The Taste of Rain: A Suspense & Horror Anthology of Jaune Arc
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13436070.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category: F/M, F/F, Multi
Fandom: RWBY
Relationship: Jaune Arc/Glynda Goodwitch, Jaune Arc/Everyone, Jaune Arc/Pyrrrha Nikos, Jaune Arc/Ruby Rose, Jaune Arc/Weiss Schnee, Jaune Arc/Yang Xiao Long, Jaune Arc/Blake Belladonna, Jaune Arc/Nora Valkyrie, Jaune Arc/Winter Schnee, Jaune Arc/Whitley Schnee, Weiss Schnee/Winter Schnee, Jaune Arc/Weiss Schnee/Winter Schnee, Jaune Arc/Velvet Scarlatina, Jaune Arc/Other(s), Coco Adel/Jaune Arc, Jaune Arc/Pyrrrha Nikos/Velvet Scarlatina, Pyrrha Nikos/Cardin Winchester, Jaune Arc/Lie Ren, Jaune Arc/Melanie Malachite, Jaune Arc/Miltiades Malachite, Jaune Arc/Willow Schnee, Raven Branwen/Taiyang Xiao Long, Jaune Arc/Kali Belladonna, Jaune Arc/Salem, Jaune Arc/Sienna Khan, Jaune Arc/Summer Rose, Blake Belladonna/Lie Ren, An Ren/Lie Ren, An Ren/Blake Belladonna, Lie Ren/Blake Belladonna/An Ren, Neptune Vasilias/Original Character(s), Penny Polendina/Sun Wukong (RWBY), Weiss Schnee/Neptune Vasilias, Jaune Arc/Neopolitan, Jaune Arc/Emerald Sustrai, Jaune Arc/Emerald Sustrai/Sienna Khan, Jaune Arc/Cinder Fall, Jaune Arc/Saphron Cotta-Arc, Jaune Arc/Penny Polendina, Jaune Arc/Saphron Cotta-Arc/Terra Cotta-Arc, Jaune Arc/Terra Cotta-Arc
Character: Jaune Arc, Blake Belladonna, Glynda Goodwitch, Lie Ren, Ruby Rose (RWBY), Weiss Schnee, Nora Valkyrie, Pyrrha Nikos, Team RWBY, Team JNPR, Yang Xiao Long, Winter Schnee, Team CFVY, Coco Adel, Velvet Scarlatina, Summer Rose (RWBY), Cardin Winchester, Sky Lark, Team CRDL, Miltiades Malachite, Melanie Malachite, Sun Wukong (RWBY), Neptune Vasilias, Penny Polendina, Neopolitan (RWBY), Kali Belladonna, Willow Schnee, Saphron Cotta-Arc, Terra Cotta-Arc
The Taste of Rain: A Suspense & Horror Anthology of Jaune Arc

by Big Diesel

Summary

Watch as Jaune is a participant of depraved, lecherous acts against his choosing. See as his sisters, his mother, his classmates, his teachers, and those around him test the limits of the blonde until one of them claim Jaune. Rather if he wants them or not. Can Jaune survive this harem or forever be mind broken? {Anthology/One-shots} (Yandere!Harem x Jaune} {AU}

The story "Time of Departure" will become its own series. More details coming soon.

Update on 4/5/19: Heaven's Gate (Interlude)
Update on 6/12/19: The Eyes That Watched God (Part II) (Saphron x Jaune)
Update on 8/10/19: The Devil Dances In The Snow (Maledom!Jaune) {The third edition of the Devil chronicles}
Update on 9/8/19: The Eyes That Watched God (Interlude)
Update on 12/17/19: Ride On, Shooting Star (Part III) (Futa!Blake x Jaune)
Coming Soon: My Dear Lilly (Part I) (Futa!Saphron x Fem!Jaune)
Outside was an unexpected gift of rain. The wet season didn't generally start for another fortnight but the skies didn't lie. It wasn't a mean rain either, the type that got everyone wet without filling the rain barrels. It was the type that got the streams running with pristine water from the mountains. Jaune tightly held himself as if he was receiving his own kind of affection. The type that a child desperately craves from their mother. The presence of a tender kiss to the forehead, a gentle pat on the head, and a sweet whisper in the ear to remind the son that everything is okay under her presence. Jaune loned for those moments, a sense of comfort to be back in his safe space. Back in the woods of his parents and his loving siblings. They wanted his return. Come back to where you belong, he remembered the line writing by his eldest sister. There were other ways to become a huntsman without being at the Academy, his other sister had written. It was a joint letter, each paragraph contained their descriptive feelings about him. He held the letter like it was his true love for he made it in his mind that some time off from the Academy can make him reflect.

He hated to say goodbye to the roommates, friends, and teammates he had made since his entrance to Beacon Academy. Neverending friendships that he would forever cherish.

The letter from home was stuffed in his pocket. His weapon, no longer in his grasp since the Ozpin retrieved it upon his notification of expulsion. His back was against the door in the former classroom he yearned and gained his knowledge from the staff that were entrusted in his care.

Well, not every staff member had the best interest in their students. There were some who had special interest in their students. The type that went beyond the curriculum and wanted to explore more of his craft that wasn't of a potential huntsman candidate.

Glynda Goodwitch had other plans for Jaune. Plans that were currently leading him in the predicament he was currently facing. He felt her heartbeat. She was leaning against the very door that was separating the two from each other. He panicked, feeling the cool sweat dripping down his back. He bit his lip to entice silence, but Professor Goodwitch wasn't a fool. She knew the blonde was hiding beneath those doors.

Afterall, it was her classroom.

"You're in there, aren't you?" The voice was deep, very cold. In a way sort of fragile as her voice was cracked at the latter half of the sentence. He heard the knob fumbling. With much of his strength, he kept his back to the door, not allowing the professor entry. "You're in there, aren't you? I was waiting for you back at my residence, but you didn't show. I...I...was searching for you throughout campus. However, it started to rain."

Jaune kept his silence. He didn't want to answer. He had no reason to answer. Fear struck like the clock hanging on the wall. It was midnight. He had live to see another day. Another year.

He had finally made it to his eighteenth birthday.

A flash of lightning released its presence from the sky. Only Oum knew what was brewing into the night. The rain became heavy, pelting and cascading along the window. Jaune tucked his eyes, knowing that the last thing he wanted to do was spend his birthday expelled from the school he loved and being chased by a woman he had learned to despise.

"C'mon, darling. Can you let me in," questioned Professor Goodwitch. "If you be a good little boy, then I promise to show you good things." She hit the knob once more. "It is wet out there. I am
wet. I searched all over campus to look for you. I am soaked to the bone. I am even cold. Can you
give a woman like me shelter please?"

She turned the knob, but Jaune kept his back to it. Why should he feel any remorse for the
blonde witch. She may have displayed a pristine look, but beneath the glasses and the strong
demeanor lied a demon who was willing to destroy anyone in her wake.

"Jaune, darling. You know what? If I were in the room with you, then you and I can be together,
my darling," she said against the door. "Seeing you would make my day."

"No," he mouthed silently. His hasten breath wanted to say more. He want to shout, dispeling his
frustration to his former professor, but fear took hold of him. His mouth was entangled for it
questioned how much longer would he barricaded himself from this door. This was a game. He
knew how powerful the huntsman really was.

Her nervous, but crackling laughter confirmed his fearful truth. She breathed heavily against the
door. She was tickled, bewildered in this game she was playing with her student. No longer was
she teaching him anything of particular importance.

However, this cat and mouse game was a wonderful change of play for her. For she knew which
position she was playing. She held her hand to the knob, wiggling it to alert Jaune that she was still
there.

"Jauney, darling. You know what? If I were with you, then I can get warm with you. You know
with her hands. She kept tapping to the door. "One, two, I am coming for you. Three, four, open
the door. Five, six, don't take the risk. Seven, eight, choose your fate. Nine, ten, don't make me
plan your end." She giggled in that sing-song. She purred against the door.

"Lovable, dorky, gullible, fallible fool. My dear Jauney," she giggled. "Must we play this game of
cat and mouse. You know how powerful, capable being of a woman I can be. I am just enjoying
this because it seems like you have the upper man because of your physique." She tsked. "Foolish,
foolish boy. Seeing boys like you turn me on. That was why I picked you from amongst the
gentlemen of this academy," She sighed. "They were such children. Kids I just raise. But you, I see
you more than what you are. You are a beautiful man. Yes, yes." Jaune can hear her breath
vibrating through the door.

"The very day you have rescued me from those orc opened my switch. You were quite a gentleman
to rescue this damsel," she said in a bedeviling manner. "You were on my mind. I couldn't stop
thinking about you. I felt moist. I felt I was covered in the sunkissed raindrops of you. I felt wet.
My thing got wet. It got wet for you. I have left it wet for you, my precious, precious Jaune."

She knocked on the door.

"Now, c'mon, open this pitiful door, my loving blonde," she said. "Or else, you are going to make
me do something else I don't want to regret. How about your friends? Maybe I should I pay Nora or
Lie Ren a v…..

"Leave them out of this!" Jaune shouted, causing an echo to bounce in the room. A flash of
lightning displayed his frustration and anguish. "Leave them out of this!"

She crackled once more. "What's the matter, Jauney. Did I step on a nerve? Did this kitten catch
your tongue?"
"Keep them out of this! Please? I don't want them to cause any more heartbreak."

"Then, you should know what to do. I mean, you didn't think you were going to leave me," she snapped to him. "I mean, you made me this way."

*You made me this way, Jauney.*

*Come and play with me.*

*You are a good boy, aren't you?*

*What's the matter, Jauney? You don't want to play?*

Her rambling of her voice made him cover his ears. He didn't want to be there. He wanted to be home. He never expected this to play into place, but he cried out to Oum to help him.

He cried out for his mother. He cried out for his sisters.

He even cried out for Pyrrha.

His eyes snapped open quickly as he heard the unlocking of the door.

"Jauney, come out and play!"

He put all of his might to the door as she pushed it open.

"Jauney, come out and play!"

The twisted sing-song was nerve wracking. He pushed hard with all of his might. As the moment he thought he had the upper hand, he felt the shock of a volt hitting his body.

His body went into convulsion. He yelped loudly but the thunder masked his screams. As he struggled to gain composure, he heard the footsteps coming to his direction.

"Poor, poor Jauney," she tsked. "It's a good thing no one is going to see what's going to happen next." She smiled, displaying her teeth from ear to ear. She held the taser in her hand.

"Please, Professor."

"Nope!"

The sound of thunder masked his cry.

Silence followed thereafter.
It should have been a simple prank.

If he would have known that if would perpetuate the position he was currently facing, he would have never accepted the offer.

Jaune could be reading a book or practice on his swordsmanship.

Jaune could be on social media catching up with his family.

Instead, he was lying in a bed.

Instead, he was bounded by her *ropes of love*.

Jaune's goal was to remain calm through this plight. He knew if he had another *outburst*, then she was going to pull the syringe again.

The dosage was more potent than the other.

His eldest sister had warned him growing up to be wary when helping others for he would never know when they overuse their hardships. He wore his heart on his sleeve admittedly but helping a dear friend was important to the blonde. No one left behind was his philosophy.

Those words filled his brain as well as the medicine as he was recovering from his groggy, drug-induced state. He felt like mush. His stomach was slushing, he wanted to vomit. His head felt like a rock was meshing with his brain. Water was on his mind. He craved it like a baby's first breath. He craved it like a shrimp's help from a dobby.

However, it was denied. His sweat he collected from his body compensated whatever nutrients possible.

He was on his fifth day without food or water. She had warned him if he dared to defy her or take a risk of escape, then she would harshen her treatment.

She had explained that this wasn't to hurt him, but encourage him that he needed her like a servant to a master or a person in search of a savior.

He watched quietly as he saw his captive making her presence known to him as she saw him stirring. Her golden hair shined over the light.

Artificial light from the lamp matter of factly for he didn't know rather if it was day or night. He didn't know how long he was held captive. He didn't know where he was or if anyone was looking for him.

Be as it may, Yang Xiao Long made sure that she was going to get a fill of Jaune rather if he want it or not.
"Oh, my darling," said Yang gently as she touched his bare flesh. Her cool hands heighten his sensitivity, causing him to repel. He couldn't go far for he was bounded. She covered her mouth, tickled by his reaction. "I glad to see that you are awake, darling. It gets boring when you are sleeping. The hours fade away without my precious Jauney." Her eyes darted toward his groin. "However, your son keeps active at all times so I don't mind playing with him." She giggled, turning red in the process. "At least this little fella is honest of his feelings for me." Her eyes returned to Jaune. "What about you, papa?"

"Son, Papa," his eyes widened. As his thoughts were registered, he felt sticky texture around his groin. Unable to look, he tried moving his thigh, but without avail. His body was still numb from her last attack with the syringe.

"That's right," replied Yang with absoluteness in her voice. "Since I have already claimed you, I have decided to go on and make my stake in the Arc estate." She smiled devilishly. "Since you are going to become mine anyway."

He watched as she rubbed her stomach gently. She stuck her tongue, humming of her approval of his seeds entering her body without his permission. "I can still feel them fighting in my womb. Which of them will win? Will it be a boy? A girl? Both? Twins?" She clapped her hands. "Having little Jaunes and Yangs around to create our dynasty would be great."

"You...you...you." Words couldn't fathom the violation of his body. His stomach churned. The now cool sticky substance was being wiped by Yang. She put it in her mouth before rubbing her stomach. "Yummy and delectable. Just like I like my Jauney to be." She looked to her stomach. "And our little ones to be. What should we name them?"

"Why? Why?" Jaune's quench for water was becoming a second thought. His eyes watched the blonde leaning forward to him. Only this time, her face furrowed.

"Hey," she said in a stern voice. "What should we name our little ones?"

"Do you have any idea of what can happen," questioned Jaune. "We are kids. Why would you…" It was interrupted when she quickly withdrew a blade. She edged it to his throat. "What. Should. We. Name. Our. Children?" She bit her lip as she kept the blade against his throat. Her eyes narrowed to his, keeping it at her sight. "You never learn, do you? I keep nice. I take care of you." She pressed the blade to his neck. "Do you like when I do this to you? Do you enjoy being punished?" She let out a slight smile. "You wonder why I haven't fed you or gave you any water over these few days."

The blade broke the skin.

"That is to prove my love for you and how much you need me, Jauney." She saw the blood dripped around the blade. "See how the blood drips, Jauney. This shows how much I love you and the things I do to prove it to you."

Jaune shivered, fortunate for his numbness of his body. His lips quivered, shook as fear was overcoming him.

"This small wound doesn't compare to what you are doing to my heart, Jauney," explained Yang sternly. "It weeps as you don't accept me or receive me. I am doing whatever I can to make you love me, Jauney." Her eyes furrowed. "No matter what you think or if you run or hide, I will find you. And for those who keep you from me will suffer under my wrath."
She retrieved the blade from his throat. She held it, placing her tongue against, cleaning the blade with her tongue. She closed her eyes as she relished herself with it. "Red as a gentle rose on a spring's eve. Another symbol of your love is now within me. I have another piece of your inside of me." She extended her hands, rubbing his stomach. "Remember that day, Jaune? Remember how you tried to play a prank on me." She giggled as she drew circle patterns around his chest. She grabbed the blade for it to join her. "Oh, seeing the blade rubbing gently against your skin. Would you like this blade to display her affections to you as well," she said while winking.

Jaune shook his head in disagreement.

"That day you played your prank was the day I felt some fucking alive. You came and save me from that embarrassment." She trailed the blade to his bellybutton. "I knew you were following orders from the others, but I am glad it was you. Oum designed it to happen."

"Remember, Jaune," she asked as she had the blade around his groin. "Remember?"

Remember, Jauney?

The prank?

Remember? Remember? Remember?

Jaune felt the hand of the blade around his groin. She let out a moan as she began playing with his sword. Jaune let out a yelp. He tried not to remember what happened that day.

For that day changed his life.

A few weeks earlier….

It was Nora's suggestion to play a prank on Yang. The night before the prank, Yang and the members of Team RWBY came over to Jaune's dorm to have a get together. It was a rough week. Exams were getting to the best of them. It was the suggestion of Nora and Lie Ren to invite them over for some food, drinks, and fun.

It was Weiss who decided to bring the alcohol to fuel the party.

The crew drank and drank and drank some more.

Yang, who normally could handle her liquor like a gentleman, had one too many. She was too drunk to the point that she couldn't handle being carried home.

Younger sister Ruby insisted for Yang to stay the night with Nora. The others were comfortable enough to trust Lie Ren and Jaune for them to not doing anything sexually to a drunk Yang.

Ruby told Jaune that they would come back in the morning to get Yang.

Jaune allowed Yang to use his bed and he slept on the floor.

Nora woke up Jaune at the peak of the morning. She and Lie Ren decided to that they wanted to play a prank on Yang.

'It would be fun,' boasted Nora. 'One for the history books.'

'What's your plan,' questioned Jaune despite his being uncomfortable with it.
'Yang is sleeping in your bed,' said Nora, trying hard to not contain her laughter. 'I was thinking we should give her a special wake up call.' She winked as she held a bowl in her hands.

Jaune put his hands to his hips. 'Seriously? Are we like twelve?'

Lie Ren nodded his head. 'Honestly, I would disagree with Nora, but this is kinda interesting. Catching little Miss Perfect in a surprised position. Think of the things we can do to bride.'

'Still doesn't make it cool,' replied Jaune. He turned to Lie Ren. 'I am surprised you want to participate in this.'

'Quit your worrying,' interjected Nora. 'Just harmless fun. What can go wrong?'

Nora wanted Jaune to do the prank since it was Yang sleeping in his bed. She had a signal ready to confirm Jaune's completion of the task. Once that happened, she and Lie Ren would come in to take pictures. Nora had a camera and Lie Ren had a video camera. Jaune was in his room, sitting there nervously as he contemplated on his task.

He looked at Yang. She was sleeping soundly. She looked like an angel to Jaune. He tried overcoming his shyness and blushing as he decided to go through with the prank.

As he was about to place her hand in the water-filled bowl, he noticed her shivering. Then, something directed his attention to his blanket.

He saw a red blotch around it.

Jaune couldn't say he was an expert on women. However, it didn't take a genius to know that Aunt Flo paid a visit to Yang and left a present for Jaune on his bed.

"You were such a prince to me," exclaimed Yang as she continued stroking his dick with the handle of her blade. "Taking care of me while those bastards wanting to play those games. So, in the end, I thank them for it wasn't for them, I wouldn't ever got you."

Jaune's dick began leaking precum. He closed his eyes, trying to fight the inevitable climax.

"I know they were being playful," said Yang. "But, Yang Xiao Long doesn't like to get played with. Unless it is you of course," she winked. She looked at his dick. "I think your son likes my blade. See, it's not threatening you anymore. We can all get along, hehe!"

He bit his lips as his dick erupted with his semen. It landed on his chest and on his legs.

She grinned loudly. "Sing me a rainbow, my blonde prince!" She released her blade, using her hands to milk out his semen until his climax ceased. She hovered over him, displaying her semen-covered hand.

"So, it is true that you produce more when you are awake." She rubbed her fingers of the sticky texture. She put it in her mouth. She hummed as she swished her mouth with his seed. "Your seed is so yummy, so rich. No wonder why you are a chosen one, my dear Jauney." She stuck her tongue out, showing his seeds. "This taste so amazing that I think it is fair for you to taste your product. I mean, you haven't had anything in quite awhile, so it is the least I can do."

Jaune's eyes widened as Yang pried open his mouth to accept her kiss. He muffled as she enveloped her mouth with his. She moaned feverishly as she applied her saliva and his semen into his mouth. She continued more saliva until she felt he had his filled. She put her hands to his throat.
"Chew, chew, and swallow," she commanded him. "Don't resist, you silly one. I know you are thirsty. Take the gift you have received. Taste me as I have tasted you."

Yang kept her hands on his throat until she felt the vibration of his swallow.

She was happy when he did.

"Good boy," she said as she patted him on the head. "You can be so wonderful when you take my orders." She held his pulse. "The medication should be leaving your body soon. The numbness will go away. However, I still don't trust you yet since your last escape. So, let my kiss be your nourishment until I am confident that you are trusted in me."

She watched the color of his face drained.

"Aww, poor Jauney. I didn't want to do it, but you brought this on yourself." She pouted to him. "Tell you what, I can give you some encouragement until you willfully submit to me, darling." She giggled. "I have been savoring this moment."

Jaune watched as she put her hands in her skirt. She pulled down her panties. She smiled as she hovered them over Jaune.

"Tada! Remember these?"

Jaune remember them like it was yesterday. The red and white-striped panties with the black bow in the center. The very panties that were drenched in her blood on the day of the prank.

"This was the very underwear I was wearing during the prank. I have spent days in these, just marinating and soaking my juices. Just getting off to the thoughts of you," she slightly moaned. "I haven't washed this since that day. It is my good luck charm." She let out a devilish grin. "And I am now entrusting this to you. I hope this would provide nutrients. I hope that this will get you to the point that you will go mad for me."

Jaune tried moving, which made Yang laugh. "Poor, poor Jauney. I am glad for what I am about to do next."

Jaune watched as she punched him in the nose. It left him in a daze.

_Much better. Easier for me to apply this in your mouth._

She inserted her panties into his mouth. To ensure that it remained, she tied a piece of nylon rope around his mouth.

_Taste me, my love. Let your tongue resonate with my flavor. For it will be the only flavor you will ever know._

She pulled out the syringe.

_Time for your medicine._

Jaune tried to resist, but the punch was too much for him to do anything.

_Hopefully, you will be a better camper next time. I love you, my dear Vomit Boy._

Jaune was feeling the silence around him. She never kept her eyes out of his sight. He thought to himself on that day and the events that led to his current predicament.
And it all started with the prank that fateful morning.
Winter Schnee was consuming her fifth glass of wine of the evening. The sun had yet to crest, but already the white-haired woman was on edge. She was fidgeting, honestly nervous. Her brain was going into eight million different directions at once. Knowing she didn't want her pinot to stain her decorated uniform, she returned her glass into the console. In the back of the limo, the elder Schnee was scanning through the village. She saw onlookers staring at the limo, something that wasn't a common theme there. As if she was of royalty, she waved to the crowd; occasionally blowing kisses and winking to the admirers of strangers. She altered her driver that she wanted a change of scenery. The driver suggested the nearby park. She agreed.

As the driver turned to the park's direction, she began consuming her sixth glass of wine.

Winter rolled up the window as the winter's chill has yet departed from the budding spring. She straightened herself up, hoping that her appearance doesn't reflect her current state of mind. Gratefully, she wasn't on the job, but she didn't want to do anything to destroy the Schnee name. She had already abdicated her inheritance to her father's business, she didn't want to do anything to discredit her line of service.

Her name was consumed on one thing; however, this one thing had turned into an intricate web that she knew if caught, then trouble would brew.

And that would open and reveal unkempt secrets. Secrets that she couldn't afford to destroy or tarnish the Schnee name.

The driver alerted Winter of their arrival to the park. She asked the driver to park. She wanted to step out and rest her legs. The driver asked if she needed any assistance. She responded with a simple no. She wasn't worried for she would be fine.

Her watch displayed the time to be a quarter till eight in the evening. The fire from the streetlamp has been lit, which provided the elder Schnee proper lighting of the park. She took deep breaths as she took in the park's scenery.

The cherry blossoms arrived like whipped cream on the trees in triumphant colors of pink and white. The petals burst out from the lower branches, leaving the tips still yet to bud. The trees were scattered all over the park as it welcomed visitors to see all of its glory.

Truthfully, she never liked the color of the cherry blossoms or the tree itself. The tree never bothered her. It never gave her any bad memories. She just did not like the tree. She often thought that subjecting herself to a cliche was abhorring; as many of her peers were in awe of the budding foliage each spring. She wasn't. The spring's eve complimented the scenery. The pastel colors of red and orange saying farewell to the day, fulfilling the town's purpose. The clouds, meshed into the peach-like sky, gave way to the evening while the stars slowly enter into view.

She credited her disdain of nature or anything beautiful to her disheartened father. His mindset since being brought onto this world has all been about business. As early she could talk, she already knew how to establish networking and working on building more connections to further their business. Of course, she was exaggerating, but she knew that her father wasn't really father-of-the-year. Amidst the appearances at cocktail parties, soirees, socials, galas, and the like, the Schnees appeared to be a well-to-do family.

However, behind closed doors, that was a different story. Something she wasn't in the mood to
discuss for it brought memories that gave her strong disdain of her father.

Nevertheless, at least she can say disdain was a coveted word for the pure hatred of her father.

She took another sigh as she continued deeper into the park. She remembered the concern from the driver about her safety. On one occasion, the driver retrieved one of her weapons for Winter's protection. Winter's smile, which sparkled her blue eyes to the driver made her blush. Winter took her by the cheek and told her that her safety was nothing of concern,

*For it should be the other way around. There are people who should be concern of their safety around me.*

She paused at the split of the trail. She saw a bench on one side of the trail and the other path led deeper into the woods. She took a few steps. She inched closer to the part of the trail where it led to woods. She kneeled to the ground. She was gentle so she wouldn't get any dirt on her clothes. Disregarding her pantyhose, she removed her shoes and kneeled to the ground. With her nose, she inhaled the scent of the dirt. She squinted her eyes to investigate the path. She saw footprints.

Being a member of the military allowed her to understand and to learn how to search and look for one's enemy. With her resources, she knew that the trail was fresh. Judging by the scent, the person passed this path a few minutes ago. She let out a smile.

She knew that a certain someone was in the woods. A certain someone that she had her reasons to have a tet-o-tet.

She grinned quietly, hoping that her certain someone didn't hear the noise. She dusted the dirt from her pantyhose. She put back on her shoes. She cracked her knuckles as she ventured into the woods.

The forest was dark and foreboding, but there was peace in its sullen ambiance. She wondered how her certain someone ever came to find the place. A place filled with monsters, orcs, and the like was also the location where a certain someone wanted to be alone. A place where that certain someone could feel free as pleased.

A undisturbed place in which Winter knew she wouldn't have any trouble when meeting that certain someone.

Her crystal blue eyes flickered over the thick, dark trunks of the trees that rose steadily into the sky, its branches interlocking with its neighbors like giant's arms linked together protecting their home. The trees were densely packed together, leaving just enough space to allow someone to maneuver through. She pressed her palm against its rough bark, and breathed in the scent of the forest. The musty scent of leaves after rainfall, the warm soil packed against the earth by scurrying animals, the scent of things in different stages of blooming and growth. The smell of life. The forest was teeming with it.

The sounds of metal hitting the trees alerted her scenes. She began seeing a small bright light a few feet away. She continued to follow the sources of the light until she saw an small opening in the woods.

It was there where she had found that certain someone.

She saw the blonde twirling in circles with his blade. As if he was performing a ceremonial dance, he had practice swinging his blade at the tree. The sounds of his grunts joined the sounds of his blades as he was training.
The small brush in front of Winter shielded her from being seen. She watched as he strategically used tactics to brush off whatever come what may. She covered her mouth to silence her laugh. She knew as much as the blonde was determined to become a huntsman, but standing trees don't fight back.

'Tell me, Weiss. Who is that blonde boy?'

Weiss put down her coffee to answer her sister's question. It wasn't often that Winter visited her at her dorm, but was appreciative of her visiting. She put her finger to her lip as if she was thinking of the right words to produce to her sister.

'Oh! That Jaune Arc!' Weiss snapped her finger as she returned to sipping her coffee. 'He is one of my classmates. He is also a member of Team JNPR.'

'Team JNPR,' retorted Winter as she crossed her legs. She added some more sugar into her coffee. Preferably, she wanted tea, but she wasn't going to contest her sister's taste in beverages. 'Is Jaune any good?'

Admittedly, she saw Jaune practiced with another female earlier before entering her sister's dorm. She frowned how the redhead was being too harsh on the blonde. If wasn't for her sister's visit, then she would have given the redhead a piece of her mind.

It wouldn't be hard to connect with Ozpin to have a few moments of interrogation with the redhead. One of the many benefits of being in the military.

'Jaune is decent, to say the least,' replied Weiss matter-of-factly. 'Somewhat of a goofball, if you ask me.'

'Now, Weiss,' interjected Winter. 'I am surprised that you would say something like that.' She blew her breath toward her hair. 'He looks like a handsome gentleman.' She winked to Weiss. 'Maybe a future husband of a certain huntsman-in-training.'

Weiss furrowed her eyebrows as she scoffed at Winter's response. 'Him? Please! I rather eat rapier jam.' She coughed. 'No, better yet place my tongue on the bathroom floor before being with that clumsy, untrained, clueless Vomit Boy!' She crackled at her sister. She wiped a tear from her eye. 'I think you have a better chance to be with him than I.'

Winter raised her eyebrow. 'And what makes you say that.'

'Because you are more stiff than I. Emotions played secondary in your blueprint.'

'Hey! I can have an emotional side, too.' She raised her coffee cup. 'Like the fact that this coffee tasted like it was made before I have called to come see you. Or the fact that these cups are chipped.' She let out a smile. 'Or the fact that a certain someone has been standing over you for the past two minutes.' Winter waved and smiled at the unsuspecting visitor. 'Afternoon, Mr. Arc.'

Weiss turned red when hearing his name entering her ear. She feverishly turned to him as he was accompanied with Blake, Lie Ren, Nora, and Yang.

'Jaune,' Weiss said while fumbling at the mouth. 'How long were you standing there.'
Jaune shrugged his shoulders. 'Hmm. Long enough that you rather put your tongue to the bathroom floor.' He shook his head. 'I think around that part, you little Ice Queen.'

Weiss further turned red at the sight of her embarrassment. Before she could explain herself, Jaune had already left the room. Nora and Ruby went after him, leaving Lie Ren and Yang remaining.

'Well, I don't know about you guys, but we have dessert if you want some,' explained Yang as she took Weiss' seat. She looked to Winter. 'Care to have some?'

Not wanting to be rude, Winter accepted. As she took the cake from Yang, she began thinking of another sweet sensation that recently left.

That was the sweet that she wanted.

Winter admired her sister's point of view whenever she had discussed Jaune Arc. Every visit home was explanation of the blonde huntsman-in-training.

I don't have much an impression of him. He looks to me as I bet he likes me.

Why is he enrolled in this academy. He must have forgotten that this is a place of the elite. Not the place where we serve free lunch or issue food stamp coupons.

I am just saying, Winter, that Jaune is being haphazardous in his skills. We can be killed if he doesn't do his part.

As much as Weiss complained of Jaune, it was obvious that the elder sister knew the truth. Weiss likes Jaune. She was too prideful and too bold to accept that.

Weiss couldn't help it. Too much of their father in her.

She continued to watch as she knew that Jaune has improved on his techniques since the last time she had seen him. What Weiss didn't know was that she had made some visits without acknowledging her sister of her arrival. She wasn't there too long, but always gave Jaune some advice on being a better warrior.

Predictable as the blonde was, Winter knew that Jaune was receptive to whatever she told him. Even if she told him that jumping into a cold lake could provide him agility, he would do it. It was cute. He was cute.

It was also around the same time that she began developing feelings for the blonde.

Jaune stopped. He paused as he took off his shirt. Her eyes widen for how attractive his body was. His chest glistened in the moonlight. He was shaped in the right places as if Oum himself crafted this work of art. She covered her mouth to prevent herself from squealing like a young girl. She reminded herself that she was an adult and not a fangirl.

Even though she wondered how she would squeal if Jaune would take advantage of her. She shook her head for she knew that wasn't true. She knew Jaune wasn't as dominate he let on to be. If Jaune was able to accept whatever info she told him, then she knew that she was capable of dominating.

Like she didn't mind. There were many boys before him that fell into the knees of the white-haired ice beauty.
Occasionally, there were a few girls, but they served under the master/pet umbrella versus romance. For a moment, the elder Schnee pictured what things subservient that she would make Jaune do.

'Hey, sis, can I talk to you?'

Winter remembered the last visit to Weiss' dorm when Weiss asked her a serious question. The girls were sharing a bed as neither girls couldn't sleep. Weiss rested her head on Winter's chest. Winter was stroking her sister's hair.

'Remember the things I have mentioned about Jaune?'

'Yeah, I do. 'Bathroom floor and rapier jam.' Am I right?'

Weiss giggled. 'Yeah, but can I tell you the truth.' She briefly looked away before turning her sights to her big sister. 'I like him. I like him a lot, big sis.'

Winter sighed heavily. Within she wasn't surprised to hear the news, but it was damning as she, too, had feelings for the blonde huntsman-in-training. She took steady breaths, only to listen more to what Weiss had to say. 'You do? When did that confirm it?'

She was faint, but Winter could hear her. 'It was last night. It was after...it was after…' She paused, digging her facing into her sister. 'It was when I saw Yang asking Jaune out on a date.' She sniffled. 'I watched from the corner in the common room when Yang approached Jaune for a date.'

'How did he respond,' questioned Winter.

'He accepted,' responded Weiss with her eyes widening, followed by tears. 'That dummy took the invitation from that dumb blonde bitch!'

'Weiss, sweetie. Sometimes, we can't stand in the way of love,' she lied to her sister. Deep within, she was brewing with anger when realizing that Yang had it out for Jaune as well. 'What happened?'

'What did you think? I followed them,' explained Weiss. 'There is a club in town that Yang frequents. It brings no shocker that the bimbo would bring Jaune there. Jaune is a delicate creature. The bar is where you bring whores, not angels.' She saw Weiss panting heavily. She told Weiss to calm down.

'What happened next,' asked Winter.

'Well, I saw her take Jaune to the dance floor. They were dancing the night away. I got angry as she grabbed her stubby hands all over my Jaune. She made him slide his beautiful fingertips to her ugly body.' She turned to her sister. 'I saw that and the voices in my head were telling me to get payback, sister. To get payback on that man stealing, dumb blonde whore, big sister.'

Winter frowned. 'What did you do?'

'I waited for Jaune and Yang to return back to the dorm. I decided to play another role instead of being Weiss.' She began to smile. 'It didn't matter that Yang kissed Jaune. I know that her lips tainted his, but I was very certain that she wouldn't do that again.' She giggled. 'No, she wouldn't.'
'Weiss! You didn't kill her, didn't you?'
'Oum, no! She is my friend, Weiss. I wouldn't do such a thing.'
'Okay, thank God!'
'But, I can't say the same for my alter ego.'
Winter sat up and turned on the light. 'She isn't dead, is she?'
'Oum is a great god, Winter. Oum made me spare her. She doesn't think Weiss did it. She can't say for the vigilante.' She sat up as well. Winter saw her sister was breathing harshly. 'I didn't want magic tools or anything, Winter. I just used a simple bat. I hit her where it hurts. Her lips and her legs. I mean, she can't kiss or walk down the aisle right now. I think she got the message!'
'Oh, my God,' contested Winter as she covered her mouth.
'What's the matter, sis? I thought you would be proud of me. I mean, I am just like you!' Weiss came closer to her sister. She pressed her hand on her chest. 'I know what you like, too. I knew from the beginning that you had feelings for Jaune. The constant questions. Wanting to know his whereabouts.' She kissed Winter on her cheek. 'We are the same.' She kissed her on her lips. 'We are one in the same.'
Winter shivered as Weiss continued to kiss her. She watched as Weiss disrobe. She moaned slightly as Weiss slid her hand inside of Winter's nightgown.
'Shh,' said Weiss as she continued fondling Winter. 'Let's face the fact that we want Jaune. You do! I do! We do!'
'Yes,' replied Winter. She felt her nipple become erect. The juices were responding to her sister's caressing. 'I think there is a way we can have our cake and eat it too.'
'There is?'
'Yes, but it is going to take you.'
'Why me?'
'Because I know Jaune likes you more.'

Winter shivered as the thought return to her brain like it was yesterday. Surprised how aggressive her sister was. The girls performed a forbidden, incestous act that night, all in the name of their beloved Jaune. Winter decided to enter his domain the moment he turned around.

She needed to be swift and quick.

_Forgive me, my precious Jaune._

"Jauney," she said in a sing-song.

As Jaune turned, he flinched when feeling the syringe entering his neck. He watched how motionless Winter was. She giggled as she saw Jaune staggering.
"Don't fret, baby," she told him. "It will burn for a spell, but you will feel relaxed in a few moments."

He gnashed his teeth while the syringe cling to his neck. The pain was horrible, he thought, as it spread from his neck. It was like a shot in the dark. He didn't give his surprised captor any spare time. He lunged toward Winter, pushing her to the ground. He ran toward the path in search of escape.

The clouds wavered further and further, ushering in the sky as it went deeper into the void. It was like the earth was opening the sky, welcoming the heavens in the forms of stars.

As he staggered to the path, his breath was becoming ragged. It became difficult to breathe. He clutched his arm around his chest. He felt that his heartbeat was slowing down. His eyelids were drooping, getting heavier, and blinding him. He was noticing his body was getting heavier.

Whatever it was in the syringe was taking effect. He feared that it won't be long until he was going to lose conscious, or worst. Troubled thoughts ran in his mind. *Am I going to die? Why did they do this? Please help me. I don't want to die. Will I be able to go home? Will I make it home?*

He was walking toward an open space that appeared to be a park. The venom surged into his chest, causing him to feel hotness. It burned, making him sweat and making him panicked. No, I can't die, he thought, I am going to fight this. Resilient and determined, Jaune ventured into the open area to finding shelter. He needed to be somewhere that he won't catch the eye of his captor. However, his eyes were becoming blurry, inhibiting him of sight. *Damn it! Don't you quit on me, he thought. Please God, I got to do this!*

A laughter came from a distance.

"Jaune," said Winter. "Jauney, please stop! I don't want to hurt you," The sound was melodic. It was like a very twisted sing-song. The voice was gentle and feminine. "Jauney, darling. Why are you running away? Are you playing hard to get? That's okay! It's gonna be so much fun before I catch you, Jauney darling!"

His stomach churned as he heard the familiar voice. "Oh no! That voice!" He spat from his voice when knowing who was his captor. The very woman who gave him advice. The very woman that he met at Weiss' dorm.

He couldn't believe that it was Winter Schnee.

"It can't be. Not her, not her. Anybody but her. No, no, NO!" His face tensed. His hands wrapped in a fist as he cursed himself for making his fatal mistake. A tremendous headache throbbed from his head. It pounded like a nail and hammer. Especially when hearing the haughty, gruesome, murderous, yet heavenly voice of Winter.

"Darling, don't you run from me," said Winter. "You are making things worse for yourself. Yet again, if this your crooked attempt of being a tease, then I love it!"

Her laugh was maniacal, something that a killer would do in a midst of rage when the killer murders their victims. He had seen it in movies he had purchased or in the manga books he read. The only difference was that this killer was a female and was occurring in real life.

Then, the sound of the night went silent. It became eerie. Like a vacuum sucked all of the sounds from all around him, he knew that something was wrong. He realized that he was feeling the effect from the syringe.
He tried to scream, but he was unable. His voice faded. It wasn't long until he landed on the ground. The impact nearly made him breathless. As he lied on the ground, he saw a beautiful night. The stars showed a lovely display. On any given night, he would have enjoyed it. The cherry blossoms waved gently into view.

His eyes widened when he saw the elder Schnee standing above him. Her white hair flowing into the wind like wool. Her eyes were blue and pale. She stood over him and displayed a huge smile on her face.

"I caught you, darling," she said in a sing-song.

His eyes shut and silence followed thereafter.

Winter paused to survey the unconscious Jaune. She saw the redness of his cheeks, flushed from the venom she put in the syringe. His lips were red, which made her kneel and she touched his lips with hers. The kiss lasted for a few moments before she broke it.

"Sweet like an apple," she said as she licked her lips.

A few moments later, the flashing lights appeared in Winter's vision. The limo appeared at the path. The door opened and out came the driver.

"You have what you need," asked the driver.

Winter smiled. "I do, little brother...I mean, little sister."

The driver, who happened to be the heir, now heiress to the Schnee fortune walked forward to her sister. She clicked her tongue. "So, this is the precious Jaune you and Weiss have been fondling over?" She blushed as she observed the unconscious blonde.

"Won't say that he is ugly," answered Whitley. "Not a handsome devil, but fetching."

"Enough talk! Weiss is expecting us," said Winter. "Now, help me put him in the car."

"Are you telling the future heiress what to do?"

"Do you want to explain that to Father if he comes out of his coma that you decided to get a sex change?"

"A coma you caused," interjected Whitley.

"To protect you that's why," replied Winter. "Now, let's be swift and let's go!"

Whitley grabbed Jaune's shoes as Winter grabbed her shoulders as they were putting him into the car.

"Do you know where to go," asked Winter.

"I do," answered Whitley. "So, what's Weiss' plan by the way."

Winter closed the door before walking towards Whitley's direction. She took her by the chin and pressed her lips towards her. "Just like our family creed. When we want something, we take it."

"You mean?"

"We are going to make Jauney ours."
And there won't be a damn thing anybody can do to stop it.

To be continued....
The sky became dark and low with ominous black clouds and the wind picked up, howling, crying, warning, baying like a wolf into the night. The first crack of lightning rent the air and within seconds the rolling boom of the thunder reverberated overhead. Soon the rain fell, slow to start, splattering the sidewalks haphazardly. Then it fell as if from buckets, cascading like a waterfall from the heavens. It pounded on the roof as if it were demanding entrance.

This night will set the tone for the things to come.

And it will never be the same for Jaune Arc.

It all started with one phone call.

It was Lie Ren's suggestion that he and Nora were to go clubbing on this night. Jaune lied back in bed as he watched his roommate/teammate buttoned the last part of his sleeve. He looked quite dashing, sporting the cologne that Nora got for him for his birthday and wearing the clothes that Nora also got for him as a gift. The white long-sleeved buttoned-down and the blue jeans suited the brunette as he felt confident in his clothing.

It was confirmed as Jaune was giving him a thumbs up.

"Looking good, buddy," said Jaune as he was tossing his soccer ball in the air. "The ladies will be on the prowl tonight." He snickered as he caught the ball. "Do you need anything to protect your crown jewels?"

Lie Ren smirked, but kept his composure. He pulled his sword protection sleeve out of his back pocket. "Ready and reared to go for her pleasure." He winked to his blonde roommate. "If she can't get enough of my loving, then I have extra."

"Lie Ren on the prowl is more of the subject," howled Jaune loudly before the pair began laughing. Jaune reached to his nightstand to find his scroll, but decided against whatever he was planning to do with it.

Lie Ren looked into the mirror once more before turning to Jaune. "Now, this doesn't look like 'Hey, look at me?" He had feminized his voice, wondering to Jaune that his outfit wasn't emasculating.

"I said it looked good, man," answered Jaune. "What's the worry?"

Lie Ren blushed. "I just want to make sure that I am looking good. I want to have fun tonight is all."

Jaune sat up. "Easy, easy. It's all about being yourself and having some fun. Girls come when they see a confident man." He cracked his knuckles. "Everybody knows that."

"Then why can't you come," questioned Lie Ren with a worrisome look on his face. "We can use the third wheel. The club already knows that me and Nora aren't an item."

Jaune's smiled disappeared. He looked to his scroll on the nightstand. He rubbed the back of his shoulder, alleviating any imaginary pain that was present to disguise what was within. "I have my reasons." He returned to the bed and grabbed the soccer ball as he threw it in the air.
Lie Ren looked at Jaune meticulously, as if he wanted to say something, but couldn't manage it. Better yet, he couldn't produce the words that he wanted to say to his best friend. Deep within, Lie Ren knew the reason. He hated that he was there to witness it. He hated to see Jaune's anguish and embarrassment. He knew that the blonde took plenty of heart and courage to convince the Ice Queen to go out with him. The results were the same as her demeanor and personality, cold. Jaune didn't look at anything, staring at the wall. Lie Ren edged forward, but was interrupted by the opening of the door.

"Evening, my darlings," cried Nora as she came inside the room in a smiling manner. She swayed her hips as she came to Jaune's bed. Nora didn't hesitate as she surprisingly kissed the blonde on his lips. Before he could respond, she aimed for his lips once more. She broke the kiss, sitting up and licking her lips while rubbing her stomach.

"Nothing beats a taste of this Vomit Boy," she said while she continued to rub her stomach. "Always delicious and tasty."

"Yeah," said Jaune as if he was unfazed on the act that Nora did.

Nora looked to Lie Ren. With their similar proclivities, they were thinking the same thing.

*Is our Jaune still upset about Weiss?*

*More than you can image, Nora. Cold as ice.*

Jaune furrowed his eyebrows before feeling the gentle touch of Nora's hands. "Jaune." She took another breath as she thought of finding something without tearing more of his feelings. "Would it be better if you come to the club with us? You can shake your worries off. You can boogie with us."

Lie Ren sat at the foot of the bed. He bumped his fist on Jaune's leg. "Yeah, it's the weekend before holiday. Everybody is going to be there. Cinder, Salem, Ruby, Yang, Cardin, Amber, Mercury, plenty of people to have fun and relax."

Jaune sighed. "Look, guys. Thanks, but I don't want to be there if you know...if she is there."

Nora slapped his thigh. "Jaune," she pouted. "Don't let one person spoil your good time." She grabbed his leg. "Please, Jaune, we need our group together to have a great time. Don't be a poor sport."

Lie Ren began poking his finger at Jaune's stomach. Nora began slapping his thigh.

"Jauney," said Lie Ren.

"Vomit Boy," said Nora.

"Jaune."

"Jauney Bravo."

"Jaune of Arc."

"Nora's Arc."

Despite the ticklish pleads of his best friends, it was enough to change his mind. He had his reasons for not going out clubbing and that was final.
"Guys, guys," said Jaune as he told them to stop. "Thank you, both of you. I really appreciate what you guys are doing. But, I want some time alone. For me!" He crossed his legs as he gave his friends room. "Weiss was important thing to me. I really liked her. Confessing was one of the hardest things next to telling you guys I had cheated to get here." He cracked his knuckles as he stared at the caring eyes. "It took courage and I glad I did. I just didn't expect her cold response. It was disheartening, okay?"

Nora wanted to protest, but felt the hand of Lie Ren.

"Let's go," said Lie Ren with an absolute expression on his face. Nora didn't like it as she looked at Jaune.

"Let's go," said Lie Ren again.

"Fine," she uttered to Lie Ren.

Lie Ren reminded Nora to get her purse as they were gathering to leave the dorm. Nora turned to Jaune. "I have some leftover food in the microwave if you get hungry."

"Let's go, Nora," said Lie Ren as he grabbed Nora to leave.

"I have a few movies from my collection if you want to borrow," said Nora strainingly.

"Let's go, Nora," said Lie Ren as he attempted to push her out of the door frame.

"Call me, if you change your mind."

"Let's go, princess!"

"Seriously! I am a phone call away!"

"Let's go!"

Jaune continued to hear her say suggestion until he heard the door closed. Jaune looked at his soccer ball once more before tossing the ball at the window. Frustration was not the best choice of words that he was feeling right now. He was upset. His brain was going in many different directions at once. His brain still rattled on the things Weiss had said to him that following afternoon.

What makes you think I have the brain cells to go out with you?

There is no way in hell I would go out with a Vomit Boy.

You must have forgotten that Schnee rhymes with prestige. No way in hell you defecting my bloodline.

Dream on, Arc. Stop while you're ahead. Your head will be stuck in the clouds, so you might as well get used to it.

Tears blinded his vision on those harsh words. There were many things Weiss Schnee could be: uptight, high strung, spoiled and pampered. He didn't know that her harsh use of words were to be added to her repertoire.

Two hours later….

Rain sliddered down the window. He knew that the downpour was going to be heavy. With a
strong surge of emotion of his mind and as well as his hunger. He concluded to why not aid the
feeling with Nora's leftovers. And on his way back to his room, he could get Nora's movies to
watch.

His plans for the rest of the night: watch a movie, eat leftovers, and go to bed.

At least the blonde had the weekend and the holiday before it cooled down. Knowing for Weiss,
she would be gone for the holiday, giving some reason to walk the campus without seeing the
white-haired child.

He closed the microwave as he grabbed his pancakes with eggs and bacon. He held a few of Nora's
movie in his hands. He used his mouth to grab his drink as he ventured to his bedroom.

He sat on the bed and took a bite of his pancakes. He was going to search for a movie until he had
heard the phone ring. He looked to his watch. It was a few minutes after ten in the evening.

* I hope to God that it isn't Nora or Lie Ren. Normally, it takes about two hours before they get
stoned, drunk, or drunk and stoned. Amazing how those two can be a force together and they aren't
a couple? *

He reached for his scroll as it rang. He saw that it was an unknown number. Seeing to it that it
could be a telemarketer, he declined the call.

He put the scroll down and returned to his meal. He took a mouthful of pancakes until he heard the
scroll ring again.

It was the same unknown number.

Jaune declined the call once more.

* Damn! I am not even old enough to rent an airship and they want to bombard me with calls? *

The scroll rang again. It was the same unknown number.

Annoyed, he decided to answer this time.

"Hello," asked Jaune in a calm manner.

"Hi, Good evening," responded the voice. The voice was flat. He couldn't tell if it was a male or a
female.

"Good evening," said Jaune. "How can I help you?"

"I wanted to see if Mary was there," asked the caller.

"Oh, sorry," answered Jaune. "You have the wrong number."

"I do," asked the caller. "I apologize."

"Hey, it's cool," said Jaune as he took a bite of his bacon. "It happens!"

As he was getting ready to hang up, the voice called for him.

"You...you...seemed kind of troubled," asked the voice in a concerning tone. "Is everything
alright?"
In his mind, he questioned whether answer that to a complete stranger. As he contemplated on hanging up, a notification came on his scroll. He clicked on it to his Facebook page and nearly bit his lip on the image.

It was Weiss, clothed in the finest of clothes. Her white dress matched a bright moonlight in a clear sky. Her necklace was whiter than the purest pearl. Her glowing face, displaying her excitement in the club, along with many others that he knew. His eyes widened when he saw an alleged best friend wrapping his arms tenderly around Weiss' hips. That was Lie Ren's arms around her hips. That wasn't her hands holding it tightly. That wasn't her neck that he was kissing. That wasn't her tongue sticking out to the photo as the others were holding their drinks and throwing peace signs and middle fingers.

That wasn't Nora throwing peace signs in the camera. That wasn't the very friends that were having a good time on his behalf. Lie Ren wouldn't do that to Jaune. They were best friends, roommates, teammates.

Lie Ren and Nora wouldn't betray a friendship. His chest expanded as he sighed loudly.

It took the voice from the other end to return him to reality.

"Hello, is everything alright," questioned the caller.

"No, I mean, yeah, I mean. I don't know," responded Jaune calmly as he displayed his defeat by exiting the picture from his scroll. He returned to the bed, grabbing his forehead to the shocking moment that was caught on camera.

"You know, I know that this is a wrong number, but I am always the type to be a caring person," said the voice as they laughed. "Sorry, a little humor. Are you willing to talk?"

He wiped the tears from his eyes. "Talk to you? I don't know you. I mean, you are a…"

"Wrong number? I know," replied the caller. "I just...I mean your voice sounded concerning is all. And I don't like to see people in a rut is all."

He sighed heavily. "What do I have to lose?" He cracked his knuckles and adjusting himself to his bed. His supposed friends were too busy having fun with his crush, so they wouldn't be any help. He wouldn't go to his sisters and mother to discuss it, fearing that they would side with Weiss and his so-called friends. On the phone, there was a person who was willing to give him a listen. Also, it was free advice and it was company. He decided to ponder on it for a few moments until he felt suitable enough to hang up.

"So...so what should I call you?"

The call coughed. "Sid. Call me Sid."

"Sid? Is that a boy or a girl's name?"

"What I am shouldn't matter. Who I am is the case to be of service for you."

"Not dodging or judging. I am curious. Are you boy? Are you a girl?"

"Call me a friend. Call me Sid."

They were certain about that answer. Jaune questioned why he was giving that person that much of his time? Loneliness? Seeking attention? Wanting to be recognized? Regardless of his thoughts,
there was a person who was willing to give him time.

What could go wrong, he thought. It is just a telephone call.

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At the club, about an hour earlier….

Inside the club it was like dancing on the Northern Lights; beneath the dry-ice smoke swirled an array of blues, acid greens, hot pinks and gold. The music played over the dance floor as if had fused with the bodies.

The mood was fused with the heavy rap bass music and alcohol. At the center of the dancefloor, Ruby Rose was in the center, entranced in her own style of dance. She was dancing with another boy that didn't matter to her. He was a nobody. She wasn't sure if he was a student at Beacon Academy or a villager, she just wanted to dance. The music was at it's jive, twisting, turning, holding hands as she changed sides. She was in all grins, she looked like an idiot and she didn't care. Within herself, she was just happy, happy and more alive than she could ever be in school. She felt the part of her that was really her to come out to play, to feel the vibe of the music and let my body go free. One moment, one brilliant feeling of togetherness suspended in time.

The only problem was that Jaune Arc was missing in the element.

The rap turned into electronica music, which made her slow down. The boy asked her for a drink. She left before he could even finish his sentence.

She returned to her table where the members of Team RWBY, CFVY, Nora, Lie Ren, and a few others were sitting. Because of its large group, it was divided into three tables. She sat with her team and the remaining members of JNPR. The sound of laughter filled the table, as well as alcohol and spirits and admittedly, drugs were present as well.

Blake had a connect with a friend from the village who scored her a crystalline rapier jam laced with DMT at its purest form. Ruby watched as she saw her teammate cut a few lines before inhaling it in her nose. She shouted in blind delight as she passed the straw to Weiss. Weiss delighted herself in snorting the substance before laughing. She went again and sniffed another line.

"Drinks are on me in this bitch, ladies," Weiss screamed loudly as the others celebrating.

"Shit, thank Oum for this fucking holiday," replied Yang as she took a shot of Everclear. "I didn't think we could have a holiday."

"Here, here, blondie," said Nora as she poured a glass. Meanwhile, Lie Ren took a sip of soda as he was the designated driver for the group. "Take it easy, lightweight," said Lie Ren. "I am not going to carry your ass over the stairs."

"I bet if it was Jauney, you would do it," replied Nora as she laughed, blowing alcohol on his breath.

"Fuck off," replied Lie Ren as he pushed Nora aside.

Blake, while pouring another line of powder on the table, looked to the surrogate siblings.

"Speaking of which, where is Jauney anyway?"
"Home," answered Lie Ren. "Didn't feel well. Didn't want to go out tonight."

Yang widened her eyes. Ruby was quiet, just observing when hearing Jaune's name mentioned.

"Vomit Boy didn't want to go out," she questioned while placing her hand on her forehead. "Did he forget on this being one of the biggest parties of this semester?"

Nora shrugged her shoulders. "Jauney wasn't in the mood. He said he was stress."

Weiss didn't display any emotion. She looked to Nora and Lie Ren before taking her straw to ingest some more powder. She snorted two lines before jerking her head up. "Typical coward," she said. "Can never face a challenge when he gets denied. Defenseless and weak." She returned to snort another line.

"Weiss, where is this coming from," questioned Yang.

"Don't worry your head about it," replied Weiss as she rubbed through her hair. "Jaune just have to learn to take wins and losses. Even if the gift isn't his, doesn't mean he can search for others." She furrowed her eyebrows. "He has to learn to toughen up." She shook her head. "No way in hell would you fuck with my bloodline."

Lie Ren became concerned. As he reached over to the distress Weiss, she grabbed him by his arm. "Now, this is a real man," she said. She turned to Ruby. "Take notes, Ruby, for what you think you call a man is miniscule honestly."

Ruby, who remained quiet, wanted to give her teammate a piece of her mind for the way she talked about Jaune. She wrapped her fist tightly, knowing she wanted to display her true feelings, but recanting. She looked to floor, still thinking about the incident that occurred between Jaune and Weiss.

She was hiding behind the tree in the corridor when Jaune attempted to serenade Weiss.

Before Ruby could speak, she saw Weiss tapped the table.

"Junge," she shouted to the waiter. "More drinks on this table. This snow white wants to turn into black ice." Weiss allured herself to Lie Ren. "And speaking of black ice." Lie Ren blushed as Weiss pushed herself to him.

Ruby excused herself from the table, telling the others that she was heading for the restroom. Ruby silently told Oum that Weiss should be thankful for the loud music to muffle up her true feelings.

"Bitch!"

Ruby decided to go to the restroom where she could ease her thoughts. If she would have left the club, then she wouldn't be able to return. Plus, there was a storm brewing and she didn't bring her umbrella.

Also, she didn't trust anyone watching her teammates/friendships unless it was under her care. Ruby wasn't a drinker. She couldn't care for the taste of liquor.

However, there was one type of invigorating substance that she couldn't get enough.

And that was the scent of Jaune.

She uttered loudly to the thought as she went inside of the restroom. The girls were lined up to the
end of the hallway. Knowing that she needed to use it, she decided to risk it and took the men's restroom.

The toilet festered in a dehydrated puddle of urine. Under the filth, hair and smears it was white porcelain. The underside of the seat was stained a nasty dark yellow and the stench of sewage filled the windowless room in which it sat. The toilet bowl itself was alive with pink bacteria. Ruby gagged. She would had rather find a bush than use it.

She sighed slightly as she put her purse on the sink counter. Before heading for the toilet, she decided to give herself a look. As she was straightened herself out, the door opened.

It was the gentleman that she had danced with earlier. Upon seeing her, he displayed a smug, but heavy smile. When seeing that, it made Ruby uncomfortable.

"There you are, my desert rose," said the man. Ruby could tell that he was drunk especially by the sound of his heavy tongue. "I didn't get a chance to offer you that drink."

Ruby kept her eyes on him. She kept a calm composure but knew she was in danger. The man walked to the bathroom door where he locked the door. Ruby hesitated, but he extended his hand. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, little lady," he said. "I just want to talk is all."

"Does talking require you to lock the door," questioned Ruby as she stepped back a few paces.

He shook his head. "No! It's doesn't hurt to have some alone time." He walked forward. "Where it is not that loud. I can talk to you. And we can catch up." He smiled while nodding his head. "You danced great out there, little lady."

Ruby grabbed her purse. She still kept calm. "Thanks, sir. Look, if you want money, I can give you money. I don't want trouble."

The man paused, placing his hand on his chest. "Trouble? Of course, there won't be any trouble. For as long if you do as I say, then everything will be okay."

"I have friends out there. They would be looking for me."

The man smirked. "Tsk, tsk, tsk. I wish they teach little girls like you a thing or two about chivalry."

He circled around Ruby as she kept her guard. "I have observed you, my dear. Watch your friends, your group. I must say, kids, kids, kids. I knew that kids would do anything for booze. All you need is money, little missy." He extended his hands. "I told the bartender that drinks were on your group all night." She watched as his teeth widened from ear to ear. "I think we have all night to do some getting to know each other."

Ruby tried to walk away, but was held around her waist. She felt her back pressed against his chest.

"Easy, easy, easy, little lady," said the man. "I wouldn't bargain for trouble." He took her hand and pressed it to something sturdy. "This partner of mine doesn't see nothing but a target. It penetrates with sheer force. My partner is not-so-friendly and he comes with a guard to keep things quiet." Ruby felt the fear as his nose was pressed against her neck. "You smell good, little lady." Ruby's eyes widened as she felt his tongue against her neck. "You taste good, too. Like a desert rose."

He continued with her hand, extending from his pocket to his groin. She felt the pressure of his groin, which gave her disgust. "Well, you see this other partner of mine is much friendlier than that mean ole' partner. What this partner likes to do is to explore and have fun. That's all."

Ruby felt the kisses coming down from her neck. She squirmed, but it only made it rougher for the
"I am going to give you two options. And I think you want to return to your friends, don't you." He grinned loudly. "Let me have some fun or my other friend can have some fun." He shrugged. "I don't know which deal is better. Blood on your forehead or blood on my dick."

Ruby screamed, but felt the harsh grip of the man. "Shut up, bitch." The man took Ruby by her hips and dragged her into the bathroom stall. He tossed her to the toilet.

The man gripped her by her throat. She croaked out a cry. She wanted to alert someone. Yang? Blake? Lie Ren? Nora?

Jaune?

"What did I tell you about shutting the hell up," he responded with anger, tightly wrapping his digits around Ruby's neck. "Did you really want to die tonight?" While keeping a hold to his neck, he unzipped his pants, exposing his throbbing member.

It looked angry, staring at Ruby in the face. It smelled weird. For a moment, Ruby questioned on the time frame of the man's last bath. It was pulsating, leaking precum every few seconds. Through the stare, Ruby saw the man. However, the hard breath was also turning in a form of laughter.

"It seems to me that my dick has pacified your worries," said the man. "That is why a good daughter needs a pacifier to calm down when they are get upset, my desert rose." He nudged his dick closer to Ruby, rubbing its juices on her cheek. "God, your cheeks are soft. I don't remember having such soft cheeks in my past endeavors." He shrugged. "No matter, for it is time to have some bonding." He pressed his dick toward Ruby's lips, smearing any precum on her lips. "Look at my desert rose applying lip gloss. Are you that happy for your little pacifier."

She kept her mouth closed. There was no way she was going to allow another man to pick his dick in her mouth. It didn't go without notice from the irritated man.

"Playing disobedient again, aren't we," he questioned Ruby. "Well, we just can't have that now. Can we?"

He forcefully grabbed his fingers at Ruby's nose, causing her no other choice but to open her mouth. Upon opening, the man entered his dick inside Ruby's warm compartment. She gagged at the response. As much she tried resisting, the man kept a stronghold to her.

"Shut up, calm down, and take this dick," said the man while pressing his dick forward into Ruby's mouth. "Damn your mouth pussy is warm. Very soft, yes. Take this dick like a lullaby, princess."

Ruby cried as she tasted the saltiness of the man's dick. It tasted of sardines and it was tightly gagging her throat. She wanted to vomit, the intense smell was getting to her. She began kicking, but was quickly stopped by the man as he pressed his legs, stopping her.

"Oh, God," cried the man. "Moan to daddy, my desert rose. Make daddy feel good. Take this cock as a symbol of our love. Yes, oh God, yes."

She began crying as he knew there was no stopping her mouth being raped from the stranger's dick.

"You are getting quiet. That is fine, but put that mouth to work. Swing your tongue around. I want to quick coat your mouth with my love," he said as he leaned forward to Ruby's mouth.
Meanwhile, Ruby tried to focus on something to distract her away from the pain of his current predicament. She tried to picture her family. Being in their embrace, tightly holding them, telling how much she loved them. She focused on her teammates. She focused on Jaune. Jaune entered her mind.

She was met with a fierce slap, returning her to reality.

"You are slacking on the job," said the man angrily. "If you perform poorly, I am going to make damage on your clitty." He added. "And how in the hell am I going to get grandchildren."

Ruby whimpered as she returned sucking on his dick.

"Hell yeah, bitch," said the man. "Use that tongue. That is right. Do it for me. Do it for the others. If you want them to suffer, then take this dick, my desert rose."

As much she didn't want to, she had to comply. She closed her eyes and proceeded to suck his dick. Against her protest, she did not want to be harmed.

It went in and out of her throat. Ruby tightly wrapped her lips around the swollen member. She hoped if she made it tight enough, then he would cum.

"Trying to make your mouth pussy like a hot pocket," questioned the man while laughing. "I like that." The thrusting was getting faster and faster. She was facing his pubic hair and the constant pounding until felt the warm liquid invade her throat. The saltiness and bitterness of his milk gagged Ruby's throat. The stranger thrusted and thrusted until there was nothing left.

Without protest, Ruby swallowed his cum, leaving a small trail dripping from his chin.

"Catching on, my desert rose," said the man. "You used to swallow my cum without leaving a drop." He took the leftover cum from Ruby's chin. He rubbed it on her lips. "Suck on my finger." Without a second thought, she followed his orders. "Excellent, my dearest daughter. Oh God, I am looking forward to fucking you now."

As the man tried to remove his finger, he felt the sharpness of her teeth gnawing on his finger.

"What in the hell are you doing, bitch," he cried.

There was darkness in Ruby's eyes. The man saw that she was pupiless.

"Do you want to die, bitch," questioned the stranger until he began screaming. Pain shot through his body as well as blood coming out of his mouth. He looked down as he saw that Ruby had a knife. The knife was forced into his dick. He began straining.

"You should've never let go, you bastard," she said as she plunged the knife into his dick. She continued carving into his dick; ensuring that she was going to remove the organ. The man, with all of his might, tried to retrieve his weapon, but Ruby ensured force as she finally removed his dick from his groin.

The man screamed loudly as he saw his dick in front of him.

It wasn't long until his dick was put into his mouth. Ruby jammed it as she sat on top of him. She held his head down as his body was jerking.

With her free hand, she grabbed the knife and reach for his throat.
"Never call me a desert rose, you pervert," cried Ruby as she cut his throat.

The man stopped moving. Everything went silent.

Ruby stood on top of the man, covered in his blood. Ruby saw the scene before her as she looked on what she did.

Ruby panted a few times, observing the scene. She saw the blood covered on her hands. She took the blood and put it in her mouth. She started sucking on her fingers until they were wiped clean.

Out of nowhere, began a haughty laugh. She laughed to the ceiling as the blood spread on the restroom floor. Once she had her composure, she got up and went to the sink. She turned on the faucet and began washing her hands. She looked at herself as she began washing the blood on her face. She put some water in her mouth to cleanse any of his semen.

After she was done, she turned off the faucet. She reached for her purse. She saw the knife and retrieved it back to the purse.

She was grateful that she kept her weapon in case of something like that to occur.

Honestly, at any time, she could have retrieved the weapon to end.

But, why destroy the fun prematurely and give the man some thought that he was powerful, she thought to herself. She went into his pocket to retrieve his weapon. Judging by the weight, it was a real weapon. She put it in her purse.

She went into his other pocket and grabbed his cell phone. She looked into the light where she saw his patterns of his password. She opened the phone. The first thing she did was to go to the gallery.

She shook her head as she saw pictures of women that were potential targets. She was in many pictures, even before he had offered her to dance. As she scrolled through the gallery, she saw one particular picture.

She let out a smile for that very picture she was going to need to make Jaune hers.

She grabbed the man's jacket from the floor and used it to disguise herself from being seen. She stepped out of the restroom. She widened her eyes when seeing the Out of Order sign on the restroom door.

"He just didn't know what he was getting himself into," she said to herself. "No matter. Part of Oum's plan."

She texted her sister to let her know that she was heading home. She told her that she wasn't feeling good. She exited the club and into the village.

Throughout that time frame, she had formulated a plan on how she wanted Jaune into her life.

She thanked the stranger for two things: the feeling of killing someone and his cell phone.

Call me a friend. Call me Sid.
Love and Radio (Part I)

On this particular chapter of The Taste of Rain, Jaune makes a phone call to his favorite radio show explaining his relationship with Blake. Stay tuned to see what happens!

It was the first day of summer.

The countryside bathed in brilliant summer sunlight, white and pink clover on the hills, cows graze contentedly, calves at their sides growing bigger by the day, grass grows taller in the meadows, swaying, rustling as crickets chirp. Children hide in the tall grass playing hide-and-seek. Picnics by the river, open sun-lit grass, hot and cloudless, lazy hazy days, quiche, sandwiches, apples, strawberries and sparkling water. Swans swimming on the canal, four grey signets in tow looking for bread. Boats rise and fall in the lock, wispy clouds scudding across an azure sky.

It was the typical, everyday thing that occurred in Jaune's village when he had returned home for the summer. The cottage was alive as he heard his mother and his sisters waking up to another productive day. He smelled the fresh, made from scratch biscuits being cooked in the oven. The smell of bacon entered his nostrils with a distinctive purpose of his pleasure. He heard the brewing of his favorite blonde roast coffee. And last but not least, the sizzling of eggs cooking on the skillet. He knew that it would be a matter of time before the women of the household would venture into his bedroom, giving him the attention they craved for he was the lone boy in the Arc household.

His father made a trip to heaven a few years ago.

However, a compromise was met on Friday mornings when the blonde gets alone time when listening to his favorite radio programming. With its inability of getting it locally for he lived overseas, he was able to access his favorite programming via the internet. The Tom Joyner Morning Show was one of his favorite pastime listening pleasure. Listening, laughing, and enjoying the politics, the comedy, and the like. He didn't find it odd to be culture. A Caucasian listening to programming catered to African American and Hispanic demographics, but nevertheless, the program gained a fan.

Situating his laptop on his bed, he lied back as he prepared to listen to another morning of Tom Joyner and the things occurring in his world.

He received a text from his cell phone. He was grateful that the programming wasn't going to start for a few minutes. He reached for his cell phone and saw that it was a notification from Blake Belladonna.

Hey, sweetness. This is your favorite girl of the hour. I am checking on you this fine morning to tell you how much I care about my sweet, sweet blonde. I hope Vomit Boy is enjoying his summer at home. I miss you so. {pout} {pout}. Being back at home is boring and my parents right now are being such mega bitches. They are telling me about getting a summer job and blah blah blah. Why can't I just be with you, Jauney? I miss you. And I care about you.

Can't wait to see you again at the Summer Solstice.

Love you with all of my heart,

Blake
It warmed his heart when reading the messages from his Blake. Since the beginning of their third year, he and Blake Belladonna have been in a serious, committal relationship. Since their interaction at the Academy, the couple developed instant chemistry. Despite being from separate teams, the pair didn't make no time to have alone with each other.

The pair couldn't remember which one initiated, but neither have regret it. It didn't make Jaune a difference that Blake was a subhuman. Honestly, he didn't care for that word. To the blonde, Blake wasn't just a Faunus, she was simply Blake.

What neither parents didn't know was that he and Blake were planning to move to an apartment following their completion of Beacon Academy. With the allowance from Blake and the pocket money Jaune has been saving, they already had their first months deposit. It wasn't much, but it was a promise for the next level. Both had plans to attend university following graduation and even to the point that marriage was in the works.

Unbeknownst to the Faunus brunette, Jaune has been saving a certain item for a special day. It was a gift that he had received from his grandmother. As she lied on her bed to prepare herself for eternal life, she bestowed the blonde her wedding ring; hoping that some lucky girl would have the privilege of becoming another Arc. He coveted the ring, cherishing it and promising his grandmother that the ring would seek its purpose of belonging to his true love.

He had prayed to Oum constantly with hopes that Blake would become his girl.

He inhaled more of the scent of breakfast, craving for it once his programming was over.

When hearing the introduction of the theme song playing, he lend Tom Joyner his ears as he listened to this morning radio broadcast.

*Good morning, world. This is Tom Joyner and welcome to The Morning Show. It is Friday and according to my watch is ten before the hour. I want to thank my listeners overseas as they are catching on the vibe of my views on America today.*

*On today's show, we are going to focus on love and relationships. Especially when dealing with teenagers who are prepared for marriage.*

*Do you think teenagers are prepared for marriage? There has been a spiking increase of teens at the age of eighteen thinking that they have found their significant other and are ready to propose. Hear to discuss the matter on this topic is....*

He listened to Tom and his panelist that were discussing their views on teenagers and relationships.

He had felt that he was mature for his age. At eighteen years old and a few months shy of being nineteen, the blonde believed he qualified for being mature beyond his years. He had spent many nights with Blake as they lied in bed at each other’s dorm discussing the matters. Jaune always wore his heart on his sleeve, but he tend to be a little guarded with Blake.

Many nights as they slept, he had always kept one eye open. Despite their love and their devotion, there were certain things he still tried to figure out about Blake. Blake wasn't much of an open book, but she shared what was on her mind. They always tried their hardest to intrigue, to fascinate, to stimulate, and to challenge each other's psyches.

If they were going to go to the next level, then they must continue to pursue.

Yet again, he had apprehension. Sometimes, he had felt that Blake wore a mask. Wondering if that was Oum speaking into his ear or just his gut feeling, he still questioned if Blake was displaying
her true nature.

He lied on the bed as he was holding onto his grandmother's ring. The silver medallion has been in the Arc family for quite a spell. Many women who wore the jewelry was granted good luck and long life. He was fortunate for it, hoping that he doesn't put his grandmother's name in vain. He looked to the ceiling, still pondering on the next move. He still wonder on what was going on with Blake.

The text he had received was the first text he had got from her since school ended over two weeks ago.

And we are back, ladies and gentleman. Welcome to the show. Tom Joyner here hoping that everybody in radioland is paying attention to today's topic: love and relationships. Teenagers who are deciding to marry early. I am curious. Let's take a call.

Jaune didn't hesitate as he already programmed the radio show's number. He waited patiently, hoping that it would pick up.

Oum didn't fail to deliver. Jaune turned down the volume as he knew he was on the air.

"Hello, this is Tom Joyner, who is this," asked the radio host.

"Um, my name is Jaune," he responded nervously.

"Hello, Jaune. Are you a first time caller?"

"Yes, sir. I am. I just want to say that it is a privilege to listen to it. I live overseas and I make sure I listen to it when I have time."

"Glad to hear, Mr. Jaune. So, you were listening about relationships?"

"Yes, sir," said Jaune. "I am currently in a relationship right now."

"Excellent, sir. Congrats! How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Wonderful. Are you guys serious. I mean does she know y'all are dating?"

The question was met with laughter on both ends.

"Yes, sir. She is aware!"

"Alright, Mr. Jaune. Tell me what you want to explain."

"I want to talk about the love I have for my girlfriend. We have been together for a couple of years. It wasn't the best start, but we have learned to work things out. I feel connection with her. I really care about her. Hopefully, we could be more."

"Relationships aren't easy, but it is one day at a time, brother," explained Tom Joyner. "What can you explain briefly about the relationship you have with your girlfriend?"

"Relationships are to be built on trust, Mr. Joyner. A foundation must be set on both ends to be equally yolked. I feel as though, at our age, we have things figured out. Of course, there are contributing factors based on maturity, but I am certain that I care about my girl."
"Hmm, hmm," said Tom Joyner calmly. "Seems like you have a good head on your shoulders."

"I do, sir. Thank you," said Jaune as he accepted the compliment. Jaune paused, taking a few short breaths before returning to the phone. "As I said, I do have a great head, thank you. I do my very best to create a relationship. Once again, a relationship is to be built on trust." Jaune let out a smile before talking to the radio host. "So much so that I am actually want to explain the love I have for my girl. You see, Blake is a dear sweetheart to me."

"Her name is Blake," questioned Toy Joyner.

"My one and only Blake. I have been in love with her since the day we had our first battle. We were clashing blades during our match. We were fighting to the hilt to see which one would win."

"Seems like you guys were fighting in a duel of sorts."

"We were. But, I didn't know the chemistry that was going to spark in the process."

"Interesting."

"You see, sir. Blake is my black rose. She is my sunset. She is my everything." Jaune paused for a moment. He gripped the ring tightly as he prepared to say the next few words. His palms begin sweating and his breath became labored.

He was hesitating. He had good reason to be.

"I love Blake. I do with all of my heart. Unfortunately, I don't think she is as receptive with her end of the bargain."

The response took Tom Joyner aback as he stammered from Jaune's statement.

"Excuse me, Mr. Jaune. Say that to me one again so the listeners can hear what you had said."

"Yes, sir. Relationships are to be built on trust. A foundation must be set. I love Blake with all of my heart, but unfortunately, she isn't giving her end of the bargain."

"What are you saying? Like she doesn't care for you? Is it one-sided? Is she cheat..." The radio host paused, knowing that it was obvious of the tone and change of delivery his caller was giving him.

"Oh, I am sorry, Mr. Jaune. May I ask. How did you know?"

"Right now, it doesn't matter. What does matter is what I can do to give restitution."

Well, ladies and gentlemen, the time now is twenty past the hour. We will be back after these complete commercial messages.

"Jaune, are you still on the line?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Are you saying that your girlfriend is cheating on you?"

"Yes, she is," said Jaune with absoluteness in his voice.

"What proof?"
"Sir, I am a honest person. And honestly, explaining it to you gives me a harder blow as if I am experiencing it the first time."

"I apologize for you. I hate that for you, Jaune."

"Don't be. It was a long time coming. I am just finally pulling down the wool."

"Jaune."

"Yes, sir."

"I got a plan to give you some peace about this. Do you have a few minutes in which I can explain to you my advice."

"Sure, sir. I am all ears."

**Oh, oh, oh! It's The Tom Joyner Morning Show.**

*The time is thirty before the hour. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen on this fine Friday. To give you guys a recap, we are talking about love and relationships with teenagers. We were discussing on how teenagers are contemplating marriage at such a young age.*

Speaking of teenagers, I actually have a caller who is currently in a relationship with his girlfriend. Or at least that was what we thought after we got word that his girlfriend has been cheating on him. During commercial break, my caller, which his name is Jaune, was hesitant about what occurred. However, after some convincing, he finally explained what caused his girl to do some misdeeds. He had explain that you have caught Blake in multiple occasions with a few of your classmates?

Yes, sir.

Male? Female?

Both. Blake tend to get whatever satisfy her. There were pictures I found. Text, everything!

What was the final straw that made you want to end it with Blake?

When I discovered that she was sleeping with a boy named Cardin. It was the night of her birthday. The very night she told me that she had to go visit her sick mother. Her needs were being met alright.

Well, I hate to see a good man down. So, he and I suggested a plan on what we can do make his ending of the relationship more sweet and less bitter.

Jaune, are you still on the line

Yes, sir, I am still here.

Excellent! Alright, ladies and gentlemen. You are in for a special treat. In this broadcast, we will have a special segment for Jaune Arc and his final goodbye to his precious girlfriend, Blake Belladonna. Now, listeners, we have been discussing about marriage. Jaune, has Blake being throwing hints of marriage.

She has! She has left hints. We have talked about. She cherishes my grandmother's ring.
Alright, then. So, with careful ideas, we are going to give this Blake a call and give her a few questions. So stay tuned as we get her on the line.

To be continued….

So, this chapter isn't a yandere chapter. Not every chapter will! But please believe about the events that will unfold in part two where the yandere will brew. Will it be Blake or Jaune? Find out in Part 2.
A White Bloody Rose (Part II)

Lie Ren asked Jaune if he was going to the Valentine's Day party at the club tonight. Jaune was caught off guard as he was peeling an orange. The pair were whisked away in the library. The duo were cramming for their final exams that upcoming Monday. Jaune put the orange down. He leaned his chair, staring at the ceiling in a nonchalant manner. Lie Ren knew that when Jaune perform that whimsical task, his answers were deviate from what he had questioned.

"Valentine's Day dance," retorted Jaune as he made a slight whisper. "Love, romance. People going out of their way to confess their love to one another. Gifts, roses, the usual I love you's." He blew a slight raspberry as he returned his seat properly on the floor. "Can I get a "no" for 500, Alex?"

Lie Ren slapped his notebook tenderly, trying not to alert the librarian, who always gave the duo her batting eye when they entered. "Am I certain that I am talking to the Jaune Arc. The one that pined over Weiss Schnee since being here? The one that serenades the girls with his guitar?" Lie Ren smiled as he mockingly approach his comrade-in-arms. "Oh, Jauney! I love it when you make such precious, precious music for me. You make my loins flair. You are getting me-"

Jaune flicked Lie Ren on his nose, which made Lie Ren stopped. "Ouch, you ass!"

"You brought it on yourself," retorted Jaune as he closed his notebook, knowing that he wouldn't doing any further studying for the time being. "Anyway, I am choosing not to go because I don't feel as though I need to go."

"Why not? This party would be fun. Great food! Great music!" He lowered his eyebrows. "Great women! Oum knows that I am ready for some fun action tonight."

Jaune was playing with his pencil. "Are you sure Nora is okay with that?"

Lie Ren turned his head, blushing whenever he heard the name of Nora "Yeah, I was joking. So what?"

"Blushing like a schoolgirl," replied Jaune jokingly. "Nora has you whipped." He made whipping sounds which resulted in a shushing tone of the librarian. Jaune leaned forward to Lie Ren. "The day is overrated. People spending their funds for chocolates and flowers. Why do we pick that day to confess love? Why not today, the day before, now?" He nodded his head for his self-approved logic. "I am choosing to stay at home. I am frankly happy of the single life."

Lie Ren put his head on Jaune's forehead. "Is this the same Jaune I am talking to?"

Jaune blew into his face. "Yes, the very same Jaune. Now, can we move forward. I really want to get this studying out of the way."

Jaune opened his notebook to resume his studying. He reached for his pen to take notebook. As he was writing, Lie Ren continued to studying Jaune. In his mind, it was as if Jaune was acting out of character. This wasn't the typically Jaune who would on Valentine's Day scour the entire school in an opportunity to go on a date with him. The results weren't in his favor, but he was relentless. That was the Jaune he knew. He decided not to observe any further, concluding that Jaune was probably frustrated of his past failed attempts.

*Maybe he decided to give it up. I mean, we all have a breaking point.*
The library announced its closing time. The sounds of books closing and students leaving the building alerted the two to conclude for the evening. As they exited the vicinity, they saw the sun dwindling to the horizons. The lamppost displayed its fire. The sounds of birds making their final call before retiring for the night.

"Me and Nora are going to town for some pancakes. Want to come with us," asked Lie Ren.

Jaune shrugged his shoulders, but in a form of disagreement. "Nah! I am thinking of calling it the night. I am just not feeling it tonight."

"Hey, Jaune," said Lie Ren, trying his best to not hit a sore spot. "Is everything okay with you? I am not the smartest man in the world, but and forgive me for this, but you sound kind of off."

Jaune widened his eyes. "What implies that? I am okay, trust me!"

"I am just concern. I can understand not going to the dance to make a stance on single awareness, but that is certainly out of character."

Jaune kneeled to the ground. He inhaled sharply before exhaling loudly. He looked to his friend's eyes. "Ren, at some point, a person has to quit chasing when it is not your season."

Lie Ren looked at his watch. He turned to Jaune as he suggested Jaune to go sit at the bench. The pair walked toward the areas. They waved to a pair of familiar classmates as they took a seat. "Please explain your logic behind that, Jaune."

"Okay," said Jaune. "When I got turned down by Weiss in my last attempt of getting a girlfriend, I was starting to have some serious doubt about myself."

"Jaune," said Lie Ren while furrowing his eyebrows. "You are a leader, smart, and very handsome. There is no way a person like you can go even a few minutes without catching a girl's attention."

"That is the thing," he interjected. "This chase, this dance. Why is it so important to find a girlfriend. Is it our purpose? If we don't immediately find a girl that we will melt? Will I get burned at the stake because I can find one?" He scoffed. "She turning me down got me thinking long and hard on what I believed in. It made question everything."

Jaune reached into his pocket. Lie Ren was surprised when he saw Jaune had a carton of cigarettes.

"You smoke," questioned Lie Ren.

"Yeah."

"Since when?"

"Since always. I just never smoke around you or the others." He lit a match to inhale the cigarette. He turned to Lie Ren. "Want one?"

Lie Ren took the cigarette. He grabbed the match and lit the cigarette. He took a few puffs before releasing into the sky. "Man, it has been awhile since I had this. Since being on campus, it has been tough."

Jaune flicked the ashes. "My twin sister hates when I smoke. She doesn't like that I do that."

Lie Ren took another puff. "I forgot that you had a twin. What's her name, again?"

"Joan. Like in Joan of Arc."
"Oh, that's clever!"

"My parents were real history buffs." He snickered as he took another smoke. "My sister wouldn't like it if she knew I am smoking again. She wouldn't like it at all." He paused for a moment. "Anyway, back to relationships. I started thinking on the importance of it. Why do I have to prove to others about being with someone? Can I just be happy alone? I am not lonely. I have you guys. I have plenty of things to keep me happy. Why get bent out of shape because I was turned down by Weiss."

"If that were the case, then it shouldn't matter about attending the Valentine's Day party," replied Lie Ren.

"Because!"

"Because isn't a complete answer."

"I shouldn't have to explain further since I have gave you my opinion behind it."

"No," said Lie Ren. "If you have a stance, then it shouldn't faze you about going to the party. Just have fun and enjoy yourself."

"Why are so worried about my not attending? Will the world end if I don't go."

"It's not that. I just think this entire thing you are pulling is because Weiss turned you down. And I think you are creating this logic as an excuse because you can't accept it that you got burned."

Jaune gripped his hands tighter, trying his best not to display frustration. "What my beliefs, opinions, anything I do and say is my business and my creed. If you are my friend, Ren, then you should respect my wishes."

Jaune shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't. Thus, making myself single until I am comfortable with myself in dating again. I mean, why not enjoy the single life? This entire world is so bent out of shape for relationships that…. I mean, just screw it!"

Lie Ren was surprised of Jaune's defensiveness. He took steady breaths as he tried to calm the situation between the two. "Look, Jaune, I do respect your wishes. I do value our friendship. I just don't want you to think that losing Weiss is the end of the world."

Jaune shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't. Thus, making myself single until I am comfortable with myself in dating again. I mean, why not enjoy the single life? This entire world is so bent out of shape for relationships that…. I mean, just screw it!"

Lie Ren released the tension on his shoulders. He felt that nothing was going to deter Jaune from changing his mind. "Ok, Jaune. I respect your decision. You are my friend. I am glad that you are being optimistic in this."

Jaune let out a smile as he patted Lie Ren's on his back. "Thank you. I really appreciate that."

Lie Ren shook his head. "I think once this Weiss thing passes, then you will return to your old self."

Jaune's smile faded. Hearing those words made him gripped his fist tightly. "Tell me something, Ren. Why are siding with Weiss?"

"I am not siding with Weiss," exclaimed Lie Ren. "I am just saying that she turning you down got you thinking differently is all."

"Why the defensive," questioned Jaune. "I am quite surprised that you have such interest in defending Weiss more than your best friend."
Lie Ren didn't answer. He looked to the ground.

"I mean. I am your best friend, right?"

Lie Ren turned to Jaune. His face was losing color.

"You didn't answer my question, Ren."

"Yeah, I am."

"And best friends are to be honest with each other, right?"

"Yeah!"

Jaune leaned back to his chair; crossing his legs and looking to the sky. "Lie Ren. Allow me to paint you a picture." He smoothly transitioned himself to the seat to face Lie Ren. Lie Ren noticed Jaune's eyes pointing directly at him. Lie Ren slightly yelped for he knew that he was going to be put to trial.

"A few nights ago, I was on my Facebook and I happened to receive a notification from Weiss' page," said Jaune in a flat tone. "Do you happen to remember what happened those few nights ago?"

Lie Ren's face started losing further color. "Jaune, I…"

"Do you remember where you were those few nights ago?"

"Jaune, I can…"

"Tell me were you those few nights ago," shouted Jaune.

"I was at the club. You knew that. We were all there," said Lie Ren defensively.

Jaune clicked his tongue. "Tsk, tsk. If you are wise, then you should have been certain that there was no we. There was you, Nora, Ruby, Yang, and of course, Weiss." He reached into his pocket to retrieve his scroll. He had a devilish smile as he looked through the scroll. His eyes widened he found what he needed. "Look at the picture in question. What is that?"

Lie Ren's mouth went agape. "Jaune, Jaune, I can explain…"

"What does that picture show?"

"Pictures can be…"

"What does that fucking picture show," yelled Jaune, only this time it was loud enough for the birds to scatter.

"It is a picture of us. All of us," answered Lie Ren.

"Thanks, Eagle Eye," confirmed Jaune. "Now, let's look at Exhibit A with Weiss and Exhibit B with Jaune. As I observe Exhibit C, I see some body-on-body contact between Weiss and my so-called best friend."

Lie Ren's breath became labored. Jaune knew that Lie Ren's body began shaking. "Jaune, please listen. It wasn't supposed to be like that."
Jaune scooted backward. "Oh, oh, I am sorry!" He let out a smile. "I was drunk. No, no, no, she came on to me. No, no, no. We were playing, having fun." He shook his head before hitting the bench repeatedly. "Facts display facts. I am seeing my best friend touching my god damn crush! Where is the fucking loyalty?"

"I said it was an accident god damn it," shouted Lie Ren. "It was an accident. She was under the influence of alcohol and drugs, Jaune. I didn't plan to do nothing until she poured alcohol into my mouth. I didn't have any intentions of hurting anyone, dude. You are my friend. I wouldn't hurt you in any kind of way."

There was a brief silence. Jaune put down the scroll. He continued staring at Lie Ren's face, observing his eyes. "You would put that on your life if you were lying to me."

"Don't be like that, Jaune."

"Answer the question if you are faithful to me, Ren," he snapped. "You would put your life on it if you were lying to me."

"You are being heavy, Jaune. This isn't like you."

"Simple question. Yes or no?"

Lie Ren wanted to leave. The atmosphere became stiffened. Unsure of the response, fearing both routes would lead to trouble waters, he made his answer. "Yes, I would put it on my life. I place all bets if I was lying. I am not lying. I didn't do anything to Weiss that I wouldn't do to Nora. I value my women, Jaune. It was being a victim of circumstance. You have my word."

Jaune leaned back. He bit into his chapped lips. He sighed heavily, then turning to his best friend. "Ok. I know that you wouldn't do anything unless you were to be put in that position." He patted Lie Ren on the shoulder. "Sorry for putting you on trial. It just have been a hectic week for me."

Lie Ren put his arms on Jaune's shoulder. "I know it has been." He shook his head. "I can tell this has been weighing heavy on you. I am sorry by the way. You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt you."

Jaune smiled at his best friend. "I believe you, dude. You are my bro. I know. I just wanted to be sure."

The pair slapped hands before bumping fist.

"So, we are cool?"

Jaune smiled. "Better than ever, amigo!"

"What a relief, Jaune. For a second, I was thinking on what happened to my friend from earlier." Lie Ren stood up to stretch his arms. "Hey, if we hurry. We can still make it in time for some pancakes."

Jaune looked to his stomach. He noticed that it was growling. "I can go for some pancakes."

"Then, let's head to the village before Nora shuts down the place," explained Lie Ren as he watched Jaune stood up.

The pair returned to their dorm to put up their backpacks. They changed clothes before making their return to the outside. As they were walking away from the Academy, Lie Ren asked a
question. "Hey, Jaune."

Jaune looked to his best friend as they were walking. "Yeah?"

"Did you mean everything about the single life?"

"Not all of it, but I think it is a good idea to consider for a while."

"Really?"

Jaune shook his head. "Yeah. I need to find myself for the time being. Know who Jaune really is before allowing someone else to pursue."

"Ok. Just interesting. That is the best word I can come up with."

"Singleness is a gift. So are relationships. Both has its' blessings and its' burdens."

"Amen," agreed Lie Ren.

Jaune paused for a second as they were walking the path. He had received a text. He scrolled through the text before cursing under his breath.

Lie Ren raised his eyebrows. "What's the matter?"

"Goodwitch. I forgot that she needed me to retrieve a few items from practice in the woods."

"You guys were practicing in the woods today?"

"Earlier. It was me and Nora with Goodwitch. She liked how I performed earlier with that Grimm. She wanted me to demonstrate those skills with Nora."

"How come I wasn't notified?"

"You were, but Goodwitch accidentally mistexted your number. She recently purchased a new phone."

