurance, always one to see things in the more positive if naïve light. Perhaps that was part of the reason she clashed with Weiss’s more direct and practical view of the world.

Despite the circumstances Ruby could not help but try to find some amount of relaxation in laying out in her bed. She was dressed in her usual red and black combat uniform, sans her boots and her cape.

“I hate you so much” Weiss bemoaned.

“It could be worse” Ruby persisted in her relentless positivity.

“I mean it” Weiss replied flatly. “I seriously cannot believe I’m being forced to spend my free time trapped in this room with you. I don’t even have the luxury of an assignment to distract me…”
Even as Weiss continued her rant the crimsonette had long since lost focus enough to listen as her attention was being withdrawn elsewhere. Ruby felt it before she saw it, the tenting beginning to rise in the front of her skirt. Ruby fought to suppress the squeaks and moans as her erection strained against the material of her underwear. Somehow the constraint, the brush of the soft cotton material across her skin, only made the situation worse.

Weiss was fast approaching the limit of her patience. “Oh, will you be quiet!”

Ruby yelped once more at the harshness of the sudden scolding. Yet despite it, she felt her erection stiffening to an even greater height. Any attempt to suppress it was only met with futility.

“Seriously” Weiss shuffled off her bunk bed beneath her partner, climbing up to peer into her partner’s bed. “What are you up-”

Weiss instantly recognised the tenting in the middle of the brunettes combat skirt, although this was about the last place she would have expected to find it.

“What the hell is that thing?” Weiss called out.

Ruby rolled herself over in her bed in a desperate effort to conceal herself. All she achieved was to cause herself to lose her balance in her blind panic, tipping over the edge of the bed and crashing to the floor with a loud thump.

Ruby managed to recompose herself enough to respond to Weiss’s question. “I’m sorry, it just came up”

Weiss turned herself away, covering her face with her hand to make doubly sure she didn’t catch a glimpse of anything else untoward. “Well then make it go away” Weiss demanded.

“That’s the thing” Ruby replied sheepishly, trying desperately to pull her skirt over herself even as it made every effort possible to break free. “I kind of… can’t”

“What do you mean ‘you can’t’?” Weiss replied, her voice teetering on the edge of unrestrained fury by this point.

“I mean it doesn’t work like that” Ruby explained. “It won’t always just go away on its own”

Admittedly Weiss did not have one of her own to test the validity of her claim. But then she had hardly expected Ruby to have one either. Either way, this situation clearly required a firm hand to resolve. Weiss was more than ready to provide one.

“I will not allow you to sit there with that ‘thing’ while I’m stuck in here with you” Weiss objected. “You’ll just have to find some other way to deal with it”

Although somewhat embarrassed, Ruby took Weiss’s demand to heart. Ruby began tracing her fingers over the swell in the front of her skirt, starting slow and focussing around the tip of her erection. Ruby moved her hand further down, massaging the sides of her length.

Weiss could not help but glance across at Ruby. A sharp cry escaped her lips as she realised what Ruby was up to. “What are you doing?”
Ruby yelped sharply, pulling away from her skirt and burying her hands at her sides. “You said you wanted me to take care of it”

“I didn’t think you’d do something like that!” Weiss protested. Ruby appeared crestfallen at her admonishment. Weiss scoffed at her. “Fine” Weiss looked away again. “Hurry up”

Ruby wordlessly grasped the hem of her skirt with one hand and drew it away, allowing her to reach underneath and lift herself out of her underwear. Rubys erection leapt proudly up in front of her, seven inches of length that had been desperately straining to break free suddenly released. Ruby grasped her cock in her hand, working her fingers up and down the extent of her shaft. Ruby supressed her rising moans of pleasure. She focussed her attentions solely on finishing, eager to see an end to this embarrassment as quickly as she could.

Sitting across the room Weiss was left with little to do but overhear the regular wet thwack of Rubys hand against her bare skin. Weiss dared to glance over at Ruby, only to swiftly turn away as the crimsonettes gaze caught her own for the briefest moments.

“What’s taking so long?” Weiss protested in an attempt to cover herself.

Rubys regular pumping of her hand began to waver. “I’m nervous. It doesn’t work as well when I’m like that”

Weiss rolled her eyes, ensuring to keep her gaze firmly turned aside.

Ruby bit her lip, considering whether to vocalise her next thought. “Maybe, if I had something to look at…”

Weiss snapped around to face Ruby with a piercing stare, her face already erupting in a sea of redness at the merest implication of Rubys statement. Weiss took a moment to process what Ruby had really meant, her face contorting into a mix of astonishment and anger at the sudden realisation.

“You can’t be serious!” Weiss protested.

Ruby nodded meekly in reply. Weiss was torn over whether she should smack Ruby for her insolence, or merely stomp on her for her arrogance. Weiss decided to take a third option. “Fine, I’ll show you” Weiss hesitated for a lingering moment. In the end she decided that she needed to regain some semblance of control of the situation. “Get, get on your knees” Weiss instructed.

Ruby shifted herself to kneel on the floor in front of Weiss, her erect member still rising proudly from between her closed legs. Weiss reached down to grasp the hem of her white frilled combat skirt. Weiss began raising her skirt, slowly, enough to dispel the shadow cast across the milky white skin of her thighs. The hem of her skirt soon rose high enough to reveal the curve of her snow-white underwear between her legs.

Ruby stared up at Weiss with barely contained awe. By contrast, Weiss stared down at her with a look of unbridled contempt. “What an utterly irredeemable human being you are”

Despite Weiss’s chastisement Ruby continued to masturbate fervently, her eyes never faltering from the sight of Weiss’s underwear. Ruby worked her hand up and down the length of her cock, feeling her entire body tensing with the anticipation of her approaching release. All the while Weiss maintained her unwavering stare down upon her. Yet despite it all Ruby still felt like there was something missing, something she was yearning for.
“Weiss, could you…” Ruby mumbled awkwardly. “Show me… more”

Weiss’s grip tightened around the hem of her skirt, threatening to tear the delicate material asunder in her own hands. Weiss could not comprehend why she would even consider such a thing, why she would be willing to indulge something so against the concepts of modesty that she had always known.

Without a word Weiss reached back to grip the laces of her dress, allowing the hem of her skirt to flutter back into place. Weiss began unlacing the back of her dress, her fingers stopping just as she prepared to unravel the first tie.

“You need to undress first” Weiss instructed her companion.

Ruby was taken aback by the request, but she still felt as though she had to obey. Without a word the shorter girl raised herself to her feet in front of Weiss. Ruby reached behind her back and began unlacing the back of her deep red corset.

“And you’re not allowed to touch yourself again until I tell you” Weiss instructed.

Ruby froze at the new instruction, lingering on the verge of protesting. Ruby chose to continue regardless, releasing the final tie of her corset she allowed the dress to fall and pool at her feet. Discarding her dress revealed her simple cotton black bra and panties underneath. Ruby returned to her kneeling position, shuffling sheepishly in place as she awaited Weiss in return.

Weiss returned her attention to undoing the laces of her dress. With the final strand removed the material flowed effortlessly across the surface of her skin, allowing it to gather on the floor at her feet. In contrast to Rubys dark colours Weiss was dressed in pale, white, frilly lingerie including form fitting white stockings.

Rubys body quivered at the sight in front of her. Fleeting glances out of the corner of her eye in the communal changing rooms, a form hugging visage wrapped in tight fitting t-shirt and bloomers during physical training. These were as nothing compared to what she was seeing now.

Weiss stared down at Ruby for the longest time, each unable or unwilling to break the lingering silence between them. Weiss’s gaze remained transfixed on Rubys erect member, watching as it stood proudly over Rubys underwear.

Without a word Weiss raised her foot to tease the tips of her stocking covered toes across the head of Rubys bulbous cock. The soft caress teased a low moan from between the crimsonettes lips. Weiss’s years of dance education had bestowed her with unflinching balance and complete control over her limbs. The tips of her toes moved up and down the length of Rubys member seamlessly, teasing with gentle caresses. Weiss could feel the heat radiating against the sole of her foot, the strain of the hardness resisting any attempt to supress it.

There was little else in Rubys mind but the feeling of being utterly tormented by Weiss’s touch knowing that she was unwilling to defy Weiss’s command to relive herself. But part of her felt a secret pang of gratification, only wishing only for it to continue that moment longer.

Weiss finally relented, lowering her foot to stand proudly over the crimsonette. “Very well. You may resume-”
Rubys hand was wrapped around her shaft before Weiss could even finish, furiously passing her hand up and down her length. Weiss’s look of disdain only intensified, seemingly driving Ruby to a greater degree of fervour as her masturbation intensified. Ruby could feel her release rising inside of her.

Rubys orgasm suddenly erupted from the end of her cock, a flurry of white cum burst out to wash over Weiss’s stocking covered leg. Weiss let loose a shriek of surprise, forced only to watch as the cum slowly soaked into the fine mistral silk.

“I can scarcely believe the depths of depravity you are willing to sink too” Weiss bemoaned. “Rest assured you will be cleaning all of that with-”

Weiss trailed off as she looked down only to see Rubys erection rising from her lap once more, seemingly unperturbed by her recent orgasm.

“Weiss, I don’t think one is going to be enough” Ruby admitted. “If it’s going to stay down I think it needs something more substantial than just me. Maybe we need too…”

It took a moment for Weiss to make sense of what the younger girl was suggesting. It took only a moment longer for her face to contort into an even greater visage of disgust.

“You dare to propose such a thing!” Weiss snapped harshly.

Ruby looked away meekly. Some part of Weiss could not help but be taken in by that look. A point of pride meant that the heiress had to make a show of protesting despite her own thinly veiled feelings on the matter. It would hardly seem dignified for her to simply tackle the girl to the floor and ravish her where she lay.

“Lay on the bed” Weiss instructed.

Ruby followed her command without hesitation, raising herself to her feet as she lay face up on Weiss’s bed. Rubys erection rose to full mast above her. Weiss crawled into place on the bed beside her crimsonette leader. Only now could Weiss truly see quite how large it was, realising that she was mere moments away from having such a thing buried deep inside of her.

Weiss shifted herself to straddle over Rubys legs, shuffling to make herself comfortable. Weiss reached between her legs and shifted the edge of her underwear aside, revealing her deep pink lips beneath. Weiss’s other hand wrapped around Rubys shaft, holding the erection upright. Weiss stared down at Ruby laid underneath her.

“To think that someone like me would ever stoop so low as to end up like this” Weiss chastised her partner even as she prepared to accept her inside of herself. Weiss lowered herself down into Rubys lap, feeling the bulbous head brushing against her pussy lips. “You shall remain perfectly still, or I shall be forced to defenestrate you”

While Ruby was not entirely sure of what she had meant the heiresses tone alone was all she needed to know she was not eager to find out.

Weiss descended herself further down Rubys cock, easing her lips apart as she allowed her own weight to carry her downwards. Weiss lingered about halfway down Rubys shaft, eliciting a sharp hiss of surprise from between her lips. Rubys hands instinctively rose to support Weiss’s thighs, unable to resist the feel of the creamy soft skin beneath her fingers.
Weiss’s gaze turned down at Ruby as she prepared another chastisement. Weiss stopped short of vocalising it, feeling her tongue softening. “You have my permission to assist me”

Weiss shifted Rubys hands further up to grasp her sides. With the crimsonettes support Weiss continued to descend onto Ruby, hilting the shaft entirely inside of her. Weiss lifted herself up again, feeling a certain forlornness at the emptiness she felt until Ruby filled her once again.

Weiss thrusted Ruby in and out of herself in a regular rhythm, adjusting the depth and intensity with each movement. Weiss felt her body fast becoming overwhelmed, unable to focus on anything beyond maintaining the regular rise and fall of her body. Weiss felt her composure crumbling, moaning unabashedly without a care for what others may hear of her.

Ruby could feel her release beginning to come again. “Weiss, I’m…” Ruby felt Weiss’s lips grip even tighter around her shaft. “Weiss, really I’m-”

Rubys caution came too late as she let loose with a flurry of warm cum into Weiss’s pussy. Weiss elicited a shrill moan from between her lips, clutching herself to Rubys body with the clawing of her fingers at the crimsonettes back. The sudden feeling of pressure inside of her caused Weiss to orgasm in turn.

Weiss fell unceremoniously on top of the smaller crimsonette beneath her, feeling a quiver passing through her sweat covered body.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were about to do that” Weiss chided hoarsely.

“I tried, but it just felt too good and…” Ruby tried to explain.

Weiss lifted herself off Rubys bosom to stare down at the shorter girl beneath her. Weiss leant down to plant a kiss on Rubys supple lips. “Ruby, you really are a dolt”

Yang and Blake approached the door outside of the RWBY dorm. Coming to check on their teammates they found the silence unnerving.

Yang reached out to unlock the door with her scroll. Opening the door a crack, Yang dared to peek inside. What she found was not what she had been expecting. From her vantage she could see Ruby and Weiss lay nuzzling together on Weiss’s bed, dressed in their respective pyjamas as they lay together in blissful slumber.

Yang quietly closed the door behind her. Glancing across to Blake a wide grin formed on the blonde brawler’s face. “Am I good, or am I good?”

***************Authors Nonsense***************
Weiss frustrated: “Ruby did you leave cookie crumbs all over the floor again?”