Lie Ren scratched the back of his head. "You are more in the loop than I."

Jaune smiled. "Not really. But hey, can you help me with this? It shouldn't take no more than 10, 15 minutes."

Lie Ren didn't mind helping his friend in need since he wanted to remain on his good side. He sent a text to Nora to alert her that he and Jaune were going to be late. "Let's go."

Stepping into the forest at night robbed the duo of one sense and heightened the others. It was disorientating to be almost blinded but given the ears of a wolf. Even the soft susurrations of the branches felt heavy in the ears. The sense of smell was sensitized, the loam in the earth and the decomposing leaves made the atmosphere close and thick. The blackness nurtured a sense of claustrophobia inside even though the woodland stretched unbroken for miles.

"The woods can be quite eerie at night," explained Lie Ren. "Let's hope we won't face danger."

"Thank Oum I have my weapon," said Jaune. "Always keep it handy. Rule number one."

"I left mine at home," said Lie Ren. "Didn't think I need it."
Jaune patted him on his back. "Let's this blonde knight protect you, ma'am."

Mockingly, Lie Ren replied. "Oh, yes, my handsome knight. Save this damsel!"

The pair laughed as they ventured further into the woods. The narrow path, which was made uneven by the knotted roots that crossed it, branched at intervals. They were grateful that they were familiar compared to others for there was no map to follow; but even if, there was the perpetual dark would prevent others from using it.

The sound of water cutted the silence as they were approaching a brook. Lie Ren kept a flashlight in handy as they were searching for Goodwitch's weaponry.

Jaune hummed as he tried to remember where she had left them. "I know we were practicing near here. I remember all of the green moss dripping from those trees that reminded me of boogers."

Lie Ren was tickled. "You are sounding like a child."

"Hey, hey! At least children don't lie."

"Children do too lie."

Jaune raised his hand. "Depends on the situation, my friend."

He scanned the area, trying his hardest to remember the spot. Lie Ren accompanied him as he aided him with the flashlight. As they continued searching, Lie Ren wanted to continue that conversation.

"Jaune, you are telling me that children can lie, depending on certain situations."

"Yes, that sounds correct!"

"Please explain to me."

Jaune sighed, pausing for he thought he needed a quick break. Jaune reached into his pocket to retrieve a cigarette. "Children are more truthful than any adults. They speak their opinion better than adults."

"But that doesn't answer my question about them lying."

"It's all about development. Cause and effect. Actions and consequences." He took a puff of his cigarette. "Let's say a child is asked by his mother if he saw his father drinking a glass of milk. The child will say yes."

"True."

"But, what if the father gets mad at the child for telling his mother about that. And the child gets a spanking."

"For telling the truth."

"Maybe that father wasn't supposed to have milk. Maybe it was one of those secrets. So, the next time if the mother were to ask the child if his father drank a glass of milk, most likely the child would lie."

"Make sense."
"This child would lie to protect himself from getting in trouble. Thus, in the child's mind, it perpetuates the notion that 'If I lie, then I am ok from getting in trouble. If I tell the truth, then I am in trouble.' He reached for his weapon to use to search through the bushes. 'It's a poor example, but these things are conditioned.'

Lie Ren helped Jaune scroll through the bushes. "I have never put it in that perspective." He shook his head. "I love that logic."

"Thank you. We tell the truth when it suits us if it doesn't employ the consequences. We tell lies if it means to protect ourselves or others. Or, to cover up something."

Lie Ren paused for a moment. He then turned to Jaune.

"Relax, Ren. I forgive you for what you have said. I was making a point."

Lie Ren sighed. "Alright. I just don't want this to hover over."

"But, don't you feel better?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, don't you feel better to tell that truth than to lie?" Jaune stopped to face Lie Ren. "Lying builds up so much pressure that it can bad for you. But the moment you tell the truth, you feel so much relief. Didn't you feel relief when you told me that truth about you and Weiss."

"Yeah!"

"Good, then you should nothing to worry about." He looked to the bushes. "I think it was about here." He turned to Lie Ren. "Check inside since you have the flashlight."

"No problem," answered Lie Ren as he followed Jaune's direction.

Jaune stood over him as he waited for Lie Ren to find the weapons.

"I must admit, Jaune," said Lie Ren. "You are more clever than you let on. I didn't think you had those kinds of skills to think this clear."

"I appreciate the compliment," said Jaune. "However, I just use more of my gut feelings. It brings better discernment than research."

"Sure," said Lie Ren. "Hey, I think I see something. Give me a few moments."

There was a brief silence. Lie Ren heard the sound of sighing and noticed the footsteps getting closer.

"Hey, Lie Ren."

"Yeah."

"Remember earlier that you said that you would put it on life if you were lying to me about not doing anything else with Weiss?"

Lie Ren became frozen stiff. He looked forward and saw something in front of him. He shoved a couple of branches until he saw a shoe.

"Lie Ren. You still didn't answer my question."
He nervously looked further, seeing the mix of pink and white with pink laces, displaying an emblem on its' sole. He slowly reached further when he felt a cold texture of skin. Panickedly, he raised the flashlight and screamed the moment it shined on the thing in question.

Lie Ren immediately jumped from the bushes. The moment he turned, he saw Jaune holding his weapon, aiming it at Lie Ren. Lie Ren held his hands in defense.

Jaune let out a smirk. "Lie Ren, you still didn't answer my question."

Lie Ren shivered as he knew that the corpse in front of those bushes was Nora. He slowly reached for his phone, but Jaune struck him, causing him to drop to the ground. Jaune leaned forward.

"I'll take that," said Jaune. "You will no longer need it."

"Jaune, what the hell is going on?"

Jaune made clicking noises. "You know, Nora asked me the very same thing when we have spoken earlier today. 'What in the hell is going on?'" He moved forward as he was clicking on the phone. Lie Ren's stomach churned when hearing Nora's ringtone.

"Hmm! Pity! A voicemail that will never an answer," replied Jaune. "Let me put it on speaker for you."

The subscriber you are calling cannot receive any messages at this time. To send a numeric page, press one. At the tone, leave your message at the voice mailbox. Or press pound for more options!

"Hey, Nora! This is Jaune. I hope that you get this message from the DEPTHS OF HELL, you lying cunt!" Jaune panted loudly before calming down. "Have a great day!" He took the phone and tossed it into the brook. He returned his sights on Lie Ren. Lie Ren was crying, still stunned from the wound on his shoulder.

"Relax, you big baby, that is barely a scratch," said Jaune as he shook his head. "It doesn't compare to the inside of how I am really feeling, you fucking liar." He walked a few feet closer to Lie Ren. "Now, answer my question. You would put it on your life if you were lying to me?" Jaune kneeled to the hurt Lie Ren and pulled out his scroll. "I want you to look at something and tell me what you think."

Jaune pressed the play button. The sound of moaning and laughter filled the quiet forest.

_Oh, Ren, baby. I love how you play with me._

_You know I do. I want to make you feel good in any way possible._

_Fuck me, daddy. Tame this bitch. Tame me, Ren. Tame this white princess._

_I will, your highness. Do you like that?_

_I do, my love. Teach me a lesson. Do what Jaune couldn't._

_Don't bring him up._

_I am! He gives up too quickly. Can't stand limp dicks!_

_Well, let me be the better hero!_

_Make me yours, Ren. Tame this daughter, daddy!_
Tears escaped Lie Ren's eyes as he turned away. It was met with a slap.

"Did I say stop looking at it," questioned Jaune angrily.

"Stop it," replied Lie Ren pleadingly.

"Tell me how her pussy felt, LIE Ren? Was it soft? Did she keep you hard? Was she wet for you, YOU FUCKING LYING EXCUSE OF A MAN?"

Before Lie Ren could answer, Jaune struck him with his weapon.

"You told me that you only kissed her. Nothing else!"

Lie Ren coughed. "I am sorry."

"You are sorry?"

"What more can I say? It was an accident. I didn't want this to happen," explained Lie Ren. "We were drunk. We were high. I only planned to take her home. I didn't plan to stay that long, I swear."

"Nora was recording this," said Jaune. "I can hear laughing in the background. Shall I carry on?"

Lie Ren began sobbing uncontrollably. "I am sorry, Jaune. Please, forgive me. I didn't mean to hurt you. You know I wouldn't do this. I was a...."

"Yeah, yeah. A victim of circumstances. It wasn't your fault," said Jaune nonchalantly. "It is never your fault. Like kissing Weiss and fucking her. A pure accident." He smiled. "Well, killing Nora was an accident. I didn't mean to use my weapon to send her to Oum. I didn't mean to mutilate her body parts. It was an accident, too, Lie Ren. So, please forgive me."

"Nora," Lie Ren cried into the night sky. He then turned his fearful eyes to Jaune. "It's my fault. It's my fault."

Jaune let out a sigh. He wasn't in a mood for pity. "Just admit that you liked Weiss. That's all I want to know."

Lie Ren began coughing loudly before answering "yes."

Jaune went on his knees to the injured Lie Ren. "Thank you, Lie Ren. I respect your honest answer. Doesn't it feel better when you tell the truth." He wrapped his arms to embrace Lie Ren. Lie Ren continued to snuffle as he returned his hug.

"A bet is a bet, Lie Ren. Now cash in your chips!"

Lie Ren didn't have a time to react. He felt that puncturing of Jaune's sword entering his groin. Lie Ren violently shook as he felt his body going into shock. He fell back to the ground, staring into the lonely sky. Jaune pulled his weapon from his groin, displaying the blood on its sword.

"You must be cleansed," said Jaune. "May Oum have mercy on your soul."

"No," cried Lie Ren before being punctured again.

You lied to me.

I hate liars.
You were supposed to be my friend.

I loved you like a brother.

I loved Nora like a sister.

I hate you.

I hate you.

I hate you.

Die, die.

Bleed, bitch, bleed.

Bleed, bitch, bleed.

BLEED!

Each comment was met with a stab. Jaune aimed anywhere Lie Ren didn't defend. Each time Jaune stab, the screams were getting fainter and fainter. His coup de grace was slicing Lie Ren's throat.

The deed was finished.

Jaune stood up, screamed into the night sky, covered in the blood of his best friend. He looked down to Lie Ren.

"Now you are forgiven. Oum loves you!"

Jaune was fortunate that Lie Ren didn't go any further to the bushes. A few more feet and he would have found the shovel.

As well as a small grave made for two.

Jaune prepared to put the bodies of his former friends into their graves. He didn't have any feelings about the matter. He didn't know what to feel about it. Even as he started putting the bodies into the grave, precious moments occurred to him about them.

Those were the past.

This is his future.

Team JNPR was no more for he was the lone member of the group now.

The fall from grace was now in his wake.

And he just didn't care anymore.

As he was applying soil to his shovel, he received a message. He dropped the shovel to look at the message.

Is it done?

Yes, Sid, it is done.

You know you don't have to call me Sid anymore.
I know! I just don't know what to do now.

_Baby, you did the right thing. They were hurting you. They were hurting us._

_If you say so!_

_Trust me, my love. Once we take care of our main agenda, then nothing can separate us from our love._

_Alright then, Sid. I will talk to you soon._

_He looked at the bodies in the ground. He knew it wouldn't be long before they were to be reported missing._

For this night was only the beginning. He had one more fish to fry before putting this to the end.

_Weiss, this is Jaune. We need to talk. Let me know in the next few minutes where we can meet and I will make it possible to meet you there._

_Jaune._

"_You wanted a man, Weiss. I am going to give you one._"

_To be continued...."
Jaune had informed his mother that his flight wasn't departing until late in the evening. There was a flight delay due to impending inclement weather. He had told his worrisome mother that he would be okay. *Just go home and get some rest. I still have a few more hours before arriving there anyway.* His mother wasn't going to have it. He imagined her twirling her hair, more out of stress than habit, rocking back and forth over the phone. His twin sister on the other end wanting to have a quick chat with his sister, but his mother overstepping the boundaries. That was the norm in the Arc household. He would think over the last twenty-something years there would be a change. Be as it were in a routine, a rhythm, a step, or just a change of breath patterns, nothing. Everything was complacent. Joan wouldn't get a word and his mother was performing her duty of being neurotic.

He was hours from home and that was where his heart resided. Just those things were enough to ensure that happiness was within. He just had to wait a few more hours to return home. Home, where the heart is. Where the heart resides. A void that needed to filled.

A void to be filled, cascaded like a burden to a riverside, resting itself from the weary and the woes. Jaune was itching for that void to be filled. He wanted to go home. He wanted to be somewhere there was familiarity.

Interesting how that word, that phrase, familiarity, made sense to him. He pondered over that word as he sat behind his desk at work. The thought of becoming a potential huntsman to being a paper pusher, better yet a gofer under the Schnee dynasty was what he had planned. Working hours on end to fill a role he thought he was good enough to do. The pay wasn't bad, in fact, it was well enough that he was able to afford a Mercedes and have a condo in an affluent suburb. One would think he should happy, appreciative. *Man, you should be grateful to have a job that would pay you surgeon dollars just to do a few favors. Working that much? For that long? For that pay? I would bend over backwards for that kind of cash.*

He loved when words exited from the mouths of stranger, familiars, friends. *Familiarity.* That would pop into the blonde's memory banks once more. Funny how the words resonated into his brain one evening at the bar, on the very night his friends and co-workers were discussing his position and stance on the company. According to his tone, one would think he was complaining. Or he was unappreciative. *Never judge a man's table if you have never seen his valley.* His valley, stretched as far the eye could see. Unmelodic was the proper adjective to describe his valley. A valley voided of any nutrients, nothing sparse could be found. But that was the valley of death he ascended, descended, and ventured. Did he gain? That itself gave him the answer as he looked at his plane ticket of his departure to return home.

It was Lie Ren, Nora, and Ruby that dropped him off at the airport. They were the ones also responsible on packing his things; the things he was allowed to bring from his former home. They wanted to watch him go, but Jaune insisted not to come with him. *Seeing you depart would only make me feel more sorrow. Saying goodbye hurts worse than saying see you later.* He embraced the team that stayed by his side during the tumultuous period. They were angels in his eyesight, true friends indeed. *See you later* were the final words the former teammates spoke to each other before making his entrance to the airport.

There were more words to be said. More questions than were answers. An incomplete chapter, an unfinished page. *Closure.*

There wasn't a two weeks notice. No notes were written to explain his departure. He didn't make
threats. No arguments were perpetuated. He didn't assault the elder Schnee. He gently and
delicately walked into his office as the boss was working on his proposed projections for the next
quarter. Master Schnee didn't bulged. For he was familiar with the footsteps of any employee that
entered his office. Master Schnee, I no longer want to work under you. That was it. He bowed
before his now former employer. The elder Schnee didn't flinch. He didn't bat an eye. He continued
typing onto his computer, never missing a beat.

It wasn't until a few feet away from the door when the elder Schnee spoke. Don't beat yourself over
it, kid. For all it is worth, you were granted dynasty where others were offered pity. You were
given a position where many would fight to have. Son, when you are involved in this business,
sacrifice are going to be made. Jaune didn't move. However, he felt the rocking of the chair turning
in front of his back. It is lonely at the top, son. Do you think I made it to the echelon with any
support. You may have those that come to the mountain, but can they stand the ice? Can they stand
the rain? The rough terrain? Success isn't easy and friends aren't either. He then finally spoke the
inevitable. Neither does a relationship. Ask yourself, Jaune? Did you think she was going was
going to follow those vows? Did you think she was going was going to follow those vows? Did you think as you stood in front of that alter, while saying the "I
do's" that she would stand by her word? I know where you are from, those words stick like the ice
on a lone road. However, where we are from, words are as valid as lies. We say things to make
people feel good. We know that we don't mean them, but it can get you guys from point A to point
B, then all is well. It is like a process. Hell, it is like shooting fish in a barrel.

Jaune heard laughter. It was faint. He imagined the elder Schnee removing his glasses, rubbing his
eyes, relieving any tension as if he was providing a confession. Did you honest think you were
going to last under the Schnee name? Granted, the wife and I were surprised that you did. We even
gambled on your duration. Frankly, I am impressed that you have lasted longer than you did. You
have really thought that Weiss was different. She wasn't the girl that would do that. 'She was
faithful. She was dutiful. She was loyal.' You may can fool yourself, but Weiss is a Schnee. Us
Schnee have needs.

He questioned on his reasoning of staying further. What good was he going to get out of this? Did
he want closure? Did he want something that was going to provide why his Weiss was being
unfaithful? What did Jaune want? Tears blinded his vision, only feeding more into the fuel of
Master Schnee's bantering.

Having a spouse is like having the help. The help makes sure duties get done. Clean the house,
make dinner, do laundry, take the children to school, look presentable. The help have their uses
and that is the role, nothing more. You see, Jaune. That chase, that dance you played ended the
moment you said, "I do." Your value de-escalated like a currency exchange, or the moment a new
car steps out of the lot. What value are you when you got the prize. She wanted more excitement.
She is a ferocious tigress in her prime. If I were in your position, I would be grateful just to share a
bed with her. A kiss or two. Or if you are lucky, the obligated love making. That's if you are willing
to share another's man cream, that is.

Jaune stomped the foot. A wave, a crescendo carried to the desk that put the elder Schnee to a halt.
He made a slight typo. That word was familiarity.
forth the effort in trying. I played my part of the vows. I have done my job. And I have done my job to serve under you. And I have done my job of playing "husband" to your daughter.

He gripped his hand tightly, slowly edging to the very thing that solidify his love on his aching finger. He removed his symbol of love and tossed it to the floor. I don't know what kind of pride, what feelings may consume your wretched heart, but I will not stand here and get ridiculed. The latter half of the sentence came to a shout. The sound of his echo bounced, rattling the windows. I have worth. Regardless if it is indifferent to you or to Weiss, I have worth.

He heard a clap following his completion of the conversation. That's right, Jaune. I am proud that you value yourself. Keep telling yourself. Head held up high, that's the spirit. The tone was insincere, his raspy, deep voice was gaining strength. It was as if Jaune's defense was only the catalyst for Master Schnee's fire. You see, my poor, pitiful, stupid, former son-in-law, us people of nobility don't have to worry about such troubles. You say words that are meaningless to us. You think but stating your feelings, I have a change of heart? Do you actually think kindness and sincerity gets you anyway. The latter half of his voice began to rise like a lion. That is weak, vulnerable, an easy prey. I have trained my daughter to become a predator. And a predator gets whatever they want. You should be honored, boy, that I allow a bottom feeder to have a seat at my inner circle. Looking back, if I would have known that you were to remain a mutt, then I would have seatsed you in the corner of our kitchen. Even you wouldn't been good enough to get the table scraps. Such a damn urchin, boy. I have trained Weiss to be a champion. I have trained her to serve her purpose. Our family isn't a family where we express ourselves. When we want something, we take it. Stupid fool! Weiss was right about you. You are too easy. Feelings don't get you anywhere but to be put down and turned into glue. And you bastards are the very glue that holds this foundation! So, Jaune, Mr. Arc, I think you have made your point on what you believe. And I made my point on what I believe. So, please, get out of my sight.

Nothing more was going to produce or change the elder Schnee's mind. He returned to his business, typing quickly, not missing a beat. Jaune sighed heavily, walking slower than he did when entering his cold, desolate office.

Oh, by the way, Jaune. Did you enjoy the video of Weiss at that hotel room? Even I was impressed on the number of guys she can take. She is a champion indeed. A winner! She is built like her mother.

It was a haughty chuckle, certainly and purposefully entering into Jaune's heart as he departed from the building. He closed the door gently, only to return to a lone hallway. Jaune couldn't forget that text. He wanted to say it was a prank. He wanted to believe that it wasn't his Weiss.

This is how a man performs, Jaune.

The text came from the women he promised to protect, provide, and profess until death do they part.

Ladies and gentlemen, please excuse us for the interruption. We fortunate to announce that the impending inclement weather has shifted away from our radar. Your regularly scheduled flight are to be resumed as follows. The flight to London departs in Gate 2B. The flight to Glasgow departs in Gate 2A. The flight to Los Angeles departs....

He wiped the sweat from his forehead, silently thanking Oum in the shift of the weather. He had prayed earlier for the change. He was eager to be at home where he belonged. A place of solace, a place of wellbeing, a place of familiarity.
Speaking of the word, it still resonated in his brain as he pondered on the meaning. On his phone, he searched for the meaning: close acquaintance with or knowledge of something; the quality of being well known; recognizability based on long or close association; and relaxed friendliness or intimacy between people.

_I am familiar with my family, my home. That is where my heart resides._

_Are you sure that isn't the only things that fill your heart?_

It was a month after Jaune and Weiss moved in together. It was a few months after they have began university. Weiss was interning with her father at his company. Jaune was spending his summer helping Professor Goodwitch and Ozpin teaching lower classmen on fighting monsters. Weiss was feeling tension in her shoulders after they moved their couch into their apartment. It was a used couch they had purchased from the thrift store. Jaune knew that Weiss had the funds to acquire luxurious furniture, but it was the period when Weiss was searching for independence.

Jaune leaned forward, telling Weiss to sit on the floor. He had some ice for her tensed shoulder. He had told her to take off her shirt. She blushed, but knew she needed to take care of the swelling. She flinched when feeling the ice make contact with her shoulder.

'In a minute, I would put some heat, okay,' replied Jaune as he rubbed the affected area.

'You are so good to me, Jaune,' replied Weiss.

'No, you are my dear,' answered Jaune. 'Answering your question. What are you implying?'

Jaune knew the answer. Even after a few months of dating, the word lingered on them like Jaune's cologne on her dress and the tingling sensation of Weiss' kisses.

'Do you have the feeling of expanding your love?'

He put his finger to his lip. 'I can, but granted, not everyone is worthy.'

She shrugged her shoulder, turning her neck to see Jaune. 'Am I worthy?'

She gave him a blank stare. The question was legitimate. He leaned forward, grabbing her chin and pulling each other into a kiss. The kiss lasted a few moments, but parting lips gave Weiss the answer she was looking for.

'I express my love through touch,' explained Jaune.

'A love language,' she questioned while purring.

'Communication is the key,' he replied. 'There are many ways to express worthiness.'

Weiss smirked, displaying her bra strap. She reached the back of her bra strap, removing it in the process. She sighed excitedly, tossing it in his face. 'Do you feel free to share the love language that makes you comfortable?'

_Excuse me, ladies and gentleman. This is the final call for the flight to Cardiff. This is the final call for the flight to Cardiff. Please report to Gate 3C in Terminal B. Please report to Gate 3C in Terminal B._

He had removed his earbuds, seeing the crowd that was following, rather leading him to his
destination. *This is it! Here I go!* What more can he say? The blonde was ready to go back to his humble roots. He needed to be somewhere of peace, of solace, of familiarity.

_Familiarity._

He reached for his briefcase. He reached into it to retrieve his cell phone. A lump came into his stomach. This cell phone was going to be used for his return. His current cell phone was no longer needed.

A final piece to the puzzle.

_Closure._

He walked to his terminal, still carrying his old phone. He received a text. *Strange! I thought I have told the others that I am no longer using this number. They should have my old number.*

It was unsaved number. He was familiar with it as he had recently deleted the moment he walked out of her life. He unlocked his phone to read her message.

_Do you think you will leave me this easily? Just like that? I don't know what made you think you can call it quits, but no one leaves Weiss until I say so. Remember our vows? For in sickness and in health? For better or for worse? Do they mean anything to you?_

He had heard it before. By this time, it was just words. Meaningless words as the feeling her father gave him that very day of his quitting. It wasn't the first time that the cheating temptress gave him that speech.

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**Hi, this is Jaune. Unfortunately, I can't come to the phone. Please leave your message after the beep.**

_The Oum damned lawyer appeared at our house today with the divorce papers. Didn't have the balls to come up yourself to do it? Do you think that we are through, Jaune? You are my husband. You have made vows to me. How dare you have broken your vows? Who in the hell do you think you are? Remember what we have spoken at the altar? For in sickness and in health? For better or for worse? Why do you think I do the things I do? To prove a point that you can be a fucking man and stand by your wife. I know what I am doing isn't right, but it doesn't change how I feel. You must understand that a woman has needs...._

Jaune picked up the phone. 'Don't you give me that crap! I have been nothing but faithful to you. I have stretched out my last nerve to show dedication. And that is the thanks I get?'

'Maybe if you can prove to me and my father to be a man, then I won't have to do these things.'

'Just words! Like you are never responsible. So, it is my fault that I forced that man to sleep in our bed.'

'It was an accident.'

'It's my fault that you had an affair with that executive from Normandy.'

'It was business, Jaune.'

'What use am I then. Like your father said, I am the fucking help.'
'Jaune, you are my husband. I love you and you alone. Those guys, those guys are just fillers. They were meaningless flings.'

'They might be meaningless flings to you, but I refuse to be with someone who allows any tomcat to shit in our litter box.'

Weiss' voice turned aggressive. 'Watch your fucking mouth and who you are talking to. Jaune, you are making a big mistake for leaving me. What Weiss Schnee wants, Weiss Schnee gets.'

'You are not going to treat me like I am a toy. I am worth more than a toy, Oum damnit!'

'You are used how I want you to be used. You are to love, honor, and obey. Your role is to sit there and take it like a good husband!' Jaune can hear her panting frantically from the other side of the receiver. 'Now, let's be a good boy. Open the door so we can talk!'

'H...How do you know where I am?'

'I am your wife, silly. I won't let you leave me, honey!'

Jaune held the rattling of the front door of his apartment. Following the rattling, he heard a tremendous bang on his door. 'Answer the door, Jauney. Answer the door!'

Jaune wasn't taking any chances. He was fortunate to live on the first floor. The back door was inches away. 'Leave Weiss, or else I am going to call the police.'

She laughed loudly at the door. 'Do you think I care about the police? Especially if they are profiting from daddy's payroll?' She crackled louder before relieving herself. 'Now, let's not act like children. If you are going to act like a child, I will treat you like one.' She banged the door. 'NOW OPEN THE DAMN DOOR! OPEN THE DOOR, JAUNEY! IF YOU DON'T OPEN IT IN THE NEXT THREE SECONDS, YOU ARE GOING TO REGRET IT!'

Jaune grabbed his weapon.

"ONE!"

Jaune retrieved to the door.

"TWO!"

The door burst open, causing the door to fall to the floor. Weiss entered the room with her weapon in hand. 'JAUNEY! Where are you, sweetness? Come on out, I won't hurt much for disobeying my orders.'

With weapon in hand, she searched through every nook and cranny of the apartment.

Jaune was nowhere to be found.

For better or for worse. For in sickness and in health!

That was the text Weiss sent Jaune on his phone. It was unfortunate that he didn't read it. He pulled out the SIM card and split it in half, tossing it in the trash.

As for his cell phone, there was a certain teenager who he had overheard wanting a cell phone badly.
Jaune released a sigh as he handed over his flight ticket to the flight attendant. She had a candid smile. It reminded him of his sister, Joan.

"Feels like a burden has been lifted."

Jaune didn't know what made her produced those words, but he responded with a pat on her shoulder. "Take care of yourself!" He reached for his headphones to plug in his new cell phone. He took slow steps as he was walking the hallway to the plane.

Jake took a look of his Facebook page. He couldn't be any happier as he was holding his new cell phone. He wasn't sure why the kind stranger gave him the phone, but he didn't question it. Jake looked to it as a gift from Oum as he was updating his status.

**Excited! My first overseas trip to America! #liberty #murica**

He scrolled to like a few statuses and commented on a few of his friends' stories before closing the app. He continued to peruse the phone as this was his first smartphone. Jake didn't come from a well-to-do family. Actually, Jake came from an orphanage.

The purpose of his overseas trip was a vacation with his orphanage after receiving donations to go to an American theme park. He was nervous, for it was his first time flying and leaving the country. Nevertheless, the happy go lucky brunette couldn't be further excited.

He excused himself from his friends when telling the headmistress that he was going to get something to eat. She told him to be hasteful for it wouldn't be long when their flight was called. He thanked her, walking away to search for a hot dog vendor.

He held onto his phone, scrolling through to investigate whatever the stranger left. He wasn't the kind to pry into personal space, but he wouldn't object listening to his music.

This man has great taste! Jimi Hendrix. Grateful Dead. Green Day. The Dead Kennedys. Gucci Mane?

He was standing in line, caught in a yawn when he noticed someone approaching him from behind him.

She smells like a moist flower. A scent of honeydew or something sweeter.

He made a slight glance. Immediately, the brunette blushed upon seeing her. She was wearing a grey cardigan with a matching skirt. It was athletic wear, according to him. Her white hair complimented her creamy complexion. Her eyes reminded him of a cat. They were very large.

"Sorry, am I too close?" The woman waved a gentle voice, which sent chills to Jake.

Jake shook his head in disagreement, resulting in a dizzy spell. She covered her mouth to hide her laughter. "Sorry if I made you a little nervous. I tend to do that with others."

"That's okay," said Jake as he displayed his gapped tooth smile. "How do you do?" He extended his hand to the woman. "My name is Jake. Jake Nishimoto."

The white haired girl smiled, displaying her beady eyes to return his handshake. "Nice to meet you, Jake Nishimoto. My name is Weiss. Weiss Schnee."

"Your name has German origins, if I am being correct?"
She shook her head. "Spot on, Jake. And your name has Japanese origins."

The boy smiled. "Japanese and a splash of Nigerian as well."

"Colorfully blended," replied Weiss excitedly. She displayed a smile that was very bedeviling. In Jake's eyes, she displayed an aura that was very alluring to him. He had to remind himself that he was younger than her. Jake was seventeen. The woman looked as if she could be in her mid to late twenties, but her face was very childlike, displaying innocence. "I am sorry for my closeness, but I couldn't help but to admire that phone of yours. Is it new?"

Jake looked to this as a conversation starter.

"In a way, it is. It's kind of used. I just got it earlier today. It was a gift from a kind stranger." Jake was brutally honest to a fault. His headmistress always told him to display himself as welcoming and friendly.

"Well, it's a nice phone," said Weiss.

"Thanks. I do appreciate the compliment," answered Jake.

Weiss swayed her hair, showcasing her eyes. Jake immediately averted away, blushing from her pure beauty. She giggled. "I can tell that you are shy when it comes to girl."

Jake didn't respond, just nodding for confirmation.

"It's okay," replied Weiss while smiling. "I think it is cute for boys to be shy. It brings the best out of people."

He slightly returned his face to Weiss. "You think so?"

She giggled. "Of course, sweetie. It shows that you have a sensitive side." She winked. "Women loved that."

The brunette's smiled beamed in front of Weiss. "Thanks a lot, Weiss."

She tapped him on the shoulder. "Don't mention it." She scanned the area before returning her sight to the boy. "Hey, do you have any time to talk for a moment? Hmm?" She swayed her hair once more. "My flight is delayed and I am thinking of getting some coffee and crepes, if are you interested."

Jake darted his eyes to his group. "I don't know," he questioned. "My flight is due at any minute."

"Aww," she pouted. "Where are you departing to?"

"Orlando."

She pulled out a cell phone. She looked at it for a few minutes before returning her face to Jake. "The flight to Orlando isn't for another hour. Can you spare at least twenty minutes with little old me? You seem like a nice lad to talk to."

Jake rubbed the sole of his shoes. "Well, I think as long as I can hear the announcement."

She took his hand. "Come with me. You will like these crepes. One of the best in town, if you ask me."

Jake turned beet red when feeling the gentle hand of the stranger as he was preparing to go out on
an outing. *This phone is good luck. I am going to have crepes and coffee with an older woman. Thank you, Oum. Thank you, kind stranger.*

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The custodian was looking at the clock. It was still a little too early before clocking out for the evening. His head custodian called in sick, causing him to work a double shift. He didn't mind it, but he wanted at least a twenty-four hour warning before heading to work. He was listening to music, a benefit of working on the job. The sound of smooth jazz elevated his mood as he glided himself into the men's restroom.

He did a little twist, picking up the *Wet Floor* sign to put in front of the restroom. He grabbed his mop and did another dancing glide to the restroom. Despite being middle aged, the custodian still had a few grooves in his step. He swayed his hips with the mop as if it were a microphone. He was grooving to his music as he headed toward the stalls.

Placing his mop bucket next to the stall, he prepared to clean the floor. He closed the door to the first stall. He was going to the second stall until he noticed something funny in front of the stall.

*Out of Order*

The custodian rose his bushy eyebrow. "That is peculiar. I don't recall placing that sign there." He peeled the sign, noticing its' handwriting and print. "I normally type my out of order signs and keep them handy on my cart. Something is funny."

He returned to the last stall, seeing if there were someone in there. He saw a pair of legs on the ground, which confirmed it. As much he didn't want to interrupt a person's business, he had to tend to duties.

"Excuse me, sir," he said as he knocked on the stall door. "I am the custodian, so I need you to wrap up so I can clean in there."

There wasn't an answer.

He didn't want to raise suspicion, citing that the person could be asleep or hard of hearing. He knocked louder this time. "Oi! Don't want to be rude, but I want you to finish up, sir!"

There still wasn't an answer.

The custodian which into his pocket to retrieve the key. He slid it into the lock and turned it clockwise. There was a click as the door unlocked. Immediately as he turned the lock, he felt something was wrong. It started in his gut and spread to his chest. Regardless, he grab the handle and opened the stall door.

*There is a dead boy.*

A gasp was released before releasing the haunting words. He fell backwards to the wall, seeing the deceased boy sitting crooked on the toilet seat. His pants were undone, his shirt was buttoned, but appeared half-done. The elephant in the room was a plastic bag wrapped tightly around his face. From the position of the bag, it appeared he was attacked from the front. Be as it may, the boy was still dead.

His face turned light blue, any warmth to his face faded away. He got up and scrambled to the exit as he ran out of there.

"Main office! Main office!" The custodian alerted through his walkie talkie before he paused,
deciding to stay at the scene in case of others were to go in there.

"Main Office. How can I help you?"

"I need you to send police. I think I found a dead person in the bathroom."

"Custodian. Report that status again?"

"I think I found a dead person in the bathroom."

Jake?

Jake?

The custodian looked forward as he saw a woman rushing in the center of the terminal. She looked panicked, continued to say the name of Jake.

It wasn't long until she came to the custodian.

"Excuse me, sir. I need to know if you have seen a boy around here," questioned the woman.

"Describe him to me, please," answer the custodian.

"He is a brown-skinned, almost tan-skinned child. He is seventeen years old. He was wearing blue jeans and a black buttoned shirt," replied the woman.

The custodian backed away. He turned around as he was grabbing his gut.

"Is there something wrong," questioned the woman frantically.

"Ma'am. I don't know how to say this," replied the custodian nervously.

American Airlines flight to Orlando has departed and has left the gate.

For a moment, Jaune thought he had heard a blood curdling scream as his plane was being taxied out to the runway.

To be continued....
Dawn of the Black Hearts (Part I)

It was a cold day in February. Valentine's Day to be exact. Situated under a sycamore tree behind the school gymnasium was where Jaune Arc told Ruby Rose that he wouldn't accept her invitation of being her valentine.

"You...you won't be my boyfriend?" The eyes of a brokenhearted teen was present. What showed light cascaded in a hollow tint. Her hand rattled, displaying the letter that she had painstakingly written with love and affection. A letter that she had spent the night written through the writer's block Hell filled with torn sheets, sweat, frustration, tears, and overall, cramped hands. A letter that she had hoped to deliver to him the following day when they were alone for practice.

She spat the words too soon. Knowing that the letter should have been the invitation, but the blonde was like chocolate to the teen. Everyone wanted a piece of him. She stood in the silent, still echoing the words of Jaune's refusal.

The blonde rested his head to his chest. It wasn't an easy decision for him as well. The wind began to pick up, sending shivers to him. He nestled his hands in his coat for warmth. He swallowed nothing, standing firm as he watched the color drained from her once flushed cheeks.

"My refusal has nothing to do with you, Ruby." His response was soft. Even as his voice rattled, that wouldn't be enough to compensate. "You are a wonderful person. Hell, a ladies' lady. You are an awesome wonder and to be with you is such an honor."

She bit into her tender lips. She wanted to feel something other than pain. It was more of a raw feeling, hitting her to the pit of her stomach. "Jauney, I love you. I want you to be with me. What more can I be for you to understand that?" Her response was frail, but not weak. She wanted certainty, some concrete and absolute. "I do so much to display my affection. I've studied with you. I've cooked for you. I've defended you on numerous occasions after taking risk with myself. I have stood in the line of fire for you. I love you, Jaune."

"And I love you as well, Ruby," explained the blonde. "However, my love for you isn't like that."

"Is there another?"

Jaune went blink. The moment she asked that question, the wind went silent. It was like a vacuum sucking away any source of noise. Her eyes continued to fade as the letter became crumpled under her grasp. "Is there another, Jaune?"

"No, there isn't," replied Jaune. "I'm just not ready to be in a committed relationship."

Her fingers ascended to her head. She watched cautiously at the blonde. As if his answer wasn't good enough. "You don't want to be in a relationship? Is that what you are telling me?"

"Ruby, it is just...it is just...look I am sorry." He didn't want to explain any further. He wanted to leave. He motioned to Ruby a farewell as he departed.

A grasping hand wrapped around his arm.

"For sure."

He blinked to Ruby once more. He felt the intensity of her grip. Her nails dug into the skin. A cackle was released from her voice. "For sure."
"Ruby, what are you implying?"

Jaune watched as Ruby displayed a Cheshire Cat grin on her face, which displayed all of her teeth. She snickered to the point where it became sickening to the blonde. Jaune watched as she displayed a knife from her pocket.

*Where in the hell did she pocketed a knife.*

"Ruby!" The blonde panicked. "Let's not get drastic."

"I am going to make you mine for sure." Ruby reached for the knife and struck it into his chest.

Jaune screamed as he grabbed hold to his chest.

The knife wasn't there.

He wasn't standing behind the school gymnasium.

He touched his chest, still trying to see if there was a wound. There was nothing there. He looked to realize that he was lying in bed. He was in his dorm. He saw the silhouettes of the rain performing its dance of the night. His breathing was rampant. He tried calming his nerves.

*It's a dream. It's only a dream.*

He wiped the sweat from his forehead as he reached for the glass of water by his nightstand. He ingested quickly as if that would be his last drink of water in the world. He drained the glass and put it back by his nightstand. He looked to the clock. It was a few minutes after three in the morning.

*Valentine's Day.*

This was the eighth nightmare of his recurring dream of Ruby stabbing him. She displayed anger. The blood curdling scream she made after his refusal of being her valentine. It was always right into his chest, where his heart resides. The dreams resulted the same way, looking into the eyes of his killer. She spewed the same words, giving herself a sickening grin each and every time.

*I am going to make you mine for sure.*

He pulled his knees to his chest, displaying the frustration that he was having of his friend. He had always cared for his friend and partner Ruby.

He just didn't have feelings for her.

He didn't have feelings for anybody.

It was a year ago on Valentine's Day when he had made his confession to his professor Glynda Goodwitch. However, the response was met with certain disdain, which he doesn't want to discuss. The refusal made go into a journey which resulted on his commitment of remaining single. Since then, the blonde didn't put any effort in dating. He wanted to focus on his dream of becoming the best huntsman.

A decision he was grateful for if it weren't for Professor Goodwitch, he would have never be in his current position.

The remainder of the night went without incident for he didn't return to sleep. The rest of the night was spent reading and catching up on overdue homework. Once morning arrived, he decided to get
an early head start to get some breakfast.

The smell of waffles and bacon were looming from the cafeteria. Oum was on his side as he was craving for the breakfast. He was excited that he was on time to receive it before the late morning rush. He brushed past the doors to enter the cafeteria when suddenly he saw the very thing that was causing his nightmares.

The redhead was reading a book as she was taking bites of her scrambled eggs. She took a glance before gleefully waving at the blonde.

"Umm," she said as she swallowed her breakfast. "Good morning, Jaune." She lowered her eyebrows. "Didn't think you were capable enough of being an early riser."

Jaune smiled, rubbing the back of his head. "Well, couldn't sleep. So, why not get an early start."

She nodded her head. "Good thing too for this breakfast is to die for. They are even doing heart-shaped waffles."

"Oh," responded Jaune flatly. "It's Valentine's Day, isn't it."

Ruby took another bite of her eggs before responding. "Sure is. Happy Valentine's Day by the way." It was causal, not threatening as she was in her dream.

"Same to you, Ruby," replied Jaune. He excused himself from Ruby as he went to get himself some breakfast.

A few moments later, Jaune returned with a plateful of waffles, scrambled eggs, and bacon. A breakfast that fitted for a king. He sat across from Ruby as she made room for the blonde. He barely took a bite before Ruby spoke.

"Any hopes of catching a Valentine this year?" She asked as she was swaying her fork. "There has to be girls lining up for you this year."

He shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. "Honestly, I didn't give this day a thought until you had mentioned it."

"Aw, c'mon, Jauney. This is a day where Cupid points arrows to make destiny to loved ones."

Jaune swallowed a mouthful of waffles. "More like putting a dent in your wallet."

"I don't think like that. I think of it as a romantic gesture to show your love."

"Then why not do it on the thirteenth or the fifteenth? Hell, even on March 30th?"

"God, you are sounding like a cynic," she said while laughing. "No wonder you don't have a Valentine."

Jaune responded to the laughter. "I am not, Ruby. I am just not interested in this particular holiday." He took a breath. "Plus, I have other things to focus on. Like….

"I know, I know, Jaune. Becoming the best huntsman I can be. At some point women have to take place in there, am I right?"

Jaune responded by flicking on her forehead.

"Oww," she said. "What was that for?"
Jaune picked up the book in question. He should have known it was a romantic book.

"You really have to quit getting your sister's romance novels. All of that is pure fantasy."

She rubbed her sore spot. "Well, some of us do believe in love."

"I am not against it, Rubes. I just don't let it be the highpoint of my life as of now. I am seventeen. I have plenty of time."

She spat through her teeth. "If you say so, Mr. Curmudgeon."

Jaune confirmed it by taking her glass of her orange juice.

"Hey," she scoffed. "That was my glass!"

"A full day supply of vitamin C," he said while smiling. "Just look at it as an indirect kiss from those mangas of yours." He stood up from his chair. "I go and get you another glass. I will be back."

Ruby watched as Jaune walked away to get her juice. She then turned back to the table.

_You...you won't be my boyfriend?_

"So, it has been a year since that day." She rested her eyes on the table. "It's good that he doesn't remember."

She reached into her backpack where she pulled out a vial. She read the label quietly.

**Crystallized black widow powder**

She was careful to measure the dose correctly. She needed enough to put him in a catatonic state. She knew the potion was odorless and tasteless, so it was no problem as she used his fork to blend it in his scrambled eggs. She poured a little on his pancakes and used the syrup to hide the powder. If Jaune would look at his eggs, he would have mistakenly assumed it to be pepper.

_The powder will take effect about an hour after consumption. We have free period today. So, when we have practice, I will have alone time with him. This year, what I am going to do is meaningful and loving._

"I am going to make you mine for sure," she exclaimed under her breath.

She retreated quickly when hearing his voice, concealing the vial in her pocket. She saw Jaune slide the glass to the table.

"Freshly squeezed for the lady," said Jaune as he returned to his seat.

"Why, thank you," she said gratefully as she consumed the orange juice. She placed her lips where Jaune left his lip print. She watched as Jaune returned to his food, scarfing the eggs like it was no tomorrow. She released a sigh as she finished her juice.

It was the best drink she had ever tasted.
"Would you like anything to drink, sir?" Jaune opened his eyes and saw the friendly eyes of the flight stewardess. Her eyes displayed that she had a passion for a job as she did her customary deed of offering him, as a passenger, a beverage.

"Oh, yes ma'am," replied Jaune "I would like to have a diet coke, please." The stewardess gave him his drink with a napkin. He thanked her, including an additional complement of her mannerisms. As she walked away to tend to another passenger, he quickly drank his soda, feeling the cool sensation hitting the pit of his stomach. This was not his first time on an airplane, but it always made him nervous. No matter how lavish the furnishings were or how coordinately skilled the pilots were, an airplane would be never more than a metal tube.

He gave a sign of the cross for a safe landing upon arrival.

*This is how a man performs, Jaune!*

**Familiarity**

Astounded as the words circulate into his troubled mind like blood that goes from one place to the next. Better yet, how the brain transmits signals from one part of the cortex to the next. He made a slight smirk on the whereabouts of those signals prioring to dating Weiss or moving in with Weiss or when he bend his knees to propose to Weiss.

Just saying her name gave the blonde a vile taste in his mouth.

*In a few hours, the name Weiss Schnee would be nothing more than an aberration.*

He flipped through the newspaper he was somewhat reading. He wasn't much of a fan of reading. It wasn't a strong dislike, he didn't have much time for it. After working tirelessly through handling paperwork of his bosses and employers, then seeing words would become a strain to his tired eyes. He was exact on the word, *tiring.*

*I've had enough. I am done. Isn't it not so bad on the choice I have made? She had made her bed. She had laid with others with that bed. I have made mine. I thought we had a bed. But it turned out that there were made out of twin bed instead of a queen. I thought she was my queen. I thought I was her king. Looks whose head was sitting on the platter for others to revel and laugh against my resolve?*

Admittedly speaking, Jaune thought too much. He was an overthinker. Couldn't help it. Too much of his father in him. He flipped through the article where something caught his attention.

*The search has concluded on the reported missing seventeen-year-old that the media has called Boy X. Boy X was found stabbed to death in a basement of an abandoned home in Surrey. Next to the victim was another body, which was later identified as the girlfriend of the missing student. The cause of death of the girl, which has been identified as Girl Z, proves consistent to a suicide. Police don't want to speculate but are taking things into consideration. A suicide note has been discovered and has been taking to DNA Crime Lab for further investigation. This murder remains a mystery as much of the boy's disappearance.*

He didn't want to read further. Too much strain on his eyes. He made a mental note to contact the optometrist when arriving to town.
It was a few months before he made his final decision on divorce proceedings that he walked into something that should have never been discovered. It was put in a whim to go home for lunch instead of ordering food. Her car was in her parking space.

She was supposed to be out of town.

In his parking space, there was another occupant. A Silver Porsche.

He had seen that car before. A client, if he remembered.

He parked his car on the second level of the garage. It wasn't much of an inconvenience. It gave him easier access to the elevator. As he pressed the button, he felt an aching feeling in his gut. I am opening a door that shouldn't be opened. Turn back now. He misjudged for hunger pains. He has been cutting back, working on eating clean foods to become more healthier. He wanted to bulk up, display his body to impress Weiss.

This door shouldn't be opened. Turn back now.

Why fear? This is my home. A place of peace. A place of familiarity. Jaune rubbed the tension of his shoulder, following by rubbing his stomach. Don't worry, belly. Daddy is going to fill you up soon.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is the captain speaking. I am addressing that we will arrive to our destination within the next few hours. The time in Cardiff is eleven in the evening. Temperatures are in the upper sixties with partly cloudy skies. Feel free to check….

Jaune took another drink of his soda. It was starting to get watery. The newspaper was still in his hand.

Overthinking gets me in trouble too much.

He rested his palm on his lap. With his other palm, he placed it on his eyes. With the slightest fingertip, he felt that pain. It made his wince.

It was much of a reminder than a message.

Routinely enough, he entered the residence without incident. He placed his jacket on the nook next to the door. In the open space below the nook, he retired his shoes. He shouldn't be long, he thought. He was going to make a salad, grab some fruit for a snack, and return to work.

It's too late to turn back. What you are about to witness is something you should not have to see.

He hoped to be back in time before dinner. He had a recipe in mind to make for he and Weiss. He hoped that this alternative lifestyle of a diet could influence Weiss that he was changing.

I am making smarter choices, Weiss. I am eating better. I am taking care of myself. Is this enough, Weiss? Am I pleasing you? Am I making you happy, Weiss?
He called her name, but she didn't answer. The house was quiet.

**Why aren't you checking upstairs?**

He called her name once more, but she didn't answer. *Maybe she wanted to take nap.* He opened the refrigerator, gathering the materials for his salad. He focused on his lunch that he didn't pay attention to the two empty containers of Korean take-out on the counter.

He turned the water on in the sink. He had the vegetables on the countertop.

**Why aren't you going to the bedroom?**

He was mindful of watching the knife. He didn't want to cut himself.

**Why aren't you checking the bedroom? The truth is within there. Why aren't you going? You have made it this far. Why turn back now?**

"There'll no darkness tonight," he said melodically. He continued humming the song that belonged to Michael Jackson. "The Lady in My Life" was a powerful serenade. From his *Thriller* album, this song was also he and Weiss' song. They shared their first kiss on this song when they went to senior prom together at Beacon Academy.

He was mid cut of the spinach, we heard a thump from the ceiling. His eyes averted from the counter to the ceiling. It wasn't loud, but wasn't soft. Nevertheless, it was enough to recognize his attention. His ear picked up something and it wasn't the water.

...when we're old and grey

*I will love you more each day.*

*Cause you will always be the lady in my life*

He left the water running. He trailed from the kitchen, making his trail to the point of origin. He made his first step. Then his second step. Then his fifth and his eighth and his eleventh. There were twenty-five steps to the second floor. Each step, his heart ran. Each step, his stomach groaned. He was feeling heavy. The closer he got, the more he knew he was stepping into something he shouldn't have discovered.

**Familiarity**

His mother once told him that when something is yours, it become familiar. It belongs to you. You have the right for as long you treated well. He lived by that principle. Weiss belonged to him. His rights of taking out the effort of establishing a profound relationship. He loved Weiss. He truly did. This chase, this dance, this game he played wasn't out of sheer luck. He had loved her since their days at Beacon Academy. Even after graduation, he had loved her more each day.

For she was always going to be the lady in his life.

Interesting how his thoughts take control. He didn't even realize that his sights were on their bedroom door. His eyes narrowed to the knob. He took cautious breaths. "The Lady in My Life" continued to play in the room.

*Our song!*

"Quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."
He took another breath.

"Quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

His mother was a believer in the Oum faith. Taking him and his sisters to church was a must. *Understand that we have storms, Jaune. No matter what! Even through these storms, there is an eye in the storm. Peace can be within that storm. So, keep moving forward, my dear Jaune.*

"Quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

A surge of energy was born. It entered the synapses of his brain, giving him the signals to make his next move.

"Quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

He put his hand on the knob and turned it. He released a sigh. He went into the room.

Weiss was lying underneath their quilt.

*I need you by your side*

A man that wasn't him was cupping her breast. He, too, was in his nakedness.

*Don't you go nowhere.*

His hands were nimble, delicate to the touch of her supple breast. Weiss bathed in the ecstasy. Her ripe pussy was exposed, prone to vulnerability as the man eyed her sacred place.

*Let me keep you warm*

The man continued with his tongue, trailing from her breast to her stomach. Weiss was overcome with such fiery passion in herself, especially within her loins. Her legs were twitching. Her pelvis wanted something room. Her body hinted it for words weren't necessary as their bodies connected on their desires.

*You are the lady in my life*

Her pussy was very smooth, with small prickle of hair. The man looked in awe on how beautiful her pussy was. Unsure if the man's mind was not enjoying it, but his body definitely was.

"Lick," she commanded. She grabbed his head and began licking her pussy. Like a puppy, he was lapping her folds. Although inexperience, he could perform well. Wanting more pressure, she placed his head hard against her pussy. From Jaune's position, it was enough of a challenge for the man to breathe, but that didn't faze Weiss as she getting herself off.

*I want to touch you baby*

Still grabbing his head, she continued to rub her until she had an orgasm. Clear fluid squirted all over his face. She screamed his name before dropping to her knees.

*Lay back in my tenderness*

"The lady in my life." Jaune's voice was low. It was audible enough to capture the man and Weiss' attention.

The man's eyes focused on Jaune. It was quite a pregnant stare. Jaune averted when seeing that he
I love you I love you I need you I want you, baby

There wasn't enough time to process the part when Jaune was met with a fist to his eye. His hand hit the back of the wall. He slid down the wall with his still focusing on Weiss.

For a second, just a split second, she smiled.

It was fortunate that he had missed it.

"Sir, sir. Are you okay?" Someone was calling. The muffled voice seemed to reach to him from the depths of a cave. It finally dawned on the blonde that he was hearing his own name. "Sir, are you alright? Do we need to page for help?" The voice sounded closer now.

Jaune finally opened his eyes, managed to focus them, and stared at his own right hand gripping the newspaper. His fingers torn through the paper. A hint of red dyed into the newsprint. It didn't take a genius to know that it was his own blood. The smell of sweat acknowledged his presence, oddly giving off an odor like a zoo animal.

His throat was dry. He reached for the watered diet soda, draining it, ice and all. It took a few seconds before realizing the flight attendant stood before him. Her distance was close, but enough to ensure her attention focused on him. He set the empty cup down and wiped his chin with a napkin.

He now had her attention.

"Sorry," he said. "I am okay now."

He was grateful that it was too late in the evening for the others were sleeping in their peaceful slumber instead of witnessing his episode. Per instruction, he followed the stewardess to the back of the plane. He felt embarrassed, guilty as if he had made an accident and was being reported to the principal's office to call his mother.

The stewardess, still carrying a worrisome face, reached for a towel. She turned on the water, applying heat. Jaune covered his mouth as if he wanted to vomit. He wasn't sick. He was a bit tired, a bit famished. He was hungry. He wouldn't mind a snack.

"Take this!" The stewardess handed him a hot towel. He thanked her as he applied it to his hand. He was careful to not feel any sores. He had another wincing for one day.

"Thanks." Jaune returned the towel back to the woman. She bowed in a form of a greeting before turning around to the sink. Jaune noticed a sweet honeydew scent coming from her. She smelled pleasant like a moist flower. She didn't look that far from his age. Short, yet slender. Redhead. Her eyes were green as the emerald itself. Her appearance didn't say cute. Too immature, the blonde thought. She was beautiful. That was all he could say.

"I think you might need this." It was a bag of peanuts. Not his favorite, but he was too hungry to care. He used his teeth to open the wrapper.

The stewardess leaned back on the counter and smiled. "After all of these years, things haven't changed."
Her voice drew attention to the blonde. He put the snack down. He trailed his eyes to the woman in question. As if a wave of memories impacted his horizon, he nearly choked on his spit.

"Pyrrha?"

The redhead smiled. "In the flesh, Jaune Arc."

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We are close to our arrival to the terminal. Seatbelt signs are back on and those who are standing should immediately take your seat as we descend.

Jaune was about to move, but was stopped by his long lost friend.

"Seat belts are provided here. I'll tell them you were sick." She winked as she prepared her seat as she sat across from them.

Weiss looked at her window to see the beautiful view of the evening sky. The clouds lie as numerous pebbles on the beach, small and heaped in chaotic ways. Above is a drifting mist, thin, oddly transparent, like a half-erased footprint in the sand. The fragments of clouds, as if painted by an artistic hand, delicate inflections of the brush spreading orange over red.

Weiss picked up her coffee cup. She tasted nothing, just some lukewarm liquid passing down her throat. On her tray in front of her, she was drawing a sketch. It was a leaf skeleton, its green flesh eaten away to leave only a lacy cellulose network - fragile, natural, beautiful in its own way. My eyes traveled over its' ovoid shape, thrown into sharp relief by the deep plum background. Our creativity brings our dreams to life; inspiring, enchanting, bringing us closer to Oum. In art our spirits rise, in stories, we are enthralled and elevated. With creativity we make connections between disparate people, we learn that through our many lenses we are seeing the same whole, only the path before our feet is still blurred. Life should never be art vs science, but a beautiful marriage of the two.

She took a brief pause, staring at her delicate fingers. On her ring finger were two bands; both symbolized the marriage between her and Jaune.

The air is frozen lace on my skin, delicate and cold, like winter waves on shallow sand. The sky is washed with grey, watery light illuminating thin patches of brilliance. He took my hands, provided me with its warmth. He gave me such a lovely speech. Such delicacy and elegance. It brought actual tears to my eyes.

"For in sickness and in health. For better or for worse." Weiss held on the ring that Jaune left. She was certain that he will be wearing it in the future.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is the captain speaking. I am addressing that we will arrive to our destination within the next few hours. The time in Cardiff is seven in the morning. Temperatures are in the upper sixties with partly cloudy skies. Feel free to check....

To be continued....
Hey guys, Big Diesel here. This particular arc isn't really a yandere story. It is really about a woman who is possessive and obsessed with her items. She is a vampire, what do you expect? Nora Valkyrie is a vampire who serves under her mistress, Yang Xiao Long, a fellow vampire. Nora is given assignment under Yang to capture Jaune. Why Jaune? What plans does she have following his capture? Read this arc to understand what will happen. This story is written by yours truly and [thegirlfriendoftheauthor]. My cousin, [randomblasiandude] is visiting from Japan. He, too, is a fan of my works and also put in his two cents in this story by helping me and my girl write this. Enjoy! God bless!

The sound of the bell alerted the waitress in the restaurant that a customer was approaching. The waitress, with her usual smile of greeting customers, approached the teenage woman who stood alone. Her eyes meet hers. When making contact, her eyes looked away. She saw how flustered and beet red she was becoming. She placed her hands in his pocket and fidgeted back and forth. Unsure of her temperament, she still kept the facade of a waitress.

"Hi, welcome to Valkyrie's." The waitress said with enthusiasm. "Table for one, ma'am?"

"Yes, please. Thank You," said the shy teenager. She kept a calm demeanor and controlled herself through breathing. It can be seen that the young girl still felt weird around beautiful girls, or just people in general. The waitress was very attractive. She had soft, creamy complexion of a newborn infant. Her stunning green eyes reminded the teen of deep calm waters. Her lips were soft, or at least what it appeared to be. The teen took another few breaths while the waitress took her to her table.

The atmosphere of Valkyrie's was no different than any other family restaurant. The sound of the few customers that were there talked their usual conversations, or "coffee talk." There were some individuals sitting in booths. There was a man who was reading a magazine. There was a woman who appeared to be working on something important. She could tell how wrinkled her face was and she was talking on a cell phone. She was also speaking in Chinese, a language she did not understand. There was another man who sat alone and stared into his soup. From his point of view, it looked like the man was waiting for something to happen. A change? A sudden appearance?

What struck Nora Valkyrie's fragile mind was this. And it wasn't the fact that her surname matched the diner. It wasn't even the fact that the place was notorious for their pancakes. She was here with a purpose. A purpose that was beyond her description. A description that was more of a black mark than anything.

"Here's your menu." The waitress handed her the foldable that she wasn't going to read. Everything was the same. Bland and hot. It shouldn't matter for she hasn't consumed any meals over the past several years.

Ever since she was turned into a vampire, blood has been the only thing on the menu. And among other things.

She reached for her purse, which contained her notebook and her cigarettes; two items that were necessary for this particular juncture. She laid the notebook gently beside the ice cold tap water. She positioned herself away from the table to light her cancer stick. A few flicks ignited the carcinogen. She took a deep breath, allowing the smoke to resonate in her lungs for the time being.
She was in control, she was making her demands. Why not? She has been part of the undead of quite some time. What worse can a cigarette can do through the years that a stake or the sun could do within a few seconds.

She tapped the ash onto her empty coffee mug.

The sound of the bell clinked again. It didn't alert Nora at first. Another customer arriving. Maybe leaving? Retrieving a purse? Looking for something else? She shrugged, opening the notebook pages of notes she had taken. It was scribbles, written lightly and gently. From a vantage point, incomprehensible. This was the type of writing that only the author herself could understand. Writing that wasn't supposed to be read by certain onlookers. Nora took a few breaths of her carcinogen, letting the smoke lace on her redden tongue.

She continued scanning her notes until she heard a voice calling her name. She placed her cigarette on the rim of the coffee cup. She exhaled the smoke as she saw the person in question. She wasn't alone. The waitress was with her as well.

It was a girl with long blonde hair. It was Yang Xiao Long. She was wearing a white, sparkly dress. It was cute and could tell that it was expensive. She had a silver necklace around her neck and a bracelet to match. She also was wearing high heels. Nora noticed that each time she walked she struggled. She knew that she was not used to wearing those.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the waitress with much politeness. "She said that she knows you and do you mind if she can sit with you?" Why didn't she asked me herself, she thought. "No, I don't mind." Yang entered the booth and sat across from him. "Thanks," Yang told her. The waitress placed a menu and asked her for a drink. Yang told her that she wanted water. Without a second to spare, she asked for three bean salad. The waitress smiled and walked away.

"Mistress." Nora's voice was firm and absolute, certainty to acknowledge a superior within her presence. She bowed before the table, seeing Yang's hand extend to her direction. Her ring, encrusted in silver and emerald, bejeweled in the finest of craftsmanship was met with Nora's lips. Flattery wasn't Yang's position. This greeting symbolized the respect and the authority that Yang had with her cohorts. Yang smiled, accepting the complement of Nora.

"Were you followed, my young ward?" Yang gave a distinct look to Nora. She wasn't the type who revel in games. Under the presence of Yang, her reign was adored. She was a force, mighty as the hand of Oum upon this wretched Earth. Something that Nora admired and feared at the same time.

"I wasn't, mistress." Nora looked to her mistress. She nodded, granting her permission to smoke. "Everything was taken with serious precautions."

Yang nodded to Nora. "As intended, my sweetness. I am never afraid to put you on these kinds of mission. Lovelies like you, those who claim loyalty, are built with trust and respect for their mistress." She snapped her fingers. "Waitress!"

The waitress returned swiftly, as if Yang's words were a force that compel her to follow direction, lest if she wanted an unintended consequence. "A glass of your finest pinot, if you please. Tell the owner, Yè de nǚwáng zài zhèlǐ"

The waitress quickly hurried to the back. Yang watched until she was out of sight. She returned to Nora's sight. She looked to the notebook. "Is that my information?"

"Yes, mistress," confirmed Nora as she slid the notebook to Yang's direction. "Everything you need is in the notebook."
"Clever, child." Yang opened the page to the notebook. She bit her lip, observed the notes that Nora acquired. She nodded her head a few times as she flipped the pages. She closed the book, retrieving it to her side beside her seat. "You have done excellently well, my ward. This is the information that I am going to need for my research."

"Your research?"

"Yes, my ward." She crossed her legs, taking one of the cigarettes as she alluringly placed it in her mouth. "Tell me? Did you ever wanted to have a father?"

Nora blushed, her eyes went to the table. "Oum, mistress. I mean, it had certainly never came to mind."

"Of course, it didn't, sweetheart." She took a smoke before returning to her thoughts. She reached into her purse and pulled out a picture. She slid it in front of Nora. "Well, our wish is going to be granted."

Nora took the picture. She blushed as she saw a picture of a blonde male. He was sitting on a grassy knoll. He was looking toward the creek. He was handsome, a profound individual. It made the undead teen's heart fluttered. "Who is that heavenly tall drink of water?"

"This heavenly tall drink of water is going to become my familiar." She was firm in her voice, no hint of humor. "His name is Jaune Arc. He lives in a village not too far from here."

"How did you discover him?"

Yang closed her eyes. "Never you mind with that, my ward. What I do want is him." She scanned both sides of the table, assurance that no prying eyes were watching the vampiric girls. She peered closer to Nora, which motioned Nora to come closer. She spoke gently. "The vampire council has spoken on a man that possess great energy. Energy that could be useful for the next generation of vampires."

"Great energy?"

Yang urged her to be quiet. "The council has looked close through our region. Rumors led to this boy in the picture." She lowered her eyes. "I have collected intel from a reliable source. This boy possess this said energy."

"How can we be so sure, mistress? With respect!"

"Remember our fallen comrade, Pyrrha?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Remember when she came to us? Excited about a boy that possess such a liquid platinum?" She pointed to the picture. "My intel tells me that this is in fact the very same boy that Pyrrha attacked some years back."

"What is his role?" Nora asked as she ingested her fourth cigarette. She knew that her mistress was annoyed with her questioning. Nevertheless, in her defense, she knew that her role was to be assigned to him. So why not collect much detail as possible?

"He works as a farmer in his village. His father is deceased, making him the head of his family. He lives with his mother and his seven sisters. He is highly guarded." She sighed. "For his sister, Joan, is a vampire hunter."
Nora tapped on the table. She observed the picture of the adorable handsome blonde. "Judging by the calm, cool, and collectiveness of your voice, Joan isn't deemed much of a threat?"

"Exactly! While this rumor is under the radar, I want to get this man on ice before the heat comes. And you know when it comes, it will come."

Nora tapped the ash into her coffee cup. "Is this low risk, then why do you need me, mistress."

Her response was met with a slap. Nora didn't flinch. The onlookers turned before getting a disturbed look from Yang. Nora took another smoke. "My question wasn't out of disrespect. If it sounded like it, then I humbly apologize."

Yang lifted her head to the ceiling. "That is why I like you, my ward. You are smart, tactic, resourceful." She furrowed her eyebrows. "However, your mouth is the trouble I get from you. See that it doesn't happen again."

Nora bowed. "Yes, mistress."

"The village is aware of me. They know my face. The moment I make myself known, then that makes trouble." She took another breath. "It wasn't long ago that I made a compromise with that village."

"A compromise?"

"There was a boy that I kidnapped many years before you became my ward. You can say I really, really like him. I couldn't get enough of his blood, his taste, his everything. Well, I had an issue with the boy's mother. Angered by the remarks she told me, I put her in a spell that confined her to the point of detriment proportions." She looked the floor. "Anyway, I really don't want to talk more about it. I just can't go there anymore. However, they don't know who you are so that is why I need you."

Nora was silent, still registering, better yet questioning Yang's past transgressions. She put those thoughts on hold for now.

"You're the best ward in this search. I need you for this, Nora. Please go there and search for my groom, your papa."

Nora looked to the picture and then at Yang. She bowed once more. "Yes, mistress."

"Thank you, my ward." Yang took the notebook as she slid from the booth. "On the back of the picture are the direction to the village. Included are the directions to the intel. He goes by the name of Lie Ren."

"Yes, mistress. How soon do you want to meet him?"

"As soon as possible. The council moves swiftly and with force. I must acquire him before anybody even gives a scent of him. If I knew Pyrrha like I knew her, she never lies." She pulled a few bills and placed it on the table. "Keep in touch."

Nora watched as her mistress left the diner as quickly as she came. She looked to the person in question. Her hand twitched, knowing that she too was excited about this Jaune. She licked her lips, exposing her fangs. She was certainly hopeful that her mistress knew what she was doing.

_He looks like an easy prey. I am certainly going to have a sample if our departed Pyrrha knew what she was talking about._
To be continued....
Hey guys! Big Diesel, here. This particular arc was inspired by a story that I have read. So, this will be the kind of story that will be the mysterious, picking-with-your-brain type. I have always enjoyed stories that make me think and question the things around me. To avoid further conclusion, here is the synopsis: After ten years of being away from home, Jaune returns back to his village. Despite not knowing the reason of his departure, it still brings him nightmares. His fears are being put to the test as he discovers the very thing that perpetuated his departure. Will it resolve his fear or make it worse? Stay tuned and find out!

It started with a nosebleed. Instinctively, he went into his pocket to retrieved his handkerchief. Monogrammed were his initials. It was a parting gift, sewn by the fickle hands of his mother after leaving the countryside many years ago.

It has to be the elevation.

A formidable excuse as he exchanged his business suit for a simple pair of a plain t-shirt and blue jeans. The simple days. The days of the innocence. Days that he enjoyed, coveted, regretted, repressed.

What made me leave my home? What nature propelled me to break a shell that was once my home?

His mother called him fickle or better yet delicate. Jaune was careful in placing the right words in a sentence, as if he was reaching for the right piece in a puzzle. Cautious should have been a better term.

I should be arriving soon at any moment.

He was a lone minnow in the can of sardines, tightly compacted in the train to the next town. Surprised with the revelation of the unexpectancy of visitors going to his next destination, the town was not even spotted on any major maps. The connections were not going to any major towns. The train route was very local within the surrounding counties. Nevertheless, he had to make due for the few hour journey to the next town. If there was a bright side to the journey, it gave Jaune a sense of wonder, and also the train conductor gave the uncomfortable, irritated passengers a free meal and a discount on their next visit with their train line. A silver lining in every stitch of life, he concluded.

He didn't bring anything with him. He had hoped for it to be a day trip. He didn't even inform his parents that he was coming. Would they be surprised? Would he be welcomed? Was he missed? His sisters? What would they think of him for being gone this long?

Too many questions is bad for the brain. Like a congestion, it clouds your judgement.

He returned his handkerchief to his pocket, covering the unmarked part over his blood. He made a mental note to take it to the dry cleaners along with his suit. It wasn't long before his weekly visit.

He took steady breaths as he was the approaching sign, welcoming the passengers to his village. He compared himself to an olive, being pressed, releasing its juices. He felt pressed, better yet depressed, as if a force was trying to dispel anything of worth from him.
Why in the hell am I returning here? What reason do I need to be here? What made me leave my home? What nature propelled me to break a shell that was once my home?

He gritted his teeth, ingesting nothing but that words of should've, would've, could've. What good was it going to bring, he thought to himself. Before taking the train to this destination, he was having a reoccurring dream. He couldn't remember it visually, always clicks and flashes like a camera. But the sounds, the haunting sounds pierced fiercely into his ears. Soft, delicate, like a snake slithering in the grass. Like a ghost praying for the dead. Darkness consumed his dream, but that voice brought more of his senses.

He could never decipher the language, but he knew it was to be feared.

His home wasn't home from the village square. It wasn't a hop and a skip, but wasn't worth the cab fare. His father would scold if he knew if he took a cab to their home. Jaune wanted the exercise. It was nature. It was his home. To breath again the untainted air compared to his city life. To think such force propelled him to leave the confines of his home.

It has nearly been ten years.

The woods were silent.

The woods were hot and still. Not a breeze stirred.

The woods were always quiet. It never had the owls screeching, or the wolves howling. The place wasn't even close to what the myths had told the town people. Yet no one dared to walk through the woods, neither would they speak of it. The birds wouldn't fly over it, like they could even sense the evil in there.

This path led to his home. No matter what the village elders told the Arc family, his father never believed in such rumors, hearsays to the fearful. Jaune wanted to believe his father. He really did. It was too bad that he didn't have further opportunity to back him up.

His father went to be with Oum over a couple of years ago. One of his sisters discovered him lying face down in the fields. It was a closed casket funeral for its a decision of the crows to do their version of a bereavement.

The cause of death was a heart attack. No further investigation needed. Jaune didn't participate in the proceedings of planning the funeral. He didn't come to the funeral. He send flowers to his family. Nothing more, nothing less.

You coward!

Two words, lasted in split seconds on the message machine in his apartment. Jaune heard the startled, disappointed voice of his sister, Jeanette. Few calls came from acquaintances, colleagues, sending their condolences. A shell was formed. A shell he created. An invisible protective layer to shield away any source of fear.

A fear he had shielded until now.

'You created this protective layer to protect yourself from that day.' It was the stern, but firm voice of his therapist as he lied on the cushioned chaise longue. Something about the scribbling of her writing calmed him, giving him some resolution of sorts. It was obvious that he wasn't there for such reason. It all had to do with his dream.
'How can you be so certain that it is real. For all I know, it must have been a dream.'

'Not according to your uncle. Since you were a child, I have been treating you about this repression of yours, Jaune,' replied the therapist. 'Your dreams were based on an event that happened to you when you were younger.'

'Doc, I am not questioning your logic. I don't remember.'

She tapped the pen. 'Digression and repression is a common occurrence. Should I explain the incident or would you rather tell?'

He widened his eyes, displaying frustration. 'Doc, I am paying you to tell me to solve the problems of these repetitive dreams. I want solace. I want peace.'

She nodded her head. 'Agreed. You want solace. You want peace. However, in order to make these things happen, you must go to the source. Shall I explain the incident or would you rather tell?'

Jaune remained quiet. He watched the window outside as rain cascaded from the heavens. Grayness enveloped the room. He heard the therapist tapped the pen a little louder on her notepad.

Shall I explain the incident or would you rather tell?

Shall I explain the incident or would you rather tell?

Shall I explain the incident or would you rather tell?

Shall I explain the incident or would you rather tell?

"I want to get away from here!"

"Help me! Mama! Papa! Joan! Jeanette! Jamie! Somebody!"

"She is after me. She is after me."

"I don't want to be under her web. Please Oum, help me, please!"

Blood trickled from his nose. No longer was he in the therapist's office. Rain wasn't cascading from the heavens. He was on the heavily beaten footpath to his home.

My mother told me I just suddenly lost it and I didn't want to return back home. I felt demonized whenever I saw the home within its vicinity according to my mother. I would grip harshly to them, screaming that I didn't want to go back there.

Jaune was certain, even to this day, that he didn't have any memory of what happened that day over ten years ago. He told his mother and his therapist that he didn't have any recollection of the memory.

He saw his house from the distance. The terrace house that he is now more of a visitor than a member. Each step, he felt the pressure edging closer and closer. This dream, this incident has affected the blonde in many ways.

Thus, the reason why he had decided to return after so many years.

'Look at this as a rationale of sorts, Mr. Arc,' explained his therapist. 'In order to solve a problem,
we must look to the source. The tried-and-true philosophy of going back to the origin could bring your dreams to rest. Give you closure, resolution.

'Will it, doc? Will it solve my problem?'

'I can't answer that for you, Jaune. This is a journey that you must solve for yourself.'

"A journey I must solve for myself." The terraced house was facing in the center of the woods. His question resided in his mind.

The answer could be standing in front of him.

Why in the hell am I returning here? What reason do I need to be here? What made me leave my home? What nature propelled me to break a shell that was once my home?

To be continued...
A White Bloody Rose (Part III)

Club Fate was the newest venue in the village. This was the after hours club after the grown and the responsible retired and nestled in their quilts for the night. Revelers who remained weren't looking for simple dancing and conversation. Adventure was a must. Excitement, debauchery, anything their greedy hands could acquire in order to fill their brain of disinfected malcontent. Club Fate was also the location where Jaune Arc could be found. Music blared loud from the speakers. Smoke filled the atmosphere. Dancers and party goers sweating and grinding to the rhythm of EDM. Rainbow-colored strobe lights bounced throughout the place. An interesting view, Jaune may add, but he wasn't here to enjoy the scenery.

With his glass of Wild Turkey in his hand and a cigarette in another, he sat on the sofa as he tried to relax. He didn't like loud noises. That was why he didn't enjoyed going to clubs. Too congested, full of people who participated in these events in search of these things: drugs, alcohol, and hooking up. Looking back, he wondered why Nora and Lie Ren were so hellbent of his going. Were they really his friends? Did the duo really care about him? He took another sip of his glass of liquid courage. The alcohol was just icing on the cake on the deed that answered his previous questions. Friends don't allow friends to sleep with one's crush. Friends don't allow friends to film their misadventures. I thought I had friends. Friends who I have claimed to be my siblings. I didn't find such friends in the end. He spilled a smirk as he shook his glass. They did however found the end of my knife. A wonderful way to sever a friendship. Friend, sever, get it? Do you get Nora? Do you get it Lie Ren? Sever? Sever? I amuse myself.

Every movement he made was critical. He was in search of the final piece of his puzzle. The sole person responsible for the things that led to this current juncture. Jaune wasn't remotely upset. Actually, he was, in a way, stoned. As he searched the pockets of his departed friends, he came across a plastic bag that contained residue of the crystalline rapier jam. His eyes focused on the very substance he saw Weiss ingested in that video, what he saw next to her in that picture. Without giving it a thought, he closed his eyes to ingest the substance.

He wanted a taste of her world.

Twenty minutes have passed. In those twenty minutes, he watched revelers getting high, dancing, drinking, smoking, and vomiting in certain parts of the club. He even saw a quick brawl, which was easily subdued by security. His winter princess wasn't in sight. He needed her to be here. There was unfinished business between the two.

What in the hell do you want, Jaune?

I want to have a drink with you.

Do you know what time it is? It is nearly one in the morning.

Oh! The princess is worried about curfew? Didn't know you cared?

I don't! Tomorrow is important for my parents are coming to visit me.

Didn't know you actually gave a care about your 'rents.

Of course, I do! Jaune, where is this coming from?

I am not asking for much, babe. One drink. A few minutes. That is it. I want to talk.
'Babe?' I am not your babe. Do you know who you are talking to?

So, this Vomit Boy actually has some balls to talk to you and you feel disrespected? Afraid I might fuck up your brain cells again or defect your bloodline?

You...you actually took those words seriously?

Seriously as the coldness in my blood.

Shit, Jaune. Ok, one drink. A few minutes. That is it.

That is all I am asking, Weiss.

Where do you want to meet?

Club Fate. Edge of town.

Alright! I will come at 2:30.

Be there by 2:15

He hung up without saying goodbye.

It was seven minutes past the expected time of Weiss' arrival. By that time, he was already consuming his third glass of Wild Turkey, which was going beyond his usual dosage. Seeing the time on his watch nearing 2:30, he had considered calling it off. He looked up to the direction of the bar and his eyes locked to the sight before him.

Several feet away from Jaune was Weiss. From his position, Weiss didn't look like a teenager. Dressed in formal attire. Clothed in the finest of brands. It screamed Alexander McQueen and her hair donned the Grace Kelly look. Her appearance alone stood in attention of those surrounding the bar. She appeared to be an angel that appeared into the sea of sinners who were blindsided by her beauty. She appeared vulnerable, shy, surprised. Jaune gripped his hands to his chest. He took steady breaths. He took another swig of his liquor.

Nervousness died instantly.

Jaune leaned forward to his seat, elbows resting on his needs. He made a slight whistle. A tune that Weiss could easily recognized from his guitar playing days. The white-haired heiress turned to the source. Her eyes widened when seeing Jaune in his appearance. It was a classic tuxedo. He kept the grunge, nontraditional look with his Chuck Taylor shoes. His cologne screamed expensive. Her face softened. No longer did she looked like a gorilla, but a sheep.

Weiss took a seat beside Jaune. Jaune had finished his drink. Weiss attempted to speak, but was interrupted as he put his finger to her face. He eyed the waitress.

"Garcon, Wild Turkey for me." He turned to Weiss. "Brandy for this damsel."

Waitress didn't speak, but nodded her confirmation of his request. He reached for the lighter to re-light his cigarette. Weiss was still stunned, keeping her hands nestled on her lap. The way she was portraying herself was if she had never gone out on a date. Jaune blew a smoke ring into the hazy room. "Now we can dialogue."

Weiss looked frustration. She had that where is this new attitude come from look? She looked to his eyes. It showed nothing. His legs were crossed, he took another smoke, and from his
peripherals, he was looking at her. "Like what you see, Weiss?"

She retreated to her former self, coughing and narrowing your eyes. "Okay, spaz boy. I am here. One drink and I am gone. Okay?"

"Do what you please. I am not your boss."

"Don't think I will treating you better because you are acting cocky."

"As you wish, buttercup. One drink. We talk in and out."

"Fine! What do you want to discuss?"

"When we get our drinks. We will do the talking." He took another drag of his cigarette. "Since you were late, I will make up for the lost time." He shook the ice in his glass. "You look lovely tonight."

"Thanks...I guess."

"Don't mention it, Weiss."

Weiss scanned forward and noticed something that wasn't part of the club's decor. "I can see you have some baggies next to you. Party favors?"

Jaune looked to the bag beside him. It was filled with white and pink circular pills.

"What are those, Jaune," she asked.


She furrowed her eyebrows. "No. I-I-I was curious." She looked away. "A heiress don't involve herself in just foolery."

Jaune shrugged his shoulders. "Suit yourself!"

The waitress returned with their drinks. Jaune thanked her by slipping her a few bills. He inserted it into the woman's cleavage. He pressed forward with the baggies and slipped a couple into the cleavage as well. The woman was tickled as he licked her breasts to return the pills into his mouth.

Weiss' mouth went agape. Where did this Jaune come from?

"Here is your drink, my lady."

"Thanks!" Weiss was still shocked of the scene. However, she was too thirsty to think any further. The duo toasted their glass and drank.

Jaune ingested the glass before tapping it loudly on the table. "The water of the gods, I swear." He turned to Weiss. "Are you enjoying yourself?" He looked to his watch. "Oh, I am sorry. It seems that I have wasted my time. Now you have your drink, you can do your talking."

"Um, good. Yeah!" She pointed at the baggie. "What is that?"

"Oh! Party favors."

"You said it was medicine."
"That is what I called it. Pretty good stuff in curing broken hearts."

Weiss looked to the floor. "Look, Jaune…"

Jaune wavered his hands. "Don't even worry about it. You know what is best for what you want." He reached for the baggie and tossed it to Weiss. "Wanna rattle?"

Weiss stared at the pink and white pills before her.

"Trust me. It's not poison," interjected Jaune. "You seen me take one. Granted, I suggest to take water afterward so you won't feel dehydrated. But, what do I know? I am Vomit Boy."

Weiss gave glare before returning her eyes to the drugs before her. "You said it is my time to talk, didn't you?"

He shrugged his shoulders once more. "Hey, those were your words on the phone. Not mine."

Weiss tilted her head as she placed a pill into her mouth. She used her drink to swallow the pill. Afterward, she reached for another one. "Wanna go for another one with me, Jaune."

Jaune was taken aback. "I have permission to answer you, princess?"

"Look! Do you want to or not?"

"Fine."

The heiress took out a pill and placed it on the tip of her tongue. She stood there patiently, mouth opened with her tongue sticking out and her eyes reminded Jaune of a subtle creature.

Jaune pressed forward as he allowed his tongue to take residence with hers. He leaned forward, allowing connection with one another.

It was quick, but Jaune retreated back to his seat. Weiss swallowed the pill.

"It was okay."

Weiss immediately frowned. "It was okay? It was okay?!!" She stood up and hovered over Jaune. "Did you just realized that you just shared a kiss with me?"

"That was a kiss." He crossed his legs. "And to think we were just have a lovely drug transaction with each other."

She reached for her purse. She had enough of being insulted. "I am leaving, Jaune."

Jaune shrugged his shoulders. He didn't flinch. That action alone irritates her. "Do as you wish, Weiss. You have served your purpose."

"What in the hell does that supposed to mean?"

"You came to see me. We had drinks. We did a drug exchange more than talk. You had served your purpose." He clapped his hands as if he was dusting off something. "Later, Weiss. I will see you tomorrow."

She turned around back to Jaune. And instead of sitting beside him, she leaned forward to him. She reached for another pill. "Open your mouth, boy."
Jaune followed her orders as she placed two pills on his tongue. She leaned in and their lips connected. Immediately, their tongues performed a dance. She took a pill, feeling it dissolve as she swallowed it. Jaune did the same. Jaune tried to break away, but was met with a deeper, intimate kiss. Weiss got on top of his lap. She wrapped her hands around his neck as she poured her saliva into his mouth. She motioned to him to swallow. He did.

"Better?"

He didn't answer, but nodded for confirmation.

Weiss wasn't finished with Jaune. She began to tug at his coat as she panted heavily. With a low growl, Jaune began following the motions as they were grinding against each other. She slid her fingers through his hair. He placed his hands on her back. The pair shared another kiss. This time, she pulled his lips with her teeth.

"Don't ever say I have never did this to you, Jaune."

"As you say, princess."

Weiss slid her finger to his chest, trailing it down to his nether region. She gripped tightly. "Feel like continuing this somewhere private?" Her lust was seen in her eyes. The drug was taking affect. "I can arrange a courier to take us to an inn."

"Actually, I know the guy here that keeps a room on ice for me."

Weiss smiled, displaying her teeth. "Wishfully thinking?"

Jaune pecked her on the cheek. "Wishfully granted!"

The basement was very dark, with the exception of a green light. Jaune did not waste any time to get to her destination. When he came to a door, he opened it and in it was a restroom. It was a private restroom by the looks of it. It wasn't the typical bar restroom that was scented in piss or sticky from dried piss; plastered with stickers of rock bands after rock bands, or graffitied with phone numbers for good time or expletives in terms of sexual or racial abuse. The bathroom was quite clean. It was there where Jaune and Weiss saw a queen sized bed.

Weiss didn't take no time as she pushed Jaune against the wall. Her tongue was still studying Jaune's as if she wanted to be fluent in his language. She tugged at Jaune's coat, removing it as quickly as possible. She returned back to kissing his neck, implanting her teeth to regions that have never come across a woman before.

His hormonal side was telling himself to let Weiss attack him and become one with the lust. His other side was telling him to be rational with Weiss and to not engage. Weiss did not give him a chance to think as she reached for his pants.

"Ever felt this way with a girl before," asked Weiss while she was grinning. She already knew the answer, why to entertain it, he thought. She waved her hair before reaching down to his pants and unzipping his pants.

When unzipping, out came his dick that looked like it was hungry for more. Upon seeing it, Weiss smile fade away. She became in awe of his pecker. She kissed the phallus before sucking it. Hiro felt her mouth pocketed his dick. The hotness of her breath made him bewilder with excitement and fear.

"If we would have met sooner," she said to herself. "You have such a beautiful dick!"
She slid her fingers through her hair before hovering over his dick. "I just love how your little son is having a mind of his own," she said. She poked it with her finger. "Shh," she told Jaune. "Stand still. If you behave, there is something for good for you." She chuckle while she continued poking his dick. Her nail scraped into his peehole, making him alert. Knowing it was affecting him, she kept going with her nail. Once she saw pre-cum leaking from it, it excited her and also her cavern.

Weiss was feeling the strong sensations in her body. The hype from the drugs along with the alcohol and the excitement were making her veins pulsing and burning. However, she knew how certain drugs affect her. This was something different. A foreign feeling. She stopped for a moment. Something wasn't right.


"Jaune. I am not feeling good. Something isn't right," she looked to floor. Her vision started to get blurry. Her body started to get heavy. "Jaune, what in the hell is going on?"

"Relax! You are fine. Now, let's get back to the action."

Her mouth froze, fixated in a position that she couldn't move anything. She was getting scared. She couldn't talk. She couldn't move.

It mattered not to Jaune as he began zipping up his pants. "That's fine. You jaw game is too weak. To think I pined over you, you damn slut." He walked away from her and sat on the bed. He reached for his scroll.

"What...did...y-y-you...do...to...me?" She managed to ask him that question.

"Nothing! Nothing yet!"

"Drugs! D-d-drugs! What...was...in...drugs?"

"The old saying is true, buttercup! If you are going to get drinks, then please be responsible for seeing being made." He released a laugh.

Her body began spiraling. She felt she was going in circles.

Relax! You won't die. Vets have been using these for centuries.

To think I really thought you were something of wealth.

You are no different than a common street walker.

Can't wait till you wake up, Weiss. We are going to have so much fun.

Weiss wanted to scream but couldn't. Her body eventually gave way and fell to the floor. Her vision was getting darker and darker by the minute. For a moment, she saw another figure.

"I hope you like your sweet tarts." The feminine voice told Weiss. "Happy Valentine's Day."

She heard chuckling and silence thereafter.

To be continued...
Jaune was met with a hard fist as he dropped to the ground. The students scattered like a swarm of bees as Cardin Winchester made another swing at Jaune. This time, Jaune defended himself, guarding himself with his arms as they are taking the blows of Cardin's fist. Cardin continued swinging, unremiss and unrelenting. Each sound of his grunts as he went for his prey determined that he was going for his prize.

"Who in the right gave you the permission to talk to Pyrrha." The leader of Team CRDL asked as he continued to fight Jaune. "What makes you think you are worthy, bitch?"

Jaune's defense was getting weaker. Nevertheless, he stood his ground as he tried to back away from this debacle. What was upsetting to the blonde was the incident between him and CRDL leader was earlier before class when Pyrrha came to Jaune's locker and asked him for a pencil. Cardin and his team were watching from afraid. Blood was boiling in the leader's veins. That alone was enough to urge him to taunt the blonde.

His plan of action was going to commence at the start of class. All he needed was a distraction to get the professor of his sight.

Game, set, match!

"Why are you being defensive," questioned Jaune. "All she did was ask me for a pencil." Jaune saw an opening as he kicked Cardin at his knees, which made him fall backwards. Cardin landed on a desk, which made his collapse. That alone was enough to infuriate him.

"See what you did to my uniform, Arc." Jaune was too busy concentrating on his wounds. The tenderness was getting to him. Before he could manage to get up, Cardin made his return. However, he wasn't alone. Their professor left the door open. The scuffle brought attention to other classes. It wasn't long when one of his teammates, Sky Lark came to help his leader.

"Close the door," shouted Cardin.

"Yes, boss!" Sky followed his orders.

"Come and take this fucker down," screamed Cardin. Jaune managed to run from the direction of Sky Lark as he tried to get a left hook at the blonde. The other students were trying to point to Jaune an opening. Hearing it, Cardin managed to hit Jaune at his back, downing the blonde.

Jaune, down for the count, tried to get up, but was met with Sky's boot on his head. "Stay the fuck still, Arc." The assistant stared at his leader. "Got 'em boss!"

"With pleasure," mentioned Cardin as he took a kick to Jaune's stomach.

The girls were frightened as Jaune was met with a groan to his stomach.

"Think you are Mr. Wonderful because you made contact with Pyrrha?" He took a stomp. "Who in the hell do you think you are?" He made a second stomp. "Stay in your place, Arc." A third stomp. "Stay in your place." A fourth stomp. "You, these losers, and all of the Faunus lovers need to stay in your fucking place." A fifth stomp. He kneeled to ground, grabbing Jaune's head. Throughout this time, Sky kept the students at bay as he, too, made threats to those who intervene.
"Listen to me, Arc. Pyrrha is a pedigree, not a mutt." He spat in his face. "Let me say it once more so you can comprehend what is coming out of my mouth. Pyrrha is a pedigree." He pressed his head down. "You are a mutt." He tightened the hold of his head. "Say it!"

Jaune didn't answer. He was pushed to the ground.

"Say it!"

"Fuck you, Cardin."

"Say it!" He yelled louder.

"Never in your dreams, Cardin."

Jaune was then key to the head by Sky. One of the classmates, Velvet Scarlatina, tried to intervene.

"Stop it, Cardin. He has had enough!"

"Shut the fuck up, Faunus." Sky took her by her shoulder. "Or else, you get a taste of this too."

She went quiet, retreating away into the distance.

"Say it, Arc!"

"I am a mutt."

"Say it again!"

"I am a mutt." Jaune had enough. His voice was strained. His body was aching. Despite his pride, he still had to live. He was losing consciousness and he was feeling the blood leaving his body.

"Thank you, mutt." Cardin let go of his grip. His final coup de grace was kicking him at his face. "Now stay in your line and we wouldn't have this scuffle again." He picked up his desk and return to his seat. "Yo!" He shouted to his classmates. "You didn't see anything. So don't say anything!"

He turned to Velvet. "If you say one word, then I wouldn't like to show you what CRDL Pride is all about, do I?"

Velvet nodded her head in agreement.

"Good girl," he grinned. He snapped his finger to Jaune. "And that goes to you, too! If you say much as a word to Goodwitch, Ozpin, Port, anybody, then I will be sure you will be eating pancakes through a straw."

Sky was giving the classmates a evil, bedeviling glare. He then spit at Jaune's face.

"Don't look at Pyrrha, don't talk to Pyrrha, let alone think of her. Don't you ever in your life pull that stunt again."

Jaune was coughing blood. He was struggling to get up.

"Take that punk to the nurse's office, will ya?" Cardin asked Sky. "If the nurse asked, tell her that he got into some scuffle with some brown Faunus kid. Got it?"

Sky nodded in agreement. He went to the floor to assist Jaune. "C'mon, you lucky bastard. Let's get you checked out." He snickered loudly. "I must say. You are lucky. You still have all of your teeth!"
The others observed Jaune's departure. Cardin gave the class a glare. "I would change your attitudes and get this classroom straighten out before the professor comes back."

The students, more fearful to get another round of Jaune's suffering, did what they were told. Velvet stood alone.

"You, too, Faunus!" Cardin snickered as he pulled out his notebook. Velvet balled her fist, but knew it was futile. She reached for her seat and sat there quietly. Her eyes were filled with tears.

The rest of the session was quiet. The professor resumed class as usual. He didn't questioned on the aberrant silence of the students. He was grateful that he was able to conduct class in peace. The bell rang, dismissing the students from class. Velvet was the last to leave. She didn't want to interact with Cardin or the others in the group.

The thought that people like Cardin Winchester can have control of the group and no one would do a thing to stop him. She knew couldn't do anything. She was too timid, too weak, an easy prey. Not only that, a woman at that. Cardin would have attacked her and leave his friends to take care of her. She was angry, mad at herself for being and thinking low of herself. She shouldn't have a low sense of self-worth. But she did.

A Faunus' burden.

She was a few minutes late for class, which she did purposely. She held her books to her chest as she went to her locker. She wasn't quite surprised when seeing the hate filled note on her locker. *Go back to where you came from!*

She threw the note to the ground. She reached for her book for her next class. As soon as she closed her locker, a figure stood in front of her.

It was Pyrrha.

The redhead was silent. Her eyes locked dead to Velvet. A pregnant silence was between them. Neither of them blink.

"Was it true what I have heard?" Pyrrha's face flattened. Her voice was quiet. Her eyes were gleaming in the natural sunlight. From this position and weren't for the poorest of circumstances, Pyrrha Nikos would have been the prettiest girl in the world. For a moment, Velvet was envious.

"If the grapevine shed its fruit, then it must be true." Velvet put her back to the locker.

Pyrrha cracked her knuckles. She had a dissatisfied look. She rested her back to her locker. She looked to the ceiling. "I didn't have to." Velvet watched as Pyrrha's pupils turned red. She then opened her mouth to display her canines. "I knew there was trouble as I smelled his blood."

Velvet suggested to go outside to discuss what occurred earlier in the classroom. It wasn't often that Velvet skipped class, but one class wouldn't hurt her. It was Physical Education anyway.

The library was their destination. Within the confines of the library was the photography room. With Velvet being a member of the club, she had access to the key. It was there where she and Pyrrha had their debrief on what occurred earlier.

"Let me make you some tea." Pyrrha went to the sink and turned on the water. She turned on the mini-electric stove while seeing the water pour into the tea kettle.
"Mistress, you shouldn't have to do that," insisted Velvet. "It is my job to do your bidding."

"Well, it is my job to protect those I care about." She finished putting the water into the kettle. She then put it on the electric stove. "I have failed as a mistress to protect my ward." She looked to the floor. "I have failed as a mistress to protect my Jaune." She looked at Velvet, who was looking back at her.

"I need names." Pyrrha's voice was cold, firm, and absolute. "Tell me without sparing the details on what those punks did to him. Even tell me what they have said to you as well."

As told, she gave details to her mistress about the fight between Jaune and the members of team CRDL. She also included the racial taunts from them as well.

Pyrrha took a sip of her tea. She placed it on her plate. "The bastard placed his hands on my Jaune because of me?"

Velvet nodded as confirmation.

"Because Jaune gave me a pencil I asked for him to borrow?"

She shook her head.

"He wasn't alone. The Lark boy too, right?"

"Yes!"

"Aiding in hurting Jaune. Spitting, kicking, the way of putting people in their place?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"After attacking my Jaune, he had the balls to say some things about you?"

"Yes, mistress!"

"Lark, too? I want to make sure that I am hearing their names and what they have done correctly."

"Yes, yes, and yes!"

Pyrrha crossed her legs. "I see. I see. Very well then." She stood up as she dusted off her uniform. "Finish your tea and come with me."

"Where are we going, mistress?"

"Didn't you hear, my ward?" Pyrrha crossed her arms, opening her mouth to display her fangs. "Cardin Winchester and Sky Lark just signed their own death warrant." She opened the door. "Let's make haste."

The forest was ancient. The trees thick and old, roots that were twisted. It might once have been filled with bird-song and animals that roamed. But now it was ages past its former glory. Its' canopy was so dense that one could only see the occasional streak of sunlight that rarely touched the forest floor. Even its thick vines were slowly taking away the last remnants of the temple that stood in the center.

It was there where Cardin Winchester and Sky Lark could be found. The duo was sitting on the abandoned tree stump. Laughter and snickering could be heard from the dense forest. Sky reached
for a cigarette and began to smoke. He handed the pack to Cardin where he had turned it down.

"Decided to quit smoking, boss?" Sky asked with curiosity and not out of humor.

"Need to keep my appearance," he replied with vanity in his voice. "Especially if I am planning to ask Pyrrha on a date."

"You are really going to ask the Nikos girl out?"

He shook his head. "Why not? Me and Pyrrha can make a wonderful power couple. With her wits and my skill, Beacon Academy would have a force to reckon with. Imagine such a pedigree creating some powerful progeny."

Sky took a smoke. "I can imagine what kind of action you would do to Pyrrha?"

"Hey!" He shouted to his partner. "Pyrrha isn't like that. She isn't one of those whores or any mutt who gives their goods away." He spat on the ground. "Speaking of mutts, how's Jaune doing?"

"Took him to the office like you said, boss. I have convinced him to stay quiet, as directed."

He let out a large smile. "That is why I like you, Sky. You will a great number two someday." He reached for the cigarette.

"Thought you gave up smoking."

"Yeah, that was a few minutes ago. This is more of celebratory offering in putting people in their place."

"Care if you gave me a spare?"

Sky and Cardin both turned when hearing a feminine voice. Their eyes widened and their mouths agape when seeing Pyrrha standing only inches away from them. She walked into the open. She was alone. Her appearance was donning, rocking the uniform in an alluring way. Her skirt was way above the recommended length above her knees. She smelled of strawberries. Her walk gave the duo not only an erection, a thought as if they were in a music video.

"Room for one more," questioned the redhead as she managed to make room in between the pair.

"Oh! Nice to see you, Pyrrha." Cardin managed to regain his composure, reminding himself that he was in the position of power. "Surprised to see you in these neck of the woods."

Pyrrha took Cardin's cigarette from his mouth. "What can I say? I am an explorer." She winked as she took Sky's lighter from his hand and lit it. Sky blushed as she made a slight touch to his thigh as she gave him back the lighter.

"So, um... Pyrrha. What makes a girl like you come out here," questioned Sky.

"Why not? Is there were the pride of the pack meets," she asked while winking and giggling at Sky.

"Never his mind," interjected Cardin. "We are just surprised to see you out here. It can be pretty dangerous out there."

Pyrrha giggled, knowing what entendre he was leading to. She relaxed, knowing that she needed enough time to comfort the duo before their planned end. She just needed some answers before aiming for her prey.
She glanced at her nails. "So, Sky." The redhead leaned forward to the other team member. She placed her hands on his thigh, spreading her fingers, allowing each digit to sensitize him. She made a glance to Cardin, which showed frustration on his face. "Word through the grapevine is that you were the man who took care of Jaune." She leaned where they were inches apart. "Is it true?"

Sky nervously laughed, grabbing the back of his head. "Yeah, you can say I had some leeway in it."

Cardin intervened, touching Pyrrha's shoulder. "That pestilence wished he had the guile to calculate such a fight."

Pyrrha took Cardin's hand, rubbing it affectionately. "So, was it you?"

Cardin blushed, but managed to keep his composure. "You can say I was the man you started it and I finished it."

"Hmm," purred Pyrrha. "I love it when a man fights for what he wants." She pressed forward, touching his thighs. She can see the erection budding from his pants. "Did the blonde rub you the wrong way?"

He nodded. "You can say that. You can also say I was putting him in his place."

Sky felt alone until he felt her hands touching him too. He, too, developed an erection as well.

"Yummy! So, what reason did you put Jaune in his place?"

"Well, you see," said Sky before being rudely interrupted by Cardin. "Shut your ass! Pyrrha is talking to me." He smiled. "Well, buttercup. I was addressing to Jaune is that pedigrees and mutts must stay in their place." He took his hand, rubbing it affectionately on her face. "You shouldn't mix yourself with such subservient creatures."

Pyrrha giggled, while returning a glare to Cardin while resting her face on his palm. "Is that what you believe?"

"I do! Pedigree shows lineage, royalty. Mutts are miniscule, the bottom of the bottom. No different than a Faunus. Those kinds of things make me sick." He smiled. "Yet again, it's people like us that can restore and make an union where we show greatness and destroy the destitute!"

"Seems like you know what you want," said Pyrrha.

"I do," confirmed Cardin. "And I would like to have you!"

Cardin pressed forward to Pyrrha. She leaned for his kiss. However, it was interrupted by Sky.

"Hey," he barked. He was panting heavily. "If it wasn't for me, then Jaune wouldn't be down for the count. He needed my help. He couldn't do it by himself."

Cardin backed away from Pyrrha to address his partner. "Do you know who you are talking to? I am your leader. Therefore, you must support and back your leader."

"Then, give credit where credit is due," interjected Sky angrily. "I won't let you get full credit if you didn't do it alone. Where is my cut, you bastard?"

"Why would this perfect pedigree of a woman want to spend time with a serf," questioned Cardin. He displayed his toothy grin. "The fact you are on my team should be honor enough. Don't forget your place, boy. You're my number two. Don't forget that."
Sky shook his head furiously. "Oh, fuck you, Cardin. Fuck you very much!"

Cardin stood up with his fist ready for battle. "Fuck me? Fuck me? I will show you…"

Pyrrha put herself in the middle, extending her arms between the partners.

"Gentlemen, easy." She smiled. "Let's all calm down here. This is no contest. The fact you guys were doing these things for my honor for the pride of the human race show effort." She gave a peck on Cardin's cheek. She pecked Sky's cheek. The boys were surprised when they felt her hands touching their dicks. "I am very impressed. You can also say you *arouse* my curiosity."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sky.

"Glad I could show it my way," explained Cardin.

"So, boys," said Pyrrha as she continued to rub their dicks. "You know there is a practice shed not too far from here. A place where no one can disturb us."

She removed her hands, licking them in the process. She reached into her pocket, displaying the key. "Shall we go?" She walked away, making the path to the shed. Sky and Cardin watched as she swayed her hips, occasionally showing her panties.

Cardin slapped Sky hard on his back. "Sky, are you hearing this?"

He nodded his head in agreement. "Dude, she wants to fuck us."

Cardin walked and then paused. "No, she is going to fuck *me*. You just have the privilege to watch."

"But, boss!"

"Shut the fuck up. Alright! I am going to fuck this damsel. Just be grateful that you have the privilege, once again, to watch."

"But, boss!" Cardin grabbed Sky's collar, lunging him to his direction. "If you challenge me one more time, then I will tell Ozpin about the fight and blame it on you! Do you understand?"

Sky shook his head in agreement, leaving a disappointed look on his face. "Yes, boss!" Cardin released his grip from Sky, only to lightly tap him on his face.

"Are you guys coming or what," asked Pyrrha from a distance.

"Here we come," said Cardin in a laughing manner. He picked up the pace as he followed Pyrrha. He eyed Sky to pick up the pace as well."

The shed was where the Academy harbor gym equipment and gardening tools. The shed wasn't used as often, with the exception of lawn care, Grimm practice, and the occasional field and track events. Inside of the shed was where Pyrrha Nikos, Cardin Winchester, and Sky Lark.

Cardin pinned her against the wall immediately as they entered the shed. That resulted in the rakes and shovels falling to the ground. Pyrrha looked at the front door. She was certain they were far enough they wouldn't be disturb.

"Keep watch," she told Sky. "Your turn is up next."
Sky shook his head, keeping his eye on the door.

With his back turned, she could focus on Cardin.

Cardin had Pyrrha in his grasp. He kissed her neck, releasing a slight moan under her breath. She closed her eyes, but it mattered not to Cardin. "You can keep your eyes closed. You can keep your mouth shut. You need to save your voice for me when I..." He smirked. "Have our fun."

Their hands intertwined with each other as they lingered in the air. The hot shed wasn't making it easier for Cardin as he was in heat. She kissed his lips this time, biting him at the lip. He winced, but it gave her opportunity to swap tongues. Pyrrha moaned as she was trembling.

He broke the kiss and let go of his hand. He backed away. "Sky, throw me some protection." Sky returned to his thoughts as he reached into his back pocket for a condom. "Hurry up," shouted Cardin to Sky. Sky reached into his pocket as he found the condom. He threw it to Cardin. Cardin began unbuttoning his pants.

He pulled down his pants, followed by his boxers. His dick was in full view of those who watched it.

"Oi! Keep your back turned, Sky," said Cardin.

"Boss, you promised."

Cardin smirked. "Funny thing about privileges. It can be given and taken. Now, keep your face to the door. I am not going to say it again, Oum damn it!"

Sky didn't budge. He did what he was told.

"Yes!" Cardin shouted. "Can't believe I am going to get piped by Pyrrha Nikos!"

She gently rubbed the ridges of his pecks. She took her time as if she was painting a picture. Her hair was touching his dick. Every time she moved it, his dick twitched. "You have great muscles. Do you mind?"

"You have the privilege of touching this Adonis of a pedigree, my princess," he said.

She spooled saliva into her palms. She rubbed it like it was lotion and applied it to his chest. "I am marking my mark on you. I can smell her stink." She flicked his nose. "Next time shower before seeing me."

"Whatever," he scoffed. "Be blessed that you can get this precious gift. Now pipe me, bitch!"

She continued spooling her drool onto his stomach. She lathered him in her saliva until she put her hands around his dick. She cradled his balls, giving it a pat before putting more saliva around his now erect member.

"Yummy," she purred. She withdrew her fangs from her canines and went straight into his dick.

Cardin screamed as he felt his dick being gnashed by her mouth.

"What in the hell are you doing, bitch," he screamed as he felt the intensity of his tearing flesh.

Sky immediately turned around, but felt a force wrapping around his neck. His eyes saw a sword. He felt hot breath looming around his neck.
"Make another move or I will slice your fucking throat," said the voice.

Sky recognized it. The recognition made him feel a wet liquid around his groin region. "Velvet?"

Cardin tried hitting Pyrrha as he agonized in pain. She continued biting on his dick until he finally broke free from her grasp. He landed on his back.

"Oh, Oum! Oh, Oum!" He screamed. He reached for his groin. His eyes widened in disbelief as he watched Pyrrha still chewing on his important accessory.

"Looking for this," she said. Blood surrounded her mouth. She spat the dick into her hands before tossing it aside.

"What the hell!" Cardin asked as he backed into a corner. He saw as Sky was subdued as well. "Who in the hell are you?"

"I guess you can say, I am *not* your pedigree." Pyrrha pressed forward. Cardin was still shouting from the pain of his severed penis. "So, as you can see, we won't be a great match after all." She began giggling. "It's people like you that make people like me sick of your actions. What makes you think that just because you have "lineage" that you are better than people?" She hissed while exposing her fangs. "If it is any consolation, your blood is spicy, disgusting. I wouldn't feed this to the rats."

"Who the fuck are you," screamed Cardin.

"You can me an avenger for Jaune. You can call me a mutt. Hell, many others call me a vampire," she smirked. She kneeled to the ground and tilted his head. "But for you and only you, I am your sunset. The very last thing that you ever going to see in your fucking, pathetic life."

Sky Lark watched in agony as his partner and leader was devoured by Pyrrha. Pyrrha bit into Cardin's neck, tearing the veins and causing blood to splatter. Cardin's screams caused Sky to relieve himself once more. The scent of his urine and the sounds of it confirmed his fear.

In a matter of minutes, Cardin Winchester was dead.

Pyrrha retreated from the departed Cardin. His once prideful eyes were now into the back of his head. She licked the blood from her fingers.

"He was a little scratchy at first, but it finally hits the spot." She belched, covering her mouth. "Excuse me!" She now turned to Sky. "Now, what should we do with you?"

Sky extended his hands in a prayer position. "Please, Pyrrha, Velvet. Have mercy on me!"

"Mercy?" Velvet asked as she struck Sky on the back of his head. "You want mercy? What you did yo Jaune and what you said to me, you want mercy?"

"I am sorry, Pyrrha! I am sorry, Velvet." Tears were coming from his face. "I am sorry. I was wrong. I am weak. I was just following the leader. I am no better than anybody else around me." He turned to Velvet. "I am much as insecure. To tell you the truth, I like Faunus girls. I was embarrassed to admit that. I am no better. Please, have mercy. Please, have mercy." He continuing sobbing.

"Let him go!" Velvet was surprised when hearing that from Pyrrha.

"Mistress!"
"Let him go!"

"But, mistress!"

"Are you questioning my orders?"

"No. No, ma'am!"

"Thank you. Now, let him go."

Velvet regrettably released Sky. He dropped to the floor. He kneeled forward to Pyrrha. "Take you, mistress." He kissed her feet. "Thank you for having mercy. Forgive me. For…"

It sounded like a broken twig in the shed. Sky groaned in an agonizing manner as Pyrrha cracked his neck with her shoe.

"Mercy is for Oum. I have no mercy. May Oum forgive you! I don't!" She made another step, ending the noise abruptly.

Cardin Winchester and Sky Lark were no longer part of this world.

"Never put your hands of my Jaune again." Pyrrha spat on Sky and then spit on Cardin. "People like you guys are the reason why this world is going to hell." She turned to Velvet. "Help me hide the bodies."

"Right away, mistress."

The girls were preparing to move the bodies aside until they heard something coming from the door.

Before they could move, it opened.

They watched as Jaune Arc appeared into the room.

Any further sound made was only from the drop of his weapon.

_To be continued in the next chapter._
Rin was quietly working in her office. She was doing the finishing touches on her grant before submitting it to be under review. Being the future vice-president of the Schnee Dust Company wasn't easy. However, thanks to a good word from her former classmates and now employer, Weiss Schnee, things were going to plan in her affairs. She did a quick glance over her work before submitting it for review. She took a strong, heavy sigh. Considering it as a burden lifted from her tense shoulders, she turned off her computer as she was finished for the day.

Now, she had serious important matters to attend. Nothing that paperwork, boxed lunches, and fifty hour work weeks can solve. What she was looking for involved time, love, and care.

The name Jaune Arc exited from her tender lips. The name itself contained such a wave of emotions as she grabbed her items to take home for the evening. She turned off her lights and closed the door. She whispered an unrecognizable tune as she made her way to the elevator.

Tonight was going to be a good night, the brunette thought. It was the weekend, so she can have uninterrupted minutes with her man.

She exited the elevator. Seeing from the lobby, her taxi was arranged and ready for her. One of the security guard bowed before her as she passed through the lobby.

"Heading home for the weekend," questioned the security guard.

"Yes, sir," replied Lie Rin smoothly. She turned to the guard. "Enjoy your weekend."

He bowed humbly before the brunette. "You do the same, madam."

Lie Rin exited the building, taking her step into the taxi as she put her stuff on the seat beside her.

"Where to, ma'am," asked the driver.

"Where my heart resides," she told the taxi driver. She licked her lips in a hungry manner. "Take me to my home." immediately, the driver took no time in entering into the busy highway. She knew that Friday evening traffic was going to take awhile. She didn't fret. She knew the patience would only intensify her excitement on seeing her beloved Jaune.

Just the thoughts of the adorable, lovable dorky blonde made her loins flair with her excitement. She was fortunate to wear padding with her tights. She didn't want her colleagues to think she was sweating from the heaviness of working in a tense environment.

Although it didn't compare to the intensity of their lovable moments when the pair were alone. She knew he was shy. But after awhile, she knew he would adjust very well.

She giggled about an encounter, but decided not to think about it. She didn't want to do anything to attract the driver's attention.

As Lie Rin knew she was a few minutes close to her home. She excused herself, their home. It wasn't long ago when Jaune moved in with Rin. It wasn't an easy decision. The pair sat down and discuss the affairs of living arrangements. She loved how reasonable he was. Of course, it meant that he couldn't see his parents and his sisters as much. He would have limited interactions with his friends, for those who have continued contact since their Beacon Academy days.
She didn't mind if the former colleagues of RWBY and JNPR kept in touch, but on a conditional basis. It wasn't like she didn't trust them, but she couldn't trust them. She knew Nora knew her place, for they were best friends. If it wasn't for Weiss, then working at the Schnee Dust Company would never suffice. In a way, she can credit Weiss for introducing them to each other.

At least the white-haired girl could do was to respect their happiness.

Speaking of Nora, she decided to give her a call. She asked the driver to rolled the window to have her private talk. The driver obliged her request.

She waited a few rings before she answered.

"Hello?"

"Hey, sweetness, it's Lie Rin."

"Oh, hey," said Nora in an excited voice. "How are you? Are you close by?"

"Just a few minutes away."

"Wonderful. To let you know. Dinner should be ready by the time you arrive."

"Awesome! Though I wish you would have informed me earlier. I wanted to have dinner. Today's a special day."

"I know, I know, I am sorry. It was just a token of my appreciation is all."

Lie Rin was tickled. "You're too kind. I understand, sweetie. That's why I love you." She pressed her lips to the phone. "How is my sweetness doing?"

She could hear Nora's tickled breath. "He is doing fine. He is finally waking up. He was a bit exhausted, but I fed him breakfast and gave him coffee to regain his strength."

"Thank you, dear," replied Lie Rin. "Did you wash his clothes?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he get a shower?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you let him out to exercise?"

"I did," said Nora. "He was a bit hesitant at first. He kept staring outside at the fence for a moment."

"I wouldn't be as worried," said Lie Rin. "You remember where to find the sedatives if he were to have lover's remorse."

"Yes, ma'am. Above the refrigerator or under the cabinet in your bathroom."

"Bingo! Well, keep tabs on him for me. We must be watchful over him. Okay?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Talk to you soon." Lie Rin hung up the phone and placed it back into her pocket. She allowed the
driver to roll the window down. She rolled the window beside her to take in some air. Being stuffed in that sardine box called an office got to her. However, being the sole breadwinner of the household wasn't easy. She wanted the best and only the best for her Jaune. So, the sacrifice was worth it.

It wasn't long when the taxi car stopped in front of her home. She lived in a high rise condo. Through the connections of Weiss, the condo was top of the line, including an artificial yard space so she could do her yoga and for Jaune to do her exercise. One of the benefits was that she was on the top floor, overlooking the tiny ants of the metropolis.

Being an important figure had its' advantages, she thought, as she slid a few bills to the driver. As she gave the money, she gripped it. "Whatever you had heard, take it to the grave." She had a smile, but her voice displayed firmness. The taxi driver understood. "What I have heard was a screenwriter discussing movie plot details."

"At a boy. Good evening." Lie Rin grabbed her materials and stepped out of the car. She made pampered steps as she entered the lobby. Immediately entering, the security guard jumped from the reception desk to pressed the elevator.

"Good evening, Ms. Lie," said the security guard.

She kept her eyes shut. "That wasn't my name on the registry a few days ago."

He coughed. "I am terribly, terribly sorry. I mean, Mrs. Arc."

She smiled. She lightly slapped his cheek. "Remember it. Don't forget it!" She bowed as she entered the elevator. "Have a good night." The door closed behind her.

She opened the door to her condo. The smell of dinner entered into her nostrils as she saw Nora running to her direction.

"Good evening, Mistress Rin." The sound of Nora's bell from her collar showed excitement. "May I take your things?"

"Certainly, Nora." Nora smiled as she took her things and took them to their respective place. Lie Rin was exhausted, but gratefully excited to be her home with her pet and her husband.

Lie Rin sat on the couch. It was to brief for she was taking off her shoes. "Did Jaune give you any trouble."

"No, ma'am," replied Nora. Nora came and took Lie Rin's shoes from her. Lie Rin observed her for a moment. Seeing the huge scar on her forehead reminded her that she was in consideration of giving Nora cosmetic surgery. It wasn't Nora's fault for the incident that occurred a few years ago. Rin kept telling herself it was an accident. When Nora spoke to her about her feelings for Jaune, she lost control. She blamed it on teenage hormones and the alcohol she consumed that evening. She had lost her footing. She didn't mean to push Nora over the balcony. She didn't know the balcony was too high. It was fortunate that the brick wall below caught her fall or else Nora wouldn't be standing there.

Like she told herself, it was a complete accident.

"Did Jaune take care of his business?"

"Yes, ma'am. I have done everything you told me to do."
"Excellent. Is he ready?"

"Hmm, hmm! He is in your bedroom expecting his wife as we speak."

Lie Rin smiled, rubbing Nora's hair. "Good girl. You just earned yourself a reprieve." Lie Rin told Nora to search in the bag on the table. Nora rushed to the bag. She became excited by the gift.

"A pancake squeak toy," she said excitedly. "Thank you so much." She paused. "Oh my God! It even smells of pancakes!"

Lie Rin knew that the toy would distracted the poor, slow-witted girl for a few hours. That suited her for her main course was to be in their bedroom, their love nest.

She opened the door. On their bed, she saw Jaune lying there. He was gagged, blindfolded, and tied on each end of an extremity. He was only dressed in a black speedo.

Lie Rin licked her lips in seeing her husband. This chase, this dance the blonde played was very alluring. She didn't know why Jaune enjoyed these parlor games, at first. Now, she understood and they became such enjoyable to her.

"Good evening, my love." She ran a finger across Jaune's chest, causing him to shiver and muffle. Lie Rin giggled as she saw that he was unable to talk because of the gag in his mouth. She wanted something to remind him of her affections. That was why she wore the same panties for a few days until it was filled with her flavor to enhance and to whet his taste with his tongue. She wanted his tongue to become familiar with her juices for it will be the only taste of woman he would ever get.

"Guess I better remove this," she told herself as she pulled the gag from his mouth.

Jaune gasped for air the moment the gag came out of his mouth. "Rin, please stop! Please stop!" He screamed. "Water! Water!"

She was tickled. "Water? Weren't my juices enough to quench your thirst? I want only the finest of liquids to touch my darling's."

"Please, Lie Rin. I don't know what I have done to warrant this," he was gasping. "I promise that if you let me go, I won't go to police. I miss my family. Please, I want to go home."

Rin's face frowned the moment anytime Jaune mentioned the word, home, in front of her. Her eyes widened as she came to slap his cheek. "Home?" She shouted, watching the blood slide down his mouth. "You are home, darling. Matter of fact, a castle, a great domicile. The top where kings and queens reign. For you are my king." She cupped his chin. "No queen can run this castle alone, darling. You are home. You just don't realize that yet. It will take time, okay? Just trust me."

"Please, Rin. I won't talk. Nobody will know. This is between us," he begged again. "They won't think you are crazy…"

He was slapped again. "Don't say that word! I am not crazy." She was mumbling. "I am not crazy. No matter what the judges, the courts, the Academy, the psych ward told you, I am not that. I am better! I am even working for a company to provide for you and me. We have a house pet that takes care of us. We will be fine, sweetie." She kissed him on the forehead. "So, I am not crazy. So, please don't say that word again. I don't want to do anything harsh to you again. Understand?"

She neared his face and kissed him, licking the blood from his now swollen cheek. "I miss you, dear." She pecked. "I miss this." She pecked again. "Being away from you is very hurtful. You should be happy, my sweetness. Like a dog whose owner has returned from work." She licked his
"God, I can never get enough of your taste." She put her nose on his chest. "Or your smell! This is the Jaune I want! They can't understand. They won't understand. Not your parents, not my guardians. We belong together, Jaune. Nobody is gonna stop us." She pulled his lips with her teeth. "You won't stop us."

She took off his blindfold. His eyes finally met her eyes.

"Besides, your parents won't come looking for you," she said. "I have made a very compelling, yet convincing them that you were going to find yourself."

"How? They don't even know about you," said Jaune.

"Oh, baby. Voice recognition devices aren't hard to find. I know how you talk, how you speak. They understood. They felt you need some time to think." She kissed him once more.

"What do you want from me," he asked in a startled voice.

She patted his cheek. "Is that even a discussion for debate? A day without you is like a day without sunshine. A day without sunshine is like a day of hell." She looked over to the door. She thought of Nora. "If you want another accident with Nora, then I suggest to change your attitude." She giggled in a haunting way. "Especially if she is going to be responsible in raising our pups."

"Pups," he retorted. "What in the hell are you-"

She cut him off as she displayed a picture. It was an ultrasound. "I am expecting, my love."

His body became trembling. She smiled as she heard the sound of his urinating.

"Such a child, my love. Creating a mess. A messy baby. Does this mommy have to raise two babies?" She shook her head. "I don't mind. I have always wanted to be a mother." She clapped her hands. "And now I have the opportunity of doing so. Thank you for sharing your birthday present with me."

"My birthday," he said. "What are you…? I mean...What day it is…"

"Being confined in this love fortress can cause you to lose a track of time. But today is your birthday." She kissed him on his forehead. "Let's create more memories to come." She snapped her fingers to the door. "Nora, you can come and bring the cake."

Jaune watched as Nora entered their bedroom holding his birthday cake. His eyes widened when seeing his age.

21 candles? How...how...how long have I been gone?

"Let's sing to him, Nora," said Lie Rin. "Are you ready, Nora?"

"Yes, mistress."

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday, dear Jauney.

Happy birthday to you!
Jaune wondered about his well-being. How long will it last? Seeing his age determined the bondage, the confinement, his imprisonment. Since then, the only contact he had was with Lie Rin. The only voice he could hear was her. The only person who could bathe him, feed him, brush his teeth, clothed him was her.

His virginity was taken from Lie Rin. Everything, even words itself were becoming of Lie Rin.

It suddenly hit him that Nora had made an attempt some time back to find him.

*Even she is too far gone.*

"Blow out the candles and make it wish," said Lie Ren.

Jaune watched as Nora presented the cake in front of him.

"Make a wish, master," said Nora.

He closed his eyes to make his wish.

He wished for silence.

*The end!*
Hey, guys. This story is written by yours truly and co-written by [thegirlfriendoftheauthor]. She told me this idea since we don't see enough yandere!daughter x father. So, here you go! The premise of this story is Jaune's daughter, Jeanette, learns that her father is interesting in dating. This doesn't work for Jeanette for it is she that is only meant for Jaune and Jaune alone. Stay tuned and find out! Thanks for reading!

She was careful as she stepped off of the bus. The bus driver warned her not to jump or else she would slip. It wasn't the first time Jeanette Arc was given that warning. She stuck her tongue, deliberately alerting the bus driver that there wouldn't be promises. She waved goodbye to her friends as she skipped the few yards to her apartment building. She knew there were two important things in her home: her favorite snack on the kitchen table and her father.

She was named after her father's sister, Jeanette. Jeanette passed away shortly before she was born. In a sense, it was to honor his fallen sister. Jeanette, or Jennie for short, never had contact with her mother. Jaune never liked to discuss anything of her mother, but explained that she was eccentric.

It didn't matter for as long it was Jaune and Jennie, then who need anybody else. She pressed the button to her floor on the elevator. She was humming a tune as she was waiting to get on her floor. As the elevator was going up, she reached into her backpack. Inside was a small frame she made when she was in art class. She wanted to use it to display it on the wall. It didn't take a genius to know that it was going to feature her most favorite person in the universe.

The elevator made it to her floor. She skipped and hopped to her door. She reached for her key and made her usual grand entrance.

"Daddy," she screamed as if she was announcing to the heavens. "Jennie's home!" She paused when she didn't hear a response. Normally, the blonde would return a shout of welcoming her home. Jaune worked the early shift at the Schnee Dust Company. It wasn't easy work, but the benefits was that he was able to spend his evenings with his only daughter.

Jennie and Jaune have always been a duo. There weren't any outsiders. Jaune had the occasional friends that dropped by, but Jennie didn't care for them.

Especially if they were female company.

She didn't like being an eavesdropper, but at the early age of nine, she was aware of her distrust of women. Any woman that came to Jaune's direction was perceive as a threat. She didn't hide her dismay. She remained casual, smiling to their face and announcing her hatred. Hearing her voice made either the repulse the women and never return; or they would grow concern and announce it to Jaune. Jennie suggested to the women that performing the latter was a grave mistake on their part. Many things were at risk. Their longevity of the relationship, the longevity of their trust, their property, their lives. The adorable blonde girl wasn't a psychic, but she couldn't guarantee their safety if they were to grow closer to her father.

Be as it may, the reason grew when she discovered that one fateful night when was listening to her father on the phone.

Good evening, mistress!
Yes, I am alone.

No, mistress. She has gone to bed.

Why do you want to know about her?

She doesn't need to know about this.

You might be her mother, but she doesn't need to know about you.

I am doing my part. I am under your control, but leave her out of this.

No, mistress. I understand I was giving you a tone. It was out of respect.

Please, for me. Just leave her out of this.

She was conceived out of rape!

Jeanette sneaked to the other room where she heard the other half of the conversation. She kept quiet as she listened to the person in question speak.

'That isn't my part, Jauney. What I do know is that I do have plans for her when she gets of age. She is becoming a pretty young girl. There are many people who can use her skills when she grows up.'

'Jeanette isn't like that. She is a bundle of joy. She is my daughter.'

'Correction, Jaune. She is my daughter. She is my property. What I want of my daughter is how I want to do things. Remember, you are mine. You are my property. Therefore, she is my property as well. I will not have her stand in the way of our love. Let's be grateful that she isn't sitting in a medical waste heap.'

'Please, mistress. Don't say anything further to disrespect our daughter.'

'Like I give a damn about your feelings or her's. I do what I please with my toys. Speaking of which, I have a person who wants to play with you tonight. So, please be ready in the next few minutes.'

Jeanette hid behind the counter. She listened as she heard her father grab his keys and departed for the night. Jeanette returned to the counter, where she saw the caller ID. She was able to get a number.

From that point, the woman in question was dead to her. There was no mother. There was no one else. It was always going to be she and Jaune. And she wasn't going to let anyone, including her stop it.

She placed her backpack down. She saw that her cookies were sitting on the counter. Mint chocolate chip with almonds. Her mouth watered when seeing the delicious morsels. She took a breather. She knew her father wasn't far. When hearing the door unlocked, it only made confirmation.

"Daddy's home." The thunderous roar made the young Arc run from the kitchen and into the front door. She ran into his chest, burying her face as she wanted her father's warmth.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy," she cried into his chest. "I am so glad that you are home."
Jaune kneeled down to kiss his daughter on her forehead. Her heart fluttered as she felt his tender lips made contact with her forehead, it felt like electricity.

"Sorry for not being home so soon," said Jaune as he stepped into the kitchen. She followed him as he opened the refrigerator to retrieve some items. He was in the process of making dinner.

"So, how was school," asked Jaune pleasantly. "And please let it be something than boy bands and Grimm fighting. Something practical and useful."

Jeanette told her father that she was going to have a spoken word competition in her Faunus History class. She said that she was responsible for helping with her senior prom. The blonde widened his eyes as he realized that Jeanette was approaching near graduation. It felt like yesterday when he watched his bundle joy gripping his tiny hands.

To think it was nearly eighteen years ago.

Jeanette reached for her apron as she assisted him in his duties. She told him she can chop the peppers. He was cleaning the meet. Jeanette felt like a wife more than a daughter. She was always a helping hand. She was responsible on keeping the affairs in the house. As Jaune worked to pay the bills, Jeanette was responsible for cleaning the house, doing their laundry, and tending their duties. She closed her eyes for a moment to picture herself as a wife for her father.

She didn't think it was weird that her father piqued her interest. In her mind, there weren't anyone would could compare to her. Since that phone call she heard from her the succubus she called a mother, no woman could be trusted.

No woman, except for Jeanette Arc.

"Do we have enough milk for the cornbread?"

"We should. Shall we get some more?"

"Nah. A little water wouldn't hurt. A little home ec technique."

Jaune paused for a moment as he sled the meat on the grill. "Look at my precious Jennie growing up. It doesn't feel as though you have grown up." His eyes became watery. He turned to put his hands on the chair. "My precious, precious Jennie."

Jennie wrapped her body with his. She wanted all of her warmth onto him. She rested her head on his back, inhaling his manly fragrance. "It's okay, daddy," she said while comforting him. "It's okay to cry. I will never leave you. I won't forsake you. We don't need anyone else. I will always take care of you, daddy."

He turned around, wiping his tear-stained cheeks. "You are a gem, Jennie." He let out a smile. "I hope the boy you marry treats you like a queen."

She puffed her cheeks, flicking his nose. "No way!" She stuck out her tongue. "No icky boy in the world compares to you, daddy! You are my one and only!" She slapped his stomach. "Now, c'mon old man. We have some cooking to finish."

Jennie and Jaune returned to the stove where they finished their cooking. While Jaune was concentrating on his pot of stew, he was being watched by Jeanette. Her blue eyes were watching her father. The sounds of the knife was getting louder and louder. There won't be any other, daddy. Not one soul!
Dinner was ready. Jennie placed the food on the table. She told her father to retrieve the drinks. A glass of beer for him and a glass of tea for her. Once the table was set, they held hands in the grace of their food.

"Itadakimasu," the pair said aloud as they began to partake on their meal.

"Delicious," screamed Jennie as she dug him on his stew.

"I am glad that you like it," replied Jaune. Jaune slurped into the soup. He continued staring into the bowl. Meanwhile, Jennie observed him. Something in the atmosphere wasn't right. He was quieter than usual. Firstly, her father was always home before she was. If he were to go out, he would make notice to her so she wouldn't be concerned. Secondly, when her father kept putting her head down, it was something he wants to tell, but afraid of her reaction.

And those times only occurred when there was a woman in the picture.

Jennie thought that the picture frame she made could be a great conversation starter. As she parted her mouth, her father began speaking.

"Listen, Jennie sweetness." She frowned internally for she was referred as Jennie Sweetness when there was another woman in the picture. "I have met someone."

She produced a fake smile. "Really, daddy?"

He took a sip of his stew. "I have. I have met her at an omiai."

Beneath the table, Jennie gripped her fist. "Y-Y-You went to an omiai, daddy." It wasn't cold, but it wasn't warm. She kept her composure, but within, she was getting upset.

"It was your grandmother's idea, sweetness," said Jaune. "She is growing concern of me."

"Growing concern," retorted Jennie. "I am doing my part to take care of you, daddy. We don't need anybody else."

He let out a slight smile. "Sweetness, you are so precious. Do you really want to spend the rest of your life taking care of me?"

She wanted to slam the table hard. But she didn't.

He took another spoonful. "I must confess, Jennie. I have been talking to this particular woman before the omiai."

"You have?"

"Yes, dear. We spoke on the phone. We texted. The omiai was just confirmation of my wanting to pursue her."

"But, but I enjoy taking care of you, daddy. Why need another?"

"Sweetheart, you are turning eighteen. College is around the corner. There is so much rich things for you to discover. You don't want to be cooped up in here."

"Daddy, I love you, but I am responsible for my choices." She pressed her face forward tenderly. "If I want my job to take care of you, then why should I complain. I love you, daddy."

"I love you, too, sweetheart," replied Jaune. "But, often, I have n…" He stopped, decided that it
was inappropriate to respond that. "I just want some help is all." He added. "As much as I enjoy you as well, baby."

Feeling the awkward tension, Jaune stood up as he prepared to excuse himself. "Listen, baby. I am going to draw a bath and make it an early night. Daddy has to get up early in the morning."

She interjected. "I thought you were off tomorrow."

"Well I was, but the woman and I are going to meet tomorrow." He stepped out of the kitchen. He made a turn to Jennie. "If things go smooth, you should be able to meet her soon." He stepped into the bathroom before closing the door.

The apartment remained silent as Jennie washed the dishes into the skin. Each time she scrubbed, she wanted to cry.

*He is doing it again. He is being naughty again.*

*No, no, Jennie. It is not his fault. I am not being a good enough daughter.*

*He does love me. He wouldn't do this to separate us.*

*No, no, no. Daddy loves me and only me.*

*There is no more room for another bitch to sever us again.*

*Never. Sever. Us. Again!*

---

The kitchen was clean and she retired to the living room. The clock on the wall displayed the time to be a few minutes after nine in the evening. She was watching their usual nightly program. The variety show wasn't funny without her father making snarky comments about celebrities or the host of the program. She flipped through a few channels. It was hopeless. She decided to call it the night and head the bed.

She yawned loudly as she went to the hallway that led to her bedroom. She paused when she saw her father's room.

She looked the door. She knew by the position of the knob that it was locked.

A black dot signified it. She drew a black dot on the knob to know if it was locked or not. When her father went to bed, the door usually was unlocked.

Tonight, the dot is displayed on top of the knob.

She went into her room and closed it behind her. She found it such a blessing that her room was next to hers. She went to her drawer and withdrew a glass. It was a glass that the pair made together in ceramic. She couldn't forget the day. She burned her hand when making the glass. She bumped into her father. Her glass broke. She cried on the spot.

*There, there, precious. It's okay. Let's tend to your burns. Pain, pain, fly away. Pain, pain, fly away.*

*Don't cry, sweetheart. It's just a glass. Now, you are too delicate.*

*I broke the glass, daddy!*

*Don't worry, sweetheart! Tell you what, you can have mine!*
Really, daddy?

Of course, sweetheart. What's mine is yours. What's yours in mine.

I love you, daddy!

I love you, Jennie. And then some!

She held tight the glass that she called the piece of her father's heart. It was unfortunate the days of landlines were dead. No longer could she spied on her father on the other line. She got on top of bed. She had to be nimble. She didn't want to give her father any sign that she was listening on his conversation.

She didn't call it eavesdropping. Eavesdropping is something when it is inappropriate and naughty. What she was doing was checking on the welfare of her father.

She placed the opened end to the wall. She adjusted carefully as she wanted to know what information she could gather from her father.

"I am very excited too to meet again."

"Yes, it has been a very long time since I have gone out."

"No, you are just flattering me. I am too old and unattractive. I have no harem."

"Oh, you think I should. Those who reject me were just fools? Ha!"

"Look, I don't want to sound inappropriate. I just miss the comfort of being with another adult."

"It hasn't been easy with dating. This is actually quite awhile since I have wanted to date."

"No, I want to wait when Jennie was old enough."

"No, she isn't a jealous type. I just think she is overly protective of me."

"Obsessed? Heavens, no! Jennie just loves me a bit too much."

"You have a daughter as well? That's great! A friend can be helpful for her."

"I don't want any friends. I can barely stand the friends I have," she murmured to herself.

"I had a great time meeting you. It feels refreshing to be with a woman who just enjoys me for me."

"I am serious. I haven't been good with women. Past mistakes!"

"Thank you for respecting that. I have moved on. So, about tomorrow. Are you still up for it?"

"You are? Great! I will write down the details. Ok! See you tomorrow! Good night!"

Jennie kneeled to the bed. She was grateful that the cushion broke her fall, "Daddy is going on a date," she told herself. "Daddy is going on a date. Daddy is going on a date. Daddy is going on a date. Daddy is going on a date. DADDY IS GOING ON A DATE! DADDY IS GOING ON A DATE!"

She panted loudly, rocking back and forth! "The voices in my head are screaming again." She buried her face into her pillow, controlling her screaming. "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!"
She climbed from her bed like a nimble kitten. She went under her bed and reached for her shoebox. She took the shoebox and put it on her bed. She opened it.

She released a smile.

"Tomo, my dear old friend." She picked up a makeshift doll. The bottom portion of the doll resembled a teddy bear. The top part look as if she tore the doll's head and placed it onto the teddy bear. It was sewn well. She held it tightly onto her chest, consoling herself as she combatted the tears.

"Tomo. Daddy is talking to another woman again. Jennie doesn't like it. No, no! Jennie doesn't like it all." She lied on her back, holding on to the doll. "Daddy is being naughty again on not playing with me. Silly daddy. He doesn't understand that no one can fit the mold like he and I. I love daddy, Tomo. Just as much as I love you." She flicked the doll's nose.

"I don't trust any woman who wants to control daddy. It is not his fault. He has bad taste in women is all. Not like me, I am good for daddy. I am the only one that is good for daddy, Tomo. Those other women, they didn't understand how our dynamic works. It's me and daddy. Any other outsiders faces dire consequences!"

She kissed her doll on the forehead. "Wouldn't be wonderful if we were to shut down communication with that woman? Yes, oh, yes! That's why I can't stand cell phones. I can't understand what's going on like home phones. People hide things. Daddy can't hide things. He just can't. Silly daddy!"

She looked to the ceiling. "Daddy is getting a little too busy for not wanting to play with me." She said in a sing-song voice. "Daddy was too distracted at dinner, Tomo." She eyed the teddy bear-doll. "Would you believe that he wasn't home without telling me? An omiai? And my grandmother had the gull to send daddy to it?" She sighed. "I thought she learned a lesson after her brakes were accidentally cut. I thought she learned after she slip on some 'black ice.'" She calmed down. "Calm yourself down, Jennie. That is your daddy's mother. Hurting her will hurt him. I love daddy too much, Tomo!"

She continued staring at her doll. "It wasn't long ago, Tomo, that you didn't treat my father fair either." She rubbed through the doll's hair. "Remember how you treated my father like a ragdoll. Like you said, a toy?" She giggled. "I am so, so glad that you can see things my way, Tomo. That is why you are my bestest friend in the whole world!" She murmured. "Well, second best. Daddy is my number one!"

She sniffed the doll. "You are having that stinky smell. I think I need to keep you on ice for a few days." She smiled. "Not tonight for we are having a sleepover."

Jennie went to her drawer and changed clothes for bed. She discarded her clothes into the laundry hamper. She went on the computer to look at a few things. She clicked on her archive tab on the internet.

_Police need your help tonight on identifying a missing woman. Police were called after a body was found floating in a river this early afternoon. When discovered, the body was decapitated as well as her feet and her arms were severed. Her body was tortured and mutilated. The police has never seen this kind of trauma on a body. A detective was quoted, "it takes me back to the days of Jack the Ripper." Any information regarding the missing Jane Doe, please contact police._

She turned off the computer. She turned around and smiled at her Tomo.
"I am so glad that you are now part of the good guys," she said. She climbed into her bed, reaching under the covers. "I am so grateful that you are rooting for me to be with my father." She kissed the doll on her forehead. "Good night, Tomo. Pleasant dreams!"

As she was stirring into slumber, the thoughts were on her father.

_Silly daddy was being naughty again!

It angers me a little, but it's okay! Daddy makes mistakes.

I love you, daddy!

I love you, daddy!

We belong together!

We belong together!

WE BELONG TOGETHER!
Hey, guys. [thegirlfriendoftheauthor] here. Since my boyfriend is having writer's block, for the time being, he told me I can submit this story on his page. Isn't he sweet? Anyway, he gave me this idea since many don't use them often. The story goes as the Malachite twins kidnap Jaune and going to make him into a new being. I don't want to get into too much detail but you will enjoy it. A/N: This chapter involves murder, body mutilation, minor violence. It isn't that bad, but want to warn you guys. Anyway, enjoy!

Lie Ren was the first to wake up on this Saturday morning. Actually, the brunette shouldn't be surprised for his roommates were to sleep the day away until after midday. Nevertheless, there was studying to be done and he knew it wouldn't get accomplished by questioning his roommates/teammates. He stretched his arms, praised Oum for another day, and then made his bed. As he was making his bed, his eye was caught on Jaune's bed.

Jaune's face was flushing beet red. He appeared to be sweating from his forehead. Lie Ren clicked their tongue. They did have quite a night last night.

It wasn't often that the boys had an evening out. He and Jaune went to the local pub where they had drinks. They weren't alone. Surprisingly enough, the CRDL team was there and invited the young lads to their table. Despite having ill feelings about the group, they weren't going to turn down free liquor.

With his bed made up and looked presentable for another night, he gathered his materials to take a shower.

"Oi! Jauney! I am going to head for the shower if you need me," alerted Lie Ren.

His answer was a groan from the hungover teammate.

"Jauney, I am serious," said Lie Ren. "I suggest that you wake up as well. We have plenty of material to study for Goodwitch class."

Once more, the response was answered with a groan from Jaune.

Lie Ren clicked his tongue once more. He sighed. "Honestly, Jaune, you are becoming such a slouch." The brunette walked to his side of the bed. "I mean, we did have a night last night, but it didn't mean we have to be that much merry. We were having drinks with the enemy." He reached to his side of the bed where he saw Jaune's clothes from last night. The smell of tobacco and alcohol, with a hint of vomit, made the brunette to throw it in the hamper. "Sometimes it's okay to do it from time to time. Cardin can be generous when under the influence. Sky is still a pain in the ass, but hell can he pull some women."

He had hoped to give Jaune a witty response for he was quite competitive with Sky when it came to women. He tossed the clothes into the hamper. Upon doing that, he felt some sticky substance on his hand. Because of the dimness of the dorm, he couldn't decipher it. He just wiped it on his clothes. It needed washing. He would wash his hands when he gets to the restroom, he thought.

"Speaking of women, who was that girl that spoke to you last night?"

He saw Jaune turnover, still groaning. At the beginning, the groaning wasn't irritating him for that
was how Jaune acted since he wasn't an early riser. Now, it has been ten minutes and it was turning annoying to the brunette.

"She looked to you as if you were an acquaintance to her. I knew you went ghostly pale when seeing her. What was she? An old flame?" Lie Ren chuckled at his own comment. "Granted, I have given some girls a few broken hearts here and there, but I always let them down gently." He chuckled once more. "But, with you. Did you burn her or did you do the burning?"

Jaune began shivering. He groaned once more. This time, Lie Ren was getting agitated.

"If you don't want to talk about it, then fine," he said with a hint of aggravation in his voice. "At least be a man about it and say "no" or "I don't want to talk about it." I mean, don't have a cow, man."

Jaune didn't answer. He went silent.

Lie Ren shrugged his shoulders. "Let's just say you are having a bad hangover. I am going to hit the shower and let you sleep a little longer. Seriously, when I come back, wake up, we all have to study for Goodwitch's exam on Monday. So, enjoy your few minutes of Z's."

Lie Ren grabbed his towel and his bathing rack and headed to the showers. Lie Ren whistled a tune as he was walking to the bathroom. As he was whistling a tune, he questioned himself about Jaune. He knew hangovers were typical of him on a weekend night. He knew about the groaning. With the latter, Jaune would normally speak or make a witty comment. He did see Jaune had his knees pointing up in the air, but that shouldn't be considered aberrant, the brunette thought.

He made a mental note to go downstairs and get some herbal medicine after taking his showers. He finished his thought as he entered the stalls.

He placed his towel on his rack. As he turned on the water, he remembered that he had a sticky substance on his hand. His face dropped when seeing the color of red. He peered closer to his towel. He smelled the familiar scent of iron.

_Blood._

"Shit," the brunette screamed loudly. He sprinted from the bathroom and headed to his dorm. He opened the door and immediately turned on the lights. He aimed from Jaune's bed and opened the covers.

"Jaune!" Lie Ren's screams were loud enough that immediately the door of Nora's room opened.

"Ren, what the hell," the redhead screamed. "Do you realize what time-" She paused, seeing the sight that stood in front of her.

Jaune was lying in bed, holding on to his stomach. The shirt he was wearing was soaked in his crimson blood. The blood soaked from his shirt to the bed. Nora ran to Jaune's aid. She put her hands on his wrist.

"His pulse is fading," screamed Nora.

"I am calling the police," informed Lie Ren. He ran to his scroll where he dialed for an ambulance. _Excuse me, we have an emergency. One of my roommates has been stabbed. Actually, we are unsure but he is barely breathing. Please send an ambulance immediately!_

He told the operator their location and the operator spoke to him briefly further before he hung up.
He turned to Nora, who was on the verge of a crying spell.

"Nora, don't panic," informed Lie Ren. "They say to keep him comfortable as possible. Try to turn him on his back. I'll help you."

Nora went for Jaune's feet as Lie Ren went for his torso. They both did their hardest to turn Jaune on his back. The duo were successful.

"Go and get some towels, soak them with warm water," he told Nora.

"Gotcha," replied Nora.

As Nora went to do that, he got a pillow to get Jaune comfortable. He saw his body and he was barely breathing. "Don't worry, Jauney. They are on the way."

He was straightened him out. He pulled his hand from the origin of the blood. It was located at his chest, below where his heart was situated. As he was pulling his hand, he saw something strange. He pulled over his shirt and saw a craving on his chest.

YOU ARE MINE!

Lie Ren felt a chill going down his spine. He swallowed a few lumps from his throat. He had recognized the insignia of the craving. The curvature on his skin. He knew what it was and where it came from.

"Melanie," the brunette uttered under his chastened breath.

"Ren."

Lie Ren turned around to see Nora. His stomach churned that she wasn't alone. The black haired girl stood behind Nora. Her green eyes glared at Nora, holding the claws around her neck. It didn't have to take a genius to know that it was nothing more than Miltia Malachite.

Before Lie Ren could utter a word, he felt a sharp weapon around his ankles. He looked down to see that it was Melanie. Her eyes was staring daggers at him.

Miltia stepped in, closing the door behind her. She held Nora by her throat and threw her on Lie Ren's bed. "Make a false move or you will die," she screamed. Nora remained quiet.

Miltia turned to Lie Ren. "You, on the bed now." Seeing that both girls had weapons, he had no choice to comply.

Melanie came from under the bed, still holding on to her weapon. She observed Jaune for a second before bringing her eyes on Nora and Lie Ren. Miltia walked to the stereo player on the nightstand. She turned it loud enough.

She showed the duo a horrid smile on her face.

"End them," she told her sister.

Lie Ren and Nora Valkyrie didn't have a chance to flinch. Melanie retrieved her weapon and stabbed them furiously. Within minutes, the brother-sister duo were no longer part of this world.

Miltia smiled as she saw her frantic sister covered in their blood. She turned to Melanie, grinning furiously. "I'd killed them. I'd killed them well."
Miltia walked to Melanie, rubbing her hair calmly. "Of course, you did. However, we aren't done yet." She turned to Jaune.

"Were you able to intercept the call to the police," questioned Miltia.

"I sure did!"

"Good! Since it's early, we shouldn't have any more problems." Miltia returned to the stereo player and shut it off. She looked to Jaune. "Good thing that spell of yours minimized his breathing."

"Thanks," said Melanie.

"Now, let's make haste before the others will begin noticing," said Miltia.

The twins were wrapping Jaune tightly with his blanket. They were preparing to leave.

"So, sis," said Melanie. "We are commencing our plan with Jaune."

Miltia smiled. "Just as we planned since we have met the blonde. We are going to make him our Lily."
Hey guys, Big Diesel and [thegirlfriendoftheauthor] here. We decided to make a short story between Jaune and the matriarch of the Schnee family. It's rare to see anyone write a story about Jaune x Mother Schnee, but we are experimenting with it. Enjoy!

Her father got her into it. Years of coming home and watching him drink the beer bottle empty inspired her. She wanted to know what was so great about the little can that everybody seemed to consume. So one day, she got her hands on them. She twisted open the cap and took a small sip. The alcohol left a burning sensation. A sensation for more. She knew she shouldn't have tried. But, the sweet taste of the lethal drink lured her for more. Little did she know, it was the beginning of her journey as an alcoholic.

Or, at least that was the excuse she wanted to give herself. Although her father was no longer part of the living, the satisfaction of blaming the deceased felt better than blaming the living. It felt easier to curse the heavens than to point the finger at her husband.

Why the apprehension? Silent treatments were common. Sleeping in separate beds became the norm. Arguments in front of the children, in front of company, added the fuel before being welcomed with a slap. The taste of copper, like sucking on a penny became the norm as he felt it was necessary to establish order in the household. She believed that it was to put her in check.

Very unfortunate as the liquor nulled and numbed the pain.

It felt easier to be the deceased. At least the deceased didn't fight back. At least the deceased wouldn't respond. Cowardice, fearful, name anything that calloused her apprehension, she didn't care. The bottle became important. More than anything in this world.

Well, not almost anything....

She was alone in her domicile, her desolated ice castle, frozen in the pit of doubt and despair for quite some time. She couldn't remember the last time she ventured into the outside world. The last time she spoke to a visitor, a stranger, her children. Did her children remember what their mother looked like? Did they actually care to see their mother? Did she actually care about her children? She remembered answering the question on her last bottle of liquor as she tossed it at the mirror in front of her.

Why love a person who can't love herself was the questionable woe in her frozen heart. Why can't she find the warmth that made her who she was? Was it her normal? She didn't feel it through her family. Desolate and born as it were on the wrong side of the tracks. A contradiction, she added, for the fact that she came from a prominent well-to-do family.

Just because the Schnee Dust Company was a family company didn't mean they were a family. It wasn't hard to place a word if the gimmick was to draw more people into relinquishing their funds in order to gain money. Greed was the motive. No love within the confines of those walls. The mentality she established from her father which she brought to herself and to the very man she thought she loved.

They were all the same. People who were lovers to themselves. She included, for she would
abandon her children in a heartbeat for an ounce of booze.

Well, not almost anything….

She just wanted a feeling besides pity. She wanted a feeling besides deceit. She just wanted something that can make her feel again.

I have you, love. You're not getting away.

He was a young boy. He couldn't have been no older than thirteen, fourteen years old at the time. He was the delivery boy who worked for the local grocery store. He was devoted, faithful to his job. He always came on time to give the mistress her goods. He never asked questions. He left it at the foot of the door. A tip was always left from under the rug and he went his merry way.

Mistress Schnee didn't know what compel her to do it. What warrant the act that she committed that fateful day. She didn't learn it from her father. She didn't learn it from her mother. She didn't learn it from her husband.

Where did she learn it from?

Yet again, when a person is rich, control was the best form of learning.

She wanted a feeling.

When the boy came for the usual pick up, she invited him in for a drink.

He was appreciative of her hospitality as he quickly drank a lemonade.

Happiness filled his stomach, alongside with a mixture of sedatives, alcohol, and painkillers. He staggered, eagerly trying to escape her frozen castle. She captured him, entangling him into her bosom, welcoming him into the frozen cave. An empty nest.

Into a place where her heart no longer reside.

She just wanted a feeling.

She didn't know how long she planned to keep the boy. She wasn't sure if anyone was looking for him. It didn't matter as she ventured to the basement. She hummed a tune from the days of her youth. Something that she hasn't felt in a long time.

The basement was the only salvageable thing about the house, in her opinion. Constructed from quarry rock, its walls are thicker than a medieval castle, but the house on top was just wood. It was a warren of small rooms with only one way in or out, somehow another exit will have to be made.

Close to the low ceiling, just under the rotting beams that suspended the floor above were windows, long and skinny, mostly covered in soil that lightened the darkness. The rebuild will have to make these walls higher, give an eight-foot clearance and enlarge the windows to a more regular size.

Within the confines of the basement was she liked to call, a small cellar. Back in its prime, it was a place where servants were to be punished. Those days were dead and gone, it became a place of storage.

A place where the teenage boy resided. He was bounded ankle and wrist. Chains attached from the walls, giving him limited access to the bathroom and his eating area. She didn't trust him with
anything so she left the boy naked, which she didn't mind. Despite his age, the blonde had a nice physique. Even she hadn't fed him in a couple of days. It was to prove to him on who was responsible for his well-being.

From the being of his entrapment to now, he kept a watchful eye on his captor. His fading blue eyes onto her icy blue eyes. She wanted a response. In fact, it was warranted. But, she knew the boy. She observed him each and every day since he was assigned to her.

The day Jaune Arc walked into her doorstep was when she felt emotion. Her mind, telling her things that she couldn't repeat out loud. Things that invited personal harm to the boy. It told her to do what she could to dampen his spirit. To make him share in her pain, ingest what she ingested.

She smiled. She hasn't smiled since the day she put her father into kingdom come.

"Good morning, my pet." She unlocked the cell, entering it with a calm composure. Jaune remained still as she came to approach him. She observed him, taking him by the neck. She held onto to his diamond-studded collar, decorated in pink and gold with his name on the tab. "I hope you were a good boy this morning." She snapped her finger.

Instinctively, Jaune kneeled to his knees.

"Excellent, boy." Her response was giving him a pat on the head. She snapped once more, returning him to his post. "I am proud that you are learning your place, Jaune. I must admit that the first few weeks have been quite hard. However, it is never easy when you are an owner with a new pet."

Jaune remained silent. His eyes showed disdain, which displayed a welcoming smile on her lips.

"Oh, I almost forget. It's time to take you for a walk." She patted her knee. Jaune went to his hands and his knees and crawled to his mistress. "Good boy," she said as she patted him again. "It also looks like you have finished your meals." She clapped again. "Yay! I don't have to force feed you anymore. You are being such a good obedient pet."

Jaune didn't respond. Once again, his hate became her pleasure.

"I know what you feel and how you feel," she purred. "Let it resonate with your heart as it does mine." She giggled. "Come. Let's walk to the common area. If you're lucky, I let you rest on my lap."

Jaune led the way as he went up the stairs into the common area. It was there where the mistress collected her thoughts. The fireplace was on. The light blared at her chair. In front of the chair was her rug. It was the rug where she and Jaune rested. "Now, if you try to escape again, you know I have the syringe on me. Correct?"

Jaune shook his head.

"I need an answer," she demanded.

"Yes, mistress!"

"Is that how a pet addresses their owner."

He frowned. It was met with a slap.

"Bad dog!"
Woof! Woof!

That's a good boy. Now sit.

Jaune sat on his butt at the rug. The sound of the fire crackling was among the sounds occurring in the room. Mistress Schnee reached behind the chair where she had a sketchbook. Trained at a young age to draw, the artist filled her sketches with the very thing that contained her interest.

Oh, you don't mind if I sketch do you? She scratched behind his ears, running her fingers through his hair. Oh, I must shampoo your hair. It's starting to get dirty. She said. Would you like that? Shower with me? She giggled. I know you are silent. Still sensitive about that? Well, somebody needed to dip your paintbrush. I think it is weird for owner and pet to do, you know that. She scratched behind his ear again. I think it's important to have skin contact as it is just the two of us.

She stopped, returning to her drawing. I know I've captured your portrait a million times already, but I simply can't stop myself. You're my inspiration, my muse. I've started a few of new painting. But none of them feel right. The colors are off and your face just doesn't look alive.

She glided her hand over his shoulder. The softness of his skin allured the mistress. Come to my lap, she demanded. What's the matter? Darling, you're shaking. She cooed him, rubbing his shoulders tenderly. Don't be scared. You are a good boy. I won't hurt again. I can trust you now. We can trust each other. I know you won't do anything to put yourself in that position again.

She rubbed her fingers through his hair. She kissed his forehead. It's okay, darling. I'll never hurt you unless you deliberately hurt me first. She kissed him again. C'mon. Relax. She reached for a dog biscuit. Open those pretty lips. You deserve a treat.

No!

She stopped, directing her attention to him. What was that, darling?

He whimpered, fighting the tears. You're not going to feed me that.

Sweetheart. It isn't what you want, but what you going to do, she said while giggling. Do I need to bring the shock collar again-

He responded by spitting in her face. Bitch!

Mistress Schnee felt the saliva hit her face. She allowed it to drip as she let it hit her lips. She licked it, releasing a smile as she swallowed the contents. In her mind, Jaune didn't mean it. Pets make mistakes and often need reinforcement.

Stick and stones, darling, stick and stones. She wrapped the contents of his saliva before sliding it in his ass. I think it's time for some reinforcement to correct your behavior.

She thrust into his ass, spreading her fingers into his cavern. I think my pet forgot who was in authority here. Do I need to bring out the reinforcer?

Jaune grunted, struggling while fighting his tears.

Do I need to bring out the reinforcer?

No, ma'am.
"Is that how we answer, pet."

"Woof!" He answered while whimpering. "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

She released her fingers from his cavern. She rubbed her fingers of his material. "Lick," she commanded. He followed orders and licked his contents. "Yes, good boy. I think you needed some reminder is all. I hope it won't happen again."

After Jaune licked her fingers, she returned to sketching. As she continued to draw, she thought of the many things she could do to put Jaune into deeper despair. Regardless of his feelings, she did care for the boy.

For the first time in awhile, she was feeling something. Unsure it was happiness, it was a feeling other than pain.

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*Hey, guys. I hope you enjoyed this short story. I know that it felt rushed, but my girl and I were experimenting with ideas for a new story. As of now, we are unsure we will continue this or not. Tell us what you think. If you guys like it, we might continue this. Thanks for reading!*
Hey, guys. [thegirlfriendoftheauthor] here. As my boyfriend is doing his job teaching young minds of tomorrow, I have free time to write. So, this next story arc is actually based from a story my boyfriend did earlier in November. It is called At the End of Her Thoughts (a Loud House fanfic). I really enjoyed the story and decided to use his format for the RWBY fanfic. For those who haven't read At the End of Her Thoughts, check it out. It's a great read. He isn't finished but plans to return on it soon.

The story is a Yandere!Yang x Jaune piece. Enjoy!

The following story is based on found footage, phone messages, and recordings. The things presented in this story is based on interpretation of the viewer. Be advised that the story contains graphic content. So, discretion is strongly advised.

The following footages have been collected by the Vale Police Department.

You have eight new messages.

First message, received on March 23, at 9:13 PM.

Hey, Vomit Boy! How are you? I am hoping I am not disturbing you right now. I was trying to give you a call to check on you. I missed you earlier today. I was trying to talk to you in class, but I didn't think you had heard me. You looked focus. You looked quite dashing if you ask me. The way you had the look in your eye. It was marvelous. The clear blue glare like the skies itself. I am beginning to notice that your hair is getting longer and kinda messy. I know your lovely rain reminds me of golden grains ready to harvest, but I wish you would cut it. It doesn't suit you. You look better when you have a haircut. If you want. I can come and cut it for you. Trust me. It isn't often when boys have the privilege of being in the dorm of Yang. Anyway, it's getting late and once again, I don't want to disturb you. So, give me a call when you get the chance. Stay safe. Good night!


Message deleted.

Second message, received on March 24, at 11:23 PM.

Hey, Jaune. It's Yang again. I hope that you aren't too busy to give this damsel a call. I know this is the time of year when things get busy. I know. Goodwitch has been stressing us with this homework and term paper. Honestly, she is becoming a mega bitch! I mean, mega, mega, super bitch! You must have heard me saying it under my breath because you were giggling while covering your mouth. Funny how you can hear me then, but once more, I know you were busy. That can explain why you hurriedly left when class ended today. Is everything okay, Jaune? You seemed kinda flustered. When I came by during lunch, your face turned pasty white. Was the lunch they served you bad? It must have been because you scattered into the restroom quicker than a fat kid getting seconds on cake. Teehee! Sorry, bad joke. If you want me to, I can make your lunch. I wouldn't say I am the best cook, but I want you to be happy with your meals. I wouldn't like it if someone were they give you bad meals. Know what, no negotiations. I will make you a lunch tomorrow. Hopefully, Ruby is able to help me with the ingredients. Anyway, got to go. Good night, Vomit.
Boy!


Message deleted.

Third message, received on March 25, at 7:23 AM

Good morning! I hope I am not disturbing you, but you were on my mind. Did you call me last night? I jumped to think it was you. The call ended quickly and it didn't say who it was. I know it's early, but that is why I am leaving a message. If it was you, let me know. You are probably wondering on what to make you for lunch? Well, Ruby was kind enough to help me. It wasn't easy for us being up until two in the morning. Ruby was being a fighter, but I made sure that she was helping me for the sake of love. I can be quite playful and skillful with a knife. A joke, teehee! Sorry, bad taste. Nevertheless, a lunch is ready for you and I am super, super excited to bring it to you. We have free period today so this should be good time to bring you some good food. And hopefully an explanation on why you aren't answering my calls, young man. Seriously? Honestly? Is studying taking up too much of our time? I saw you go with Nora yesterday for some pancakes. Tell me why you made time for her. I won't be upset. I am curious. Please, if I have done something wrong, then tell me. Hopefully, during free period, we can talk about this. Well, hope you get this message. Later, Vomit Boy.


Message deleted.

Fourth message, received on March 25, at 11:09 AM

Good afternoon, Jaune senpai. I was being a little cutesy by calling you senpai. I know I am older than you, but it's kinda cute. Well, I am on my way to drop off your lunch. I wasn't in class earlier. I had to stop by the laundry room. Seriously, Jaune? Forgetful, forgetful, forgetful. But don't worry, I have your clothes and I am taking it to your dorm. Don't worry about getting access. I have the Room Advisor to help with me that. Call you back.


Message deleted.

Fifth message, received on March 25, at 1:23 PM

Hey, I am back. Listen, Jaune. I told the RA that you gave me permission. I hope you didn't mind. He knew that we were close anyway, so he was a good sport about it. So, as I was sorting out your clothes, I noticed some delicates that didn't match your attire. I know it sounds weird to say, but they are black and lacy panties. Either you are living a secret life as a crossdresser or there is a girl with you. Jaune, I know it can't be Nora wearing these. I am sure as hell know it isn't Lie Ren. Pyrrha is no longer with us, so who is wearing these? Jaune, please. I must know. I won't be mad. I just don't want anybody harming you or using you. That mistake has already happened in the past. I don't want it to happen again. Pyrrha's death was unfortunate and it was hurtful to us all. I hated when seeing you cry. I couldn't forget the time when you cried on my shoulder. I was touched. So, I think we need to talk about this when we get the chance to meet. Ok? Oh yeah, I have straightened out your area. Everything is neat. However, your practice outfit needs some cleaning. I am going to help you wash it. So, see you in a bit.
Sixth message, received on March 25, at 2:25 PM.

Jaune Arc! Where are you? I am not that upset, but when I went to look for you during free period, Ruby told me you weren't there. I was a little stunned. I knew Ruby wouldn't be any help so I asked Blake about your whereabouts. I know Blake is more of a saint. Through some convincing, she told me where you are heading. So, I am walking in the woods to look around for you. Hold on a second. There you are. I see you, but you're not alone. Wait a minute? Oh, that's Lie Ren. From the back, he can be mistaken for a girl. You seem like you are in a good mood. So, you wouldn't mind if I come and....


Message deleted

Seventh message, received on March 25, at 2:26 PM.

Lie Ren, this is getting weird. I am starting to freak out. Glad you can come and see me.

You're my best friend, man. Anything I can do to help.

Thanks! Have you been noticing that Yang has been extra particular about me?

Thanks! I thought I wasn't the only one thinking the same thing. Kinda freaking me out.

It is worrying. She leaves me messages, she gives me glares.

You should've seen her in practice when Ruby was sparring you. Her eyes faded out. She was mumbling something.

You know what. That makes sense because when I spoke to Rub, sShe stood frozen before running away. When trying to see what's wrong, I saw a wet patch on the ground. She pissed herself.

Everybody is thinking the same thing. Blake tells me that she made Ruby stay up most of the night preparing you a lunch. Also, she stayed up the night before standing over Weiss for some reason.

What was she doing?

According to Blake, Yang kept mumbling. She kept saying "I am gonna kill her" over and over.

Why? That's odd. I didn't think she and Weiss had issues.

She has been acting strange for a while, wasn't the only incident.

Really?

I shouldn't say much, but the other day, she punched a hole in the wall after Cardin made some comments about you.

Cardin always makes dumbfounded comments.

No, about you! Then, at the library last week, she got into it with the librarian. I don't know. The point is, Yang is having some concerns. It worries me. You should be careful.
Thanks, Ren.

No problem. Just letting you know what's going on.


Message deleted

Eighth message, received on March 25, at 7:23 PM

Yang, please calm down. Put the knife down.

How dare you come between me and Jaune.

We can talk about this. We can help you. We can...

Shut the hell up. Shut up. Shut up.

Please don't do this! NO, NO, NO! I WILL LEAVE HIM ALONE. I WON'T BOTHER HIM!

You shouldn't have never got in between this. You know too much. Just jealous of our love, weren't you? Don't worry! I will make it quick! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Mommy! Daddy!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Die! Die! DIE! DIE! It's over, Lie Ren. Say hello to your parents and Pyrrha for me. You don't have to be a bother to our love anymore. Jaune, what...what in the hell....


Message deleted.

No more new messages. Goodbye!
Hey, guys. Big Diesel and [thegirlfriendoftheauthor] is here with the latest chapter of The Taste of Rain. While we were spending the evening playing golf, we were thinking of giving Jaune a break from this particular chapter. We were thinking of having guest characters to be featured in this series. We came to a consensus that the characters must be a male. So, for our first guest character, we decided to use Taiyang Xiao Long.

This story features Taiyang x Raven.

There wasn't going to be another chance for this moment. The time had come and he must act quickly. Any distraction or deviation from his plan would result in failure. Everything had to be concise, planned, calculated. He didn't want anything to display a difference in behavior. It was hard playing the role of the husband for a woman that he rightfully feared over the last ten years. Forcing smiles, making false declarations of love, and reminding his children that he had actually loved their mother. He had enough of lying. He had enough of the torture, mentally and spiritually, within himself. Behind the white picket fences, the dinner parties, and the important PTA meetings were lies and deceit. He was in prison, metaphorically and literally.

Raven told Tai that she was leaving town for a few hours on an important errand. She would return in the evening. She wanted dinner ready, the children in bed, and him to be ready for their nightly lovemaking upon her return. The demands, the reprimands of a devoted, controlling wife. Hidden within the crest of her smile lied a devil.

When she closed her door, Tai made his move.

The children were at school. He had already packed their bags ahead of time, leaving him with less worry. He couldn't imagine the feelings of his pride and joy, Yang and Ruby, could feel about their departure from their mother. He didn't like, but it had to be done. Those kids were of growing age and the fact that they were watching their mother pursuing acts of evil became the detriment to the anguish Tai. He, no longer, can accept the possible future his daughters may face.

The model of "do as I say, not as I do," controlling every move of his was distasteful; especially if he were in the company of a woman. He remembered the phone calls, the walk-up to his jobs, threatening or forcefully cajoling any woman who was in breath's space of her Tai. After the many jobs he had lost, she had decided to make him a househusband. With him at home to clean, to cook, to love, to honor, to obey, and to watch the children, then she felt comfortable.

Ten years was enough. The stress it was swelling in his brain, knowing in a few moments, freedom was behind the doors. Not just going to the store and pick up items. Not just picking up her dry cleaning. Not just going on dates and forcefully smile or end up dealing with it in the basement in when they get home. Not binding and confining him in a crawl space when he spoke in disagreement. Through it all, she always had a smile. My dearest Tai, you are yet to be broken. Don't worry, my darling. I am going to show and prove my love to the point where you pronounce the beginning of my mine, there is a tingling feeling to it.

He packed light. Didn't need anything that reminded him of his past. A few days of clothes, a few hundred dollars from her allowance to him, a passport (for just in case), and the train tickets to take them to parts unknown. He picked the place at random one day while on an errand for Raven. He knew it was ten hours away and it was enough time to find further plans. It wasn't the smartest, but
it was random. Once he was certain he was far away from the brunette devil, then he could be solution-oriented.

At least there was a hotel waiting for him and his children.

He made small backpacks for his children with a few of their toys. He also reminded himself to discard his old phone. Earlier in the morning, he had called the school to tell them that he would be checking out his daughters. Once he had his children, then he was ready to set forth.

A strong surge hit his heart. Knowing that he was a few hours from freedom.

Instead of taking the train to his daughters' elementary school, he took a taxicab. He had made arrangements with the cab driver to pick him up, get his daughters, and take them to the train depot.

The taxi driver was on-time.

"Sound like you're in a hurry," said the taxi driver as he displayed his toothy grin. Tai wasn't in a mood for small talk. Every second counted.

"Take me to this address." Tai gave the driver the slip of paper. "And please, sir, step on it."

The driver clicked his tongue. "Onward to freedom!"

_Onward is right! I am not there yet. Get my daughters and once I am on the train and away from the city limits, then I will be free!_

Tai wore a heavy overcoat and a large hat. Despite being summer, he didn't want to be noticed by those associated with him and his wife. The taxi stopped at the school. He hurried out of the vehicle and toward the office.

His tension faded away as his daughters, Ruby and Yang, were sitting quietly at the front office. Their face glowed when seeing their father.

"Daddy!" The girls screamed loudly as they rushed their father. Holding them tightly, rubbing and kissing them fervently. Those pride and joys were the very reason why he hadn't taken his own life. They needed a father. Death wasn't going to be his heading.

He told the principal that he and the girls were taking a vacation for awhile. The principal nodded, didn't want any further explanation. The look on his face displayed discernment about the situation. The principal noted to keep them posted on any changes before closing his office door.

He grabbed his daughters' hands and they returned to the taxi cab.

He kept Ruby on his lap as Yang sat beside him. Ruby was Daddy's Little Girl. Whatever Tai did, she followed. The glowing eyes were concentrating on a toy that she recently got for her birthday. She didn't have a clue about this situation.

And that was the way he wanted it.

"A vacation," Ruby cooed. "I love vacations." She turned her head to her father. "Are we going to a beach?"

"We can soon. However, we have to do some other things before going to the beach."

"That is so exciting!" Ruby rocked his hips while playing with her toy. "On vacation, we go! On
"vacation, we go!" She paused for a second. "Is mommy coming."

"Mommy isn't coming."

Tai turned to the flat tone of his eldest daughter Yang. The blonde was twiddling her thumbs, holding on to a necklace that she got from her mother. Her mother got the gift from her mother. Tai never liked the necklace. It displayed too much symbolism. Gold laced with red. In his eyes, control and evil.

"Mommy isn't coming with us?" Ruby's face turned red. Her eyes began watering when hearing the sudden announcement.

"Nope!" She turned to look at her father. "We are getting away from mother. Aren't we?"

Tai knew how intelligent Yang was. At the age of seven, she was one of the smartest girls in the class. A natural born leader, an independent thinker. She caught on to things quickly. She was acutely aware of the circumstances between her parents. She tucked in her lips, taking her father's hand, rubbing it affectionately. "I understand, father. You don't have to explain further."

"No," protested Ruby. "Mommy is coming. Mommy is coming!" She looked to the eyes of her father. "Is Mommy coming, Daddy?"

Tai wanted to swallow the lump in his throat. He didn't like seeing Ruby liked that. Ruby wore her heart on her sleeve. She was "green behind the ears." As a typical six-year-old, she saw the best in everyone. She gripped her father's arms tightly with her fingers. "Daddy? Daddy?"

He finally answered. "Mommy is coming. She will come later after taking care of her errands."

Her sadness faded away like a rainbow after a storm. She returned to playing with her toys. "We're going on vacation! We're going on vacation!" While Ruby was in a sing-song, Tai looked at Yang. She made a crooked look to his face. Why are you lying to Ruby? Why can you tell the truth? Mom isn't with us anymore. Are you that afraid? They may be the things occurring in Yang's mind, Tai thought. However, she was too mature for her age.

One of the many reasons why he wanted to escape out of that environment.

He couldn't imagine having another progeny of Raven.

He cracked his knuckles as Yang leaned to her seat. He was quite concerned. Yang wasn't always his wife's favorite child. She is going to break my heart someday. She is going to take you away from me. I won't allow that. I can't allow that. If she does, Tai, then you have to decide. If not, I will decide for you. Please don't make me have to choose. It's best if you teach your daughter about what's rightfully mine. She must learn her place.

The plan was on schedule. They have arrived at the train station with a few minutes to spare. He paid the cab driver and left him a tip and a word of advice.

You didn't see a father with his two daughters riding a cab. Didn't you?

What father? What two daughters? A random stranger gave this money out of the goodness of his own heart.

Tai patted the cab driver on the shoulder before the taxi departed. He instructed his daughters to wear their backpacks. He even purchased sunglasses for them to wear to hide their faces. He kneeled down to give it to them.
"Here are some shades to make you look cool!" He produced a fake smile as he put on his shades.

"Neato!" Ruby ogled the shades before putting them on.

Yang nodded as she put on the shades. She tugged her father's hand. "Let's go, Daddy." She grabbed Ruby's hand as they went to the train station.

Tai didn't spare any expense as he gave him and the girls first class seats. Ruby cooed when seeing the coloring books on their table. Even Yang was impressed as she rushed to the seat and began opening the pages with the crayons provided.

Tai placed their suitcases above and them and took a seat. He was still tensed. He couldn't help it until the train began moving.

Hear this now, my Tai. There are two options of our relationship. Option one, to remain united as lovers...as friends...as soulmates. Option two, to remain united, side-by-side in body bags. There is no such thing as leaving me, my dearest Tai. Do you really want to abandon our children? Do you want to feel responsible for that? I love you very much dear. And I mean it when I say I love you...to death. I refuse to be in this world if you aren't here. So, either here or in the afterlife, there is no leaving me.

The choice is yours, darling.

"No, I found the loophole in my choice," he said under his breath, remaining calm. Yang and Ruby were too focused in their coloring book that they didn't noticed their father dripping in sweat.

When hearing the train conductor making their final announcement, he felt a sense of calm.

"Daddy, the train is moving!" The sound of Ruby's voice along with the moving of the train released a swelling of emotions. A tear escaped from his eyes.

He was free. He was finally free.

"Room for one more?"

Tai's heart sank into a bottomless pit. His stomach suddenly dropped when hearing the familiar voice he tried to escape.

"Mommy!"

Tai saw his smiling wife greeting Ruby. She picked her up and kissed her on the forehead.

"Ruby, sweetheart! Mommy missed you so!"

"I missed you, too!" Ruby stuck out her tongue to Yang. "Told you Mommy was coming!"

Raven grinned as she put her suitcase above the console. "You know I wouldn't miss a family vacation." She placed Ruby down to her seat. She took off her sunhat and sat beside her husband. She greeted him with a peck on the cheek.

If Tai wanted to vomit, this would have been a perfect opportunity.

"Daddy is such a romantic, adventurous type," said Raven. "Mysterious to plan this vacation out of nowhere!" She hugged her husband. "He is such an awesome wonder."

The color drained on his face. "Yes, I am. An awesome wonder indeed!"
"Can't expect any less from him." She looked to her children. "We should thank Daddy for this wonderful surprise!"

"Thank you, Daddy!" The girls said in unison.

"Thank you, sweetheart!" She leaned forward to kiss Tai and then whispered into his ear. "Restroom! Now!"

His stomach churned. She remained smiling as she scooted out of her seat. "Excuse us, girls! Mommy and Daddy need to talk. Don't go anywhere! Don't talk to any strangers!"

The girls were too focused in their coloring to notice their parents were walking to the restroom. Raven entered first, following by Tai closing the door.

Raven kept her smile as she pushed Tai to the wall. "You didn't think you were going to run away with this."

Tai kept his calm composure despite fearing fearful within. His worries were displayed through the goosebumps on his arms. "No, darling! I know you are smart with this!"

She made a slight tap to his face. "We share everything. A home, our love, bank accounts." She lowered her chin. "You didn't expect the bank to notify me of money withdrawals?"

Tai remained quiet.

"Isn't my love enough for you, Tai?" Raven gripped his chin. "I am doing so much to show that love. I know I am a little possessive. A little overzealous. A little clingy. But we share a home, children, everything, Tai. Doesn't it mean something?"

She leaned closer, taking his lips with her fingers to pry open with a kiss. She invited his tongue to perform a dance with hers and he reluctantly submitted. The kiss lasted a few moments before breaking the kiss, leaving a trail of saliva.

"I am going to assume that you needed some fresh air. A getaway from the house. It happens. We can use a break." She released her grip and opened the door. She pressed her lips to his ear. "If you ever try this stunt again, you will be below our garden?" She licked behind his earlobe, tasting the saltiness of his skin along with his fears. "And when I do that, I will join you in the departed." She slid her hands onto his pants, caressing his dick. "What will happen to our poor babies."

She closed the door, continuing to rub his dick as he was going erect. "Do you want that responsibility? Do you want that, my dear? Is it that bad to be with me?" Her eyes displayed seriousness. Through her giggles and slight moans was a serious woman. "I need you, Tai. You won't be running away from me. Thinking of some whore being with my husband and that skank being a stepmother to my children?"

She heard the moans escaping from her lover's mouth. "You belong to me, Tai. Despite our children being accessories, they still need a father. I won't be raising them alone!"

"Why are you this confusing," he managed to say as he felt his juices leaking through his boxers.

"Because I love you," she answered. "Because you are the only reason I have feelings, emotions." She kneeled to the ground, unzipping his pants. She inhaled the fresh musk on adulthood as she allowed his dick exposure. "You are my everything! You are my everything."

His dick made entry into her moist cavern. He grunted as he back into the sink as Raven was performing tricks with his throbbing member.
Tai closed his eyes, ridiculing himself for the failure of protecting his daughter. He felt the surge of energy going to erupt into his wife's mouth. He climaxed releasing the tension inside of her mouth. Along with it was his hope, his dreams, his everything.

Freedom will always be an aberration in his mind as long as Raven has the key.

He prayed for silence.

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*Ok, guys. I hope you've enjoyed this. To be honest, I am contemplating on making another chapter, depending on the strength and the reviews of this. I hope you all like the idea of having guest characters feature on the series. Give us a little break and gives Jaune a little break. Thanks for reading!*
Jaune met her on Facebook. The last place the blonde would thought to search for a girl through social media, but her profile picture was convincing. She was of sheer beauty. Silver hair flowing down to her neck like a current. Her eyes were blue as a clear sky. Her piercing green eyes could make any man wince. What stood out was her smile. A candid, suitable smile that could draw people all over. Jaune was plain smitten, entranced by her beauty alone.

When searching on Facebook on that rainy, afternoon, he wasn't looking for romance. That wasn't the case. After spending several hours playing World of Warcraft and Fortnite, the teen wanted to catch up on his friends before catching a siesta to resume another few hours of playing with his friends. After glancing through Ruby's page, Blake's page, commenting on Lie Ren's and Nora's page, liking a couple of pictures from Weiss' vacation to Switzerland, and sharing a funny meme from Pyrrha, the woman's profile happened to pop up under People You May Know.

Under any circumstances, the teen would have overlooked or might take a small glance before getting off. It wasn't interested in a relationship. It wasn't that he didn't have problems gaining a relationship. Jaune was handsome and charming to persuade any woman to have a date or even have a nightcap. The latter of which wasn't in his nature. Going against his judgement, he decided to click on her page.

Her name was Willow Schnee. He fixed his face. Her last name was similar to his classmate, Weiss. Her profile was open. He clicked on that tab. As if she was presenting a resume to a company, the woman displayed her information. She listed herself as an independent businesswoman; she was in her early forties; she enjoyed going to operas and attending Broadway shows. What stunned Jaune was the white-haired beauty was listed as single. A woman with attractive looks that could kill listed under single? It captivated him, even to the point whether this profile was real or not.

He continued scrolling, clicking on images of the beauty. It showed her participating in an assortment of activities under her interest. She either stood alone, which was most of her pictures, or with a few friends that Jaune concluded were probably business partners or her clients. Her smile was still captivating. A smile that could draw people all over. Including Jaune himself.

He texted Lie Ren that their evening with Fortnite and Nora were to be on hold. In his lie, he told him that he needed to help his mother.

Once he had a clear schedule, he decided to pursue this Willow Schnee

Good evening,

You don't know me, but my name is Jaune Arc. I have stumbled across your page on Facebook under the tab, Friends You May Know. I see that you have an open profile and decided to look at it.

He nervously typed, trying not to sound like a creeper or a stalker. He was curious. He rubbed the bridge of his nose. Continuing to type his feelings of this letter.

You see like an interesting woman. You looked culture, experience, and adventurous. Qualities that I must say I found attractive in a woman. Forgive me if that sounds offensive, especially you are hearing from a teen. But, something about you garners my attention. I must know more, if you please. Send me back info about you if you can. I will be waiting.
Sincerely,

Jaune.

He cracked his knuckles. He analyzed and skimmed his letter to the stranger. His mind cascaded him with doubts and wonder. Why this Willow? What significance was he going to gain from this? How many emails, messages this woman gets a day that is this broad and generic from desperate and pathetic guys? Once again, he wasn't doubting his looks. Her profile was just too convenient, too promising. It was as if she was having an open invitation. Maybe she did this so she could read the responses of the men who she wouldn't give a passing glance on the street.

Be as it may, he submitted the message and closed his laptop. He treated it as if he was practicing for Grimm fighting. Expect the best, prepare for the worse.

The next day, Jaune went out blackberry hunting with one of his sisters when he had heard his messenger tone. He excused himself from his sister to read the message. It was probably Yang with another meme or Lie Ren giving him reminders of his constant buttkicking on Fortnite. However, his mouth went agape when seeing a completely different message.

It came from Willow.

She actually had messaged him.

Jaune,

I am flattered of the message that you have sent me. Nothing wrong of being inquisitive. That is why I live by the code, "nothing ventured, nothing gained." I keep the profile open because I really don't know how to work these things. I am also too stubborn of a woman to have someone to do it unless I can do it. So, forgive me if I sounded rude earlier. Anyway, I am happy that you are moved by me. Not many guys would compliment and praise me on the first message. Many guys would have cut to the chase and wanted to have sex right here and there. Judging by your message, there is some sincerity in you. And I like that.

I am not faze of your being a teenager. Last time I have checked, eighteen years are eligible to fight in the war and join our military. You are able to buy cigarettes. So, don't worry yourself about being in trouble. Kind of makes me love young boys like you.

The tingling sensation in his loins flared like a kindling fire in the fireplace. He overlooked his feelings as he continued with the message.

You seem very different. I would like to get in touch with you. Forgive me for being like a stalker, but I saw that you live nearby me. There is a bar called the Stubbed Toe if you want to meet. If so, let's meet tonight around eight o'clock. I will be wearing a low cut dress. Hope you can recognize me.

Willow

Stunned, surprised, alarmed, the blonde couldn't believe how mere curiosity landed him with a date. He lifted his underarm for his sweaty scent to welcome the flair in his nostrils. Without alerting his sister, he ran to return to his house to get ready for his date.

It was a thorough shower. He scrubbed from head to toe with soap, shampoo, conditioner, and even his sister's scented soap. He lathered, rinsed, re-lathered, and re-rinsed. He must have brushed his teeth several times before seeing a sight of blood from one part of his gums. He found clothing that he found suitable with an older woman, or at least he thought it looked suitable for an older woman. A plain black buttoned-down shirt and khaki slacks. She was wearing black. He was
wearing black. He hoped that to make a good impression.

What was he looking for? Must he forgot that the only reason of this meet and greet was because of curiosity. He paused, regaining his composure. His mind over reason. He kept telling himself as he was getting dressed for the evening.