Ruby: “Sorry Weiss, I’ll clean it up”

Weiss: “I swear, sometimes I think you’re doing these things deliberately just so I get mad at you and-”

<Beside her, despite her attempts to control it, Ruby could feel something stirring in her loins. Weiss glanced aside to notice the tenting rising in the front of Ruby’s skirt>

Weiss rolls her eyes: “Oh, for Grimm’s sake”
Yang Xiao Long lay atop her bunk, scanning idly through her scroll. As unlikely as it had seemed she had finally reached the limit of her indulgence for online media. Yang glanced at the clock readout on her scroll. Weiss had taken Ruby shopping in Vale for the day, insisting that she needed more outfits than just her school uniform and her combat skirts. Knowing Blake, she was off reading in the library or some other secluded corner of the campus. This left the RWBY dorm vacant for the time being. And vacant meant Yang was free to have some fun by herself.

Setting her scroll aside Yang rolled over on her bed. Stepping down from her bunk Yang unkinked her tensed muscles with several sharp cracks of unleashed tension. Yang was dressed in her usual bright yellow tank top and form fitting black shorts, usual lazing around attire.

Yang gripped the hem of her tank top, withdrawing the garment off herself with a single pull before casting it over into the clothes bin at the foot of her bed. The shorts followed swiftly behind it, shuffling them down her thighs before reaching the end of her leg and kicking them off to join its fellows in the bin.

Yang held her hands on her hips confidently as she surveyed herself in the standing mirror. Even she had to admit, she was looking pretty good. Tapping her stomach, she delighted in the rhythmic sound of the taut layer of muscle reverberating beneath her skin.

Yang moved her hands up to survey her bust, still as bouncy and perky as ever. Even if they could prove a real strain on her back sometimes she wouldn’t trade these all-natural lovelies for anything. These were pure Xiao Long through and through.

The bright pink little nipples at centre were icing on the cake, especially as even brushing them sent a delectable shiver coursing through her entire body. Still, she didn’t have all day to spend standing around playing with herself. It was about time to put a bow on these puppies.

Walking across the room Yang quickly dived into her designated space in the chest of drawers which overtook the far wall of the dorm. Yang opened the drawer to reveal a scene of what she would describe as ‘Ordered Chaos’. While it may seem to the outside observer that she had done little more than just throw all the clothes in at random every article was layered and placed such that she knew exactly where to find it.

Case in point as she retrieved her deep blue sports bra and shorts with flashes of white tint from the drawer with only a moment of searching. Rising to her feet clutching her new find she heard the
unmistakable rustle of fabric just over her shoulder. She knew that she couldn’t let such a moment pass without comment.

“Gee, I sure hope there’s no one watching me. That would be embarrassing” Yang said aloud. “Why, it would be so embarrassing I might just turn around, completely forgetting I was naked and forgetting to cover myself”

Yangs assertions proved themselves truthful as she turned back towards her shared bunk, her arms cast open ensuring that not a single detail was left to the imagination of anyone fortunate enough to be watching. The sudden rise of two distinct peaks in the duvet covering a certain faunus’s bed assured Yang of her presence. Yang decided that whoever it may have been had been waiting patiently for long enough.

Yang started by slipping the sports bra into place, adjusting herself to ensure that her chest nestled perfectly into the cups with the appropriate support. Leaning down Yang drew the shorts up, bringing them up over her athletic calves to nestle snuggly between her legs. It required only a modicum of adjustment to see them properly settled into place.

Yang resumed idly checking herself in the mirror. The outfit itself was rather tame, especially considering this was the same one she wore regularly in training centre during her workouts. There was nothing untoward about it, just her usual pre-training ritual. Even if she were to lean forward at her waist and brush her fingertips across her toes while presenting her backside for anyone to observe. Proper stretching was a key component of any good workout routine.

Yang raised herself back up to a stand, allowing a slow breath to escape past her lips. Once she was satisfied she had fully stretched herself out she quickly proceeded to undo all her previous work in preparing herself. Yang slipped her shorts down her toned thighs and stepped free of them. Her sports bra swiftly followed, both resigned to being placed aside for future cleaning.

Reaching over for what she had prepared earlier, Yang retrieved the same fluffy yellow towel she used to dry herself after her practice. The towel soon found itself wrapped tightly around her to conceal her sudden nakedness. While at first it may seem like a moot point one should never underestimate the influence of the unknown.

The naked form, while beautiful and captivating in of itself, can often prove dull and uninspired by its sheer brashness. Enter, the towel cover. With a single piece of fabric encircling the entire body and everything it has to offer, with the tantalising hint of the breasts swelling over the top, it becomes elegance and obscenity intertwined. A true and simple symbol of sexual modesty. The image would have been complete if only Yang had thought to wet her hair first as though she had been found just stepping out of the shower. But, such were the limitations of her circumstances.

“Its so warm in here, I dare say I’m feeling rather flustered” Yang fanned herself exaggeratedly. “I might just forget to hold onto my towel and-”

Yang allowed the towel to cascade over her body, pooling at her feet in a pile of fabric. The sudden reveal caused Blake to supress a sharp yelp as she fought to keep herself in place. Such was the versatility of the towel cover, allowing for both the slow and sensual unveiling and the surprise exposure.

Blake fought to keep her breathing level in the sweltering embrace she found herself in. Even dressed only in a loose black t-shirt and underwear she found her environment stifling. Even if Yang was aware of her existence a part of her couldn’t bring herself to unmake the illusion by revealing
her presence. So, she endured.

Blake focussed herself on the pleasure her body was experiencing. The tips of Blakes fingers teased her nipples through the material of her shirt, rolling the hardened nub back and forth across her breast as every touch elicited another jolt of pleasure. Feeling particularly adventurous Blake gripped one of the nubs between her fingers, suddenly forced to bite down on her lip to avoid letting loose with a howl of ecstasy.

While Blake kept herself occupied Yang readied her next outfit to try on, a one-piece women’s racing swimsuit in dark maroon with streaks of red and white across the sides. While the waters off the continent were made dangerous by the ever-present Grimm indoor pools continued to thrive. It was also a necessary skill for a Huntress to know how to protect themselves in the water.

Yang bent over and stepped into her swimsuit, drawing the smooth material across her curvaceous body. Yang slipped the straps over her shoulders, feeling the sudden tightness encircling her body. Yang passed her hands across her body as she savoured the sight of herself in the mirror, enjoying how the outfit completely smoothed out her lines. She could just imagine herself tearing through the water with incredible speed.

And afterwards she could always indulge herself in a nice long shower to clean herself. Yang began to ponder which would prove the better prospect of the two. Yang stretched her arms high above her head, feeling the swimsuit gathering between her legs and constricting around her chest with each movement. Yang could feel the material pressing into her pussy lips, feeling the wetness seeping into the fabric as she moved.

Blake’s teasing fingers grew more adventurous, tracing down her front she slipped her fingers underneath the lip of her top before scurrying back up in the other direction. Blake teased her nipple directly, feeling the delicate nub shifting beneath her caresses. It felt so much more intense after having previously felt it being muffled by the material of her shirt.

At the same time Blake’s free hand roved down across her front, finding the line where her skin met the fabric of her shorts. Slipping beneath the lip of her shorts, acting on touch alone, Blake immediately sought out the source of the heat burning just beyond the tips of her fingers. She found her lips soaked through and quivering uncontrollably. She’d barely touched herself and already she was like this.

Discarding her swimsuit Yang decided to keep the sports theme going with her next choice of outfit. Yang reached into her drawer and pulled out the top and skirt of cheerleader outfit. While Beacon Academy didn’t have an official cheer team it hadn’t stopped some enterprising individuals from creating an unofficial outfit based on the kingdom’s colours, black and green.

Yang stepped herself into the skirt first noticing quite how far up the thigh it sat, necessitating a thick pair of shorts if she hoped to maintain any modesty. But who said she was concerned about modesty at the moment. Yang retrieved the top and pulled it over her head, hefting her ample bust inside of the constraining fabric. Observing herself in the mirror Yang realised that she may have chosen a size too small. Yang could feel the bottom of the top pulling away from her stomach just a little by the size of her bust.

Yang reached behind her back to gather her hair into a messy ponytail, imagining what it would be like performing to a crowd dressed in such an outfit. Yang decided to practice it by jumping about on the spot in as best of a mimicry of cheerleading steps as she could manage. Each new movement offered a fleeting glimpse beneath the fluttered hem of Yang’s skirt, her breasts threatening to break
free with every bouncing step. Such predictions soon proved clairvoyant as her breasts suddenly leapt free of their fabric confines.

Blake bit her lip to silence the yelp of surprise. What she wouldn’t have given to get her hands on those luscious mammaries herself. Instead she was forced to lay in barely contained silence and watch as Yang continued her dance, seemingly unconcerned by her sudden wardrobe malfunction.

Blake focussed her attentions back on herself, teasing the tips of her fingers around her opening. The faunus’s fingers circled around her outer lips, probing curiously in an out at irregular intervals. Blake soon committed a single finger, teasing the inside of her pussy as she felt her body beginning to tense.

At the same time, partly to keep herself from being swept away too soon, Blake grasped her tender nipple and twisted it sharply. The sudden burst of adrenaline coursing through her body had the desired effect, keeping her mind from becoming too blissed out whilst adding a delectable sting of pain to compliment her pleasure.

Across the dorm Yang was preparing an ensemble which on the surface made little sense at all. Yang pulled out the plaid skirt, white shirt and brown jacket of her school uniform. Yang started with the white shirt, draping it across her shoulders and beginning to do up the buttons only to leave a few open at the top. Next came the skirt, pulled into place around her waist sitting noticeably higher than normal. Completing the outfit with her school jacket Yang admired herself in the mirror.

Despite seeing Yang in the same outfit every day for the past year Blake could not help but see it in a very different light this time. The glimpse of cleavage and the knowing lack of underwear may have had something to do with that. It was surprising what a few alterations could achieve. Yang leant forward, further than was entirely necessary, assuring Blake that she had indeed forgone any underwear in her latest outfit.

Blake dared to add another finger to join the first inside of her. Blake turned her fingers up inside of her, brushing against the very edge of her clit as she moved. Blakes athletic legs curled towards her in reply, her thighs clamping tightly around her as they offered her fingers no avenue of escape. Unable to withdraw her hand Blake settled for teasing her fingers in a circle around her clit.

Yang made an enjoyable discovery as she was searching through the contents of her drawer for her next outfit, having completely forgotten she had even brought this with her. It could best be described as a tavern wench outfit, a souvenir from her previous life serving in a restaurant in Patch. She had kept it for sentimental reasons more than anything. By now it should really have been left in storage back home, but she couldn’t stand to part with it. She just looked too good wearing it.

Yang retrieved the white blouse with the puffy sleeves first, slipping it on and securing the buttons as if she had only worn it yesterday. Although a little tighter around the chest than she remembered it still fit her quite nicely. Over the blouse came the pleated skirt and attached apron, secured snuggly around her waist for the hem to reach tastefully to her knees.

Yang completed the outfit by reaching up and tying her long blonde hair into a pair of messy pigtails as she’d had in her youth, securing them in place with hair ties. No further modification was necessary to make Yangs outfit unbelievably sexy. Yang held her hands up as though she were carrying two heavy tankards, having the effect of enhancing her ample bust in the process.

Blake had never dreamed Yang would own such an outfit much less wear it in public. The mental image she conjured for herself of Yang serving her drinks and snacks lit a fire beneath her with very
nearly tipped her over the edge. Blake forced her hands to remain still, keeping her lingering on the edge of release never allowing herself to be overtaken.

Casting any lingering pretence aside Yang decided upon something far more daring than she had shown before, something she kept hidden at the very bottom of the drawer. When she caught sight of it Blake almost came right then and there. The outfit, what little of it there was, consisted of little more than interlinking black leather straps crisscrossing their way across the wearers body in such a way as to leave absolutely nothing to the imagination. Blake found her moans proving harder and harder to suppress.

Yang stepped into the harness, bringing it up around the curve of her body. Yang secured the straps, feeling the tightness constricting around her. Yang checked herself once more in the mirror, somehow feeling ever more devious than merely being naked. Yang had to admit it was beginning to influence her, feeling the pleasure rising inside of her. Yang decided to indulge herself a little.

Yang reached her hands behind her back, interweaving her fingers together. “I’m at your command, master” Yang said with a hint of pleading to her voice. “Whatever you want of me, all you have to do is say it”

Yang stared unwaveringly into the mirror, meeting Blakes reflected gaze emerging from beneath the shadow cast by the bedsheets.

‘Was she speaking directly to her? Was Yang expecting her to order her around’

Yang answered for her. “Really” Yang said understandingly. “As you wish”

Yangs hands descended back into her drawers, reaching deep into the bottom she withdrew a pair of blonde faunus cat ears mounted on a matching headband. As it was swiftly followed by a matching tail plug and a bottle of lubricant it soon became abundantly clear what Yang had in mind.

Yang settled the cat ears on her head, smoothing out her long blonde hair behind her. Next came the rather more daring aspect of her costume, one which would require a certain amount of preparation. Yang popped the cap on the tube of lube, spreading an ample amount along the length of the plug. Yang then added another generous amount to her fingers before replacing the cap and laying the bottle to one side.