He had told his family that he was meeting with an old friend and he would return that evening. The walk to the bar from his home was a twenty minute walk. He mustered the courage and went for it. He kept an even pace so he wouldn't accumulate any sweat.

It was a quarter until eight in the evening when he had made it to the Stubbed Toe. It wasn't a seedy place. It wasn't a dive bar either. It was a typical standard bar with low-lighting, drinks on tap, and suitable music for all walks of life. He had been there a couple of times with the local neighborhood kids, but never by himself.

He went to the bar. He recognized the bartender and asked for a soda since he was underaged to drink. The moment the bartender placed his drink on the table, his eyes widened as if he had seen a ghost. Gasps and dropped utensils coincided with one another. It made the curious Jaune to turn to see the untimed commotion.

The white-haired woman entered the bar. The entire bar turned their heads when seeing her. Her piercing blue eyes kept the attention on Jaune. She smiled, easily recognizing her date as she walked toward his direction. Every single head rotated to Willow as she made her way to Jaune.

"I know you are young and nubile. But haven't your mother taught you better to offer a lovely lady a seat?" She had a voice of a siren, entrancing any sailor who were bedeviled by its lovely sound. It was deep, but remotely feminine. Jaune's stomach churned as he went from his seat to push the chair back. The screeching sound returned the bar-goers to reality.

"Thank you, my dear." Willow placed her purse on the counter. Immediately the bartender asked her for her order. "I want a gin and tonic, easy on the rocks." She turned to Jaune. "Give this gentleman your finest microbrew."

The bartender didn't object or questioned her reasoning on Jaune's being underaged. It wasn't a factor. He took her order and made it on command.

Jaune was still stunned of her appearance and her showing up. She reached into her purse to retrieve a cigarette. With the same hand of her cigarette, she flicked the lighter. She closed her eyes, taking in the smoke. She let out a pleasant smile as the smoke retreated out of her nose. She flicked the ashes on the tray before setting her eyes on Jaune.

The blonde was enamored and intrigued. Her low cut dress was alluring, allowing her creamy features to be for show to anybody who saw. The closer he saw her lips, he saw her teeth. They were very white, straight, not even a hint of gum receding. Her scent was overwhelming. A strong, musky scent. It reminded him of an animal who used their scent to lure or attract. Jaune was used to being around good smelling people. Weiss' perfume couldn't come at a close second to this woman's perfume. Her fragrance was made from Oum himself, he thought.

She flicked his nose as he returned to reality. He forgot for he was too consumed with her beauty.

The pair talked for nearly an hour. She actually did most of the talking. Jaune was more of a listener than a talker, thus the reason why many of his classmates/teammates consolled or consulted to him. Willow was a drinker, but not once did she displayed any signs of being inebriated. She was on her sixth gin and tonic. He was still sipping on his microbrew.
One thing he had learned thus far. He was definitely not a beer drinker.

She gave the usual topics of first dates such as music, art, or other hobbies. He had explained to her that he was a senior at the Beacon Academy. Her ears turned red when hearing that. She put the drink down before blushing.

"That was part of the reason why I knew who you were," she confessed to Jaune. "As you may know, my daughter Weiss goes to your school."

Jaune questioned why he didn't see it earlier. Weiss did share qualities of her mother. However, Weiss never really talked about her mother. Before he could answer, Willow spoke.

"Her father and I were never equally yolked with one another. We had difficulties of being parents, lovers, and overall best friends. That caused my relationship with my children to whither." She took a sip of her drink.

"I see." Jaune took a drink. He wanted more answers. He wanted more than just that. However, was it called for? Was the fact she gave a question he wanted to know just enough. He got a fact, Willow is Weiss' mother.

"This won't make it weird between us?" Her blue eyes met with his. His stomach began churning once more. His hands were shaking. He reached for his glass of liquor courage.

"Let's have a great time and not worry about it. As of now, it's you and me," said Jaune. "It's only a meet and greet. We are figuring each other out."

It was met with another flick to his nose. "I think Pinocchio is lying." She used her index finger to point at his pants. He blushed. He didn't realize he had an erection.

"Despite what your friend downstairs is telling me, I know you mean well," she told him as she took another sip of her glass. "Glad you were able to find me, Jaune."

He didn't answer, only to use his glass to toast the mother of his friend.

As time carried on and more alcohol was put in place, Jaune was getting comfortable with his drink. By the time of his third glass, he was feeling inebriated. The conversation gradually shifted from typical date topics to more personal topics. She seemed extremely curious about his last relationship and history with women. He had told her some funny stories about awkward moments he had with women, at which she laughed before pressing on with the questions. He have never talked that much about sex on a first date ever, and she greedily ate up every one of his stories.

It was close to final call for the night. Jaune looked to his phone as it was drawing midnight. He knew it was customary to take Willow to her car and head home. It wasn't the first time he had walked home in the dark. He preferred it. However, Willow came forward to flick his nose again. Only this time, she held her hands to his face and came for a kiss.

Jaune didn't fight the taste of her gin and tonic as her saliva was bitterly sweet. He closed his eyes as he was caught in the rapture of her affection. She broke the kiss leaving a trail of saliva, bridging the pair.

"A woman's kiss," she purred to Jaune.

"Thank you," answered Jaune in a childlike form.

"I have a feeling that you have walked here," she told him. "Would you care for a ride home?"
He was about to say yes until she placed her fingers on his lips, rubbing it tenderly.

"Or, would rather come over to my place?"

Jaune's heart beat rapidly as if it was pounding against the wall. His mind was telling him to go home, but his son downstairs was telling him to go for it. He answered, "What about dinner? I haven't gotten a chance to do that."

She pressed her nose to his ear, whispering her warm breath into his ear. "We can order in." She blew into his ear. "Let's go."

Jaune was taken by Willow's hand and was led out of the bar. Jaune thought that clicking on her page was the best thing he had ever done.

**Or so he thought.**

**To be concluded in the next chapter....**
Willow kept focused on the road as she took them to her home. Her blue eyes were hidden into the night, with the exception of the flashing lights of vehicles or streetlamps. As they further into the highway, the lights and passing vehicles were nonexistent. She explained to the blonde teen that she lived in a mansion outside of town. The villa had belonged to the Schnee family. When asking if the mansion belonged to her husband, she gripped the steering wheel, spitting out the word, "no."

"The man garners my last name because of its significance." Her hands shifted the wheel to the dirt road before them. "He could never understand the value and the worth of it all. How important to keep surreal, you know." Jaune listened fervently, hanging on each word. Each time she talk or move or glided her hands on the steering wheel. Even the slightest brush of her arm on his thigh, it made him more curious of the white-haired woman.

Not even once did he fathom that he was engaging in an endeavor with his classmate's mother.

"I want a person to understand me, my dear." Her tongue clicked, shifting the gears of her vehicle as they were on another path. Jaune didn't know that these roads existed. As a resident of the vehicle his entire life, he came to understand that some things were to be seen from his point of view unless he opened his eye to another perspective. Honestly he didn't got it. He had overheard Willow mentioning it in their conversation at the bar. "I want a person that I can show my love. Who can give me my love?" She put her hand on his thigh. This time, it was on purpose. "Can you understand where I am coming from, my dear?"

Jaune swallowed nothing. The gentle sliding of her index finger gliding down his leg arose his middle man. Even if he wanted to deny, his erection wouldn't. He was blessed that the darkness concealed it.

Ivy and ferns grew through the crevices of the old winding stone path, which led directly to the colossal structure. The mansion loomed proudly behind creaky iron gates, flanked by rows of skeletal trees crowned in crimson, swaying gently to the chilly autumn wind. At its threshold stood the delicate marble fountain, the soft gurgling of the clear water melodic as it resonated in the surrounding silence.

"This is us," she told Jaune. She put the car into park before shutting it off. She pressed herself to the passenger side and gave Jaune their second kiss of the evening. His nose opened to her pleasant, hypnotizing scent. "There's something about you, my dear," she said in between kisses. "I see honesty and genuineness in you." She gave him another kiss. "I want you."

The latter part of the sentence was entrancing to Jaune. Never had he engaged on first night encounter, but he wasn't going to deny the opportunity of being with an beautiful, elder damsels such as Willow Schnee.

It was too dark when the pair entered the mansion. Willow didn't waste any time to take Jaune to her room. As much he wanted a grand tour of the mansion, he decided to save it for another time.

The passion was hot as they made love in her bed. Jaune was excited and so was she. He couldn't contain the excitement in his pants, but Willow politely accommodated when she tasted his middle man.

Her insatiable appetite left him in a complicated position of confusion and lust. Her tongue displayed her hunger as she continued sucking on him, then a new feeling as she massaged his ass.
Her soft, delicate fingers made her way into his cavern. She showed him something that he had never felt before. She smiled when she saw his surprised expression. She didn't stop there. She left his penis hanging, throbbing for more of her lips. She licked his pre-cum and claimed his lips once more. Jaune tasted his own fluid and it was nasty. It had a very salty taste. She instructed him to swallow. Refusing to say no to Willow, he swallowed his clear bead.

What happen next would leave him bedazzled in the passion.

She used her canyon to ride against him. She wouldn't stop. His eyes, his mouth, his thrusting, were giving her a multitude of messages to tell her to let him in. She didn't listen. Her hands glided through his nipples, rubbing and pinching it. He was sensitive, only intensifying the pleasure downstairs. Her love fluids were connecting with his fluids. They were emitting our lubricants to their lust and to their passion. His hips were getting tired of the thrusting. His mind flooded like a swimming pool, causing his actions to become a blank. Jaune was losing his mind.

She didn't stop. She rubbed and rubbed. When he alerted her that he was coming, she would stop; leaving him in the mode of frustration. Once my climax subsided, she would return. She did that repetitively until he gave in. He felt defeated and that was when she put his member inside of her hidden temple.

Her folds enveloped his member as they became one. With her hands gliding on his legs, she rubbed herself and grinded herself onto him as they were going to work. Her moans turned into a language of love. She was in a trance. She thrust deeper until he entered the deepest void a man could go, her nest. He felt the sensation; it told him to let her take control. He was hypnotized and he let his body go.

He closed his eyes as she took him away. She grabbed his hands to put it on her chest. They were soft like marshmallows. They were plushy. It took me to a memory when he had a plush toy that he got from his mom. Seeing the sight of her breast made him yearn for his mother as he suckled it. He placed my teeth around her nipple, with the hope of receiving her milk. He saw Willow bit her lip and sticking her tongue in pleasure as she licked his ears. She stuck her tongue in his ear, exciting his middle man.

Through the ordeal, they never talked. Just the change of positions and the sounds of their pleasures became their source of communication. He lost track of time. Has it been minutes, hours, days? He heard from friends that sex was quick. It is safe to say that these friends didn't know what making love actually did.

His thought halted when she cried, 'I'm cumming.'

She wrapped her legs around him. He felt a shear pain coming from back with her claws digging into him. It turned into pleasure as he spurted all that he had as he made a deposit inside of her sacred bank. Wrapped like a spider, he was her prey as she didn't let him go. He spurted until the throbbing stopped. When they were finished, she released him. She had a smile of delight. He took her by her cheek and they kissed before falling onto each other and entered their slumber.

He woke up a few hours later. He sat up as he felt the softness of his body with the silky suede quilt. Willow lied beside him, sleeping soundly. The thought of their endeavor was much exciting. Her back was exposed, spotting her back dimples. He wanted to lean in for another kiss, but decided against it; especially after their first night together.

It was pure heaven.

He needed to go to the restroom. Assuming that the master bedroom had a bathroom, he guessed
that it would be at the open door in front of him. He carefully slid out a bed like a nimble cat. He landed softly on his hands. He tiptoed to the open room to head for the restroom.

Using his cell phone as an aid for lighting, he looked for the light switch.

It was a success.

He closed the door behind him to prevent having the light disturb Willow's slumber. The bathroom looked amazing. Stand-in shower with the projected jets, a jacuzzi tub, and marbled countertops with his and hers sinks. He sighed with relief when seeing the toilet. He stepped inside the room and released his urine.

Once feeling relief, he stepped out into the room. He pondered around as he realized that he had unprotected sex with her. I hope she has protection.

After washing his hands, he prepared to return to bed until something caught his eye in the toilet room. He had noticed it earlier when urinating, but didn't think nothing of it.

It wasn't often to have a cupboard inside of there.

He knew it was rude to investigate a person's home without permission, but curiosity got the best of him. Asking Willow and Oum for forgiveness, he decided to investigate.

He wish he never did.

He opened it and smelled an unfamiliar fragrance emitting itself from within. He grabbed the cell phone as lighting aid and stepped inside of the cupboard. He turned on the lights.

Inside was a sight that would haunt me for the rest of his days.

Plastered on the walls were pictures. They were images from magazines of teenage boys, performing either gay sex or with older women. He saw unmarked tapes, so he assumed the worst. He saw other pictures of younger teenage boys having sex with older women.

It was basically child pornography.

Jaune gagged and wanted to vomit at the scene of what he had witnessed. He saw something that overlooked his churning stomach that became the depletion of his judgement. As he looked further, he saw pictures of Willow with other boys. It was images of them kissing each other or having sex.

They were all blonde and blue eyed.

He backed away before falling onto a box. As he hit the floor, the box opened.

That alone, regret began to fill his mind.

It was images of Jaune in a scrapbook. Images of him playing with his friends, hanging out with his teammates, showering, sleeping in his bed, and even when he had alone time. Each time he flipped, it was like Willow had a playbook of his life.

He covered his mouth when he saw her final entry.

The picture of him typing on his laptop. The image was clear as day as he was writing the message to Willow.

"So, you finally realized what's going on."
Jaune instantly turned and saw Willow standing with a flashlight in her hand. She was wearing a nightgown. She displayed a stern look. "Have an explanation for me, my dear?"

He crawled backwards in fear. "Willow, this isn't what you think. I promise I won't tell anyone."

She displayed a smirk. "I believe that my dear Pinocchio is lying."

Before Jaune could react, Willow struck him in the head with a flashlight. He was knocked unconscious. As his vision fade, he saw Willow walked forward to him.

_I want a person to understand me, my dear. I want a person that I can show my love. Who can give me my love? I saw it through you. From the moment I have saw your face at the Academy, I knew you will be mine. Don't worry, you are going to be mine soon._

"There were others."

Those were the first words that spoke from his lips when he had came to. No longer was in her cupboard. No longer was in her bedroom. Those words became routine as he was currently confined in her basement.

Shackled and chained, only a small thin mattress and a bucket to urine and defecate, this tiny prison has been home to Jaune over the past few...honestly, he didn't know how long it has been.

He knew there were others from the looks of bones. Human bones that signified the departed. Human bones that were once living souls. Human bones that were devoured by the woman herself.

Articles of newspapers scattered the floor. That was the closest to bedding that he was going to get. It must have been a sign or a message for most of the articles included reports of missing boys throughout the village. He didn't recognize any that he knew, but he knew that Willow was a predator. Was he her next victim? That fear struck him into his brain.

The door opened. The sound of her heels alerted her presence. He retreated to the bed, covering himself. He was in fear. He was naked.

He wanted to go home.

Willow Schnee stood in front of Jaune. In her hands was his lunch. She placed it on the tray.

"Here's lunch, my love." She displayed that wholesome, bedeviling smile. "Don't be scared. I promised that it isn't drugged this time."

Jaune didn't take any chances. He stood in his place. Willow didn't flinch for it didn't matter. She kneeled on the ground. Her eyes displayed concerned. "I know what you're thinking. Why am I doing this? Don't take it the wrong, Jaune. Everything I have said to you, I've meant it. I really do love you. But in order to have you, I must free you. I must have your whole body, spirit, and overall, your soul." She tilted her head, fixing her lips. "You are so strong willed, Jaune. Part of why I wanted you in the first place." She stood up to walk to his direction. She leaned against the wall. "It wasn't on accident that you have found me."

Jaune looked to her. "How did I found you?"

She rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Let's just say destiny has a way of connecting us." She began to uncloth herself. She kneeled to the floor. She pressed her nose to his shoulder. "I smell a man. But I see a boy. Which one should I pick today?" She gave him a peck on the lips. "Submit to me
and I promise you good things." She kicked him to the bed. "But not before you make me a mother."

He closed his eyes. The smell of her alluring scent was no more. The smell of rotten decay matched her scent. She smiled as she forced her cavern on top of his member. She gyrated her hips into pleasure as she wanted to have a child with Jaune.

He reflected on the situation that led him to his fate. She moaned "I love you, Jaune" repeatedly. Even that was falling on deaf ears. He wanted nothing more than to turn back time and never tried to message her.

"I feel you entering me, baby," she screamed while grabbing her breast. "Make me a mother, Jaune. Break away your mind. Give me your everything. Give me your everything."

He felt the release of his milk entering her cavern. She musked in the afterglow. She kneeled to land on his chest. She remained inside of him, hoping to let his sperm resonate inside of her.

As he questioned his future on his uncertainty with Willow, there were some factors that he knew Willow wasn't going to have.

Jaune was too strong minded of a person to submit. He refused it.

When he was a child, he was involved in a bike accident.

"What should we name our child, Jaune?"

Willow should have came to him a few years earlier before the accident.

For it had left Jaune infertile.
October 23, 2008

Dear Daddy,

How are you? I decided to write you a letter since Mommy doesn't allow me to use a cell phone. She doesn't allow me to use any technology because she doesn't want to pay any fees. She doesn't want me to be clumsy. How are you? How is Yang? I really miss you guys. I can't believe it has been a few months since you and Yang decided to take a special trip. Mommy told me not to ask many questions, but understand that what you guys did was necessary. How long will it be until you guys can come back? I still miss you and Yang so much. I hope you guys can visit me and Mommy. Or, maybe I can come and visit you guys. Let me know when you let this letter. I love you both.

Your Daughter,

Ruby

P.S.: In art class, I made a fingerprint painting. I included all of you guys. I love you both. I am sending this to you to have.

October 27, 2008

My Dearest Daughter Ruby,

I miss you so much and then some. Nothing on this Oum given Earth compares to my little bundle of joy. I did receive your letter and your painting. It's so pretty. You should be an artist. I can't believe it has been that long. You have been counting. Do I see a mathematician in progress? I hope so! You can make me and Yang pretty happy with that. Knowing for you, you want to be the greatest swordsman just like your daddy dearest. Yang and I are fine. We are adjusting well. It hasn't been the same since we took our special trip. We miss you dearly. I hope you can make a visit with us soon. Right now, we are too busy that we still don't have time to ourselves. Yang misses you dearly. I promise we can meet again soon, darling. Lots of kisses and hugs!

Yours,

Daddy

P.S.: I know your birthday is coming up. So, I am sending you so money to buy whatever you want. Don't spend it all on cookies. I am kidding.

P.S.S.: Seriously, don't spend it all on cookies. Love you bunches!

November 3, 2008

Dear Daddy,

I really miss you and I really want to see you. I did receive my birthday present with the money in it. However, Mommy came and took it away. When I have asked her why she told me that she was holding it for me. You remember when she has that look in her eye when she meant something, I just sat there and took it. It hasn't really been the same since you and Yang left. Mommy really keeps to herself a lot. She leaves me frozen dinners to cook when she goes to work. When she
comes home, she goes to her room and closes the door. She doesn't even read me a story or kisses me goodnight anymore since you guys have left. What's going on, Daddy? How long is this said vacation? Are you guys having fun? Can you at least tell me where you are? I have never heard of the name of the place you gave me in your letter. Wikipedia doesn't know and neither does Google. Is it a foreign word? Let me know. I got to go. I want to send this to the mailbox before the mailman comes. I love you, guys!

Love,

Ruby

P.S.: Don't tell Yang, but I borrow some her blanket to sleep with. I just needed something that reminded me of her. I miss her so much. Blow her a kiss for me, please!

November 10, 2008

My Dearest Daughter,

Sorry, it has taken me so long to write back. It hasn't been easy for the past couple of days. Yang misses you dearly and wants to see you, but as of now, darling, this isn't a good time. Now, sweetness, it is not your fault. Right now, Mommy and I are having a big time out. I know you want to see me, but I am afraid that Mommy isn't ready to see me or Yang right now. It doesn't change the fact that she does care for us, but when you get older you will understand.

Yang is thrilled to use something of hers. She had wished to do the same. I never realized how close you guys were. I wanted to take you both, but Mommy had to make me pick. She wanted enough love to be evenly split if you understand what I mean.

As of now, I am working hard to save my funds so you can visit Yang and me. Continue to do well in school. Continue to draw those paintings. Strive and prosper, my love. With Oum before you, who can be against you?

Do me a favor. When you close your eyes at night, dream of Yang and me for us. The three of us going to our favorite ice cream shop. The triple chocolate sundae for me, the banana split for Yang, and your crushed cookie triple mint chocolate chip ice cream for you. You have such a sugar rush that I am surprised to not see sugary flakes coming out of your nose.

Be good to your mother. She is much as important to me as she is to you and Yang. I wish nothing more of the best for you guys. I love you till the ends of the Earth. Stay sweet, Ruby Rose.

Yours,

Daddy

January 4, 2009

Dear Daddy,

Happy New Year! I can't believe that we have made it to another year. I am grateful to Oum to see it, but I am not liking this, Daddy. How much longer of this special trip before you and Yang are coming home?

Mommy hasn't been feeling all too well.

Since Thanksgiving, Mommy has been doing a lot of drinking. Not the too much soda pop kind of
drinking. The kind that makes people do crazy things. I think you called them drunks.

Mommy has been really mean lately. Like two weeks ago, I left my books on the floor when I came home from school. She accidentally tripped on the books and she hit the ground. Mommy was so mad that she used one of the books to whip me on my behind. Every time I cried, she hit me harder. She told me to stop crying or she would get something to cry about. She pushed me off of her and retreated to her room.

A week before Christmas Break, I came home to find Yang's side of the room empty. There was nothing left of it. Even the blanket I used was gone. When I went to ask Mommy what she did with Yang's stuff, she greeted me with a slap at my face. She threw a bottle of beer at me. It missed, but it shattered at the wall. I was crying as I got a black eye.

My teacher asked me how I got it? Mommy told me that I bump into a doorknob. I told a lie, Daddy. I feel so bad.

Daddy, why did my teacher asked me have things been alright since you weren't coming back. What is she talking about, Daddy? You guys are coming back. I told my teacher that you guys were on vacation, but you were coming back.

I had to spend the rest of the day at the counselor's office. It was fun. She had cool toys.

Daddy, is what the teacher saying is true? Please, I am a big girl now. I think I can handle the truth. If you and Mommy got a divorce, then tell me. My friend told me that divorces are common. Her parents got a divorce. Her brother had to live with their mother. She lived with her father. I can handle it, Daddy. Please, I want to know.

I don't want Mommy to do mean things again. To tell you the truth, this wasn't the first incident since writing this letter. There have been others.

Please come and get me. I want to live with you and Yang.

Write back soon!

Love,

Ruby

February 2, 2009

My Dearest Daughter,

Please, from the bottom of my aching heart, forgive me for being late on this letter. I know that you are thinking that I am the worst father in the world.

No, sweetheart. Don't think that way about your Mommy. Your Mommy loves you and is just going through a rough time. She is upset about our time out. Now, I won't leave your mother. No, we are not getting a divorce. Like I have said, Mommy and me are getting a time out from each other.

I am sorry that she was doing those things to you. She doesn't mean it. If you ever feel as though that she does this again, going to our safe place remember and hide there. Pray to Oum for his guidance and protection. Continue to pray until she goes away. I don't want Mommy to get in trouble. She will get better. Remember, you have always been Mommy's favorite.

Yang continues to pray for you. She misses you dearly. She has many drawings of you.
But, honey. I don't know when I plan to return home. This vacation is great, but it's not the same without you. I know what you are thinking. "Why not you join me?" The thing is, me and Yang are not well. I don't know how much longer I can pretend to keep this lie.

Forgive me, sweetheart. I honestly don't know how soon we will return. Just stay strong. Faith tends to work itself out. I love you to the ends of the earth.

Love,
Daddy

P.S.: I don't know when I am able to send another letter. I wish you nothing but the best.

October 31, 2009

Dear Dad,

I am writing this letter from our secret place. I am hiding from Mommy. Mommy is drunk again and is threatening to kill me if I ever say your name or Yang's again. What's going on, Dad? Mommy has changed. We don't celebrate holidays anymore. There are no longer any pictures of you guys around here. Mommy has put me out of school since the beginning of the school year. Ever since I told her that some guys in black suits came to talk to me, she told me to never come back.

Today is my birthday if you already know. Mommy told me that we are going away for awhile. She told me to pack my things. We are leaving tonight.

I am afraid for Mommy, Dad. She shouldn't drive drunk. I am scared. I am praying to Oum like you said. Please, Daddy, I want to live with you. I must know where you guys are. I don't care if I have to sleep in front of Yang's bed like a puppy. I don't care if I have to sleep on the couch. Mommy is getting meaner and meaner and it's getting worse.

She is always hitting me. She tells me that I am looking and acting more like you. She calls me nosy, stupid, ingrate. I don't like these words and it's hurting my feelings. It's like she wants me to hate her. That's wrong.

Please, Daddy. I want to come and live with you. I don't want to be here anymore.

I got to go. Mommy is looking for me. I will send this to you when I get the chance. I love you and Yang to the ends of the Earth.

Your Daughter,
Ruby

May 5, 2010

Dear Ruby,

First and foremost, I apologize for the late delay of this letter. Things have been busy on our end as well. I am sorry that your mother is doing these things to you. I wish you don't have to suffer like this.

At this point, I suggest that you get in contact with a counselor or something to get some help to get you away from her. Your mother isn't going to change. You want my advice, leave her before
you end up like her.

I am sorry, but this will be my final letter. Yang loves you and misses you, but wants you to move on. I am sorry, Ruby. I don't plan to return home anytime soon. Please don't come and look for us. There are some things that are better left unsaid.

I love you. Goodbye, my dearest Ruby.

I hope one day when you get older, things will make sense and you can justify my actions on what has happened.

Dad

February 17, 2018

Dear Dad,

This is your daughter, Ruby. If you remember that you have a daughter named Ruby Rose. Hard to believe that I am still writing a letter this day and age. As technology advances, you chose to stay behind. Honestly, I am not even sure if this letter is going to reach you. Nevertheless, it was the suggestion of my high school counselor to write this to you. He says that it will be a form of closure for me. Finding a way to project my frustration and moving on with my life.

As you may now, I am no longer your baby girl. I am no longer your dearest daughter. I am now an epted, mature sixteen-year-old teenager. I am attending Beacon Academy to train to become a huntsman. That's probably the only thing that I can have from you as a namesake.

Still can't believe that it has been nearly nine years since I have written to you. So much has changed since then. Mommy doesn't project her anger to me as much because she knows I will fight back. Last holiday break, she tried to put her hands on me because I mentioned her name, I responded with a knife to her throat. I didn't hurt, as promised. I just gave her a reminder that I am not the bitch to fuck with anymore. I am no longer anyone's kicking post.

I don't think of you guys as much. As you can see, I am quite busy as well over here. I am a leader of my own group. I have a lovely boyfriend named Jaune. I am making good grades. You can say that I have a family now.

Can't say the same for you, Yang, and Mom.

Mom will always be a bitter woman. She can never be happy since you left her. The nerve of her to take her rage on me. If I was such a problem, then why put up with me? You leaving didn't help. This vacation was nothing more than a divorce. I believe that you were cowardice to explain the truth. All-in-all, you are as much guilty of allowing her to do me like she did.

Yang could have written to me. She had thumbs. She was smart. You could have reported my troubles to the proper authorities, but you didn't. Were you that afraid of Mom? She is possessive. She is overzealous. She is crazy. Nevertheless, you have chosen that woman. You have fucked that woman. You made us. She is MUCH of your responsibility as she is mine.

I hate her. I mean it. I have told her that after she beat me for the last time when I was fourteen.

I should hate you, too. I should hate the bastard that abandoned me at the time I needed him the most. I should hate you, you fucking coward. You left me!

I call the shots now, pops! And now, as much as I want to hate you and Yang. As much I want to
put my hands on you for leaving me. I still can't forget the love you have for me when I was a kid. It is more measurable than the black eyes and beatings I got from Mommy dearest.

I want to see you again. I need some closure. My email address is written on the index card inside of this letter. Respond back, if you care.

Sincerely,

Ruby

A few days have passed since she had written the letter to her father. It wasn't the plan she warranted, but she wanted some kind of closure. Ruby told the others that she wanted some time to rest her head before meeting Jaune, Nora, and the others to eat pancakes at the diner. She made it to her dorm. She tossed her schoolbooks aside and went straight to her laptop. She wanted to check her Facebook, email a couple of her professors, and listen to a song or two on YouTube before heading to have a siesta.

As she typed, she had heard a ping from her Facebook. She went to her phone to investigate. She thought it was Blake reminding of her attending the Faunus History Parade next weekend. When she clicked on the tab, she nearly dropped her phone.

It was coming from a person named Taiyang Xiao Long.

Her father.

She coughed to keep her composure. She clicked on her phone to see his message.

Ruby Rose and Taiyang Xiao Long are now connected on Messenger

February 21, 2018, 3:12 PM

[Taiyang, 3:12]: Hey, my dearest daughter.

[Ruby, 3:13]: Dad! I am surprised that you have found me.

[Taiyang, 3:14]: It wasn't easy, darling. Took a lot of soul searching to respond. I got your letter.

[Ruby, 3:14]: Dad, listen. What I have said. I was venting.

[Taiyang, 3:15]: I believe you, sweetheart. You have strong wits about you. There's no lie in you. I am the one that should be sorry for leaving you like this.

[Ruby, 3:16]: Don't worry, father. Forgive me for being such a little girl.

[Taiyang, 3:16]: Don't be. You were being what a good daughter should. I am proud to see you grow up.

[Ruby, 3:17]: Thanks, daddy. How are things?


[Ruby, 3:18]: How's Yang?

[Taiyang, 3:19]: Yang's doing fine. Enrolled at a small private school. She misses you dearly.
[Ruby, 3:20]: Tell her that I miss her bunches.

[Taiyang, 3:21]: She knows. She knows. In fact, I have been thinking long and hard, I think it's time that we should have a talk.

[Ruby, 3:24]: A talk? You really want to talk to me? Face-to-face?

[Taiyang, 3:25]: Isn't this what you wanted?

[Ruby, 3:26]: Yes, Daddy. All of my life, I wanted to be with you. It beats being around Mom.

[Taiyang, 3:27]: If that's what you want?

[Ruby, 3:28]: I do, Dad! I really want to be with you again. To see you and Yang.

[Taiyang, 3:29]: Are you sure? For you, Yang, and Daddy being together?

[Ruby, 3:30]: Yes, Daddy! Never in my life have I been happy to finally see you and Yang again. It's better than being in this world with Mom. Why did you mention yourself in third person?

[Taiyang, 3:31]: Ok, darling. I am on my way to get you.

Ruby felt a sharp pain coming from her back. She was stunned, alarmed, unable to register the immense pain coming from her back. As she look downward, she saw a knife staring at her as it was sticking out of her chest.

Blood seeped from her mouth. She felt the grasp of a hand as she pushed down to the ground. She tried to reach for her phone, but it was kicked aside.

"Finally! I know where we stand, Ruby!"

Despite the agonizing pain, she looked to the figure to see that it was her mother, Raven.

"Mom," she spat. "What the hell? Why in the hell?" She tried to move, but was paralyzed. Numbness entered her body. Raven hit her in the right position to cause paralysis.

She was now on borrowed time.

Raven walked before kneeling to her daughter. The knife was still in her hand. She whispered in her daughter's ear. "Now I won't have to live with a daughter who loved her dead Daddy over me." She trailed the knife at her chest, where her heart was located. Ruby shut her eyes.

The end was near.

"Tell your Daddy and Yang that I love them."

The end came.

_The End_

___

_Hey guys, if you have made to the end, I hope enjoyed this story. This story is a follow up from the story, Nevermore Quoted the Raven. We decided to use that story to show the effects of Ruby after Tai's and Yang's "vacation." We aren't sure if we are going to do a follow up from the_
point of view of Raven. Let me know what you guys think. I wish nothing but the best. Many blessings! Happy Reading! God bless! Until we meet again, readers.
Time stood still in that riveting moment Jaune walked into the shed. He was only there because he needed to get some cleaning supplies for Grimm practice. Stunned, shocked, seeing the bloodbath and the carnage that lied before him. Here laid Sky Lark and Cardin Winchester in their former glory. Sky's eyes were rolled to the back of his forehead. His expression cried "why?" He didn't want to see Cardin. The smell of blood coming from the corner was enough to disturb anyone witnessing a crime.

Pyrrha stood silent. Blood covering her face, her clothes, seeing her crush in a position that should have never been seen. Velvet, too, remain motionless. The very person she tried to defend, to protect was seeing the aftermath.

Pyrrha's beady eyes focused on her beloved. She took a step forward. She was very calm. Didn't want Jaune to be alarmed. "Jaune, sweetie," she said in a calm manner. "You weren't supposed to see this."

Jaune's body trembled. It can be visibly seen that he was scared. He tried to talk, but it produced mumbling in the end. He tried to take slow steps back. "Sky...Cardin?" He looked at the scene once more before eyeing the girls in question. "Why did you girls do?"

Pyrrha wiped the blood off of her cheek with her sleeve. She tried covering her mouth, but it didn't go unnoticed by Jaune. Jaune knew there were Faunus and other creatures roaming in their world. This was the first time he had ever encountered a vampire.

"Calm down, Jaune. This isn't what it looks like," said Pyrrha in a calm manner. "This isn't what you think it is for."

He spat. "What is it? The fact you killed them for a meal?" He looked at Velvet. "What's going on?" He pointed to himself, covering his chest. "Am I next?"

Pyrrha extended her hands to Jaune. "No, sweetheart. It isn't like that. Why would I hurt you?"

Pyrrha wanted to provide a suitable explanation. Of course, she had her reasons. They were the very people she killed to avenge Jaune's attack. They should have never messed with him. She loved Jaune and would do anything to keep him out of harm's way. As she was about to explain the situation further, she saw Jaune backed away and ran from the shed.

"Jaune, wait," she cried. She patted Velvet. "C'mon, let's go after him." She screamed at him from a distance. "Jaune, please. Let me explain. Please come back. We don't want to hurt you."

Jaune ran as far as he could, but he could still hear the sounds of the girls making their direction in his path. Fear struck his mind. It was as if they were familiar with these woods. Like it wasn't their first time doing this. That enough panicked the blonde as he was running further in the woods. He was going into unfamiliar territory. He was scared that he darted blindly away. Despite his running, the sounds of the girls were trailing him.

"Please come back. Let me explain," explained Pyrrha as she was running with Velvet. She knew that his scent was leading her to his whereabouts. Unsure if he knew that or not, it was only a matter of time.

"Jaune, Jaune. Stop. Come back! Come back!" She said repeatedly and repeatedly as he ran and stopped at a creek. He tried to get his cell phone, but it wasn't there. He must have dropped it when
running away. Not knowing what to do, he swam across the cold creek to reach the other side. He was cold and wet. Also, it made his clothes heavier. Suddenly, within inches of his sight, he saw a quick flash hit a tree. The impact already implied him that it was her weapon. She was close.

Pyrrha was unrelenting. The chase, the pursuit, in a way, began exciting her. Call it her instincts, but she hastened the chase as she knew she was closing in on her Jaune. "Velvet, split up on one end. I will go the other. He isn't far. He is getting tired. I can sense it."

"Yes, mistress." Velvet split from her mistress and jettison toward the other end of the creek. The ravine wasn't far, knowing that Jaune had to eventually stop.

He found a ravine where he could hide for a moment. He was breathing heavily. Then, he heard a sound of dirt hitting him. He covered his breath. He knew that either Velvet or Pyrrha was above him.

"Please, darling." It was the voice of Pyrrha. "Stop so we can talk." She pressed her hands to her forehead. She concentrated on Jaune. She took steady breaths. She tried to remain calm.

Jaune held his breath as long as he could before she went away. Once he had the chance, he he was running, he had heard a voice.

"Jaune. Jaune. I know you can hear me.

Jaune. I can read your thoughts. I am able to project my voice in your mind. I need you to calm down.

"Calm down? You just killed Sky and Cardin! How can I possibly calm down?"

"Sweetie, I did it just for you. They hurt you, belittled you. They forced you to stop talking to me. They were no good. They were scums of the Earth. Ending them was a favor.

"It's not right, Pyrrha. There could have been another way."

"No, my sweet Jaune, it couldn't. People like them ravish the Earth thinking that they run the show. People like me, my people, have ran this Earth for a millennia. Way, way before them. They picked on creatures like me, like Velvet, because we are different.

"There could have been another way. I know they were bullies. I know they were wrong. But isn't the point of this is to create peace. We are no different than they are."

"That is why I care about you, my sweet. You always try to find the bright side of things. That makes you admirable, my sweet."

Tears were streaming down his blue eyes. He continued to run. "Pyrrha, this isn't right. It goes against everything I know." He made some ground through the forest. It wasn't until he fell in a ditch. He hit the ground head first and felt a great sensation of pain coming from his leg. He tried to move it, but the pain made him screamed. He was injured and he knew that it was broken. He was immobile.

"You are a golden gem, my sweetness. The salt and light of the world. That is why I have chosen you to take reign with me in this new era of a world I plan to make."
He looked up and saw Velvet in his line of sight. He couldn't move. Velvet was calm like a shy deer. She made her way to him. Her eyes widened when seeing what happened to Jaune.

"Oh, my," she cried. She took off her jacket to cover his leg. He hissed when feeling the pain.

"Step aside, my ward." She patiently walked down the ditch until she was in front of him. She saw his wounds. She couldn't believe about the condition of her Jaune. "Shh! Shh! Relax," she told Jaune. "I am going to take care of you." She kneeled down to his direction. She sort of fret when her chin made contact with him. "Look into my eyes."

Her voice was like a siren, resonating within him. He focused on those green eyes that looked like emeralds.

_You are going to take a deep rest. Shh! Shh! Don't fight it, Jaune. You are going to take a rest. Just allow the good waves to overcome you like the surf on a beach. When you close your eyes, you will be under my control. Listen, darling. This is the only way I can see this. I need you right now for you are the one I love._

_You are different from these mere humans that just defecate on the poorest and neediest. You are going to be a king in my dominion and I am going to be your queen. And Velvet is going to serve under us in this new dominion. Shh! Shh! Go to sleep, darling. I will tell you more when you wake up. Just allow my bites to heal some of the pain. Just relax, darling. Just relax._

Jaune fell into a deep sleep. Velvet awaited her orders as Pyrrha pressed her fangs into his neck.

_You are going to be a king in my dominion and I am going to be your queen._

_To be concluded in the next chapter…._
A few years earlier...

"Hey, Auntie Salem, it was fun playing at the playground today. I really enjoyed myself."

"I am glad you did, Jauney! You were reawakening some old bones of mine."

"You're not that old, Auntie Salem. You are young and beautiful."

"You think so, my dear?"

"I do. You are the most beautiful woman in the whole world!"

"I glad that you think so, Jauney."

"Does that mean I can get ice cream?"

"Heaven's no, Jauney! You already had three popsicles at the park."

"Aw man! You were counting?"

"Yep! Yep! How about tomorrow we can get some ice cream. How's that sound?"

"Thank you! Thank you! I really do love you now, Auntie."

"Do you...really like me, Jauney?"

"I do, Auntie. I love you!"

"I love you, too, Jauney! I love you till the ends of the Earth."

"Till the ends of the Earth and then some."

"Rightfully so. Hey, Jauney. Since the girls are out and your parents are at work, I want to share something with you."

"Share something with me?"

"Hmm hmm. A special, secret kind of game."

""A special, secret kind of game?"

"A game for the two of us. A game that will create a bond between us."

"I can't tell anyone?"

"It wouldn't be special if everybody knows about it. Trust me, you will like it."

"I will like it?"

"Of course, sweetie. Do you trust your Aunt Salem?"

"Yes, I do. I love you. Ok, for you, I will try it."
"You promise you won't tell anyone, Jauney?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Not your mother. Not your father. None of your sisters. No one. Understand?"

"An Arc never backs down on his word, Aunt Salem."

"That's a good boy, Jauney. Now, let's go to the bedroom and we'll begin our game."

"What's the name of the game?"

"Close the door behind you and I will say the name."

"Okay, Auntie."

"Excellent. The game we are about to play is called the Sword and Sheath."

"Sounds like fun!"

"Oh, it is fun. You will like it."

"Tell me! Tell me!"

"Okay, it is simple. One of us has to play a sword and the other has to play the sheath. Since this is your first time, I will let you play the sword."

"That is cool."

"I will play the sheath."

Jaune was turning the page of his manga when Lie Ren entered the tiny cubicle of the University's newly-established Manga Cafe. Lie Ren found a seat in front of the computer while Jaune was sitting on the bean bag chair.

"Just got off of the phone with Nora," said Lie Ren with an enthusiastic look. Lie Ren couldn't have been any happier than a sow sitting in its own excrement. His friend, better yet soul sister, was to be arriving from overseas in a few days. "I can't believe that she is coming here." He displayed a strong smile. A smile that couldn't be contained with anything. It actually had brought Jaune a smile on his flushed face. He hasn't experienced that kind of a smile in the last couple of weeks.

Jaune placed the book down. "I am happy as well. A reunion with the team. Bringing back our Beacon youth."

"Don't forget we have Blake added in our equation," added Lie Ren as he picked up Jaune's book. He scanned it for a few moments before returning the book to him. He lied his head back against the wall. His body showed he was calm. A feeling that even for Jaune show a bit of aberrance. He couldn't complain. Actually, there haven't been much complaints since his last interaction with Iva.

The day after Iva tapped into his messages, Blake already knew after discovering the cracked, crushed cell phone on the sidewalk. She wasn't that upset, but told Jaune that he owed her a year's worth of ice cream from the University's ice cream parlor. Even those rumors of the best tasting ice cream spread in her region.

Aside from that, she was fine. As an extra precaution, she purchased Jaune a prepaid cell phone.
Instead of using his name, she used her father's name since he had a strong disdain of technology. When asking her about the cell phone bill of his current phone, she wasn't fazed. *Don't worry about it, Jaune. Everything is covered. All I care about is your safety.* Blake was a caring person. An introvert, which was strange for the blonde. Why would the brunette go all out for a friend. During their Beacon days, there weren't particularly close. Why now of all times? He tried not to compose his mind to the basic template of her crushing on him. She was being a generous friend and nothing more.

Speaking of Iva, there hasn't been any contact from her since. He has since decided to abandon 4chan. It wasn't easy for it was concluded memories of the good times with his comrades. What made Jaune grateful that Lie Ren decided to deactivate his account too. *Jaune, you are my former leader. You are my confidant. Overall, my best friend. You are a brother to me and I love you. Whatever we have to do to prevent this woman from coming close to you again, we will do what's best.*

The investigation was currently at a standstill. Despite Jaune's fingerprints being present at the scene of the crime, his airtight alibi checked him out. The police used his PM and transcripts with this Iva/\[jkab\], but it led to his computer. The only conclusion the police could gather was that it was a hacker that pirated his account. They offered to return his electronics, but he denied, telling them that it could donated to charity.

Jaune crossed his legs. "It's gonna be a tight bunk between the four of us." Blake didn't have any obligations. Since she was good company and an awesome cook, Jaune offered her to stay with them until the end of the summer. Of course, there were certain arrangements. Jaune knew that the spare bedroom would come in handy at some point.

Lie Ren tapped his knees with his fingers as he searched for a decent manga book. He was due to work in less than an hour, but Jaune called him to come over and relax with him. He scratched his head as he finally registered what Jaune had mention. As well as finding a good book.

"Aki Sora," the brunette said aloud. "Anyway, it shouldn't be that bad. Nora and Blake can share beds. I got the living room. And of course, your bedroom is your domain."

"Your emphasis on Nora, Blake, and bed implies that you want some kind of lesbian experience." He teasingly raised his eyebrows. He connected his thumb and index finger with one hand, using the other index finger to insert through the ring.

"Like a wise man told me," said Lie Ren while raising his finger.

"Tell me old wise Lie Ren," said Jaune teasingly.

Lie Ren got off and planted his knees on the desk chair. He tapped his hand as if he was a conductor. He patted his chest lightly to have a bass kind of tone.

*You see, I was walking in the park this one afternoon. And as I was approaching the lake, I saw this cheese sitting on top of a board. I looked to myself as "that looks like some good looking cheese." I went to it, smelling and my mouth watered. The moment I put my mouth on the cheese, SMACK! You know what it was, Jaune?*

"Tell me, preacher," said Jaune. Jaune tucked his hands into his stomach. He tried covering his laughter to not disturb the others neighboring the cubicle. "Tell me, old wise one."

"Rat trap," confirmed Lie Ren. He made a glare at Jaune as he returned to his preacher's voice.
The moral of the story, watch yourselves. These girls try to hypnotize you with their lesbianism, booty shorts, and twerking for an amigo. Next thing, you know, they are pregnant. Asking you for money. These girls are cheese on the board.

Jaune loved when Lie Ren gives his urban anecdotes. He was grateful. He felt that he could be himself again.

"Anyway," said Lie Ren as he returned to his normal voice and sitting down on the desk chair. "I am much as excited for the fun adventures we can have. What should call ourselves?"

"We're not in high school anymore."

"Doesn't matter. I mean there is B, N, J, and R. What words can that make?"

"Binger?" Jaune smirked while holding his hands as if he was chugging alcohol.

"Fuck you, dude," laughed Lie Ren as he looked to his Aki Sora manga. "I get drunk that last time…"

"And the time before that and the time before that."

"At least I have three sets of hands to help me out."

"Whatever you say," said Jaune as he reached for his soda.

Lie Ren snorted while wiping his nose with his hands. "I know we tried not to say it much, but it seems like Iva has left you alone."

Jaune looked at Lie Ren with strong intent. He tried to rationalize himself. Lie Ren wasn't in his position. Therefore sympathy was his safest bet. "I am unsure, uncertain. Frankly, I am not caring."

"Aside from that potential murder she might have done, has she done anything else."

"According to my parents, nothing has been taken out. My sisters have been great."

"A localized thing."

"Just. And I hope it remains like that."

"What reason why she picked you of all people."

"I wonder if that's how the blacks felt with slavery. Or the Japanese with Pearl Harbor. Or the Americans with Vietnam…"

"I gotcha. I gotcha. It's still a touchy subject," said Lie Ren apologetically. He rubbed the back of his neck, which he did whenever he put himself in an uncomfortable position. "Sorry."

Jaune sighed. "No, no, I am sorry. It's not your fault. You are being a concerning friend is all." He looked at the ceiling, digging himself deeper into the bean bag chair. "Since getting a new laptop and using Blake's father IP as a cover-up, things have been fine. Awkward, but fine. I have even started another imageboard site. It's 8chan!"

"Yeah, I know what's that about," said Lie Ren. "Oum in heaven. You can't get enough of those imageboard sites."

Jaune crossed his legs. "What can I say? I am a nerd indeed." He looked at the floor, twiddling his
thumbs. "That was probably one decent thing my aunt Salem done that wasn't in the least bit traumatizing."

Lie Ren averted his eyes. Jaune already knew that Lie Ren had a question about her. "It's okay, Lie Ren. Tell me what you want to know."

"Not too much." The words came out like a gust of wind. As if Jaune opened the portal to obviosity of Lie Ren's curiosity. "Just what happened to her."

"My mom came home early." Jaune scratched under his leg. It made a harsh sound with his fingers touching his jeans. "I think it was because she failed to contact my mom or something. I don't really remember the reason."

"Was she caught in the act?"

He nodded his head. "Mom caught her on top of me. She pushed her off and started to kick her ass." A self-deprecating laughter came from his chapped lips. Jaune reminded himself to apply lip balm to it. "I lied there, watching my Mom hitting her."

"What happened?"

"She told me to call 911. I did. She gets arrested. She goes to jail. That's about it."

"How long?"

"She got about 20 years in prison. She plays her cards right, she can be out in 15."

"No. How long ago did it happen."

Jaune let out a slight smile. "The day before my eleventh birthday."

Lie Ren's phone alarm alerted him that it was time for work. Jaune took that as his cue to make his leave also. The duo left the University Manga Cafe and made his way to the pizza restaurant. The establishment was on his way back to the apartment.

"If you want, dude, I can make you some pizza. On me," said Lie Ren as he was carrying his backpack.

Jaune shook his head. "I am good, homie. Getting sick of pizza, if you ask me. I wouldn't mind getting some of Blake's cabbage stew."

Lie Ren burst in a grin. "I think Blake got this man on lockdown."

Jaune turned to Lie Ren. "Blake?" He spat out a raspberry. "Dude, no! If anything, Blake likes you."

Lie Ren stopped, which made Jaune stopped. "Me, Blake?" He slapped his hand grinning. "Dude, Blake and I are nowhere compatible."

"But, I thought you were having connections with Blake. I thought you liked her."

He flushed. "Granted, Blake Belladonna is a gem, a beauty. A sexy Faunus, too." He continued walking. "My friend, Blake is not my type. Granted, once again, I love her cooking. She smiles great, but I don't care for her."

Jaune appeared flabbergasted. "Have I misread signals. The way you gave Blake a look when we
"Dude, I give that look to anybody I enjoy good company. To you, to Nora, to anybody." He let out a sigh. "You're the closest thing to family. Us being together now is a reunion to me. I love this. It's something I don't want to end." He wrapped his fist tightly, showing a strain face. "And I hope that Iva don't ruin that."

"Lie Ren."

"Sorry. I know I rarely display my emotions." He put his hand on Jaune's heart. "What we have, I love it. You are like a brother I never have. Blake is like a sister. I know there is strong chemistry, but we are just friends. Nora...well, Nora is my everything. She is all that I have, Jaune."

"Lie Ren."

"Inviting me to stay with you excited me. I had nowhere to go. I could've stayed at school, but I wanted a family," said Lie Ren. "You are my family."

Jaune went and strongly embraced his best friend. "You are my family, too."

"Thanks, man."

"Thank me later after you order us a double pepperoni with extra sauce."

"Thought you weren't in a mood for pizza."

"Funny thing about moods."

The pair pumped fist as they parted ways. Jaune waved Lie Ren a final farewell as he was heading for his apartment. He knew he was going to be alone. He didn't expect Blake to be back home anytime soon. She told them that she had to head back home for some personal business. The way she sounded that morning, it was very urgent.

Blake was the heir of the Belladonna dynasty. Her father made a living of selling Irish Crystal glasses and turning it into a business. Although a former member of the White Fang enterprise, the money he allocated turned into a successful business. So, it didn't surprise the blonde that Blake was at an age to handle such affairs. Might as well since it was the two of them.

Blake doesn't like talking about her mother. It happened a couple of years ago. It was during their junior year at Beacon. Her mother decided to leave them. No note, no reason for her leaving. The next contact she had with her mother when her lawyer presented her father with the divorce papers.

That led Blake to a period of doubt, despair, and heartbreak. Jaune believed that if it wasn't for him and his friends comforting Blake, then Blake would've never finished high school.

He discovered a suicide note in her drawer. He took it to the woods and burned it.

It was a quarter after six in the evening when he had arrived to the apartment. He placed his backpack on the couch and went into the kitchen. He smelled the faint English muffins with blueberry jam and scrambled eggs. He told himself to clean the smear on the counter after Lie Ren accidentally spilled honey mustard. He smiled, allowing himself that pleasure. He refused to have that Iva girl destroy that.

*Blake and Lie Ren give me a feeling that everything is going to be alright.*
He cooked Blake's leftover cabbage stew with some leftover buffalo wings he ate earlier. He jumped on the couch to find his Hulu. Since he had already watch Mysterious Girlfriend X, Claymore, Higurashi no Naku Koro ni, and Sweet Blue Flowers. With the latter, it was much of Lie Ren's idea as he wanted some appreciation of yuri culture. Jaune decided to turn over to the other side of the couch. He wasn't sure if Lie Ren had any deposits hanging around from his personal bank.

Instead of watching anime, he decided to watch The Wire. His father turned himto a fan. He was watching the part when detectives discovered the identity of drug lord, Barksdale. Before he knew it, Jaune went into a slumber.

'Auntie Salem?'

'Yes, sweetie.'

'What are we doing?'

'We are playing our special game.'

'Does that mean we have to get naked. I don't feel right.'

'Trust me, sweetie. This is the only way we can play.'

'I don't like this, Aunt Salem. Can we play something else?'

'I told you dear. This is a special game for me and you. You are special to me, Jauney dear.'

'My mother told me that that is a no-no area.'

'It's only okay with adult's permission. Do you love me, Jauney?'

'I do love you, Auntie.'

'Do you trust me?'

'I do.'

'Then allow me to help you with the game. Let's check on your sword, sweetie.'

'Why are you touching me there?'

'That is your sword, honey.'

'It feels very weird.'

'It feels weird on your first try. It will get better.'

'What are you doing with yourself, Auntie?'

'I am the sheath, remember. I am putting your sword into my sheath.'

'It looks like something Mommy and Daddy do when they are alone.'

'This is different. We are playing a special game. It's kinda like that, but we are having fun. That's for making babies.'
I am feeling weird, Auntie.'

'It's okay. Just keeping doing that. You are making me feel good.'

'I thought the sword was to be in place. I don't like this.'

'You are making it fit, dear. You are doing a great job. I am not too heavy on you?'

'No, ma'am. My stomach is starting to hurt. My no-no is starting to feel weird.'

'That's natural. You will feel a tingling sensation. Trust me, you will love it.'

'I am feeling funny. I feel like I am going to pee.'

'That's just you cleaning out my sheath. It's normal. Whatever you're feeling, let it out.'

'Auntie Salem, something is happening! Mommy! Daddy!'

'That's it, sweetie. You are going to be a fine swordsman!'

'I am going to pee.'

'Let it out, sweetie. I will take it all, Jauney!'

'I can't stop. I am peeing.'

'MMMM, let it out, dear.'

'Salem, Jaune, what's going on. You didn't answer my call...what in the hell are you doing to my son?'

'Mommy?'

Jaune opened his eyes. He felt his head was spinning from the nightmare of the incident in his childhood. A tremendous roar of a headache impacted him. He sat up, seeing that the television continued with his shows. It didn't matter as he staggered to his bedroom. He reached for the drawer to retrieve his medication. He took two pills followed by a glass of leftover water he left on the table.

He felt wetness on his nose. He wiped it with his sleeve, only to see a shade of red on it. He went to the bathroom that he saw that he had a nosebleed. He took some toilet paper on applied it in his nose. He took deep breaths, reminding himself that everything was going to be alright.

If anytime to bring memories, why this one? Why now? Why now?

He took another drink of water before walking to his computer. He logged in to his 8chan page. He was fortunate that this time, he actually knew the moderator of this site. He went by the name of [epin]. His nickname was Ozzy. He wasn't sure of his real name since his Freshman Composition class had over a hundred students. Ozzy was responsible for putting him on 8chan. As far as he knew, Ozzy was a decent person. He majored in Computer Science and wanted to make his career into a business. Like a typical teenager, he was obsessed with women. Ozzy showed him the ropes of using 8chan and it wasn't long when Jaune became used to the site.

He decided to use tonight's episode of The Wire under the subject of Series That Need to Have a Movie. As he was thinking of ideas to write, he clicked on the homepage. Something caught his
eye under the new member category.

We would like to welcome [jkab] to 8chan!

His blood went cold for a few seconds. He began to hesitate. The feelings of peace were coming to a close after seeing the return of Iva on the page. Impossible! There is no way she knows I am here. I have a new username. I am not using the same IP address. Please, Oum, let it be a coincidence.

His initial thought was to tell Ozzy about [jkab] and how her profile harassed him in the past. Also, she was under investigation by the police after a murder over a few weeks ago. However, his fear of telling Ozzy would provoke death on Ozzy. Jaune didn't want to be responsible for another casualty.

He remained calm. He tried to rationalize the fact the imageboards such as 8chan was common. It was a coincidence that [jkab] would be on it the same time he was. As for assurance, he clicked on her page.

Same as 4chan: cutesy, girly, and a Brony nightmare from Hell.

He read her profile status. [jkab] is excited to be on this page. Especially when I know my hubby is somewhere around here. He thinks I doesn't know, but I do know. I will let him dangle for awhile. But not too long. Anyway, feel free to talk and we can have fun!

He felt something touching his shoulder.

Jaune jumped, falling back to his bed. He let out a scream for a few moments until it was muffled. Once he gained composure, he saw the origin of the hand.

It was Blake Belladonna.

To be continued ....

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A/N: Hey, guys! I am sorry to leave you at that cliffhanger. Stay tuned to find out on the next chapter of connected_by_your_strings. I am very impressed that people like my newest series. More to come soon. I am actually considering of making it its’ own entity after the fifth chapter. Stay tuned! Happy Reading!

Also, we thought it would be funny to throw some humor to this series. We don't have enough stories in which there can be periods of normalcy.

I am actually considering of making it its’ own entity after the fifth chapter. Stay tuned! Happy Reading!

A/N: I want to thank my girlfriend, [thegirlfriendoftheauthor] for writing this chapter. I was more of the mouthpiece telling her what she needed to write.
This is a short story that [thegirlfriendoftheauthor] wrote in her Creative Writing class. She had thirty minutes to write a prompt on romance and tragedy. Her professor enjoyed it and even gave her an A. But she had mixed feelings. She showed it to me, and I liked it. She told me NOT to put it on Fanfiction. So, don't tell her that I have done it anyway. I hope you enjoy it!

A/N: The story includes contents of rape and depression. If this isn't your cup of tea, please refrain from reading it. The author doesn't support and/or condone the material presented in this story.

"There will be no darkness tonight." Without a doubt, it was a very strange to say it when it was spoken unmelodically. She found ironic as she lied in the darkness in the still of night. It wasn't fully dark. The streetlamp hit her blinds, showing filters of light and darkness. She looked at it. What significance did it bring to her? Why of all evenings was she making an observation? Was she lonely? Was she bored? Was she lonely and bored? Was there a message behind the filtered light and darkness? Blake Belladonna decided to not question her analyticity. She didn't want to think. As much she wanted sleep, sleep was warranted on this night.

"There will be no darkness tonight." She spoke it again. She looked at the ceiling. Her glow in the dark star stickers gave her an ominous feeling. She swallowed nothing. She felt nothing. Even as the fan circulated her room on this muggy summer night, she wanted nothing more than to do something.

It didn't make sense. It didn't have to make sense. Blake felt robbed. She was hot, despite the room being cool. She couldn't sleep. She was alone. It didn't matter that her roommates were sleeping near. They wouldn't understand. Weiss, Ruby, Yang. They wouldn't under her intricate mind. A mind that was like a maze. A maze that she created, but in the process, lost track of her own origin. Once again, she wanted something.

And the ceiling wasn't going to give her the answer.

"There will be no darkness tonight."

The words were sung melodically. It came from her cell phone. The light of her phone along with the rattle made it presence known into the night. She stared, observing. As if it was phone that was serenading her, making her feel better. She knew the source. She knew its origin.

She hasn't heard from the person in over a few months.

The phone shut off. No longer did voice soothed anyone. It went silent. A few moments later, a message came on her phone. She turned over on her bed, moving aside her pillows. She picked up the phone. She knew it was him. She knew it had to be him.

That ringtone was set for him. That was their song. That was their song. That. Was. Their. Song.

There will be no darkness tonight. I want our love to shine. I miss what we had.

She fixed her face, trying her hardest to keep her composure. The facade she was carrying was close to breaking. Seeing the text, imagining the voice telling her this. She wanted to cry, to pour her heart out and to tell the messenger that she, too, had missed that.
The clock on her phone displayed the time being midnight. She let out a slight smile. It was forced, but found it to be unsurprising. Her former lover would pick March 27th, their anniversary, to contact her. Why not March 26th? Why not March 27th? Why would her former lover choose the exact date to give her that message?

For she knew that very time frame, she professed her love for him.

At that very time frame, she touched his lips with her lips.

At that very time frame, the couple made sweet love into the moonlight.

At that very time frame, she dug her nails into his skin, making her claim.

Jaune Arc was forever hers. Blake Belladonna was forever Jaune's.

Then, why haven't neither of them sealed their end of the deal?

If it was paradise you desired, then why did you leave it? She wanted to be angry. She wanted to remain how she felt prior to his call. What gave him the right to sway her emotions. A driven force that can compel to move when he was ready to move?

Jaune returned to her a text. We made promises to love each other until we are old and grey. We promise to love each other more and more each day. I am tired of the endless games for we are meant to be, Blake. I want us to reunite. I am willing to do whatever it takes to make it happen. I know I was being a dick. Hell, a big asshole, but I am willing to listen to your request. I am willing to serve at your disposal. You are my queen, my love. I want to be your king. I can't serve the kingdom alone, my dear. Heaven needs its queen.

She wiped the tears off of her face. Sentence by sentence, she was overwhelmed with emotion. She pant heavily as she knew that this was it. She knew that Jaune wanted to be serious. She heard another text. It was from Jaune.

I will listen to your desire. I will do it. I will listen to it. I just want to be by your side again, baby. I love you till the ends of the Earth.

She pulled the phone from her charger and lied back on the bed. She typed her message.

Blake: My precious Jauney! I knew you will finally come through. I knew it. I knew it. I have prayed for this day for us to reunite. I knew you couldn't last without me as I couldn't last without you. I miss you, I miss you, darling. I am happy that you will grant me my wish. Please, baby. On the day of our anniversary? You are more than an awesome wonder.

Jaune: A day without you is like a day without sunshine. A day without you is like a day without heaven. I miss you, Blake. I miss us! Please forgive me for all of the bullshit I put us through. I miss you. I want to see you again!

Blake: Tonight! Right now! I want to see you, tonight!

Jaune: I can be there in a few minutes. I have to make sure that I won't disturb my roommates.

Blake: Please hurry. I want us to create a heaven on Earth, baby.

Jaune: Till the ends of the Earth, my love.

Blake: I am on my way. Wait for me, my love.
Blake hung up the phone. She quietly stepped out of bed to get dressed. She didn't get too fancy. She put on a sweatshirt and blue jeans. She tiptoed out of her dorm and out to find Jaune.

Blake knew that it wasn't the first time the lovers had done this. They would get into trivial arguments. Arguments that were childish and unnecessary. They would break up, then get back together. They would break up again, then get back together. The cycle was neverending. Their friends found it toxic, but it didn't matter to the lovers. If they were meant to be, the gods would align them to be with each other. Especially in the logistical mindset of Blake Belladonna.

They were to meet at their secret place, which was located in the woods of the Academy. The moment Blake arrived, Jaune was already there waiting on his beloved. Blake wanted to melt. Her blood rushed to her heart as she ran to be with her beloved. Before she could embrace the blonde, he pushed her to the ground. When she tried to get up, he planted his foot on her chest.

"Jaune," she mustered to say as she had difficulty breathing. "What are you doing?"

"Shut the fuck you, you fucking whore." His voice was cold. It contrasted what he was discussing earlier on the phone. He put his foot off of her. As she tried backing away, he pulled out a sword. "Stay the fuck still or I will strike you with this."

"Jaune, honey," she stammered. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because of the fucking games you are playing," he spat. "You wanted this bullshit fantasy of us being together. This is worthless bullshit." He let out a smile. "Take off your clothes."

"Jauney?"

She was met with a slap to her face. "Take off your fucking clothes. You think this is a game."

Tears were coming from her eyes. "No, I don't think this is a game."

"Good. Now, take them off. I am not going to say it again."

Jaune, with the weapon in hand, kept watch as Blake did his orders. She stripped her sweatshirt, her blue jeans, and her bra. She kept her panties on. She was feeling embarrassed and cold.

"All of it."

"Jauney, I..." Blake was cut off as she was greeted with another slap.

"TAKE THEM OFF!" The scream could've alerted anyone. Nothing occurred. She shivered, trembling as she took off her final piece of her clothing.

"Good," he said while smiling. "Quiet and docile. I like that. Very good. Feels good when you can follow directions." Blake lied naked on the cold Earth while Jaune proceeded to unzip his pants. He got on his knees, spreading her legs as he put himself inside of her.

"Jauney, it hurts," she screamed in agony.

He had hit her. "Shut up, bitch. You've asked for this shit. You should have never played with me."

Jaune grabbed her by her mouth to muffle the screams. She was crying and whimpering as he continued thrusting into her.
"Does it feel good," he asked as he continued grunting. "Does it feel good when you are being taken advantage." He smiled as he saw tears were coming from her eyes. "Yes, cry all you want. It isn't going to stop me. Cry for daddy. Cry for daddy!"

As Blake was lying there, she looked at the stars.

_There will be no darkness tonight._

She closed her eyes. She lied there as she being passionately raped by her boyfriend. She stopped resisting. She allowed him to give him the power, the control.

**For it was her idea, to begin with.**

---

_Jaune, my love._

_Yes, dear._

*I have a request for you if you don't mind listening to this poor Faunus._

*You aren't just a poor Faunus. You are my Blake. Forever and ever mine._

*Are you sure about that?*

*Definitely! What's the matter, dear?*

*I have a request for you. Please hear me out._

*Ok, shoot!*

*A time might come that we might have to part ways. Regardless of the consequences, I am forever yours. You are forever mine._

*Dear, what is this "if?" You are mine. We won't ever be severed. Don't think like that._

*Jauney, life happens. Just promise me this one request._

*Okay, I will listen._

*If we ever were to break up, I want you to rape me._

*Rape you?*

*Yes! Because this proves your loyalty to me._

*That's wrong, my love._

*You have my permission. This shows loyalty. I will never report it._

*Blake, this isn't right._

*Do you love me, Jauney?*

*Blake._
Do you love me?

Till the ends of the Earth.

Alright then. Then, take my request.

Alright...alright...I will do it.

Thank you, my beloved Vomit Boy. remember, that is if the worst were to happen.

Alright! Let's pray that our love can overcome that moment.

As Jaune was closed to climax, tears were coming from his eyes. "I am sorry, my love. I am sorry, my love. Forgive me, forgive me." He grunted as he spilled his seed inside of her. He spurted a few more times in her. He pulled from her and got up to put on his clothes.

Blake got up and returned to find her clothes. She stood there as she heard sniffling from Jaune.

"I am sorry," the blonde whimpered. "I am sorry. Forgive me. Forgive me." Jaune couldn't look at her. He sat on the ground. He was shivering.

"Jaune."

He stopped, turning to see Blake. She stood motionless. Her arms were crossed.

"Come here."

Jaune walked to Blake. She extended her arms. He came to hug her. He buried his face into her bosom. The sound of sniffling filled the air.

"Shh! Shh! It's okay, Jaune. I'm not mad," she told him. "You're not at fault. You were doing your job." She kissed his forehead. "You were proving your loyalty. You were proving your love to me."

He looked at her. Tears continued to stream on his face. "I didn't want to hurt you."

"I know, baby. No matter how much I resisted, you did my orders. No matter what, I still love you."

"I love you, too, Blake."

"Promise?"

"Promise!"

The next morning, Yang was the first to wake up. She was getting ready to take a shower when she saw Blake wasn't in her bed. As she kept looking, she saw Blake's cell phone on her bed. She became concerned when she saw her bottle of depression pills were empty on the dresser. Next to it, was a note. She picked it up to read it. Her eyes widen when seeing it.
There will be no darkness tonight. For there will be two diamonds that will shine in the sky.

Goodbye!
Jaune Arc nicknamed his mountain bike, Shooting Star. Ever since he was a young teen, he fell in love with the manga, FLCL. Unable to afford a Vespa, the farmer boy used any moving vehicle he owned and imagined himself as the male version of Haruko or Naota, depending rather or not one of his sisters participated in one of the roles. As of now, he is a college freshman, attending university. He doesn't have a Vespa, but his brand new mountain bike had to do for now.

Night rides were his favorite. Less interaction with people. It wasn't that Jaune didn't like people. He was an active member of the Student Government Association, a member of his debate team, and a member of his fencing team. With his versatility, he was a well-balanced person.

Night riding was different in his eyes. The blonde was able to breathe. He was able to ride into the night without any distractions. He never feared. With his flashing lights, modified brakes, a boost of exerting his 10-speed, he was riding on with his shooting star. He often closed his eyes, imagining riding with Haruko on his return back to somewhere. It didn't matter where just somewhere. Like one of his favorite songs, every day is like a winding road.

Since the weekend was approaching, he and his Shooting Star can travel along the river. The river rides were the best. It was endless rows of streetlamps leading to the city. On festival nights, date night, any night, it was a beautiful scene. Jaune didn't have any of his friends here for he had to find a suitable college that didn't care about his fabrication of admittance to his high school. The university was small, private, and rarely recognized by popular magazines. Nevertheless, as long as he can have a place to ride and travel with his Shooting Star, then all was right with the world.

With enthusiasm, he continued riding his bike and hopefully one day, he can afford a Vespa.

"Mind if I join you?"

It sounded like a whisper in the wind. The leaves were shaking. The coolness of the wind made contact with his skin. He found it amazing that such a sultry voice could pierce his earphones. He lessened his speed, turning his head to the voice of origin.

It was a woman. A blonde woman to add. Her smile could lighten a room without any trouble. She looked out of place. Two reasons: she was wearing a loose t-shirt and a pair of jeans; and she was riding in a yellow Vespa.

"You look kinda dumbfounded," the woman grinned. "I've said 'Mind if I join you?'' That alone made Jaune paused. The trail was wide enough that small motor vehicles were permitted. He was just surprised that a woman driving a Vespa would come out of the blue. He pinched his arm to see if he wasn't a dreaming. The woman smiled.

"I like you already, kid," she told Jaune as she extended her hand. "The name is Yang. Yang Xiao Long." She put her hands behind her lips while hitting his arm with her elbow. "Please call me Yang. Can't explain what my parents were thinking."

Jaune stood silently. He was still digesting the fact that a beautiful girl in a Vespa paused to speak to him. He was discrediting himself as an ugly guy, but a woman on a Vespa has been a fantasy of his. And tonight was too much of a coincidence to see it. He pinched himself once more to assure he wasn't dreaming.

"So, do you have a name or you are one of those mystery types." She peered closer, displaying her
gloving smile. "Are you deaf?"

He shook his head. "No, I am not deaf. I can talk. My name is Jaune. Jaune Arc." He extended his hand to Yang for a handshake. She returned his handshake. "So, your mother was part of the feminist movement." She mockingly added. "Since I can't have begotten a daughter, Joan. I must name him Jaune or Arc."

He was tickled with her humor. "Close! I do have a sister named Joan." He put his hand on his handlebar. "So, what brings you here tonight? I never have seen you here before."

"And I've never seen you here before," she said. "What of it? Can't share the space?"

"No, that's not it?"

"You have a special bond with this trail?"

"No, no."

"You're the king of this trail."

"Yang, listen."

"Can't we just share the trail and can we all just get along?"

The duo began laughing for a brief moment before calming down. "You're funny, Jaune of Arc. You're silly."

"I can say the same thing about you, Yang." He coughed. "I was asking you because I haven't seen you around here. I travel this trail often when I could, but I haven't seen you around."

"Probably because I am not from here," she said.

"Where are you from?"

She got closer, nearly closing the gap between them. Jaune could smell the mint gum in her mouth. He must have read her mind because she blew into his nose. "Far away."

"I see," he replied while nodding his head.

"Just kidding with you, Jaune," said Yang jokingly. "Actually, I am new to town. I am meeting some friends at the pub." She reached into a pocket and pulled out a piece of paper. "The Stubbed Toe?"

He crossed his arms. "Oh! I like that joint. I go there weekly when they have trivia night."

"Awesome," said Yang. "If you wouldn't mind, could you lead me?" She showed a fake pout. "I promise to be gentle and to not outrun your little cycle."

He raised his eyebrow. "Ma'am, this Shooting Star is everything to me. It may not be a Vespa, but it is my Vespa in training."

Yang crossed her legs, letting out a smile. "Sounds like you're a fan of Haruko. Tell you what, I know I have met you. Do you want to ride with me on this Vespa to the bar?"

"I am not sure," he questioned to Yang. Despite his frequency of using this trail, he still didn't want to risk his bike being stolen.
Yang tossed him a bike chain. "This is my very personal bike chain," she said. "Leave it over yonder where that tree is. We will be back for it after leaving the bar."

"Are you sure?"

"Definitely. Or unless Jaune of Arc has a curfew?"

"I don't." He was calm, but it sounded defensive. "I will take you on your offer and as thanks, I will buy the first drink."

She lowered her eyes. "You are not trying to get into my pants, aren't you?"

"Whoa! No, I am not."

"Just checking." Yang patted the seat behind her. "Hop on!"

After Jaune positioned his bike and he hoped that he hid it from sight, he got on behind Yang in her Vespa.

"Hold on to my hips, Jaune," she said as she revved the engine. "Please don't get a boner."

He said nothing but followed her instructions. As they were heading out, she turned to him. "I don't let cuties like you get into my pants on the first date; unless it is my say."

What would have taken fifteen minutes on his mountain bike, the Vespa arrived to the Stubbed Toe in five minutes. The Stubbed Toe was a dive bar. It was one of the few establishments in the town that allowed underaged young adults to come. It was a kept bar. It reeked of cigarettes, beer, and vomit. If the sawdust didn't make it better, the bleach applied to it made it worse. Nevertheless, Jaune enjoyed the bar because of trivia night, good fun, and he knew a patron that he paid to give him beer.

Yang was the first to get out of the Vespa. Jaune was amazing to see three more Vespa and it was in assorted colors.

*Red, White, Yellow, and Black,* he thought as he stepped from the Vespa. As they walked toward the entrance, he asked. "Are your friends members of a Vespa club?"

Yang shook her head. "Nah! Just coincidence, I think. The girls like their bikes like they like their drinks." She scratched her stomach. "Probably why they picked a place like this. I hear good things."

"Are they from the area?"

"Nah! They are new here. They scout out for places like this."

"One of the biggest highlights is their chicken wings," said Jaune. He didn't why was stating facts to her. He concluded he didn't want to give her an idea of this being a date. He also didn't want to make her feel uncomfortable. She was an attractive woman. He tried to focus his mind on having a great time.

"Good to hear," she said. "I will keep that in mind."

As he held the door, his stomach began churning. His body was displaying hesitation. Even his mind was going into overdrive. He didn't get this feeling whenever he comes to the Stubbed Toe, but why tonight of all nights? He concluded that he was nervous. It wasn't often he had female
company. Yang clicked her tongue.

"Are you coming in or what, Jaune of Arc," she asked while smiling.

"Here I come," he said as he entered inside of the bar.

The sound of heavy bass rap music played into the air. Being a Friday night, other students and locals from neighboring villages frequented the place. Jaune slapped hands, tilted his head, or bumped fist with the familiar patrons as he beelined his way to the find a table.

Yang grabbed his hand. She pointed to the table. "I see the girls. Let me take you to them."

"Are you sure they will be fine with me," he asked with hesitance. "I wouldn't come off as…."

"Gay," she questioned. "Nah! I didn't catch that vibe. Your prairie dog was scoping his new territory on the way here. So, you're good." She winked while slapping him on his back. "No, they are good people. You will have fun. Plus, you will be the envy of the guys around here."

"Ok," he said.

At a booth at the far end of the bar stood three other women that were entrancing and attractive as Yang. Before he had time to register his thoughts, Yang stood at the center, pointing her finger at him.

"This is Jaune. I like to call him Jaune of Arc because his last name is Arc," she said while bumping his shoulder with her elbow. "This tall drink of water and I met on my way here. Since I found him to be a gentleman, I decided to let him hang with us." She winked. "If it is cool with you guys."

The girl sporting the red and black hair spoke first. "I am okay with it."

The brunette. "I'm cool!"

The white-haired woman. "He came with you. So, don't need my opinion."

"Then, it's settled," said Yang. She slapped his butt as he went for a seat. He sat next to the reddish brown girl.

"You smell nice," she told him. "What kind of scent is that?"

"I think that is called sweat and deodorant," he confessed. He blushed as her nose came closer to him. "Smells like teen spirit. A manly kind of scent. I am Ruby by the way."

"Jaune, Jaune Arc," he said while shaking her hand.

Yang pointed to the others as she took a seat. "Since Ruby introduced herself. The brunette is Blake and the Snow Queen is….

"Weiss. Weiss Schnee," said the white-haired woman.

Ruby whispered into his ear. "Don't mind, Weiss. She can be sometimes a megabitch!"

Jaune saw his familiar guy for drinks and slid him some money. "Girls, since you are all new to the town. Drinks are on me!"

"Thank you for being friendly," said Blake.
"I knew there was a gentleman somewhere," said Ruby.

"You are poorly mistaken if you are trying to get with one of us," said Weiss.

"Forgive the Snow Witch," said Yang. "She is still burnt on her last boyfriend."

"Why are you putting my news out there, Yang," questioned Weiss.

"Boyfriend was a hard ass. She was too much to handle." Yang sat back while sticking her tongue out.

Jaune was still waiting for his drinks. He hoped that a bit of alcohol can calm his nervousness.

The first wave of drinks came. He wasn't sure of their fancy, but women weren't as choosy when coming to free drinks. He thanked the man as he was asked by Yang to toast them on their drinks. As time went on, Jaune began calming down. Ruby couldn't take her eyes off of him. Blake was an observer, he concluded as she studied the scene around her. Weiss was playing the proper role of a tsundere, according to the manga he reads. Yang was slapping drinks away as often as she slapped him or the other girls.

Jaune was on his second drink when he was getting an idea of their being in town. "So, you girls are recent college graduates. And you are working on a start-up company?"

"Yep! Yep!" Yang was on her fifth shot of tequila. She sighed heavily. "The water of life, I swear. But, yeah, we are trying to work on a company to establish networks with the geriatrics."

"Yeah, deliveries and home health care kind of stuff," said Ruby while she edging closer to him. "We call ourselves the Futari Corporation."


"Check out the big brain on Jaune," said Yang. "You're a smart little adorable dorky blonde."

Jaune noticed that her inhibitions were lessening. He made a note to call her taxi or maybe send her home.

Blake finally spoke. "Jokingly, Yang wanted to name the company, Futaba, but Weiss here decided it was bad taste."

"Yes," she spat. "We don't need perverts like him to find this thing hilarious. We are a serious business…" Ruby interrupted her by pouring a shot of tequila in her mouth. "Learn how to loosen up sometimes, Weiss, you Snow B…I mean witch!"

Ruby pressed her nose to Jaune. "Sorry about Weiss. She likes you. If she didn't, she wouldn't pick on you as often."

"I see," said Jaune as he took another drink. "What reason did you name your company like you did?"

Blake smiled. "Because we believe that two can become one." She took a shot of rum and emptied it quickly. She turned to Yang. "I like him, Yang," she told her. She turned back to Jaune. "Shall we dance?"

Jaune widened his eyes when hearing her request. "I can't dance."

She winked. "Neither can I."
Jaune felt the tug of Ruby as he and Blake were going to the dance floor.

"Relax, you're among friends," said Blake as she took his hands and put it on her hips. "Just flow with the beat okay?"

"I'll try!"

He followed her moves, her rhythm. Honestly, she wasn't as bad of a dancer as she said she was. It wasn't long when Ruby came and got behind him.

"I wanna join, too," she pouted.

"Be my guest," said Blake. "Come on and join the fun."

Jaune felt the rhythm and the beat as two girls was the bread of his sandwich. He knew jealous eyes were focusing on him. He ignored them. He continued to dance with the girls. However, his eyes turned to Yang. Yang crossed her legs, giving him a smile.

_Ride on, Shooting Star_

"Yang, come dance with us," screamed Ruby into the crowd.

"Yeah, sure," said Yang as she stepped out.

Weiss was the last one. She appeared unamused. It didn't matter to Jaune as he knew that his Haruko was approaching.

"Mind if I cut in," Yang told Ruby.

"Sure," said Ruby.

Yang came behind Jaune. Blake continued dancing in front of him. By this time, the alcohol was taking effect and she began grinding her body against his.

"Ride with the beat," whispered Yang. "Just ride with me as if you are riding on a shooting star."

Like she was a spark of electricity, Jaune allowed Yang to have control. It was as if she was playing a dominant role. He couldn't hear anything. All he focused on was the girls around him. Yang rubbed her head on his shoulder. The scent of assorted fragrances filled his nose.

"Mind if I cut in?"

His eyes opened. He saw Weiss in front of him.

"Shut up and let's dance," she told him.

He was in the middle of what he called a shamrock. Weiss and Yang covered his front and back. Ruby and Blake were at his sides. They were all following the beat, the groove. He felt inebriated and he didn't drink as much as he did.

He felt Weiss touching his face. She came closer, inhaling him. "Such a manly scent, you dog," she said. She pressed her hips closer to him. "I think you are perfect."

Out of a friendly gesture, he said. "Thanks, I guess."

Suddenly, Yang began gyrating her hips on him. Both of the girls were compacting him. It wasn't
long when the other girls did the same.

He was a lucky man riding in a shamrock. He was riding on a shooting star. As they concluded
dancing, he pinched himself to see if he was dreaming.

"I could tell you were having fun," said Yang as she slapped him on his back. "Glad you were able
to have fun."

"Thank you," he said. "I haven't had this much fun since being here. You girls know how to have
fun."

Jaune and the others returned to the table as they continued drinking and reveling. Jaune capped his
limit on his fourth beer. He needed to be somewhat sober so he could ride back home.

Jaune heard the final call from the bartender. He knew the girls were out for the count. Ruby was
sleeping on his shoulder. Weiss was sleeping on the table. Blake was slurring something
incomprehensible. Yang was starring at Jaune.

She finished her final glass. "So, Jaune. Are you ready to take you back?"

He nodded his head. He looked at the girls. "Should we call a taxi?"

"Nah! Don't you worry! I already arranged an Uber for them. Freaking lightweights," she slapped
the table hard. "Girls, don't get too wrapped up. Wake up, you lightweights."

Twenty minutes have passed. Jaune helped each of the girls to their Uber.

"Thank you for joining us, Jauney," slurred Ruby. "I love ya! I want you inside of me."

"You were a prince, Jaune. I hope to see you again," said Blake. She barked at Yang. "You wench!
Make sure he gets my contact information!"

"Oi! OI!" Yang said to Blake.

Weiss stopped in front of Jaune. She grabbed him and locked her legs to him. "Got to keep an eye
on you." She pressed her lips toward his. He stood in disbelief as the Snow Queen was kissing him.
She took his hand and forced it to her crotch. Upon that, his eyes widened.

"Hope to see you again. Real soon!" Weiss entered the Uber.

The uber drove away.

Jaune felt a little odd after kissing Weiss. It wasn't because it was his first kiss. When touching
Weiss, it felt off, different. His thoughts were interrupted by Yang.

"Jaune of Arc, ready to go to get your bike," asked Yang.

"Yeah, sure," said Jaune. "Wait a minute. Are you okay to drive?"

"Yeah! What I did wasn't anything. I can drink as much as all of you combined."

He laughed at her. He positioned himself on the back of her Vespa.

She positioned herself in the front. "Ready to go?"
He nodded his head. Suddenly, he felt a hand slipping on his thigh.

"I know you have been watching me the entire time," she purred. "I know when I am being watched."

He flushed, looking down. "I'm sorry. You just have this vibe. You're like the dream girl, Haruko. Something about you that garnered my attention."

Yang smiled, pressing her finger to her lips. "Enjoying your Haruko, Takkun?" She revved the engine. "I hope you don't have plans tonight because you are going home with me."

Yang turned and locked lips with Jaune. Jaune closed his eyes to catch the rapture of her affection. They broke the kiss. "Let's get your bike first, okay?"

The night was quieter as Jaune rode with Yang on the Vespa. Honestly, he was nervous. He was going to spend the night with a girl he just met hours ago. He didn't have any condoms. Even as they were riding, he told her that he didn't want it to be a one night stand. She didn't want to hear it. She was hungry, she told him.

They were getting closer to the destination, but it was something that stuck out to him. It was about Weiss.

"Hey, Yang?"

"Hmm, sweetie. Don't tell me you are getting cold feet?"

"It's not that. I got a question. Is Weiss a man?"

"No, she isn't. What gave you that idea?"

"Well, I'm not sure if it's the alcohol, but I noticed something sticking out after she kissed me."

Yang laughed loudly. "Jesus, Jaune. You are very funny! You must've been drinking."

Her laughter caught his attention. It wasn't humorous. The way it sounded gave him a horrid feeling.

"Don't sweat yourself, kid. After spending the night with me, you don't have to worry about anything," she said. "Or everything."

From somewhere behind, someone shouted. "Hey, Kiiro!"

"We're here, Shiro," answered Yang.

*Kiiro, Shiro?* He turned around to see Ruby, Weiss, and Blake riding on their Vespas. "Weren't they just getting in an Uber," he asked Yang.

"You're thinking too much." Her smile faded. Her tone turned stern. "Just relax and enjoy the ride. You're going to need your strength tonight."

Blake, Weiss, and Ruby accompanied them as they continued the trail. Jaune could see his bike from the distance.

"Aka," said Weiss.

"Yes, Shiro," said Ruby.
"I can't wait till I get a taste of him," said Weiss. "I want to pound his sweet ass."

What in the hell?

"I want to fill him to the brim so I can lap it up and serve it back to him," said Ruby. "A yummy treat for me and him."

"I have saved up to fill his golden ass," said Blake. "Hey, Kiiro."

"Yeah, Kuro," said Yang.

"Who is going to be the first to pop his cherry?"

"Me, of course," said Yang. She turned to Jaune as she displayed her glowing eyes. "As de facto leader of this covenant, it is my honor to taste the first meal."

Jaune jumped from the Vespa and landed on the ground. His hands were covered in scrapes and he felt the pressure on his knees.

The Vespa girls stopped.

"Oh no," said Ruby insincerely. "Did Jauney hurt himself?"

"You know me," mention Weiss. "Be as it fresh or dead, I am going to pound his ass until kingdom come."

"Look, Shiro," said Blake. "My dick has been frotting for a boy like Jaune."

Yang's voice interrupted them. "Jaune. It is easy prey like you that makes it fun to chase people like you. All I have to do was to say some nice things and your friendly ass takes me to a bar." She kneeled forward. "Don't beat yourself, kid. You have four young lovelies who is going to show you lots and lots and lots of love. If you're lucky, you may have a chance to lose your virginity, with your penis, I mean."

"Enough talk," spat Weiss. "I am ready to take this now, Kiiro."

Weiss pushed Jaune to the ground. She got on top of him while Blake pulled down his pants and his boxers. Ruby clapped excitedly as she exposed her dick. Yang was tickled, slowly pulling out her penis. Weiss tore his shirt, ripping it in two. She inhaled that area. "There was something manly about you. I have craved a man like you for quite awhile." Jaune felt her dick stirring on his chest. She turned to Yang. "Can you hurry up? We can't wait much longer."

Yang smiled. "You should be grateful as I am the gentle one. As for Weiss?" She whistled loudly. "I can't promise you good feelings." Yang came to the ground. Jaune felt something pressing against his cavern. His stomach was churning. The same way it did when earlier when entering the bar.

The girls were laughing. He heard Yang applying spit on her dick.

However, Jaune had a trump card. He reached for the pepper spray in his back pocket and started spraying in any direction.

"Take that, you bitches," he screamed. He pushed Weiss from him. With nothing but his nakedness, he ran into the woods. The sounds of laughter filled the night as he darted for safety.

Where are you, Jauney?
We're gonna find you!

Jauney! Jauney!

Jauney, come out and play!

You don't want to make your big sisters angry.

He managed to find an opening to lead him to the river. Cold and naked, he took a plunge into the river. He knew that the river would lead him to a nearby village. If he could make it, he had about two miles. It was dark, which suited him. However, the voices were harking into the night.

You can't hide from us, Jauney!

Where are you, Takkun?

We know where you are? We can smell your fear.

Don't think hiding in the river can stop us.

I want him! We must find him!

Jauney, come out and play!

The coolness was slowly retarding his energy. The alcohol was taking over his role. Exhaustion was setting him. He continued swimming. He saw a brush ahead. He thought if he could make it to the brush, he could hide.

I've found you, Jauney!

As he approached the brush, he felt a force taking him away. No longer was he in the river. He was going into the air.

I didn't know why you thought you can escape. But don't worry, we will have fun!

The sound came from Yang. He looked at Yang. Yang looked at him.

Ride on, Haruko. Ride on, Shooting Star.

He lost consciousness after that.

Good evening, this is Lisa Lavender with the update on the missing university teen. Nineteen-year-old Jaun Arc's bike was recovered in the Vale River earlier this afternoon. This is day thirteen since Jaun Arc's disappearance. Police reported that Jaun Arc was last seen leaving the Stubbed Toe. Witnesses reported that Arc entered the establishment alone. He had a few drinks and left the establishment on foot.

Jaun Arc is over six feet tall. He weighs over 160 pounds. He was last seen wearing a red sweatshirt and white athletic shorts. A reward of $5,000 from the family of Jaun Arc hopes to motivate those who can bring him home.

Any additional information on the disappearance, please contact the Vale Police Department.

In unrelated news, the forensic team has identified the missing Vale man as 34-year-old, James
Yancey. James Yancey was found dead in the Vale River nearly two weeks ago. His torso was only discovered in the river. He was reported missing after his wrecked Uber vehicle was discovered by a passerby in an alleyway. Police are…

To be continued?
The Seed (Part I)

My evening started like no other. It was uneventful if you ask me. What more can you ask when you are a fourteen-year-old living in a small farming community. I clicked the remote control. It was my turn with the television. We were watching something on Investigation Discovery. I can't remember the name of the programming, but it discussed women who did crimes. Anyway, I was lying down on the couch when I heard my sister, Jan, getting a text. She nodded as if she was reminded of something and jumped off the couch.

"Where are you going," asked my younger sister, Jeanette. Our parents were out of town. My grandmother was sick so it was Jan's duty to watch us while they were away. Jan was stepping out of her bedroom when she answered that question. "I'm heading out for a bit." She was searching around the counter, looking for her keys. She easily glared at me.

"Jaune, out with it," she told me. "I know you have the keys to the car."

"Mom told me to hold on to them," I said with absoluteness in my voice. "She doesn't want you to get into trouble. You have one objective, to watch us until they get back."

She snapped her fingers. "You are really going to listen what they are telling you."

"If it means to not get in trouble."

We come from a family where if one gets in trouble, then we all get in trouble. It is safe to say that Jan isn't the pride and joy of the Arc family. At nineteen years of age, she has already been to prison twice. First on a misdemeanor charge. The second, well I don't want to get into that. Let's say that she did have a lenient judge. A very well lenient judge. She reached into a pocket to get her cigarette. She lit it as she walked in my direction. "Oi! Give me the damn keys. I promise to be back before you know it."

Many of my sisters were afraid to voice their opinion to Jan. Jan has a way to show a power structure in the household. Except for me. She knew I wasn't afraid to vocalize my opinion. And tonight was one of them. I wasn't going to wake up and till turnips at four in the morning again because she can't keep her legs closed or keep her mouth off the bottle.

"Give me the damn keys, Jaune. I am not going to say it again." Her voice was low. She thought that she could talk like that she would scare me. She had my sisters shook, but not I. Before I could speak, she grabbed my collar. "Listen, little bro. Unless you want to spend time being acquainted with my fist, please give me the keys."

"Before you do that," I interjected. "You may want to fix your breath for it, too, matches your attitude."

Her face softened. Her irises widened as she was surprised, or at least, impressed of my relenting. She released my collar, even straightened it out. "You know what, Jaune. I can't even get mad. You are more than trucks and meat than I thought. You have moxy and I respect that."

I was feeling a bit confident. Even my sisters were amazed.

She spoke again. "Tell you what." She pulled out some money. "You'll be my escort."

Forty dollars. Forty more dollars than I currently had in my pocket. "Come with me to this party, and I promise you can have this money when it is done."
"I want ten of it now," I demanded.

"Are you getting cross with me?"

"Jan. We all know your game. I need to see some proof of your request." I looked to my sisters. "Because if we get caught, I will be certain that there will be hell to pay."

Jan lowered her eyes and put herself close to me. "You really want to challenge me, boy?"

I was a bit fearful, I admit. Even with my poker face, her eyes were scary. She had this look of staring until one of us avert from her. I wasn't quick to back down. It was too much of my father in me, I admit.

She blinked, sighing and cursing her breath. "This attitude must be due to puberty." As a woman of her word, she gave me $10. I gave her the keys. "Get your jacket and let's go." She looked to my sisters. "Narc on one of us, then you won't like the consequences."

Each sister nodded as she walked to the front door. It wasn't long until I followed after her.

My father's 1976 Dodge Challenger was his pride and joy. Imported from the States during his days working overseas. We seldom rode that car. I knew Jan wanted a taste of the engine. That was why my parents asked me to hold on to the keys.

"We need to fill it up back to the meter so Dad won't get suspicious," I told her as I sat on the passenger side. Jan was listening to Led Zeppelin. She turned up the volume, trying to avoid what kind of parenting or responsibility I was giving her.

"It's gonna come out of your forty," she said after answering me five minutes later.

I kicked my feet on the dashboard. "Fine! Just make sure we bring it back. I won't be tilling shit at the break of dawn." I looked away as Led Zeppelin were singing at the chorus of "Foolin." "You may not like responsibilities, but some of us have to live with Mom and Dad."

She punched me on my shoulder. She pulled out a cigarette. She took a few puffs before responding. "When you get to this party, you better fix your attitude. You're getting too cocky for me."

Rubbing my shoulder, I rebutted. "Cocky is what cocky does. And you should know since you been cocky around a cock lately, haven't you." I knew she was going to hit me. I didn't care. I smelled as she used her free hand to punch my shoulder. We almost veered off of the lane, but it was worth it.

She clicked on the next track. Boston's "More Than A Feeling." I was starting to see houses. So, I knew we were in a residential area. "I think we are birds of a feather." She didn't say anything further until we arrived at the party.

She parked the car at the far end of the driveway. In her words, "the easier for us to leave if the bacon boys were to show." We walked the gravel driveway and she stopped in her tracks. She had both hands on my shoulders. A habit she did when she was establishing rules. "Don't tell Mom or Dad, but there is a boy I am going to see here. Matter of factly, I really don't want you near this party. In the backyard, there are a few chairs. Take a seat there and don't you move until the party is over." She spat on the ground, tilting my chin. "I will give you some drinks. Play with your phone until I call you, alright?"

I looked away, but she gripped my chin to forcefully look at her. "Alright?"
"Under the hairs of my chinny chin chin," I said to her disappointingly. I knew I didn't care for parties. Why participate in a room like being a canned sardine? Congested of smoke and alcohol and vomit and the sickly sweet taste of hickory? Granted, I was glad to get out of the house, but still. I didn't want to feel I was forced not to go inside. I have already made my choice.

I still didn't want to be treated like a child. I might have been fourteen, but it still didn't make it right on how she treated.

As she said, the backyard had a detached gazebo. I couldn't complain. There were chairs, a burning table, and even a television set. It even had satellite. So, I wasn't as upset as long I have that television to keep me company.

A few minutes later, Jan came and gave me a plateful of heaven-knows-what and some cans of soda. She placed them down on the table in front of me.

"Great, she got a tv. Good." She looked at me like a stern parent. "Remember what I have told you."

"Under the hairs of my chinny chin chin," I said.

She pushed my forehead and darted off. Even as I saw her returning to the party, I saw her yellow thong. She was really pushing on getting lucky tonight.

Let's pray for the bastard in hopes of his having a condom or going to take an HIV test afterward.

A couple of hours have passed. The party was getting reckless. The sounds of heavy bass music filled the house, their playing beer ping pong, and whatever destruction they can do to a finite space. I had a smash of the window. I was wrong.

I didn't eat that slop Jan gave me. There was a cabinet next to the table and I pulled out some bags of chips. The television was keeping me company and I texted my sisters to assure them that I was okay. The couch got comfortable until I fell asleep. Hopefully, when I woke up, she would be ready to go.

I managed to wake up about a few minutes after one in the morning. I saw that the party was still going on. I looked to my phone. No sign of Jan yet. She must be given that boy some kind of oral pleasure, I thought to myself.

My head started hurting. I was trying to reach for a can of soda, but another figure handed it to me.

"The way you were looking, I think you need it." I rubbed the crust from my eyes to see the origin of that voice. She was a Faunus with orange eyes and dark complexion. Her Faunus trait manifested as an extra pair of ears, and her body was adorned with numerous tattoos resembling tiger stripes. She wore four golden earrings on three of her ears, one each on her human ears, and two on her left Faunus ear, as well as a small jewel on her forehead.

She looked...well beautiful. The scenery behind her didn't compliment her. If she was facing a sun-kissed sky, then that would have been beautiful. I was enamored by her beauty. She had to snap her fingers to get my attention.

"Oi! Buttercup," she told me. "It seems like you have done some drinking." She was sitting not too far from me. She had a can of beer in her hands. She wasn't looking at me, but I knew she was wanting my attention.

"No, ma'am," I said to her. "I wasn't drinking. I don't drink."
She took a sip. "Ma'am? You act like I am your mother." She wiped her mouth with her sleeve. "What's your name, kid?"

"Jaune," I told her. "Jaune Arc."

She nodded. "Hmm, Jaune Arc. Good to know," she said as she took a sip of her beer. "The name is Sienna."

Before I could ask any more question, she scooted beside me and passed me her beer. "Take a sip. It would edge you better than a soda."

"I am not allowed to drink," I told her.

She didn't protest. She poured the beer into my mouth. She smiled as she knew I didn't like the taste. She held my neck, forcing me to tilt.

"Taste, taste, and swallow," she said while patting me on my back. "Nothing says growing up too fast with a sip of beer." She patted my chest. "Some chest hairs may grow."

The beer was making me feel dizzy. I may not have been a drinker. I will admit that I sneaked a sip when my father wasn't looking from time to time. This drink tasted a bit odd. It had a strong, funky aftertaste. However, things started to stir up within me. Before I knew it, I was laughing and joking around with Sienna. It even got to the point where I was explaining personal information about my life.

I talked about being a brother's keeper for my older sister. I explained that I sincerely cared about her and how much she changed since she was date raped when she was sixteen. I said that Jan began living promiscuously and it worried me. I told her that I loved my Jan. I wished that I could've protected her.

I wasn't sure it was the alcohol, but I cried into her shoulder. She rubbed my face, drying my tears. I looked into her eyes, she was smiling. Before I could ask her about myself, she kissed me. She kissed me. I was having my very first kiss. This felt like a milestone.

She didn't stop. She was kissing at my neck and it felt amazing. Even to the point that my middle man was stirring feelings. Her tongue trailed from my neck to my chin. She purred as she grabbed her hands to intertwine with mine.

"I've never done this with a stranger before," I said to her as I was entranced by this foreign sensation.

"A stranger is just a friend you don't know yet," she purred to my ear. She pulled me to my feet. "Let's go somewhere we can further make our acquaintance."

She took me by her hand and walked me through the crowded living room and up the staircase to the second floor. I didn't know what was going on. I felt paralyzed. I only had a sip of beer. Why was I feeling so hazy? So blank?

She pushed me to the bed. She got on top of me. She pursed her lips, rubbing my aching erection. I tried to move, but I was unable to. She pulled off my shirt and tossed it in the corner. She proceeded to pull down my pants and my boxers. Despite the numbness in my body, I wanted to explore. I was curious. My penis was doing a better job than its owner.

"Let this Faunus explore this new world," she told me. She sniffed me, breathing over me. I looked away for a moment. It wasn't until she grabbed my chin and gave me another kiss. She invited her
tongue to perform a dance with hers. It was brand new to me, but I did my best. I wasn't until I felt something entering my mouth. "A little party favor," she giggled. "Just for insurance."

She placed her hand over my mouth. Suddenly there was nothing.

When I came to, I woke up. I was alone. This bedroom looked as though it actually belonged to the girl who was throwing the party. I sat up. I was naked. My body was covered in sweat. My stomach hurt. My butt was hurting. A sharp pain was shooting from there. I staggered out of bed to find the lights. I felt hot liquid coming from my butt. When I turned on the lights, I saw that there was a mixture of blood and something else. It had a whitish tint. It looked similar to semen, but I wasn't sure.

Be as it may, I was certain that I may have been a victim of date rape. I found my clothes where I left them and put them on. The phone rang. I picked it up.

"Where in the hell are you," she screamed. It was Jan.

I had to quickly produce a lie. "I went to the bathroom."

"Jesus," she said. "You can't make anything simple, can you?"

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Anyway," she said. "It's time to go. Move your ass."

She hung up the phone.

I felt like nothing. I felt like a used person. I try not to be misogynistic, but I felt like a cheap whore. I passed through the partygoers or what was left of them to come outside. Jan was outside, tapping her feet, swaying her hand to hurry up.

"Hurry your ass," she told me.

"I am coming," I told her.

I wanted to cry. I still felt liquid coming down my ass. I felt weak. I felt really weak.

My sister was about to grab me when she saw tears coming from my eyes.

Jan instinctively turned me around. She saw blood stains on my pants. She grabbed my hands and put me in the car. She ran to the vehicle and closed the door.

I was lying on the passenger side. I was still weeping. I could hear her cursing and hitting the steering wheel.

*Stupid, stupid, stupid me!*

*Why did I do that?*

*Why would I let my brother go to a stranger's party?*

*Why didn't you follow my directions?*

*Why did you go in there?*

*It's his fault.*
No, no, don't put the blame on him.

I put him in that position.

Shit, shit, shit.

Idiot, idiot, idiot.

I am going to get you clean up, Jaune.

I am going to bathe you.

We got this, bro....

I didn't remember much as I was slipping back into the silence.

I will tell you this. That night was only the beginning of the things in which to come.

To be continued....
Hey, guys. This is [thegirlfriendoftheauthor]. Since my boyfriend wanted to be cute and release this story without telling me, I might as well finish it. I wanted to remain how it should have been, left alone. However, I can tell a lot of you guys like it, so here is this.

This story, There Will Be No Darkness Tonight, it is up to you if you like this ending or you like the first part better. It's up to you on what you think. So, which ending you prefer? Thanks for reading!

Alternative ending to There Will Be No Darkness Tonight

As Jaune was close to climax, tears were coming from his eyes. "I am sorry, my love. I am sorry, my love. Forgive me, forgive me." He grunted as he spilled his seed inside of her. He spurting a few more times in her. He pulled from her and got up to put on his clothes.

Blake got up and returned to find her clothes. She stood there as she heard sniffling from Jaune.

"I am sorry," the blonde whimpered. "I am sorry. Forgive me. Forgive me." Jaune couldn't look at her. He sat on the ground. He was shivering.

"Jaune."

He stopped, turning to see Blake. She stood motionless. Her arms were crossed.

"Come here."

Jaune walked to Blake. She extended her arms. He came to hug her. He buried his face into her bosom. The sound of sniffing filled the air.

"Shh! Shh! It's okay, Jaune. I'm not mad," she told him. "You're not at fault. You were doing your job." She kissed his forehead. "You were proving your loyalty. You were proving your love to me."

He looked at her. Tears continued to stream on his face. "I didn't want to hurt you."

"I know, baby. No matter how much I resisted, you did my orders. No matter what, I still love you."

"I love you, too, Blake."

"Promise?"

"Promise!"

Blake used her fingers to wipe the tears from Jaune's sunken face. He was lamenting. She knew. Seeing him in despair, emotionally in agony of his mistake. A mistake that she made him do. She knew that his love for her will never falter. Even through that painstaking moment, she already formulated a plan to keep them together.

Forever and ever.
She took out an object wrapped in thin cloth from her purse. She unfolded the cloth to reveal a small instrument. It was sort of an ice pick. The tip was sharp and pointed as a needle.

As he cried on her shoulder lamenting on his mistake, she had planned to end his suffering. For his suffering was her suffering. Therefore, she had already planned her end.

She took a few breaths. *This has to be right. If I mess up, then it won't be successful as I want it to be,* she thought to herself. She raised her hand and took a deeper breath. She paused for a moment.

He continued sniffling. "I'm so sorry, I... I... thought... I'm so sorry I thought... I'm so sorry I thought that was..."

*There will be no darkness tonight.*

She drove the needle into the back of his neck.

*I love you, Jaune. Please understand what I had to do for us.*

It was now over. It took a matter of seconds. She heard Jaune took a sharp breath and everything went stiff. Silence. It was over. Jaune was no longer part of this world.

Her precious Jaune, her king, the one who promised her a dominion in Heaven, the one she really loved lied expressionless on her lap. Tears dropped from her eyes. She held onto her Jaune. She stroked his hair. She rubbed his once warm cheeks. She sobbed into the sky, screaming to the gods.

She positioned him onto a tree. She straightened him out so that he looked decent. She kneeled to her king, giving him another kiss.

"Don't worry, my king," she whispered into the night. "Your queen is coming soon."

She sat beside her beloved at the tree. In her pocket, she retrieved all of her depression pills. She looked to the skies, hoping to see bright stars.

*There will be no darkness tonight.*

She didn't hesitate to swallow the pills. She took a couple of handfuls. Once she was finished, she used the very weapon that killed her love and used it on herself with her wrists. She bit her lip, drawing blood. She watched as she both wrist were bleeding. She grabbed her lover's hand and lied on his shoulder.

*It won't be long until I make it to our kingdom, Jaune. Heaven isn't that far away. See you on the other side, my love. I wonder will we dream of our kingdom to be in heaven?*

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*Good Morning, this is Lisa Lavender reporting live for Channel 5 News. The search of the missing teen has come to a terrible end. Because of his age, we will refer to him as Boy X. 15-year-old Boy X was discovered early this afternoon in the Vale Forest with a single stab wound to the neck. Next to Boy X was the suspected kidnapper that has been identified as 18-year-old Blake Belladonna.*

*According to her cell phone that was recovered by her roommate, Belladonna lured the boy stating that she was a 15-year-old teen that wanted to hang out with Boy X. She had told Boy X that there will be an Uber that will take him to her.*
Later that night, Boy X left his home and entered the Uber, only to be subdued by Belladonna. According to the scene of the crime, police do suspect that the victim and Belladonna had sexual intercourse. Belladonna was found with a slit wrist and residue from her mouth, apparently from a drug overdose.

We were able to get in contact with the roommate who called the police on the missing Belladonna. Her roommate discovered Belladonna missing from her room early this morning. She immediately phoned the police after finding her cell phone, an empty pill bottle, and a suicide note. Her roommate, who would like to remain anonymous, told police that Belladonna has had a history of mental illness. "When Belladonna was on her medication, she was fine. When she wasn't on her medication, it can be terrible," she told Channel 5.

Her roommate also told police that Belladonna hasn't been the same since her boyfriend, Jaune Arc, died in a car crash over three years ago today. The roommate said there was an argument between the two and her boyfriend left her residence, only to die a few minutes later.

Her cell phone was taken, along with her laptop, into police custody. Police now suspect Belladonna in a case of two missing teens that matched the same MO as the victim: blonde-haired and blue eyes. We will keep you updated with further information.

Reporting live from Vale Forest, this is Lisa Lavender, Channel 5 News.
A story inspired by a request of a fan. Single parent Kali Belladonna suffers from empty nest syndrome after her only daughter, Blake, goes away to college. Alone and without her daughter, she feels alone until she receives a phone call from a friend who tells her that her son, Jaune, is saving up for college and asks her if Jaune could stay until he could attend college. Kali doesn't mind her friend's request. Jaune moves in with Kali and develops a strong friendship/relationship. As their relationship deepens, Kali begins feeling a sense of not wanting to let Jaune go.

Not the best summary, but it is a work in progress. Thanks to the fan who gave me this idea.

Kali Belladonna helped her daughter put the last box in her car. It wasn't an expensive car. Just a cheap Ford Taurus to help get to and from her college and her residence. Earlier that morning, she put a full tank of gas so that it wouldn't be necessary for Blake. Also, it gave Kali some borrowed time for crying. Blake, her only daughter, was leaving for college. It still didn't process through her brain. As if she was still in denial the day when Blake ran into her loving arms, screaming in the excitement of attending the college of her choice. The day was going to come. Inevitable when the college recruiters came to her school. Inevitable when the day they visited the university. The weeks of Blake's tired studying of the entrance exams. The day when she visited over the summer for orientation. Through it all, Kali cried but hiding the tears of knowing that her only daughter was leaving her.

Her husband, Ghira, died when Blake was twelve. It was a homicide. That was the best conclusion the police can deliver after finding him in an abandoned car in the forest with a slit throat. Kali knew it was an assassination, nothing more and nothing less. Leaving White Fang was the biggest challenge of Ghira, but nevertheless, he did in the name of protecting his family. As a consolation, better yet, a penance, the organization continues to give the Belladonna family a monthly settlement. Kali only accepted it because it was retribution. And for the fact that Kali hasn't gone further than high school. She was a former housewife who still tried to work menial jobs to seek fulfillment. Also, to give a daughter a sense of hard work.

So much so, she had never told her daughter about the monthly settlement.

"Mom. Mom, are you there?" Kali stared at her reflection from the car window. Behind it was the little Faunus that became a woman. She produced a fake smile. "I am here, darling," she told her daughter. "Just checking on my make up is all."

"Mom, I've told you. You are already gorgeous," replied Blake as she was managing to find her car keys. "You don't need a mirror to remind you of that."

"Oh, darling. You're very modest and humble," she said while stroking Blake's cheek with her finger. "Too much of your father in you." She slightly sniffled, feeling the groans of her empty stomach. "Dad would've loved seeing his baby girl depart for college."

Blake shied away, especially when hearing about her father. "Father would've had. Would her?"
She rubbed the sole of her tennis shoes. Old, scuffed shoes that her father purchased for her a few years back. "At least his memory leaves since I am going to his alma mater."

Kali produced a real smile as she grabbed the back of Blake's neck. "Father is looking down from heaven. I am grateful that you're going. But, I wish it wasn't so far away, my dear."

Blake sat on the hood of the car. She looked at the sun, indicating to herself how soon should she depart before the sun sets. "It's not that far, Mom. It's a six-hour drive. An hour if you fly. You know I will always call you."

"I know you will, sweetie. I know you will." Kali stopped. A lump in her throat indicated that she wanted to cry. She hit herself on her chest. She produced a fake cough to fight her tears. "I just don't know what to do with myself since I will be all alone."

Blake wiped the saliva off her face. She got up and hugged her mother. It was a tight embrace. Kali felt her daughter's bosom pressing onto hers. Sniffling came from Blake. "You aren't alone, mother. You are not. I am here, but a few hours away. Look at this as an opportunity."

"An opportunity?"

"Yeah, Mom. Finding yourself. I am a big girl now. I am nineteen years old. You didn't think I was going to stay here forever?"

"No, I didn't," she said. "I...I...I don't know."

"Think nothing of it, Mom," said Blake. "This is a good opportunity to explore new things. Go and take that dance class you wanted to do. Go horseback riding. Go back to yoga. I mean, plenty of things to fulfill yourself. I shouldn't be just your every need." She blushed. "Also, if it wouldn't hurt, go find a man."

Kali kissed her daughter's forehead. "There's no other family like you or Ghira."

Tears streamed from Blake's eyes. "I know, Mom. I know."

Kali and Blake did the procedures for Blake's travels to the university. Kali inspected the car once more before approving of Blake's travels. "Well, this is it."

Blake closed the door, using her hand to roll down the window. "Yeah. Yeah, it is." She put her arm around the steering wheel. "Hey, Mom, take care of yourself."

"I will, dear."

"I will call you when I arrive at the dorm."

"Do that!"

"Hey, Mom."

"Yeah?"

"Take into consideration on what I've said. The last thing I want to hear is that you are lonely," said Blake. She wiped her eyes with her finger. She rubbed the bridge of her nose. "I don't want to see you cry at night again. I don't want to see you hurt yourself again. Mom, what happened to Dad there is nothing we can do. However, we must learn how to live."

Kali gave her daughter a final kiss on the cheek. "Just be safe out there for me, sweetie. I love
Blake turned on the car engine. The sound of acoustic rock blared from the radio. She blew her mother a final kiss as she spurted out of the driveway. Kali, with her hands on her hips, watched her daughter drive into the horizon until the music faded away.

Kali returned to her home. An aura was felt when she came back inside. Everything was gloomy, dark, without a sense of life. Everything was still the same within the confines of her home. Unless if she were to enter her daughter's room.

She did just that when she stepped inside. It was a former shell of itself. Shadows of posters of her favorite rock groups used to reside. Opened empty drawers that maybe if lucky, she can find a sock or a stocking. The bed was bare, with the exception of a thin sheet.

Kali walked to her bed and sat there. A faint smell of honeydew gave Kali reminders that her daughter once lived with her. On the floor, she spotted a keyring. It was a keyring that her mother made for Blake that one summer when she went to summer camp.

*Let this ring be a connection that I am always there for you.*

Rusted and faded, tears hit the small keyring as Kali finally released her tears. As if the floodgates of heaven open as Kali wailed on Blake's bed. She crawled into a fetal position, thinking about her daughter and her deceased husband.

*Ghira!*

*Blake!*

Kali was left alone with her thoughts, with her emotions, with her fears, with her tears, without Ghira, and without Blake.

*To be continued...*
Hey, guys! Big Diesel and [thegirlfriendoftheauthor] here with another story. It is partially inspired by a fan, but we added our own twist to it. Jaune Arc is a student and aspiring writer. He is also the neighbor of his best friend's Ruby's mother, Summer. Since he is unable to see Ruby, he goes and spends time with Summer to comfort her. One night, she invites him over. One thing leads to another and soon Summer's love for Jaune turns into an obsession. I am still working on the kinks of this story, so the summary may change.

This portion of the chapter will serve as the present before leading to the flashback.

Two Drink Minimum was a project that he and Ruby were creating for class. The purpose of the short film was the hope of their acceptance to the NYU Tisch School for the Arts next fall. Ruby played the role of a drunken girl. Of course, Jaune would play the role of the jock who would take advantage of the girl. However, the roles were flipped after Jaune woke up in a strange room. Ruby would reveal to Jaune that she was a serial killer who preyed upon men who take advantage of powerless women. They both knew that the film was going to be in bad taste. It was basically an off-brand, watered version of an unknown film featuring Ellen Page. Nevertheless, it was their first movie the pair written together and wanted many blessings of its approval to the university.

"You don't think they would be obvious of our purposefulness of it being cringe." Ruby was warping the film reel as they sat in the film room at school. Jaune was biting a piece of pizza while hearing Ruby's comment.

He swallowed the piece. "I wouldn't worry." He turned around as he scanned the movie. "For as long we have a clever plot, good writing, and handsome actors, then we are good."

Ruby frowned as she took away his pizza. "Ok, mister. The cheese fumes are getting to you." She took a bite of his pizza.

"But, seriously, we will be fine," said Jaune. "It's not often that NYU is allowing us to submit this as an application for admission."

She took another bite, widening her eyes. "I know! But listen to this. Because I am majoring in film and you are majoring in scriptwriting, then that's what matters." She slapped his thigh. "It's like playing the system."

"True, I wrote the film. You are starring in it," he said as he snatched back his pizza. "Genius!"

She snatched the pizza back. "Hey, buster. I meant it. No more pizza!"

The pair were interrupted after seeing Jaune's classmate, Sky Lark, knocking on the door. "Yo! Teach is locking up in a few minutes. You two little bastards need to wrap it up." He closed the door.

Ruby stuck out her tongue. "Dumbass!" She was reaching for her backpack as she turned to Jaune. "So, with our film in progress, we should be good, right."

He nodded his head. "Correct, my friend." He was searching for his backpack. He turned off the computer. He removed the flash drive. He looked at Ruby. "Should you keep it or I do." She took it. "I should. I will send you a copy."
"Cool. I think it is safer in your hands than mine."

"Can't argue with that."

Jaune Arc and Ruby Rose were childhood friends. The duo has known each other since their preschool days at the sandbox. Since the duo was young, they always wanted to make movies. Jaune, the writer, and Ruby, the actress. They have called themselves the Lone Wolves because they felt they were different from one another. Living in their neighborhood where it was filled with workers and lack of dreamers. Both parents came from affluent households. Both parents thought their pursuits of acting was going to be a hobby.

So, it went without saying that they didn't approve of their decision to pursue it as a career. Nevertheless, both parents would support them on the condition that they have a backup career.

Both Ruby and Jaune hoped that their backup career was sitting at home and eating pizza while watching their money grow.

He turned out the lights of the media room as they were leaving the campus. He felt the chill the moment they were outside. Winter was among them.

"God, it's cold," exclaimed Ruby.

"Yes," concurred Jaune.

"You can literally freeze your balls off," she said while shaking herself to keep warm. "Damn Vale weather!"

"Hey," he interjected. "I have to live out here, you know. I wish I can get a Fall Break, Miss California."

She bumped her shoulder into his back. "Watch it, Vomit Boy!" She produced a fake pout. "Not my fault my parents decided to play the Divorce Game. She decides to stay in Vale and my father goes to the States."

It became difficult recently when Ruby's parents filed for divorce. Ruby learned that her father was having an affair, which resulted in a child out of wedlock. The girl was close to Ruby's age and was the one to reveal to her mother about the affair. Once DNA confirmed her father's love child, they separated. Jaune didn't want to think about the hell his best friend has gone through. The worst part was when they involved Ruby in their joint custody battle. Ruby wanted nothing more but to stay in Vale to be with Jaune.

In the end, the court granted split custody on the condition that her father was the main person in charge. Jaune later learned that her father had some string pulled. Also, her mother didn't work, so she couldn't provide evidence of support. Ruby stayed with her mother during the summer and holidays when she wasn't in school. She stayed with her father in California during the school year.

Ruby and Jaune were waiting at the front of the school. Jaune's mother was going to pick them up. Jaune was searching through his backpack for a sheet of paper. His eyes widened by what he had seen. He immediately closed it up. His smile faded. His hands began trembling. He moved the backpack beside him and looked forward.

"What's the matter, Jaune," asked Ruby.

"Nothing!"
"You sure? We were laughing and suddenly, you went quiet."

"Sorry. Stuff entered my mind that I wish it didn't."

"Anything I can solve."

He shook his head. "Don't worry. Don't even worry."

Ruby turned away. She was adjusting her scarf when she returned her sight to Jaune.

"Listen," she told him. "When you are finished with finals for Christmas, do you want to come and see me?"

He smiled but turned away. "I can't this break, Rubes."

"Why can't you," she said. "I can even send you a ticket."

"I'm very busy. Plus, my family keeps me busy."

She sighed heavily. "Fine! You're going to come and visit Spring Break. And that's that!"

He smiled as patted his best friend on his shoulder. "I promise."

Jaune's mother arrived at the school. Jaune opened the front door for Ruby as he took the back seat. There was silence as they were traveling home.

"Your father called, Ruby," said Jaune's mother. "I am taking you to the airport this evening."

"Strange," interjected Ruby. "Why not Mom?"

She sighed. "Your father thinks it is necessary at this point in time...to not deal with your mother."

"Not to deal with her," retorted Ruby. "That's my mother!"

"Listen, dear. I'm sorry, but that is what your father told me," she told Ruby. "Your things have already been taken out this morning. You will have dinner with us and then I will take you to catch your flight."

"But, Mrs. Arc."

"Please, Ruby," she raised her voice to the point where Ruby went silent. "Understand your father's request."

She looked at the floor. "Yes, ma'am." She looked away to the window.

Jaune was quiet. He didn't want to say a word. One thing he admired about his best friend, Ruby, was her naivety. His father was very overprotective and with good reason. Their divorce wasn't an easy one. Incidents have happened. Even incidents that, in a way, involved Jaune.

They have made it to Jaune's house. Immediately, Jaune ran from the car and into his room. He had locked the door. He had sat at the foot of his bed. He was still staring at his backpack. He was taking deep breaths as he was still in disbelief on what he had seen.

He reached for his backpack and opened it. Inside was a pair of used black panties. Judging by the scent, the person responsible was pleasuring herself. It was a scent that Jaune regrettably recognized. The black panties were accompanied with a tape recorder. He reached for the tape and
pressed play.

I would die for you
I would die for you
I've been dying just to feel you by my side
To know that you're mine

I will cry for you
I will cry for you
I will wash away your pain with all my tears
And drown your fear

I will pray for you
I will pray for you
I will sell my soul for something pure and true
Someone like you

Her voice was sickly sweet. It was mesmerizing, invigorating. But only to a stranger who has yet to familiarize the danger she entranced. He listened to the tape as she serenaded him with the hauntingly mesmerizing song.

I will pray for you
I will pray for you
I will sell my soul for something pure and true
Someone like you

"Someone like you, my precious Jaune. I'm coming for you, my dear."

He turned around and was met with a cloth covering his mouth.

"Don't fight it, don't fight it, darling. Just breath into it," said the voice. "Relax! Relax! Summer's got you. Your Auntie Summer got you. Your dear old, Auntie Summer got you. Just relax and go to sleep."

Jaune fell to the floor.

Silence followed thereafter.

To be continued....
The Treat of Tricking (The Night From Hell) (Part I)

Chapter Summary

"I promised myself after the last girl that no one would get in my way again."
Halloween night and what does it have to do with Jaune, Ruby, and the missing Pyrrha? Find out in this chapter of the Taste of Rain.

This chapter is written by [thegirlfriendoftheauthor]. Eventually, I am going to give her a page of her own. Happy Reading!

Jaune heard a knock at the door. He looked at his watch. It was a few minutes after six in the evening. He groaned to himself, hoping that it wasn't a trick-or-treater asking him for candy. His parents haven't returned from the grocery store with the treats. It was the usual last-minute bantering and he always, he meant always reminded them to get candy before they arrived. Their widened smiles confirmed their promises. Tonight and this year, another promise was broken. He was in a bit of a hurry himself. Tonight, he was heading to Weiss' costume party. Pyrrha was upstairs getting dressed up for the event. They were going as traveling wizards. It was a cheesy theme, but Jaune wanted cheesy. It was simple and easy to make. All Pyrrha needed to do was to acquire the potato sacks and he had his elder sister, Jan, to make them. She owed him a favor and was already $45 in his debt. The seamstress sister did with the intent of knocking off a fraction of it. She demanded $30, he offered $20. After a compromise, he knocked off $25 off of her debt.

His thoughts were interrupted when hearing the door knocking. He was bad at getting lost in thought. "Coming," he told the stranger as he went to the door. He opened the door, immediately a being ran into his arms, rubbing her head against his chest.

"Trick or Treat." It was the happy-go-lucky Ruby. Judging by her gear, she was going as a witch. She dyed her hair purple and gold. Her outfit was alluring, which surprised the blonde. Her plaid skirt reached to her upper thighs. Her blouse was partially buttoned, which displayed her assets. At least the accessories of her broomstick and hat fitted her. He leaned against the door.

"Come on in, Ruby," said Jaune. He whistled. "I am surprised that you are wearing such a getup. What would the conservative bible thumping Ruby say about this?"

She bumped him on his shoulder with her elbow. "Well, it's Halloween, you dork! Aren't we supposed to be dressing slutty?" She observed his outfit, a handmade cloak made out of the potato sacks. It covered his entire body. Even his hat was made out of the potato sacks. "Speaking of conservative," she told Jaune. "A bit on the geezer side?"

He spat a raspberry. "Whatever, witch! I wanted something cheezy this year. So, I told Pyrrha that it's the theme that I wanted."

She looked blank. Her face became drained of color. Jaune scratched his forehead when seeing that, showing a hint of confusion. "Is everything okay, Ruby?"

She blinked, looking back at him. "Well, I am. I am good." She looked at his costume. "I think it is great that you and Pyrrha are matching together this year, again." She walked further to the house, sitting on the stairstep. "By the way, thank you for allowing me to go and carpool with you guys."
Jaune closed the door. He was straightening his costume as he walking in her direction. "No problem. Say, Ruby. How were you able to get my address? I didn't tell anyone about my move to this side of town."

She jolted, but returned to her composure. "Oh! Didn't Pyrrha told you?"

"No, she didn't. Yet again, we are still straightening things out since we are giving each other another chance."

"That's right," said Ruby. "You two did have a breakup recently. How long ago was that?"

"About three, four months ago," he said. "We needed a break. Things happen. It benefited the both of us."

Ruby scratched her arm. "Yeah, I am glad it did." She jumped up and bumped his shoulder again. "Anyway, aren't you excited about Weiss' party."

"Indifferent to be honest," said Jaune. "I am not really a party person, but at least I won't be going alone."

"Not to sound a bit nosy," interjected Ruby. "I thought Pyrrha was going to be at her Grimm competition."

Jaune scratched his nose. "No, no. She lost in the second round. She came back earlier."

Ruby sat back on the stairs. "Oh! Oh!" She widened her smile. "That's cool. That's cool. Say, Jaune."

"What's up, Rubes?"

"Pyrrha's upstairs, right?"

"She's getting dressed."

"Great, great. If you don't mind, I am going to go up there to see if she has that amazing black lipstick that she uses. It will go great with my costume."

He nodded his head. "Yeah, go ahead. The room is the first room to your left."

"Thanks a lot, Jaune."

As Jaune watched Ruby head upstairs, he returned to the living room to sit on the couch. He can describe the relationship between himself and Ruby Rose to be intricate. They became friends during their junior year of Beacon Academy. She was the girl that many nicknamed the Tag-A-Long because she was always there. Mostly it was because of her older sister, Yang, that many people hang around her. If it wasn't for Yang, many wouldn't for many reasons. Either she is too meek or too mousy or too easy. Rumors through the grapevine called Ruby a practice girl; or a girl that stared at women who had boyfriends. Since their friendship, he hadn't felt that way around Ruby. Granted, the blonde athlete initially pitied her, but even since Yang's graduation, he remained friends with her. She had her quirks, but who didn't, according to himself.

A few minutes passed and he was thinking of heading up there to check on the girls. As he sat up, he saw Ruby returning downstairs. Ruby displayed a puzzle look.

"This is awkward, but I didn't Pyrrha upstairs."
He raised his eyebrows, showing a hint of concern. "What are you talking about? She was upstairs about ten minutes ago."

"Look, she wasn't there. I went to see if she was in your room, she was gone," she told him. "Time was spent scanning the upstairs to see if she was there. She's not." She looked to him with her mousy demeanor. "I did see the window open."

He slapped his palm on her forehead. "Motherfucker," he said aloud. "I knew she didn't want to do this. She always plays these games."

Ruby's soft palms touched his hands. "Jaune, relax. Maybe Pyrrha had to be somewhere without worrying you."

"That isn't like her," said Jaune. "She would've texted."

"Remember, this is Pyrrha we are talking about," she furrowed her eyebrows. "The girl who springs the unexpected to the unsuspected?"

Admittedly, Pyrrha Nikos had a history of being unpredictable. Pyrrha never was a person committed for anything unless it was being a huntswoman. Even during their relationship, she would do things without warning. It was part of the reason why their relationship was troubling.

He murmured under his breath. "I hope she isn't with the Sky….

"Calm down, Jaune," said Ruby. "Understand that that is her nature."

She looked at the clock on the wall. "For all we know, she could be at the party."

"That still doesn't make sense."

"Remember! Unpredictable."

He sighed. "Ok! I will take your word for it."

She displayed a smile. "You're worrying too much. This is Halloween, remember. She's probably trying to scare you. She wouldn't hurt her boyfriend like that."

He nodded in agreement with her. "You're right, Ruby. I worry a lot."

"Duh," she said while sticking her tongue out. "C'mon. Let's go to the party. Let's go." She grabbed Jaune's arm as she led him to the door. "For all you know, she is probably getting gassed up with some killer rapier-laced weed. You know you that quit two months ago."

"How did you know?"

"Pyrrha told me. She tells me a lot of details." She pulled him to the front door. "C'mon, Jaune," she said excitedly. "Let's go. Let's go."

Jaune grabbed his keys to his vehicle and closed the door. He jumped the front porch to get inside of his car. Being a gentleman, he opened the door for Ruby. She flushed of his mannerisms. He went inside of the car. He turned on the engine.

"Hold on a second, I am gonna text Pyrrha."

"Go for it."
He sent a brief text explaining that they needed to talk at the party alone. Suddenly, he felt Ruby's arm grabbed him.

"What's the matter, Ruby?"

"Sorry, my phone was on vibrate and it gives me the jitters."

"You can be strange, Ruby."

She smiled. "I get that a lot."

"I'm not saying it's a bad thing."

"I know," she said before yelping. "Let's rock this party."

Jaune looked both ways as he went into the main street. He turned on the radio and trap music was on the radio waves. Both Jaune and Ruby were reciting the lyrics as they traveled into the night.

A night that Jaune would never forget.

To be continued....
It was a festive Saturday evening at the Schnee Dust Company. The annual Christmas party was in progress, and it goes without saying that when the people are laying out their burdens. Suits and ties are abandoned as workers toasted to their Peach schnapps and martinis. Music filled the atmosphere alongside with laughter and joyful noises. A time in which Jacques Schnee allowed his workers a day where he put forth his good tithings to them. And why not? He needed that one day where he can hear the discouraging remarks about him. He knew behind the liquor that people were speaking their minds about him. He got a kick, better yet a privilege, of being part of the privilege watching the underprivilege talk about him. He grinned as he took a drink of his scotch from his flask. Beside him sat his daughter Weiss Schnee. She, too, was focusing on somebody, and it wasn't any worker.

Her eyes darted on Jaune Arc. A recent hire in accounting. Even as he entered the company, he was making weighs. She watched as he sat alone at the corner. She smiled on how dashing he looked. He had a carefree attitude. She loved that he was putting up a front on not wanting to be there. Her eyes on Jaune didn't go unnoticed from her father. After taking another sip of his flask, he motioned to speak.

"Eyeing that Arc boy," said Jacques. It wasn't stern. He was stating facts. "Since his arrival here, I knew your eyes would come to him."

She turned to her father. "I love his appeal. How he acts like he doesn't enjoy being here. It's so, so adorable," she told her father. "These games he play. So teasing. Like how he repuls when I give him an order. How he frowns at me when I go back to correct an error, even though it was an error I produced in the first place."

Jacques wiped his sleeve. "You get it from me, Weiss. Us Schnee know what we want and how to get it." He shuffled into his pocket while he was looking for something. "How badly do you want this boy?"

She swayed her hair, lowering her eyes to her father. "I am willing to scour the Earth to make him mine." She giggled. "I am willing to do what's necessary to make him love him." She turned back to Jaune. "I love how he bats his eyes to me. He plays hard to get. Playing a teasing game that makes me hunger for him."

"That chase, that dance," interjected Jacques. "I figured why you did what you did to get his attention." He chuckled. "You are Schnee in progress."

The Christmas party was a mandated event. Any workers failed to appear to the event were to face termination of their job. She saw the request of absence from Jaune in her file folder. She smiled, enjoying the fact that Jaune was leading her on. Jaune is so sweet. He pretends that he has to go to his sister's recital so that he won't miss the most important event of the year. He is just a charming doll.
She felt the palm of her father's rough hand. He placed a key into her hand. He didn't look at her. He poured himself another drink before standing up. "Use my office to handle yourself. Be sure to not dirty anything in there." He was looking at another female worker talking with another person. He licked his lips in an alluring manner. "If your mother calls."

"You are working graveyard shift at your private quarters," interjected Weiss. "And if you don't mind, daddy." Jacques raised his eyebrows. Whenever his daughter referred to him by that name, she has another request. He reached into his coat pocket to retrieve another set of keys.

"Use them to your disposal, princess," he winked at his daughter. "Hook, nail, and sinker." He left her as he was going to his company.

She placed the keys into her pocket. "Game, set, and match."

A few minutes later, Weiss convinced Jaune to come inside of her father's private office. Jaune was hesitant, but couldn't deny the request of his boss. The last thing Jaune wanted to do was to be at this event. His mind focused on his sister. His younger sister, Junko, was to perform at a dance recital. Even through the stress at work, he always made sure to go see his sister practice. It hurt his sister when he told her he couldn't make it. Tears were going down her sunken cheeks. He wish he didn't have to see her cry. He didn't want to hear the words, "I hate you." Never did he wanted to face termination to challenge his pride. But his pride disallowed that. With his parents sick, he was the breadwinner for the family.

He walked into the center of the office, finding a seat on the leather couch. Weiss closed the door behind. She was giddier than a schoolgirl being asked on a date.

"Sorry to be you out here at this hour," she told Jaune. "I know you were having a great time."

Sure, a great time to be at a job where I don't care for the workers. A drunk fest where others are going crazy over cheap, watered booze. You knew of my sister's recital and yet, you won't let me go. Do you know how important this was, you stupid wench? "The party is fine. Just enjoying watching the others enjoying themselves," he told Weiss.

"Yeah, the party is getting crazy, but nothing wrong cooling off and unwinding," she said. "However, what we have to do is a bit important." She walked to her father's desk. Inside was a case file. Honestly, within the file folder, it was blank. She needed that line as an excuse to get alone. She loved how upfront and cold he was acting. She can see in his blue eyes. She knew that Jaune was teasing her. She knew that Jaune didn't care about her, then why glare at her when they work? Why letting her borrow office supplies? She smiled as she returned to her composure.

"I wanted to make sure the accounts with the White Fang Corporation are well," she told him as she was looking at the blank file folder. "Despite being Christmas and our break is approaching, we still have to make sure that the numbers are well so we can get paid." She continued to stare at Jaune, waiting for the right moment to make her move. She was patient, allowing him to be comfortable. Comfortable enough to distract Jaune.

She set the seed. "You see, Jaune. I want to give you a copy of the spreadsheet, but this printer is giving such a hard time." She positioned herself enough to display her assets. Wearing a Santa's Helper skirt was a thought that can turn on the blonde. She even wore her lacey red panties to get his attention. "Don't know what's wrong with the printer? Every time, I wanted to print something, it keeps shutting off on me."

She noticed that he wasn't moved. He looked to the window, then lifted his head after registering her question. He got up to the printer to investigate. "Thank you, darling. I know you are the right
candidate to get this done," she told him. He scanned the printer. He wasn't a novice, but he was aware of a couple of things for its problem. "I see that one, you keep pressing fax. And two, he keep flipping the switch."

She smiled. "Oh, my Oum, Jaune. You are a doll." She ran to embrace the man she desired. She smelled his manly scent. The passion that lingered in her loins. If she could, she would attack him right here in her father's office. In her mind, that thought wasn't unappealing.

"Hey, Weiss," said Jaune. "In my thoughts, I remembered that we had those spreadsheets sent to White Fang earlier this week. We even got the approval of the account."

Her eyes widened. She was excited. *My precious Jauney is so cute when he remembers things. My Oum, he is going to make an excellent groom someday. I need a man that can do such things like catching one of my lies. Teehee!*

"You're right!" She snapped her fingers. "I forgot. My apologizes, Jaune."

He shook his head while twiddling his thumbs. He whistled. "So, if that's about it. I think I should…"

She blocked his path from the door. "Wait, you silly goose," she told him. She left to go to her father's desk. She was scanning where he kept his private stash of liquor. "I think we should have a little chat. You know, between boss and employee."

"Don't we do that during our Monday meetings?"

"You're funny, Jaune. What a card! I mean, a little more personal." She clicked her tongue when finding the liquor under his desk. "I hope you like Brandy, Jaune."

"I am grateful, but sorry, Weiss, I am not really a drinker," he told her. "I only took a sip out of a friendly gesture."

"That's because you were drinking the cheap stuff," she smiled at him. "My darling isn't a match for that watered down garbage. Your desired the finest of taste."

"Weiss, darling?"

She paused. "Oh? I am sorry. Out of a habit. Everybody can be a darling. But not anybody can my darling," she said as she continued pouring the drink. "I am aware that you didn't get your Secret Santa yet."

"How would you know that? I thought we kept this anonymous?" He took the drink out of kindly gesture. They toasted their glasses. She took a sip. He took a taste of the bitter brown liquor. He sighed heavily after placing it down. She was silently giggling.

"Well, I was there earlier during work when you guys were exchanging gifts," she said as she took another glass. "I was watching you sitting...with Neo." She turned away looking at the window. The white-haired temptress was playing her role. She was building the momentum to express her feelings to her beloved Jaune. It wasn't enough to be a tease, but to involve another girl in the fray. She loved on how hard to get Jaune was being for her. The only thing she wasn't enjoying that he wasn't finishing his glass. She learned next time to add a heavier dose of sedatives in the drink. "I saw how you and Neo were very close. I saw how adorable you were keeping her company. That's very sweet to think of others!"

He was feeling peculiar. Honestly, he was feeling dizzy. He was grateful of taking a sip, but that
didn't overlook the fact that how did Weiss knew about his Secret Santa. For starters, Secret Santa were amongst the workers. It was a low key, better yet secretive thing formed by Neo. His meeting Neo was heavensent since his arrival to the company. If it wasn't for her, then he wasn't sure if he would've stayed at the job.

"Thank you for the praise," he said. "It doesn't answer my question about knowing Secret Santa."

She blushed, rubbing the soles of her feet like a sheepish schoolgirl. "Well...it is because...I went snooping around. A little birdie got me involved and I wanted to join." She extended her hands, showing her giddiness. "The most important reason why I wanted you here is to tell you that I...am...your SECRET SANTA! Suprise!"

When she said that, his heart skipped a beat. He wasn't sure if was the alcohol, a tick, or a warning. She giggled. "I wanted you alone so I can give it you."

He scratched the back of his head. "Listen, Weiss. I appreciate the effort and thanks."

"Do you want to know what it is?"

His hands were on the door. It was locked.

"Sweetie, what are you doing," she asked while giggling. She snapped her fingers. "Oh! The door! Oh, I locked it. Didn't want anyone to get in our way of our private time." She added. "Didn't need any drunks to come in and use this place as a make out room. My Dad would kill me if someone were to use his private office and...get naughty!"

Jaune was a bit flustered. Actually, he wanted to leave this hell. He still kept his hands on the door, but to no avail.

"You're such silly, my love," she told him. "As to remind you, I want to give you your gift. It's the least that I can do since I am beginning to suspect a connection between us?"

"A connection?"

"Oh, sweetie. Can you feel it? Like when you ask me to borrow my pens at work. Or the way you glare at me at our staff meetings. The way your mouth moves when I am telling you what to do," she pressed her body to him, wanting to inhale his manly scent. "And I also know that you are using Neo as a ploy to make me jealous. Granted, it worked. I mean, you are crafty in your plans. Taking her out to dinner, having drinks at the coffeehouse, and walking home together." She giggled. "I wasn't remotely mad when she kissed you on the cheek." She inhaled again. "Jaune, you are such a clever gentleman. You make the loins of my womanhood weep in the finest of pleasure." She furrowed her eyebrows. "And use such a slutty bitch like Neo to play with me. Oh, Jaune, darling, I find it so romantic."

Is this girl for real?

"Jaune Arc, that is why I love you. For your kind and candid nature. For the fact you think of others before yourself," she said as she rested her head on his chest. "That's why Neo is such an evil bitch that needs to die. However, it's Christmas, and that would go against the good deeds of a saint."

Jaune was slowly sliding into his pocket to retrieve his cell phone. His first instinct was to get in contact with the police. She grasped his arm. "Oh, dear," she told him. "I now want to present your gift for Secret Santa." She pushed him on the leather couch. "I know you are going to go away for
your Christmas break for a few weeks. You are using your extended time off to spend with family. Visiting America? So generous of you to your family"

"How did you know about my visiting the United States?" Jaune still looked at his pocket, but knew that Weiss was looking at him. He didn't tell anyone about his leaving for America. It was going to be a surprise to his family members since he didn't have much time to spend with them during his time at work. He filed for time off, but never said where.

"Oh? I am little crafty. I looked into your emails. You have to learn to be a little better with password protection, sweetie," she said as she leaned closer to him. She slid her hands to his thigh. "But, you can't help it, darling. That's why I love you. I mean, I have to know your new address, your new phone number, your new vehicle, and the new cell phone that you are trying to contact the police." She sighed. "Sometimes, I think you are playing too hard to get. Once again, you keep changing your number a lot." She covered her mouth. "Is it because of Neo? Is it because of her? Has she been calling you? That evil, sickening whore of a cunt bitch! She's so obsessed with you. That doesn't make any sense."

Jaune had enough. He stood as he rushed to the door. He was going to get out of the room even if it meant he had to kick the door down.

"What's the matter, sweetie," she asked calmly. "Why you keep trying to leave me, dear? I've yet to give you your gift. Plus, if you want the key," she said as she showed the key. "You have to come closer to get it." She placed the key in between her breasts.

"What in the hell is wrong with you," screamed Jaune. "Help! Help me! Help me!"

"Oh, silly Jaune, this room is soundproof," said Weiss. "My father likes to keep what's in his office a bit private." She came and took his hands. "Now, my gift to you. It...is...me!" She pecked him on the cheek.

"What are you talking about," asked Jaune panickedly.

"Your Secret Santa, sweetheart," she said. "We are spending Christmas together. Just the two of us."

He continued to bang on the door. "Help me! Somebody help me!"

"Dear, why are you scared? This trip is what we need. To get away from it all. To be romantic."

"Are you fucking serious?! There's no way I want to spend Christmas with you."

"You don't want to spend Christmas with me," she asked in a stern voice. "Sigh, you are still playing hard to get. My Oum, you can be such a romantic sometimes. Such a tease!"

"Please, Oum," he screamed.

Jaune felt Weiss's body pressing onto his back. She pecked him on his back. "Sweetie, I know you are scared. I know you are afraid, but you will be fine. You are in good hands. This time off will be good for us."

Jaune continued to bang on the door. "Help! Help! H...."

"You need to relax. Just breathe deeply, just breath," she told him as she put a wet cloth on his face. "Relax, don't struggle. Don't struggle. Don't fight it, dear. Just breath deeply. It's okay, it's alright, just go to sleep."
Jaune collapsed to the floor. Weiss tossed the cloth into the trash can. She kneeled on the ground to place another kiss.

*Oh, Jauney! This Christmas will be the best Christmas. Just the two of us. I love how you play these games. I can't wait to have our time together. Just the two of us. No one to distract you. No one to take you away from me.*

"So, now I need to take you to the fire escape, into the car, and we can be on our way," she said to herself. "This is going to be so romantic! I doubt we would ever to come back. I doubt you will ever see Neo again."

*I just want you for my own

*More than you could ever know

*Make my wish come true

*All I want for Christmas is you

*To be continued...*
Hey, guys! Big Diesel and [girlfriendoftheauthor] here. This particular chapter is more of a comedy than yandere. This chapter focuses on Lie Ren and his mother, An Ren. An Ren dotes and loves her son until the day she discovered that he had a female friend. She wasn't going to have that. Find out in this chapter of The Taste of Rain.

A/N: This chapter contains reverse rape and yuri. Thanks for reading!

An Ren was in the middle of making her son's favorite stew when he came inside of the kitchen. Seeing his smile lit the room and fluttered her heart. It wasn't easy being a single parent, but having her only son made the journey easier.

"Morning, mother," said Lie Ren as he stretched his hands. It wasn't easy sharing a bed since Lie Ren has been of age. Since his father's death, he has always slept with his mother. His mother never minded her lovable son doing it. In fact, she encouraged it. Even as he grew older, she wanted more skin contact with her son. She mentioned to him that it was the "it" thing in the magazine. He never disobeyed or discouraged it. He would do anything for his mother.

And that was something she intended to keep.

"Good morning, my handsome Ren," she said as she pouring vegetables into the stew. "Sleep well?"

He wavered his hands. "A bit. I think we might need a bigger bed or maybe go back to my own room."

She produced a fake smile, trying hard to not let Ren see her hands wrapped tightly on the end of her butcher knife. "Oh, darling! I will intend to buy a bigger bed. I don't like sleeping alone."

He took a piece of an apple from the bowl on the table. "I know, Mom. At some point, I need my independence." He giggled. "But, not today." He looked at his watch. "Shoot, I need to head out."

"Where are you going, sweetie?"

He stopped and turned to his mother. He was rubbing his head nervously. An Ren noticed that when her son did that, he was doing something that she often considered a "no-no."

"Forgive me, Mom, but I've made a friend."

She kept her smile but gripping her apron. "What's your friends' name?"

"Blake."

She sighed. A sense of relief came out as she loosened her grip on the apron. "Blake! Okay! Nothing wrong with that. Have fun!"

His face displayed a glow. "Really?" He ran and hugged his mother. "Thanks, Mom! You're the best!"

Even though it was only a few moments, but she enjoyed the contact she had with her son. She wasn't concerned. For as long his friend was a male, then she was okay. However, to some extent,
she was cautious with male friendship. Today's society, she feared that Lie Ren might become friends with a male who may develop romantic feelings. Another might persuade Lie Ren to talk to other girls. Or worse! Lie Ren would want to become independent.

*I would love to come and eat, Mom. But, I am gonna hang out with friends.*

*Please, Lie Ren. Come back! Mommy needs you!*

She settled the fire on the stove. Now, she was thinking about it, she grew concerned about this friend. She lowered the fire and removed her apron. She had no other choice. She was going to follow her son.

*As much I want to trust my son, I can't trust my son. Male or female don't know how to handle my Ren like I do. He isn't like anybody else. He is my Ren Ren and I will be damned if anybody would take him away from me. I will follow my Ren Ren!*

Predictable her son was, he was at the comic book store. She spotted him in the manga section of the store. He was reading with a couple of people. She kept her distance, wanting to point out which one was Blake.

*Hey, Lie Ren! Here's the manga I wanted to show you. It's called Yuri Yuri.*

An Ren saw a Faunus brunette approaching her son. She had some manga books with her. She called them filth under her breath as she saw the Faunus sitting beside him.

"Oh, sweet, Blake!" Lie Ren took the manga from Blake. "I have been experimenting with yuri lately. This is some great work."

Blake blushed. "It's very touching and romantic." She scooted closer. "Especially when a guy reads without having lecherous thoughts."

Lie Ren turned away nervously. "I wouldn't know about that. I haven't been in relationships. The only companion I really had was my mother."

Blake blushed. From An Ren's position, she was using his son's weakness to take advantage of her poor and naive boy. "Don't worry, Lie Ren. I can be your friend." An Ren's eyes widened when she saw Blake's hand intertwining with Lie Ren's hand.

If people were looking, they would have saw cracks streaming on the bookshelf. *Did that slut put her hands around my baby boy? Did that slut used that filth to hypnotize and confused my boy? Well, sweetheart, you just signed your own death warrant.*

She heard her phone ring. It was from Lie Ren. She hurriedly ran out of the bookstore and went outside to answer the call.

"Hello, my precious sweetie," she said in a panting state.


"No...I mean, yes. Try to get some Mommy workouts, dear. You know old woman can get out of shape."

"You're funny, Mom. You're never old to me!"
"Mom, I was wondering if I could invite Blake over for dinner," he asked. "Her parents aren't going to be home tonight. You don't mind, do you?"

She nervously held the phone. Cracks were appeared around the smartphone. "Sure...sweetie...I will be sure that it's a dinner that is to die for."

"Great! I can't wait. See you then!"

She hung up the phone. Flames were shooting out of her eyes. "Don't you worry, Ren Ren. I will make sure that this is a dish she would love."

A few hours later, Lie Ren and Blake returned from the bookstore. Blake complimented Lie Ren on his home before taking her shoes off. "Mom, I'm home," he said aloud to his mother.

"I'm here, honey," said An Ren. Lie Ren's eyes widened when he saw his mother in somewhat provocative clothing. He didn't know that she kept her old Beacon Academy uniform. It was a tad bit tight around the curves of her body. Her skirt was way above the knee. Her cleavage was a bit exposed. Blake blushed when seeing that.

"Hey, Mom," replied Lie Ren nervously. "Trying out for cosplay or Halloween."

She laughed while rubbing the back of her head. "This old thing? I was in the middle of trying some clothes. Did you like?"

"A bit odd if you ask me," answered Lie Ren as he blushed. He turned to his friend. "Mom, this is my friend, Blake."

She trembled as she forcefully produced a smile as she shook Blake's hand. "So, you are the lad that's trying to take away my Ren Ren. A joke! A joke!"

"Ha! No, ma'am," said Blake. "We are just friends. We met at school."

"Good to know. Good to know!" She turned to the kitchen. "So, shall we have dinner?"

Lie Ren, being a gentleman, pulled out the chair for Blake. An Ren nearly cracked her glass seeing that. She looked away as she saw her beloved and that wretched skank talking to each other. Good, then he isn't going to see what's going to happen next. Earlier before heading home, she purchased odorless rat poisoning. She made sure that Blake's stew was particularly special.

"Okay, kiddos, soup's on," she said aloud.

"Itadakimasu," the trio said as they began partaking in their meals. The dinner table was quiet. An Ren watched Blake as she was consuming the very meal that was going to take her life. It was Blake's delicious, last supper.

"Mrs. Ren, this food is delicious," said Blake.

"Eat up," said An Ren. "I made this particularly special." She couldn't contain her grin, but she was ready to give Blake her final goodbye.

She was looking at her watch. If her timing was right, then Blake would be shutting down in a few seconds. 3...2...1....

An Ren was stunned. She was in disbelief. Blake was on her third helping of her stew. She knew
that each time she cooked it, she applied the rat poisoning.

"Mrs. Ren," said Blake as she was wiping her plate. "You have made a decent meal. However, you may want to concentrate on how you pass out the plate if you are trying to kill me."

An Ren paused. She saw as Blake produced a grin. "Oh! You thought I was stupid. You may want to take a look at your son."

An Ren frightendly turned to see Lie Ren foaming at the mouth. She covered her mouth to cover the scream. "Lie Ren!"

Blake struck An Ren at the back of her head. Silence was following afterward.

*Don't worry, Mrs. Ren. When you wake up, you will feel all better.*

An Ren woke up. She found herself tied to a chair. She was naked. In front of her, she saw Blake in nakedness. She saw her tending to her son. "Lie Ren! Lie Ren!" She screamed. Her eyes were full of tears.

Blake put her finger to her lips. "Shh! He's sleeping! He is fine. I called Poison Control. He's fine. He's gonna to be knocked out for a couple of hours, leaving us a little time to get acquainted."

Blake stood up, making her to the stunned An Ren. She approached, inhaling her scent. "The scent of an older woman always appeal to me."

"Are you going to hurt me?"

She spat. "Hurt you? No way! In fact, we are going to have some fun. Like I told you, I like Lie Ren." She turned to him. She licked her lips. "I love Lie Ren a lot, but you are also part of my ploy. You see An Ren, if you don't mind me calling you that. When Lie Ren couldn't stop talking about you, you piqued my interest. I knew if I did things to convince Lie Ren to love the things I like, then he can easily understand."

"But, I don't like girls like that."

"Silly Mother, that's not what I asked," said Blake flirtateously. She came and kissed An Ren on the lips. She invited her tongue to perform a dance with hers. The kiss lasted a few moments before it broke, leaving a trail of saliva. "Hmm, calmed you down a touch. I love Lie Ren and I like you. Since you put your son in this position, then I suggest let me have a taste."

Blake came and kissed An Ren again. She protested, but slapped her whenever she resist. She slid her hand to her pussy when she thrust her fingers in there. Despite An Ren's protest, it turned into moans. "There we go, I knew you were getting wet." She got off from An Ren's lap to look for something in her purse. An Ren's eyes widened when she saw Blake putting on a strap-on.

Blake didn't hesitate to prop herself on An Ren's lap and inserted her dildo inside of An Ren's pussy. She broke into tears when she felt the dildo entering her pussy. She wept as she knew it was the first dick that she had in years. It should have been Lie Ren's dick, she cried. Blake groaned as she continued stroking her dick and sucking on An Ren's breast.
"That's right, give it to me," she screamed. "I'm gonna show you who runs this show."

"Fuck you," she screamed to Blake.

"That's right," she told An Ren. "Keep saying that as I am plowing your snatch. It will know who it belongs to."

"Mom!"

An Ren saw Lie Ren stirring. He sat up to see Blake fucking his mother.

"Mom! Blake!" Lie Ren stood there. He wasn't sure what was going on. "Blake! What are you doing?"

Blake couldn't concentrate as she groaned into a climax. Lie Ren stood quietly as he heard the ladies screamed into an orgasm. The sounds of panting filled the room. He was disoriented, scared, nervous, and aroused.

Blake pulled her dildo from An Ren. She turned devilishly to Lie Ren. Before he could flinch, she came for a kiss. Lie Ren was puzzled as she invited her tongue to perform a dance with his tongue. She used her one hand to unbutton his shirt and the other to unzip his pants. Lie Ren was frightened. Part of it was because that was his first kiss.

"Lie Ren, do you love your Mommy," she asked him.

An Ren was blushing. She was feeling ashamed of the predicament.

Lie Ren felt his dick being rubbed by Blake. "Answer my question, Lie Ren. Do you love your Mommy?"

He panted in between breaths. "I do."

"In a loving kind of way or I want to impregnate her kind of way."

She continued stroking his dick. Juices were coming from his dick. "The latter," he whimpered.

"Would you like to fuck your Mommy," asked Blake teasingly. She began licking around his bellybutton.

He began whimpering. "Yes! I want to make love with Mommy. I always wanted to make love to Mommy!"

Blake stopped. She went to the kitchen counter and tore the ropes from An Ren, freeing her. She instructed An Ren to lie on the ground. She obeyed. Blake told her to spread her legs wide for Lie Ren to enter. She instructed Lie Ren to get on the floor.

Lie Ren climbed on top of his mother. He was nervous, but at the same time, he looked to his mother. His mother returned the look. She looked naughty and innocent, according to Lie Ren's thought.

"It's okay, sweetie," said An Ren. "It's all I ever wanted. Come back to your sacred place."

Lie Ren closed his eyes as he inserted his dick inside of his mother's pussy.

He grunted and strutted with force as it was his first time. Blake was standing beside them encouraging them as they were having sex. From time to time, Blake would grab An Ren's titties or
fondle Lie Ren's balls. Both mother and son continued fucking until they both moaned closer into
climax.

"Pump your seed into me, baby," she screamed. "Get this naughty pussy a child."

"I am coming, mother," he cried as he spurted his seed inside of her. He continued spurting until it
was nothing left.

"I love you, baby," she told Lie Ren.

"I love you, too, Mommy," he told An Ren.

Blake coughed as she pushed An Ren off of Lie Ren. "I hope you aren't planning to sleep because
it's my turn, Papa."

The night was spent as Lie Ren, Blake, and An Ren were consumed in their lovemaking. Lie Ren
continued pumping seeds inside of the girls until there was nothing left. At the end, all of them
were lying on the kitchen floor. Both girls were lying beside him, caressing him. They were tired.
They were sleepy.

"Sorry for trying to kill you, Blake," said An Ren.

"It's no problem," said Blake. "You're not my first." She nervously giggled.

"Lie Ren," said An Ren.

"Yes, Mama," said Lie Ren.

"I love you, dear. I know you will be a great Papa," she told her son.

"Oh! He better be," interjected Blake. "I just don't let any boy come into this holy fortress."

The trio continued to laugh until slumber was among them. An Ren was the first to fall asleep. She
lied peacefully on her son's chest. Blake was giving light pecks to Lie Ren's chest as he petted her
head.

"Blake, thanks for setting this up," he told her. "Thanks for healing me as well."

your mother didn't know about our friendship."

"I wanted to wait on perfect timing," he said while kissing her hand. "How can I express that I love
you and at the same time, loving her."

"I see," said Blake.

"Are you okay with this setup," asked Lie Ren.

"Yes, my love," said Blake. "I love you and I love your mother. We will make a great trio."

Blake and Lie Ren shared a final kiss before entering into their slumber. A plenty of slumbers as
the house of three will turn into the house of five.

Earlier that day at the bookstore

"Ok, so your mother is going to take the bait with the phone call," said Blake.
"Yeah. Knowing my mother, she is at the nearest feed store in search for poisoning," said Lie Ren.

"You are willing to take the poisoning for me, my dear," asked Blake.

"She ain't heavy. She's my mother. She's misunderstood and somebody has to love her," he said. He blinked at Blake. "So, it might as well be me. I am her Ren Ren and nothing can replace that!"

The End!
Hey, guys. [girlfriendoftheauthor] and Big Diesel here. The following story is actually based on true events. The content and the names have been changed for obvious reasons. The following story is a transcript based on an incident regarding Facebook Live. Won't go into detail, so in this chapter, Coco is making an appearance on Facebook Live with Nora. Read more to find out. As a warning, this story contains graphic and violent scenes. If any of you all find this content sensitive, please refrain from reading this. If are uncomfortable, then don't read. As a reminder, this is a work of fiction. I don't support, condone, or encourage this type of violent acts. Any of you guys can decipher fact from fiction, continue to read.

[Coco Adel is live now on Facebook]

[Coco]: Please, Nora, don't point that at me. I have the recording on right now. Please...please...ow! Ow! Ow!

[Nora]: Do not mess with me right now, Coco. My nerves are already on the brink. Are you live?

[Coco]: Yes, you are. I swear to Oum that you are live.

[Nora]: Alright, then. Now, do you want to tell something important to your dear friends on this social media? Please, stop with the sniffling. I don't have time for this. Do you want me to end this now?

[Coco]: No! No! Please, Nora. Let me explain about....

[Nora]: I am sick of explanations. What I want to hear is what you are going to announce to your dear old Facebook friends. You are going to explain in explicit details of what you are going to do.

[Coco]: {sniffle}...I {sniffle} I wanted to first apologize to Nora for all of the things I have done.

[Nora]: And what were those things that you have done?

[Coco]: I apologize for making contact with Jaune. I apologize for interacting with him, spending time with him, and {sniffle} {sniffle} kissing him on the cheek. {sniffle} {sniffle} Please Nora! Please....

[Nora slaps Coco with an unidentified blunt object to her face. Blood can be seen seeping from Coco's nose.]

[Nora]: Damn the sorries. You had your chance. You wanted to tell our classmates that Jaune was your boyfriend. Showing your ring to them. Showing them pictures about you guys. Last time, I have checked, Jaune is my man. Who in the world think you are for stealing him away from me?

[Coco]: I am sorry. It was stupid of me. It was wrong. It wasn't right.

[Nora slaps Coco with the unidentified blunt object again]. You knew how much I cared about him. [Nora slaps Coco with the unidentified blunt object again]. You knew how much I have pined for him. We've shared personal moments about my feelings. I have shredded every fiber of my being to my love for him to you, and you swoop in for the win. [Nora hits Coco in the face with her fist]. This is the thanks that I get for our friendship?
[Coco]: Please, Nora. Understand that....

[Nora]: Are you trying to notify police. [Nora pulls out a weapon. It appears to a large hammer] What makes you think I won't hit you with this before they show up? Plus, they don't know where we are. Even if they did, they won't make it in time. {coughs} Now, tell everyone on Facebook what you are planning to do.

[Coco]: {sniffle} {sniffle} Please, Nora. I am sorry. I am sorry.

[Nora]: I thought I told you to save your sorries. You decided that you wanted to be with my man. Did you not forget that mean Facebook post you have said about me? Did you forget how you were on your page saying bad things about me? Did you forget? Are you playing dumb? Well, allow me to give you a reason to become dumb. Now, tell them what I want you to say right FUCKING now!

[Coco]: I, Coco Adel, am nothing but a thieving, stealing whore. I use my wits as a ploy to steal men away from girls like Nora. I am a slut. I don't love myself. {sniffle} {sniffle} I have no business of doing that. I am a worthless wretch. Lower than a dog, lower than a bug. I hate myself and I should allow a person like {sniffle} {sniffle} a person like Nora to take me out of misery. She needs to correct me and put me in my place.

[Nora]: Tell them what you are telling Jaune.

[Coco]: {sniffle} {sniffle} [Coco looks to the door].

[Nora]: Why are you looking away? You act like someone is going to rescue you. Like I have said, Nora. They will not make it in time. When they eventually find you, it will already be over. By the time I am finished with you, your face will be wider and spread apart like a sunflower. So have at it, Coco. Try to run. I will end this broadcast quickly. I am giving you a little time to dangle...before your end. I hope you are making peace with Oum or whoever the fuck you are praying to. You need to cleanse the sins of you fucking with my man. Now, address to Jaune on what I have told you, now!

[Coco]: Jaune, forgive me for being a lying bitch. We got together on false pretenses. All of the poetry, the music, the writings, it was all Nora. Nora is the one that wrote all of that for you. I just used her because I was jealous of her. I used Nora because I knew I couldn't get you in any other way. You are such a delicate angel. You are so pure. The way you move in the wind. The way you just make my heart fl....

[Nora hits Coco with the unidentified blunt object. This time, a sound of a cracked bone could be heard]

[Nora]: Oh, dear, did you think I was fooling around? Now, that's what I call a SMASH hit! Get it? Smash?! I crack myself up. Anyway, poor honey, do I see teeth falling on the ground? You did have such a beautiful smile. Oh well, a few hits to the face can change that. It doesn't matter, the end is coming. So, let's finish up, shall we?

[Coco]: Please, you can have Jaune. I don't want to have him anymore. He's yours now. I can leave the Academy. I can leave town. I won't even press charges on you.

[Nora clicks her tongue]

[Nora]: No, no, no, no, silly goose. It can't work like that. It doesn't work how YOU want it to work. You have decided to play the cards that you forcefully have stolen. Now, you have to cash in your chips, my dear. [Nora clicks her tongue while holding on to her hammer]. Jaune was pure
before you have deflowered him. You put his "thing" inside of you and spurt spurt spurt. Tsk, tsk, tsk, you silly goose. You thought no one saw, but I did. You must realize, Coco, that I am anywhere where darkness needs a host. I am there when you sleep with your teddy bear and raunchy clothing. I can't have Jaune at this state. He, too, needs to be cleansed. He, too, needs a baptism. [Nora rubs Coco's stomach]. I know why you are fighting for your life. Do you think I care about that "thing" as well?

[Coco]: {sniffle} {sniffle} Please, Nora. I am sorry. Don't involve it. I can...take care of it.

[Nora laughs loudly]

[Nora]: You're funny. When? Nine months later? Tsk, tsk, tsk. A progeny of Jaune and your worthless ass running the Earth?. That baby will know how you raped Jaune. That baby will have a horrible life. I can't have that either. That baby needs cleansing. I am doing it a favor. [She looks at her cell phone].I am spending more time than I should. I mean, this is giving you the attention you are craving. Are you seeing the sad emojis and the tears? "Help me! Help somebody help!" Don't you get it bitch? Nobody is going to reach you in time.

[Coco]: Nora!

[Nora]: You wanted to be famous. You wanted to be a huntress!

[Coco]: Nora! No, please!

[Nora]: You have been the popular girl at the Academy. Everyone went to their beck and call for you. I have always been the sidekick. Not once, did you ever gave a flying fuck about me? Just a sideline skank. Well, you can finally be seen with your grand finale! You now have a reason to be famous!

[Nora hears her phone ringing. She looks at the call. She immediately hangs up.]

[Nora]: My beloved is watching you live. He is so precious. He wants to see his girlfriend deliver the final blows of this evil, wretched skank.

[Coco]: Nora, please. Police are coming! End this!

[Nora]: Huh? You really think I'm worried about the police right now? Huh? You think I'm worried about the police right now? I'm not worried about the fucking police, you understand me?

[She stands up. She retrieves the weapon, the Magnhild in her hand]

[Nora]: Coco Adel wants to be famous. [She waves to the camera before blowing a kiss]. I am going to give you a reason to be famous!

[Coco]: Oum! Help me! Help me!

[Nora]: She throwing theatrics. Such a drama queen. Let me join you. "Help me, somebody, help me!" Don't you fucking get it? Shit, making me sound like some damn Shady individual. You want to be seen? Now, we have a reason to be seen. Let's become famous, Coco!

[Coco]: Nora, no!

[Nora strikes Coco with the Magnhild. She continues to strike Coco in the head. The camera doesn't show, but a wettening sound is heard. The sound of a crushed skull can be heard in the background. The scream finally fades. The sound of blood is leaking on the floor]
Good evening! Channel 5 News is here with breaking news. The victim in Vale Terrace homicide was streaming on Facebook Live moments before she was killed.

The victim has been identified as eighteen-year-old Beacon Academy student, Coco Adel. The suspect, eighteen-year-old, Nora Valkyrie, is still at large tonight.

Facebook pulled down the video, but it was shared to the Channel 5 Newsroom.

It appears that the victim was forced by the suspect to make an apology on Facebook Live. The video allegedly shows the victim pleading for her life for the sake of her pregnancy. Cries went unheard as the suspect bludgeoned the victim to death. The suspect doesn't show any sign of remorse as she smiles before the camera and making peace signs. She even tears the alleged photo of the victim's pregnancy before telling the viewers, "Game Over."

On related note, police need your help finding another Beacon Academy student. Eighteen-year-old Jaune Arc was last seen earlier this afternoon leaving the Academy. He was wearing a white t-shirt with blue jeans. According to family and friends, Jaune had a mutual friendship between the suspect and the victim. Friends claim that the victim was Jaune's girlfriend. Anyone who has information regarding the whereabouts of Nora Valkyrie and Jaune Arc are to contact police.

Nora Valkyrie is to be expected as armed and dangerous. So, police believed that if Jaune Arc is in contact with the suspect, then he is in complete danger.

This is Lisa Lavender reporting live from Headmaster Ozpin's office. Channel 5 News.
Ride On, Shooting Star! (Part II)

Hey, guys! Big Diesel here. I have received a lot of favorable reviews regarding the one-shot, Ride On, Shooting Star! As of now, I am going to do a follow-up chapter. As a reminder, I am not sure if I want to make this a series, so bear with me. So, here you go.

With that being said, the following chapter includes futanari on male, reverse rape, oral sex, and anal sex. Discretion is strongly advised. If this chapter isn't your cup of tea, please refrain. Reminder, this is a work of fiction and the writer doesn't support, encourage, or endorse the material featured. Thanks for reading! Enjoy!

Jaune's eyes drifted slowly only to protest itself from the sudden pain. It felt as if he was picked up in a tornado while in the vehicle, only to be tossed to the ground like a child having a tantrum with their toy. Dryness was on his tongue. Instinctively, he urged for water. He knew he had a history of hangovers, but never this severe. The first thing he wanted was water and aspirin. But, his senses were telling him that something was off. He never remembered his bed feeling hard like stone. His sister joked that he sleeps like a log on a rock, but he had never felt his bed be this hard.

His eyes finally snapped back and opened. His brain confirmed that he wasn't at home. The room looked a dungeon. A well-lit chamber that was surrounded by books. Lines and rows of tubes and beakers were along the wall. Reaching over to his hand, he felt resistance. Nylon rope adorned his ankles and wrists. He also realized that he wasn't in his attire. He wasn't fully naked, except for his chest. He was wearing pants, but they were homemade as he felt its texture.

Panicking, he tried analyzing what caused him to be here. Bits and pieces returned to him. I was riding my bike. I was going for an evening ride. The more he delved, the more his breath became shallow. Yang introduced herself to me. I went to the bar with her. I met her friends. We have danced. Then, Weiss and then Yang and then being chased. Oh, my Oum, Yang lifted me into the sky. Where in the hell am I? Oh my, Oum! What were they? Who are they?

"You're awake. Good!"

Jaune jerked his head toward the source of the voice. In the center of the dungeon lied the front door. Standing at the edge was the captor herself, Yang. Yang was filing her nails casually as if nothing was wrong. She carried a Cheshire Cat grin as she eyed her nail filing. She wasn't naked, thankful for Jaune, but she wasn't dressed properly as well. A thin, almost see-through nightgown adorned the blonde while she licked her lips and finish filing her nails. Retreating the file into her pocket, she swayed her hips to him. Her eyes never left his sight.

"You can resist as much as you want, but the drugs in your system will retard your progress." She was stern in her voice. She sat at the foot of the bed. She stared at her nails. "Didn't expect you to awaken this soon. We were going to give you a few hours to prepare."

It occurred to him about the others. Blake, Ruby, and of course, Weiss. "Preparation." Yang didn't waste time as she grabbed his wrist. "As I was saying, Jaune. No need to resist. It's futile and it will only induce more drugs into you." She sighed. "And I really don't like preparing when the fishes are half-dead." She winked. "I prefer when they squirm."

His stomach was trembling. His body was panting heavily of the sudden fear. She clicked her
tongue. "I can tell your heart is pacing. You may want to calm that down. As I was saying, it won't be any fun if you don't comply with us."

"Yang, what do you comply. What is this preparation you speak of."

"Did my little Jaune of Arc forget?" Yang lowered her face to him. There was nose distance with each other. Jaune's eyes widened as he saw her fangs sticking out. He was being aware of the danger he was facing. "Earlier tonight, we told you we were going to have our fun. When we are ladies of our word, we meant." She trailed her nails from his stomach to his crotch. "In and out."

"Who are you," he asked in a startled voice.

She clicked her tongue. "What we are doesn't matter. What I can say that we are a covenant. And what you should worry is what we are going to do to you." She lifted her head. "Oh, honey. Don't be afraid. We promise that it will be pleasurable. I can't say how it is for you, but for me, I will enjoy it."

Another person entered the room. Yang turned to smile at our guest. "Greetings, Kuro!" Jaune saw that it was Blake. Earlier at the bar, she was the more easygoing of the group. Blake came and greeted her leader with a kiss on the lips. It was well-received as the girls swapped tongues.

"Evening, Kiiro. I have the preparations ready for our procedure."

"Great, Kuro. Please close the door. I don't want the others to get too excited," she said while returning her glance on Jaune. "Especially when Weiss gets a hold of him."

"That is why we specifically made her last," confirmed Blake as she pushed a metal cart next to the bed. She didn't take any time to get her bucket to put her towel within. The sound of wringing water filled the silent room. Yang stepped aside as she allowed Blake to wash Jaune.

"This soap isn't your ordinary soap," said Blake as she scrubbed the startled Jaune. "The soap contained the finest of aphrodisiac that can make a horse run rampant." She applied to his underarms first. She lifted his back so she could scrub underneath. "Even if you want to resist, your cycle would make you hungry for our cock! We can't wait!" Blake slid the towel from his stomach to his groin. She was delicate as she cleansed his balls. Seeing her body movements concluded to Jaune that she wanted to take him right there if she could.

Yang snapped her fingers. "Don't get too drastic, Kuro. Remember who gets the first pick."

Blake humbly bowed. "Forgive me, mistress." Blake scrubbed his legs to his feet. As she was finished, Jaune was feeling the sensations rising into his body. It gave him a fiery feeling as if he was under siege and must enact to protect himself. It wasn't going unnoticed by the blonde.

"He is sensing it, Kuro." She clicked her tongue. "Wait til he gets embedded into the skin. His body will scream into the night, asking for more of the pleasure." She clapped her hands. "That will be all, Kuro. Take your leave. When I am finished, you will be next."

"Thank you, mistress." Yang bid farewell with Blake with another kiss. This time, Jaune's dick stood at attention as he was aroused by the scene of two sultry women. Blake bowed and winked at Jaune as she left the dungeon, leaving the pair alone.

"She, too, is excited." Yang slowly disrobed her clothing. She walked as the nightgown dropped to the ground. Her body was like a gentle nymph. Jaune would be a liar if he didn't admit she was pure beauty.

Ride on, Shooting Star!
Yang went to the metal tray beside Jaune. She grabbed a container that looked like clear liquid. "This lotion comes from the finest of ingredients, Jaune. Be appreciative, most men don't get this kind of privilege." She whispered. "Let alone this procedure." She poured the liquid into her hand. She slowly applied it to her body. She moaned in pleasure as the liquid saturated her nubile body. Her nipples glistened by the lights. Her pussy, despite having a dick, reminded Jaune of a juicy peach.

"Often, a man has an urge to bite whenever they suck my dick. You will never do this!" Yang didn't bother to a response as she got on top him. She slid to his chest plate as she parked her dick into his mouth. His cheeks flushed as her dick entered his wettest muscle. He had never given anyone oral sex, let alone having the desire to do it. "I wouldn't hesitate if I were you. Better not get on my bad side." He obeyed her orders as his lips parted with her dick. Jaune panicked initially, especially when breathing became a factor. He opened his mouth wider. Yang slapped his chest. "Start licking!" He obliged. Her dick tasted funny, but decided to lick. He closed his eyes. He tried to picture himself eating a popsicle, even if that popsicle was a moistened, hardened kind.

Groans were coming from Yang as she grabbed her titties. "Right there, Jaune. Right there!" Jaune felt liquid coming out of her phallus. He presumed it to be pre-cum. She was on the verge of climaxing. He planted his tongue under the phallus, hoping that she would immediately climax to end this. It was good enough that he was going to be fucked, but he wasn't trying to make this enjoyable on either end.

"Pick up the slack, Jaune." He was forced to continue as she grabbed his head to her base. The sounds of slobbering and gagging filled the dungeon. His eyes widened and tears were leaking as he gave Yang a blowjob. "You will have the pleasure to swallow my seed, Jaune. Not many can bestow. When I release, you should thank me."

Yang continued to jerk with his head until she felt her semen piping through her throbbing member. "Here it is, Jaune. Drink this! Swallow it into your mouth pussy. Swallow it!" Her hot semen entering into his mouth. The force gushed quickly into his throat. She continued depositing her semen into his mouth until she fulfilled her withdrawal. Pockets of her milk were in his mouth. She grabbed hold to his neck, tilting it and forcing him to swallow. "Good boy! Good boy! Swallow the mistress' hot spunk. Once again, you should be honored for swallowing such a seed."

"Fuck you," he murmured under his breath. Yang heard him but didn't react. She crossed her legs and slid down to his groin.

"At first, I thought to give you some pleasure with your dick," she clicked her tongue before shaking her head. "I will let my dick do the pleasure for you." Yang didn't hesitate to slam her dick into his cavern. The impact caused Jaune to scream into the room. Yang was delighted, the finale of taking Jaune's first time. She let her dick reside as she watched him groaned in displeasure. Tears escaped from his eyes. When seeing blood leaking from his cavern, she bit her lip in pleasure.

"Taking the virginity of a man is the finest thing in the world. Delicate like wine." She dabbed the blood and inhaled it into her nose. "The sensation of it." She applied her tongue to it. Her eyes widened. Her face went partially paled. "This taste, this richness. It's like...it's like...liquid platinum." She looked to Jaune who didn't want to look at her. Her Cheshire grin returned. "Oh, what's the matter, sweetie? Why are you making that face?"

She pushed her dick further into his ass. "I'm going to take you to paradise, my dear sweetness." She hovered on top of him. "Ready to descend to hell with me?" She moaned loudly in pleasure as Jaune moaned in pain. Eventually, he felt his blood coming from his ass. He saw the amount of
precum leaking from his erected dick. He felt his dick being tugged by Yang as she roughly stroked him. He tried to ignore the pain. He tried to think of something to get away from his misery, but he couldn't. As much he was suffering, the pain was becoming pleasurable as he started moaning loudly.

"There, there, sweetness. You can cry. Cry for your mistress," she told him.

"Mmm," moaned Jaune as he was biting his lips. Confined to a position where he couldn't move. Knowing that the pain was ceasing. He let out more moans.

"I knew you would love, my sweetness," Yang purred as she pushed herself forward. She leaned over him, pouring her saliva into his mouth. "Kiss me," she said to him. He obliged as their tongue performed a dance into the pleasure.

"More," he said.

"What was that?"

"More."

"With pleasure."

Jaune closed his eyes to the pleasure. The denial of accepting such a taboo. Allowing it, but craving it.

"Tell me that you are my little slut, Jaune." She slapped his butt. "Say it."

"I am your little slut," replied Jaune as he was feeling close to climax. Yang slapped his stomach. "Say it, loudly, you fucking slut."

"I am your little fucking slut," he screamed before ejaculating over his stomach.

Yang continued to thrust until she ejaculated inside of Jaune. She shivered in pleasure as she continued stroke Jaune's dick post-ejaculation.

They spent a few minutes regaining their breath. Yang lied on his chest. Jaune looked away for the embarrassment of his previous endeavor. Meanwhile, Yang was staring into his neck. Badly, she craved for his neck, but decided against, waiting for the next opportunity.

"Hmm," purred Yang. "You were making such beautiful noises. If was as if you were breeding."

"Fuck you!"

"Say what you want, but you knew your true desires." She eyed him. "I must say, I knew you were cute, but I didn't think you were that dumb." She looked at the bucket. "This is pure soap and water."

Jaune went silent.

"Save your strength for the next girl, sweetness," she said as she pulled her dick from his ass. "I think I am starting to like you." She clapped her hands. "Ladies."

The doors opened. Blake, Ruby, and Weiss entered the dungeon. All girls were attentive, awaiting their master's orders. Yang bowed to Weiss to give her her towel. Weiss was still dazed on seeing Jaune.
"Shiro? Shiro?" Yang snapped to Weiss. Weiss bowed apologetically. "Sorry, mistress." Weiss gave her mistress her towel. Ruby came to the cart to retrieve the items. "Be sure to add more hot water, Aka! It needs reheating for Kuro."

"Yes, mistress," replied Ruby energetically as she fastly retreated out of the room.

"Kuro, as soon as Aka returns, you're next," said Yang. "Shiro, take me to my quarters. I need to clean." She held her cheek. "And maybe some personal time as well." She looked to Jaune. "You will need practice to release your tension."

Weiss bowed to Yang. "Certainly, mistress."

"It was a pleasure, Jaune," said Yang. "I will see you again. For you are not going anywhere, my pet."

She laughed loudly as she was escorted out of the dungeon.

"You're not going anywhere, pet. You're mine!"

To be continued?
Hey, guys. [girlfriendoftheauthor] and Big Diesel here. We will take a break from Jaune in this chapter since we have some "fans" worried about the injustice of Jaune with his femdom. Whoa! FanFiction, remember? I bet if it was the other way around, then we won't have this discussion. Rant done. but anyway, understand that is femdom. Not every femdom is sweet. Lest we forget this is the horror and yandere tales. I love what I write and won't change it for a few naysayers. If you don't like our material, then feel free to check out the other "thousands and thousands" of other stories from here.

I highly recommend RWBY stories from author Abel Sephaos, Prxmer, Altair25, and many others I didn't name. They have great work and I enjoy it. I love supporting writers that have love for my material.

Anyway, we decided to use another character to focus on for the time being. We will be using Neptune in this endeavor. He will be joining us from time to time in this series. We are honestly thinking of expanding side stories focusing on other characters. Jaune will remain our titular character, but from time to time, we would like to use others. Either way, thanks for the ongoing support. Please comment and continue to follow us. Thanks for reading! God bless! Happy Reading!

June 12, 20XX

So, I am writing a journal. Can't believe it. What am I? Doug Funnie from Doug? Anyway, it was my best friend's idea to convey my thoughts and feelings on this. Even as I am typing this, I can feel much energy waiting to spill out of my pores. So, okay, well played, Sun, well played. Let's begin, I guess.

It was near eleven in the morning when Sun stepped into my room. He had a sent of urgency on his face. Before I could rub the sleepiness on my eyes, Sun spat, "Dude, Weiss is outside!" Hearing the words Weiss and outside alerted me like a shot of an espresso or an energy drink. I panicked. Not because of Weiss' showing up, but the fact that I had another girl sleeping beside me. I turned to Sun. "I thought Weiss was out of town with the girls."

"Mudslide derailed those plans, she said," said Sun. Sun is my best friend. An important commandant on my team. At any moment's notice, he was there to have my back, even if I am in the wrong. And as a young man, I was always in the wrong. "Would you like me to stall her?"

"Yes, please." I scrambled to find my pants as I thought about my next move. "Tell her that I am in the shower. I should be out at any moment."

Sun gave me the thumbs up and closed my door. One less thing. My next obstacle was the remove the girl. I immediately nudged her with my fingers to wake her up. The sleeping beauty made the cutest yawn as she stretched her arms out. "Morning, sweetie," she told me in a calm manner. "What's for breakfast?"

I was panicking. The sleeping beauty of mine, which I am going to nickname her was naked on my bed. And the woman who was supposedly my girlfriend was outside of my apartment. Being quick on my feet, I had planned my next move. "Sweetie, no time. In fact, my mother is waiting outside."
She smiled with her brown and green eyes. "That's wonderful! I would love to meet your mother."

I snapped my fingers, grabbing whatever article of clothing that belonged to her. There was so long that Weiss had with patience and the stalling of Sun was coming to a near close. I produced another lie. "Sweetheart, here is the thing. My mother is a Mormon and doesn't believe in premarital sex. If she learns that I am doing this, then I am in big trouble!"

Her face softened, showing a disappointed look. "You aren't ashamed of me."

I waved my hands. "Baby, no. It's just I don't want my mother to scold me and then embarrass you for she calls mistakes. You have done nothing wrong, babe. It's just...."

The door slammed open. Only inches from me was my angry, disgruntled girlfriend. Weiss' pale eyes furrowed the moment she saw Sleeping Beauty sleeping on my bed.

"Weiss, I can explain," I managed to say before she ran toward the Sleeping Beauty. Before she could react, Weiss got her in the face with a left hook.

"Who in the hell do you think of sleeping with my man, you bitch." Weiss grabbed Sleeping Beauty by her hair. She pushed me out of the way and took her to the living room. Angry, frustrated, and embarrassed, she continued attacking the girl with her fist. When her fist gave out, I watched her beat the woman with a belt. Through her scream, Weiss continued hitting. "Don't you ever think about pulling that shit again." She threw the belt while Sleeping Beauty covered herself, mostly trying to protect her wounds.

"Get your ass out of here, you fucking whore." Weiss kicked Sleeping Beauty on her ass while she ran outside of the apartment naked. Even though that was a scary moment, you couldn't help to admit that it was funny to see. I thought she was actually standing up for me, despite my cheating on her. I was proved correct as she welcomed me with a slap to the face from her belt.