Taking a deep breath, she willed her muscles to relax. Reaching behind her Yang traced the tip of her lube-soaked finger around the boundary of her puckered asshole. Yang slowly began to tease her way inside, feeling the delicate ring of muscle tighten and relax with every pass. Yang held her finger still, lingering inside just long enough for her body to become accustomed to the feeling of the sudden intrusion.

Slipping her finger out it was quickly replaced by the moistened tip of the tail plug. Although significantly wider than her finger Yangs preparations ensured her butt proved accommodating to the plug. Yang felt her opening expand to take the plug inside of her, the slow advance suddenly overtaken as the widest part of the plug past the boundary of her ring and the remainder of the plug slipped inside of its own accord. Yang took a deep breath and savoured the sudden feeling of fullness inside of her.

“Oh master, nyan” Yang purred softly, swiftly falling into her assumed identity. “Now that I’m all dressed up what would you like to do with me? You could play with my fluffy ears” Yang ran the back of her hand over her pointed ears. “Or you could rub my belly”
Yang passed her hands across her front. “Or perhaps” Yang shifted herself around, leaning over to raise her butt in the air. “You would like to play with my tail”

Yang wrapped her fingers around the base of her tail, a gentle tug feeling her muscles resisting any attempt to pull it free of her ass.

Blake could only lay in barely contained anticipation. Part of her wished she could bring herself to reply, to give Yang an answer in her own words. All her life Blake had despised the idea of Faunus oppression, the rampant inequality perpetuated in a largely otherwise inclusive society. A secret Blake had always maintained was the thought of power play, especially over a human partner, was a long-held fantasy of hers. After a life time of conflict being able to experience life from the other side, so long as it remained part of consensual play, was a tantalising proposition for her.

“You want to see how I masturbate?”

Blake bit her lip to suppress the yelp of surprise. Before she could even comprehend it, Yang was already on the move as she stepped towards the desk set against the wall between the two bunks. Yang passed her open palm across the top of the desk.

“The truth is when I masturbate I like to have something big and solid underneath me to brace myself against as I rub my clit on it” Yang explained. Yang crouched herself down, lining up with dripping pussy lips with the smooth corner of the table. It was a slow tease at first, shifting her body up and down as she rubbed the outside of her lips against the table.

Yangs movements grew more adventurous, adding pressure and rolling her hips forward to press even more of herself into the unflinching wood. The blonde started to shift her hips from side to side, feeling her lips opening and closing with each pass over the corner.

Yang lifted herself, laying her clit on the very edge of the table. She slowly began to lower herself, feeling the weight of her body being balanced against the very base of her clit. She held her position as she felt her most sensitive spot being pressed between the table and the shaft of the tail plug still firmly buried in her ass.

It took all her remaining composure to maintain this precarious balance as her hand snaked behind her to tease the tips of her fingers against her pussy lips. Yang attempted to slip her fingers inside, searching out the small gap left between the plug and the table. At the same time her free hand raised up to tease across the hardened nub of her erect nipple.

Blake could not tear her eyes away as she continued to finger herself furiously, burying her fingers as deep inside of her as she could reach. A deep moan carried from her lips, throwing any pretence of subtlety aside. Blake knew her limits, the tingling sensation rising deep from inside of her a familiar precursor to her release.

Blakes orgasm tore through her body in an instant, her fingers grasping and clawing at her front as her body trembled beneath the covers. Her body fell limp against the mattress, sweaty and panting as she was overtaken by the warm afterglow.

Blake glanced over listlessly. Her body tensed in an instant as she was shocked to discover Yang had disappeared, leaving little more than a wet stain on the corner of the table. Blake had little time to make sense of it before the duvet suddenly erupted from over her, revealing the very flustered faunus concealed underneath it.
Blake suddenly found herself pinned beneath the larger blonde, her attempt to bring her hands up succeeding only in causing her hands to be pinned beneath Yang's bare breasts. Blake assured herself it was a purely unconscious reflex as she grasped a needy handful Yang's plush mounds.

Yang leant forwards and pressed her lips to Blakes, the faunus's recent orgasm ensuring she was in no place to resist even if she wished to. The blonde brawler stared down at her with a wry smile. “Enjoying the show, kitten?”

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<Yang changing in the RWBY dorm. Yang looks over and sees something moving underneath a mound of bedsheets>

Yang creeps over: “Hey kitty cat, here’s a little something you can sink your claws-”

<Yang pulls back the cover to reveal a very stunned Ruby>

Ruby: “Yang, it's not what it looks like. I was… expecting someone else”

<A noise emerges from the other side of the dorm. The mound of bedsheets on the opposite bunk falls away to reveal Weiss hiding underneath. Ruby and Yang stare across at her>

Weiss: “I for one am not too proud to admit this is exactly what it looks like”
Ruby Rose gazed at the page in front of her, just as she had been doing for the past fifteen minutes as though she hoped staring it down would eventually force it to surrender its secrets. Still, despite being an accomplished weaponsmith, theoretical mathematics continued to prove something she just couldn’t crack. If it wasn’t something she could use in creating a new weapon upgrade or calculating her shot trajectory it just seemed an unnecessary waste of good brain space.

Ruby glanced up from her assignment just in time to see a certain Menagerie beauty, Blake Belladonna, walk past her through the library. The raven-haired faunus remained enraptured in a book as usual even as she approached. Ruby felt her chest begin to tighten, her hands beginning to sweat.

Ruby prepared to call out as she came near. “Hey Blake, I was just…” Rubys opportunity was lost as Blake past her by unperturbed, seemingly oblivious to the world around her. “Thinking if you weren’t busy this weekend…” Rubys gaze fell to the table as her voice trailed off into silence.

“Asking out the desk again, I see?”

Ruby looked up as Weiss Schnee took the seat next to her at the table.

“I’m not really in the mood, Weiss” Ruby bemoaned, allowing her head to fall back down onto the desk.

“Ruby, you’ve been beating yourself up like this for over a month” Weiss said, laying her books out on the table. “You’re on the same team, you see her every day, and you still can’t bring yourself to say anything”

“Really, Weiss, you’re not helping me feel-” the realisation struck Ruby in an instant, her head snapping up from the table as she stared at Weiss. “Weiss, you know about girls!”

Weiss turned to Ruby with a quizzical look in her eyes. “I should hope you do as well, seeing as you are one yourself”

“No” Ruby was quick to clarify. “I mean you know how to talk to girls and ask them out and stuff”

“Perhaps” Weiss replied. “But why would you need me for that?”

“Come on Weiss” Ruby sighed. “You know why”

“I’m afraid I don’t” Weiss said with a wry smile. “I guess it will remain a mystery forever then,
goodbye” Weiss returned her attention back to her assignment.

“Wait, Weiss” Ruby reached out to grasp Weiss’s arm in her hand. “The reason is, you’re so much better than me at these kind of things”

Weiss lingered for a moment, considering her point. “Very well. I’ll do it on one condition” Weiss reached into her pocket to retrieve her scroll, activating the recording feature and laying it on the desk between them. “Say that again”

Ruby sighed before repeating. “Because you’re so much better than me”

Weiss smiled to herself, retrieving her scroll from the table. “And there I have my new scroll alert” Weiss returned her scroll to her pocket. “So, shall we begin?”

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Ruby and Weiss stood across from each other in the RWBY dorm. Weiss looked over the items on the table beside her; wine glasses, flowers, candies, cookies. Weiss surveyed each one with the keen eye of an expert, assessing them for the slightest fault or imperfection. Weiss laid the glass in her hand on the table, shifting it a quarter turn until the light caught it just right.

Weiss looked up to face Ruby standing nervously across from her. “Seduce me” Weiss said authoritatively.

Ruby stumbled over herself as she replied. “I’m not sure what—”

“Seduce me!” Weiss yelled.

“Ok” Ruby panicked, grabbing for the first item she could think of. Ruby sauntered her way to close the distance towards Weiss. “Hey you, I’ve got some cookies and I thought maybe we could—”

“I am not one of your cookie girls!” Weiss interrupted with a dramatic flourish. The sudden outburst startled the younger crimsonette, sending the plate of cookies sprawling across the floor at their feet. “I am a woman. I like my partners elegant, sophisticated, refined. You want to ask me on a date? Prove you can earn it”

Ruby was left dumbstruck as she began to worry if she had just made some terrible mistake.

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“Next we shall try compliments” Weiss instructed Ruby sitting across from her. “How would you describe me?”

“Cold” Ruby answered.

“No” Weiss countered.

“Distant” Ruby offered.

“Try again” Weiss persisted.
“Pretentious?” Ruby attempted.

“Try ravishing” Weiss clarified. “Beautiful, enrapturing”

Ruby stared blankly back at her. “No, I don’t see it”

“Well you better start” Weiss bemoaned. “You’re hardly going to win Blake over if all you can think of is to insult her”

“Oh, you meant ones I could use on a date with Blake” the realisation overtook Ruby. “Ok, can we try again?”

Weiss’s glare suggested it was time to move on.

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“Dining etiquette is one of the most important and often overlooked aspects of proper courtship” Weiss’s instruction persisted as she made the final finishing touches to the layout of the cutlery in front of the seated crimsonette. Although Ruby could hardly make sense of precisely what it was she had changed.

“Demonstrate how you would eat your main course” Weiss instructed.

Ruby could only stare dumbfounded at the table arrangement in front of her, baffled by the sheer number of forks and knives laid out in every direction. This was probably more tableware than her whole family went through in a week. Somehow, Ruby expected Weiss would be the only person in Beacon to have such a lavish arrangement to hand at such short notice.

Short of resorting to Eeny, meeny, miny, moe Ruby selected a fork and knife set at random. The cutlery had barely touched the plate before the fork was suddenly yanked from her grasp.

“That hardly seems like an appropriate use for your Oyster fork” Weiss admonished. “Here’s a little trick to help you remember.

Weiss firmly clapped the broadside of the fork across Rubys stunned forehead.

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“And step, one… two…three…Step, one… two…three…”

Ruby followed along with Weiss’s steps as they moved across the dorm. Utilising Weiss’s years of classical dance instruction Ruby followed along as best she could with her partner.

“I think I’m finally starting to get the hang of-” Rubys moment of inattention was all that was necessary for the crimsonette to unsettle her precarious balance, sending them both tumbling towards the floor. Ruby was only spared the harsh impact by having something soft to land on, Weiss did not have such a luxury. The two lingered in looming silence as the awkwardness of the situation continued to grow between them.
“Well, Dad did always say I had two left feet” Ruby remarked by way of justification. “Although, it is kind of romantic in its own way if you think about-”

“Ruby” Weiss interrupted. “Get off me”

“Final question” Weiss said. “You have dinner reservations at a restaurant for seven. What time do you arrive?”

“Oh, I know this one” Ruby answered eagerly. “Seven, am. I scout the resurant and the surrounding streets in advance, identify potential sniper positions in case of a Grimm attack. Plot out potential escape routes and store secondary weapons nearby as necessary. I then utilise my speed semblance to prepare for the date itself, arriving no later than quarter to seven for pre-dinner drinks”

“You’re ready” Weiss affirmed.

“Really?” Ruby couldn’t believe herself.

“No” Weiss replied flatly. “Everything you just said was moronic. Congratulations, you’re a failure”

Ruby felt the tinge of sadness pass through her. Until she came to a startling realisation. “But am I really?”

“Yes” Weiss reiterated.

“Are you sure?” Ruby asked slyly.

“Yes” Weiss persisted.

“Really?” Ruby asked again.

“Ruby, where are you going with this?” Weiss asked.

“Maybe you’re just trying to make me think I failed to see how I would react’ Ruby mused. “This is just another test, setting me up for the possibility of rejection”

“No, it’s really not-” Weiss tried to protest.

“Oh Weiss” Ruby threw her arms around Weiss’s shoulders, drawing her into a crushing hug. “You’re so amazing, I could kiss you-”

Ruby glanced aside to only now notice Blake standing in the doorway, looking up from her book as she stated at the two of them enraptured in their embrace. Blake wordlessly stepped away and closed the door behind her.
Weiss catches up with Blake to explain

Weiss: “Look, Ruby just asked me to help her because she wanted to ask you out”

Blake: “I know, it was kind of obvious. I just wondered when she would get up the courage to say it”

Weiss: “I know. I mean can you ever imagine me and Ruby being compatible? Of course she’d be interested in you—”

Weiss’s Scroll Alert: “-Because you’re so much better than me”

<Weiss hastily deletes her scroll alert>
Blake Belladonna stood shuffling awkwardly in her place against the wall. Blake clutched her red plastic cup in her hand, idly swirling the lingering contents if only to give herself something to focus on. All the while the incessant music continued to drone inside her head, the sound proving so much worse when you had two sets of ears to hear it with.

It was already several hours into the party arranged by Ruby and Weiss to celebrate the couple getting their own place after graduating Beacon. The party itself was a heady contrast of Rubys carefree indulgence arranged with Weiss’s formality and organisation. Weiss for her part had spent her time acting the gracious host, engaging her guests in polite conversation when she wasn’t rushing from one perceived imperfection to the other. Ruby by contrast spent her time reassuring her partner that everything was fine.

For the guests, it seemed that so long as there was music, drinks and food aplenty everyone was happy. Blake for her part could only bring herself to stand idly and watch as the rest of her former classmates enjoyed themselves. All except for one, her partner Yang.