"You're so full of shit, Neptune!" Weiss had me to the floor. Her pants filled the apartment room. "You promised me that you weren't going to pull this shit again." She hit me again. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Defensively, I said. "I didn't know we were still together. That last phone message sounded like we have broken up."

I should go on and add this, but Weiss and I are having some problems. You can say that we are in the middle of a relationship crisis. And this last message she was talking about happened two nights ago. I didn't answer because I was in the middle of having relations with another woman. Here is my stance on the matter. If we are not together, then any woman is free game. I mean, we weren't in a relationship. We were separated. Doesn't that count as my being available? Can any guys be a witness to this? Please, anyone? So, she left a two-minute message on my phone spitting "trifling bullshit." I didn't hear much of the conversation as my company entertained me better than a message from a mad woman.

I was still on the floor, trying my hardest to keep my cool. Weiss still had the belt in my hand. "If you were listening, asshole, I said we were working things out. I needed a break." She looked at the open door. "It didn't mean spending time with some skank, you bastard."

In my mind, I was trying not to expose a smile. It wasn't the first time Weiss and I had moments like this. I have lost count since we began dating after prom a couple of years ago. In the beginning, sparks were there. We were very intimate, romantic, very much in love. She was the woman to be worshipped and adored. The woman that everybody wanted. No one on the Beacon
Academy campus can deny that Weiss Schnee was highly desired. Not even pretty boy Jaune Arc
couldn't use his heartstrings of a guitar to sway her. She was the desire and I have acquired the
prize. I guessed that as time goes on, the prize becomes yesterday's news. Since Weiss was part of
me, she was no longer the chase. The chase went on to other women that were suited better than
Weiss. Even as I had her around my arm, it didn't stop me from looking at my other arm.

"What do you want me to say," I told her. "I am sorry. I am sorry that you didn't give me
permission? I am sorry that you didn't define our relationship?" She slapped me once more. She
turned and saw Sun looking nervously at us.

"What's your problem, Sun," she barked at him. "Do you have a problem here? I mean, you are
backing him up, you liar."

He interjected calmly. "This is a conversation between you two." He looked at the door. "And
frankly, a conversation where we won't have conflict." He sighed. "Either speak calmly, or I will
call the cops. He's a man, but you started this, Weiss. Don't make me look like the bad guy."

That was Sun. Regardless if I was in the right or in the wrong, he was going to back me up.

Weiss was flustered. She was fuming with anger. Nevertheless, she dropped the belt. She pushed a
few things from the table as she walked to the door. She gave me a grave look. "This isn't over, you
bastard. I will get the last word." She opened and slammed the door loudly.

Sun helped me up. I observed what Weiss' "destroyed" in her wake. It wasn't nothing. A spilled
papers and a broken picture frame. A picture of us when we visited the United States; cut right in
the middle. Even fate was aware of the inevitable. What more could I say? I didn't chase after her. I
didn't even call. So much so, I easily forgot that the girl's clothes were still on the floor. I reminded
myself to put it in a trash bag. At some point, Sleeping Beauty might return. If not, oh, well! Wasn't
the first, she won't be the last.

I sat on the couch while thinking about my next move. Sun came back from the refrigerator with a
pack of ice. "Thanks," I told as I applied it to my face.

"Don't mention it," he said as he sat next to me. "You really have to space your timing with Weiss'
departure and the time with the other girls."

I pulled out a cigarette while he was telling me that. I lit up my cancer stick. "You're right. I didn't
expect Weiss to be back so soon." I took a smoke. "You know how she is. Ain't the first time she
wrecked."

"You're weren't any better entertaining it," replied Sun. I took a smoke from me carton. "You
watched her attack that poor thing. The least you could've done was stopped it."

"You know Weiss. Anyone can get it."

"Still. You don't know if that woman is going to call the cops or not."

"Relax, Sunny! I will give her call. Knowing for Sleeping Beauty, she will be coming back."

"Yeah," he said quietly. "There is so many time a guy can play this game. Hell hath no fury when
it comes to a woman's scorn. That is what I am saying."

I shook my head as if I was agreeing with him. I knew that Weiss would go to her room and cry
about it. She would call a few of her friends. She might involve Winter or her mother (which isn't a
bad looking woman either) and blow some steam in her own way. We would scuffle a little more
and have makeup sex. We would be back together and then the cycle repeats. That's how the game works, doesn't it?

Later that evening, me and Sun go get some Chinese food and rent a video. Before you judge me, I enjoy renting videos because they are like a little relic of my past. We were watching Cape Fear starring Robert DeNiro. We were watching the scene when DeNiro's character was jumped by three people when we heard a knock at the door. I got up and went to the door. It was my next door neighbor, Penny.

"Hey, Penny," I told as I allowed her into our apartment.

"What's up, you guys," she said casually as she jumped onto the couch to sit next to Sun. "I hope you didn't mind that I bought some popcorn with me." She was waving her bag in her hand.

"Don't tell me. Microwave broke," I said as I closed the door.

"Aw, C'mon," she said while sticking out her tongue. "Nothing wrong with borrowing and sharing between neighbors."

I lit another cigarette. "Yeah, yeah. You need to borrow a job." She didn't respond.

"Oh, oh! Still touchy from earlier," she mentioned while getting up and walking to the kitchen. "I could hear Weiss wiping the taste out of the woman's mouth."

Sun put the movie on pause. He knew it wasn't going anywhere with us talking. "Seems like to me Penny here wants to hear some of the action that happened."

She spat. "Faunus, please. At what volume are you in this time, Nep? When Bitches Fight 6 or Hood Life, Volume 4?"

I tilted my head back. "Nowadays, I don't even know anymore. That's the logistical mind of Weiss Schnee."

She pushed the buttons on the microwave. "If you and Weiss aren't working out, then why stay with her?"

That wasn't the first time Penny, Sun, my parents, Vale Police Department, and plenty of my rendezvous said about that.

"I don't know." I didn't want to hear anything more about my love life of Weiss and me. "Come and hang with us if you want. We will be finishing this movie."

She joined us with her fresh batch of popcorn. "Oh! I love Cape Fear. I can't wait to the part when Cady hides under the car and tries to rape the lawyer's wife and daughter while the lawyer watches."

Sun tossed the remote on Penny's lap. "Well, that is over. I am going to bed," he said as he retired into his room.

"What," questioned Penny.

I rubbed her head. "'Night, kiddo!"

That was basically my day in a nutshell. I want to type more but Penny called me a few moments ago telling me if I wanted to go to the club with her. She told me that Sky, Cardin, Velvet, and the
others were going. Well, I did sleep in and I don't have to be at work in the morning. So, I am going to have fun.

Hey, journal writing is fun. I am glad that Sun got me into this. Well, I am signing off on this entry.

Hello Neptune,

I hope you don’t call me by your Christian name. I have watched you from afar and I can sense that you have difficulty keeping other close to you. Thus, your reasoning of sleeping with other women. Sorry, that is quite rude of me to say. Especially that I am writing on your laptop while you are out having fun. I hope you are having fun. I hope that you keep the worries away and shouldn't have to worry, my dear.

Who am I? For now, it doesn't matter. What does matter is that I am highly interested in you. You put up a demeanor that seems convincing to others. I know you within as I can feel the energy. You are soft as a puppy. It's quite adorable if you were to ask me. I think it is sweet to know how much adorable you are when people don't know the real you like I do. I have watched you from the time you have slept...with her till the moment that "thing" hit you. I can tell you your problem. You are dealing with girls. You haven't met a woman is all.

You are on my mind. So, forgive me for coming into your room to write this message. I hope it gets your attention, my sweet.

I can tell you are a lucky gem. I look forward to seeing more of you, hearing more of you, and hopefully, having a one-on-one with you.

I have to go. I hope we can meet soon.

Until then, my Neptune. Have a sweet dream.

P.S.: I hope you have some sweet dreams. The sweetest you've ever known. Good night, my sweet.

To be continued....
Hey, guys. Big Diesel is here. The story is straight from the vaults. I wrote this story in 2016. My girlfriend happened to find it when she was cleaning some files from my old computer. I looked at it and decided, "why not release this?" Side note: my girlfriend has been pester me about making Astolfo fanfiction. I am not sure. I like the man as he is the king (or queen) of this anime game right now. Anyway, I hope you enjoy the story. If the story is favorable, I might continue it. Happy Reading! God bless!

It was in the basement of the library where Jaune Arc could be found. His expression doesn't convey any excitement or sadness, but it was riveting in fear. He was running, the sound of his breath hastening for time to breathe. However, whatever he was running from wasn't giving him the chance. His fearful eyes give away as if he saw something horrifying.

"No, no. Dear Oum, stay away from me." He picked up the pace. He passed through a corridor where old potion notebooks, used flasks and beakers, and an array of cobwebs took residence. He backed away in an attempt to run. However, something obstructed his path. It was cold. His nimble fingers touched it. Panicked struck his mind when he realizes that it was a brick wall in his path. With the narrow hallway ahead of him and the brick wall behind him, there was no escape.

The sound of a crackling laughter filled the hallway. "Jauney! Where are you! I only want to play with you!" Her voice was like a faulty siren. He felt the chill in his bones. He has crossed paths with this woman in the paths. The woman who declared to make him hers the moments their eyes crossed paths with each other. Each time, she laughed, he heard the sounds of thunder making a tremendous noise from the heavens. His dampened clothes gave proof that he was running from his captor in the rain. Even Oum was crying for Jaune as even his angels couldn't save him from this demon.

He pushed his hands against the wall, hoping that Ozpin or anybody had a special compartment like a false brick. He grabbed relentlessly in the search. Suddenly, a dim light appeared. He saw his hand dancing along with the shadows of the wavering light. He cautiously turned around. He knew his fate was sealed. His captor was here.

"Jauney, why are you running away from me? Mommy Raven only wants to make Jauney mine. Nothing more and definitely nothing less." Wearing a shallow cut black and red dress, five necklaces with an assortment of beads, a red girdle-belt, and a pair of matching gauntlets, the captor of the evening revealed her presence. What was damning was that she was carrying her blade. Allowing it to dangle and clink the floor, filling the passageway with her noise.

She was a beautiful creature, admittedly in spite of his fear. This woman was the mother of his friend, Yang. She was a force to be reckoned. A woman that is to be feared. And a woman who knows what she wants. At that very moment, she wanted Jaune.

And only Jaune.

"You run away from me, my darling." She edged closer. "In the pouring rain nonetheless. Leaving your mother worried. As if I have forsaken you, my little one."

"Please, Raven. Stand back, please." He extended his hands in defense. His weapon, dropped in the pursuit, rendering himself useless.
"What Mother desires, little one, Mommy gets." Raven suddenly stepped forward, her left hand grasped the Jaune's neck, the knife in her right hand softly slides down his smooth stomach. "Jaune's body smells so good, Mommy Raven cannot help but want to taste it a little." She placed her nose on his neck, inhaling his scent. She uttered a moan in the midst of it all before licking his neck. "I see a boy, smell a boy, but Mommy Raven tastes a man. Yummy!"

With Raven's strength, she grabbed Jaune and threw him to the floor. He felt the pain as his head made contact with the granite floor. He staggered giving Raven time to get on top of him.

"Raven," he pleaded to his captor. "Please, listen to me."

"Quiet!" She gripped his neck, striking a particular vein that jolted him. His watered eyes stared at the captor. "Watch how you make a tone, boy. You are a good boy. Good boys aren't noisy. So, don't be so noisy, little one." She giggled, running her hand through his hair. "It seems that I have calmed you down a touch."

"Raven. What is it do you want from me?"

She put her finger to her lip. "As if you already didn't have to ask. My goal is to make you mine. I have always wanted a son to call my own. Girls are fussy, mean, and overall naughty. Boys know their place." She flicked his nose. "Like you."

She withdrew her sword from her sheath. "So, in order to show proof of ownership, let's engrave a mark of our love upon each other!"

"No, Raven, no, no, no," begged Jaune.

She put her finger to his lips. "Shh! Shh! Relax. I am not going to kill you. This is just ownership, sweetheart. Like a covenant who marks a brand to mark their pride. I am only going to let others know who you belong to."

He struggled feverishly as he tried to relinquish himself from Raven. He wanted to shout but realized that no sound escaped his lips as it was sealed by her lips. Jaune felt the Raven's tongue charging into his mouth, their tongues intertwining, tasting and touching. Suddenly, he felt something entering his mouth.

The feeling in his body was becoming paralyzed. As his hands were grabbing Raven's hands, they were slowly giving itself away.

"Jauney's mouth is so delicious. So gooey and delectable. I wouldn't expect anything less."

Feeling the numbness, he panickedly asked. "What did you do?"

"Just a little insurance, my love. Just a little insurance. I have to do this," She raised the knife. "Be strong for me." Despite the paralysis, it still didn't do much as he shouted, feeling a sharp pain in the abdomen. The sword within Raven's hand was already covered with blood. One slice after another, she remained calm, expressionless as she was creating art upon his body.

"Finally finished, this mark of the crest isn't bad!" She looked at his stomach as it was covered in blood. Happy and satisfied that she marked him with her crest, she leaked out a smile, as if she had completed a masterpiece.

He couldn't see it but his seeing the blood riveted him in fear. "What did you do?"

"Like I said, sweetheart. Mommy Raven made her claim on you." She looked proud, accomplished
by doing such a deed. She raised her shirt, exposing her tender, creamy stomach. "Now, it's my turn to show my love to you." She lifted up the sword that was covered with his blood, forcefully drew on her own body. Blood flowed down her skin. She, however, revealed no sign of pain as if she wasn't fazed by her self-mutilation.

"There," she said in between pants. On her stomach, it was a symbol of his family crest. "Jauney has mine and Mommy Raven has yours. The proof of our love for each other, little one."

The mixed blood from the two formed a large pool of blood. Satisfied, Raven touched his blood and placed it in her mouth as if she was tasting the finest meal in the world.

"Jauney's blood also tastes very good. And now our proof of authenticity is completed. From now on, Jauney is Raven's."

Feeling weak from the blood loss and his numbness, Jaune went into silence.

"Raven finds it funny, but my little boy needs his rest," she said as she gently patted him on the forehead. "Mommy Raven wants to have more fun with my son. Especially if we are planning for him to be a Papa and for me, a mommy."

She kissed him on his lips, taking a gentle bite of it. "Sleep well, Jauney! You will need your strength for later, Papa!"

To be continued?
It was at the university's Starbucks when Jaune Arc laid her eyes on her. Technically, it was his time his blue eyes made contact with the redhead, but actually seeing her into full view gave him a perspective of the mysterious woman. Of the mysterious woman had a name. The pair shared a Calculus class together. Occasionally, she would tap him whenever she fell behind or didn't hear what the professor said. It was a friendly neighbor chat. Not the wanting-to-get-to-know chat. Her mysterious aura turned heads left and right through the halls of the university. A flower on the rock was the proper term many have called her. Jaune didn't know what cord struck him to introduce himself to Pyrrha Nikos, but timing can be interesting if it is a part of fate.

He tapped her shoulder. She quickly jolted, probably surprised by the sudden appearance. The redhead held her notebook with both arms before relaxing. She showed her heavenly smile. "Oh, you are the blonde from Calculus." She snapped her fingers a couple of times. She was trying to remember his name. On the final snap, she remembered. "Jaune. Jaune Arc. I find it easily when comparing you to Joan of Arc."

Rubbing the back of his head to laugh at the overly used pun, he politely said, "I get that a lot. I do have a sister who shares the same name as M'Lady."

The barista interrupted the conservation after calling Pyrrha's order. The trienta Strawberry Acai was her poison. She took a sip before returning her adoring eyes onto Jaune. "Listen, I wish we can talk, but I got to run."

Threading on a thread, Jaune spat. "Listen, Pyrrha. I know you don't anything about me." He was stammering. With his hands in his pockets accumulating sweat, he tried thinking on what more could he say to speak to this beauty. "Our Calc test was coming up and the professor gave me his notes to study and analyze. I was wondering if you wanted to share and compare notes with me?" He grunted, covering his mouth. "So, we can break the curve?"

She closed her eyes with Jaune getting a chance of seeing the glowing skin of hers. Complexion creamier than milk, her smell was pleasant as a fresh plucked strawberry, and a voice as heavenly as a siren to a sailor. "I can get with that. Perhaps we can make it a study party."

"A study party," he retorted. On the inside, he was rooting and thanking the gods for allowing his only trump card to play in his favor. "That would be a great idea. However, I don't know many of our classmates."

She patted his shoulder. "Don't worry about the classmates, just bring yourself and the notes. I can gather others for the study party." She slightly brushed his shoulder. "Here is the address of my home. Be there at 8 o'clock. See you around."

As her scent left him entranced, he stammered as he tried to muster a response. "Do I need to bring any chips, soda, something?"

She didn't look back, but threw the peace sign in the air. "Just bring yourself, my dear. I am looking forward of your arrival tonight." She exited the door leaving Jaune in a trance. Until, a patron bumped into him.

"Sir, can you move. There are dozens waiting to order." Jaune humbly apologize and returned to his table. He needed to head back to his dorm to shower and to change. Meanwhile, he phoned his roommate Lie Ren to make connections with the professor to acquire those said notes.
That night, Jaune gathered the notes from Lie Ren to bring with him to Pyrrha's house. Upon inputting her address onto his map app, he learned that she lived off campus. It didn't alarm the blonde for it wasn't uncommon of students living off-campus. Borrowing Lie Ren's vehicle, he traveled the highway. About thirty minutes had passed, he began questioning if this was a prank. He was traveling on a beaten dirt path. He was having doubts. Firstly, he had never visited Pyrrha or had much interaction with the exception of class. Secondly, she didn't even leave a phone number in case he were to get lost. He was too excited to rationalize those thoughts. As he was about to call it quits, he started to see lamppost. His mouth become agaped upon seeing a mansion.

He turned onto the cobblestoned driveway to lead to the front of her mansion. He was alone for he didn't see any other vehicles in the driveway. Either they were lost like him or didn't want to spend their Friday evening studying, what was important that he was going to spend time with Pyrrha Nikos.

He approached the door of the home. Before he could knock, the door opened. He cautiously stepped inside of the manor to see Pyrrha Nikos waiting for him. She stood at the foot of the spiral staircase. She was wearing a white evening gown adorned with a pearl necklace. He blushed as he wore just a plain t-shirt and blue jeans. If he would have known if it was more formal, he would have put on something better.

"Good evening, Jaune." She made graceful steps. Such an angelic splendor, according to Jaune. She made it to the floor where she greeted him with a peck on the cheek. "Glad that you can make it." She led her hands to another room. "Shall we go to the drawing room?"

Entranced by her beauty, he absentmindedly shook his head for approval as she took him by his hand to the room. As they were walking, he finally asked. "Where are the others?"

"Others? What do you mean?"

"The others for the party."

She paused, as if he was speaking foreign to her. "Oh! That!" She lightly tapped her lip. "I don't have any real friends to speak of." She took his hand once more. "Let's go inside, shall we?"

Jaune entered the drawing room where she presented him with a seat. The seat was actually a soft, plush rug beside the burning kettle from the fireplace. He jokingly stated, "I won't be sure how we are going to write, but if it is fashionable."

Both we sitting on the rug. Jaune felt the pelt of the poor creature that once claimed it. It was quiet, but comfortable. As he scuffled for his notes, Pyrrha looked at the ceiling before smiling at Jaune. "It's a loving evening. Isn't it?"

"Agreed. A full moon, stars in the sky. As if the heavens are speaking to us."

"Romantic, Jaune. You think the heavens are speaking?"

Her voice flowed like honey, making the back of the hairs in his neck to stand. "They can. To be sure that everything falls in line."

She giggled. "Like you and I sitting alone in this big mansion?"

"Yeah, you can say that."

She licked her lips before stretching her hand to his hand. "What if the heavens were speaking the
moment you came to talk to me."

He swallowed the lump in his throat. He felt two arms come around him, holding him like a vice. Her arms were clasped around his chest, and even if he wanted to escape from that embrace there would be no release. She placed her left hand on his heart and whispered into his ear, "Your heart is racing. You want me don't you?"

"I wanted to study with you is all," he managed to say as her finger trailed his chest.

"Studying or studying me," she asked in an alluring tone. She began to blow in his ear, and then gently nibbling. It felt gentle at first, but it began to get harder and he could see the blood trickling down my shirt.

She covered her mouth. "Oh my! Please accept my apologies." She withdrew her tongue and applied it to his wound. She whispered, "I know you have been watching me from afar, Jaune. I have been watching you watching me."

Jaune nearly choked on his own saliva when she exposed a slip of her nipple. He was already combating his throbbing member. Nevertheless, he was fighting his judgement. "No, Pyrrha. I can't. I like you. I do. But, this isn't what you think." He put his hand on her shoulder. "Granted, I came with motives of using this as an attempt to pursue you. I had no intent of wanting you to have sex with me."

She lowered her eyebrows. She rubbed his hand before kissing it gently. Her licks reignited the erection. "Jaune, you have been sweet. I have scented it." She used her palm to rub his erection. "I think that I can say this now. It isn't that you had ulterior moments, but I do. The thing is that I want to sleep with you. I want to have sex with you."

She hovered over him and began undressing him. "I know what you want. I know your desire. Let me be your desire." She inhaled his manly scent. "Will you become the desire?"

Swallowing the lump in his throat, he managed to say, "Yes, I will."

"I'm willing to grant you what you want, for it is my wish to give myself to you."

"Yes, Pyrrha. Your wish shall be granted."

To be concluded in the next chapter....
Hey, guys. Big Diesel here. I have found another gem on my old laptop that I have written in 2016. I am thinking of turning this into a short series. I am unsure, but I might do some editing. I am releasing to see what you guys think. If it is to your liking, I will re-edit it and turn it into a story. Enjoy!

It was the pink brunette that captured his attention when sliding a piece of cake to Jaune. They didn't have chocolate, but I hope vanilla will do. Jaune drained the last of his hot chocolate when investigating the cake in question. If there is any consolation, I even have coffee jelly if you want some. He took deep breaths, resultingly inhaling the fragrance of the cake. The appearance, the texture, it made him think of the days when his mother cooked them treats on Sunday afternoons after coming home from church.

She handed him a fork. A simple, breakable plastic fork. The end of it was heart-shaped. Have a taste. I've made it myself. I hope it is to your liking, Jaune. He poked at the gelatinous texture before puncturing the baked good. Slowly, he put it to his nose. He wanted to be certain of its smell reflecting its taste.

The pink brunette snapped her fingers. Please eat, love. You have eaten in quite a while. It worries me if you were to be skin and bones. And the last thing I want you to do is to make me worry. She came behind him. He didn't like it when people stood over him. A quirk, he admittedly told himself. He felt like a child as his parent was coercing him to eat the cake. Please eat for me, sweetie. I promise that it is just how your mother makes it. She even wrote the recipe on a piece of paper. Isn't she sweet? She worries about you dearly. So, please be modest for her, and for me to partake it. He swallowed the lump in his throat. He was baffling in fear. How could the pink brunette be so certain that she established contact with his mother? How could he be so certain that the delicacy of desserts wasn't laced with an extra ingredient? And he could tell if vanilla extract wasn't the only thing potent in the ingredients.

The pink brunette touched his face. The hairs stood as her softness pushed the fork into his mouth. There you go, sweetheart. Chew. chew, and swallow, love. Don't spit it out, you silly goose. I want you to taste the love I put into this cake. She rubbed the Adam's Apple of his throat to see if he did it. She felt pleased that he did. You make me so proud, Jaune. This time I didn't have to pry your mouth open or inject you with anything. You acted like an adult. She clapped her hands cheerfully. Yay! Because I thought you were going to act like a child, I was going to treat you like one.

She reached for his hand to put the fork inside of the cake. Let's take another bite, sweetness. I want to be here so you can taste all of my love from this cake. She blew into his ear, alerting his senses. However, he adjusted to being confined to his chained brass anklets and bracelets.

Let's have another bite, sweetness. She pressed her chin to his shoulder, allowing easy access to put the fork into his mouth. You are more willing this time, love. You are making it simpler for yourself. Neo is proud of what you are doing for me. It warms my heart and your stomach when you follow directions. Now, I want my sweetness to be sweet for me for now on. She kissed his cheek and patted his head. Good Jauney! Good Jauney! She kissed him once more, then trailing her tongue down his stiffened neck. She inhaled vigorously as she used her tongue to find the right vein. Which part of the neck am I going for today?

Jaune reached for his hand. He swayed his fingers to get his captor's attention. Neo, I am weak and
I am tired. You have kept me here for so long? What is your plan? What is your getup?

She held his hand, caressing her fingers in between his, intertwining it. Love, it is that we can become one. You have made it my business after you came for my covenant. I might admit, I was angry, but seeing you to be this cute, there was no way I wanted to kill you anymore.

Neo found the perfect vein to take in the essence of his blood. She punctured the neck, ingesting his blood to her mouth. She closed her eyes, tasting the value of life. As if it was the greatest drink in the world, she loved his liquid platinum. Something about his blood made Jaune more than just a mere human. Once she consumed enough, she pulled from his neck, licking the leftover blood from his punctured holes. I just can't have enough of you, Jaune. There is no way I am going to let you go.

Neo pulled away only to go into his direction. At first glance, Jaune didn't want to see, but she tilted his chin to her gaze. She swayed her fingers to communicate with him. Jaune, don't avert your eyes on the life that we are planning to make. She rubbed her enlarged stomach tenderly. She cooed knowing that another form of life was to be expecting soon. Since you have destroyed my family, we will have to make a new one. For I am the queen of this covenant and for you will the new king. And our daughter will make reign and dominion in this new dynasty. She lifted his body to steadily approach her face. The moment you realize and understand that the moment I can release you and you can become mine. Until then, I must break you. For you see, dear, I can't let you go.

Jaune felt faint sounds coming from his mind. It was a deep womanly voice. He turned to Neo to see her eyes turning into a glowing red. "Hear this now!" Neo's voice projected to his thoughts. He felt the fear as she held onto him. "There are two ways of your future with me. You can stay with me as best friends, lovers, and soulmates. Or, you can spend the rest of your life as a slave that will be nothing more than a mere meal for me and your children." She pressed her lips to his forehead. "You see, love, you put yourself into the position when you wanted to be a hunter. Love, I knew what you are and your worth from the guild. I even accepted the sacrifice of my clan for you. So, to avenge them and to honor them, I will not let you go. I am willing to spend the rest of my life knowing of what you will pick. The choice is yours!"

She dropped him to the floor. The morning is to come. Get some rest, love. We will resume soon. She blew a kiss to him. Sweet dreams, Jaune. Sweet dreams, Papa!

She released a haughty laugh before closing the door to his bedroom.

To be continued?
Time of Departure (Part III)

He had arrived at the Cardiff Airport at the peak of dawn. The airport looked more like a shopping mall than anything Jaune had expected. The tiles under foot gleamed white and everywhere were people milling around. There were two glass elevators leading to a lower floor which had the appearance of a food mall. And in the middle of several large open areas were blue fabric covered seats. The air was cool and only the faint aroma coming down from the food area gave it any scent. Some stairs lead up to a viewing deck where eager children watched the airplanes take off and land. There were mounted telescopes for them to look through and the back wall was one large window. Behind the telescopes was a scale model of the airport with the runways marked on it.

Jaune took an elevator and made his descent toward baggage claim. There were plasma screens of arrival and departure times on the wall of the airport. People were lined up at the check-in desk with suitcases and baggage. There was a sculpture of a whale with water cascading from its mouth and flowing down its tail flukes. In the background, soft classical music played. In the arrivals lounge, there was a curious mixture of bored and excited people. Becoming tired and weary from the flight, he grabbed his luggage and headed toward the rental car area.

He never liked worrying his mother. His twin sister, Joan, would have insisted on picking him up. He didn't like disturbing them. They were fickle, finicky people; the closest of the family since his childhood. Joan has always been their good fortune. She was the oldest by a few minutes, making him the younger sibling. It wasn't easy living in a house of girls. With their father absent, he took responsibility of being the patriarch, a role to this day he never felt worthy of having. He gripped his right hand. It was something of the air that gave Jaune a thought as he pondered on what things he prepared to do for his family when he returned back home.

Home, a place of peace, a place of somber, a place of familiarity.

Familiarity

Such a powerful word itching and edging his brain. As if his destiny was to return to where it had all started. *The prodigal son returns*. He snapped his finger. *The prodigal patriarch returns*. Since his phone didn't have service to Wales yet, he went to the service clerk to request a taxi.

He stepped outside to inhale the salty air, his birthright. Something about being away for some time makes a person forgetful of their childhood.

*You're not visiting because I've said so!*

It was his older sister, Jeanette's wedding engagement. An engagement she expected all of the Arc family to be present. He had his suit and tie ready. wasn't expensive, but it never mattered for the elder Arc sister as long as Jaune was there. Sitting at the edge of the bed, he watched as Weiss made the decision of her disapproval of his going to the wedding.

'You're not visiting because I've said so.' She was absolute. She gripped to her hair, brushing it gently. She stared into the mirror, specifically staring at the very man she proclaimed to be her husband. 'You have too much to do for the company. We don't have time for any deviation. Our shareholders are coming for a very important dinner this weekend and I need you to be there in attendance. What kind of woman am I without the missing piece to the puzzle of the Schnee fortune?'
Schnee was his married name. The rebellion of tradition had nothing to do with his name change. Control was the motive. Weiss Arc didn't sound right to his father-in-law. In his words, 'a bitter taste to the tongue.' Schnee was a name to be recognized in not only in their town but globally. Weiss was the cream of the crop, an heiress to the dynasty and the name Arc wasn't going to cut it. The very day of the registry, Arc surrendered his name to become a Schnee. Jaune Schnee, a new identity, a new being. If this should have been a change for the better, then why did it hurt so badly as the moment he signed his name under his new surname?

**Familiarity**

'Weiss, honey.' He pleaded in his strained voice. 'I have promised Jeanette that I would appear. She has sent me invitations to this wedding months in advance, darling.' He cupped his hand with his fist. 'This is my sister, Weiss. I mean, I did make it a top priority when coming to your sister's wedding.'

She put the brush down. She turned diagonally, crossing her legs in the process. 'So, what's your point? That was an obligation, a creed to the Schnee name. I wouldn't miss anything of a Schnee for the world. What's an Arc to the rest of this nation?'

Jaune closed his eyes. This wasn't the first time she insulted his family name. Granted that his family wasn't born with a silver spoon in their mouths, but that was still his name. He gets only one and he was watching his wife defecating it or dropping it like loose change. He had kept his peace, something that his mother has taught him in the midst of crisis. *Remember, Jauney. Quick to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.*

'I respect your view, darling,' replied Jaune calmly. 'I have been nothing but loyal to you over this past couple of years. I am committed to this marriage as much as you are.' He looked at the floor. 'I feel isolated. They need me, dear. I need them and it's important that I'll be there. I can't miss any more of my family.'

She held her hand. Her eyes furrowed as it cascaded to his sight. 'You must not have understood when you jumped the broom, Jauney dear.' She let out a smirk. Jaune knew he had crossed the line. Whenever Weiss displayed that look, it wasn't a good sign. 'Must I remind you of your position? Subservient. Can you quote that?'

'Darling, I-'

She snapped her fingers. 'Subservient. Definition, now!'

He went quiet for a moment. That wasn't the response she wanted to see as she stood and gave him a teeth-rattling slap across his face. 'Answer the question, Oum damn it.' She squatted as she grabbed his chin. 'Or I will have to teach you another lesson. Do you want that again?' Her eye pointing to the hairbrush on the dresser.

'No, I don't,' answered Jaune fearfully.

'Now answer the definition. Subservient!'

He shook his head fearfully. His eyes looked away, but the indenture of her well-manicured nails hinder his avoidance. 'Prepared to obey others unquestioningly.'

'What else?'

'Serving as a means to an end.'
'One more.'

'Less important; subordinate.'

She released her grip. She clapped her hands fervently and insincerely. 'Check out the big brain on Jaune. You are learning your place, boy.' She extended her fingers. 'Your family, subservient. This Jeanette, subservient. You? Well, you play your cards right and return to my graces, then subservient wouldn't be your place.' She chuckled. 'Maybe, dependent?'

She returned her grips to his chin. 'Pick up the phone and call your sister. Tell her "I will not attend the wedding because I've said so." Weiss reached for his cell phone. She unlocked the phone to search for Jeanette. 'I will be sitting right here next to you to ensure that you will do it. You wouldn't like it if you were on the bad end, wouldn't you?' She winked. Tears were vacating his tear ducts as he picked up the phone to call his sister of the bereaved news.

Jaune got inside of the taxicab with the widely noticeable three slashings on the passenger side door. The inside of the cab was more of a confessional booth in a Catholic church. The inside was dark and so were the windows of the vehicle. The would-be glass at the front of the cab was substituted with wood grain with egg-crate foam. The foam was spray painted in black, supporting the background of the cab. Jaune concluded that it had to be a private taxi line. Having these kinds of things in the cab must have to violate many of the local town's statures.

"Where to," asked the taxi driver.

Jaune decided not to head home just yet. He wanted to clear his head before returning to his former shell. It was his place of peace, his place of solace, his place of familiarity.

The reorientation from his disorientation. The silver lining of his torn seam.

It was a deli cafe, next to Radyr and Morganstown train station, busy commuters in and out, office workers, taxi drivers. Shiny silver IKEA tables and chairs, Monet prints framed on the walls, light jazz music, cream cheese smoked salmon bagels, coronation chicken baguettes, faux chic atmosphere, servers in smart matching garb, fancy coffee, latte, espresso, hot chocolate, small kitchen for sandwich preparation, ovens for finishing part-baked bread, false smiles, wiping down surfaces, sterilizing refrigerator seals, wrapping and sealing baguettes in plastic, sticking labels on food.

This wasn't preferably Jaune's choice. Jaune preferred the coziness of his patio where he could enjoy light jazz and drink coffee in solace. Jaune never liked crowds. His abhorring grew from the cocktail parties, galas, and the like. The people were the same. Masking their disgruntling and hate through their income, their wealth, and their status. Parading and clinking to glasses of deceit, drinking away their self-worth and consuming pharmaceuticals. Not a night went by without Weiss emptying the dispensary before going to bed; if there was a night Weiss came home. And even if they shared the bed, never in his life had he felt so cold and so lonely.

Familiarity

He silently thanked the taxi driver, sliding a few extra bills. Jaune didn't have much on him. His luggage, a few dollars, sticks of gum, and his dignity was all the blonde had to his name. Much of anything else was stuff; repossessed by the Schnee Dust Company after he signed the divorce papers. From riding a Mercedes to taking the bus within forty-eight hours.
It was just stuff. The chains were broken for he had never felt that free since the day he said: "I do."

*There were signs, Jaune. Signs before your proposal. Signs when Joan and Jeanette displayed concern when they came to see you. Signs you wouldn't pick up because you were fearful.*

He wiped his feet before opening the door into the restaurant. The silence abruptly disappeared when he was welcomed with the clinking sounds of forks and knives hitting plates; people were well engaged in conversation; servers walking in different directions to cater to their customers. He could hear Minnie Riperton playing in the background. The song is inaudible, but a music lover can pinpoint her voice.

He politely greeted the server on staff and requested for a booth. The woman led him to the booth next to a window. His unspoken reason for this preference so he would know if he was being tailed. Who was that said tail? Wasn't that tail detached? His antennas remained alert, certain if the worst were to come, then he should be prepared. It wasn't her first time to come after him. Who knew what kind of force she would be when she returns? And knowing for Weiss, he wouldn't put it past her if she were on the way.

"Care to look at our menu for specials, sir," asked the server.

"No, ma'am," answered Jaune. "Just a coffee, black."

"Anything else?"

"A bowl of peanuts and a glass of lemon water."

"Coming right up."

The server was walking away before Jaune uttered something that stopped her. She turned around. "Yes, sir?"

"Tell Jeanette that her little brother is here to see her."

The server displayed a warm smile, releasing any tension within her. "Aren't you Jaune Arc?"

He produced a slight smile. "The one and only."

"I will alert her that you have arrived."

Puzzled, he said, "I have arrived? She doesn't know I am here."

She pursed her lips. "A little cardinal alerted Jeanette before you came. She said to be on the lookout for a cutie with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a sense of humility." The server bowed as she hurried the pace to the kitchen.

Jaune rubbed his wrist as he processed that swift information. "A little cardinal..." He fidgeted with his shirt button on one hand while tapping his fingers on the table. "You haven't changed at all, Pyrrha. You sly little minx."

He reached into his pocket to receive his cell phone. He connected on Facebook to get in contact with his elder twin, Joan. He wrote a message. *The crows caws at midnight.*

He received a response a few moments later. *And the cat sours the basil.*
A sense of relief pour through his tired bones. His secret message came through with Joan. He couldn't stay long, in case of certain prying eyes, he returned the message. *The cattle has arrived. At the fencing post being cleaned up. Afterwards, the cattle will be ready to be shipped and collected at another ranch. A ranch that is lost in the woods.*

Timing was really much of what Jaune had. What Weiss didn't know, or he didn't want her to know, but Cardiff was only the main port to take him to his destination. He never grew up in the city. He was initially embarrassed of his country upbringing. He only claimed it so he wouldn't look like a "country bumpkin" to the others. Now, he was using it as a blessing in disguise.

Joan returned the message. *A rancher would be here in two pesos. The cattle must remain still until then.*

Jaune has to wait for two more days until one of them were to retrieve him and take him back home. Until then, Jaune had to set up camp for the time being. The last thing he wanted to do was to put his sister, Jeanette, in danger. He reached into his pocket. A card that Pyrrha left for him along with a phone number and a note. *Call me whenever you are pleased to do so.*

He fidgeted with the card before making the final decision. He stood up as he was searching for the phone booth. It was one of the many blessings that phone booths were to exist in this town.

Weiss was washing her hands in the restroom of the airport. She looked into the mirror. Crimson red made the background in front of it while she dried her hands. In the stall was a person no longer part of the living. His throat was slashed, allowing the blood to drain onto his clothing. His pants were undone. That area had blood draining out of it. She fixed her lips as she took a souvenir from the deceased.

It was an airline badge.

"Teehee! Got my wings!" She chuckled, wiping the blood from her upper lip. "Seems like I am the sole member of the Mile High Club, captain!" She made a salute before closing the bathroom door. "If I say give me information about a certain blonde, then I wouldn't have been this mean." She scoffed as she began humming a song as she strolled away into the crowd.

*You've led our love astray too long*  
*So please let me take the reins*  
*I'll squeeze out every drop of lust*  
*From your heart and from your veins*

*Don't even think about running, my dear*  
*With knives, I'm none too shy*  
*And I'd hate to have to do something rash*  
*As your blood is in short supply*

*I want you to stay with me forever*  
*I hope you won't disobey*  
*Because in the end, my darling sweet*  
*I will have things my way*

"Ready or not, here I come. You can't hide, Jaune. I will find you and make you love me."

*For in sickness or in health. For better or for worse. Until death do us part. I am coming for you, Jaune.*
Hey, guys. [girlfriendoftheauthor] here. It's been awhile since I have written anything. I decided to conclude this chapter for my boyfriend since he gave me permission. I hope you enjoy!

Pyrrha led Jaune up to the spiral staircase. She told him in the midst of her excitement that they were going to continue in her bedroom. Jaune was cheerful of the unexpected rendezvous with his crush, but in the back of his mind, he was nervous. First of all, he was a virgin. Second of all, he didn't bring any condoms. The best he thought he was going to receive was probably a kiss. Before he could wrap his entire mind into the fray, they were already inside of her bedroom.

Pyrrha pushed him to the bed. He was met with the plushness of soft fur blankets. She giggled as she slowly unrobed her attire. Nervously, he tried to display laughter to cover his fear of intimacy. "Pyrrha, I am flattered of the occasion. Honestly, I am."

She pursed her lips. "Jaune, don't be scared. I promise I won't bite." She winked, swaying her hands. "Unless you want me to." She purred like a tiger as she crawled into the bed. "Don't worry, Jaune, you can relax. We will take it slow." She reached for his leg. "And no, I won't be taking no for an answer, darling. You did say that you will give yourself to me."

"Okay." Wasn't sure if he said that to himself or to her, but Pyrrha helped him undress until he, too, was clothed in his nakedness.

Like a mother does to her child, Pyrrha took his head and embedded him into her bosom. "Lick, my dear," she told him as he placed his tongue until her nipple. They were already erect as slow gasps escaped her mouth as he wrapped his tongue with the right before going for the left in his tongue.

"Harder", she commanded. Jaune took her left nipple in his mouth and began sucking it feverishly, massaging it with his tongue and letting myself absorb the whole scene. "Harder", she roared in excitement. Judging by the sounds of her moans, he was doing a great job. The closer he had ever go to a nipple was experimenting with the ends of balloons when he was in high school. It wasn't his proudest moment, but he was grateful for exciting the girl he truly desired.

She erupted with delight, as her screams that escaped her lips confirmed the message. He was grateful that she was alone for there would have been others present, they would have heard her. His teeth clamped down hard at one point and he drew blood. Fearing his action, he stopped.

"Oum, I am sorry," he said as he apologetically bowed before Pyrrha. She raised her eyebrows, which displayed her heavenly smile. She looked at where the swelling became a fresh red and laughed.

"If we were to have any pups, cautious of the canines you have," she said alluringly as her eyes directly stared at his dick. "Let's see how nurturing I can be." Her tongue weaved its way from the head to the shaft repeatedly as she took his entire dick in her mouth. Her cheeks sunk in as she made an effort to take it all in. He was grateful for his stamina for he knew he could have climaxed immediately.

He felt weird but knew he was close to climaxing. Her maneuver implied to the blonde that this wasn't her first rodeo. Nevertheless, he tried not to overthink about it. She was with him and that was what mattered.

"Pyrrha," he mustered to say in between his moans. "I am feeling weird. I feel very hot. I think I am
She locked her arms around Jaune, entrapping him. He clawed his fingers into her hair. He couldn't handle the pressure anymore. He knew that the moment he climaxed, she was doing the same as he noticed her fingers were tilling her pussy. She grabbed his hips and began squeezing it. She, absentmindedly, bit onto his dick.

"Pyrrha, I am gonna cum. I am gonna cum," he screamed.

"Me, too. Me, too."

They both screamed into pleasure as they climaxed simultaneously. His milk splashed onto the teen's face. She ingested the juices with much of her strength, briefly choking at moments. She shivered as the warm sensation of her juices leaked from her pussy to the ground.

She released her grip and he fell backward to the floor. He panted loudly and coughing as he was trying to breathe. She worked her way up to his face. Jaune took his hand to her face and pulled in to him. He kissed her passionately while she worked her hands over towards the side of the bed and produced a rope. She mounted her body onto his hips while simultaneously tying his hands to the bed.

"Pyrrha," he said nervously before she put her fingers to his lips, promoting silence.

"Let me have some fun, my dear," she purred onto him. "You're my man, now!"

She leaned back as she gyrated her hips. Every stroke, Jaune felt the folds of her pussy entrapping his penis. It felt like a vacuum as he took sharp breaths, covering his moans. Pyrrha laughed loudly as she began squeezing her nipples. She took strong strokes, but careful to not promote an orgasm. Although she had already come but wasn't ready to take in the seeds of Jaune; or at least not now. She quickly rocked his shaft, moaning loudly and uttered his name under her breath. She returned to the position where Jaune was. She closed her eyes and wrapped her lips around Jaune. He felt her soft, luscious breasts touching his erected nipples. He relieved himself from touching her ass and began touching her breasts.

Her screams and moans of passion became roars as if something overcame her. She slapped his chest repeatedly and her nails clawed into his chest, tearing into his flesh wherever her hands had been. The pain turned into pleasure as he felt his dick was stirring for another climax.

"I am gonna cum," he cried to her as he spurted his seed inside of her. His dick twitched, releasing every content into her womb. She welcomed each spurt with love, filling the warm confines of her womb. She kept her eyes on him, making sure he was witnessing her expression as she was ebbing in the pleasure.

With the tension released she dismounted and lay down next to him with the same angelic smile that he had seen previously. He was panting, but still looking at Pyrrha's smiling face. She gave a slight, devilish smirk. She didn't leave his side right away. She wanted a few moments of filling his hot seed inside of her. "Tell me, Jaune. How did you enjoy your first time with me?"

His tongue was dry. He tried collecting what saliva he had to speak. "It felt good. It felt good." He stretched his arms as his hands were beginning to cramp. He stared at the ceiling until he started feeling a bit lightheaded. As he rested his hands on his chest, he started feeling the amount of blood around him. It then dawned on him that she did tear into him with her nails.

"My apologies," she said. "I can get a bit intense." The laughter that burst from her lips was no
longer sweet but darkened. She looked at his sweat covered face and then deep into his eyes. The gorgeous eyes were gone, and in their place were eyes that burned a hellish red.

"Listen, I want to thank you for this evening," he said nervously. "Let's get together soon after I get myself patched up." Frightened, he began to get up and dress.

"Where do you think you are going, my dear," she asked in a stern tone.

He didn't look at Pyrrha, but answered. "I have to get home. I will talk to you..." A strong grip had him at his hips, tightening it. He closed his eyes, shutting it tight. He felt the force of the other hand, tilting his neck. He felt the hot breath hitting his neck. The redhead chuckled. "What do you mean go home? This is your home now. We have consummated our relationship. There is no way I am going to let you go, my dear."

She flashed a grin, and two sharp canines protruded her mouth.

"Pyrrha," he said nervously. "You're a...you're a...you're..."

He felt the teeth puncturing his neck. It was without warning. He struggled but she had control. He was panting. Tears were escaping his eyes. He felt her hand rubbing his hair. After a few moments, it was over. She finished the job by licking his wounds. She released him, dropping it to the ground.

"Your blood," she paused. "Your blood is...your blood is...I don't know what to call it." She sounded astonished like she discovered something new.

He had his hand wrapped around his wound. He was quietly whispering for his mother. Staggering, he tried to escape, but she put her foot on his back.

"Going somewhere, my delicious Jauney? Did you forget? You are my man now." She laughed haughtily into the night. "Or should I say my lovely gourmet meal of a husband?"

She landed on top of him, pinning him to the ground. "I am not finished. I must have more." Jaune put another puncture entering his neck. He screamed into the night until he felt a hand covering him. He continued muffling until the stress of the bite caused him to pass out. As he fading out of consciousness, the only thing he saw was her eyes. After that, he went into darkness.

_Leave? You cannot ever leave! You have tasted my blood and I have savored yours. We have consummated the relationship. You are mine now!"

_That was delicious, Jauney. Thanks for the meal. I haven't tasted blood this good in ages.

_I look forward to tasting and loving more from you, my dear blood doll.

_Thank you for letting me become your desire.

_Until next time, my sweetness. Good night, my blonde cutie!

_THE END?
Hey, guys. Big Diesel and [girlfriendoftheauthor] here. So, my girlfriend gives me an idea that really gave me some thought. It took me a bit to think about it. She asks me on what if we should make a cutesy, yandere comedy about Jaune being a Faunus and a servant while working under his mistress Blake? She gave me details on how Jaune and Blake should be, among the other characters. I thought, why not? The characters aren't fairly portrayed in this story anyway. So, this isn't my typical norm, but don't mind experimenting. Enjoy!

The sun's rays stirred Jaune from his slumber. He purred as he grabbing his tail, moaning and groaning that he wanted to sleep longer. He rubbed his catlike ears to relieve the itch, wanting to rest more before he had to tend to his mistress' duties. Speaking of duties, it was close to begin their day. He left his post and beelined toward his mistress' bedroom. He humbly greeted the early risers of the maids and the butlers. He nodded toward the night shift security guard before retiring for the morning. He had finally made it to his mistress' room. He carefully opened the door so that he wouldn't disturb her slumber. One of her rules for him. He must be available before her waking up in the morning. He must be the first thing she must see in the morning.

The smell of the lavender waxed candle was looming in the room. Her laptop was on, paused on a hentai that his mistress was watching. He shook his head and closed the door. He walked to the bed where Blake was sleeping. She was lying on her side. A comic book was beside her. It didn't take a genius to know that it was a hentai. The moment he picked it up, he felt the encrusted ejaculate on the comic.

He knew of his mistress' quirks, but it was one of those things that Jaune accepted and admired. The Faunus never complained about his mistress. For it was the very mistress that had purchased him from his previous owner. Unlike Blake, his previous owners were not good to the Faunus. Many memories of abuse and neglect, things that Jaune didn't want remember.

She was masturbating to yuri this time, he thought as he put the book on her desk. She coughed before nestling in her pillow. Jaune was careful not to disturb her slumber. He didn't know where she kept her taser, but he doesn't want to take the chance again. He took off his pants and his shirt, leaving him in his undershirt and underwear. He quietly slipped into bed where he got himself comfortable. He took steady breaths, making sure he could align and synchronize his breathing with hers.

One, two, three.

He wrapped his body tightly around Blake. Her pattern changed, but let out a pleasant moan. That signified that she knew who was accompanying her in her slumber. She reached for his hand and put it around her stomach. It was very soft, plush, he thought. He reached higher and realized that she wasn't wearing a bra. She was completely topless. He pulled up the blanket and saw that she was wearing her panties. However, he could smell her womanhood.

I forget that she was masturbating. Plus the dildo next to her can definitely further incite the evidence.

"Jaune." Blake shifted from her position and turned in front of Jaune. She opened her droopy eyes, displaying her classic smile and extending her hands to touch his face. She pressed her hands, feeling every nook and cranny of it. Like Braille letters, she was studying her Faunus servant. She blew into his face. Of course, he can taste her morning breath, but he didn't mind it. It wasn't the
first time he had shared a bed with the mistress.

"Give me a morning kiss," she demanded as she pulled him forward. He closed his eyes to taste Blake. She giggled as their tongues did a dance with one another. Their kiss lasted a few moments before being broken. "Good morning, Jaune."

"Morning, Mistress Blake," replied Jaune. "How was your slumber?"

She stretched her arms before wrapping it around her servant. "I have slept great. Wishing you were with me in my dreams."

He scratched his ears. "But, mistress, remember that….

She buried his face in her bosom. "I know what Mother and Father tell you. You aren't allowed to sleep with me." She kissed his forehead. "It's a good thing that Mother and Father are out of town, aren't they?"

Jaune nodded in confirmation. "They were escorted to the airport last night. They won't be back for a few days."

Blake nuzzled her nose to the Faunus servant. "I wish I can eat you up right now. But, oi, I can't." She pulled him away from her as she rubbed her forehead. "I have company today."

"Company?" Jaune reached into his back pocket where he kept his PDA to keep track of his mistress' information. "I didn't remember penciling in any of these appointments."

"It was last minute, sweetness," she said as she sat up. She pointed Jaune to retrieve a bra on the nightstand. "Lady Weiss of the Schnee Dust Company is coming for a visit. She informed me last night when she came back from Alsace. So, you can say this was last minute." She reached for her fingers to tickle him under his chin. "So, the only thing I want you to do is to tend to your duties. Leave this to me."

Jaune removed the covers as he was reaching for his clothes. Honestly, he was grateful because he was still sore from his last encounter with his mistress.

"No, no," she whistled to him. "You can start your duties, but I like what I am seeing. So, keep them off." She started catcalling, in result causing him to blush. "If Weiss wasn't coming, then I would eat you right now. Please don't make me cancel, Jaune darling."

As he was straightening out her items, he couldn't help but ask her a question. "So, will be able to meet Lady Weiss?"

Blake frowned as she was stepping out of bed. "Honestly, I don't think you meet this individual."

Jaune reached for his tail, tugging it nervously. "But, I really like when you introduce me to your company."

Blake came and took Jaune by his hands. Whenever she pressed them together, something was stirring in her mind. Whenever she was like that, she displayed seriousness on her face. "Lady Weiss is a bit different from the others, dear. She isn't like the others who enjoy playing with you and enjoying your company. Weiss is a bit handsy and doesn't mind taking things that don't belong to her."

"Mistress Blake, I belong to you and you alone."
"I know that, sweetie. And that's what I plan to do. However, Lady Weiss has more power than I. she thinks those rules don't apply." She let go of his hands. "Assist me with dressing please." Jaune went to her wardrobe to find a suitable item for her to dress. She wanted to wear a light sundress.

"M'Lady, you are mine. The only way Lady Weiss can buy me as if I am sold," he said as he was removing her panties for a fresher pair.

"You listen, don't you?"

"It's not that, but how I was sold the first time."

"Sweetness, you don't have to worry about that." She caressed his cheek. "There is no way in Hell I would ever sell you. Not for the finest of jewels. You belong to me, Jaune. I don't ever want to lose you." She pecked him on the cheek. "I even praying on the day when Mother and Father would let me have you for good."

"For good?"

"I care about you, Jaune." She blushed as she felt Jaune putting on her dress. "I care about you more than just a servant." She blushed as she looked at the floor. "Maybe someday I could be...more."

Mistress Blake was called by another servant for her breakfast. She gave him another peck on the cheek before she left him alone. Jaune reached for a basket and began straightening out her items. Especially the unmentionables. If her parents knew that their daughter was perverted whenever she was alone, they wouldn't know what to do. It didn't matter to Jaune. She was the first mistress that has done him well since being sold off to the Belladonnas over a year ago.

Jaune didn't like talking about his past and how was placed in the position of being a servant. He would admit that it had to do with the massive debt that his father left before he passed. That debt carried on to Jaune. Since he couldn't afford it, he was placed as a servant to a family that his father was indebted to. He bit his lip, reminding himself that his previous mistress can no longer hurt him.

He organized her closet; he dusted every nook and cranny of her bedroom. He even cleaned under the bed where she kept photos of him that she thought that he didn't know. He put her hentai/ero-manga in the box under the bed. He closed her laptop. The bed was the final thing to make before he was finished with the bedroom.

He blushed as he realized that he had her panties still in his hand. The scent of his M'Lady came from the small cloth. He would a liar he didn't think that his mistress was attractive. He prayed to Oum for forgiveness as he inhaled her scent. His ears became alert, along with his budding erection. He went to the door before closing it. He hoped to have a few minutes to show some gratefulness with his mistress.

"Hey, Jaune, I almost forgot if you wanted…” She paused. She stood as she saw Jaune inhaling her panties where rubbing himself on her bed. "Jaune, what are you doing?"

Jaune saw his mistress and jumped from the bed. "M'Lady, it isn't what you think."

Blake reached for the spray bottle and began spraying Jaune. "Bad kitty. Bad kitty."

"Sorry, M'Lady. Mistress Blake."

"Go to your corner and think about what you have done."
"Yes, ma'am."

Blake took her panties and threw them into the hamper. As she saw Jaune sitting in his corner, she couldn't help but to smile. *I love you, too, Jaune.*

*To be continued….***
The inspiration of the story actually comes from my girlfriend’s mother. My girlfriend’s mother writes erotica as a hobby. She is currently visiting with me and my girl in the States. Surprisingly, she is a fan of my wacky series as well as my other works. So, the inspiration of this story came as she made us some milk tea. My girlfriend’s mother, being a hint of a pervert (sorry future Mom-in-law) jokingly made comments about milk tea and...I think you know where this is going. She told me that since Mother’s Day approaching, why not make a story about Jaune and his mother. I said, why not? So, she gives me the idea while I am typing the story. She gives some good detail. For the record, I am still vanilla by her standards. So, here you go. I hope you enjoy!

I was playing video games when my mother called me to the kitchen. I put the video game on pause, hoping to resume it afterward. *Grand Theft Auto V* just came out and I have waited several hours in the cold line in front of the mall to get it. I was very fortunate to have my sister, Joan, and Ruby with me for support. The hot chocolate, donuts, and blankets were the biggest help. That was beside the point. My mother directed me to the kitchen table. It was the time of evening when I drink my milk tea. She always made it just for me. She wouldn't have any of my sisters have a drink. She always made it special for me. I didn't think anything of it. I just thought that each child is loved different and not everything was going to be a one size fits all.

She told me to blow before I drink my milk tea. It was delicious as always. My mother stood in front of me. She, too, poured herself a cup of milk tea. She blew into her cup before taking her a sip. She sighed heavily before putting the milk tea down. It was silence, but it didn't surprise me. When it was only the two of us, my mother was extra particularly quiet. I felt that we had other ways of displaying our communication with each other. I think the milk tea served more than just an evening drink between mother and son. I believed that this milk tea served as a special bond, a form of love with stitching, hunting, swimming, and shopping.

If I knew what I know now, then things may have taken a different direction.

To end the silence, I asked my mother where were the others.

"I sent the girls out." Her voice was short, straight to the point. She looked upset. She kept fidgeting, as if she wanted to say more, but was waiting on the right moment to strike. I hope I didn't do anything wrong. I have always kept it solid when it dealt with issues between my mother and me. Of course, I had moments if I can run away with something, then I will. I tried to be a good boy. Making decent grades, respecting my elders, and pleasing my mother.

"Where's father," I asked as I took another sip.

She took another sip. "He is taking a nap."

"Peculiar," I said.

She raised her eyebrow. Her lips were pursed. Was it something I have said. "How so?"

I swallowed my milk tea. "Because father doesn't normally take naps in the evening."
She poured me another cup. "Well, sometimes your father does things that is out of the norm. Or, he does what he pleases."

I presumed that my mother and my father got into another argument. It wasn't the first. I've concluded that it had to be about money again. Maybe something that either Jan or Jeanette did. Maybe my younger sister complained about something that they didn't understand. I didn't know. I wasn't the greatest expert in parenting at the time.

"I don't want to talk about him," she said sternly. It was very cold. Almost to the point that I didn't need to chill my milk tea for it became very lukewarm. I took another sip out of respect. My mother took a seat and sat beside me.

The oven pinged.

"Teacakes." She jumped from the chair to go and get her oven mitts. I blushed that she had the oven mitts I made for her when I was in the second grade. It was simple. It was a drawing of my family. However, it had the stick drawing of my mother and me together. I was quite a mama's boy. She said I was.

She told me that I was born on the eve of Autumn. It was a home delivery. My mother didn't want any medicine to numb the pain. She wanted to know every single feeling of me as she gave birth to me. She said that this birth was special. She said I was a special boy. It wasn't every day that she was able to produce a boy out of seven girls.

"I made this special, my dear." She placed the tea cakes in front of me. My mouth watered of the soft, lemony pleasure that was to come into my mouth. I grabbed my fork to partake on my before dinner dessert. It was delicious, a delicacy made from scratch by my mother.

"Is it delicious," she asked me. She returned to her post beside me.'

"Is it," I told her as I took another bite. I used the milk tea to wash it down. I used my sleeve to wipe the flakes from my face. "You make the best tea cakes."

"These things I will always make for you," she winked. "A sweet for my sweet."

I didn't answer her. I resumed eating more of my mother's teacakes. I noticed that my mother wasn't eating any teacakes. I swallowed once more. "Why aren't you eating any?"

She rubbed her stomach. "I am not hungry right now. I just wanted to enjoy watching you eat." She flicked my nose. "Mommy loves it when Jaune is so sweet to me."

I wiped my face. "Isn't that my job? To be a good son?"

She edged closer to me. Her eyebrows lowered and her smile spread. "Yes, my dear son. You are absolutely right."

She continued watching me. At first, I didn't think anything of it. I assumed that mother already had prepared dinner and was just killing time. This wasn't her first rodeo. However, she just observed me. Every bite, every crumb. The more I drank my tea, the smile spread wider and wider. I was getting an eerie feeling. I couldn't help but ask. "Mom, are you okay?"

She blew onto my face. "Why wouldn't I? I am the most joyous mother in the world." She pecked me on the cheek. "Mother loves it when you are a good boy." She pecked me again on my other cheek. Mother loves it when her son follows directions." She slid her hands to my pants. She slowly edged it above my thighs.
"Mom, what are you doing," I asked with worry.

She giggled. "What? In some countries, skin contact is normal. Is it a problem."

I put my fork down. I had nothing else on my plate to consume. I guessed that my mother had a bit too much to drink. It wasn't the first time my mother consumed alcohol in the afternoon.

"Where are you going," she asked while giggling.

Stammering, I answered. "Playing video games."

She shook her head in disagreement. "Uh-uh. I think we are going to play another game." She got up and walked in my direction. I was starting to head to the stairs until I started feeling lightheaded.

"I think you are going to take a nap," she said as she reached for my hips. She wrapped strongly, tangling her legs around my legs. Her arms reached under my shirt. She inhaled me. "Jaune, you are quite fetching. I smell a boy." She licked the back of my neck. "But I taste a man."

A wave of dizziness washed over me, the world spun, and seconds later I collapsed to the floor.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself in a dark room. I tried to shake my head but found that a taut leather strap held it firmly in place. I struggled to move, but braces around my chest and limbs glued me to a rack formed from a series of sturdy planks, which spread my legs wide apart. I wasn't wearing any clothing. I was naked. I was cool and I was scared. I wanted to know why, Mom? What made you do those things to me.

"Good, you're awake." My mother stepped out of the darkness.

She wasn't wearing anything either. She displayed the very creepy grin she displayed as she approached me.

"Mom," I cried. "Why am I tied to a chair?"

"For you won't move," she stuck her tongue teasingly. "Like Duh!"

"But why? What's going on? What are you going to do to me?"

She slapped her arm. "Gullible, foolish boy. I said I wasn't hungry right now." She licked her lips. "I wanted to wait until you were stuff. I needed you for a special ingredient."

"A special ingredient," I said panicking as I tried to get out of the chair.

She clicked her tongue. "Sweetness! There is no way of you getting out of this. What I want you to do is to stay still." She licked her lips. The way when a mother looks at a father for alone time. "And stay sexy for me." She inhaled loudly into the air. "Such sweetness in the air. Just an alluring odor you are giving me, dear."

I nervously laughed. "Very funny, Mom. I think Jenna or Dad got you into doing a prank. Good one!"

Mom only giggled even more. "Aw, thanks, sweetie. However, this is no prank so I can't accept your praise." She stepped forward to my line of sight. Her eyes were drawn to me. "What you are going to do is very, very special for me." She peered closer. "Do you love your mother, sweetie?"

Despite how I was feeling and didn't understand what was going on, I answered, "Yes, I love you."
"Do you think I am a good mother."

"Swell, loving mother."

"Would you do anything to make your mother happy?"

I was silent. The snags on my wrist were getting numb. I took too long so she grabbed my chin. "Answer when your mother is talking to you, sweetness." She giggled, but it was very frightened. "Would you do anything to make your mother happy?" I felt the pressure of her fingers gripping her chin. "Answer me, sweetness."

"Yes," I managed to say before she let me go. She giggled, kissing me on my forehead. "That is what I want to hear." She rubbed her belly. "Your mother is hungry. I am thinking of having some milk tea."

Dumbfoundedly, I was thinking she was going to get some milk tea. Instead, she was eyeing my dick. "Hopefully, I filled another aphrodisiac to stimulate your member without even trying."

"Ahrodisiac...you don't mean…"

"Hmm-hmm. In the tea and in the teacakes. I did say that I wasn't hungry." She licked her lips. "Now I am."

She walked where she had her hands on my legs. She rubbed my skin tenderly with her well-manicured fingers. She did it delicately as if a lover does to another. She paused, stopping when her head was just above my dick. I held my breath, wondering if she was really about to do what I thought she was.

"I see you are frothing," she was talking to my penis. She lightly pinched my phallus. I squirmed, but I couldn't do anything.

"This is wrong, Mom," I cried to her.

"Nothing's wrong with showing my love and devotion, sweetness," she told me as she continued to play with my dick. "You are helping Mother what you are supposed to do. You are giving mother as what I have offered you. Itadakimasu." I kept quiet. The confusion of the situation and seeing my mother rubbing my dick with her cheek was something I never or didn't want to experience.

She stroked lightly, using her spare hand to fondle my testicles. She gave a slight lick before returning to playing with my dick. "You have produced plenty of your special brew. You are just as eager to give Mommy her drink." I winced as my dick entered my mother's mouth. She thrust up and down, making bobbing noises. She nibbled on my phallus, while licking my peehole. I felt the moist, hot saliva sliding down my dick. I felt a burst of energy coming from my testicles.

"Mom," I cried. "I am feeling strange. I am feeling funny. Mom, please stop, this is weird."

"It's okay, dear," she said in between strokes. "Let your freshly squeezed milk come out. It will feel good. You are feeling Mother with love."

She returned to my dick as she bobbed faster and faster. "Look at me, Jaune," she said. "Look at me as you feed me your tea."

I protested, I cried. I was in anguish. Amidst the confusion, I shivered as I felt the warm sensation emptying from my testicles and into my mother's mouth. She put her finger around my dick, welcoming the cum into her mouth. She stroked at each spurt until the pleasure ceased.
Tears fall from my eyes. I began sniffling. She rose from my dick, opening her mouth to display my semen. She swished my semen in her mouth, then showing how it was flowing. "Your milk tea is delicious. Savory and very tasty," she managed to say before swallowing my contents. She rubbed her stomach, grinning with each stroke of her hand. "Thanks for the drink."

"Mom, I am not liking this," I said to her with tears. "Please, Mom. Please…" She enveloped my mouth with her, allowing her tongue to do a dance my tongue. I tasted the bitterness of my semen, wanting to vomit, but she forced me to swallow. "Now, time for my meal."

She gyrated her hips, situating herself to get on my dick. "Now, we are going to need your special ingredient."

"For what, Mom."

"Since I made you teacakes, you are going to feed me a special delicious creamy pie."

"Mom, we don't have any teacakes."

She laughed. "Precious, gullible boy. This kind of cake you won't find in the grocery aisle. It also needs a special kind of oven." She positioned herself to put her body on top of me. "This kind of cake is going to take nine full months."

"Mom, don't do this."

"Yes, son. I am going to taste you. You are a good boy. So, please be kind to your mother." My dick entered her womb. She thrust herself to ensure that I was entering her special place. "There, there. Mommy is here. I won't leave you. I won't forsake you. I will stand by yourself forever, baby. I love you, dear. I am glad that you are back where you belong. How does it feel returning back to your birthplace? You are feeding me your special pie. That's all you're doing. You are making Mommy happy."

I saw tears flowing down her eyes. "I am actually crying," she said. "To think I've waited this long."

I felt my dick tightening and hardening, going deeper into the womb. I saw the eyes of my mother rollingback. Her breath became heavier, inciting her to give me a kiss. I tasted my mother, along with the contents of my semen and her saliva. She pried his tongue, making him swallow. Each kiss she gave me, the more bitter it was.

I crackled as I released my sperm inside of her vagina. The heaviness of her body, the stickiness of their contents was getting to the best of me. I panted loudly as I continued spurting inside of my mother.

"Thanks for the meal." My mother rubbed her stomach. "You made your mother really happy."

I started to cry again. "Mom?" I choked out.

"Yeah?"

"I want to go home," I answered sobbing.

"Oh, sweetness. I afraid that I can't have that to happen."

"What about Dad? What about my sisters?"
"Didn't you hear what I've said? Dad took a nap and your sisters are out." She narrowed her eyes. "I never specified on their condition."

My mother turned on the lights. Within the walls, I saw the dead bodies of my father and my sisters. Their bodies were mutilated and thrown into the pit where the rats and the birds split their share of their rotten loot. I wanted to vomit as the birds and rats were picking at whatever particle of the body was edible.

"They wouldn't understand," she said calmly. "They would have never understand my love for you. They were a threat. So, they had to go." She pulled herself from me and walked a few feet away. She then return with a medicine bag with an IV. My eyes widened when seeing the syringe.

"This is a little something to take the pain away," she told me as she pulled out rubbing alcohol. "You need to take a little rest as we recycle ourselves."

"Mom," I cried. "Mom, Mom," I cried and sobbed before she locked her lips to mine. As she kissed me, she jabbed the needle into my arm. She broke the kiss from me. "Shh!" She exclaimed. "Shh! Don't fight it, dear. Just go to sleep and rest. Don't fight it. In a few moments, you won't feel a thing. You won't feel nothing."

"Mom," I kept saying. "No, Mom. Why, Mom? You didn't have to. There should've been another way." I kept saying it repeatedly. She continued to smile until I started to fade away. She pressed her lips to my ear. "You're mine, Jaune. No one belongs to you but me. You are a good boy." She rubbed through my hair. "You are a good boy. They wouldn't understand. You are mine. You are mine."

I screamed as loud as I could. Suddenly, everything went dark.

I screamed loudly as I woke up from that horrid nightmare. I was panting loudly; I was having a shortage of breath, and my chest felt heavy. I felt sweat throughout his body as the bed became a substitute for a sponge.

I felt my mother holding on to me in my bed.

"Calm down, sweetie," said my mother, "Please, baby. It was a nightmare. I got you. I got you." She began soothing me. She starting cooing and began singing a familiar song to me that I began to relax. My pants were slowing down; my breathing was going back to normal, and my body was relaxing. When I came to, I looked at my mother. I could see the worry on her face. I mouthed an apology to her.

"It's okay, sweetness," she told me. "You had a bad dream."

The first thing I did was to look at my arm. I didn't see anything. I then looked around. I was in my bedroom. Suddenly, I heard a knock on my door.

"Is everything alright?" I saw a sigh of relief when I saw my father entering my bedroom. He appeared well as if nothing had happened. "I heard screaming and it woke me up. Are you okay, sweetheart?"

"Jaune had a bad dream, dear," said my mother to my father. "I am afraid the milk in the milk tea went bad and he got sick." She kissed my cheek. "I am sorry, precious."
My father sighed heavily. "That's a relief. I thought it was something else. I mean, I hope you will be fine, sport." He looked at my mother. "The girls are back home. They brought dinner. I will tell them to manage to save some pizza for you guys."

"Will do, darling." My mother blew a kiss to my father before he closed the door. She turned her sights on me. "Are you okay, love. I had a feeling it was a nightmare for you were trembling down."

I told her that it was. I couldn't, didn't, and wouldn't explain it to her. My father and my sisters were alive. That was my biggest confirmation. I looked to my mother. I extended my hand and caressed her cheek. "Thank you for being worried about me."

She kissed my forehead. "You are my precious, sweetness. You will always be my love." She got up from the bed and stepped to the door. "I will let you rest. Get some sleep, sweetness. I will check on you in a few hours."

"Yes, ma'am." I blew her a kiss as I turned over. I wanted to get some rest. Hopefully, a better dream.

"Dear," my mother asked.

"Yes, Mom?"

"Thanks for the meal."

My eyes widened. She displayed the very alluring smile that she displayed in my dream. Was it a dream? She reached into her pocket. She displayed a pregnancy test.

It was positive.

She giggled loudly, blowing a kiss before rubbing her stomach. "I am looking forward to the sweetness we have created, my sweetness. A sweet for my sweet." She giggled loud enough in which others can hear. "Happy Mother's Day, my love! A gift well earned!"

**THE END!!**
Hey, guys. [girlfriendofanauthor] here. I decided to write this sophomoric effort of a chapter here. My mother, being an erotica writer, bet my boyfriend and I if I couldn't write this chapter within thirty minutes, then we have to pay our own ticket to Germany. However, my boyfriend and I know how much we love my mother and visiting Germany. No way we are going to pass up free tickets. So, if it isn't to your liking, please forgive us. Enjoy!

Mistress Blake patted Jaune to sit on her bed. She wanted him to look presentable for Lady Weiss' arrival. In her possession, she had her hairbrush. It was a gift given to her from Jaune as a token of his appreciation of buying him from his previous owners. Memories of the day pictured into her mind when her parents brought him home. He was caged in a kennel, wearing the tattered bracelet from his previous owner. He was shivering, scared of what was to come of him. Her parents explained that he was given to them at a discount. The parents thought he could be useful in some area of the Belladonna Manor. They allowed Blake to have her way with him since she was closer to the Faunus age. Blake could never forget his face. Tears were dripping down his dull blue eyes. Patches of purple and blue in certain areas of his naked body. Faded spots where he was whipped. Blake stuck out her hand gently, allowing the Faunus to capture her scent.

"Don't worry. Blake isn't like them. I will take care of you. I will make sure you will a great servant. I bet you are a sweet Faunus. I will be sure that you will be safe here, Jaune."

"Come have a seat, Jaune, so your Onee-chan can brush your hair." Blake displayed a glowing smile while Jaune crawled onto her bed.

"Do you want me to sit up, or do you want me to lay on your lap," asked Jaunus while tugging on his tail.

She put her finger to her lip. "Laying down. That way, I can get into all of your areas."

"Yes, M'Lady."

Jaune positioned himself to her lap. It wasn't the first time getting a lap pillow from his mistress. This was usual whenever she had free time to play with her servant. Blake never used the term pet for it was demeaning. As a Faunus herself, Jaune was still an individual. He had a name and a purpose, even if that purpose is serving her and the Belladonna Manor. She often got angry at his father who sold him to be used at the disposal of others who depreciated, devalued, and destroyed his spirit. It brought tears to the brunette on how much it took her to get his spirits up. She prayed to Oum for the day when she can finally have Jaune. Hopefully one day, she can become his bride. Until then, a small loving moment of brushing her servant's hair had to do for the time being.

"Mother makes a wonderful natural shampoo." She inhaled his hair. "Natural honey oatmeal scent. A very good smell for my kitty."

Blushing, he turned away. "Thank you, mistress. Madam Belladonna is quite friendly. Especially when she has me cleaning her in the shower."

Blake paused as she was going to brush his hair. She turned away, not wanting to display her frown. You have a husband, mother! Back off of him, mother. You wouldn't like this Faunus when her merchandise gets used inappropriately. Crackling sounds were coming from the brush. Jaune
poked her knee. "M'Lady, it seems like you are breaking another brush. Shall I get another one."

She returned to herself, displaying her heavenly smile. "Oh! Please forgive me. Just a lot on mind is all."

"Is it about the meeting with Lady Weiss? I thought we were passed it."

"No, silly. It's not it."

"Is it when I got naughty in your bed?"

"No, sweetheart."

"The time when you dressed me in your swimsuit and we had happy time in the sh..."  

She put her hand to cover her lips. "Please, darling. We said what happens in the bathroom stays in the bathroom."

He pursed his lips. "Sorry, M'Lady."

She peered down to kiss his forehead. "Oum, you are so adorable. Why does Lady Weiss how to show up so damn soon?" She stuck out her tongue. Whenever she does that, Jaune knows that she was in an arousing mood. "So, we have about forty minutes before Lady Weiss arrives. I think we can have a little time to ourselves."

He pointed his fingers together. "Is that a little unwise, M'Lady? With all due respect."

She stroked his lips affectionately. "Who is your mistress?"

"You are."

"Do you trust my judgment?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Do you love me?"

"Of course, I do. Anything for you."

Blake pulled her collar where she exposed her breast. A wave of emotions swelled through Jaune as he saw Blake displaying it. "I think it is time for us to be reacquainted." She lowered her voice. "Do you want to have Mommy and Son time?"

Jaune's mouth watered when seeing her nipple becoming erect.

"Do you?"

"Yes, M'Lady."

She positioned herself so she can cradle him like a small child. "Let's share a moment together, my sweet little kitten."

There was a knock on the door. It was coming from the butler. "Mistress Belladonna. Lady Weiss is here."

Blake cursed under her breath. She let out a heavy sigh. "Tell her I will be down in a minute." She
looked at Jaune while was regaining his composure. "Seems like we have to wait until this evening, love. And please believe, this kitty is going to get some much love." She nuzzled her nose before getting him a peck on the lips. "C'mon, let's get you dressed."

Blake had Jaune wearing an oversized long-sleeved buttoned-down shirt with khaki slacks. She had him put on a bowtie and brown loafers. The final piece was putting on his collar. As they were preparing to head downstairs, she took her hands to hold his.

"Jaune, here are a few rules," she said before kissing his hands. "As always, you are allowed to speak when appropriate. So feel free to talk. When it is dealing with affairs, keep your mouth shut. When she wants tea, serve it to her." She clicked her tongue. "Don't do anything cutesy around her."

"Cutesy?" He raised his eyebrow.

"You know...playing with your tail, smiling, walking, breathing, just being in the room."

Blake felt his tail stroking her chin. "Relax, M'Lady. I know the routine just with anybody of nobility."

"I know, Jaune. Just be careful, okay. Remember my rules."

"Yes, ma'am. Under the hairs of my chinny chin chin."

She pecked him on the lips. "That's my boy."

Lady Weiss was to be in the drawing room. The usual place where visitors of the Belladonna Manor would meet. Its walls were hung with fine grey canvas, it had a large, silvery grey, silky carpet, and the furniture was covered with dark green silky material. Into this reticence pieces of futurism, Omega cushions and Van-Gogh-like pictures exploded their colors.

Inside the room was a white-haired woman sipping on a glass of tea provided by a butler. She was scrolling through a magazine before seeing the blonde Faunus. She pursed her lips when seeing the dashing beauty before her.

He bowed before Lady Weiss. "Greetings, Lady Weiss. Welcome to the Belladonna Manor."

She crossed her legs. She presented a smile. "Greetings."

He swayed his arms before bowing. "May I present to you, Mistress Belladonna." He moved out of the way to allow Blake to make her entrance to the room. Blake tilted her body to present herself to her guest.

"My, oh, my," said Weiss. "Seems like a step up in your reign."

Blake took a seat on the couch across from Weiss. She patted the couch where Jaune could have a seat. He followed his orders and sat where she told him to sit.

"My, oh, my," said Weiss. "You have him trained. He looks very dashing."

She gripped his hand. "Yes, he is dashing." She looked onto Jaune, motioning him to present him to Lady Weiss. "Lady Weiss, this is Jaune." Jaune got from the couch and stood beside Weiss. He bowed before her. "Lady Weiss, it is a pleasure to make your acquaintance. My name is Jaune Arc."
She took Jaune's hand, kissing it. "The pleasure is all mine." She looked at Blake. "Arc? Didn't know you allowed him to keep his identity."

Blake patted her seat, motioning Jaune to return to her side. "I want him to have some kind of liberty. I mean, he is still a lot of debt."

Weiss pulled out her cased container, which had her cigarettes. "So, he is more of a pet? Especially with his collar."

Nervously, Jaune scratched the back of his ear with his foot. He did that whenever he felt insecure.

"No," interjected Blake. "Pet isn't a term we used in this manor. He is more of my personal servant. I mean, a personal butler of mine."

"A personal butler of yours." Weiss fixed her lips as she took a smoke. "So, tell me, Jaune. What do you think of this."

He bowed before her. He nervously grabbed his tail. "It doesn't matter how or what I feel. My job is to serve M'Lady. What Mistress Blake desires, she gets."

"Fetching," answered Weiss. "I must admit you are very adorable. Maybe I should ask Blake to let me borrow you." She winked while tapping the ash onto her ashtray. "Would you mind, Blake."

Blake tapped the table. She laughed nervously as she motioned to Jaune to fix them some tea. "Hey, this is a get together between us, Weiss. You did call me to have a meeting, not an interrogation."

"Relax, buttercup," said Weiss. "Just having a little fun. When you are under my family, our humor can be a little dull and dry." She tapped the ash into the ashtray.

Jaune returned with a tray of tea. He presented it to Weiss first. While pouring the tea, Weiss eyed his tail. Inconspicuously, she swayed her leg against his tail. Jaune's eyes bolt. He shivered as she did that.

"Sorry, Jaune," she purred as she took a sip of her tea.

A butler appeared in front of the drawing room. "Mistress Belladonna. Sorry to interrupt, but Jaune here needs to clean up a certain area he missed while making tea."

Blake turned to Jaune. "Yes, yes. Go and clean your mess, Jaune." Jaune apologetically bowed before the ladies. As he was preparing to leave, she pulled him forward, whispering into his ear. "Go straight to my room afterward. We will talk then."

"Yes, mistress."

Weiss watched as Jaune walked away from her sight. He was a package. His tail, his ears, his body, his everything. Weiss didn't want to show how aroused she was of seeing Blake's pet. She took a sip of her tea. "He's delicious. The tea I meant."

Blake returned to her room. She slammed the door and turned to Jaune. Her facial expression contorted and her eyes went dull.

Nervously, Jaune extended his hands. "Is everything alright, M'Lady?"

She looked at the floor. Her fists were balled. "I told you not to be as cutesy. Especially with your
Without a chance to speak, or to shout, or to move, she ravished him. The clothes were torn as well as hers. She basked in the glow of debauchery as she instantly took his penis inside of her. She had Jaune wrapped like a spool of thread, leading whatever position she wanted him at her choosing and her pleasure. Along with her bites on his neck included bites on his chest and his stomach. The constant changing of her eyes depicted the foul, troublesome mood for Blake. The entire evening was involved in deep, intense, wall slamming, pulling-gravel-with-their-knees sex. Once they were finished, she commanded him to stay with her until morning.

She held him tightly, bathing in their sweat as she nuzzled her nose against his neck. "Sorry, Jaune."

"You don't have to apologize to me. It was my fault for not following your directions."

"It's just. It's just you are my servant. You are my possession. You belong to me. You are my man."

He looked at the ceiling, covering himself from his nakedness. "You should trust me, then, M'Lady. You know I belong to you."

She gave him a kiss on the lips. "You are my kitty. You are mine, Jaune." She wrapped him tightly as she cuddled him. "I will have the servants think we are both sick. We are taking the day off okay."

"Yes, M'Lady."

He knew of his mistress' quirks, but it was one of those things that Jaune accepted and admired. The Faunus never complained about his mistress. However, what he knew was something she displayed from time to time whenever someone had their hands on him. As she continued to peck him, he knew he was under the spell of a yandere.

A yandere he didn't mind for in turn, he fell in love with his mistress. I love you, too, Mistress Blake.

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Good Morning, may I speak with Master Belladonna?

Speaking?

This is Lady Weiss of the Dust Schnee Company.

Yes, Lady Weiss. I've worked with your father in the past. Jacques is a lovely man.

Yes, sir. I was calling about something. Something lucrative in your favor.

I am willing to listen.

Thank you, sir. It is regarding about your pet. You call him Jaune?

To be continued....
A Room of Secrets For Us (Part I) (Jaune x Emerald)

Sighing as she heard the phone ring in the kitchen, Emerald frowned. _Who or what is mildly interrupting my evening?_ She questioned as she walked down the hallway on why she kept a home phone. The only people who called were mostly bill collectors or telemarketers. Whoever was calling at this ungodly hour, it had to be serious. The red light flashing on the telephone confirmed her phone to be ringing. Often, she blamed it to be other voices. Voices from the outside, next door, or maybe from her head. Emerald never slept well. She hasn't since she was in junior high school. There was an incident that involved a dear friend that changed the direction of where she is today. Hesitantly, she picked up the phone, hoping that it was a wrong number or if it were a telemarketer, the strongly choice words she was going to say.

"Sustrai residence. Emerald speaking." It was blunt, curt, and to the point. It alerted the caller on there better be a good reason to be interrupting her previous engagements.

"Excuse me for bothering you at this hour, Ms. Sustrai." The caller sounded stern and masculine. The way he talked alerted Emerald that this individual was someone of importance. "This is Officer Grant of the Vale Police Department and we would like to discuss something with you at the moment."

"Is it very important," asked Emerald. Her tone wasn't aggressive, but it wasn't friendly either. She leaned against the wall as she hoped that this time will be quick.

"It is, ma'am," said the detective. "I am calling because we are investigating the whereabouts of Jaune Arc."

She bit her lip, slightly making a noise from the sharp pain. "Jaune Arc? What do you mean whereabouts?" Jaune Arc's name rung a bell. The name itself carried importance. So much so that she often saw him three, if not four times a week.

"Jaune Arc didn't come home last evening. His mother reported that you may have been the last person to seen him," alerted the detective. Emerald could hear the detective smoking on the other end. She hated smoking, detested anyone who did. It reminded her of her days at home with her father. Her father, the fallen hero, the fallen casualty of despair. It was really unfortunate when he fell ill and fell off of the cliff when she was fourteen years old. Even that she kept mum for the villagers, they like to talk about rumors and hearsay. "Your mother reported you to being his tutor. Is that correct?"

"Yes," she said immediately. "Jaune comes and gets my help often under his mother's request. And yes, he was last seen with me last evening. I was finishing helping him with Anatomy."

"Do you think you might know his whereabouts," questioned the detective.

She pursed her lips. She put her finger into her mouth, a nervous twitch she did whenever she was in deep thinking. Something she picked up during her time at the group home during her teenage years. It wasn't her best years, but it wasn't the worse. Many things have happened that were beyond her control and there were people that produce that uncontrollable measure from her. She put those thoughts at bay so she could answer the detective's question. "Jaune tends to frequent the comic book store or might be at Lie Ren's home. He tends to play guitar with him. That is what he usually does."

There was a brief silence. Emerald wanted to presume that the detective was scribbling her
information on a piece of paper. She tapped the phone as she awaited the detective's response.

"Sorry about that," said the detective. "We wanted to be sure that we can cover much ground as we possibly can."

"I understand, detective."

"To be certain, you think he was heading there or you know he was heading there."

"Detective Grant, I might be his tutor, but I am certainly not his mother," she responded sternly. "Understand that my business with him was strictly professional. What he does beyond my home is a different story. It may sound sincere, but he is one of many, if not dozens of clients I deal with on a day to day basis."

"I apologize," replied the detective. "It is a mother at home who is worried about her son and we are hoping you can lead us to any whereabouts."

She nodded her head. "I understand, detective, but unfortunately, I haven't seen him since."

Another pregnant pause came. Emerald noticed the sweat dripping from her face. Her hand was getting soaked. Her breath displayed nervousness. She kept her composure. Any signs of change can be easily recognizable by the detective. She had studied enough law and psychology to know when the person appeared nervous. She wasn't going to alert the detective any change for she knew it had to be a tactic, thus keeping her and stalling.

A few moments later, the detective returned. "Ok, Ms. Sustrai. Thank you for taking out your time to answer my couple of questions. If you can, please let us know if you have seen him or if he does come in your direction."

She bowed. "Yes, detectives."

The detective left Emerald a callback number as she wrote on a piece of paper on the counter. She bid the detective farewell before hanging up the phone. She tore the piece of paper from her notebook and observed it. It was the number that could possibly end her. And who was going to end her for what she had plans to do? She knew for certain that it wasn't going to be the cops. She rolled the piece of paper into a paper ball. She turned on the fire on the stove. As the fire kindled, she dropped it into the stove.

A crimson, devilish look appeared on her face. She kneeled down as she tightened the boot lace that she purchased from the lingerie store. She stood up, spotting the suitcases on the kitchen table. Sitting next to the coffee pot on the counter was two plane tickets that will take her and her husband to their new life.

Thinking about her husband was making her womanhood tremble. Knowing that her husband was making the sacrifice of his life to spend it in eternal bliss with his woman amazed her. He was the reason why she was on this cesspit of Earth. He was the reason why she was still alive. Times she wanted to end it, but her husband kept her afloat.

She walked into the bathroom and turned on the light. She moved aside the hair dye boxes to check her makeup. *The nerve of the detective. Interrupting my honeymoon with my beloved.* She brushed her green hair evenly so she could look appealing to her beloved. Her one-piece black leotard was alluring. She purchased it for her husband. She blushed as she was shaking her tail. She knew that her husband loved kittens. She turned on the sink nozzle to wash her hands. She needed to remind herself of cleaning her skin later. It was covered in hair and hair dye. *Messy, messy me. But*
anything for my husband. Emerald was honored to cut her husband's hair. She really didn't like it to his shoulders anyway. She felt it needed to be short, thin or at least a crew cut. However, she didn't mind making compromises. She also loved that he even didn't mind being dyed black. She loved that her husband didn't mind these choices. In her mind, that was what made a marriage work, compromises.

She couldn't wait any longer for her husband. She puckered her lips to the mirror alluringly before shutting off the light. She was ready to join her husband in their temporary love nest.

Not everyone was going to approve of their love. To hell with the naysayers, Emerald thought. Her husband was different and was willing to do anything for his wife. Even after he had to be convinced from her guided loving.

She opened the door. Her eyes were drawn to the bed where her beloved resided. He was naked, lying on his back. However, the moment he had seen his beloved, his eyes widened, as if they were heart-shaped.

"Darling." He was panicking. He looked like a scared puppy. "Where were you? You had me worried as if you weren't coming back."

Emerald pressed her back to the door, securing the lock in place. "Oh, sweetness. I had to take care of business on the phone."

"Who was it," he asked.

She crawled to the bed where he was lying. She loved how her husband didn't mind being tied alone. The adorable, shocking games he wanted to play, she thought as she positioned her body on his hips. "They are not important," she purred. "You are what's important to me, dear." She bucked her hips, wanting to stir his erection. "You weren't being a bad boy, were you, husband?"

He shook his head in disagreement. "No, darling. I was a good boy. A good husband for you, darling."

"Yes, sweetness," she said before kissing his chest. "You are my good boy. My good husband."

And I will be damned sure that we will be together forever.

My loving husband.

My lovely Jaune….

To be continued….
The maids had the water ready for Mistress Blake to have her daily bath. She never bathed alone. Resting by her side, Jaune carried her items as they stepped foot into the bathroom. The bathroom gave more of an onsen than it did an ordinary bathroom. Master Belladonna believed in the best, so much so that she allowed Mistress Belladonna to designed the bathroom based on the architecture of the Japanese. It didn't matter to Blake. For any bath would have worked for as long as she had her trusty servant by her side. "Don't forget to wash behind your ears, Jaune." She scrubbed herself with her sponge. She added more soap to her body. She looked at Jaune. "This pancake scented shampoo you'd recommended smells good on me. Thanks!"

Jaune shook furiously as the warm water hit him. He didn't look. He wasn't ready to see his mistress in the bluff. He knew what she looked like whenever the pair were having sex. He undressed her every day. Nevertheless, the sheer beauty of her nakedness captivated the blonde Faunus. Honestly, it turned him on. He may be a Faunus. He might be serving her under his debt. He was still a man, a gentleman may he add. And the last thing he wanted to do was to present lecherous eyes.

His last master couldn't care how he felt. Used and abused, born as it were on the wrong side of the track. He scrubbed his arm, showcasing a scar. He bit his lip, lamenting the incident of the past.

_Foolish pussy! If mistress tells us to take care of my naughty bits, then mistress gets what she wants._

_How dare you disobey me? Lest we forget your place, you Faunus rubbish._

_You are lower than a dog. Tiny minuscule specks of fecal matter have more dignity than you._

_So you won't please your mistress. Allow me to show you how we punish bad kitties._

"Jaune, Jaune, are you okay?" Jaune turned around. Blake was covered with a towel. Her face showed concern. It showed worried, contrasting to how his former mistress used to be. She observed him when she noticed that his nose was bleeding. "Oh, sweetness. Your nose is bleeding again. And I know it's not the heat this time." She pursed her lips. She spread her arms wide. "Come to me, sweetness."

"Yes, M'Lady."

Jaune walked to his mistress before having a seat in front of her. He crossed his legs as she reached for a towel to clean his nose. Blake hated when Jaune had thoughts of his past mistress. She hated it, constantly having dreams of going to the manor and burn the house down. Fortunately, a guard stopped her one evening when she ventured from the property. When discovering the things that that mistress did to Jaune through her father, she made a vow that no one was going to harm him or touch him inappropriately again. The latter part was her job and it was done with permission from Jaune.

"Jaune, I thought I told you to never worry about the past, have I?"

"Yes, ma'am. Sometimes I can't help it."

She dried his nose. She reached for the bucket and filled it with water. She poured the water on top of his head. "I am sorry, sweetie, that it happened. That abuse, that force, that scar on your arm. If I could take it all away, I could."
Jaune released a slight smile. Her heart was in the right place. She was a much better mistress, by all means. However, he still felt a sense of betrayal for if it wasn't for his father's debt, then he would have never been in this position. Often, he thought of his mother who went to heaven when he was a child. The whereabouts of his sisters. Were they free? Were they in debt like him? Often, he wanted to ask Mistress Blake to do a search. However, he never had the courage. One of the biggest fears was that she would deny it for she didn't want him to leave. Part of that fear was that Mistress Blake knew his debt would reach a limit at some point. One day, even without finding his siblings, he was going to be released. Also, if a family member could purchase the debt, then he was free as well. Many of those scenarios could occur, but he thought of Mistress Blake. Mistress Blake was always first in his mind.

Master Belladonna once told him that before she came into her life, she was a lonely girl. She almost wanted to call it quits on life. Secretly, there have been moments between the pair that if Jaune banished the debt, then he was permanently part of the state. That way, he could stay with Blake and serve under her for the rest of her life, even when she found a suitable mate.

Blake washed more of his face. She grabbed the sponge and began cleaning his back. "Oum, Jaune, it feels as though I am your mother instead of your mistress."

"Sorry, M'Lady."

"Nah, I prefer it sometimes. I think I would make a great mother."

"I agree, M'Lady."

"You think so?"

Jaune paused. He felt her hand resting on his shoulder. He blushed. He grabbed it, rubbing it gently. "Sure, M'Lady. A gentleman doesn't lie. Like in my family crest, An Arc never backs down on his word."

Blake kissed his fingers tenderly. "You mean so much to me, Jaune. She kissed him on the cheek. "I love you."

"I love you, too, mistress."

She wrapped her legs tightly around his waist. She trailed her nose against his neck. "No, I love you."

Her arms cradled his chest, pinching and kneading one of his nipples. "I know, M'Lady. When I mean I love you. I mean it as more than just a servant."

Blake tilted his head and pulled him in for a kiss. Their tongues wrestled for dominance. Jaune, uncertain if he was following instinct, he turned around and placed his fingers inside of his mistress' cavern. She didn't fight, allowing her servant to put two of his fingers inside. He was at a slow pace, tender, the way she liked it.

A moan escaped her lips. "Jaune," she said before he captured her lips once again. Jaune managed to position her on the floor. He made it delicate so that he wouldn't be rough on her. It wasn't often when Jaune displayed his dominance. Often, Blake didn't mind for she knew that even though he was a servant, Jaune was still a man.

And why not let a man lead from time to time? It was his position in the world.

Leaving her pussy, he returned to her neck began licking. "Jaune," she moaned, curling and
wrapping her legs around Jaune to ensure that he wasn't going anywhere. "M'Lady," he said as he coiled his tail around her body. The servant/mistress was acting as lovers. Forgetting their position as they were returning the role of man and woman.

Jaune reached for his dick. He rubbed it quickly to stir an erection. However, seeing her supple breast, her transfixed beauty was enough to make him hard. "Put it in me," she purred as she guided his dick into her pussy. She bit her lip, feeling the intensity of his dick wrapped in her tight pussy. Her cervix made contact with his member, giving it permission to be in her rightful place.

He made slow paces, trying to keep a tempo. Blake bit into his neck. She was making her claim of her property. She licked the wounds, trailing her nails down his back. She dug deep. She wanted it to hurt. She wanted him to know her true feelings. Jaune didn't mind for each time she did it, it only increased the pleasure.

"This chase, this dance we play," she uttered while moaning. "Make me a woman, Jaune." Her moans turned into purrs as the duo intensified their lovemaking.

For a moment, neither could tell whether who was servant or mistress. The only thing they were doing was what they knew they enjoyed, nothing more.

Sounds of purring and roaring filled the bathroom. Instincts of a Faunus awoken in Blake. Her feline eyes stirred, making her bite deeper. That intensified Jaune's dick as he pumped deeper into her womb.

She moaned louder than ever before. The pleasure was filling her in many ways than one. "Deeper, Jaune, deeper. So good, baby. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Claim me." She moaned loudly. She felt wonderful. His huge dick was stretching out her pussy. His hands and mouth were playing with her breasts. She was in bliss.

"Jaune, I am close." She yelled loudly, grabbing his tail and biting it. His eyes widened in excitement. "Where do you want it? Tell me where you want me to cum?"

"In my womb," she cried out. "Plant your seed in me. Make me love you. Make me yours. MAKE ME A MOTHER!" Hearing those words were a trigger as the servant released his sperm inside of her pussy. Blake welcomed the hot cum into a womb. The tension lasted a few moments, but it subsided. Jaune reached for Blake's chin and took her lips once again.

"I love you, Jaune," she whispered in a hoarse voice.

"I love you, too, M'Lady," he said.

Why? Why didn't he call me Blake?

About thirty minutes later, Jaune went to his knees to apologize to his mistress for his actions. He didn't know what overcame him. "Please forgive me, mistress. I promise I won't take the lead again."

Blake crossed her arms. Despite playing the role of a stern, fair, yet a borderline yandere mistress, she honestly was glad that she showed him that side. It let her know that he could be as much as dominant as she was.

And she didn't mind it for a change.

"Well, I say I can forgive you this time." She crossed her arms as she tied her robe. "See to it that it doesn't happen again."
"Sorry, mistress."

"Good. Go and clean the tub. Afterward, we can have drinks outside in the garden."

"Yes, M'Lady."

Blake walked away as she was heading to her bedroom. She let out a tiny grin. She touched her lips, still feeling the tenderness of his kisses. *I love you, too, Jaune.*

When she stepped inside of her bedroom, she heard her cell phone ring. She saw it was her father. She picked it up on the third ring. "Greetings, father. I was thinking of you."

"Evening, sweetheart," said her father. "The reason I have called isn't a social call. I am afraid we have to discuss a new arrangement."

"New arrangement? What do you mean?"

"Someone offered a pay off to buy out Jaune."

"Buy out Jaune? You didn't do it did you, Daddy?"

"Sorry, dear. The bid was higher. She is coming to pick…"

Blake hung up the phone and threw it at the wall. She dropped to her knees and got into a fetal position.

*No! No! No, you wouldn't! Not my Jaune. Not my Jaune! Not my Jaune!*

*To be continued….*
The Seed (Part II)

The Stubbed Toe allowed kids on the weekend. A getaway spot where the owner allowed the parents to have a break from their children. I think it was the owner's way of keeping the locals from trouble. What can we say? We weren't the richest community. We certainly weren't the poorest. But, alas, in a town with a population of 2,000, there wasn't much we could do, could we? I mean there was cow-tipping or mudslinging in our ATVs. My parents didn't own an ATV. Better yet, we couldn't afford an ATV. So, let me clarify on what I mean in our community of the richest and the poorest. Our house is a converted, dilapidated shack. A corrugated metal shack that my father gathered from different scraps in the junkyard or through recycled lumber. Any materials my father could find, he would use. He got the property at a steal. The remainder of his father's life insurance policy was made for our property. My father shed blood, sweat, and tears to make it our home.

It wasn't much, but it was ours. And nobody could take it from us. Even if they didn't want it, my father bestowed us in taking ownership. If it is ours, make it and claim it. Even if it was a big pile of shit, make it the prettiest big pile of shit ever. He once told me, "even in the pieces of shit, there is corn to show some wealth." Words that were given to me as if I've stolen it and made it my own. Words that are adaptable, better yet applicable in my everyday life.

Just wish that Jan would have taken the advice wisely. She and I are sitting in the corner of the bar. We pick a booth. She likes booth. Really, she chooses the booth because she likes to see who is coming in and out of the establishment. She thinks I don't know, but she watches the window so she can if she is being tailed. Shysters, bank examiners, loan sharks, ex-boyfriends, you name. Jan Arc has a troubled, checkered past.

And here I am taking responsibility for it.

She thanks the waitress as she slides me a plate of french fries. Evenly seasoned and drowned with mayonnaise and ranch dressing, my favorite. She takes a sip of her lemon iced tea. She is taking a break from drinking. Rubbing the tobacco patch on her arms confirms her abstaining from smoking either. She plays with her straw. However, she stops as she sees me not eating my food.

"Hey, kid. It's on the house. Enjoy yourself." Jan has been very nice to me lately. And rightfully so. I would be as well to my kid brother when I have learned that he was being unsupervised while I was getting some action. So distracted by my actions that I left my brother in the hands of a stranger. A stranger that convinced his brother to go to a room where they can engage in deviant acts. Acts that led my brother in getting raped. So, she had every right to be nice to me.

Yet, I have the difficulty of acceptance. Acceptance that my sister told me to keep this incident to myself and to not tell my parents. Acceptance that she told me that she would look into the person responsible for this. It still irks me. I told my sister of the culprit. I described to her of who she was. As always, she said that she was going to look into it.

"I am not that hungry," I tell her. I slide the plate away. I take a sip of my diet coke. It is watered. I am going to guess that the delivery man has yet to arrive from the neighboring village and she has to compensate for the time being. Another day in our town. Just business as usual. Watered down soda and unreported rapes.

She goes on her phone. I think she is trying to find something to remedy this. Here is my suggestion, Jan. Tell Mom and Dad that something happened to me. Take me to the doctor. Hell, why not you and I go to the doctor to get myself checked out. Did she do that? No, she didn't. Let
me tell you what she did to soothe my troubled, paralyzed mind.

She took me to the barn where we keep our sheep and horses. She waited in the dead of night until she was certain that no waking eye saw us. She went into one of the stalls to retrieve a bin. A bin that we used for slop for our sows, back when we used to own sows. She grabbed a hose and poured water into it. Afraid of alerting one of our sisters, she went and got the horse shampoo to add to the water.

I was shaken, petrified. I felt the blood running down my leg. White and red liquid encrusting my jeans. I am holding on to my chest. It was starting to get cold. All in the while, my sister dearest was grabbing a towel. She told me to cover myself with it after we were finished.

She told me to take off my clothes. I followed suit. I removed my shoes and socks first. She took them and put them in a horse feed bag. She extended her hand so she could take my shirt and my pants. She also put it in the horse feed bag. Her eyes bewildered when she saw me in my boxers. They were coated. A vile impacted my throat. I didn't have to time when react when I threw up on the ground.

Jan grabbed my boxers. She took them off and threw it in the compost. She wanted to be sure that the main evidence was gone.

She didn't have a hand towel. It was too risky. She went into the cabinet where my father kept the Brillo pads to clean the horseshoes. That was what she used to clean me. To clean my mess that was formed from her mess.

I am naked, cold in the bin. She didn't take any time to clean me. I had no time to prepare as she scrubbed me down. I yelped as she hit any spots that were a part of my shame. She covered my mouth as I struggled for her to stop. She reached the pad in my groin area. Tears emptied out my tear ducts, begging my sister to stop my suffering.

But, she didn't. The entire time, the entire time...the entire time my sister was doing what she could to cover herself from being in trouble. When it was done, she poured the water into the slop for tomorrow's compost. With the towel she covered me, we walked back to the house.

I was cold, damped, hurt, ashamed...

...and I was raped.

She took me to my room. She told me to go to bed. She told me to not speak of tonight and closed the door. You know, not even one time did my sister asked me, "Are you okay, Jaune?" "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Let me take you to the hospital."

Selfish. Jan was, no, Jan is selfish. She did whatever Jan did to cover herself from any trouble. What I've failed to mention to you guys was that Jan's babysitting us was her last chance from my parents. The very last straw to deem her responsible. My father told her without abated breath that if she messed up one more time, they were going to send her to boarding school. And since she was declared a legal adult until she was twenty, my parents still had dominion over her. She had one more chance. One more chance to make it right and instead, she went to a party to bang a guy and I ended it getting banged.

So, she has every right to be nice to me. But, it doesn't I have to be nice to her.

"Jaune, you have to talk to me at some point." She is itching for a cigarette. I can tell how she is scratching her palms. Her nerves are just as wreaked as mine. She bangs the table. "Talk to me
damn it. This quiet game, this alleged guilt trip, I am not liking this. I told you that I am taking care of it, okay?" She pushes my plate. "Please eat your fries. Please eat your fries." I still stare at the plate. She bangs the table again. "Jaune, eat your damn fries!"

I stand up from the table. I take my phone and I walk to the restroom. I don't look back. I don't want to look at my sister. Typical Jan. Selfish, always thinking of herself. It hurts me that she doesn't even check on me from time to time. Just to see if I am okay. Not once. Not even once. When she does come, she wants to see if I wasn't going to talk.

"Under the hairs of my chinny chin chin. An Arc never backs down on his word." Those words. A family creed, this belief that was instilled in us. A creed that we will always support each other. We were supposed to have each other's back. So, where in the hell was Jan when I needed her the most.

I am still searching for this Jan. If you guys can find her, tell her that her brokenhearted brother is looking for her. A sister that I can depend on.

At some point, rather if you guys believe it, Jan was my favorite sister.

I step into the bathroom and lock it. The retching feeling remains. I look into the mirror. Actually, it is the first time I have a look at myself. My hair is unkempt. I haven't taken care of it in a few days. I am wearing my workout clothes. Anything constricting, I don't wear. Don't want anything to hit an orifice.

I can't hold it any longer. I have felt it since I was in the booth earlier. Why I couldn't eat my fries. Why I just only wanted a drink. Lately, I haven't had any cravings to eat.

A strong smell hits me. I can't hold it any longer. I go inside of the first stall and I begin retching. I feel the stomach pains as I continued retching inside of the toilet. Once I am finished, I flush the toilet. I don't look. I don't want to. It was like that the first time I vomited the next day. A dark, crimson gel-like liquid of vomit inside of the toilet.

I put down the toilet seat. I have a seat. I wipe the sweat off of my forehead. I just don't know what to do. This isn't the first time and it worries me. I know at some point have to do a search for this ailment. I don't think vomit should somewhat gelatinous.

I hear a knock on the door. It interrupts my thoughts. I call out to the individual. "Occupied."

I hear a knock again. "Occupied," I say once more. I still need a few minutes to collect my thoughts. I step out of the stall and proceeded to wash my hands. As I turn on the nozzle, I hear the sound of the door unlocking.

"Hey," I shout. "I told you that this was being occupied."

"Greetings, buttercup."

The color on my face drains. My body becomes tense. It is the Faunus with orange eyes and dark complexion. Her Faunus trait manifests as an extra pair of ears, and her body is adorned with numerous tattoos resembling tiger stripes. She wears four golden earrings on three of her ears, one each on her human ears, and two on her left Faunus ear, as well as a small jewel on her forehead.

She lets out a small chuckle. "How is my little buttercup doing?"

I become nervous. My eyes dart at the door. She notices and presses her back against the door. "I don't think we are going to go anywhere for a bit, sweetie. There is something we need to discuss
and I think it is important for the two of us."

I swallow the lump in my throat. She takes a step in my direction. "Go inside of the stall if you know what's good for you." She furrows her eyebrows. "If you care about the welfare of your sister."

I don't resist. As much as I want to hate my sister, I don't. A protector I am for she is my family. Another part of the family creed, always protect one another, no matter the circumstances.

She takes my hand. "Let's go cutie."

I snatch it away. I don't look at her. I take my position and step inside of the stall.

Once I step inside, I know that the troubles of my incident is only the beginning for the things to come.

To be continued....
A Strumpet's Crumpet (Part I) (Jaune x Willow)

I am sitting in the living room playing *Overwatch*. Don't judge me! I finally got the chance to get around the game. It was the first-anniversary edition. I even got expansion pack as well.

It was a gift. A gift from one of my friend's mothers. She gave it to me because she enjoyed the company I kept her when her husband was out of town. She told me that I gave her hope. Give her that very feeling that she was seeking in her marriage. She said I was like a counselor to her. She told my mother if I am available for more counseling, can she give me a call.

I can remember it as yesterday as I stood at the woman's front door. My mother holding on to my shoulder. A bit of her ash from her cigarette hit my face. I couldn't stand the smell of cigarettes. Just wanted to add it in. She quietly shook her head to the mother and told her that it was going to cost her if she wanted me to give her an extension of her therapy.

She pulled her purse and withdrew a few hundred dollars. She paid for her therapy and in advance for our next therapy session. My mother took the bills and placed it inside of her bra. She exhaled the smoke and took my hand to leave the apartment.

We were in her car on the way home. She told me. "I am proud of you, son. Do whatever you can to make those women happy. If you make them happy, you keep me happy." She slightly tapped my forehead with her fist. She pulled out another cigarette. She gave a few dollars. Typically it was around $80. That time, she gave me $100. "An extra for your extended stay." She let out a Cheshire Cat grin. "I can tell you this, Jaune. Play your cards well with these women, you can really make your mother proud."

She later went to the store where she can purchase more cigarettes and alcohol. I went to the electronics section where I purchased my game. A game that I earned from my therapy with that woman. A therapy that involved skin-on-skin contact. Sweat dripping down her body. Removing the mask of her true feelings, showcasing herself that she wouldn't present to her husband or to her children.

I was doing a bad thing. As I gave my dirty money to the cashier in exchange for this gift, I thought to myself. How many lives had I wrecked because of my therapy? How much of this money could have been used to fix their marriage? This money could have been useful in their children's college fund. A vacation to Bora Bora. Instead, this money is being used to fund my mother's pockets and receive the occasional gift.

And from time to time, an occasional "I love you" from my mother as well.

My mother walks in from the kitchen with a can of beer in her hand and brandishing her cigarette with the same hand. With her other hand, she is on the phone.

She is smiling. Laughing and joking with whoever is on the other hand. A friend? I doubt that. Any of her 'friends' left the moment one of them caught her in their husband's bed. Folk, well they love to talk. Talk from the taverns to the salons to the schools to eventually, it had to lead back home.

My father didn't say much. Took my younger siblings and left. My elder siblings managed to stay a bit longer, but they too departed. It turned out the even blood wasn't exempt from my mother's debauchery.

I am the only one that stayed behind. I didn't want to leave my mother alone.
Alone, sitting in the dark, with her booze and tobacco being her only friends. One day, she looked at me when I stared. There was an emptiness in her eyes. "What? You are going to leave me, too?"

Why didn't I leave that day? Why could I just leave with my father or with my sisters?

An Arc never leaves an Arc behind. My crest, my creed, my downfall.

"No, Mother. I won't leave you. I won't leave you behind."

She takes a seat on the floor. She takes a sip before putting it down. She looks at me casually. She observes me, inspects me. She has a smirk. She nods her head, hitting the fresh pack of cigarettes she is planning to smoke.

"Enjoying that new game, aren't you, boy?" She smells of a brewery. I hate when she talks like that. Smugness in her voice. Slurring, dragging her tongue. "Worked pretty hard to earn that, didn't you?"

I nod my head, confirming it through the air coming out of my nose. I stare at the game, pending on shall I continue it or not.

She returns to the phone. Maybe it was on hold or something. "You're back. Good. So, what is it that you want again with him?"

I can no longer concentrate on the game.

That is because my mother has a game she wants to play with me.

No, it doesn't require a membership card to the Sony or Microsoft Network.

And this game isn't rated E for everyone.

This game shouldn't be played at all. Especially when one gets hurt in the end. Either way, it goes, it doesn't feel good. It goes in the same route. Divorce; pregnancy scares; a division of a household; and brokenness.

Brokeness of trust, love, hope. Overall, a severing of peace of mind.

"Well, you have made the right choice in contacting me. Since we are making this transaction over the phone, names, identities, and interactions will be monitored in case of outside interference."

"No, ma'am. He isn't underage."

"Seventeen years of age is legal around these parts."

"Your choice of sessions depends on what kind of therapy you are looking for."

"Trust me, confidentiality is our business. We don't need to do anything to disrupt business."

"Yes, we can be discreet."

"Jaune covers all areas for your therapy. He is much as physical as he is emotional. It depends on what you want."

"Are you looking for a two-hour, four-hour, or an overnight? He is open to extensions as well."

"Well, I am his mother, but his manager first. He is a willing participant and employee. He minds
me. He does what he has to do to keep a well-established business. If you feel uncomfortable, then I can refer you to another service."

"Thank you. He is very recommended from my other clients. So, it is best to book him before my other clients want another session."

"You will take him? Great, what services do you require?"

"That's reasonable. I can prevent him from doing that for a few days easy."

"Oh, it comes very fresh. He can manufacture and distribute it to you at least five to six times. And since you want him to hold back, then he can make up to ten rounds with that."

"Recovery time is very quick. It doesn't take much for his vitality."

"He has been tested. Met with a seal of approval. So, there is no worries with that. If you want, I can send the papers via email."

"So, what day are you willing to work with him?"

"No problem, I can pencil you in right now. You want an overnight stay. Can you send me your address?"

"You can do payment now or payment upon completion. It doesn't matter either way."

"All right. Thank you very much. I will be sure that let him know his use of expertise on you. Farewell."

I have been sold. Again.

She hangs up the phone and places it on the table. She makes a haughty laugh before she turning her head to my direction. I don't look at her. My face is staring at the paused video game.

"Oi! You have another client coming up. This client comes from money, so we will scratch out and move those other appointments to another day."

"Yes, mother."

She fixes her lips. "I believe you might have met her. She is your little friend, Weiss' mother."

I don't say a word. As always, I just follow the protocol. She is another married woman who I plan to have therapy with.

"This is great," she says with excitement. "We bag us a rich lady we can get out of this. Oh, this is going to be so much fun. Think of the money we can make."

"Yes, mother."

"Hey! Jaune! I mean this!" She takes my chin, forcing me to look at her. Tasting her breath is unbearable, but seeing my mother's candid beauty fading away in the hands of tobacco and alcohol angers me.

"Yes, mother."

"Ok," confirms my mother as she releases her grip. "Be sure to look at me whenever I am talking to you. You may look at me in a certain way. You may think negative things about me. I am still your
mother." She slaps the table again, making her drink spill on the table. "I am still your damn mother." She scoffs staring at the same drink. "Now, clean this mess."

"Yes, mother." I leave from the couch to head to the kitchen to get paper towels. As I pass my mother, she grabs my hand. Her face is much calmer, despite being red in the face and her eyes are yellow. "You know I didn't mean to hurt you."

Alcohol. It may be man's worst enemy, but in the bible, it says to love your enemy.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart," she says in a slurred whisper. "You and I are partners. I get mine and you know you get yours." She rubs my wrist affectionately. She pulls me down to her level. I am face to face with my mother.

"You know that Mommy needs you and depends on you," she says as she kisses my wrist. "Mommy is going to take care of things. I promise you, dear. But first, you need to make Mommy some money." She kisses my wrist again. "Do you love your mother?"

"You know I do."

"Will you do anything to keep your mother happy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want you to understand that I am lookin' out for you in this thing. Okay? You're going to get yours back... and you're gonna get it back first. Okay?"

"Yes, mother."

"Okay?" She takes my hands, intertwining with them. She pushes me close to her. "Where are you goin'? Where are you? You're in that place. Where are you?"

"I am right at your heart."

"No, you're not. Where are you? Where are you?"

"I'm here, Mother." She kisses me on my forehead. She rubs my hair, gripping it before she kisses me on my lips.

"Mother needs you. Take care of Mommy for me. You know I have you." She gives me another kiss on the lips, this time leaving a taste of cigarettes in my mouth. I get up and she slaps my butt as I leave.

"I love you, son."

I don't look back. I don't want the beer to stain the table. Dad made it himself.

"I love you, too, Mother."

*To be continued...*
Nobody knew of the inclement weather occurring that afternoon. A massive cold front heading south from their friendly neighbors of the North. Jaune and Ruby were working on the finishing touches of their sparring practice. Professor Port was gracious enough of allowing the duo to use his classroom for practice. Much of their free time was spent in the classroom as the duo prepared for their upcoming Vytal tournament.

Nora was present with them, but couldn't join them because of a leg injury. Lie Ren suggested taking time off for healing. So, she sat on the sidelines watching the duo practice.

Jaune wanted much time as possible before the tournament. He ate, sleep, and dreamed of winning this tournament so he can defeat Cardin Winchester and his team. Mostly, it was for bragging rights, but a message that ignorance and bigotry didn't carry strength in being a champion.

He wanted a break. He must have congratulated Ruby many times on the improvement of her abilities. She gave him a warm, friendly hug. Nora was there to throw the water bottles and towels for the combating duo.

"Thanks," said Jaune as he ingested the water he craved.

"Don't mention it, Team Lancaster," the redhead winked towards the duo.

"A nice ring for a change," said the redhead brunette as she ingested her water. She clapped when Nora supplied her with a bag of cookies. "With much practice that we have, we have this Vytal competition in the bag."

"Here, here," cried Jaune. "An opportunity to take names and kick the ass of team CRDL.

Nora grinned at Jaune's amused, dedicated spirit. "Cardin has gotten to you recently, huh?"

Jaune spat a raspberry. "Using my status for being poor as a jargon of his jokes, disrespecting Faunus. Of course, I am going to rub in his crooked grin when I win." He took another drink. "If it wasn't for the fear of Oum of facing expulsion, I would have been knocked it out with a fucking two by four."

Ruby patted him on his back. "Relax, Jaune. You are overworking yourself." She raised her eyebrow. "Really? A two by four?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why not? His disrespectful ass would need a reminder of how a farmer works. I always believed in manual labor anyhow." He winked at the ladies.

There was an all-call on the intercom, warning the remaining students in the building of the inclement weather. The school was to be immediately closed.

Nora received a text from Lie Ren. "Hey, Ren said that there is some seriously bad weather coming this way. We need to head back to the dorms immediately."

Ruby retrieved her gear the moment she heard that. She turned to Jaune. Jaune frowned a bit of
hearing it, but he wasn't going to face trouble from the professors. "All right." He turned to the girls. "Let's get going."

The trio made their way out of the building. The sky looked angry and treacherous. It reminded Jaune of a blackboard, smeared repeatedly by eraser markings. The coolness and silence depicted a strong chance of a snowstorm.

Ruby grabbed her scarf. She wrapped her arms around Nora tightly. "Sorry, Jauney, but Nora has more body fat than you."

Nora scoffed. "Well, screw you, you cow."

"Hey, take it as a compliment. Like you said, you don't mind holding a few vanity pounds anyway."

Jaune laughed at Ruby's witty bantering. He inhaled the air sharply. He wanted nothing more than to go back in the classroom and practice so more, but even huntsman-in-training needed breaks.

As they were walking through the courtyard, Nora received another text on her cell phone. It was from Lie Ren. Her eyes widened and she jumped for joy. "Guys! Ren said that due to inclement weather, school is going to be closed for the rest of the week. We have a five day weekend."

On the other hand, the blonde thought, he wasn't going to turn down free time off from school. He was a dedicated huntsman-in-training, but he was still a seventeen-year-old teenager. His eyes were wide as saucers. He rubbed under the stubble of his chin. "Manga reading and manga drawing for this blonde guy," he shouted. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted to the heavens. "Thank! You! Oum!"

"This is great," shouted Ruby as she became chipper. "Cookies to bake. Cookies to eat. Korean dramas and American Gladiators for this gal."

Nora mentioned that she was going to spend time on YouTube looking at different pancake recipes. Meanwhile, there was a side of Jaune that wanted him to go work on his comic book. He kept it to himself, not wanting to show his friends for the chance of embarrassment. He had been working on this story since he was fifteen years old. The story was about a character who had a meeting with death. Both were sitting in a coffeehouse, trapped between two worlds: the physical realm and the spiritual realm. Ryuk was the name of the coffeehouse of the split world and both parties engaged in debates on the protagonist's reasoning of sparing his life. Death didn't factor nor care of those supporting evidence. His nature alone was to do the deed of the inevitable.

He had made his pitch to various Japanese and American publishing companies. Many were not biting at this time. He didn't fret. He knew that one day, somebody was going to accept his idea. And with this impending weather hindering him from working on his competition, the blonde can use this time to work on his materials.

Materials that he needed to get from the nearby village.

"Nora, Ruby. Go on and head back without me. I need to go to the village," he said calmly.

Nora and Ruby paused in their tracks. Ruby tilted her head with worry. "Is everything all right?"

Jaune scratched the back of his head. "Yeah. I need to go to the village to get some supplies. Some snacks, a little of this and a little of that."
"Have one of us to come with you," suggested Nora. "We don't want you to get lost. Lie Ren said that the weather is serious."

"Don't worry about me, guys," said Jaune. "I won't be gone too long. Twenty, thirty minutes tops." He held his hand in the air. "An Arc never backs down on his word. I will be back."

He waved to them goodbye. "Be careful, Jaune," said Ruby with the hint of worry coming from her tone.

"I will, Rubes," he said.

Jaune was venturing through the woods on his way back from the village. In his backpack were enough drawing paper, pencils, erasers, and potato chips to hold him down for the weekend. He group texted Ruby, Lie Ren, and Nora that he was to be there in a few minutes. He even told Nora to save him some pancakes. Knowing for the redhead, pancakes and hash browns were on the menu tonight.

He was about a few hundred yards from the dorms. He rubbed my hands as dwindling snowflakes danced to the street. It touched his cheek with such a cool caress. It was very picturesque, a reminder of our upcoming winter. He took it in open arms, humming a tune of its arrival. It was nothing usual of being in Vale. Things change and then it repeats.

He took a shortcut where the professor lived. They were townhomes. Professors who chose to stay on Beacon grounds resided in those townhomes. Jaune passed through it many times before he headed back home.

It was the light scent of perfume that caught his attention.

His name was called into the air like a siren to a sailor into the lone ocean. A savory voice, edible to those who crave and seek it. Enticing, entrancing, the familiar voice caught his attention as he turned to the yard beside him.

"Oi!" Her trademark introduction whenever she sees people of familiarity. She had a shovel in her hand. Her green gloves stuck out to him as it didn't match the whiteness of the now falling snow.

"What are you doing out here alone, Mr. Arc?"

It was a middle-aged woman that had very light-blonde hair tied back in a bun with a curl hanging down the right side of her face. Her eyes were bright green and she was wearing thin ovular glasses. She had dangling teal earrings that match the hanging pendant on her collar.

Professor Glynda Goodwitch.

"Oh, hey, Professor Goodwitch," he said to her pleasantly. "I am just returning home from the village. I am about to head to the dorm." He showcased his backpack as proof of his recent destination.

She put the shovel into the dirt. She was wearing a heavy leather jacket. It looked very expensive, but it was very strange on why wear such an item when doing garden work? It looked like the kind of jacket that belonged on dates. Jaune had never seen her with a man or even a woman. She was a beautiful woman; nimble as a sheep.

"It is very late, Mr. Arc," she told him. "You need to head home before you catch a cold." She continued to walk. Unlike her neighbors who had wooden fences, hers was gated. Jaune heard her make tracks as she made her way to the gate. She opened the gate and made her way to his
"I am, Professor," he said as he wiped the snot from his nose. "I am going to head there right now. I just got caught up in the village is all."

"For what reason, may I ask?"

Jaune went quiet. He didn't want to tell her the reason.

"Don't bow your head, Mr. Arc. Talk to me, sir." The sternness in her voice made the blonde stammer.

"I was getting material to make my manga." He panicked. That wasn't what he wanted to say. Admittedly, Jaune did draw some images on his spare time in between class. Whenever he got bored. Mostly, it was templates for his comic. He drew a few of his classmates and professors. From time to time, he drew Pyrrha. However, those were the images he used as a mechanism to keep him from crying. Since her death, he kept her name alive in his art. In fact, death was in the image of Pyrrha whereas he represented the main character.

Even there were moments he wanted to proceed in death with Pyrrha.

She put her hands on her hips. "So, I know the guilty party who kept drawing on blank pieces of paper in class." She didn't display any anger. In fact, Professor Goodwitch cracked a smile. "You are a comic book artist? Am I correct?"

"More like aspiring artist. I am in no way of that talent yet," he told her casually.

"Nonsense," she told him. "When I saw those drawings. It captivated me. In fact, they are hauntingly beautiful, Mr. Arc."

"Thank you," he told her. "I take pride in my work. Something I can't help it."

She shook her head. "I couldn't agree more, Mr. Jaune. I mean, Jaune. A child such as yourself has great things for your future. I am delighted to be in your presence."

He blushed, flustered at the compliment. He nodded to her as a goodbye so he could make my way to his dorm. As he made his direction, she stood in the way. This time, her perfume impacted his nostrils.

She stroked her long blonde hair. "Say, Jaune. If you don't mind, there is something I wanted you to see," she told him. She smiled, averting her sights from me. It was as if she was trying to display embarrassment. "Something that you will like." She swayed her hands to him. "Something to keep a secret if you know what I mean." She winked at the blonde.

As they walked toward her townhome, Glynda admitted to him that she was a closeted otaku. She was an avid comic collector. He knew her comic collection exceeded beyond his the moment she said how many she had collected over the years. Before coming to Beacon Academy, she was a traveller. She explored throughout the world. Out of Remnant, she had gone to Great Britain, South Korea, Japan, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, and other countries. She was fond of the manga and definitely, the manwha. She said she had a library in her basement.

She slid the patio door to allow entry. It felt good embracing the warmth, he thought to himself. She closed it behind him. She was shaking herself off. She may have been in the cold for awhile, he assumed. She asked for his jacket and he allowed her to take it. She told me that it wouldn't be too long. She wanted to show her collection. She knew of my aspiring career and she wanted to
give him some material to further my career. It felt good to have that support from her, he thought.

She told him of holding on to the rails for they were rickety. These stairs stood to attest of time for they existed before he was a twinkle in his father's eye, he laughed to himself. She was grateful of turning on the lights so he could see clearly into the place. Upon entry to the basement, he was quite amazed at being introduced into her astounding collection.

Her basement was a headquarters to an artist. She had a drawing studio, bookshelves in all corners filled with comics, and a desk. Categorized and detailed from the art of Stan Lee to Junji Ito to Dave Williams.

She was right for being a closeted otaku for this wasn't the Professor Goodwitch that he need to tolerate in the classroom.

This was an amateur's paradise.

"Have you a seat." Her kept smile pointed to the sofa in front of me. He checked his phone. He didn't want to stay too long. He didn't want to worry his teammates and the weather was going to get worst. So, he told himself to give her twenty minutes of his time before heading back. He took a seat on the couch. He crossed his legs as he saw Glynda walk to the bookshelf.

He saw her dusting off her skirt and scratching through her stocking. She hummed a tune. Greensleeves, he believed. She pulled a comic from her shelf and return to the couch. "I think this book should help you with your inspiration." She handed the book to him. She sat next to him to open the comic. They flipped through a few pages together. The comic she displayed was worthy for more of his material. It was everything he needed. It was great. He wanted to borrow it.

"This is great, Professor Goodwitch." His smile was confirmation. He closed the book. It was the moment that he wanted to leave. He was going to borrow the book for a few days and then return it to her.

"Stay a little. I want to make sure if you are really okay with this," she said. "You kids are so ready to go without even checking out the thing." She stood up and walked to the mini-fridge across from the bookshelf. "I don't have any soda, but would a glass of tea do? I have a wide assortment of tea."

He really wanted to go home, but he didn't want to be rude. She was gracious enough of borrowing her book. The least he could do is to stay for one drink.

"Sure," he told her. She grabbed a plastic cup and poured the tea into the glass. She poured a glass for herself and took a seat beside him.

"Cheers," she said with the cup in hand.

"For what," he questioned.

"Being avid readers, comic book lovers. Something good," she said with a bit of humor. He toasted with her and consumed his drink. It wasn't that bad. Too much sugar, in his opinion.

He ingested his drink quickly as she had given it to him. "Thank you for the drink, Professor Goodwitch." He stood up, holding on to her book. "As much as I enjoy this stay, I really have to go."

Her face furrowed as if he had insulted her. Her hands trembled, holding on the hems of the skirt. "So, that how it is? You just come in, take what you can get and leave?"
He was taken aback, didn't expect such a tone coming from her voice. "No, ma'am. It isn't like that. I mean, my friends. T-t-they must be worried."

"What about me," she interjected. "Do you think I don't have feelings." She peered closer to him. Her scent was getting much acquainted with his nose. "Do you understand how much this means to me for someone to be here, share my comics? I don't do this for everybody."

A shiver fell down his spine. He was becoming pale. He was getting very uncomfortable. This was getting very awkward. "Yes, ma'am. I am very grateful. I still have to go. I can come back when it is not as bad out there." He stood up and nodded pleasantly. He made his way for the stairs but felt the strong grips of her tightening his arm.

"You're hurting me," he told her.

"Nowhere near where my feelings reside," she told him.

"Please, Professor. You are scaring me."

"Not as scary for punishing boys who don't follow directions."

"What are you talking about?"

She let out a slight smirk. "You see, Jaune." She still had his arm tightly wrapped with her hands. "I have seen you often. I see you come and go as you pleased. Fighting aggressively. Carrying such vigor and style. Many adore you, many envy you." She narrowed her eyes. "Many want you. So, how are things with you since Pyrrha died?"

What about her?

"Answer the question, Mr. Arc?"

"Professor Goodwitch, with all due respect, I think that is none of your business." He placed the book on the couch. He no longer wanted the book. He wanted to get back.

He felt her nose trailing behind my back, stopping at my shoulders. "Tell me, Jaune," she said as she basked more into my scent. "Are you a virgin?"

Why does that matter?

"Yes. I am a virgin," he answered nervously.

"Liar," she barked angrily. "I know what little whores do to confused boys like you."

Her grip was getting tighter.

"Take off your clothes."

"What?"

"Take off your clothes, damn it," she said venomously. Any warmth and love left of Professor Goodwitch faded away. "I will check for myself if you are."

"Professor, this is too much," he told her while struggling to get loose. "I don't like this. I want to go home."

"You aren't going anywhere," she said with absoluteness. "I am going to see if you are pure." She
grabbed his shirt. "Now take off your damn clothes. I am not going to say it again."

He stood in confusion. He paused as he was lost. Still registering the situation, He didn't pay attention to the knife she got from her skirt pocket. She traced it along his neck. He whimpered, she smiled. "Now, good boys do what they are told." She trailed the knife to his nipple. "Right?"

He shivered as he nodded to her. He whimpered as he took off his clothes. He removed everything with the exception of his boxers. She grabbed his clothes and tossed them aside.

"I smell a boy." With the knife in her hand, she pressed her lips against his. He tasted tea, other contents that were salty to the taste. She pressed that knife to his neck as his tongue and her tongue performed a dance. She broke the kiss, licking his lips in the process.

"A woman's kiss," she barked loudly. She didn't stop there. She put her hands around his boxers and pulled them down. "Now, let me have a taste of this manhood."

She chuckled, pushing me down to the cold concrete floor.

"Please, Professor Goodwitch," he begged. Those words didn't reach her as she made her way to forcefully pleasure him. He didn't feel good. His stomach was turning ill. Tears were escaping his eyes. He extended my hands, forcing and prying her off of him. He was gnashing his teeth, biting his lips in the process. He began crying for his mother.

"Mommy," she questioned. "Mommy can't save you, dear. You belong to me. You are my man now."

She took his boxers and put it in his mouth to cover his muffled screams. He looked into the eyes of his professor, putting her fingers to her lips, enticing his silence.

"If you are calm, I promise you, you will feel good things." He felt her wet lips trailing on my stomach and where my manhood was located. He closed his eyes as his pleads weren't going anywhere. His troubles were far from over. For it was her turn to complete it. She took off her clothes. In an instant, there was nothing but her in her nakedness.

"Let my body ensure if you are pure," she purred to him.

She was rough with her thrust. She groaned loudly as she was making herself feel good. Jaune groaned from the pain. "Yes," she hissed. "My holy passage is cleansing you from your sins of being with wretched whores. You must be cleansed."

He whispered a prayer as she took away his innocence. Glynda pressed her body onto him. She grunted and moaned into the pleasure as she forcefully made him have sex with her. To ensure he wouldn't resist, she intertwined her hands, forcing him to subdue himself into the pleasure. She grunted, she moaned. She grunted, she moaned. She laughed, she called his name in such a haughty tone.

She kept going until she told him she was climaxing.

They did it at the same time.

Her sweat dripped on his skin like the snowflake did on his way back to the dorm. Just like the snowflake, her sweat was cold.

She took his boxers from his mouth and gave him another kiss. Her hand gripping his hair as he tasted her lips.
"Let me ask you something, Jaune?" She retrieved the knife and put it around his neck. "Do you think I am beautiful?"

Even as he whimpered, he told her yes.

"Do you think I am sexy?"

"Yes!"

"Do you think I can be a wonderful mother?"

"Yes."

"Don't you mind if I carried your seed?"

"Yes!"

"One more thing. Do you love me?"

She stood over him in her nakedness. This wasn't the same Professor Goodwitch from earlier. "Do you love me?"

He told her yes.

She extended herself in open arms. "I love you, too, Jaune." She blew a kiss and throbbed the knife into his chest. He couldn't move. The last kiss, she slipped something inside of him.

Blood traected throughout the room. She shouted "I love you" repeatedly as she stabbed Jaune in the chest. Each time he screamed, she stabbed. She continued to stab until his screams were getting faint. She throbbed and throbbed until Jaune wasn't screaming. He wasn't saying anything at all anymore.

She reached to his face and kissed him once more. She shivered as she inhaled his final breath. Jaune Arc was no longer in this world.

She sealed the deal as she slashed his throat. Blood drained to the floor. A sense of a rush filled her mind. In fact, she became aroused of the urge to kill the boy she desired.

The sound of footsteps interrupted Glynda's thought as she cradled onto Jaune's lukewarm corpse. The person made herself known as she stood in front of Glynda. Her eyes were dark as the night. As if anyone enters the murky water, there will be nothing but darkness. Her face had a creamy complexion. Her nose was pointy. Her cheeks were a rosy red. She was a beautiful woman.

She was a beautiful teenager.

The woman glanced down at the body as if it were a rug out of place, tutting at the blood that poured onto the concrete.

"You really mustn't play around with murder, my dear," she said, addressing the younger girl. as she adjusted the straps on her smart, leather handbag. "It isn't civil."

Glynda twisted the bloody knife in her hands, a playful look on her face.

"But, Mistress Nora, it is ever so fun." Her creamy white dress was stained deep scarlet and spots of the Jaune's blood speckled her face, but she was completely indifferent to the fact that the body
of her student was at her feet and the weapon that killed her was in her very hands. "I loved him ever so much. I really did."

"Well look what you've done to the concrete, Glynda." Her mother said sternly, fixing her ward with a hard stare. "You must stop with this nonsense, it's probably not healthy for you, I'm sure there are studies that confirm this."

"Such a hypocrite, mistress," said Glynda as she held on to Jaune's pale cheeks. "It was your idea to lure him here."

"Yes," she retorted. "But, I didn't want you to kill him in this form of fashion. Glynda, I told him to mercy kill. I told you to poison his tea or at least subdue him so he wouldn't feel it."

Glynda raised a blood-splattered eyebrow. "Does it matter, mistress? Wasn't this your plan to make him onto how we wanted?"

Nora sighed. She squatted to the floor where Jaune's eyes were open. The paleness of his blue eyes made her winced. "Alas, I guess you are right. There was no other way of doing this." She stood up. "Get his body set up. We are going to take him back to the lab."

"What are you going to do with him, Mistress?"

"Well, to a casual observer, we will give them the illusion that he is operating under his own power," she said as she ascended up the stairs. "Didn't you say you always wanted a brother?"

Glynda was very childlike when hearing that. "I always wanted a brother to play with, mistress." She noticed the body and shook her head, a threatening grin still plastered across her face. "I always wanted a loving, adoring big brother."

"Yes, yes," said Nora. "Now, let's hurry up. We have to be back soon."

"What about the others?"

"What about them? We got what we came here for. Now, we can use him at our disposal."

To be continued?
Teehee! You look very peaceful when you are sleeping, Jauney. You look just like an angel that has fallen from heaven. Nestled in your quilt. You look secured. Like there should be a reason to be scared. As if Oum himself was protecting you. Teehee! Or better yet, Oum designated me to be your guardian angel on Earth to protect you. I mean, this isn't a world for just anybody. People do get crazy. Wait a minute, I am sorry, Jauney. I was still thinking about that article in the paper before going to bed. Speaking of reading, it was very cute when we were reading last night. The way you looked at the paper. You looked like a man of valor, of respect, something to be adored. I couldn't help but to lay silent as I watched you fall asleep. I wanted you in my arms. I remained with you until you took your final breaths into dreamland.

You were so cute, Jauney! Would it be cute if I were to call you, senpai? You know, like in the Japanese comics. Or a seonbae, like in the Korean manhwas? Or maybe Jauney-senpai? Or maybe Jauney-seonbae? Tell me what you think?

Jauney, are you listening to me? Are you still sleeping? Fine, fine, sleep. Just continue listening to me. That's why I enjoy you so much. You are such a great listener.

The weather is nice this morning. I am going to open the window. I think you need a little fresh air. Teehee! Me, too, Jauney! After what we had last night, I think we both are in a need of a shower.

This fresh air is wonderful. The smell of spring in its infancy. It's a great thing that we are on holiday or else we had to be at school. And I don't want to be at school unless you are with me, Jauney. School without you is like a day without sunshine, my Jauney. I am just glad that we don't have to worry about classes or any studying for the time being.

I see the birds are returning from their vacation. I can smell the pear trees. I mean they are yucky. Smelling like strong bleach. Don't want to sound rude, but kinda smells a little like you after you know, did it! Oops! Sorry, Jauney. I didn't sound perverted, did I? I was trying to make a point, but be a little humorous at the same time.

I can hear voices outside. The gentle voices and the not so gentle voices. I always question why the world have to be filled with so many rough people? Was Oum bored and allow such fallible creatures to enter this world? I don't like that, Jauney. I don't like it at all. It reminds me of the time when you know, I wasn't in a good state of mind. I felt like a caged animal. Being confined in a cell where there a small window, everything is wet, moldy, murky. My view of mind was very detrimental. Forgive me, Jauney when I say this. I had often thought of taking my own life.

Jauney, do you think if a person makes a mistake, then that person needs to be reminded of that said mistake? If a person, like me, apologizes, then why condemn? In the Christianity faith, there were plenty of sinners that turned to saints. I heard that a saint is just a sinner who have fallen and got up. We are all sinners in the eyes of God. Then why Oum can be as merciful as the Christian God?

Sorry, Jauney. I think it is too early to talk about religion. Like I said, many things are occurring in my mind. It's a beautiful day. Let's enjoy it. Allowing the sun to give us its' rays. Natural sunlighting. Breakfast in bed. And maybe, teehee, afternoon delight? Relax, Jauney. I know you are stiff. I mean, you were just a rebel last night. You put up a fight, but in the end, I am the champion. Teehee! I know it was permissible and was a part of your kink, but it was interesting. Your blue
eyes staring with much intent at my cold eyes. Your warmth giving me warmth. I have never felt so good with another person in quite some time. You were amazing. I mean, you are amazing.

Well, going outside isn't quite the option I am thinking of today. There are too many people out there. I wouldn't forgive myself you were to go out there and be with those people.

....

It isn't that I don't trust you. You are Jaune Arc. A leader. An awesome wonder. A man of valor, respect, and integrity. My king....

Oops, did I say that? No, no, no! It's true. You are my king, Jaune. I think if we are in this kind of relationship that we need to set up the roles as early as possible. You are my king. I am your queen.

King Jaune and Queen...

Let's just call me Queen Arc. I mean, that's what's going to happen when you give me the ring. I pray for this day. I am, I am, I am.

There are too many people outside. Their voices are starting to get annoying. If you were out there, then you will be their voices instead of mine. I think we had enough sun for this morning. Let's close the window.

Let me snuggle back to you. You wouldn't mind if I gave you some of my warm, tender kisses.

{kiss}

{kiss}

I love you so much, Jauney! If I could, I would share the same air that you breathe. Your air. And the thought of my Jauney breathing the same air as those...those people.

I wouldn't allow it! I wouldn't accept it!

It's actually unforgivable and I wouldn't forgive myself if I were to let you go out there.

{kiss}

{kiss}

{kiss}

Honey, senpai, seonbae, Jaune, I love you so much. I always...Just a minute, that is the phone ringing.

Jaune, why do you still have that phone? I thought I told you to get rid of it! Didn't you say that you got rid of it?

Calm down, calm down, he didn't know how it would make me feel. He still doesn't know. Calm down. Calm down. The voices in my head are taunting me. Jauney didn't know, guys. Jauney didn't know.

Excuse me, Jaune. I hope I didn't scare you. I get a little carried away sometimes. I forgot to take my pills last night. Please don't be scared! Remember what you had said. "Nothing can separates from our love..."
Jauney, why is that damn phone still ringing?

....

Even though I’d told you to get rid of it, but you still have it. What reason should you have this phone. What good does it do since we have confessed our love? It does nothing! Nothing but making me worry and wondering if I should trust you.

I got you a new phone. Remember? With people who I think is necessary. Those friends. The ones who abandoned you? Why keep them in your life when they didn't want you?

I am taking this phone. You don't have a need for it anyone. Look, Jauney, we are having a great morning and I don't want this thing to give us a false start.

You have no need of communicating with them. I don't trust them. I don't like them.

What were to happen if you were to go back to them? You will change. You will go back to the wicked ways of the tempted. We have build a wall to defend us from those urchins. The nerve of those so-called friends. To hell with Nora! To hell with Lie Ren! To hell with Ruby, Weiss, Yang, Blake. All of them!

Where were they when I needed help? Leaving me alone. In a place I never thought to be. I told you that I have made mistakes, Jauney. Nothing can separate us from our love, Jauney. So, I am taking the damn phone and cast it away into oblivion.

Don't change, Jauney! I like you how you are. An angel. A beautiful angel.

{kiss}

{kiss}

{kiss}

I am sorry for talking like this. I am sorry for being this mean, this forceful. I will admit I can be overzealous. I can admit that I can get a little anxious. I have paid my dues. I have made mistakes. I don't want to be reminded. And I won't be reminded anymore, darling.

....

You not answering implies that you are okay with my decision of taking your phone. Trust me, darling. It's the right thing to do, for us.

I know it can hurt. Letting go of yesterday; letting go of the friends that abandoned you; please believe, it's for the best. The same thing happened to me. Please don't hate me for it. You are my everything.

{kiss}

You are my everything.

{kiss}

I will do anything...for you.

{kiss}
The noises outside are getting louder. What in the hell is going on out there? Jaune, what's happening? Did you have anything to do with...

Why in the hell is that phone still ringing? I just crushed it and it still rings. What is going on? The voices...in...my...head...is...taunting...me.

Jauney? Jauney?

Is it her? Is it her, Jauney? Is it her calling your phone?

Is she the one interrupting our love nest? Is she the one responsible for...for...those loud noises outside?

Damn it! I give you one job yesterday and I feel as though you didn't do it right.

Did you remember our plan?

Our plan to withdraw from the Academy?

Well, you weren't going there as much. You were probably failing most of your classes anyway. Well, one of us have to attend to keep appearances. Trust me, you weren't going to be missed. Not if I can help it.

Sigh, why can't you make it simple, Jauney?

Calm down! Calm down, Velvet. Calm down, Velvet. Oh my God! Oh my God!
The...voices...in...my...head...are...getting...too...loud!

It can't be her, Jaune. That's impossible! It can't be her. Jaune?

Teehee! Teehee! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

No, it can't be her. No way in hell it is her. Whoo! Relax, Velvet. You almost lost your cool for a moment there. There is no way it was her.

Don't be scared, Jauney. Please don't be scared. If it makes you feel better, the blood on this knife isn't mine! Teehee! Hahahahahahahaha!

Anyway, that couldn't have been that sickening, I mean sickening, wretched, putrid, detrimental, horrid, worthless of a whore calling my phone. Teehee! Couldn't have been. I mean how can she survive thirty stabs to her body amazes me.

Jaune, please understand what I did was for us. I have to get her. I have to hurt her. I did hurt her. I know it was wrong, Jaune. But, darling, in a way, you made me do this! Yet again, it was my fault. But that's what happens when I am not by your side. Bad things happen!

You were to report to Ozpin's office to withdraw from the school. I wanted to be there with you, but I had to report to my probation officer at the same time as you. Well, you know how Ozpin is with appointments and I couldn't miss my appointment lest if I want to see you again.

I gave you a chance. I removed the chains from your ankles. I removed the chains from your wrist. I am sorry that they were tight on you, darling. I love so much that I had to keep you to myself. No one can understand. I didn't want to attract the attention of others, especially them.
Anyway, I wanted you to go to the office and withdraw. I have planned to withdraw the following day. I managed to scrap up some money and purchased a small fixer upper in a neighboring village. It didn't take much. My mother was being a bother and a nagger anyway. I found how fate can play a clever hand. She was sick and accidentally fell down the stairs.

So, I dressed you in the finest of clothes. I made sure you look special. You are special. I told you with the same look in my eyes as I am doing now. "Go to Ozpin's office and withdraw from school. Go straight back to my apartment and wait for me." You nodded to me. I was sure that you were absolute with your orders. I mean, after your last attempt to escape, you weren't going to make the same mistake again.

I let you go into the world. I trust myself that you will follow my orders. My visit to see my probation officer wouldn't taken long.

Jaune? My sweetheart? My king, tell me why as I return back to the Academy, I saw you talk to her? I knew you wouldn't find me as I stay hidden in the bushes. You were sitting at the tables around the terraces. You were having coffee with her. You were having a great time with her. She held your hand!? Rubbing your scars!? Who in the hell did that bitch thought she was after I saw her kissing it? She didn't understand, Jaune. Those marks I gave you signified my love. The marks to display who you belong to.

You made me do this, Jaune. Does my love hurt you so much that you decided to talk to another woman!? That was inadmissible! Impermissible! She needed to be punished!

Jaune, I love you so much that what I did, it was for us. After you and her went your separates way, I followed her. One thing I like about her was that she was always a great leader. She always banged to the sound of her own drum. I admired her confidence, her guile, her charisma! She had beauty and charm. Anybody could fall for her. She even made kinda have a slight tiny crush.

But, she is still no comparison to you, Jaune. Excuse me, she was no comparison to you.

Did you know that most people who die from murders knew their killers? That was why she wasn't alarmed when she saw me in the forest. She was happy to see. We really haven't spoken in quite some time. I really don't care about the details of our once partnership/friendship. What I cared about was she was my enemy.

An enemy that needed to be neutralized.

Her eyes widened with fear when I welcomed her with a stab to her stomach. She croaked, crackling by the surprise of my hatred. My hatred for talking with my Jauney. She couldn't run. I wouldn't give her that chance, Jauney.

I stabbed her. I stabbed her. I STABBED HER AND STABBED AND STABBED AND STABBED AND STABBED until she was dead. I was aiming anywhere. There weren't any defensive wounds. Keeping her on her stomach was the best method. She was crying. She was asking why. What pissed me off as I continued stabbing her, she had the nerve to say, "whatever I did, I am sorry. I still love you, my dear friend."

That bitch loves me? She loves me? That bitch is the reason why I was separated from you and have to go to juvenile hall for those few months. She told the cops what I did to her. I was being merciful that day. It was a slight bump. Of course, she broke her shoulder blade. She should have never told me that she was in love with you, Jaune.

No matter. What's done is done and I can't take it back. I can't take back what happened. It's only a
It was a matter of time before they come. It was messy, very messy.

It doesn’t matter anymore. She won’t be bothering our kingdom anymore.

I am your queen, Jaune. You are my king, Jaune.

I am your queen.

I am your queen.

You are my king, Jaune.

You were my king.

No, no, you are. For you are in another realm of being now. You are looking like such an angel now, my darling Jaune. As you looking peaceful in such an eternal sleep, I adore you more than ever.

{kiss}

{kiss}

Let me kiss the marks on your neck. Receive my tender kisses, Jaune. Jaune, Jaune, my precious angel. My precious, precious angel.

The noises outside are getting louder. I can hear people banging on our door. They are wanting to separate us, Jaune.

And I can’t let that happen.

In my hand is the medicine that is going to put me...in eternal slumber. I don’t want to be in this world if you are not in it.

This wasn’t the plan I wanted to happen, Jaune. All I wanted you to do was to go to Ozpin and withdraw from the Academy. Not talking to Coco. Not lying to me about talking to Coco. Not threatening to call the police. I didn’t want to hurt you. I just wanted you to stop talking. I didn’t know what overcame me.

Wake up, Jaune. Please, wake up. Wake up to see the sunrise. Wake up, please. I am sorry, Jaune. I am sorry, Jaune.

I didn’t mean to hurt you. I just wanted you to stop talking. I wanted you to explain why you were speaking to Coco is all.

{kiss}

{kiss}

Ouch! Excuse me, Jaune. It’s the first time I injected a needle in my veins. At any moment, the poison is going to enter my bloodstream. It’s going to take me away to join you in another realm.

This wasn’t the plan. I wanted us to be side by side, holding hands at our small villa. As you fight on being the best huntsman, I wanted to be your queen, serving and tending to the castle. Our tiny kingdom. Our children. Beautiful looking half Faunus children. Our son would have had my face and your hair. Our daughter, my ears, your face, my hair. Wonderful children, Jaune.
I am starting to feel a sense of euphoria now. Death is looming by. Let me rest on your chest. Let me rest your arms around me.

When they find us, they will see us together. Side by side, holding hands. Death is a thousand times greater than spending one more day without you.

Now we can be side by side as they will take our bodies away. The thought is gruesome, macabre. But, romantic in a way.

I am starting to feel weaker. The noises outside are getting less and less annoying. The banging on our door is getting little to none. I am getting closer, Jaune.

This small kingdom on Earth is coming to a close.

As my take my final breaths, let it be as I kiss your lips.

See you on the other side, my love. I wonder will we dream of our kingdom to be in heaven?

King Jaune, Queen Velvet.

Our dynasty, the Arc dynasty.

Take me in your arms, angel of death and welcome me into the presence of my Jaune.

{kiss}

Good night, my sweet precious Jaune. When I wake up, I will be in our kingdom, waiting to sit beside you on our throne.
As The Sun Sets on Their Kingdom (The Conclusion)

Snowflakes danced under the evening light. Blake Belladonna's legs were stiff as she stepped out of the taxi. She was accompanied by her stranger that she didn't recognize or just fail to recognize. It didn't matter to the brunette. His objective was to carry the umbrella to shield her from the snow and to lead her where she needed to be.

A police officer with a forensics lab coat bowed before the Faunus as she passed him. The stranger held the double doors open as she entered the room. It was a windowless structure with a tin roof. The low rumbling of the extractor fan told her that there was a body in the room. The stranger stepped back as another gentleman came inside of the room. Once more, he was another unrecognizable face. The only thing distinguishable from the other stranger was his bushy moustache.

"You're Blake," asked the bushy moustache gentleman.

"Yes," said Blake. The response was short, fickle. Blake already had the chalantness of not being in this place. There shouldn't have to be reason of being here. It took every fiber of her being to know that there was a very important person in the room.

A blonde angel in her eyesight. Another beauty who had gone to the departed.

The stranger motioned to Blake that he was to remain until she was finished. She bowed to him as a sign of thanks. The bushy moustache gentleman led her to a small hallway that was will lead her to what she regrettably will have to see.

If it wasn't tonight, it would have been at his funeral.

She pushed open the door. Her fingertips digging in the fabric of her peacoat. A peacoat that the departed brought her on her seventeenth birthday. She remembered how the blonde explained that he saved as much coins as he could to get her the present. Although it wasn't warranted, she could have accepted a simple greeting. She admired the thought, blushing at the obviously used peacoat that came from the thrift store. She held on to the peacoat for it was one of the few things that was once a gift from Jaune Arc.

The light glared down from the ceiling. The examination table was sitting in front of her, covered by a blue vinyl sheet. She stood frozen for knowing that there was a human shape covering the blue vinyl sheet. Too large for a child, but suitable for a young adult.

"Jaune." His name was spat out. Her throat developed a lump. She didn't mean to spit his name. It was no doubt that underneath the sheet was Jaune. It was there. She saw the blonde hair sticking out. She saw certain signatures that defined him. She didn't want to admit. Her teammates, her classmates wondered why did Blake made the decision to go on view his body.

"I wanted confirmation." She told anybody that asked. "I just want to see if what I am seeing is true." It wasn't a secret. The reports of Jaune's death have been the talk of the village.

It was called the Romeo and Juliet murder-suicide. The murder of Jaune Arc and Coco Adel and the suicide of Velvet Scarlatina. Blake chagrined the portrayal by the media. Jaune was the center of a deadly love triangle that caused Coco to be killed and Jaune to be murder as revenge before Velvet committed suicide. They didn't know the circumstances. Better yet, the refused to understand the circumstances. Blake knew the truth. Her friends and teammates knew the truth.
Everything became misunderstood. She blamed it on herself. Why didn't she see the signs? Why didn't she realize that there was a problem with Jaune? It wasn't long since the death of Pyrrha Nikos. Her death took them for a spin. Blake thought her death had something to do with Jaune not being around the others.

Have she had never been so wrong in her young life.

Jaune's mother allowed her permission to view Jaune before the funeral. She told his mother that it would bring closure.

Why haven't I spoken to you sooner?

She sniffled as she carefully pulled back the cloth. The pale face of the former blonde came into view. In the same moment, the frozen air began to circulate again. Blake stared at the ceiling, breathing out deep from her stomach.

Why didn't I told you how I felt about you?

His stiff, tender face. He looked like he was sleeping. It didn't like he was dead. He looked as if he was taking a long sleep. And at any moment, he would wake up.

Why couldn't I stopped it? Why didn't I comfort you when you needed it? Why did she get to you first?

It was lie. No more will the blonde play guitar to them. No longer would the name Vomit Boy bring humor. Jaune Arc was taken away from this world from a woman who was obsessed with him. A volatile woman that caused the death of her best friend, Coco.

Tears began to vacate her tear ducts as she rested herself on his body.

"Jauney," she wailed into the room with her loud sobs. "Jauney! Jauney!" She felt cold. Nothing more. Her warmth wouldn't clash with his. By now, it won't be long until the coroner would replace his blood with embalming fluid. As she look further, she saw where the coroner stitched his body when performing an autopsy.

"See what Velvet did to you," she cried into his stiff chest. "Why would she do such a thing? Why? Why to my Jaune? Why to him?"

She trailed her fingers from his chest to his shoulder blade. He recognized the ligature marks of hands around his neck. He was strangled. Blake wasn't sure if the coroner told them that day when they were gathering at the common area at the dorm was true or not, but he said that Jaune was sleeping when he was strangled. So, he wouldn't have felt a thing.

Tears dripped to his neck. She pressed forward and kissed his neck. Her warmth met with the cold. She kissed again. She kept kissing as if her warmth was the strength to revive Jaune. She continued to hold on to him. She wanted to be with him longer.

'Hey, Blake. What would people think if we were to die?'

'I wouldn't know, Jaune. I didn't think you have that mindset.'

'I really don't. It just sometimes, it comes to my mind. Will they remember me in a good sense or in a bad sense,'

'Besides being a Vomit Boy and bad at women, at least you will be known to have a good heart.'
'Appreciate it, Blake. Coming from you, that means a lot.'

'You looked to me with high esteem?'

'Shouldn't I? You are a woman of wonder. You have integrity, valor, passion, things I can be sort of jealous about.'

'I didn't think you thought about me that way.'

'Look, Blake, I am more than just a leader, a flirt, and a badass musician. I am also a friend. You are my friend.'

'Thanks, Jaune. You are a friend to me, too. To answer your question, it depends on what you did in this world for people to remember you for?'

'Really?'

'What kind of seeds did you plant? Good seeds? Bad seeds? Were you helpful? Were you a leader? Selfish? Selfless?'

'I see. I think about it because I know we aren't promised another day.'

'Knowing for you, Oum is going to give you plenty of time to live.'

'Hopefully, I have enough time to find a girl before I die.'

'Here you go! Being a pervert! Go to Lie Ren with that!'

'I thought we were friends.'

'Yes, and a female at that.'

'Sorry, but I don't think it sometimes. I always looked at you as an equal.'

'That's...that's very kind.'

'Thanks.'

'But not an excuse to hear your stories of wanting to 'do it' with a girl.'

That was one of the last few conversation she had shared with Jaune prior to Pyrrha's death. It wasn't long when Velvet Scarlatina got to him and caused their demise. Anger seeped through her veins as she thought of her.

It's your fault, your worthless bitch. It was your fault that you have taken him away. Why were you so fucking selfish, you sickening whore? The nerve of you! If I were to be in hell, then I would be sure that you will never forget this. I will make you suffer. You will pay for this! One way or another, I will see to you that you will pay in the afterlife!

The angrier she got, the more tears descended onto Jaune's cheek. She wiped her tears from her face. She then smiled, knowing that Jaune was in a peaceful place. He was no longer in pain. She peered forward and kissed his lips.

"There," she said. "You finally have my lips, Vomit Boy."

Her body began shaking. "Did you hear me? You finally got the chance to kiss Blake."
She kissed him on the lips once more. It didn't matter that the smell of death and cresol filled the room. It didn't matter that she continued to feast on his once kissable lips. She looked to the door. Judging by what she told the gentlemen, she wanted alone time.

"Forgive me," she whispered into his ear. "But, there is something I must do, Jaune. Something I wished I would have done when you were alive." She began disrobing her attire. With the exception of her bra and her panties, she positioned herself on top of his corpse.

"I know this is wrong and shameful," she said as she kissed him on his chest. "I should've done this before you were lost. I'm sorry, Jaune. Sorry that I waited too soon to tell you how I feel."

I love you, Jaune Arc!

She closed her eyes, picturing herself away from this room, this asylum, this room of death. She closed her eyes to think of the good times she shared with Jaune. A smile spread across her face.

What kind of song would you play for me?

She positioned herself where his dick could meet hers. Surprisingly, his dick was stiff, which suited Blake. With all of her might, she thrust her dick inside of him. Since winced, covering her mouth to not attract unwanted attention. Warmth was coming from a cavern. A warm liquid dripping onto his cold body. She didn't have to look to know it was her blood.

"I've given you the most precious gift that anybody could receive," she muster to say. "And you're not just anybody. You are my Jaune."

She continued thrusting her hips profusely. She continued staring at her Jaune, as he remained still. Each time, she thrust, tears were falling, blinding her vision.

"You're supposed to be with me," she cried. "You weren't supposed to die. I love you. I love you."

She continued as she knew there wasn't going to be any seeds depositing into her. It didn't take long before she silently climaxed in the room.

What kind of song would you play for me?

She collapsed herself onto his body. She rested her body on his chest. She wasn't upset of the deed that she committed. She wanted closure. She wanted something to know that she shared feelings for Jaune as well.

"I love you, Jaune. No one can take that from us. I love you, Jaune. I love you, Jaune." She kept saying repetitively.

Good evening, this is Lisa Lavender reporting live in front of the mortuary. Police need your help tonight in finding eighteen year old, Blake Belladonna. What was I informed was Blake Belladonna visited her earlier this evening to view the body of Jaune Arc. Less than an hour later, it was reported that Belladonna subdued the staff before stealing a van. Witness said she took the van and sped away from the scene, taking the body of Jaune Arc with her.

Police say that Belladonna might be armed, so be cautious if you have seen her.

For those who are aware, Jaune Arc was a missing student from Beacon Academy who was found murdered over a week ago after being killed by fellow Beacon student, Velvet Scarlatina. Scarlatina is also responsible for the death of Beacon student, Coco Adel.
Scarlatina committed those murders before committing suicide before police unsuccessfully tried to reach her apartment.

With the three deaths of Beacon students, the media has pressed hard toward headmaster Ozpin. Here is what he has to say….

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I love you, Jaune.

We belong together.

Nobody can take you now.

Not your mommy, your daddy, your sisters, no one!

And especially not that sickening whore, Velvet!

I will keep you safe. I will keep you warm. You are mine!

Forever and ever, you are mine. We belong together.

We belong together!

WE BELONG TOGETHER!

THE END!
Hey, guys. Big Diesel here along with [thegirlfriendoftheauthor]. Lately, she has been in my ear about exploring the taboo nature of horror, necrophilia. Necessarily, it's not about the sex, but the obsession of letting something go. We have decided to explore this subgenre and use Blake as our subject in this sequel. What we hope to accomplish is her feeble mind as she battles with herself on her obsession with Jaune and what obstacles that may trigger Blake or change Blake? I hope you guys enjoy this sequel of As The Sun Sets on Their Kingdom.

Snowball effect /ˈsnōˌbôl/ (adj.) descriptive of an entity or situation where something once small and relatively insignificant grows exponentially at a swift pace, engulfing everything in its path.

"The truth is, unless you let go, unless you forgive yourself, unless you forgive the situation, unless you realize that the situation is over, you cannot move forward." -Anonymous.

New at 6 o'clock this evening. An obsession or sheer denial of a person's death? Police are baffled by what drove a local high school student to the point of kidnapping a dead body.

Good evening, this is Gerald Potter with tonight's story. Police need your help tonight on finding a woman who has kidnapped a dead body. Earlier this evening, at the mortuary, eighteen-year-old Blake Belladonna subdued staff members before taking the dead body and placing it into a van. The van was driven away by Belladonna. As of now, police is still looking for the van, hoping to find Belladonna and the dead body.

Here live at the mortuary is reporter Lisa Lavender with more information from the scene. Lisa?

Thank you. I am standing in front of the loading dock at the mortuary where eighteen-year-old Beacon Academy student, Blake Belladonna reportedly kidnapped the deceased corpse of eighteen-year-old, Jaune Arc, and taken him with her in the van. The van sped out into the main road before disappearing into the woods. Police and rescue team are reportedly checking the surrounding areas on the whereabouts of Belladonna and the deceased Jaune Arc. Traffic stops and checkpoints are being put in place within a 25-mile radius.

It was over a week ago when Jaune Arc was a victim of an apparent murder-suicide. That morning, police surrounded the apartment homes of Beacon Academy where student Velvet Scarlatina barricaded herself. Less than 24 hours before police issued out a warrant for Scarlatina's arrest, Scarlatina was considered a suspect in a murder. Nineteen-year-old Coco Adel was found stabbed to death in the woods nearby the Academy. Witnesses told police that Scarlatina was seen walking behind Adel as they entered the woods. Also, clues easily pointed Scarlatina as a suspect.

Unfortunately and tragically, police failed to retrieve Scarlatina in time for she was found dead, lying next to an already deceased Jaune Arc. Scarlatina reportedly died due to self-inflicted injuries. The police have yet to explain her cause of death. Arc's cause of death was reportedly due to strangulation. He was taken to the forensic's office for an autopsy.

As he was sitting in the mortuary in preparation of his funeral, it was there were Belladonna was granted permission, through the victim's mother, to view his body. It wasn't long when she kidnapped his body and stole a van to go to parts unknown.
Lisa, have police spoken on what probable cause for Belladonna to steal the body?

As of now, Gerald, police are still baffled on what was the probable cause of her stealing the body. The information I have gathered from those who know the now suspect say that this is atypical of her. She is known as an introvert, mellow, keeps to herself. However, she presented herself as friendly, respect, and very genuine. So, I can say many are surprised of her actions, Gerald.

Do you have any information regarding the relationship between the deceased victim and Belladonna?

Gerald, both were students at Beacon Academy. They were classmates and often collaborated with each other in various activities. They shared mutual acquaintances, which included Velvet Scarlatina and Coco Adel. Those who have spoken to me explained that Belladonna and Arc were friendly with each other. One friend said that she was very numb and distraught after being told that Arc was dead.

Very unfortunate turn of events for this village as well as Beacon Academy. Speaking of which, do you have any detail about the tragic events and how it relates to the school as a whole.

As of now, Headmaster Ozpin hasn't discussed much on the phone. But through his representative, Oscar Pine, he explained that the deaths of these students are tragic. The circumstances of the deaths were in fact coincidences that they were Beacon students. Pine further explained that there shouldn't be anything to be alarmed.

Services are being presented by counselors at the school tomorrow and for the rest of the week. It still baffles me, myself, on how these turn of events can upset a village as well as Beacon Academy.

Well, Lisa, it kind of reminds of a snowball effect.

Agreed Gerald. Reporting live from the mortuary is Lisa Carpenter, Channel 5 News.

Thank you, Lisa. Police are offering a reward for any information regarding the apprehension of Blake Belladonna and the retrieval of Jaune Arc. Blake Belladonna is of Faunus descent. She is five foot six inches, black hair, and amber eyes. She often wears a bow to cover her ears. She was last seen wearing a white dress with a black peacoat. Jaune Arc is Caucasian, has blonde hair and blue eyes. He stands at six feet one inch. He was last seen wearing medical attire. Any information regarding Belladonna and/or Arc, please call your local Crimestoppers. Your tip will remain anonymous.

I love you, Jaune.

We belong together.

Nobody can take you now.

Not your mommy, your daddy, your sisters, no one!

And especially not that sickening whore, Velvet!

I will keep you safe. I will keep you warm. You are mine!
Forever and ever, you are mine. We belong together.

We belong together!

WE BELONG TOGETHER!

To be continued...
Lie Ren woke from a falling dream again. He shook his head for he knew it was a lie. A falling dream depicts him falling from high places. Rather falling from a cliff or easily as slipping from a stair step. The dream was more intricate than that. The kind of dream that was going, repetitive, scaring him to the point where he wakes up in a cold sweat. His heart beats, his body trembles, his bowels could have gone loose if it was for his self-control. Though he had some slip ups, but a change of boxers and a change of sheets didn't compare to the fear of this dream of his.

It was an ongoing thing.

He was fortunate that tonight's dream resulted in his sheets covered in sweat instead of another liquid. The moisture was making his bed feel uncomfortable to move around. His eyes moved around the room, scanning for any sign of any dream remnants. There shouldn't be, but one could never be too careful.

His dreams were becoming more lucid each night.

Once he realized that he was in familiar surroundings, his breath returned to normal. He turned over to see his roommate Jaune. He was still in bed sleeping soundly. As he peered forward, he saw Jaune was wearing headphones. The sounds of rock were filling his ears.

At least he doesn't have to wake me up this time. Lie Ren wasn't upset of the option his friend had to use. He, too, needed sleep. He was their leader, therefore sleeping should be a necessity. However, he wished that Jaune could remedy the option. It wasn't his position, but he didn't know what to do. He couldn't confide to Nora about it. She would have been too much of a worrywart. He didn't want to tell the others as well. Weiss couldn't keep a secret, Blake wouldn't know what to do, Yang would suggest counseling, and as for Ruby. He knew a girl like that would do something that anything atypical person would do, go to the source.

He cast those thoughts aside, deciding to not worry for he was in control. He was getting better. Nora didn't have to run in this time. And his leader was sleeping soundly. They were getting used to his nightmares. Then why couldn't he?

He looked to the clock. It was at the devil's hour, three in the morning. Fearful of further sleep and another batch of dream hell, he decided to call it the night and get an early start. He told himself that a great start of catching up on some schoolwork could do some good. He looked to his backpack where he knew his material reside and would go to the common area to study.

But first, he needed to use the restroom.

He threw aside the covers, reminding himself to wash them when he comes back from class. He reached for his slippers followed by his keys and headed out of the door. The hallway to the restroom gave it a very somber approach. In the daytime, the hallway was full of life. However, in the night hour, it was very desolate. As if there was two sides of that hallway.

He was carrying his towel and his bathing rack. An early morning shower wouldn't hurt as well, the brunette thought. He walked into the shower stall and turned it on. The cool sensation further woke him up. He would have to wait a few minutes before it warmed up.

As the shower was warming up, he entered the bathroom stall. He pulled down his pants, and sat down on the toilet to alleviate his excrements.
Like it or not, it's because of you that I went in this direction

Now please stop your struggling, this is all for your protection

He wiped the sweat from his forehead. That dream, that nightmare. He could smell the iron. He could smell the stench of death into his nose. Red, the color red, darker than crimson, just that sticky feeling resonating all throughout his surroundings. He felt pain all over his body. Actually, pain was the first feeling he felt when the dream began. Then, afterwards, the horrid sight beholding him. Once acknowledging that the sight is blood, he wanted to scream, but he couldn't. His voice was silent. He wanted help, he wanted scream for help, but his silence disallowed him.

Suddenly, footsteps; heavy footsteps come into the room. It was a loud echo. He would turn, but didn't know the source. But each time the echo got closer, he saw a pale hand grabbing hold of his neck. He wanted to escape, but felt the chain adorning his body. Then, he realized that he was also surrounded by a cage.

No matter how hard I try to bring myself to perfection

But now I'm oh so broken to the point of no correction

A deep, feminine voice. Her breath lingering into his ear. Her voice told him that she was a powerful being. The scraping of her nails into his neck alerted the seriousness of this woman. What was fearful that no matter what, he could never see her face.

Like it or not, it's because of you that I went in this direction

Now please stop your struggling, this is all for your protection

She would began laughing and suddenly grab one of his arms. Then, the pressure of a pointed object entered his neck.

Lie Ren returned to reality. He stood up from the toilet and flushed. He took a heavy sigh, thinking to himself to not think about it. He grabbed his towel and entered the shower.

A few minutes later, he turned off the water. He dried himself off and reached for his clothes. He grabbed his dirty clothes and headed out into the hallway. He was caught up in his own thoughts that he ended up bumping into another student.

"Oi! Watch where you going, buttercup!"

Lie Ren bowed to apologize. His eyes directed to the person in front of him. She was a teenage girl with fair skin, short dark-brown hair, and dark-brown eyes. She has wavy locks on one side of her face, dyed with a gradient that starts in dark brown and transitions to caramel. He easily recognized her as Coco Adel.

"Sorry about Coco. I didn't see you."

She rubbed the back of her head. "No worries, Lie Ren!" She was calm, but furrowed her eyebrows. "Aren't you going to help me up?"

Lie Ren bowed once more as he helped the leader of CFVY helped from the ground. She dusted herself off before facing Ren.

"Surprise to see you up at this hour." She scanned the area before checking out his gear. "Dirty clothes, bath towel. It's the middle of the night." She smiled. "Did little Renny here had an
accident?"

He frowned. "No! Of course, not! I couldn't sleep so I went for a shower."

Coco displayed a smug grin. "The way you are getting excited with these exclamatives. You're lying."

He scoffed. "Whatever! I got to go. See you later."

Coco took his arm as he tried to leave. She kept her composure, but didn't want to do anything to deter him away. "Listen, listen, buttercup, I am sorry. That wasn't called for. I am just messing around is all."

"A great way to show it at this ungodly hour." He retorted. He raised his eyebrow. "What are you doing up at this hour. Seeing you have your clothes on, I must think you were doing something naughty."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe I did. Maybe I didn't. What's it to you?"

"Hey! You put me on trial," retorted Lie Ren.

"Touche! Touche!" Coco rubbed through her hair. Lie Ren would admit that the brunette is beautiful. However, he would never admit it. She was too cocky and a bit prideful. That alone deterred him from ever wanting to pursue her. "So, seriously. Why are you up?"

"I couldn't sleep, so I decided to have an early morning start."

"To be honest, that shouldn't surprise me coming from a bookworm like you." She stuck out her tongue, giggling from her own comment. "I actually just came back from practice."

"In your regular attire," questioned Lie Ren while raising his eyebrows.

She whistled to him, to look at the floor. He saw there was a gym bag on the floor. It must have fallen after bumping into her. "As you can see, even people like me like to practice when getting lack of sleep."

Lie Ren leaned against the wall. "You? Lack of sleep? That has to be a lie. I would think you get plenty of beauty sleep."

She patted him on the cheek. "The bags on your eyes tell me you need more." She clicked her tongue. "Drop your stuff off. We are heading to breakfast."

"The cafeteria isn't opened yet," explained Lie Ren.

"There is an all-night diner nearby," said Coco. "We can talk there." She smiled. "What's the matter? Scared of the outside?"

"Hell, no," interjected Lie Ren. "Let's go."

"Take my things with you," said Coco. "I can come back and get it from you later." She handed the bag to him. Lie Ren took it and went inside of the dorm. He returned a few minutes later and locked the door.

"Ready to go, buttercup," asked Coco.

Lie Ren didn't answer, but confirmed through his nose.
It wasn't the first time Lie Ren traveled to the village at night. It was a first to go before school hours with Coco Adel. Coco lit a cigarette and blew it into the night sky. She asked him if he wanted a smoke, he politely decline it.

"Oi, buttercup. You have to learn how to live a little." She spat. "Need to fill your head with something other than books."

"How about filling my stomach with some waffles," interjected Lie Ren. "My brain has enough space." He scoffed, but smiling. "The last thing it needs is one of your many cheap quips."

She bumped him with her fist. "You are saying my jokes are corny?"

"Cornier than the stock on Jaune's farm."

She snickered while covering her mouth. "Funny, Lie Ren. You are okay with me."

The duo ventured further in the woods. Lie Ren could feel the darkness drawing closer to him and pressing down, suffocating him slowly as he stepped carefully through the thick maze of woodland. The densely packed trees loomed high above, but remained still despite the icy breeze that continued to flow around him. The silvery moonlight was slowed to a trickle by the full branches, and in that moment, a piece of his dream entered his mind.

*Just close your eyes and sleep when I give you your injection*

*Just lay here with me forever as the centerpiece of my collection*

He quietly whimpered and shivered. It didn't go unnoticed as Coco looked to her traveling partner.

"Oi, buttercup! You are getting kind of quiet on me."

He looked to her concerning face. "It's nothing! I just have a lot on my mind."

Lie Ren walked a few paces before being stopped by Coco. Even as the moonlight somewhat aided them, he could see the pure, intricate beauty of Coco. As he mentioned, if she wasn't cocky, she would have been a suitable mate.

He wasn't going to admit that to her.

"You know. If it is something I could help you with."

He shook his head. "It's nothing, Coco."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! It's not a big deal. Just lack of sleep. It happens!" He carefully took her arm from him. "Let's keep going, Coco."

"Sure," said Coco as she followed suit. "Hey, Lie Ren."

He turned to stop. "What is it, Coco?"

*No matter how hard I try to bring myself to perfection*

*But now I'm oh so broken to the point of no correction*

Lie Ren's eyes darted to the origin of the voice. He blinked his eyes and saw that Coco was
nowhere in sight.

"C-Coco," he said in a startling voice. "Where are you?"

**Like it or not, it's because of you that I went in this direction**

**Now please stop your struggling, this is all for your protection**

The leaves were shaking. A crackling laugh screeched into the once quiet woods.

"Coco, where are you," questioned Lie Ren. "This isn't funny. If you think this is a joke. Please stop."

**This never would have happened if you had returned my affection**

**Let's fade out together as we embrace our connection**

Lie Ren closed his eyes. He tried calming himself down. Relax, relax. Don't panic, Ren. "I am hearing things. Yeah, maybe I am. Coco is hiding. She is playing around." He began laughing nervously. "I'm hearing things. Yeah, that's it. I am hearing things."

"You're not!"

A rough, cold hand pressed around Lie Ren's mouth. He struggled, tried to break free, but the culprit had the upper hand.

**How do you not know my face? My twisted, lovesick complexion**

**I must've asked a thousand times with each I met only rejection**

**No matter how hard I try to bring myself to perfection**

**But now I'm oh so broken to the point of no correction**

The scent of honeydew filled his nose. He felt the hand dwindling around his neck.

"Oh, my pretty." The deep, feminine voice told Lie Ren. His tears pricked his eyes in fear. No, Oum. It couldn't be! It couldn't be! No, no, NO!

The woman lowered her head beside his ear. Lie Ren felt her warm, heavy breaths.

"I've been waiting on you, my little fishy." The woman inhaled loudly around his neck. "I could smell your fear, your precious scent in your dreams. Oh, I am so glad we can meet again."

Meet again, the brunette thought. You don't mean….

"Shh! Shh! Relax," said his culprit. "You should get some rest. I mean, you have been up at the ungodiest of hours. Let's be grateful your friend was listening to some music." She giggled. "Didn't want to disturb that slumber." Lie Ren screamed into her hand as he felt his neck become punctured. He felt the woman's soft lips around his neck, contrasting its softness with the fierce, harsh pain of her fangs.

He felt his blood leaving his body, to be consumed from the lady in black. He heard her consuming it, licking the punctured wounds when finished.
She scoffed loudly. "Oh, darling. You are so delicious. Just how I like you to be."

He heard her open his mouth as she went for a refill. He cried once more into her mouth. "Go to sleep, my sweetheart. We have a long night ahead."

As he was fading into unconsciousness, he looked forward and saw Coco standing from the distance. She was smiling. She was actually smiling.

Her fangs were shining from under the moonlight.

*She is stunning!*

He went into silence.
A Sweet & Savory Appetite (Part II)

He stepped out of the car. The sounds of the crows were making their call, breaking the silence in the cold morning sky.

He entered the lobby of the small motel. He was greeted by a receptionist that smelled of stale perfume. The tables had ashtrays instead of flowers. It was dingy, dark, and cheap. That was fine for Jaune. He relaxed as he knew he wouldn't be in any danger here. He asked for a room and without any hesitation, the room key was dropped in the lines of his hand. He grasped the key before departing to his room.

There was no luggage. Nothing but the clothes on his back. Tattered clothes that he scrapped from the thrift store on the way to the motel. The car, stolen. The money, there was none. The owner had mercy on Jaune there. The man did enter the shop with nothing but his underwear. He was fortunate that the owner didn't call the police. He concocted a story that he was a homeless man on his return home. He told the owner in grief that he needed clothes and a place to stay for the time being. Or at least until he was able to find a way home.

Once more, the owner took mercy on him. He gave the poor soul a pair of clothes and a few dollars for food. He even told Jaune that his wife owned the motel down the street. Jaune just needed a week. And he promised that he would be out of town. So much so, he asked for the man's identity so that he could repay that man for his kindness.

Jaune turned on the nozzle. He was in a dire need of a shower. It was not every day he had opportunities of using one. Often on the road for his job, it was his line of work that he had to find alternatives to taking care of himself. He was very familiar with using streams to cleanse himself. Every now and again, he would frequent restrooms of parks to take care of himself. It wasn't suitable, but it would make do. Contrary to the naysayers or those who didn't know him, it didn't take much to please Jaune.

Once the shower was warm, he removed her clothes. He placed them on top of the toilet. He gently stepped in. Waving his hand to get himself adjusted, he let the shower spray all over him. He could think of many places to take a shower instead of this seedy hotel, but this was a luxury.

He sat on the shower floor while the water covered him. The water covered his tears. The hot water hit his neck. He winced when feeling the sharp sting on his neck. He didn't touch it. He wouldn't touch. Piercing remarks of his troubled situation. Piercing remarks of where he just came from. It was his line work that put him in this position. And it was this line of work that made the blonde expressed for the first time, regret.

Nothing was prideful anymore. Nothing was sacred. He learned that first hand when this last assignment put him in a place where he wouldn't wish it on his worst enemy.

Darkness swallowed him whole like a pit. He felt surrounded in dark, murky waters. He swallowed the lump in his throat as he reached for the soap to cleanse himself off.

Dirt, grit, grime, blood made a combination from his body to the drain. He kept his eyes closed. Eerie it may sound, he wished that she could have been like the others in his past, kill him.

Jaune turned off the nozzle and stepped out of the shower. He wrapped himself in a towel before returning to the room. On his bed, there was a slip of paper he kept hidden in the confines of his "nature pocket." Kept for emergencies whenever the time was needed.
And now, it would be useful, he thought as he felt the jaggedness of his beard. He was long overdue for a shave.

Still, in his towel, he reached for the phone to call the number. The number that would alert those from his guild that he was alive and well. The number that can be used to send a rescue crew for him. It was also the number that he was going to use to announce his retirement from the guild.

His final assignment. He was done. No longer was he going to put himself in that position again. Especially when there is an enemy that is unrelenting. Just the thought of her irked him each and every time she entered his mind.

The eeriest thing about her is that she doesn't say anything. She uses her hands, her feet, her mind, and worst of all, her mouth.

It didn't surprise the blonde that the number was out of service. It meant that he was too far out of their district. It meant that he needed to find a way to contact the neighboring guild so that he can contact the others.

He wasn't going anywhere today. He was weak, tired. He didn't even want to eat. All Jaune wanted to do was to sleep.

It was the first time that he would appreciate a bed. Firm, sturdy, it didn't matter. It beat sleeping on the concrete, being chained just to be used as her meal and mammalian sustenance.

He lied back on his pillow. He allowed the ceiling fan to aid him to sleep. He had told himself that when he woke up, he was going to get in touch with the neighboring guild. In some way, shape, or form. But as of now, he wanted to rest.

His heavy, worn eyes couldn't help but to appreciate this temporary peace. He was away from her. No more dungeon. No more bondage. No more being bitten. No more being used as a pleasure post.

No more Neo.

A sound of a loud siren woke up him up. He quickly bolted up and released panting noises. Each pant he made was more hoarse than before. He stared into the darkness. At least that he was witnessing after fixated his eyes. He looked around to see the heavy curtain blocking the window. The lamppost that was emitting from the bottom was the only detection to alert her that it was evening.

He looked at the clock on the nightstand.

It was a few minutes after one in the morning.

Seventeen hours, he thought before resting his hand on her knee. Jaune was lucky if he could get even two, maybe two and a half hours. Most nights, he had hardly slept. It was because of she began to fear sleep. Each time he shut his eyes. Each time he began his sleeping cycle, he would return to the realm that he hated the most. He didn't need a reminder of that. The constant fear of her return. To fulfill her pleasure and making a so-called dynasty for their new covenant.

It was something that he didn't want to be a part of.

It was the grace of Oum that Jaune managed to escape. One benefit of eating deprivation, it helped him lose weight. A technique he had learned from his guild in event of capture. Eat the bare minimum to survive, he learned.
It was because of that that he managed to slip out of his cuffs. It was in the daylight where he finally made his break.

_Freedom._

Fear raveled his mind. With it being late, he knew that Neo was on the prowl. She was out there lurking and searching.

But, he told himself that it was impossible. He had driven nearly three hundred miles to get away from her. He didn't know where he was headed, he just needed to get away from her. After running out of gas, it finally registered in his head that he was no longer in her line of sight.

Hungry and in need of food, the only alternative Jaune could think of was to go to the diner and see if he could work for a meal. He remembered seeing it on the way to the hotel. He got up and got dressed to head to the car. Remaining vigilant, he felt safe as he got inside of the car.