That was because Yang was standing beside Blake, idly scanning through her scroll. Normally Yang would be tearing apart the dance floor with the others, but Blake could appreciate her girlfriend’s willingness to keep her company. Yang knew that Blake didn’t really enjoy these sorts of occasions, preferring to be by herself or alone with Yang to read at every opportunity she got. Still, Blake could not help but feel bad at the thought of drawing her girlfriend away from enjoying the party. Blake decided she would make it up to her.

Blake chugged the remainder of her drink in a single gulp before laying the cup aside. Blake leant over to whisper in Yangs ear. “Follow me”

Yang wordlessly secured her scroll in her pocket as she reached out to accept Blakes hand, the faunus beauty leading her away from their spot against the wall. For what Blake had planned, most people would search out an empty room upstairs or find a secluded spot outside. Blake Belladonna once again proved herself to be very not normal in that regard.

Leading Yang towards a relatively quiet corner of the room Blake pressed her back against the wall, drawing Yang close against her as her ravenous hands clutched firmly around Yangs tight ass. Blakes lips wrestled passionately with Yangs as they kissed, Blakes hands searching hungrily across Yangs front. Blakes fingers soon found themselves cupped against the crotch of Yangs jeans.

“What are you-?” Yang asked as she withdrew her lips for a much-needed breath.

“What? Just keep kissing me” Blake assured. Despite the surprise Yang eagerly complied.
Blakes searching fingers found the zipper of Yangs jeans, drawing it open with a single pull. Blake slipped her fingers in through the gap in Yangs zip, teasing her fingers across the material of Yangs boy shorts. Blake searched blindly for the lip of Yangs shorts, pulling it aside as Blake managed to withdraw Yangs semi-erect member from its confinement.

Blake encircled the full width of Yangs shaft within her fingers, her tantalising touches evoking such intense passion from deep inside of her. It wasn’t long before Blakes teasing brought Yangs erection to full mast.

Blake rose up on her toes to whisper in Yangs ear. “Thank you, for being here tonight”

Yangs reply was to clutch herself tighter around Blake. To any outside observers it would simply look like a couple making out in the corner of the party. Out of sight, it was a very different matter.

Blakes fingers continued to glide effortlessly across the skin of Yangs erection, feeling the stiff shaft moulding and shifting beneath her caresses. One of Blakes hands moved to caress around the bulbous head of the cock while the other continued to work up and down the length of the shaft.

Deciding to indulge herself, Yang raised her hands up to massage her girlfriends’ breasts through the material of her top, feeling her erect nipples rising to the occasion. Blakes movements of her hands intensified in reply to the unexpected attentions. The faunus started to vary her hand movements, grasping a little tighter before loosening her grip once again.

Blakes head was swimming with perverted thoughts, with the euphoria of the act. There was a very real possibility that they were going to be caught. Even the possibility that anyone who caught them wouldn’t object, but may even ask to join in.

It seemed Yang shared her thoughts as the taller blonde let loose with a low moan. Blake latched her lips onto Yangs to silence the release. As bold as she may be she was not so bold as to actually get herself caught giving her girlfriend a handjob in the middle of her sister’s party.

Blake could feel Yangs release fast approaching in her hand.

“Blake, I’m goanna…” Yang braced her hands against the wall for support as Blake felt her lovers body begin to quiver.

Blake reached across to retrieve her discarded cup just within arm’s length. Pulling her lips free with a wet pop she guided the tip of Yangs cock into the cup. The brush of the cold plastic against her enflamed skin sent Yang spiralling over the edge.

Yangs cum spurted out into the cup in waves, one after the other. Blake held tightly onto Yang, wrestling to maintain their kiss as Yang continued to fill the cup to just over half full. Soon Yang had given all she had, her body began to fall limp and her member began to soften.

Yang relied on her girlfriend for support to maintain her precarious balance, bracing her hands against Blakes shoulders as her mind worked to return her to reality. Blakes agile hands worked to hurriedly secure Yangs cock back inside her jeans.

With the exhilaration of the moment still forcing her beating heart and rasping breathes to even greater speeds Blake stared into Yangs fluttering eyes. Even in the dim light Blake could see the deep flush of red across Yangs cheeks.
Blake drew Yang into another deep, loving kiss. The beating rhythm and flashing strobes of the music around them forgotten as they basked in the warm afterglow together. Suddenly, the choice to attend the party hadn’t seen like such a bad idea.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

Blake: “Yang, where did you leave ‘that’ cup?”

Yang: “I left it on the table over…”

<Blake and Yang look over to watch just as Weiss examines and takes a testing sip from a very familiar red cup. The two could only watch as her face contorts in revulsion>

Weiss calling out: “Ruby, did you leave the milk out again? It’s gone all warm and salty”
When looking from outside one could not help but wonder how such disproportionate people ever came to be together. But the truth was that sometimes the world moves on the smallest of coincidences, the most unlikely of circumstances.

Blake Belladonna lay spread out on a bench on the deck at the stern of the VMS Wyvern, staring up at the dazzling display of the stars in the night sky. The ship was just entering its third night of the voyage from the port city of Vale on a course towards Atlas. Already she could feel the biting chill in the air as they approached the ice fields which surrounded the entire Solitas continent.

Seeking a reprieve from the overwhelming stuffiness of her shared cabin Blake had decided to take in the air on the deck, enjoying the looming quiet as an appreciated bonus. Wrapped in her thick black coat over her rough white shirt, dark pants and black boots she kept the cold at bay for the time being. It wouldn’t be long before the cold forced her back inside however.

This tranquil serenity was shattered by the sound of pounding footsteps against the deck. Blake was sure she was imagining things when she looked up and saw someone who looked remarkably like Weiss Schnee, daughter of the richest businessman in Atlas, running straight past her. Blake swore she heard her crying.

A part of her told her not to interfere, to simply know her place. That voice was quickly silenced by the part of her telling her something was wrong, that it was time to step up and do something right. Turns out that part of her had been right all along as she discovered Weiss Schnee dangling herself off the back of the ship. Nothing lay beneath her, but darkness and the churning of the water left in the ships wake.

Blake was no hero, preferring to keep to herself and not draw attention wherever possible. She tried to summon some words of comfort, something to say to someone who found themselves placed in such a desperate situation. Endless possibilities circled in her head. In the end she simply settled upon the one which made the most sense to her in the moment.

“Don’t do it” Blake called out.

Weiss looked back over her shoulder. “Stay back, don’t come any closer” Weiss pleaded.

Blake swallowed the lump in her throat. She couldn’t just turn back, now she was committed. “Come on” Blake dared to take a step forward, holding her hand out beckoning Weiss to return to
safety. “Just take my hand and I’ll pull you back over”

“No, stay back” Weiss shouted back at her. “I’ll let go”

It didn’t take a second set of ears to hear the falter in her voice. She was scared, she didn’t want to do this.

Blake dared to take another step forward. She really didn’t know what to say, what could you possibly say to someone you’ve just met who has been driven to the point that they would place themselves on the back of a ship seemingly prepared to cast themselves into the water. Disregarding her instinct telling her not to get involved Blake continued to persist.

Despite the danger Blake had to admit that she would be willing to follow in after her. She didn’t even know this girl and yet she was prepared to put her life on the line to save her. Blake held her hand out for Weiss to take. “Come on, give me your hand”

Weiss lifted her hand from the railing, accepting Blakes into her own. Weiss turned herself around to face her, allowing Blake to finally get a clear view of her face. Her beautifully sharp Atlesian features, her snow-white hair, the expression of absolute terror. It was really her, Weiss Schnee, holding her hand.

“I’m Blake Belladonna” Blake introduced herself.

“Weiss Schnee” Weiss replied.

“Come on” Blake accepted Weiss’s other hand as the heiress began to step up onto the railing.

It was in this moment that the inevitable happened, the product of some devilish divine intervenor who could not allow events to ever pass without incident. Weiss’s foot slipped on the smooth rail. Blakes grip instantly tightened around her hand as she was thrown forward against the railing, her chest slamming hard against the metal with nothing to temper the impact.

Weiss’s screams rang in her ears as she dangled helplessly from the back of the ship. Blakes firm hold was the only thing saving her from succumbing to the fall she had been seeking only moments ago.

“Listen!” Blake bellowed over the roar of the wind, the screech of Weiss’s screams. “I’ve got you, I won’t let go. Now pull yourself up!”

Blake heaved Weiss upwards with as much strength as she could muster. Weiss’s well-heeled feet fought for purchase on the smooth metal of the ship’s stern. Blake heaved again, each pull bringing her flailing damsel closer to her salvation.

Weiss was almost over, Blake felt ever more of the heiress’s weight being taken by the railing. A final furious pull brought Weiss back over to safety. Blake stumbled as the woman fell against her chest, tripping over her feet as they collapsed together onto the deck in a heap. Blake had barely regained her senses when she heard a voice call out.

“What’s going on here?”

Blake looked up to be met by two men dressed in sailor’s uniforms, their eyes firmly locked just underneath her. Blake followed their gaze to discover the heiress to the Schnee Dust Company laid
out underneath her, her finely tailored dress having torn across her thigh as she came over the railing. Beside her lay the uncoiled ribbon of black fabric that had once been Blakes bow.

The brush of the cool night air across her ears confirmed what Blake had already known. No matter what the truth may have been, to all outside eyes she was in a very bad situation. It would not be long after that she was to learn quite how bad things would turn out for her.

It took precisely six minutes for Jaques Schnee to arrive on deck. In the meantime, it had taken the crew only a few minutes less to procure a thick thermal blanket for Weiss, and a pair of steel handcuffs for Blake.

Jacques emerged onto the scene like a man who was used to taking charge of every encounter he found himself in. Dressed in a snow-white formal suit he had no doubt just been summoned from dinner to be here. He was followed closely behind by two women, each dressed in similar formal dresses in various shades of white and light blues.

The younger of the two Blake would surmise was Weiss’s older sister, confirmed mostly by the way that she rushed to Weiss’s side and immediately began doting upon her. The older woman, who by process of elimination must be Weiss’s mother, remained rather more aloof to the situation. She seemed rather more concerned about the prospect of being summoned to the deck on such a frigid night than Weiss’s state of being.

Jacques however defied both conventions, making a beeline towards Blake. “It’s completely unacceptable. What made you think you could lay a finger on my daughter?”

Blake could not help but feel her gaze drift over to Weiss sitting on a bench across the deck, both born of concern for her safety and a sudden desire to see her.

“Look at me you Faunus degenerate!” Jaques grasped Blake by the collar of her shirt. “If we were in Atlas I would see to it you were-”

It seemed fate had a rather coarse sense of humour. Despite her intervention to save his daughters life Blake would only see punishment in return.

“Father, please!” Weiss called out, bursting free of her sisters doting to rush to her father’s side. “It was an accident”

“An accident?” Jacques asked surprised.

Blake could only stand there, and watch dumbfounded as Weiss recounted a tastefully edited version of the night’s events. Weiss’s narrative of Blakes heroics soon saw her begrudgingly released by the sailor holding the handcuffs restraining her.

The nights events only seemed to become more absurd as Weiss convinced her father that Blake should be rewarded for her honourable deed. It was with an unashamed sense of antipathy that Jacques invited Blake to dinner tomorrow night as their honoured guest.

Yes, a coarse sense of humour indeed.
It was around 11am the next morning that a knock came at the door of Blakes shared accommodation in third class, deep inside the bowels of the ship. It was one of the stewards from the upper decks delivering a message for her to meet a certain heiress up on the ships boat deck.

Blakes mind ran rampant thinking of what she could possibly wear. It soon dawned upon her that she didn’t have much in the way of choice. In the end she simply threw on the least stained shirt she had to hand and her heavy black jacket over it. Grabbing her sketchbook, an item which proved her constant companion, she made her way through the maze of corridors to reach the deck.

Blake emerged into the late morning sunlight and was dumbfounded by the sight which met her. She saw Weiss leaning against the railing on the deck surrounded by a ring of light like some mythical angel.

Blake picked her voice up. “Miss Schnee”

Weiss turned to face Blake and it was only Blakes sketchbook that kept Blakes hands steady.

Blake and Weiss decided to take a walk along the ships deck, one of the few places where the richest and the poorest of society might have a chance of meeting. Blake saw the way others looked at her as they were seen walking together. The sight of not only a Faunus but one who had clearly caught the eye of one of the wealthiest individuals of Atlas was a sight not many had expected to see. Those who did not stare in barely restrained awe delivered a look which persistently reminded Blake that this was not her place to be. Blake already knew she didn’t belong here, but she could not help but feel it grind her down over time.

“I wanted to apologise” Weiss’s words broke Blake from her looming thoughts.

“For what?” Blake asked.

“For the way I acted last night” Weiss clarified. “Dragging you into all that, allowing them to make assumptions about you. I know what you’re thinking, Heiress to the largest company in Remnant, what could she possibly have to concern herself with?”

“No” Blake replied. “What I was thinking was what could have happened to this girl to make her think she had no way out”

“It was…everything” Weiss admitted with a heavy sigh. “It was them. Their entire world, their outlook, their ambitions”

“And the white walrus last night?” Blake asked.

“White walrus?” Weiss asked. The realisation suddenly dawned upon her. “Oh, my father” Weiss clarified with a soft giggle, perhaps the first time she had done so spontaneously in a long while. “Yes, you could count him amongst them”

It soon began to dawn upon Weiss that she was unloading her life story upon a practical stranger, someone whose only connection was that she had been in the right place at the right time to save her from herself. Weiss eagerly searched for an alternative topic of conversation, anything at all that
would pull them away from discussing her turbulent family life. Weiss’s eyes fell upon the sketchpad Blake held in her hand.

“What’s that?” Weiss asked.

“Oh, just some sketches” Blake replied.

“May I?” Weiss asked, the question seeming a mere formality as she already had her hand out to accept it.

Blake handed Weiss the sketchpad. Weiss opened the first sketch and inspected it keenly. “So, are you an artist or something?”

Weiss shifted herself to sit on one of the sun loungers laid out across the deck to better admire the sketches. As independent arts and culture were heavily restricted in Atlas Weiss took the opportunity to finally learn first-hand what the other kingdoms valued so highly about it. Blake took a seat beside the heiress.

The sketches were of women in elegant dresses no doubt crafted by artisanal tailors in Mistral, natural sketches of plants and wildlife, wide open landscapes.

“These are amazing” Weiss remarked. “So incredibly detailed”

“That’s nice of you to say” Blake accepted the compliment. “They didn’t seem to think much of them in Haven”

“Haven?” Weiss inquired. “You do get around”

Weiss returned her attention to the book, turning over another sketch she was met by a sight she had never expected. The sketches had returned to images of the elegant women, but sans the finely crafted dresses adorning their bodies. Weiss felt her cheeks immediately erupt in a fiery redness but finding herself unable to tear her eyes away.

Weiss turned over another page. A muscular woman with flowing red hair holding aloft a gladiatorial spear and shield. A woman with long jet-black hair entwined amongst silken sheets, laid out in such a way that nothing of note was left to the imagination. A seemingly sophisticated figure with her light blonde hair woven into a tight bun and a pair of elegant glasses resting across her eyes. A large tome held in her lap captivated the woman’s attention even as her state of undress passed by seemingly unconcerned.

Despite Weiss’s growing curiosity a pang of self-consciousness began to overtake the heiress. Lifting her eyes from the book for only a moment she lowered the books cover to conceal its contents from wandering passers-by. The moment she felt her surroundings were clear her eyes once more plunged upon the contents of the next sketches concealed beneath.

The drawings of the human models had been scandalous enough in her eyes, the next sketch almost allowed the book to slip from her fingers in surprise. Weiss fought to keep the shock from her face, and failed miserably, as years of formal training to assist in concealing her emotions failed to prepare her from what she saw.

The sketch was of a tiger faunus resplendent in jewelled necklaces, hair pins and other adornments fit for royalty of the ancient world. And yet Weiss saw not a scrap of cloth upon her body. The
woman’s eyes were piercing and direct, seemingly staring her down from within the page. It was as if this woman held herself in an unshakeable confidence no matter her attire.

Weiss turned the page, looking down at the latest drawing quizzically for a moment as she tried to discern what it was she was seeing. The subject appeared female, ample breasts, curved hips and large chocolate rabbit faunus ears. But the subject had one rather grandiose addition that would not be expected of a woman. Weiss had heard stories that such a thing was a trait common among certain faunus species but seeing it she could hardly believe that such a thing was real. Weiss knew she had to ask. “And, these were drawn from life?’’

Blake heard a low titter escape her lips as she replied. “That’s one of the remarkable things about Haven. Mistral women tend to have a greater appreciation for, art”

Weiss allowed the sketchbook to close shut in her lap, taking a few deep breathes necessary to compose herself before she replied. “You have a gift Blake, you see people”

“I see you” Blake answered.

Weiss felt herself thrown for a moment, fighting to recover. “And?”

“You wouldn’t have jumped” Blake replied.

Blake could not help but feel out of place as she stood waiting at the foot of the grand staircase dominating the centre of the First-Class deck. She had booked her travel in steerage, spending almost all of what little money she had to reach her next destination. Now she found herself standing in first class, wearing an ill-fitting dark dress loaned to her by Weiss’s older sister.

Compare such a life to Weiss Schnee, heiress to the largest commercial company in Remnant travelling with her family and a retinue of attendants returning from a pleasure holiday in Vale. Two more different worlds could not be envisaged.

Blake was withdrawn from her idle thoughts as she saw the flash of white in the corner of her eye, the first glimpse as the Schnee family slowly descended the grand staircase. Blake was met first by Jacques Schnee. It took him a second glance before he recognised her for who she was. “Miss Belladonna” another quick glance across her assured him that his eyes were playing tricks on him. “My, you could almost pass for a lady”

Blake bit back the quickly forming ‘Almost’ before it could escape her lips.

Looking past him Blake could see Weiss descending the stairs behind him. The white-haired heiress looked even more beautiful than she had ever seen her before, wearing a flowing white dress and her hair brought up in an elegant style. Weiss stepped down the staircase to stand next to Blake. Weiss took note of Blakes new attire, her eyes taking in the sight before her.

“You look nice” Weiss replied.

Blake fought to keep her expression from erupting in joy. “Thank you, Miss Schnee” Blake replied.

Blake held her arm out, Weiss accepting the offering as they walked down the stairs together.
Walking amongst the great and the good of those onboard Weiss was quick to identify the most prominent individuals with a seemingly encyclopaedic knowledge of their names, status and even some illicit gossip. As Weiss and Blake sat down to dinner together Blake almost began to feel at ease, like she could manage to succeed at being accepted into their sphere at least for tonight. She soon realised that fate would not allow her to get off that easily.

“So Blake, you’re a Faunus” Willow interjected into the middle of the discussion with all the grace and subtlety of a rocket powered hammer. With her bow secured firmly in place the only people at the table who had previously been privy to such knowledge were those who had been present at Weiss’s rescue. Despite knowing the consequences of her admission Blake was not prepared to flat out lie about her heritage.

“Yes, I’m from Menagerie” even as Blake said it her guests all knew what that meant for her. The topic of conversation was swiftly consumed by explanation about her life on the far-flung island. It seemed her patrons knew very little about the place and what they did admit to knowing was far from reality. Despite all this Blake smiled and nodded and continued regardless. She knew it was going to be a long meal.

The days that followed the dinner felt empty. Despite her desires to see her again Weiss had suddenly become distant. Their rendezvous and conversations about art ceased without warning. Blake had known from the beginning that it must have been a dream, it was time to wake up.

Blake found herself leaning heavily on the railing at the bow of the ship, staring down at the waves crashing against the hull of the ship as it moved. Blake found a certain amount of peace here, away from everyone else, a quiet place where she could-

“Hello Blake” Blake turned on her heel to see Weiss standing on the deck. “I changed my mind”

Weiss stepped forwards towards Blake, bringing herself in Blakes arms into a tight embrace as she nuzzled her face against Blakes chest. Blake leant closer to whisper into Weiss’s ear. “Close your eyes”

Weiss did as she was asked. Blake shifted, guiding Weiss around her as she pressed her gently against the railing of the ship. Blake reached down to grasp Weiss’s hands, leading them to the railing.

“Do you trust me?” Blake asked.

“I trust you” Weiss replied.

Blake shifted her hands to Weiss’s waist, helping to raise her up onto the railing. Blake held Weiss’s hands aloft as they spread eagle from her sides. Blakes hands returned to Weiss’s waist to support her.

“Oh, open your eyes” Blake whispered.

Weiss’s eyes fluttered open, feeling herself becoming overtaken by the sense of euphoria at the sight before her. “I’m flying”
Standing on the bow of the ship with her arms open like the wings of the mythical Wyvern was unlike anything Weiss had ever experienced in her life. Turning back over her shoulder Weiss drew Blake into a tender kiss. Despite the faunus’s attempt to retain her composure Blakes ears once more betrayed her true feelings as they always did.

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Blake had never experienced such splendour in her life. Even the air itself somehow felt fancy, the lingering scent of oil and dirt which permeated the lower decks was replaced by lilacs and fine perfumes.

Blake followed Weiss into her appointed staterooms, finding each single room larger and grander than she could have ever anticipated. To think that such finery was laid out for the benefit of a single person was astounding.

“Will this do?” Weiss asked. “Don’t artists need good light?”

“Yes, this will do” Blake replied.

The truth was that such arrangements were far better than Blake had ever been provided by any of her previous clients. Even the sketch commissioned at the behest of the Great Kahn Sienna had been completed in the relatively sparse quarters of her hunting camp.

Blake returned from her idle thoughts as she saw Weiss emerge from the adjoining suite of rooms, clutching a felt covered jewellery box in her hands. Weiss retrieved the item from inside of the box and showed it to Blake. It was a blue heart shaped jewel adorning a silver necklace. Blake gazed at the sight before her, wealth beyond her comprehension.

“Blake, I want you to draw me like one of your Mistral girls, wearing this” Weiss requested.

“Alright” Blake accepted, her gaze still consumed by the jewel.

Weiss steeled herself to continue. “Wearing only this”

There was an almost audible tear as Blakes bow struggled to contain her ears as they suddenly launched themselves skywards.

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Blake forced herself to focus on the task at hand, she knew that was the only way she was ever going to be able to go through with this. Blake couldn’t allow herself to be distracted imagining what vision of beauty lay just behind that door or what it would feel like to pass her hands across such cream soft skin as she felt the gentle press of her pert nipples against her-

‘Focus dammit!’

Blake forced her attention back onto her work as she shifted the divan into the centre of the room. Considering its new placement, she concluded it to be slightly off the mark before deciding to shift it once again. She then set about rearranging the pillows, ensuring they would offer enough support for the pose she was imagining.
Having finally decided upon an arrangement she was satisfied with Blake turned her attention to preparing her sketching supplies. Moving to the seat she had placed in front of the divan she retrieved her well-worn leather satchel and began sharpening her pencils.

Blakes finely attuned ears alerted her to the release of the latch before the door even opened. Blake looked up unsure of precisely what she had expected to see. She was met by the sight of Weiss standing in a silken blue nightgown, a coquettish smile across her lips. Blake had heard talk of these Atlas finishing schools, the things they were taught there. She could only imagine this was one of the fruits of their labours.

“The last thing I need, is another picture of me looking like a porcelain figure” Weiss reached into her pocket, retrieving a Lien coin. “As a paying customer” Weiss passed the coin to Blake, catching it in her hand. “I expect to get what I want”

Weiss grasped the two halves of her dressing gown and began to slowly part them. The delicate fabric slowly slipped across her body like a cascading river. Blake saw the blue flash of the jewel nestled above Weiss’s chest. Her ears picked up the sudden rush of fabric across skin, the dull whoosh as the clothing struck the carpeted floor.

The woman stood before her was a vision of angelic beauty turned reality. Her cream white skin followed every gentle curve of her body without a single blemish to mark her. What little hair adorned her pubic region was perfectly trimmed into place. Blake fought to maintain her swiftly degrading composure.

“Over on the bed… the couch” Blake clarified.

Weiss sauntered her way across the room with an exaggerated sway of her hips, trying to mask her quivering body with her movement. Weiss laid herself down across the divan as she shifted to adjust her pose.

“Tell me when its-” Weiss said.

“Lift your leg up a bit” Blake instructed, Weiss obeyed. Blake took in the arrangement with a keen artists eye. “Turn your hand over slightly, lower your eyes just a bit” Finally she was perfect. “Now just try to, stay still”

Blake shifted in her seat as she prepared to begin her sketch.

“I have something to ask” Weiss interjected before Blake could start. “Could you, take off your bow” Blake was taken aback by the unexpected request, none of those she’d sketched had asked that of her before. “I wish to see the real you”

Blake wordlessly agreed to her request. Balancing her sketchpad on her knees Blake reached up to untie her bow, laying the strip of material on the chair beside her. As strange as it sounded, she felt naked without her bow. Blake refocussed herself, returning her attention to her work.

‘Deep breathes, you’ve done this all before’ was what her mind reminded her. And yet the moment her eyes returned to Weiss was the moment all sense of logic left her mind. ‘It’s just a drawing, be professional’

Blake returned her pencil to the paper, finally regaining control of herself as her pencil began moving
across the paper with practiced ease. Her eyes flashed from Weiss down to the page, Weiss to the page in a regular rhythm. What had begun the session as a blank sheet of paper had formed into an outline, with greater detail being added with each pass of her pencil. The lines of her cheeks, the elegant strands of her hair, the roundness of her modest breasts.

Even moving down to recreate the curvature of her thighs, the small tuft of freshly trimmed snow-white hair above her puffy red pussy lips could not distract Blake from her task. The faunus artist continued regardless of temptation or distraction.

And in the end, it all came together so perfectly on the page. Each small feature and focus only adding to an overall majesty which proved somehow greater than the sum of its parts. Blake leant back in her seat, only now realising how stiff some of her muscles had become from the prolonged state of inactivity.

“Ok” Blake announced. “It’s done”

Weiss allowed her body to fall limp across the sofa, savouring the feeling as her tensed muscles finally began to relax. Weiss suddenly leapt from the sofa with renewed eagerness, circling around the back of the chair to peer across Blakes shoulder to admire the drawing. Blake felt Weiss’s cheek brush past the sensitive fur of her ear as she leant closer for a better look. Even without looking up Blake could feel Weiss’s eyes upon the page, her gaze scrutinising every fine detail.

“This is beautiful” Weiss leant down to hug Blake from behind, Blake feeling the press of Weiss’s nipples against her back.

“You’re done so much for me” Weiss leant closer to whisper into Blakes faunus ears. “I should really think of a way to thank you properly” Weiss reached up to tease the tips of her fingers across Blakes cheek. “I’m afraid that my skills as an artist are hardly comparable to yours. I guess I’ll have to find another way to thank you”

Weiss dared to lean closer and brush her lips across Blakes cheek, placing a testing kiss on the soft skin. Blake could not help but feel the weight of the jewel resting on her shoulder, based on this Blake could not imagine wearing such a thing for the length of an entire engagement.

Weiss pulled away from the embrace, taking a moment to reach back and unclip the clasp of the jewel. Weiss slipped it from her shoulders before returning it to the jewellery box. All the while Blake continued to admire the fine curve of Weiss’s backside as she bent over the table in front of her.

Weiss could not help but feel the attention of Blakes eyes as she glanced back to face her, feeling a smile creeping across her lips. Weiss began to shuffle back towards Blake sitting in the chair, adding a delectable sway to her hips as she moved. Weiss lowered herself into Blakes lap, continuing to shift her hips as she began to massage her butt into Blakes lap.

Blake forced herself to focus on other thoughts, fighting to keep herself together. It soon proved a fruitless effort as Weiss’s shifting buttocks brushed against the evidence of Blakes arousal. Blake had expected Weiss to react in shock or surprise at this discovery. What Blake hadn’t been prepared for was for Weiss to settle herself deeper into Blakes lap, leaning back and taking Blakes cheek in her fingers to turn her face towards her.

“Well” Weiss mused. “ Aren’t you just full of surprises”
Weiss moved closer to kiss Blake, their lips wrestling as an explorative tongue dared to venture its way into Blakes mouth. It seemed that while Weiss may be naïve, she was almost certainly eager.

Weiss climbed off Blakes lap, shuffling to kneel between the faunus’s open legs.

“May I, touch it?” Weiss asked. It seemed that even in such a situation the heiresses ingrained noble etiquette could not be extinguished.

Blake nodded her acceptance. Weiss raised her fingers to brush across the mound emerging in the front of Blakes trousers, the bulge feeling firm with an underlying hint of give beneath her touch. Weiss reached up to release the belt around Blakes waist, drawing her trousers down Blakes athletic legs.

The full length of Blakes erection practically leapt out to greet her. In all her pampered and sheltered life, she had never known the truth of such a thing before. It seemed that where her highborn education had failed, instinct and experimentation would have to be her guide.

Weiss leant forwards and pressed her lips against the bulbous tip of Blakes cock. Weiss was surprised by the salty taste of the precum rising from the tip, licking her lips to savour the unique flavour. Weiss glanced up, noting that Blake appreciated her attentions based on her reaction.

Weiss chose to press on. Her fingers gripped gently at the base, teasingly working her way up and down the length in slow strokes. Blake grasped her hands to the arms of the chair, feeling an overwhelming desire to grab Weiss’s hair and press her deeper onto her shaft. Blake continued to resist the urge to force the girl ahead, she needed to allow Weiss to move at her own pace. Even if that pace was maddeningly serenely.

The pace was soon brought to a complete stop as she removed her mouth from Blakes cock. Weiss rose to her feet, wiping the lingering wetness from her lips as she tasted it, a low hum assuring that she found the new concoction to her liking.

Weiss held her hand out for Blake. Blake accepted the offering with a quivering hand, feeling the slow comedown of her arousal seeping through her body. Weiss led the raven haired faunus across the room towards the divan, guiding her down into the seat. Weiss crawled on top of her, grasping her sides as she resumed their frantic kissing. Blake tasted something different on Weiss’s lips this time, something distinctly familiar.

Weiss’s hands moved upwards from Blakes sides, searching and caressing across her front. Weiss’s fingers began worked to undo the buttons of Blakes white shirt, releasing each of the buttons in quick succession. Weiss slipped her fingers through the gap between the two halves of the material, savouring the caress of bare flesh underneath her touch.

Weiss could feel the gentle swell of Blakes breasts beneath her fingers, her erect nipple rising into the palm of Weiss’s hand. Weiss teased Blakes nipple, gripping and rolling the erect nub between her fingers. At the same time, Weiss’s other hand slipped down Blakes flat stomach, finding Blakes length still erect beneath her.

Weiss felt the lingering wetness of her blowjob clinging to the skin of her lovers cock. Weiss drew her hand up and down the full length of Blakes erection as she resumed her teasing. The heiress could feel the fresh release of a dab of precum emerging from the head.

The hint of Blakes fast approaching release spurred Weiss to greater feats in search of pleasure.
Weiss clambered herself up into Blakes lap, supporting her feet against the divan as one hand grasped Blakes shoulder and the other remained wrapped around the head of Blakes cock.

Weiss held herself over Blakes lap, gently lowering herself down onto Blakes member underneath her. Weiss felt the press of the head against her outer lips. Weiss maintained her controlled descent, feeling her lips resisting for the briefest moment before parting to accommodate her. Blakes erection suddenly filled her mouth.

Weiss encircled her arms around Blakes neck for support, drawing her close. Blakes hands supported Weiss in her lap, holding her in place as she got used to the new intrusion inside of her. Weiss slipped her hand through Blakes long black hair, feeling the delicate locks tangling between her fingers.

Weiss lowered herself deeper onto Blakes cock, the press of the faunus’s skin against the back of her thighs accompanying the feeling of fullness as Blake hilted inside of her. Weiss had never felt anything like this before. Even the maidenly explorations she had made with her fingers alone at night had no chance of comparing to this. As she began to move once more Weiss could feel the regular rise and fall of Blakes penis inside of her body, clutching herself tighter to Blakes shoulders for support.

Weiss leant forward to press her lips against Blakes lips, their tongues wrestling in tune with each thrust of Blakes member inside of her white-haired beauty. Blake drove deeper and deeper with each thrust, encroaching upon places that had never been delved before. Weiss could feel her release fast approaching, firm in the knowledge that she was not yet ready to surrender herself to being overtaken.

Weiss braced herself against Blake and withdrew the faunus’s cock from inside her pussy. Weiss clambered herself off Blakes lap, rising on quivering legs to stand in front of her. Weiss reached down to draw Blake to her feet beside her.

Weiss stepped over to the side, bracing her hands on the back of the Divan. Weiss shook her hips invitingly as she presented her backside to Blakes lustful gaze. Blake shifted herself to stand behind Weiss, passing the palm of her hand across the soft skin of Weiss’s bare back. Blake could feel the girl’s muscles tensing beneath her fingers.

“Do you want me to…?” Blake began to ask.

Weiss simply answered by reaching back behind herself, grasping her firm butt cheeks in her fingers and drawing them apart to reveal her puckered butthole in the centre of it all. Blakes question was swiftly answered for her, privately astounded that such a seemingly sweet and innocent girl would offer such a thing so freely.

Blake reached her fingers underneath of Weiss, teasing her fingers across the aristocratic woman’s pussy lips.

“I thought you were going to-” Weiss prepared to ask, her query suddenly silenced as Blakes explorative fingers brushed past a particularly sensitive spot.

“Patience, Snowflake” Blake soothed, as her free hand softly caressed Weiss’s pert butt. Blakes other hand continued to tease her fingers across Weiss’s pussy, gathering the young woman’s wetness on the very tips of her fingers.
Blake withdrew her fingers, admiring the glisten of Weiss’s fluids passing across her fingertips. Blake caressed the moistened tips of her fingers around the delicate ring of Weiss’s butthole, teasing her fingers inside as she felt Weiss’s muscles clench around the sudden intrusion. Weiss’s grip tightened around the back of the seat for support as she felt Blake’s fingers lingering inside of her.

Blake slowly began to move her fingers further into the depths of the heiress’s ass, turning her fingers around to touch every corner and crevice she could reach. Each pass of her fingers was met by another delightful quiver as she caressed one sensitive spot after another.

Blake withdrew her finger from Weiss’s ass with a wet pop. Blake grasped the base of her cock and guided the tip towards the opening of Weiss’s ass. Blake brushed the bulbous head across the ring of muscle, eliciting a sharp yelp of surprise from the white-haired heiress.

“Relax, my beautiful snowflake” Blake cooed softly, caressing her hand across Weiss’s smooth back.

Blake reached down to grasp Weiss’s sides in her hands for support. Pressing herself forwards inside of Weiss as her shaft buried inside of Weiss’s pussy. Blake pulled herself back before easing her way back inside her with another firm thrust. Blake swiftly descended into a regular beat of thrusts and counter thrusts, feeling the movement radiating through Weiss’s body with every iteration.

The young heiress’s hole proved even more tantalising than her pussy, the ceaseless grip of her muscles endlessly convulsing around her. Blake reached forward to grasp Weiss’s pert breasts in her hands, teasing her nipples in her hands. Blake alternated between rolling, pinching and gently pulling on the hardened nubs. Each elicited a unique reaction but every one only served to enhance the pleasure of their copulation.

Weiss’s fingers clawed on the back of the seat as Blake continued to thrust in and out of her, their lovemaking growing in pace and speed with each passing second. Blake leant forward, kissing her way across the back of Weiss’s neck. Blakes lips latched around the back of Weiss’s neck, sucking hungrily at the flesh between her lips.

Blake reached the limit of her pleasure, feeling her entire body convulse as she let loose with a release inside of Weiss’s tight ass. Weiss followed swiftly behind her, her pussy leaking wetness onto the antique divan beneath her. Weiss’s support from her arms swiftly faltered, relying on Blake for support as she descended to lay down on the divan.

Blake lounged herself at the base of the divan, her heart pounding inside of her as her chest heaved with exertion. Weiss lay spread over the divan, her body quivering with excitement as the waves of pleasure of her orgasm continued to wash over her.

Weiss glanced aside to look at Blake as her faunus lover turned to meet her gaze. Weiss leant down to plant a deep kiss on Blakes puckered lips. Blake knew she would enjoy being able to draw such a beautiful model again.

***************Authors Nonsense***************

<Their coupling nearly discovered by Winter returning early forced Weiss and Blake to escape
through the bowels of the ship until they emerged back on the deck. Overwhelmed with joy and adrenaline the two lovers spun and twirled across the deck bathed in the moonlight. Weiss drew Blake back into a hearty embrace.

Weiss breathlessly: “When the ship docks, I’m getting off with you”

Blake, equally breathless: “That’s crazy”

Weiss, still breathless: “I know, it doesn’t make any sense. That’s why I trust you”

<Weiss leans forward, her lips lightly brushing against Blakes as she prepared too-

A deep rumble pulsed through the ship, the waves that a moment ago had been still suddenly became turbulent. Out from the inky blackness rose a Grimm Sea Feilong. The creature’s wide jaws opened in an ear-splitting roar as it caught sight of its prey.

Weiss shouting the heavens: “Dammit world, why do you hate our love!”

<After reaching the part of the story as Blake was completing her sketch>

Old Weiss: “My heart was pounding the entire time, it was the most erotic moment of my life”

<The crew of the salvage ship linger with bated breath at her story>

Old Weiss: “Up until then at least”

Crewmember: “So what happened next?”

Old Weiss: “You mean, did we do it?”

<A smarmy smirk passes between the assembled crew>

Old Weiss: “Well, after Blake was finished drawing I reached down and gently held her <BZZ> while she put her hand up my <BZZ> until <BZZ> which I never imagined you could but she <BZZ> like it was nothing by which time we’d both <BZZ> so instead we just <BBBBBBBBZZZZZZZZZZZZZ>. So, in answer to your question, yes”

<The crew find themselves holding back dry heaves at the sharp contrast between the sweet old woman and her unabashed description of events>

Old Weiss flatly: “I’m 101 years old with five grandkids, I’m hardly going to be ashamed to admit I lived a full life now am I”

Chapter End Notes

After writing that I can never see that scene in the same light ever again. And thanks to this, neither can you.
Professor Glynda Goodwitch allowed her glasses to slip further down the bridge of her nose as she stared at the papers laid out on her desk. Glynda reached up and removed her glasses, rubbing her eyes and she attempted to unravel the lingering fatigue. Grading term papers from first year students was one of the most interminable, and inevitable, parts of her job. Glynda glanced across at her clock, having never realised quite how late it had become.

Deciding that the rest of these papers could be left until tomorrow Glynda shut down her terminal, gathered her things and left her office for the night.

Glynda listened to the regular clack of her heels against the paved walkway as she made her way through the deserted grounds of the Beacon campus. The cold night air bit at her exposed skin as she walked, a precursor to the fast approaching autumn just a few weeks away. Still she persisted, it would not be long before she would be back in the staff residence on the far side of the-

Glynda heard a noise behind her. She turned sharply, drawing her riding crop from her belt to face whatever was there. The professor found nothing in sight. Although usually vacant the late-night Beacon campus sometimes played host to student’s late-night practice in the training centre or nocturnal animals going about their business. Assured that there was nothing to been seen Glynda turned and resumed walking away.

Another noise disturbed behind her. Glynda turned to face the source only to feel a sudden strike across her midriff. She felt her aura overtake her body, protecting her from harm as she stumbled to the ground. Glynda’s first instinct was to pull herself back to her feet, only to find her muscles unwilling to respond to her. Glynda could do little but lay atop the cold stone ground as a ghostly silhouette moved into view.

“How disappointing” an unsettlingly calm voice spoke from the darkness. “I expected you to hold up better than that. But I guess I could always have my fun with you later”

It was moment later that the darkness finally overtook her entirely.

Glynda felt herself stir awake. As her senses returned to her she became acutely aware of her arms
being held above her head, secured by something around her wrists holding her to the ceiling. She was forced to support herself on the tips of her stocking clad feet, her heeled boots having been taken away from her. Any attempt at anything more involved than keeping herself upright caused Glynda to slip from her precarious perch, eliciting a painful strain in the underside of her arm.

Glynda looked around to find herself standing in minimalist stateroom including a bed, desk and closet all with a deeply shadowy colour scheme.

“She’s finally awake”

Glynda heard a voice behind her, a woman’s voice, softly spoken yet authoritative. Glynda felt a hand brush across the back of her neck, a shiver cascading down her spine at their cold touch.

The figure stepped into view in front of her. If Glynda was being generous she would describe the woman as darkly beautiful. She was dressed in dusky robes with pale white skin, flowing snow-white hair contained in a neat bun with a few loose strands down the side of her face.

If Glynda was not being generous she would describe the woman as the monstrous embodiment of all that sort to bring ruin to the few lingering beacons of hope in this world. Such seemed an appropriate description for Salem, leader of Grimm.

“I hope they weren’t too rough with you” Salem reached up to brush the tips of her fingers across Glynda’s cheek. Glynda shifted herself away, only serving to enflame her already strained muscles.

“You’d best stay put” Salem said. “I’d hate for my prize to come to any harm. Personally, I find the idea of torture distasteful. Although…” Salem reached forward to once again brush the tips of her fingers across Glynda’s swiftly enflaming cheek. “I’m sure there will be plenty of fun to be had getting inside of that pretty little head of yours, watching as all of those secrets come tumbling out”

Glynda remained defiantly silent in the face of Salem’s taunts. Salem circled around Glynda’s side once more. “I do love the haughty ones, they’re always the most enjoyable to make squeal”

Salem’s hand slapped sharply across the broadside of Glynda’s butt, the material of her tights and her pencil skirt doing little to diminish the force of the impact. Glynda fought to keep the surprise from her voice. Salem withdrew her hand before dropping it back onto Glynda’s butt with even greater force. Glynda tried to escape Salem’s next impact by thrusting her hips forwards.

Salem’s hand once more fell upon Glynda’s butt, serving to tip the woman off her precarious balance as her tights scrambled for purchase on the polished floor. Salem could not help but find the display amusing. Salem reached out to steady her captive, her actions proving not entirely altruistic as she took the opportunity to grope at her captive’s sides.

Salem’s fingers moved effortlessly across Glynda’s supple body, following the delectable curve of her front until her explorative hands came to rest over the blonde’s ample chest. Salem grasped Glynda’s breasts roughly, eliciting a stifled yelp from between Glynda’s lips. At the same time Salem pressed her larger body against Glynda’s back, trying to tip her from her perilous balance. Glynda was acutely aware of something long and stiff poking into the small of her back.

Salem stepped back to permit her captive a moment of blessed relief, allowing Glynda to regain her perilous footing. Glynda could hear the rustle of cloth behind her. Glynda dared to glance behind her, out of the corner of her eye she could make out an oily black pool of fabric, Salem’s discarded robes.
Salem sauntered into view of her captive, revealing her black lacy lingerie which had been concealed beneath her robes. Her ample chest rose perkily, enhanced by the form fitting cups of her bra. These cast a deep shadow across the flat expanse of her stomach, a rolling plain of similarly pale white skin. Nestled between the dark witches’ legs bulged a sizeable mass in the centre of her underwear. Glynda knew it was only a matter of time before what was held inside would be set free.

“I’m going to take such pleasure in having my way with you” Salem said with a delectable purr to her voice. Reaching forward she caressed her hand across Glynda’s cheek. “Maybe after I’m done I’ll keep you here, as a pet”

Glynda refused to be intimidated. Instead, the Huntress decided that the best way to resist was to put herself on the offensive. “I’d sooner get myself off from a pack of Beowolves” Glynda yelled, her gaze never faltering from meeting Salem’s deep red eyes.

The sudden objection threw Salem for a moment. But the Grimm witch, refusing to be outdone, soon recovered. “We will see if you remain so rebellious. Before too long you’ll find yourself writhing in barely restrained excitement”

Salem pressed herself against Glynda, her roving hands grasping teasingly. Salem’s fingers searched their way across the woman’s body, feeling her elegant curves moving beneath the material of her skirt. Salem’s hand moved around to the front of the skirt, feeling the cold metal of the bronze button beneath her touch.

Salem released the first button with an expert flick of her fingers. Salem felt Glynda’s body quiver in reply. Salem released the next button, feeling the fit of the skirt beginning to loosen as it started to shift against her body. Salem released another button, the material now freely slipping across the smooth curve of her body.

Glynda fought to maintain her modesty as best she could. Glynda opened her legs slightly, only causing her balance to waver even further. Glynda could not hold it any longer as her skirt slipped from around her waist, revealing her deep purple underwear beneath thigh-high black stockings.

Salem’s hands were once more upon her, cupping her palm between Glynda’s trembling legs. Salem lifted her ever so slightly, ensuring some part of her weight was being carried by her clit pressed against the tips of Salem’s fingers. Glynda fought as best she could to resist even as her body’s natural impulse was to find pleasure in the act. It swiftly degenerated into a losing battle.

“I can feel your body quivering with excitement” Salem spoke into Glynda’s ear, her surprisingly warm breath passing across Glynda’s cheek as she spoke.

“Hardly” Glynda objected. “It seems you’re the only one getting excited”

Salem glanced down to notice her erection straining against the front of her underwear. Salem’s cheeks burned with a tint of redness beneath her pale skin. Seeing the growing tint forming beneath her skin, Glynda chose to press her advantage.

“What would your lackeys think of the high and mighty leader of the Grimm taking pleasure from a human” Glynda said with a defiant grin. “Human fucker”

“Be quiet!” Salem snapped in reply.
Glynda only taunted louder as she howled. “Human fucker! Human fucker!”

Salem was quick to try and wrestle the situation back, even as she could hear the falter in her voice. “You will obey me, or I shall be forced to punish you”

“There’s a bed right over there” Glynda indicated the spread with a shift of her head.

Salem considered her reply. “Very well”

Salem withdrew her embrace against Glynda. Reaching up she released the chain holding Glynda’s arms high above her head, her hands remaining bound. Salem snaked her arm around Glynda’s waist to support her as she guided her across the room, casting her captive onto the bed on her back.

Salem was swiftly upon her, crawling onto the bed beside her. Salem grasped the woman’s sides and rolled her over onto her front. Salem pulled Glynda up onto her knees, her pert round butt presented high into the air. Glynda could only imagine the sort of image she was presenting, the indignity of it.

Despite her own embarrassment Glynda could not help but feel her body responding unconsciously to the pleasure of the moment. Salem’s hands grasped Glynda’s cheeks, moulding and massaging the mounds of flesh freely as she wished.

Salem leant forward, passing a teasing swipe of her tongue across the surface of her stocking covered underwear. Glynda felt a sudden jolt of pleasure spike through her body. Even dampened by two layers of fabric she could not deny the thrill of the touch of the woman’s tongue. Glynda shifted as best she could to break free, her hands remaining securely bound, her legs pinned beneath Salem’s hold.

Salem traced the tips of her fingers along the seam of Glynda’s stockings, pulling down Glynda’s stockings with a pull of her fingers. The roll of the material across her skin, the brush of the cold air across her sweat speckled thighs only adding to the feeling.

Having done away with one obstacle Salem was not hesitant about removing the last one standing in her way. Grasping the lip of Glynda’s deep purple underwear, after taking a lingering moment to admire the dark patch between her legs, Salem withdrew Glynda’s underwear down her legs.

Once her underwear was taken off her legs Glynda tried in vain to bring her hands down to cover herself, reaching her bound hands between her legs. Such attempts at modesty proved a futile effort in her current position. The huntress’s distraction left herself wide open for Salem’s next advance.

Without warning Salem buried her face between Glynda’s legs, her lips wrapping around Glynda’s pussy. Glynda let loose with a deep howl of surprise, initially born of shock rather than pleasure. The deep moan soon turned pleasurable as the pale skinned witch’s tongue started working at the outer edge of her pussy lips.

Glynda could feel her composure swiftly deteriorating as Salem’s expert tongue began to delve deeper inside of her. Salem teased the tip of her tongue up and down the length of her lips, passing in seemingly random circles with every moment eliciting greater euphoria than the last.

Glynda suddenly felt herself becoming less confident in her own resolve. It seems Salem was determined to make her regret her previous outburst. Despite it all Glynda was determined not to allow Salem to know the truth of quite how close she was being overtaken. However, such truths were a hard-kept secret as she felt her entire body begin to quiver at each fleeting touch of her
But soon, just as quickly as she had started, Salem had retreated. Glynda collapsed panting onto the bed, her entire body trembling from the experience. She could only lay there listless, feeling the bed shift beneath her as Salem stepped off. Glynda even dared to entertain the thought that perhaps that would be the end of it. It only took the briefest of moments for Salem to demonstrate quite how wrong Glynda had been.

Glynda first realised this when she felt the familiar press of cool leather teasing across the curve of her exposed backside. Glynda had only a moment to process the implication before Salem removed any lingering doubt.

“Now, it may be a little tight with that other stick of yours already buried up there” the dark witch did little to hide the glee seeping into her voice as she spoke. Salem clapped the broadside of the item across Glynda’s bare cheek to emphasise her point, eliciting a sharp hiss of surprise from between her lips. “But don’t worry” Salem sauntered around the bed to stand in front of Glynda. Salem brandished the crop like the trophy of a defeated enemy. Salem teased the crop across Glynda’s cheek. “I’ll make sure it’s nice and slick before it goes inside.

Glynda turned her face aside in a feeble attempt at resistance. All Salem had to do was reach up and grasp Glynda’s jaw in her hand, moving to trace the tip of the crop across Glynda’s pink lips. Glynda’s lips parted ever so slightly, all the invitation Salem needed to press the shaft of the crop inside.

Glynda could feel the smooth leather of the handle pass across the surface of her tongue. Salem removed the crop before once more returning it inside of the blonde’s mouth. Glynda felt her saliva moistening the shaft as it moved inside of her, each pass in and out becoming faster.

Salem withdrew the crop from Glynda’s mouth. The witch inspected it with a satisfied smile as she paced around to Glynda’s back. Glynda inhaled a sharp breath as she felt the cold touch of the moistened leather pressed against the circle of muscle around the opening to her ass.

Salem let out a dissatisfied hum. “It seems it’s not quite wet enough yet” Salem withdrew her fingers from inside of her Glynda’s ass with a wet pop. Salem returned the tip of her crop to tease around the edge of Salem’s ass. Salem reached down to tease her wettened fingers around the boundary of Glynda’s asshole. A small press was all that was necessary for the lubricated finger to pass the boundary. Salem passed her finger around in circles inside of Glynda, ensuring that the lubrication reached every space inside of her she could reach.

“That is sufficient” Salem withdrew her fingers from inside of her Glynda’s ass with a wet pop. Salem returned the tip of her crop to tease around the edge of Salem’s ass. Salem pressed the tip of the crop inside of Glynda, eliciting a hiss of surprise as her muscles were stretched to accommodate it. Salem thrust it in and out of Glynda’s butt rhythmically.

“You seem to be enjoying it, my little human crop sleeve” Salem continued to urge the crop as
deeply as she could reach, relishing the resistance at each move of the crop inside of her. “But it seems a little small for your tastes”

Salem shuffled herself up behind Glynda. Salem shifted the crop one side, even as Glynda’s muscles refused to release it. Salem teased her cockhead across Glynda’s pussy lips, gathering even more of Glynda’s arousal as it dribbled along the length of her erect cock. Salem pressed herself inside of Glynda’s pussy, reaching almost half of her length before retreating. Salem advanced once again, reaching ever deeper with each thrust she took.

“I thought you were going to give me something bigger” Glynda protested hoarsely. “This little button mushroom you’ve found is hardly straining me”

Salem’s body tensed at the growing provocation. “You just wait and see”

Salem grasped her hands tightly around Glynda’s sides for support as Salem redoubled her thrusts inside of Glynda. Salem moved her hips with swiftly growing rhythm, offering her blonde captive few moments of respite before the next blow descended.

“Is that all?” Glynda chided. “Come on, do your worst you frigid bitch!”

Salem groaned in reply. “It’s clear you have to learn to respect your betters”

Glynda withdrew herself from inside of Glynda, swiftly followed by the shaft of the crop from inside Glynda’s ass. Grasping Glynda tightly Salem rolled the woman over onto her back, her full chest once more brought to attention as Glynda’s back was forced to arch by the press of her bound hands against her back.

Salem roughly tore the two halves of Glynda’s top apart, the delicate seams parting to reveal Glynda’s matching elegant bra underneath. Salem pulled the stylish undergarment aside as her hands descended roughly upon Glynda’s bare breasts, feeling the weight and heft of the mounds in her hands.

Salem savoured the reaction from her blonde captive, free to watch as her face contoured into flashes of ecstasy and pleasure as she moved. Glynda felt the erect bud of Glynda’s nipple beneath her palm, catching it between her fingers in her grasp.

Salem pressed her hips forwards as she once more entered Glynda’s warm pussy, feeling the clamp of Glynda’s muscles around her erection. Salem leant down to press her chest across Glynda’s face as she thrusted into her, smothering the huntress beneath her voluptuous breasts. This felt different for Salem than before, feeling the brush of Glynda’s engorged clit across the head of her cock. Salem soon fell into a pleasant rhythm.

The reality was that Salem had become so consumed with exerting her control over Glynda that the witch had not realised the predicament she had placed herself in before it was too late. While Salem continued to thrust into her Glynda had manoeuvred her hands free of the bindings behind her back. With Salem’s breasts still pressed firmly over her face Glynda was forced to blindly grope her hands in search of her target.

Salem’s thrusting suddenly fell still as she felt the touch of familiar hands behind her. More specifically, on her behind. Salem had little chance to react before Glynda’s long fingers had slipped effortlessly past the boundary of her ass. Salem focused her entire attentions on keeping herself still, lingering above Glynda for fear that any further disturbance would cause her to lose all control she
had left.

“Have a taste, you top heavy cow” Glynda quipped from beneath the press of Salem’s breasts.

Glynda’s fingers curled upwards, brushing against the receptive cluster of nerves at her finger tips. Salem involuntarily thrusted forwards to escape it, hiltling herself deep inside of her captive in an act with only served to expedite her undoing.

Salem’s fragile control was unbound as she let loose with a flurry of ejaculate inside of Glynda’s welcoming pussy. The sudden warmth inside her caused Glynda to swiftly follow suit as their two releases intermingled inside of her. The involuntary curling of Glynda’s finger urged Salem on until she was drained entirely.

Salem fell lazily on top of her, having lost the strength necessary to hold herself up as she panted desperately to regain herself. While it may have been the result Salem had been expecting she could not bear to think that such a thing had been achieved outside of her own terms. And in such a profane way was almost inconceivable.

Salem raised herself on shaking arms to stare down at her captive. “You really are a dirty little whore” Salem said with unabashed glee in her voice.

Glynda tittered in reply. “I could say the same for you, human fucker”

Glynda felt herself drift awake. With no regular day to night cycle it was hard to keep track of quite how long you’d slept in this place. Still, it hardly mattered now. Ozpin was always reminding her to take time off and, as strange as it would sound, she could hardly think of time better spent than in the bed of humanities most hated enemy.

Glynda shifted beneath the sheets, feeling the brush of the silken fabric against her skin. Salem always had the best taste in fineries. Glynda rolled over as she was met by a most beautiful sight. Salem was curled up beside her on the bed, her long white hair cascading freely down her bare back.

Glynda dared to reach her hand up to tease her fingers through Salem’s long locks, feeling the silky strands passing effortlessly between her fingers. Glynda lifted Salem’s hair aside, revealing her smooth back for her to enjoy. Glynda shifted closer as she pressed her lips to the nape of Salem’s neck tenderly, planting a seemingly random pattern of kisses.

Salem began to stir, rolling herself over to face Glynda. Salem’s eyes fluttered open to meet her gaze. “You were kissing me in my sleep again weren’t you”

Glynda smiled in reply. “I enjoy kissing you” Glynda shifted forwards to kiss Salem on her lips. “And I’m sure I’ll enjoy it just as much next time we meet. Then it will be my turn to take you”

“Yes, your turn” Salem mused. “Please try to be a little more, subtle, next time. Being tied up under your desk for over an hour while I listened to you delivering a lecture was almost too much for me to bear”

“Oh, don’t try to lie” Glynda kissed Salem once more. “You came buckets afterwards”
Glynda sits in her office reviewing reports. Her scroll vibrates. Glynda reaches down to check the message to find a selfie of Salem laid spread out on the bed with the dark bedsheets laid strategically across her body.

The message reads ‘Until next time’>

Ironwood: “Professor Goodwitch, are you busy?”

<Glynda snaps up to realise Ironwood had come into her office>

Glynda panicked: “James, I was just… reviewing some intelligence reports”

<James glances down and notices her unlocked scroll on her desk>

James, trying to be professional: “Interesting, intelligence reports, Glynda”

Chapter End Notes

Glynda’s crop has so far gone unnamed in the series but I’ve heard suggestions as ‘Bad Jimmy’, ‘Obedience’, ‘Slap Stick’, ‘Crop Duster’ and ‘Master of the Hunt’ (That last one is most definitely rhyming slang).
<Yang filming herself on her scroll in the RWBY dorm>

Yang: “Welcome to a new spin-off show, Genetic Engineering with Yang. Human and Faunus genetics are remarkable things, they are the building blocks of everything which makes us who we are. And one of the most interesting things about them is how, over millions of years of natural selection, they had developed their own system for ensuring that they alone are passed on to the next generation.

The fundamental reality is we are all biologically programmed to seek out young, attractive, healthy looking individuals to ensure our genes are continued through the species. Our biological make up forces us to notice potential breeding partners and then arouse ourselves by imagining the act of copulation with said compatible individual.

In fact, I was explaining this to my girlfriend Weiss only the other day. I remember that because it was raining and when she made me get out of the car and walk home I thought to myself, ‘This would make a great first topic for a spin-off show’”

<Weiss waking up in the Beacon Infirmary after a training accident>

Yang: “Do you remember what happened?”

Weiss: “I remember getting hit and falling over, everyone rushing over to me. The ambulance arrived and picked me up, then nothing until I woke up”

Yang: “Weiss, there was no ambulance. I carried you over to the nurse’s office myself”

Weiss confused: “Then why could I hear the siren?”

Yang: “Oh, that was Ruby. She got a little, upset”

Ruby sobbing in the background: “Weeeeeeisssss, Weeeeeeisssss!”

<Yang returns to the RWBY dorm and trips over Zwei’s toys scattered on the floor>

Yang, annoyed: “Ruby, stop leaving Zwei’s toys all over the floor”

<Yang looks down and retrieves a collar that looks too big for Zwei>

Yang, confused: “Ruby, why is there a collar with a tag that says ‘Weiss’ on it?”

<Blake lay lounging on her bunk reading. Her faunus ears shoot up as she leapt from her bunk with incredible speed to yank the collar from Yangs hands>
Blake, panicked: “Don’t worry, I’ll deal with that one for you”

<Ruby and Weiss are dating. Weiss invited Ruby home to meet her parents>

Weiss: “Father, this is Ruby”

Ruby shaking Jacques hand: “It’s nice to meet you Mr Schnee”

Jacques turns to Weiss, clearly unimpressed: “I take it that Ruby is your partner you wished for me to meet”

Weiss: “Yes father. The truth is, I love girls. I hope that you can accept that me”

Jaques, sternly: “I’m afraid this too much Weiss, I must protest”

Weiss, pleading: “Father, you must realise that I truly love Ruby. Whether we’re both girls should not have any bearing on our feelings for eachother or your acceptance of-”

Jacques interrupts: “I do not object because she is a girl, Weiss. But I still cannot approve of this because she… is common”

<Ruby and Weiss glance at eachother bemused>

Jacques: “I mean really Weiss, why couldn’t you have chosen a nice Atlesian girl from a good family. What about Countess Fabienne of Freiya? You took a great shine to her at finishing school”

Weiss, dryly: “Fabienne is my second cousin”

Jaques, undeterred: “Exactly. Such marriages have served the Schnee family for centuries. No limp branches on our family tree I can assure you”

<Weiss, Yang and Winter are sitting at the table in the garden having tea. This was the first time Winter was meeting Yang since she started dating Weiss. Weiss excuses herself from the table, leaving Yang and Winter behind>

Winter, with absolute ice in her voice: “It seems Weiss is quite taken with you. You may not be aware of this, but our mother was not particularly maternal towards either us when we were growing up. In the end I assumed a lot of her responsibilities ensuring that Weiss was nurtured emotionally growing up. While she may seem headstrong and confident she can be very immature when it comes to matters of love. I would hate to see her be taken advantage of. I’m sure you can appreciate my position as Weiss’s def facto mother figure”

<Yang casually glances up from her tea>

Yang, very calmly: “You know, that’s funny because it just so happens… Weiss also calls me mommy”

<Weiss returns to the table>

Weiss: “Sorry about that, I was just…”
Weiss notices the glare between the two of them

Weiss: “Seriously?”

Team RWBY lounge around in their room in the Schnee Manor after arriving in Atlas

Blake as she scans through her scroll: “I can see why you were so eager to get out of Atlas. All scroll activity and messaging are monitored before passing through the CCT, all owned and operated by SDC. Combined with everything else this seems like a lot of influence all wrapped up in one man”

Weiss defensively: “I can assure you that, despite his flaws, my father handles all of the responsibility with the utmost respect, diligence and trust”

Jacques calls out from the next room

Jacques: “Weiss, you never mentioned Yang went on a surfing holiday in Mistral”

Weiss decided to take Blake on a guided tour of the city during their stay in Atlas

Tour Guide: “The Atlas Air Defence Fleet was first commissioned over one hundred years ago under the Command of First Admiral John Wright. The fleet continues to serve as Atlas’s first line of defence and the single greatest example of aerospace engineering in Remnant. You will find more information on Atlas’s contribution to technological advancement in the booklets we have provided”

Blake: “Yeah, about your booklet. I’m not seeing any Atlas history from about 2092 to 3015, there’s just a big gap”

Tour Guide: “Everyone was on vacation! On your left you will see Atlas’s first Government Administration Centre established in-”

Blake: “Wait, what are you talking about? Mantle and Mistral invaded Vacuo at the start of the Great War-”

Tour Guide: “We were invited, punch was served, check with Vacuo!”

Blake: “You can’t just ignore those years. The King of Vale himself led the army which defeated Mantle-”

Tour Guide: “No, no. He was there to visit a hot spring resort”

Blake: “Hot springs? That’s ridiculous”

Tour Guide: “I will hear no more insinuations about the Atlesian people, nothing bad happened!”

Tour Guide (In Atlesian): “You will sit down, you will be quiet, you will respect Atlas!”

Awkward looming silence
Blake: “Is that a Dust refinery?”

Tour Guide: “Oh yes, Atlas is renowned as Remnants largest exporter of Dust…”

<Weiss silently despairs at her own people>

<Weiss and Ruby are out on an overnight assignment in the middle of the Emerald Forest, laying awake in their sleeping bags>

Weiss: “Ruby, when you look up, what do you see?”

Ruby: “I see the sky night, the moon and the stars”

Weiss: “What do you think they all mean?”

Ruby considers her reply: “I guess they help to remind us just quite how small we really are. That no matter how far we travel, no matter how much we do, there will always be this wide-open space we can only dream of visiting”

<Beat>

Weiss: “Ruby, you dolt, it means we lost our tent!”

<Weiss returns to the RWBY dorm. Weiss flips on the light to discover it doesn’t work. Rolling her eyes Weiss steps into the darkness in the RWBY dorm. Weiss hears the rustle of movement inside the dorm>

Weiss: “Ruby, are you in here?”

Ruby in deep voice: “I am the night”

Weiss: “Ruby-”

Ruby: “I am the Crescent Shadow!”

Weiss, frustrated as she cautiously steps deeper into the dorm: “Ruby, I swear-”

Ruby: “You swear?”

Weiss, even more frustrated: “If you jump out at me I swear I will-”

<Ruby descends from her bunk in a mass of jet-black fabric. Weiss suddenly found herself consumed inside of a cocoon of Rubys cape>

Ruby whispers in Weiss’s ear: “Swear to me”

<Weiss hunched over her desk in the RWBY dorm>

Yang: “Hey Weiss, want to come to the cafeteria?”
Weiss: “I can’t, I’ve still got to complete all this tax paperwork”

Yang: “We’re students, we don’t pay taxes”

Weiss: “Atlas has very stringent laws on its imports and exports to the other Kingdoms. This includes financial support to the other Kingdoms for hosting international students. That means I’ve got to fill out all of the paperwork”

Yang: “Still, shouldn’t Beacon be handling that sort of thing. Shouldn’t they at least be giving you guidance on it?”

Weiss: “They did give me this pamphlet, but it’s not much help”

<Weiss holds up a pamphlet ‘Professor Port says: Remember students, tax doesn’t have to be axing!’>

<Yang returns to the RWBY dorm after being away visiting Blakes family in Menagerie>

Ruby: “How did the trip go?”

Yang: “I met Blake and her mom at their villa. I brought some cookies with me as a thank you present for having me which we had with the afternoon tea. It turns out the cookies had mint chocolate in them”

Yang, steely eyed: “Their hands were all over me. They were rubbing up against me. I swear I heard them purring…”

<Ruby stares at Yang>

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<Ruby holding a tray of mint cookies>

Ruby: “Weiss, would you like a cookie?”

Chapter End Notes

Voice in my head: “It’s like catnip to their kind”

Other voice in my head: “You mean the mint or Yang?”

(This chapter should just be renamed ‘Weiss has an awkward home life’)

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