As he drove the lone stretch of the highway, he underestimated the utter blackness of nighttime driving through the woods. In his mind, the trees would be black trunks against a bluish charcoal sky, the path would become deepest brown and the moonlight would bleach the stones within it. Hadn't every painting of woods at night been like that? Even if there was a moon tonight its silvery rays would not penetrate the dense canopy above. He was in too far in to turn back, the twilight he had mistaken for night had passed rapidly. It could be no blacker in a coffin, six feet under and piled with dirt. He began to breathe the cool air more rapidly. The darkness pressed in on him from all sides and his body screamed for him to run.

He kept telling himself that everything was going to be fine. There shouldn't be a need of panicking.

He drove into the parking lot of the diner. Unfortunately, it was closed. It wasn't to be opened for a couple of hours. He took a breath, trying to calm his frustration. He returned to his car and closed the door. Knowing that it wasn't long until it opened, he decided to stay.

He told himself that he was going to rest his eyes as he leaned on the window.

His eyes snapped open. He quickly bolted up and released panting noises. Once he regained his composure, he saw that he was still in the parking lot. It was still closed. He looked at his watch and saw that he had been sleeping for a few minutes.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead before hearing a tapping sound on his window. His heart skipped a beat when he saw the pink brunette.

Her hauntingly beautiful pink and brown eyes glowing in the night. She stared at the window. Her cape covered her as she looked at Jaune. She tapped again.

_Wake up, darling. I've found you._

Jaune was stunned. In disbelief of the sight that he was witnessing.

_C'mon now. Roll down your window so we can talk._

"Neo," he shouted. "How...how...how did you find me?"

_I don't want to fight. I won't argue for it is bad for the baby. Roll down your window so we can talk._
Jaune slight made a small crack to the window. The scent of her honeydew entered the car. She furrowed her eyebrows.

*I mean all the way down, my dear.*

"This is far as I will go," he said.

*Do you really want to test my patience? All right then. Then, I have no other choice but to do this.*

Without warning, Neo used her fist to shatter the window. Sparkles and shard of glass showered Jaune. He covered his face as he felt it hit his body.

Neo frowned at the scene. *Look at what you made you do. And to that owner's car? I will be sure to take care of those damages.* She pursed her lips to him. *But you really tested my patience. That is a bad influence on your daughter. Now, get out of the car so we can talk. And I wouldn't dare to try to start the car. You know you won't make it. Don't even dare!*

There was a pregnant silence between the pair. Jaune stared at Neo as she did the same. He took deep breaths. Once again, he was back in her grasp. He got out of the car.

*Good! Now, let's go for a walk, shall we? We need to talk.*

*To be continued….***
Hey, guys. Big Diesel here. It has been about a few days since my last story. I just got out of the hospital from my surgery. I am doing well, just a bit medicated. Correction, heavily medicated but blessed to be alive. My girlfriend is being such a wonderful help to me. Taking care of her man. Also, her mother and my mother have been with me round-the-clock to be sure I am recovering well. I am due for another procedure in a few days so my upcoming stories are going to be a bit 'scattered.'

This story actually came into a dream I had when I was 'under the knife.' I am a bit rusty, but going to attempt this story anyway. Once I fully recovered from my next surgery, I will be back writing again. Thank you guys for your undying support of my works. Strive and prosper! God bless!

It was a knock at the door that interrupted Jaune's slumber. It was a very distinctive knock. Two loud taps followed by three lights taps. He groaned as he recognized those taps. He took his time getting out of bed. He wasn't in any hurry. He put on his slippers and took the familiar twenty paces to the front door. He had to maneuver through the boxes that were specifically for this said person. She wasn't a guest. She wasn't here for a social call. This person had one reason here and one reason alone. She needed to get her things and she was out of there.

The knocks were getting louder. That didn't faze Jaune. Honestly, he would rather have her sister come for the items instead. Or better yet the police. The latter wouldn't work. Thanks to the multitude of men who garnered the distrust from the police, they wouldn't believe him.

He opened the door. "What?" It was blunt and unwelcoming. A sting to the tongue as he saw the redhead that he once loved and cherish. Ruby Rose was her name. A woman that was the apple of Jaune's eye for the past few months. It wasn't even two months when the couple moved in together. It wasn't even a month when the couple talked about getting a puppy for their new apartment. It wasn't even a week ago when he had filed a restraining order against her. As he mentioned before, there was a lack of evidence and she wasn't perceived as a threat. A woman was too sweet, too agile, too fragile to be considered as a threat, according to the police. The law was on her side and there was nothing more he could do. Especially since both of them shared an apartment. However, Jaune found a loophole. With his name on the lease, he had the right to throw her out. And just two days ago, he made it clear to the landlord that Ruby was no longer welcomed to the apartment.

She made had the cops to pity her, but he had litigation on his side. So, her departure from the apartment was the best he could do. Also since then, he even made plans to return back to his parents until he found other living arrangements.

"Don't look at me like that." Ruby was teary-eyed. Seeing the disgruntled, disdain look on her boyfriend's, about to be ex-boyfriend's face was frightening. She saw her name on those boxes, written in red, in the living room.

"Don't worry," said Jaune, eyeing the same thing that Ruby was looking at. "Everything is yours. You don't have to inspect any further. I am sure of you that you won't any reason to think I am a thief." He let go of the door handle and walked into the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator and pulled out a water bottle. He pointed to the boxes. "I hope you have your friends or the cops to take your things." He took another sip. "For I am not helping you."
She held on to the hems of her white blouse. "Don't talk to me like that," she said. "I said I am sorry."

"Sorry doesn't mean being paranoid when you think I have cheated," he barked. "Sorry doesn't mean anything anymore. You may have fooled the cops and those who love you, but I see the real you, Ruby. A scary you."

She closed the door. She reached her hand to Jaune but he pushed away. Jaune was standoffish, but he wanted her to be gone.

"If I were you, I would call Yang or Taiyang to help you with your things," he told her.

"No, that is okay. I have a pulley." Ruby walked slowly to her boxes. With her beady eyes, she looked at her former boyfriend-to-be. "Can you at least give me a hand with it, please?"

The quicker, the better, Jaune thought furiously. Honestly, the blonde had a deadline for the former girlfriend. Jaune in the past wasn't as hostile to Ruby. In fact, the pair were inseparable. There was a time when Jaune did the old-fashioned way of attracting her attention. Passing notes, guitar playing, and making mixtapes on CD garnered the love and the affection of Ruby. The thirst and the hunger the duo had when they were together. Lancaster was the name they officially called their relationship. Phone calls, movie dates, texting love messages, the way of expressing love with one another.

However, as time went on, Jaune began noticing a change in Ruby's affection for him. She told him that he was her greatest treasure, scared and only for her. He didn't understand it at that time, but from the point on, the spirit of discernment rose within him.

Jaune gathered her things and placed them on the pulley. The things that can be easily carried like backpacks and bags, he left it for her.

"Thanks." Ruby didn't look at Jaune. She looked embarrassed. Better yet, she looked ashamed. And rightfully so, the blonde thought. The incident that permanently severed their relationship proved to be his final straw.

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Who in the hell was she, Jaune?

She was a friend of mine from work.

That's not the point! Why is your 'friend' a girl? What is she doing talking to you?

We are partners. We have to work together, baby.

The hell you are, Jaune. You are my sacred treasure. Noone else's.

Ruby, this jealousy of yours is getting out of hand.

'Out of hand?' My love for you isn't 'out of hand.' It's forever clutch within, kept where it belongs.

Ruby, you are creeping me out.

Jaune, I love you. You know that. That bitch will never have her hands on you.

She is a friend. We are partners. And please don't come to my job acting like...what are you doing?

He is mine, skank.
Ruby, what are you….Oh, my Oum! Somebody call the police. Ruby! Stop, Ruby!

He is mine, damn it! Fucking mine, damn it!

Stop it, Ruby. Stop it!

MINE!

Jaune took the pulley and rolled it out of the apartment. A storm was coming as the clouds were turning dark. It reminded him of an overly erased blackboard. He felt the chill in the air, quite eerie for a summer day. He saw that Ruby was borrowing her father's car, an old family station wagon. He didn't think anything concluding that it was nothing more to carry her things.

He opened the trunk and helped Ruby put her things inside of it. It wasn't because of generosity. As he mentioned to himself earlier in the apartment, the quicker the better. Ruby stood timid, still holding to the sweater that Jaune bought for her on her last birthday. He found it peculiar to wear on such a muggy day. He shrugged his shoulder in that disregard and closed the door.

"Thank you," said Ruby quietly. "Jaune…” She was interrupted when he raised his hand. His eyes didn't meet hers. His was red as the blood he saw on the day Ruby attacked the girl from his job. She was nothing more than his business partner. A lesbian, may he add. But the rage filled in Ruby's eyes as she forced the woman to taste concrete made it clear to Jaune that nobody was going to have him.

"Ruby." He paused. Seeing her gentle face, the paleness of her cracked lips. The tenseness of his stomach, the void of knowing that this girl was once his beloved. And now, she was a few moments away from leaving. Moments of the past came into his mind. Back when they were lovers, best friends, soulmates. The days when they were carefree. Those Lancaster days. Days he wouldn't mind having again. "Ruby."

"Yes?"

He took deep breaths to approach the young, timid redhead brunette. He hugged her tightly. He inhaled her invigorating scent of lavender. A hint of cookies was a part of her scent. A tear dropped from his eye. He excused it as allergies. She embedded her face into his neck. The hug lasted a few moments before he broke the embrace.

"Jaune. Jaune, I…”

"Don't make this harder than it needs to be."

"Can you at least hear me out?"

"We have tried that and it resulted in an injured girl." He took a breath. "Let's be grateful that she didn't press charges."

"She was trying to harm you. To taint you."

"No, she wasn't, Rubes. I don't want to get angry. Go on and go. A storm is coming and I don't want you to get caught up in the rain."

Ruby complied. She walked to the car and opened the door. Jaune helped her closed it. He bowed to her as a farewell. As he began to walk back to his apartment, Ruby called his name. He turned around and saw that she had something for him.
"It is one more thing to remind you of me." In her hand was a bag of her cookies. He can smell the faintness of her oatmeal raisin cookies. "I know you were a fan of my sweets. I made these for you!"

"Thank you, Ruby. That was sweet of you."

"I just wanted to show you that I am sorry for the things that led to this." She let out a smile. "For all it is worth, my love for you hasn't changed. I hope in some way, there can be a change." She gave him the bag of her cookies. "Goodbye, Jaune."

She put the car into motion and drove out of the parking lot. In his hand were a bag of cookies and a broken heart.

He returned to his apartment and closed the door. Frustration was in his voice. He wanted it to be easier, but she made it difficult. The feelings that he still had for her. But the jealousy. That day when he saw the look in her eyes, those pupils turning into darkness. It was as if Ruby wasn't there.

He opened the refrigerator door to get a glass of milk. He took a couple of cookies and warmed them in the microwave. A bit hungry, he decided to watch television and eat her sweets. He came to the couch and turned on *Elementary*. He took a cookie from the plate. Their aromatic fragrance overpowered every other scent that lingered in the room. Its delectable aroma pervaded the air- a melange of honeydew, raisins, and dabs of crackling nuts. So very tempting to grab and simply indulge in this decadent pleasure, or to merely inhale the gorgeous scent it emanated from its baked, warm depths. Taking the first bite, a delightful flavor flooded his mouth, and his senses basked in its luscious taste. There was a friable crunch, tangs of zest, pangs of acidity, all to coalesce to form a truly delicious dish.

Tears filled each bite, knowing that the moment he finished those cookies, Ruby was no more.

Suddenly, his heart rate accelerated in his chest as if it would explode. He became hot and stumbled out into the couch and onto the floor, sweating and sluggish. He staggered, crawling to the kitchen. He was scared, never felt this kind of sensation.

*You should have known better to think about leaving me.*

The familiar voice returned to him. Standing at the foot of the door was his once beloved. Her eyes were pale. Her arms were crossed. Her face was emotionless. She stared onto the stunned Jaune as he stretched out his arm. "What...what...did...y-y-y-you do?"

She giggled tenderly. She arched her back as she placed her hands on her hips. "Oh, Jaune. I knew you can never resist eating my sweets."

"W-W-What did you d-d-d-do?"

She displayed a Cheshire Cat grin as she kneeled to the floor. "I made it with my tender, love, and care." She coughed. "And propofol."

"Y-y-you drugged m-m-m-me?"

"Your expression. It's beautiful. I love it when you eat my sweets. And seeing you like this makes me love you more and more again."

"Are you crazy?"
"There, show it to me. That expression that excites me," Ruby saw Jaune becoming motionless. The medicine was taking effect. "You see Jaune, you will no longer treat me as an ex-girlfriend. Oh no! In fact, I am going to be your wife, forever."

To be continued....
Hey, guys! Big Diesel, here. For this chapter, I am going to have a special guest. This writer and I have known each other for quite some time. We frequently work together on different things and he asked me to feature his story for my Taste of Rain anthology. This is his first yandere story.

He goes by the name, [XxSkullCandyxX] on FanFiction and WattPad. Check him out! He has great works. Now, without further ado, I present to you, "The Hunting for the Huntsman."

"Hello, my name is Jaune Arc! I'm a student in Beacon High and my dream is to become the best huntsman in my generation or maybe in history! I always dream of this since my family is mostly of huntswomen and huntsmen. I'm talking about my father, my mother, and my seven sisters. They are the one to motivate me to be who I am and what I want to be in life. They taught so much about how to hunt Grimms and how to defend myself. My dad gave me the sword and shield that once belonged to my great-grandfather. He was a great warrior, and although I thought it was ridiculous to have just a basic sword and shield, I realize that with enough training and combat, I can survive and go through many barriers! I will achieve my dream and I will prove it with my own determination and confidence to fight what's right and to protect the innocence. I hope this will give you a better understanding of who am I and what's my purpose. Thank you."

In the forest, nature is peaceful and quiet. The sun's ray is warm, the birds are chirping, and the waterfall is smooth and incredible to look at. Unfortunately, there was no time to admire and observe the forest in its glory for the blonde teen. He is running past many trees with his body sore and hurt. His hair is a mess with dirt a blood, his armor was cracked and falling apart, his clothes torn almost to shreds with battle scars around him. He was in so much pain, but he can't stop now. He was being hunted.

The irony of a huntsman being the hunted was a slap to the face to the male Arc. He worked his whole life to stand tall in thirds kinds of situations, but this was something else. In all his training with family members, friends, and peers, he would never predict this. He thought he was hunting a Grimm or someone from an evil group. Poor Jaune, it was the hunger of the predator that's hunting him.

He looked behind to see a blurry figure following him from the trees. He didn't look what was in front of him as he fell to a cliff. He landed hard on the ground, yet it wasn't over. The blonde boy began to roll down. As he rolled, he crashed into a tree back first. He grunted in pain before his body rotated. He then began to crash to different trees and boulders. Each crash broke his armor even more and Jaune's body was beyond suffering. He continued to roll until he finally stopped by crashing into a large log on his stomach. His breath was taken away before he can scream in shock to see his shield fall away to the distance.

"Jaune!"

Oh no, it was the hungry predator. He quickly got off the log and his use his sword to move like a cane. He can feel his body either swollen, broken or both. His armor called off while he moved
forward. Jaune was breathing heavily and tears were emerging from his eyes. He was in so much pain, how long can he run.

"I can see my prey! There's no escape from who you confront!"

Jaune felt something wrapped around his ankles and at that moment he knew it was too late. His feet were swept off the floor and he landed on his face. He felt a crack on his nose and bloom began to run down his nostrils like a fountain. He grabbed his sword as he was quickly pulled back. He was being dragged on the floor. It took a few seconds before he was stopped. Jaune look back to see his predator. A familiar female Faunusian he knew in high school.

"Why did you insist to be my prey?"

"I never want it to happen! I was-"

"Wanted to be the greatest huntsman! I know that because you told everyone about it! And look at you now, so much for the greatest huntsman."

Jaune wished he can strike her with his sword, but she approached him and step on the right arm where his right hand was holding on it. He cried softly in pain. Her foot on top of his arm felt like 300 times gravity and there was no way he can out strength her. He looked into her eyes and all he can see was the monstrous cat eyes. It looked at him with little to no emotions and he knew it will no end well for him.

"W-Why, why Blake?" he spoke her name.

Blake simply smiled and crotch down to look at her prey closer.

"Here's a thing, I have fallen for you ever since you show me how not all humans are bad. You treat me and other Faunuses with respect as if we are humans too. You have a good heart, a great determination for your dreams, and you don't give up despite your barriers."

Jaune began to see his predator as a misunderstood individual with her eyes shown sadness. That is until she grinned at him and her eyes went back to the blankness he felt shivers down his spine.

"I wanted you to be with me, but you didn't look at me more than a friend. You were with Pyrrha and then Ruby when Pyrrha passed away. I thought to myself you liked redheads, but then I remember you wanted to be with Weiss. And from there, I begin to think I should take action. I want you only to myself because I know what's good for you."

She then struck Jaune at his ribs. He screamed as her hands manage to grab his ribcage and she grip on it without piercing his skin. He wished he can just be at his school hanging out with his friends and peers. He wished it was a terrible realistic nightmare. Sadly it wasn't. This was reality and his predator has gotten her prey.

"I can teach many different ways to become a better huntsman, how to do school work better, and how to have a better life. Don't you understand? I'm your true sunshine in your life. You were stuck in dusk and was blinded by darkness."

Blake released her grip and Jaune sigh in relief with dried tears on his cheeks and blood on the lower half of his face. She then began to tie his full body with her ribbon and held him on her shoulder.

"Finally, I have captured you at last. My prey."
To be continued….maybe!

I hope you guys enjoy this story. If you want to know more about the writer of this story, search for the name [XxSkullCandyxX] on FanFiction and WattPad. This story has budding potential. I hope he doesn’t mind featuring his story again and hopefully put it on his very page. Goodbye for now. God bless!
Jaune was in the middle of cooking dinner when his girlfriend, Pyrrha, returned home from work. Happily excited about seeing his beloved, he took off his apron to greet his girlfriend with an evening kiss. The redhead received the kiss pleasantly, returning it with warm, tender kisses before giving him some tongue. The happy couple broke it off.

"Evening, darling," said Pyrrha as she walked into the kitchen to get a sample of Jaune's dinner. "I can smell it the moment I enter the apartment complex." She inhaled the savory scent of his beef stew before returning to give him a kiss.

"Easy, girl," replied Jaune. "I still have dinner to make. And I have a peach cobbler in the oven that you will love. It's your mother's recipe."

She snapped her fingers. "Mom teaching you her tricks? She must think you are husband material?"

He blushed. "I don't know. Maybe?"

It has been a couple of years since Jaune and Pyrrha have moved in together. Since Pyrrha was achieving global success as a huntress, she told Jaune to become a stay-at-home boyfriend. Jaune delightedly accepted for he did whatever he could to make his girlfriend happy.

The blonde boyfriend put back on his apron to finish the cooking. Pyrrha purred at seeing the Adonis-like body on her boyfriend. Avoiding lecherous thoughts, she decided to get to the matter at hand.

"Jaune, darling. Can we talk?"

Jaune turned around to face his beloved. "Sure, my love. I am all ears."

Pyrrha smiled. She went to the couch where she patted her lap. She was in the mood for a lap pillow. Jaune lied on Pyrrha's lap. She stroked gently through his hair, hoping to incite a purr from the blonde. She took deep breaths. Jaune felt her heartbeats. He kept his body close, wanting to hear more within her plushy tummy. Hopefully, the day will come when can feel a baby in her pushy tummy.

"Sweetheart," she said calmly. "I think I am ready to have a child."

"Really?" Jaune grabbed to her hips and kissed her stomach. "That's great! You don't know how long I want you to say those words."

Pyrrha gave him a pouty look. It was the sign that she wasn't finished with the conversation. She exhaled a bit harshly. "As I was saying, I think I am ready to have a child...but I think we need to have a practice before introducing a kid into the world."

He stared blankly for a moment. He was a little disappointed for the thought of seeing a little Jaune or Pyrrha running around their apartment. He wasn't discouraged. He returned to her lap to receive more of her soft belly. "So, what kind of practice."

"Glad you've asked," she said gingerly. She displayed a crooked smile. Jaune already knew when
his beloved displayed that kind of smile, there was a cause for concern.

Pyrrha bought something on impulse.

"You see, sweetness. How would you feel to have a pet?"

Pets weren't Jaune's cup of tea. Growing up in the farm life, he was accustomed to taking care of animals daily. Children and pets were similar with responsibility, but seeing an animal to eat, urinate, and defecate in the same place deterred the blonde. He hoped to Oum that Pyrrha didn't buy a pig.

Oum forbid a Beowulf or a Grimm.

"I don't oppose to the idea of having a pet." Those words were half-hearted. The evidence gave proof when he heard something whimpering from the front door.

"Good!" Pyrrha jumped from the couch, knocking Jaune to the floor. Her slender body ran to the front door to open it. Inside, the whimpering grew louder as the pet was hoping in the cage.

"I got this pet from the pet store on the way home from work," she said happily as she kneeled to the cage. "Who is a good girl? Who is a good girl?"

Jaune noticed the cage. Wooden and metal, signage that included, 'proceed with caution,' 'handle with care,' and 'beware of animal!' The cage was large enough to keep a human his size in there.

Pyrrha managed to pull the cage within the apartment before closing the door. The redhead turned to display her pet to her boyfriend. "Darling, I want you to meet your little daughter." She unlocked the cage. The whimpering noises stopped when the creature stepped out of the cage.

She was a brown-skinned Faunus with dark-red eyes. Her hair was a light, mint-green cut with a straight fringe and bangs. "Sorry that she isn't clothed. The clothes they had weren't my type. I got some in the car."

He rubbed the sole of his shoe on the floor. He never liked whenever she did impulsive buys. If they were going to be a couple, then they need to talk about these things beforehand. However, seeing the naked Faunus shaking her body was cute.

The Faunus crawled around the living room. Pyrrha told Jaune to let her observe her habitat. She wanted her to be as much as comfortable since this was going to be their new home. The Faunus made a circle through the living room before returning to Pyrrha. She sniffed her hand before licking it. Pyrrha smiled and rubbed the Faunus' hair. "Oh, my Oum. Oh, my Oum. I am so in love with you." The Faunus stuck out her tongue, excited to feel the love and the affection of her owner. "You are so cute!" The redhead kissed her forehead. "I am going to call you Emerald. You are going to our little daughter forever and ever."

Jaune loved it when Pyrrha got cutesy. She got like that whenever they cuddled and watched rom-coms and crime dramas. Pyrrha turned to Jaune. "C'mon, love. Say hello to your little princess, Papa!"

Jaune was hesitant. His gut was giving him feelings of discernment. Before he could budge, the Faunus came to his feet. She sniffed it from one shoe to the other. She crawled to his stomach. She sniffed around there. When seeing his finger, she sniffed it and then licked it. Jaune was ticklish. For a moment, he ignored his gut feeling and rubbed the Faunus' hair. Emerald purred in the process.
"Oh, I am so happy to see my lovelies get along," said the redhead. She snapped her fingers. "Let me go to the car and get her supplies and outfits. This is so exciting." Pyrrha kissed Jaune on the cheek before stepping out of the apartment.

Jaune rubbed Emerald's chin with his finger while she sucked on the other finger. Jaune found it cute. However, he saw how her eyes were drawn into the finger. She took light licks, then ingested the finger deeper into her mouth. Then, she put another finger inside of her mouth. Her body began cooing.

"Okay, Emerald. That's enough. I will let you be while Mommy gets your things." Jaune stood up to go and finish dinner.

"Tonight...you!"

Jaune's gut churned. He turned as he saw Emerald crossing her legs. She positioned herself to make sure Jaune was looking at her.

"I must be hearing things. There was no way I heard Emerald talk."

"Oh, no! You weren't hearing things. That was me." Emerald spread the hairs to expose her breasts. She spread her legs to expose her groin. "And these are where you are going to be tonight, Papa."

Jaune raised his eyebrows. He nervously laughed. "The fumes to this beef stew is getting to me. I need to go and lie down."

"No, sweetheart. The only fumes you will be smelling from my musk, darling."

Jaune yelped when seeing Emerald standing in front of him. She was inches away. She let out a Cheshire Cat grin. "What's the matter?" She sniffed from his chest to his neck. Jaune felt her tail wrapping around his legs. "So glad that pesky owner brought me here. If I didn't know to expect such a cutie, I should've been adopted sooner."

"A-A-Are you talking to me in your mind?"

"Correct, darling. Now, save your strength. Your mouth is going to need it."

"Darling, I am back." Pyrrha returned with a handful of stuff. Jaune turned to see that Emerald wasn't there. She was playing at the squeaky toy that Pyrrha threw at her on the way in. "Look at the treasure trove I got for our little Emerald."

Oum knew Jaune didn't want to see the checkbook when the bill comes. That didn't matter as he was still in disbelief of the encounter he had with Emerald. Pyrrha started unbagging items on the couch. She looked at Jaune. "Baby, come and help me with these."

Rubbing his shoulder, he complied. "Sure." Jaune walked to the couch. As he was walking, Emerald eyed him as she play with the squeaky toy.

"Darling," asked Jaune.

"Yes, love."

"Can Faunuses talk?"

"Not this kind sweetheart."

"Ok. What about mind links?"
Pyrrha slapped his back. She was laughing. "Oh, my Oum. Where is this coming from?"

"Yeah, love. 'Where is this coming from?' For the only 'coming,' you will do with me, is from your spout."

He swallowed the lump in his throat. "Just an observation."

Jaune got surprised when Emerald got on his lap and rested there. Pyrrha clapped her hands excitedly. "Oh, my Oum! This is so precious. We are going to be a great big happy family."

"You can count on it, mistress. We WILL be one great big happy family."

"Remember, tonight!"

To be continued....
A day at the park. Spending time with your pet and lover. What more can an owner want? Especially if a certain pet can chase more than just squeaky toys and balls. Read at YOUR own risk!

A/N: In Jaune's eyes, Emerald looks like herself. In the eyes of others, she looks like a feline. A bit confusing, but hey, it's a funny story.

The Faunus padded without noise, barely disturbing the dew-laden carpet of grass under paw. An early morning car backfired, sending a crow into the sky and the cat startling sideways, tail aloft, into the cover of the blooming flower. There, under her protection and breathing the floral perfume from above, she turned her face into the gentle breeze. She could smell the promise of autumn to come before her human masters had any idea. Then, quite forgetting her intention to bring home a mouse, she sat to preen. When she was done her side was slick with the over-washing and the clink of china was radiating from the now open kitchen window, breakfast. In moments she was inside, weaving around legs with her small Faunus meow.

Pyrrha welcomed her pint-sized Emerald with love as she nuzzled her cute nose. "Good morning, sweetness Emerald." She told her in her playful, cutesy voice. "I forget how you need your freedom in the morning." She rubbed her gently on her fur. "Did you have a great walk this morning?"

Emerald confirmed by cooing on Pyrrha's hand. Pyrrha clapped in excitement. "Oh, my Oum. You are too, too adorable." Pyrrha turned as she heard the sizzling sounds of breakfast being completed. Jaune just slid a helping of eggs and hash browns on their plates.

"Soup's on." The lovable boyfriend undid his apron and put their plates on the table. "I've already made Emerald's breakfast earlier."

"Where is it, my love?"

Jaune pointed to the pink and black striped bowl. It was outside on the patio.

She raised her eyebrows. "Why is it outside, love?"

"Well, she is a Faunus. I've thought she would like eating outside." That was the worst lie he could have ever produced in his life, he admittedly concluded. He, honestly, didn't trust Emerald. Since her entering their home, she has been unrelenting on getting with him.

Nothing has happened since that day, but it didn't mean that she stopped sending messages in his head.

"I have been thinking of our kits. What should we name them?"

"Just remember, Jaune. One of these nights, I will be coming for you."

"I love it when you show that ass. Back it up for me, yeah."

"Why get with that pesky owner when there is prime grade A meat sitting in front of you."

"Tonight...you!"
Pyrrha went outside and grabbed the bowl. She sat next to the table. She sighed. "Oh, sweetness. You must learn a thing or two about Faunuses. They are domesticated creatures."

"*We are very domesticated. That bed of yours will be our love nest.*"

Pyrrha continued. "Faunuses are very delicate creatures. They need time, love, and care. You remember with your animals growing up, didn't you?"

"*Delicate? Yeah, right. What I want is something raw and thick and deep inside of me.*"

Jaune bit his lip. He covered his mouth to remain silent. He took a seat. "I know, dear. I just think that Emerald is a bit different. I think she is more adjusted to being outside."

Pyrrha took a seat. She held her boyfriend's hand very tightly. "I think I know what's going on."

"You do?"

"Sure. I keep forgetting that you are used to farming animals." She snapped her fingers. "Of course! Why was being stupid?" She kissed his hand. "I am so sorry, dear. I need to get you and Emerald more acquainted with each other."

"You do," he asked while raising his eyebrow.

"My mother told me that fathers tend to have difficulty when having their first child. Or on this occasion, a pet." She kissed his hand again. "After breakfast, we will go to the park."

"The park? What about practice?"

"Damn the practice. They can wait another day for me. This is an emergency." She scooted closer to Jaune. "Can you see, Jaune? Emerald is our family. I am her Mama and you are her Papa." She kissed her neck. "She needs us, Papa Bear. I need you, Papa Bear."

*Oum, damn it!* Jaune could never turn down his girlfriend's pleas. "Ok, Pyrrha. Let's go to the park."

"Yay! I am so excited!" She kissed her boyfriend on the lips. "But first, let's eat this wonderful breakfast my darling boyfriend made."

*I agree. Let me eat this wonderful breakfast my darling made. It will help with my fresh coat before you will eat me out, Papa!*

The park was where Jaune and Pyrrha decided to spend the day with their new pet, Emerald. The park had miniature formal gardens for the elderly that had retired there for the quiet life. They had benches, ornamental trees, flowers year round and water fountains in clear lakes that were stocked with Koi Carp. The park even had acres of concrete interspersed with neat grass verges. It also had rollerblading tracks, tennis courts, basketball courts, water parks, and skateboarder basins. There were vendors with hotdogs and burgers, vendors with curry and rice, vendors with tacos and sour cream. There was always music, sometimes clashing from various sources, none of which were official.

The couple stepped out of the car while Pyrrha held Emerald in her hand. She was a bit heavy, but she wanted to give an idea of what it was like to have a child. Any passing glance, she would wink to Jaune, giving suggestive expressions that weren't appropriate.
Pyrrha clung to the love of her life as they explored the park. People were relaxing on the grass, listening to the small concert being held near the gardens. They even saw people playing chess. It was a beautiful day and why to spoil it by being indoors, Pyrrha told Jaune as he debated about leaving.

"You see Mr. Grumpy Pants. Everybody is out and having a great time," she smiled as she pecked Jaune on the cheek. "And you wanted to stay indoors." She teasingly scoffed. "Sounds like you have the case of hay fever."

Jaune nervously laughed. His eyes trailed at their new pet Faunus. Emerald playfully hopped around the place.

Pyrrha loved how adorable and friendly was Emerald as she greeted other Faunuses, dogs, and cats. The owners praised Emerald by giving her treats and belly rubs. However, what the others didn't hear that Jaune, unfortunately, can, Emerald was telling a different story.

"Hey, Emerald. Is this your new mate?"

"Please believe it! This ditzy pesky female owner bought me not too long ago. But damn, did she leave me a prize."

"Have you baste the turkey yet, Emmy?"

"Not yet! The female human is in the way. Don't worry, I will let you know when I get a chance to take his temperature. Just to see if the meat is just right."

"He is such a cutie. Can I have dibs after you?"

"What did I say about he being my mate you didn't understand? Of course, I let you borrow him."

Jaune's stomach churned as he heard other animals discussing him. Amazing how the other owners didn't see about their pets. For instance, he saw one of the cats having humanlike qualities. She also sported straight bangs, cut in an uneven hime cut-like style, and two stray strands of hair on each side of her face. Her eyes were yellow and somewhat squinted, with vertically slit pupils and dark circles under them, and she has pronounced cat-like canine teeth.

Never in his life had the blonde felt compare to meat.

Pyrrha parted ways with the owners and decided to find a park bench to sit. Knowing they were staying awhile, she made a packed lunch. She sighed heavily as she sat to rest. Emerald hopped on top of Pyrrha, giving her owner licks. "I am glad we've done this, baby."

"Glad you think s...I mean glad that we are doing this," said Jaune as he searched the picnic basket for something to drink. He grabbed the leash and wrapped it around the basin of the table. He grabbed a stuffed toy and threw it as far as he could for her to catch. It was a blessing that she had bought a leash that extended to nearly a thousand feet.

"I am really glad we can do this, baby," she told Jaune. "A great day, a great boyfriend, and our charming new pet."

He nodded reluctantly without wanting to upset his girlfriend. Before he wanted to talk further, he excused himself to go to the restroom.

Perfumed air, gleaming tiled floor, and walls, one wall of spotless mirrors, stainless steel shiny taps over pristine sinks, hot air hand dryer, self-flush toilets, perfumed soap dispenser, piped music. Not
bad for a public park as Jaune went to relieve himself.

He tried to make the best of the situation between him and Emerald. Maybe she was a teasing Faunus? Maybe she was just enjoyed giving out those threats, he thought to himself. Yet again, the blonde hasn't been out much. Being a stay-at-home boyfriend wasn't easy. Before he could further elaborate, he heard the door opened.

He didn't think much of it at the time as he flushed the toilet. He stepped out of the stall and walked into the Faunus herself, Emerald.

She stood against the door, locking it in the process. Her eyes darted at him. Each time he moved, she moved. Once he realized he was trapped, she released a haughty smile.

"Hello, girl," he said nervously while laughing. "I can see that you went loose from your leash." He extended his hand. "C'mon, girl. Let's go back before Mama worries about you."

Emerald pushed him against the stall. He fell backward, landing on the toilet. The strong, sturdy porcelain was a bit painful on his back. However, that was the least of his worries about fair-skinned Faunus gave him lecherous bedroom eyes.

"Who are you calling 'girl'? My name is Emerald, sweetness." She walked closer to him, entering the stall. "After this moment, you will look at me as your mate."

Jaune swallowed the lump in his throat. He fearfully backed away, knowing that he was cornered in a dead end. "Emerald, sweetness. Think of what you are doing? Can we talk about this?"

Emerald closed the stall. She took a hold of his belt. "Not anymore." She used her legs to close the stall. "We are done talking."

Emerald didn't take any time to open her fur when her breasts and her pussy were exposed. She positioned herself on top of him. She was much heavier than he thought. Instantly, she unzipped his pants, displaying his dick. Her eyes and her shifting hands depicted that she wasn't in the mood for foreplay. She wanted this piece of meat now.

"Don't worry, my precious Papa. I am NOT on the pill. I want to fill your warmth as we make our kits."

Jaune cringed as he felt his dick entering the suction of her tight cavern. Her pussy managed to swallow his entire girth. She didn't flinch. She purred alluringly as she got the prize.

After a short while, she began gyrating her hips. She laughed in pleasure, showing her cat-like eyes, managing to keep her focus on her mate. Her moans were haughty, grabbing her own breasts as Jaune stood there clueless and confused. He tried to protest but she used her free hand to grab both of his hands.

"Emerald..." It was interrupted when she enveloped her lips with his. After a while of gently suckling on them, she forcefully pried his apart so that her tongue could slide on in. Jaune wanted to resist, only to fail as she allowed saliva to enter his mouth.

He started to feel strange.

"This should help you calm you a touch, baby!"

The saliva was making him numb. He couldn't feel much. Only the strong sensation of pleasure as she continued stroking his dick with her hips. At any moment, he was going to climax.
Jaune silently cried his lover's name as he climaxed inside of Emerald.

She was laughing, crying, screaming. All emotions were allowed under the sun on what they were doing in the restroom.

After a few minutes of cumming, she finally ceased and stepped from Jaune. Jaune didn't want to see the semen dripping from her cavern. Emerald looked satisfied, rubbing her stomach in delight.

"I am filled, Papa. Thanks for the meal. Of course, it might take about two months to properly digest,"

Jaune was silent. He was embarrassed, ashamed, humiliated. He not only cheated on his girlfriend, but it was with his own pet, a Faunus.

Emerald patted his legs. In her mouth was her leash. "Let's go, Papa. We don't need to worry Mama, don't we?"

A few minutes later, Emerald and Jaune returned to Pyrrha. She was sitting on the bench reading a book. When seeing her loves, her eyes widened like saucers. Emerald excitedly ran to her mistress. She licked her owner from cheek to cheek.

"Hey, girl. Hey, girl. I knew you couldn't stay away from Papa, couldn't you?" She was being cutesy again. She turned to her boyfriend. "I saw how much she was worried about you. So, I let her went to go find you." She patted Emerald's head. "You miss daddy, didn't you, girl. You missed her, didn't you?"

Jaune spat on the ground. "She isn't much of a girl anymore." He sighed. "She's now a woman."

To be continued....
A Mother Who Seeks A Nest (Part II)

Hey, guys. Big Diesel and [girlfriendoftheauthor] here. Today, we have two stories released on The Taste of Rain. This story, When A Mother Seeks A Nest (Part II) and Pet At Your Own Risk (Part III) is a short chapter, but I am thinking of turning this into a series of its own. I hope you enjoy. Take care and God bless!

Kali was careful not to burn herself this time. The microwave wasn't a tool she often used. She was from the old school, the era where her mother and her mother's mother used the black kettle on the stove top. Her mother abhorred the nuclear device, urging her with much caution that radiation would cause cancer. She chuckled along with her daughter about her mother's fear of anything that was new.

It would be nice right about now to have some support from her mother.

She said her grace before partaking on her condensed soup. It was chicken noodle. They didn't have rice at the grocery store, or if they did, she didn't look very well. Prior to her husband's death, her meals were prepared from their garden. Anything else came from small Mom and Pop shops. A hypocrite she admitted when laughing at her mother's expense, she allowed Blake to do much of the shopping. Blake never minded doing anything to please her mother. It was the two of them.

Now, the mother Faunus has to adjust to eating, drinking, and sitting alone. There were other actions, but further thought would awaken more tears from her duct.

And her skin was irritable as she blew into her soup.

Taking the advice of her daughter, she looked into the newspaper in the classifieds. She forgot the wifi password and didn't want to bother Blake. Actually, she purposely forgot so she could hear Blake's voice. She was barely gone a week and she would produce anything of an excuse to hear her.

"Hey Blake, how are you adjusting out there?"

"Which rinse cycle are you using to clean your undies?"

"Who is your roommate? Do you care if I have her contact information?"

"How is the food there? Is it better than mine?"

"I am seeing if the weather was good on your end."

Anything, if not everything. The last thing she wanted to say from her sobbing, aching thought was "I just wanted to hear your voice because I am missing you, dear. I want you back to me. I want you back into my arms. I need you, Blake. Your mother needs you. I can't handle being here alone in this big home."

She used a tissue to dry her irritable reddened eyes. She began to take another sip of her soup before she received a phone. She dropped the spoon and rushed to the kitchen counter. Kali had a cell phone, but never really cared about. She only got the contraption because of Blake.

She rushed to the phone. Hoping it was Blake, she answered the phone without haste.

"Blake, sweetie." She sounded frantic as if Blake was a missing person. She held onto her chest,
gripping her shirt.

"Well, I am not Blake, but I do appreciate it, Kali." The responder chuckled, which was much to the worried mother's chagrin. The responder was the last person Kali would have guessed to call. Frankly, the Faunus was surprised that she still had her number.

"Oh! Juniper." Kali stammered, contemplating on what to say. "It has been a while...a long while."

She heard the crackling of her voice. "Sorry, Kal. It has been awhile. But you know how life can pass you by."

"Yeah, true." Kali leaned against the table. A bit disappointed that it was Blake, but a bit annoyed with the responder, Juniper Arc.

Juniper Arc and Kali met each other a few years ago at a widow's anonymous meeting at the community center in town. Like Kali, Juniper lost her husband around the same time she lost Ghira. However, her husband's death wasn't an accident. It was self-inflicted.

Juniper was the first person who introduced herself to Kali. Amongst the dry, dollar store donuts, the chalky coffee, and the bland pigs-in-a-blanket, the duo conversed on their benevolence. For a while, the duo got along. Juniper's children got along with her daughter. If she remembered correctly, Juniper's only son, Jaune got along with Blake. The duo were peas in a pod.

"Sorry for not making my presence known," the stranger told Kali. "Things really got in the way." Juniper coughed as if she, too, was stammering on her reason of calling her long-lost friend.

"Listen, I am just glad that you have called," said Kali, trying not to make the conversation any more awkward. "I hope things are fine on your end."

"It's okay. Learning to move on without John. I did get a job."

"Oh, congrats!"

"Thank you."

Kali listened to Juniper explaining how she was working at a telecommunications company. She hasn't been married since her husband's death. The woman told Kali that she had gone on a few dates, but none of which interested her. She even discussed some of the issues occurring in the family home, things that she wouldn't tell anyone that was a stranger.

"So," said Juniper. "How is your kid?"

"Kid? Well," said Kali. "Blake is doing well. Thank you. Actually, she just began college last week."

Juniper awed in excitement. "Oh, my God. Congrats! I know you are a proud mother."

"Thank you."

Juniper went on to discuss that her older daughters forewent college to go into the farming business. Her younger daughters were in school. However, Kali heard her chuckle after hearing that Jaune had plans to go to college. "The blonde lad thinks that he has a chance of going to college. A lovable guy but I am not sure that he is college material."

"Really? How so? How does he fair in school."
"Oh, my Jaune is slightly above average. He scored a 3.1 GPA at the end of his senior year. However, he couldn't pass his college entrance exam into University." She coughed. "In fact, the college happens to be in your town."

"Vale University?"

"That's the one," Juniper laughed. "Jaune didn't do so well despite numerous attempts. In fact, he is taking a gap year so that he can study fully for the exams." Juniper made another chuckle that was becoming more annoying to the Faunus. "I just don't think the poor boy has a chance."

Vale University was the college Blake went to forgo her senior year. It was a fairly decent college. It disheartened Kali that Juniper would discredit her own son for trying to go to college. In fact, she found the effort admirable. "What issues is he having, may I ask?"

"Hmm, everything," Juniper tapped the phone. "Let me give you a little secret, Kali-bug. His high school was a give-grades-to-athletes kind of school." She clicked her tongue. "Poor lad. I told the bo that I will give him this gap year. But if he can't do it, then I told him that he can always work at the cotton gin with his sisters."

Juniper was fortunate that she didn't hear the slamming of Kali's fist on the table. The nerve of the country bumpkin who wouldn't give her son a chance. Kali had a few interactions with Jaune back when she and his mother were acquaintances. When seeing him with Blake, he was a gentleman. He was an honest, down-to-Earth guy. He was mannerable. Admittedly, intelligence wasn't his strongest. Nevertheless, with her and Blake's assistance, he had grasped the subject.

Kali cracked her knuckles. Even as she finished her thought, she had already made up her mind.

"Kali, are you still there?"

"Oh! Yes! Say listen, Juniper, you said that Jaune is taking a gap year. Does have anything to do before taking his exams."

She told Kali that Jaune was working a part-time job. The blonde also worked on the family farm. On his spare time, he studied the material. He even enrolled in an exam prep class at the local community college.

"Say, Juniper. If it isn't a far stretch, would you allow Jaune to get help from me?"

"You? You are trained to teach?"

Kali was going to pretend that she didn't hear the "mildly" rude rebuttal. She returned to her seat. "I used to teach high school before Blake was born. Exam prep especially. If it isn't any trouble, would you allow Jaune to come here and I can help him."

"Really, Kali? You want to help my average son?"

"YES, your son that has potential? Yes, ma'am." Kali reached for a notepad in case of needed notes. "I have a spare bedroom where he can stay. The university has an exam prep program that should be transferable with his community college."

"I don't want to be a bother."

"No, I am. If your son wants help, then let me. Don't even worry about room and board. All I want is a body."
Kali heard the delightful laugh from Juniper's voice. "You think the boy has a chance?"

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," she interjected. Kali gave Juniper her contact information and address. She urged Juniper to call her back for flight information. She would even pay his way to get him here. "Once you bring him here, he would be in good hands. I promise you."

"Well, tame my hide, Ms. Belladonna. You drive me at a hard bargain." She sighed. "It's a deal. I will let you know soon."

Kali bid the annoying Juniper farewell and hung up the phone. Kali released a heavy sigh of relief. It wasn't her daughter, but at least she had something to do for the time being.

She put her food in the refrigerator to save for later. She grabbed her keys and went to her car. She needed to buy some items to get Jaune adjusted.

_To be continued_.

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Pyrrha couldn't help but sigh after her latest practice match with her new sparring partner. The poor lad couldn't even defend herself after she gave her a slight tap. She patted the back of the ambulance as they ascended for the hospital. She returned to the locker room, reminding herself to give Jaune a call.

She hadn't been in contact with her boyfriend for the last couple of days. Either she was too busy or too tired to answer his calls. Or, when she did call, it went straight to voicemail, presuming that he was busy as well. He wasn't just a stay-at-home boyfriend, he freelanced often with various jobs. He was also a wonderful cook and eventually father of her children.

Not now at least. Emerald has had the privilege of becoming pregnant. Some alley Faunus came and swept her off her feet. Pyrrha couldn't be upset. She was sure to take care of her grandkits.

She scrolled to her contacts to give Jaune a call. By now, the lovable blonde should be at home. She hummed a song as the phone rang. It answered on the fifth ring.

"Hey, babe. How are you?" Pyrrha's heart warmed when hearing his voice. She sat on the bench. She crossed her legs in the process. "I am doing okay, I guess."

"Aww, what's the matter, sweetness?"

"My sparring partner had a tiny accident."

"You sent her through the wall?"

"I won't say through the wall. Just a dent. A nice, small, tiny, minuscule, two-foot dent. Not much, promise."

She heard his chuckle in the background. "That sounds like my girl. Anyway, what's up?"

"Just wanted to check on my man and our daughter."

"Emmy here? We are getting along famously."

"Really? Oh my, Oum. It makes so happy, dear." Pyrrha didn't want to tell Jaune, but she was very hesitant about his relationship with Emerald. Getting a pet without consulting him and how he felt about her. She just prayed that he would gradually adjust to the Faunus. Since the picnic at the park, she hasn't heard Jaune complain about Emerald. He was taking her for long walks, car rides to the lake, and the like. Even with her being pregnant, he was responsible for her well-being. She rubbed her stomach, hoping for the day when she was ready to have a child of their own. "Honestly, I was really afraid that you wouldn't like her. Now, I am glad that I have made the investment and you taking out your time."

"Anything for you, my love."

"Aww, sweetness."
Pyrrha saw her coach, Glynda Goodwitch, giving her a two-minute warning before practicing with another partner. Pyrrha displayed her hands of wanting five minutes. Glynda gave her three and walked off.

"I don't have much time left. I will be back tomorrow."

"I am not rushing you. Go and make your money dear. Make us proud."

"You're sweet."

"Anything for my pesky owner."

Pyrrha raised her eyebrow. "Pesky owner?"

"Oh, sorry, babe. I was reading this manual on the do's and don't's of Faunus raising." Jaune coughed loudly. "But, take care of yourself, dear."

"I love you."

"Love you more."

Emerald hung up the phone and displayed a sigh of relief. She clicked her tongue for she gave pity to her owner. Telekinesis was a specialty. It wasn't hard to imitate her lover's voice to fool the dense, ditzy Pyrrha.

She threw the phone away from her. She wouldn't be needing it on what she was doing. She released her moan from her lips. It took practice for she wouldn't know how Pyrrha would take it knowing that Jaune's penis was inside of Emerald's cavern.

She saw how adorable Jaune looked. She was propped on top of him. He was tied. His arms and legs bounded at each corner of the bed. His mouth was gagged, stuffed with Pyrrha's panties that were laced in Emerald's pheromones. His eyes were covered.

Jaune was under her control.

The bed creaked loudly as they were engaged in their sinful act.

She stood over him as they were basked in their nakedness. Droplets of her sweat were hitting his blindfold. She protruded her hips, letting him know who he belonged to. Where his loyalty and his dick resides.

She rubbed her swollen belly tenderly, knowing that her kits were to be expected soon.

"Mama isn't going to be home for another day. So it is just you and me, Papa."

She thrusted faster and faster, knowing at any moment, his seed was going to make contact with her pussy.

"Your joystick is very active. It is like you are playing a game. And I am the one winning. Meow! Rated E for Emerald."

It wasn't the first time and she was making it certain that it wasn't going to be her last.

"I am coming," she screamed. "I am coming."

A surge of energy burst from within her as he released all of his seed into her. Droplets of his
sperm and her juices made a splash on them. He continued to release much of his sperm until he couldn't anymore.

"You did a great job," she said while patting on his head. "I couldn't expect any less." She looked to her swollen belly, feeling the kicks of her kits. "Daddy is going to make a wonderful father. Right Papa?"

Jaune was groaning and moaning frustratingly. He betrayed the love of his life with a pet of all things. Pyrrha was his first. His first kiss, his first time, his first girlfriend, everything. Now, as his sperm was entering Emerald, he cried within for the embrace of Pyrrha.

"Don't worry about that pesky owner, you can still have her. However, I will NEVER leave you. You belong to me and you belong to your kits." Emerald kneeled down to lick Jaune's tears. "You will be okay, big guy. You are tough."

Emerald heard something knocking on the door. She kissed Jaune's chest. "Be back, lover." She leaped from the bed and exited the bedroom.

She returned to her pint-sized form as she scampered at the door. She meowed until she heard certain taps at the door. She stopped and smiled. "Do the crows caw at midnight?"

"As long as the cats sour the basil."

Emerald returned to her form. She stood up and opened the door. It is a Faunus with orange eyes and dark complexion. Her Faunus trait manifests as an extra pair of ears, and her body is adorned with numerous tattoos resembling tiger stripes. She wears four golden earrings on three of her ears, one each on her human ears, and two on her left Faunus ear, as well as a small jewel on her forehead.

"Big sis," said Emerald.

"Good to see you, little sis," said the brown-skinned Faunus. She looked at the hallway. "Is the human in there?"

"If you mean my lover? Then yes."

"Yeah, yeah. So, this birthday present you have for me."

"Gifted and wrapped in the bedroom. Just like how you want it, Sienna." Emerald displayed a smirk. "Come and see, big sis."

What in the hell, man? I didn't see this on a certain ATHF episode. Jaune has his work cut out for him. Stay tuned for more. Hey, guys. I am glad that you all are enjoying the series. Based on the strength of this horror-comedy, this might become a series of his own. The premise is Jaune and his encounter with various Faunus with the unsuspecting, gullible girlfriend Pyrrha enjoying her relationship with her boyfriend and pet. Stay tuned.

To be continued...
Hey, guys. I know it has been a while since I have written a RWBY story. So, what I am giving you is a preview of a new story. Let this serve as a prequel of my new series. Jaune Arc gets hired as a security guard at a mental institution for women. He gets assigned an area of the low-level offenders. Nora, Ruby, Yang, and Blake take interest in the new guard. However, high-level inmates Weiss, Pyrrha, Neo, and Lie Rin have other plans.

The prison cell was barely six feet by four. The walls were the same thick grey stone as the dwellings of the region, but instead of a wide window with a flower box, there was a mean barred opening with thick metal bars and no glass. In the summer the fresher air was a relief, helping to alleviate the stench of festering sewage but in the cold seasons it let in a wicked draft and reduced the temperature to near freezing. It was no brighter inside than the gathering gloom of dusk, even at midday. The bed was a plank of wood on legs, there was no mattress, no cushioning and only one thin blanket. It was either suffocatingly quiet or pierced with the screams of tortured inmates.

Tonight was no exception. At the edge of the prison door stood an inmate. She couldn't have been more than five feet tall. She was a pretty brunette with looks that could kill. In her former life, she has killed. In her new life, she was supposedly rehabilitated. She scoffed at the textbook terms to define normalcy of herself. She took a long drag of her cigarette, allowing to burn her lungs. It was a minute pain compared to numerous hours of being in a cell.

An hour of recreation, three hots-and-a-cot, and the occasional visits, if anybody wanted to see her.

Blake Belladonna couldn't remember the last time she had a visitor. Her parents, embarrassed and ashamed, didn't bat an eye at her sentencing. Ten years to life in a mental institution without the possibility of parole until her 21st birthday. She took another drag of her cancer stick. She doesn't keep up with the days. No reminders of another day. Even if she got the opportunity for parole, did she want to leave?

She put those thoughts to rest when she heard the quiet footsteps of another inmate approaching her way.

"Care to get a drag of it?" The inmate in question was shorter than her. At some point, these inmates were once classmates. In a different light, they were once friends. The white-haired girl rubbed the itch on her arm. Seeing her nervousness, Blake knew she was itching for a smoke.

"Take it," she told the inmate as the girl took a drag of her cigarette. Her shakes were now calmer.

"Thanks," said the girl.

"Don't mention it," said Blake. Her response wasn't friendly nor cold. It was strictly business. Like herself, there was a reason why the girl was in this particular cell tonight.

For that particular inmate is high risk and belonged in the Segregated Housing Unit.

Weiss Schnee was her name. Before Blake was sent here for aggravated murder, Weiss was already in her second year at the institution. Whereas Blake's crime was involuntary, Weiss wasn't. It was an old boyfriend. Blake won't say his name for unspoken agreement between them and those who knew him. Weiss planned to end him after discovering he was in a new relationship. It didn't matter that they were broken up prior to his new relationship. What Weiss wanted, she would get.
Weiss kidnapped her boyfriend at gunpoint. She had taken him to her family cabin where she tortured him. She wanted answers. She wanted an explanation on their breaking up. When hearing the reason from his lips, those words were his final. When the police were reported to the scene, she was found cooking in the kitchen. She was humming a song as his brain was being cooked with some leftover rice.

Twenty-five years to life without a chance of parole for another twenty years. By then, she would be in her forties. Did it matter to the white-haired girl? It didn't. During her time at the mental institution, she has fought, stabbed, and even sexually assaulted inmates and guards. New girls, or new fish as they were called were the best, the gave up quickly. However, it still didn't compare to the love of security guards, particularly males. A hunger rises in her gut when she had full control.

"So, they finally broke you out tonight," said Blake as she reached for another cigarette.

"Yeah," said Weiss. "They tell me that you guys have your hands on a baby chick."

Blake broke into a smile. She flicked the cigarette away. "I have no idea what you are talking about."

Weiss took a step closer. "Don't play with me, chicky. Night shift wouldn't release me if there wasn't a baby chick in that stall."

Blake was keeping mum.

"That's why you are out here, aren't you," asked Weiss.

Blake sighed. "Let's say that you are right. Let's say there is a new baby chick in there. Let's say there are two, maybe three mother hens taking care of the baby chick. Would you care to wait, watch, or come in and grab the cock like all times."

Weiss was too dignified to immediately respond. Their eyes met as both were internally competing. Weiss knew that this wasn't her territory. Yet again, did she really care? In this institution, no place was untouchable to her.

Weiss stroked Blake's cheek. A strong sigh was released from her soft lips. "Oh, sweetness. They wouldn't call me the head bitch here if I didn't want any of the action." She removed her fingers from Blake's lips. "So, who is in there with the baby chick?"

"Valkyrie, Rose, and Long," answered Blake. "Neo paid off the night guard for a couple hours. Which meant that night guard paid another night guard to get you out tonight."

"You saved the white meat just for me, correct?"

"Besides their usual taste test, it is still fresh," answered Blake.

Blake kept her composure as the idea of Weiss coming in and taking their prized possession. The girls worked hard to have this particular baby chick or new security guard in their grasp. According to his profile, he was a young blonde teen saving his money for University. He, too, was their age. He was quite handsome and became very desirable as his time in the institution progressed.

Blake knew he was a prime baby chick to make an example out of.

"Well, don't need to keep our little chicky waiting," said Weiss as she walked into the cell. "Close the door and keep watch, old fish." Weiss giggled at Blake.
Blake mumbled under her breath, cursing her former friend. She kept her composure. It wouldn't be long before the morning shift crew would arrive. At least her cellmates promised to save him for her when they were finished.

Inside of the cell lied the security guard. His hands were bounded by pillow sheets. His feet were bounded by the sheets. His mouth was gagged by one of the inmate's panties. He muffled as he was lying naked on the cold cell floor.

Two girls, a blonde and a redhead took turns slurping on his throbbing member. Both girls shared as one licked the shaft where the other was licking on his balls. Meanwhile, the reddish brunette watched as she waited for her turn. As they knew that they could fully have their way with him until Weiss entered the room.

The sound of gurgling noises filled the room as the blonde nibbled on his phallus. He felt the slickness of the redhead's tongue as she engulfed his testicles. He tried to resist, combat his erection, but it was proven futile. The girls knew he was fighting it, only to excite the girls more.

"Doesn't it feel good when we play with your balls," questioned the redhead. "It's full of your lovely milk. How dare you try to keep it to yourself, baby chick."

The blonde popped her mouth from his shaft. "Agreed. He might be a baby chick, but there is a grown rooster within his cock. My pussy is hungry for it."

"Not before I have a turn, bitch."

The girls paused when they saw Weiss entered the room. Immediately, they knew to get off from the guard and both split from each other.

Silence filled the room. Weiss observed the room, scanning the girls. "Yang, Ruby, Nora. Good to see you, ladies." She turned to Yang. "You'd enjoyed his cock. It's okay to tell me."

The blonde nodded her head. "It's delicious. A very tasty baby chick, boss."

Weiss turned to the redhead. "How about you, Nora. Enjoyed it?"

The redhead answered. "Yes, boss. He has full of energy."

She looked at Ruby. "Judging by your face, you didn't get a taste. Would you care for it?"

"Yes, please," answered Ruby pleadingly.

Weiss grinned. "All right, princess." She then looked at the agonal cries coming from the security guard.

"Jaune Arc," she said calmly. "Eighteen years old, a recent high school graduate. Word through the grapevine that you are saving up for University. You are the middle child of eight siblings. All of them are girls." She clicked her tongue. "To think they wouldn't have thoughts of trying this cock of yours. No matter." She looked at Ruby. "Have a taste of his cock. Get him revved up for me. I need some lubrication before giving him this hot, piping pussy of mine." She snapped her fingers. "Nora, untie his mouth and make him eat you out." She snapped her fingers to Yang. "Get his ass."

As the girls prepared, she looked to Jaune. "I am going to make you feel the pleasure that you can only experience from a place like this. Want me to take you to hell?" She blew a kiss. "Girls, commence!"
That is all for now. Let me know what you guys think. If this is good, I will redo this and make it happen. Until next time.
Jaune placed his money on the register. He watched the last few dollars he had to be given to the cashier for a pack of cigarettes. Cigarettes were not really his fancy. He just wanted something to blockade his agitation. He looked into the eyes of the cashier. It was a sight all too familiar for him—a thousand-yard-stare that is reflective of his life.

"Here is your change, sir," said the clerk as he has his money in his hand.

"No, thanks, keep it," Jaune said as he grabbed the black plastic bag containing his cigarettes. The bell from the door made a clicking sound as he exited the convenient store. He tossed the bag on the ground and retrieved his cigarettes. Kool menthols were his tobacco of choice when smoking was on his mind. He pulled out a lighter from his pocket to light the cigarette. He watched as the smoke blended with the night sky.

Tonight was no different than any night. He was doing his usual routine: a convenient store, the library to pick up some books, and the grocery store to pick up his dinner for the night.

He held on to the jacket that his sister, Jeanette, made for him. She knew that Japanese winters were harsh, particularly on the island of Hokkaido. He was quick to remember his train card. Oum knew he wouldn't want to forget that again.

Transitioning to a new town is one thing. Transition to a different country is another.

A world outside of Vale, outside of Remnant was a world he didn't want to endure. This particular society played by their own games, by their own rules. Beowulf's and Grimms weren't the danger in these parts. Humans played tricks of their own if granted or warranted. It wasn't easy to adjust to this new world of the unknown. He once heard it in stories, concluding it to be fiction.

Never in his eighteen years did the blonde felt gullible.

Still fidgeting with his cell phone, he checked when the next train was available. It wasn't a scroll, but it did the same capabilities. Still, he missed those days. This new place, this taste, this air. It didn't feel right to him. He felt snugged, suffocated. Like an oyster without a shell. A fish out of the water. There were people who looked like him and did similar things as him, but he knew there won't be any charm-casting, sword fighting, or mystical attacks in this realm.

His prowess of subduing pain and blows were naught. On the second week of being in Japan, he was punched by an urchin after attempting to save a woman from being fondled on the train.

He zipped his jacket tightly. Tonight was going to be a cold, harsh night.

He sat absentmindedly on the train as he awaited his stop at the station. He was fortunate for his handmade jacket and that he didn't forget his key card and calling card this time. He wrapped his hands tightly on his textbook, which he was using earlier at cram school. The advisor he spoke with assigned him a class to practice his Japanese. He knew the duration of his stay, he would have to assimilate. He had no problem practicing Japanese. He was grateful that his speaking Common was similar to the English language. If that was plausible, then learning a new language shouldn't
be hard either.

The train was quiet tonight. He relaxed as there wasn't a street urchin to fondle a woman. The salarymen were sheepishly asleep against the window. He held onto his books as the motorized shell took him home.

He had to call it home. And it would remain his home for the time being. He wasn't going back to Vale. He couldn't go back to his family and friends.

For as long as Glynda Goodwitch resided and teach, then an outcast he would remain.

Since their encounter in the classroom that fateful, dreadful day, she kept to him like he was her pet. She preyed after him like a lion seeking a weak antelope. He didn't return home right away. She convinced his parents that he was going to take an extension course to get him back into the Academy.

His poor, deluded, gullible parents, giving their rights to the devil as she mercilessly displayed what she called love to him.

Professor Goodwitch put him in so much fear he couldn't tell his parents. His sisters. Lie Ren? Nora? Anyone? The one night he went to Blake for advice was the same evening she welcomed him with a knife pressed to his throat. Her prowling eyes, her slothful lips thrived for the fear. She laughed in the silence as she felt the warm sensation coming from his blanket. She ridiculed him, belittled him, emasculated him. She grabbed him by the throat and put his nose into it. She forcefully made him inhale his excrements, tasting it and return it to her. While it was going on, she upped the ante and inserted her fingers into his anus. Tears and mucus pouring away as she laughed in his fear.

*The only thing useful about you, Jauney, is your misery is my pleasure.*

*Cry for me, my dearest Jaune. Your torture is the only thing good of you.*

*No one can understand you. You are nothing. Nothing, you hear me.*

*Let your tears quench my thirst. Let it serve as my lubrication.*

In the end, she would kiss him on the cheek and told him that she loved him. "I am doing this because I love you. I am teaching you this so you can't run to nobody but me."

It wasn't easy, but it had to be done. What kind of explanation could he explain to his parents? His sisters? Whimsically announcing to the entire family on game night that he was leaving for another realm, another country. He found a study abroad program in Japan. On the surface, it would acquaint him with the culture; great traveling experience; an opportunity to explore his future career. What would be his future career, he didn't know. Becoming a swordsman was a dream. And as of now, the dream was to be bound dormant in his brain indefinitely.

His parents were surprised, but giving him their blessings. The many doe-eyes of the siblings cheering and wishing him much success. They gathered to hug and to further congratulate their Jaune.

He had phoned his friends back at the Academy of the news. They were highly pleased with his whimsical decision. A celebration was presented, but Jaune declined. He didn't want any further memories of the place he once loved.
A few days after his announcement, regret presented herself at his doorstep. She announced herself to his parents as his former professor. She was welcomed with love and was served their finest tea. Upon learning of Jaune's impending departure, she stared at him with a pure grimace. Her nails were breaking into the fibers of the couch; scratching down to the point where her nails broke. She continued to the point where blood seeped into the couch. Pupils turned into darkness. Her mouth tucked in and skin turning paler. She nodded her head, getting up and congratulating Jaune, wishing him much success.

As a reward for his future endeavor, she insisted to his parents to let her take him out on a celebration dinner. Jaune didn't have a voice. The parents permitted. She wanted Jaune to wear the finest of clothing. The restaurant they were going to was exquisite, exuberant, and classy. She didn't want to spare any expense on him.

That night, Jaune was taken by Professor Goodwitch. Jaune knew when he got inside of her vehicle, he was back into her web.

The dinner did happen, but not before checking into a hotel. He could never forget her darkness, she gently brushed his cheek, leaving a cold patch from her tender lips. A shiver ran down his spine. For he knew when those doors were closed, she would respond to her true feelings. Many, many times the blonde displayed her true feelings behind closed doors.

Pitch black, darkness enveloped that hotel room. The darkness enveloped her soul. Darkness consumed into the fray as he cried for help each and every time the pair were alone in his room. Sheets soaked from the terror; her body pressed against his. He tasted her flesh as she pried him open to further consummate something he didn't want. Every tear, every whine resulted in laughter, anger, mockery. He felt her digits pressing to his spine. The soreness of his pelvis as he was forced to have sex with her.

When she was finished, a collar adorned his neck. The putrid collar she borrowed from her pet Faunus. Subservient was his role and his tasks were to be perfected or face the consequences. She anticipated failure. That was why the task deemed difficult. In the end, there weren't any winners. Just losers who bathed and loathe in the misery.

In the end, he prayed before his living Oum to sprout his wings to fly away.

He alleviated his thought. There shouldn't be any worry, he thought to himself. The pain, the tears, they are gone. He forced a smile to remind himself that he was free from the pain. He was free from her. But was he so sure? She is over thousands of miles away but can still feel her collar around his neck, her callous hands, her voice, his fear, his cries, his pleads.

_The only thing useful about you, Jauney, is your misery is my pleasure._

_Cry for me, my dearest Jaune. Your torture is the only thing good of you._

_No one can understand you. You are nothing. Nothing, you hear me._

_Let your tears quench my thirst. Let it serve as my lubrication._

Those were one of the many events he had suffered in his short life. Tears were escaping as he noticed his lips were bleeding. He was caught up in the moment that he didn't know he was biting his lip. He tasted blood. He bit down again for him, too, was familiar with the taste of his own blood.
The train stopped to his destination. The can of sardines opened, spreading out to the arteries of the station, continuing to fill until they reached their destination. He walked the line with exhausted salarymen, flirtatious, talkative gyarus, children clinging to their parents, and the like. They continued forward until they got to the street. He documented everything in his journal so he could get used to the pattern.

He stopped at the department store to purchase a comic book. He went to the pharmacy to pick up his medication. Afterward, he stopped by a hole-in-a-wall where he had the privilege for their homemade vegetable and shrimp dumplings. He humbly greeted the cook before getting his paper plate. He didn't stay long, wanted to get some sleep before returning to school in the morning. It wasn't home, but it had to do.

As long he was away from the blonde, then all was fine with the world.

His apartment was a few blocks from the corrugated stall where he purchased his food. It wasn't his mother's, but it gave him a wholesome feeling. His stomach churned for the yearning of apple pie and tea. He wrapped his fist tightly, wanting to cry out and blame her for his running away.

The elevator played cheery pop music as he descended the twenty floors to his apartment building. The elevator opened its doors. He walked into the dim hallway. From his position and through the gate, he saw the skyline of the bright city. He took a few breaths. He often thought of his former home. He closed his eyes as he tried to picture what used to be.

He opened the door to his studio apartment. It felt more like an empty shell than anything else. He put his backpack and books down on the counter. He overlooked the mail that was written for him. Many of those letters came from home. Most of them came from Goodwitch.

'Don't you ever think you are escapable, Jaune. You think running away from here is going to stop me from finding you? Everything about you belongs to me. Your chest, your hair, your ass, your dick, your mind, your spirit, your soul. You belong to me. I am your sunrise and sunset. Don't you ever think you are escapable, Jaune. So feel free for I am giving you that freedom. But please believe and let this be a warning, I will come for you. No matter you run, where you hide, best believe I am coming for you, baby. So enjoy your little bubble for that too will get popped. I love you, baby.'

The sigh he made displayed relief as he made it to the bed. He took off his shoes and unbuttoned his uniform. He lied back to the bed and reached for the remote. He was getting used to perkiness of Japanese television. He passed the channels of the glitzy glamour of idols, anime, wacky game shows, and news before finding familiar programming from home. He had his tray on his lap and began eating his vegetable and shrimp dumplings. He took slow bites, trying to savor the flavor as he pondered on what dinner his mother was making for the family.

A lump was in his throat. The eyes were blurry, blinded by his tears. He reached for his bunny pajamas and put it to his nose. It had memories of home. The scent of his house and of course, the scent of his urine. Even it wasn't spared that fateful night.

He finished his plate and put it on the floor. No longer interested in television, he lied to stare at the ceiling. He took strong blinks. He tried focusing on the positives of his transitions. He tried focusing on his family and friends for he knew he was dearly missed.

He continued making strong blinks until he slowly drifted into sleep. On his final blink, he saw a faint image of Professor Goodwitch.

_The only thing useful about you, Jauney, is your misery is my pleasure._
He opened his frightful eyes, but only for a moment. Fortunately, it was only an aberration.

To be continued....

Another chapter for "Glynda (Part III)" is coming soon. We concluded that Glynda has borderline yandere tendencies, but we wouldn't classify her as a full-blown yandere. Glynda is possessive, sexually abusive, and obsessive over Jaune. So, you already know which direction is heading. As a reminder, the series is yandere and horror. Between the lines, suspense. So, we think this story is more of a horror-suspense. Stay tuned for more in the future. Take care!
The Faunus I Admire (Part IV)

**Flashback when Jaune used to work with his former mistress...**

Jaune was dusting the furniture in the common room. He was to work alone. It was punishment for scraping the mistress' favorite tea dish. Despite the claim of it being an accident, it was suitable enough for the mistress to give him a punishment. She spanked him with her hairbrush and caged him into a kennel. He wasn't allowed dinner. If any other servants were to aid or give food to him, then they were punished as well. The next day, his mistress wasn't home. However, another servant told him that he was to clean the entire common room alone. The common room was where his mistress and the master entertained clients and guests. It was the very room where he was issued his punishment.

His butt was sensitive to the touch. He tried not to touch it. He sniffled occasionally, praying he didn't have to suffer such a punishment anytime soon. He showed disdain, trying not to show his anger toward the very father who had sold him.

Dusting was finished. It was time to wash the windows. As he got the bucket to prepare washing, he heard the loud slamming of a car door. There from his position, the mistress walking out of her limo. Their eyes met. She displayed a sickening glare. He swallowed the lump in his throat. He knew that her anger and frustration were to be channeled on the Faunus.

It wasn't long when he heard her loud grunting echoing in the hallway.

She opened the door. His hand was on the heavy wash bucket.

"Jaune, bring yourself to my quarters this instant. Now!"

She slammed the door loudly. He heard the wave of servants moving out of the way. He heavily sighed as he returned the towel to the wash bucket.

He knocked on the door to her private quarters. An extension to the mansion where it was reserved for the mistress whenever she wanted alone time. He was told to enter.

The mistress was sitting in a chair. She had a cup of tea in her hand. The fireplace was burning with fresh heat. A plate of scones and fruit were on the table. Next to that was a glass of wine. Judging by the bottle, she had already consumed it.

Her only eye was black as the night. As if anyone enters the murky water, there will be nothing but darkness. Her eyepatch was adorned in gold, made from the finest quality. Her face had a creamy complexion. Her nose was pointy. Her cheeks were a rosy red. She was a beautiful woman. However, she was also a very powerful woman.

"Come here," she screamed at him. He made his steps in front of her.

"Yes, ma'am," He said to her.

"Did I or didn't I tell you to clear the dishes from the sink last night?" Immediately, she rushed from the table and she grabbed him by the ear and took him to the kitchen. At her private quarters, there was a kitchen. Either he or another servant used the kitchen to serve her. There were the stacks of dishes piling in the sink. He knew it was there. But, how could he wash if he was on punishment, he thought to himself.
"Mistress," he said to her nervously. "I wanted to clean the dishes...but I was on punishment."

She put her hands on her hips. "That sounds to me a personal problem." She spat on the floor. "A problem that shouldn't have been if you didn't follow my damn directions. She pushed his head with her forehead. "Tell me something, Jaune. Were you born stupid or it came with that when your stupid, pitiful, poor excuse of a father sold you to me?" She pushed his forehead harshly. He backed away. "Answer me that, Jaune, you poor excuse of a pussycat." She paused, grabbing a dish. "If you can make time to be in dreamland with your delusions of grandeur of being free, then you can watch the damn dishes!"

She flung the dish to his face. His fingers instinctively shielded him from the contact. The sheer pain hurt his knuckles. He fell back to the floor.

She picked up another dish. "What you are telling me is unacceptable." She threw another one. It broke on his face. She did another one and another one and another one. Just sharded plates around me. He protected himself. He wasn't as emotional for he knew the drill.

It wasn't the first time he underwent abuse from her.

"How dare you disobey me? Lest we forget your place, you Faunus rubbish," she screamed at him. He lied there, still waiting for her next move. She reached for the wine bottle and took another swig. She slammed it before slamming her hands with her fist. "Fuck!" She dragged him by his tail to the main quarter. "You are lower than a dog. Tiny minuscule specks of fecal matter have more dignity than you."

"I am sorry," he said, trying to fight the tears as he was in pain.

"Save your sorry for later. I will show you how I punish bad kitties," she said to him as she threw him on the bed.

The mistress pulled out a belt and start spanking him. Jaune cried as she held him while spanking him.

Yeah, take it. Let me hear your cries, you fucking trash.

You are my misery, bitch. You will serve me like a good Faunus does.

You will obey me. You will obey me. Do you understand?

"Yes, mistress," he cried. "I am sorry. Forgive me, mistress."

The spanking stopped. She tossed the belt away. She looked at him. Her face turned from anger to a scary smile. "Jaune, sweetheart."

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Do you think your mistress is pretty?"

Knowing he didn't want to get hit, he nodded yes to her.

"I know you do, Jaune," she said while smiling. "I think you are handsome, too."

She tore his clothes. He was naked with the exception of his boxers. She fully disrobed, displaying her womanhood.

"Tell me that I am pretty," she told him. It was the usual sing-song that she told him to say
whenever they did their act. It wasn't the first time he was taken advantage. Actually, on the first night, he was given to them, his mistress took advantage of him.

It has been like that ever since.

She always was on top. Always. She always got him hard with her hand. When that was enough, she put it inside of her. She laughed and screamed and cried and displayed anger while she pounced on top of me. It never felt good to him. He just got used to it. If he didn't at least moan, she hit him. If he didn't say it felt good, she hit him.

If he didn't say he loved her, she hit him. Always in his chest.

So every time, he moaned, he liked it, he loved her. Tonight was no different than those nights. He planted his seed inside of her and she got off of him. She grabbed a swig of alcohol and forced him to drink with her.

"You're my fucking ragdoll. I will do what I please. Understand?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Now, get the fuck out of here."

As he got up, covering himself from his shame, she grabbed him.

"Come and give your mistress a kiss."

He obeyed her. She grabbed his chin and forced a kiss with her, grabbing his tail. "Good boy!"

Jaune jumped from his slumber. He started panting loudly. He started taking deep breaths. He realized that he wasn't at his former mistress.

However, something was different.

He observed the bedroom and realized that this wasn't his mistress Blake's room.

"Hey, sweetheart, are you okay?"

He turned to see a white-haired woman wearing revealing lingerie. She stretched her arms as she began to cuddle with him. "Good morning, sweetie."

"Lady Weiss?"

To be continued....
Glynda (Part III)

The return of Glynda. READ at your own risk!

The sound of gunfire alerted Jaune as he jumped out of the couch. He planted his face on the floor, covering his head from any debris or shrapnel. When he came to, he saw that there wasn't anything there. The sound was coming from the television. It was the poorly portrayed country western programming that was on. He got up, rubbing his head from his throbbing headache. He was impressed that he managed to get any sleep last night. Thoughts were still filled with the threat of Glynda one thing making her claim.

He could still taste the gag in his mouth. He could still feel the irritation of the rope around his ankles and wrist. The sheer terror of her maniacal laugh as she entangled him into her trap. She told him many times that he belonged to her. No matter where you go, where you run, where you hide, I will always find you, Jauney. You can never escape me for there is no escape. Your misery is my pleasure. I will be certain to keep you where I want you. So, run and fled, but please believe. A cat knows where a mouse hides.

He tried to not think about her. He tried not to give her that power. She was thousands of miles away. Amazing to him as he pondered on it as he poured a bowl of cereal. He forgot to get his favorite frosted flakes, so corn flakes had to do. He said a small grace before consuming on a breakfast he wasn't even in the mood to eat. He just needed something to fill his belly, to distract him from the agonizing fear of Glynda.

She may be thousands of miles away, but in his mind, she might as well sit in front of him.

As he chewed on his soggy cornmeal, he knew that he didn't have class until four in the evening. He had time to rest a bit longer and go by the cleaners to pick up his uniform. He tried to keep a routine. His eyes were always opened. Well-lit areas, well-populated places, areas where people and cameras can watch him. Documentation prevents confrontation, he thought to himself when he told his advisor while they were looking for apartments.

After consuming the cereal, he poured the milk and the residue in the disposal. He proceeded to walk into the bathroom as he prepared to take a shower. He turned on the shower nozzle, allowing it to warm itself as he took off his clothes.

The mirror was partially covered with duct tape. His face was the only thing needed. Check on his appearance in front of others. Nothing more.

There was scarification on his chest. A brand, if not a trademark. A declaration of Glynda's feelings for Jaune after spending an evening together alone in her private cabin in the woods.

He couldn't forget her expression. She was in all smiles. She kneeled over the fireplace, holding the knife over the fire. He couldn't move, still tied up.

"I think you are going to like this. For this will be a work of art. Our work of art."

Glynda removed the knife from the fire. He saw his reflection on the hot blade." I am going to be sure that no woman would look at you when seeing this. No girl wants an ugly, disfigured, imperfect little bastard like you."

Jaune cried as he heard the knife made contact with his flesh. The sound of crackling and sizzling
the knife made she dragged the knife slowly against his flesh. Her eyes were glaring, making sure he saw it.

"That's right. Scream! I want to be sure that you never, ever fucking forget it."

She returned to the fireplace, allowing the knife more time under the fire. Jaune's tears were streaming down to his cheeks. The smell of flesh lingering around his nose.

"Ready for another?"

She aimed at his sternum. Jaune relieved himself as urine was coming out of his pants.

"Disgracing! And you call yourself a man, you little bastard. No one loves you, you fucking peon."

She dragged the hot knife, searing the flesh from his sternum to his collarbone. Jaune jerked tremendously from the pain until he passed out.

Jaune felt the water become warm enough to step in. He always turned his back against the shower. Although the flesh has healed, he could never forget the pain when he was in recovery at the hospital. When his parents saw the wound, he told his parents that he was involved in an accident with some Grimm. He was trying to use fire as a defense, but instead, put it on himself.

His parents believed him. Even if he did tell the truth, Glynda was standing right beside him, mouthing every word he told his parents to say.

He stepped outside of the shower and went to the bedroom. As always as he reached the drawer, he always put on an undershirt. A dark undershirt for he didn't want people to see the disfiguration. If people were to pay attention, the marking had a message. Outlined and only he and Glynda knew what it said.

Filth.

Spread through his body, the wound produced a wretched word. He tried to not think further as he got dressed in his street clothes. He was fortunate that this school had a half day and casual clothing was optional. With a few minutes left to spare, he went into the living room and grabbed his things. He turned off any lights or television and left the apartment.

He made his way out of the elevator and returned into the public eye. Shutting himself away, he reached for his earbuds to listen to some music. As he reached for his phone, he saw that he received a voicemail. Admittedly, he probably didn't hear it as he was in the shower, he clicked on it to hear the message.

Hey, you! How's it going? I hope all is well with you, my precious Jauney. Being without you is like a day without sunshine. Being without you is like a pet without an owner, alone and destitute in the world. Like the day, it needs sunshine. And like a pet, it needs an owner. Anyway, I wanted to say that you looked great exiting out of the convenient store last night. Standing there, looking mature made my womanhood melt into the pleasure.

Smoking a cigarette? Tsk, tsk, tsk, sweetness. Do you know that smoking kills your boyish figure? You don't need that kind of vice. Especially when you know I have vices to curve that craving. I suggest you cut it out, dear, for your sake.

At the bookstore, I've noticed you were talking to some local. Who in the hell was that foreign skank? Didn't I tell you about interacting with others? Do you know how it makes me feel? It is like
all of that hard work I have instilled in you has gone in vain. And I don't like that.

So, the skank. Who is she? What reason does she want to talk to you? She must not know that I am the kind of girl who loves putting bitches like her to an end.

**You have a new voicemail.**

Jaune, don't ever speak to that skank again. I swear to Oum if you do, I will come and hurt you. And that fucking bitch. You know I will. That is the only way to put a hardheaded bastard like you in your place. Do I need to put you back in the hole? Where was that knife? You were quite mannerable after placing that word filth on your chest. I know you wanted to look at it this morning. You think duct tape was to protect you, Jaune?

I am sorry, Jauney. That wasn't called for. That is why you need me. You can't be in the cold world alone. To think you decided to go away into this vast world alone. Can't hide in the dark on what is going to be revealed in the light.

Now, Jauney, sweetie, I am going to say you needed a vacation to get away from here. I mean, I was a bit harsh on you. That is because I love you, dear. And no one else is going to understand that but me. I know I said bad things. That was to keep you close. You are mine, Jaune. Mine, you hear me!

It means no one can touch you, kiss you, hug you, fuck you, talk to you. Only ME!

**You have a new voicemail.**

So, I have the liberty to take time off from the Academy. I have put in enough hours for a vacation. So, you already know that I am here. Don't panic! If you pressed the dial tone for the police, I will end us now.

I am not that far behind. As you may know, I even took the liberty of folding your clothes and washing your dishes while you were sleeping in the night. And that headache? Forgive me for hitting you. It was just frustrating to think of that girl and you leaving me. It makes want to find that knife and go stabby stabby stab on that bitch and then on you with more burning, darling.

So, I suggest you get comfortable.

Jaune suddenly felt a strong force enveloping him. He didn't turn, just dropping the phone. He knew the scent, the odor, her softness. "I am here, my little Jauney." The blonde clicked her tongue. "And you have been quite naughty for quite a spell." She took a piece of cloth and enveloped it tightly around his nose. "Don't struggle, don't struggle, don't struggle." Jaune tried fighting it, but it made her plugged his nose tighter. "Go to sleep, don't fight it. You are mine. You are mine. Just give in and go to sleep."

Jaune dropped to his knees and collapsed on the floor. Glynda tossed the cloth aside. She clicked her tongue as she saw the unconscious Jaune. "I've told you, Jaune. You won't leave."

'Don't you ever think you are escapable, Jaune. You think running away from here is going to stop me from finding you? Everything about you belongs to me. Your chest, your hair, your ass, your dick, your mind, your spirit, your soul. You belong to me. I am your sunrise and sunset. Don't you ever think you are escapable, Jaune. So feel free for I am giving you that freedom. But please believe and let this be a warning, I will come for you. No matter you run, where you hide, best believe I am coming for you, baby. So enjoy your little bubble for that too will get
popped. I love you, baby.'

To be continued....
Hey, guys! I know it has been a while since I've worked on The Taste of Rain. Going between this and My Hero Academia is interesting and amazing. Anyway, here is the premise for a new story. Cinder is a vampire hunter who has recently kidnapped Jaune Arc as a ransom to bring down his coven family. However, a blizzard occurs, trapping her and Jaune in the cabin. Tensions between the two are there. As time goes on, things begin to change as the two began to know each other. How will this work out? Find out and see! Discretion is strongly advised as this story contains or eventually contains physical violence, strong language, and sexual content.

What Cinder dreaded on what was going to happen, happened. She sat by the table as she got the phone call she didn't want to receive.

"What in the hell do you mean you guys are snowed out?" It was a blessing that a bottle of whiskey happened to sit beside her or else the phone would have been splintered like toothpicks. "We have a job to do. No matter the cost or the risks, a job is a job."

According to the sniffling from the other end, that line wasn't going to work for that person. "Sorry, boss! We are snowed in from this end of the village. Crossing into the main trails are treacherous! A suicide mission." Cinder heard the receiver coughing loudly. The voice was somewhat frail, but that was the least of the concern of this leader.

"What I am hearing is excuses," she scoffed as she snorted. "You are telling me that you guys, you included Emerald, the toughest bunches of vampire hunters." She coughed irritably. "Excuse me, the strongest of White Fang can't handle strong chunks of soft and frozen water?! Disgracing!"

Emerald began coughing loudly, which didn't faze her leader. "Forgive us, boss, but many of us here are sick. Neo is running hot! Adam is falling ill. Hell, even Mercury is going in and out of consciousness. Plus, the sheriff put roadblocks all throughout. No way in hell we could go even if we tried."

The brunette slammed the table loudly. She cursed loud into the heavens. A piece of wood splintered at the table. She reached for the bottle of whiskey as she partook in a couple of swallows. She slammed it down on the table before returning to the phone. "Listen, Emerald. You do know that in this cabin, we have precious cargo with us."

"I know that," answered Emerald.

"And you do know we only have limited time before members of the coven will be looking for us," she said sternly. "It isn't going to be long before the leader finds a certain and most important piece of her coven missing."

Cinder turned to the bed where she saw the precious cargo lying on the bed. Chained to his feet and his arms, the blonde shivered as he held on to any article of clothing for warmth. His eyes were frail. The sound of his stomach growled into the room, even to the point that it caught Cinder's attention. He was looking at the fireplace a few feet from him, stretching his hands in hopes of obtaining warmth.

"Boss, are you still there?"

"Yeah, yeah, what happened," she snarled. "What can we do about this." Cinder knew she was on a risky mission.
"Find some way to get back before those bastards find out," she barked at Emerald. "I don't need Old Lady Salem on my ass again. And you know what she makes me do is what I will do to you clowns."

"Relax, boss! This storm should do some good for the time being," said Emerald calmly. "If anything, it should void any scent or anything to know it was one of us. Let them think that he might have gone missing or something."

"It doesn't make any sense," said Cinder as she took another swig of her drink. "What am I supposed to do for the time being? Most of my resources are with you guys. I don't have much of anything to hold me for these couple of days."

Emerald began coughing loudly. "Forgive us, boss, but you have to make whatever provisions until this blizzard stops." Emerald's voice became incomprehensible as her coughs were getting louder. No longer wanting to hear the failures of her crew, Cinder hung up the phone.

As much as she wanted to splinter her phone, a tiny crack on the back have to do. She was going to reserve her anger and frustration on the crew when they return.

"Fuck," she groaned loudly. She took another swig of whiskey. She crossed her legs, staring at the captive that they took earlier in the day.

According to the information that was given to them, his name was Jaune Arc. Jaune Arc was a prized possession as he was the heir of the Arc coven. This covenant has reign terror in this particular region for many years. The coven was woman-led, the queen being his mother and his eldest sister being the mistress.

It was through the request of the village to the White Fang to end the Arc's reign of terror. It was Salem that assigned Cinder and her crew to this particular job. Cinder was Salem's top huntress. She had been hunting vampires for a long time. She was considered one of the best. She always got her vampire, dead or alive. Mostly, she had staked and beheaded most of them. Those that were Salem and the organization's most wanted, they wanted them alive.

Cinder and her crew stalked the coven for several days. The women were relentless as they always captured their prey. Men, women, children, it didn't matter. All fell to their knees when it came to the leader and the Arc sisters. However, what changed the plans of attack was seeing Jaune Arc.

"Mother!" Cinder saw as her captive was calling his mother's name. Cinder could see the chills from his frozen mouth. Tear-stains, hunger pains, and his wailing proved evident that he was the runt of the coven.

"It's him that we will take."

"Why him? He is just a runt."

"Exactly! It means that he hasn't been fully turned. Watch how his mother and his sisters are particularly protective of him. It means that he is fallible, a liable."

"You are saying that he might be..."

"An asset? Yes!"

"That is ridiculous! Coming from you, Cinder, I am quite surprised!"
"Listen, you festering bowl of pus, what you see is nothing. What I see is an opportunity."

Cinder studied enough about how creatures nurture their young. Jaune's kidnapping was a perfect opportunity to open a weakness to the coven. With their heir missing, the girls wouldn't have much choice but to find him, leaving the others room to go and attack.

However, Cinder's problem was that the coven wasn't that far away. A few clicks from her hideout. In good weather, the Arc's could be here in a matter of an hour. If Emerald was speaking the truth, then the weather should delay them for the time being.

But Oum knew how much timing they have.

"Mother," cried the blonde as he extended his hand, reaching for some kind of warmth.

Cinder clicked her tongue at the wailing boy. "Mother, mother, mommy," she said mockingly. "In a few days, you won't have a mother."

The boy looked at Cinder's frozen eyes when hearing those haunting words. "You don't mean that. Don't you?"

Cinder poured a shot of whiskey into her glass. "Serious as a heart attack, boy! I don't know if you got the news, but we are coming after your coven of vampires."

Hearing that made Jaune's face turn pale. "My mother? My sisters?"

"Yes, kid! After a few days, there won't be any of them." She took the shot and drop it onto the table. "Gone. No more."

Jaune swallowed a lump in his throat. In a cracking voice, he spoke loudly to Cinder. "If you are going to kill them, then what do you want with me."

Cinder wasn't in a mood for questions. Honestly, she couldn't stand the idea of being around children. She detested children as she does with impatience and insubordination. Children were scoundrels, a festering bowl of pus. She would rather lick a dirty bathroom floor than being around children.

She spat loudly. "Oum, you ask too many questions!" Cinder got up from the table and walked to her desk. Her desk was the central command for the time being. On the bulletin board displayed maps of his coven, pictures of the coven, and plans of attack. A few images of the Arc sisters and his mother. There were plenty of pictures of Jaune; for it was her that made the decision to kidnap him.

According to her guild, rather from Salem to her personally, the boy of this particular coven was worth a good amount of coins if captured. It was the responsibility and duty of hers and the others to retrieve him before a certain time. She looked at the clock and knew she had only two days to bring him back to the guild.

"Mother," cried the weeping Jaune. Despite being chained, he clung to his shirt. He began breathing out so that he can get some kind of warmth. Even in the last several hours, he was there, they were anything but kind to him. "Mother, mother, mother!" The boy began wailing. "Help me, dear sisters. Help me, mother!"

Immediately, Cinder rushed to the wailing boy and gave him a teeth-rattling slap to his face. "Hush, boy, silence!" She barked like a wolf does to a prey. "How can you be a teenager and be so
weak? A weakling, easy prey, you runt!" She spat on the floor. "Quit being a damn wuss, you incomprehensible child."

Cinder knew his voice could echo into the night, alerting the siblings and the coven who could be looking for him. It was fortunate of Neo of anointing the cabin with potions before her departure.

It was one thing challenging vampires. It was another challenging them alone. And she wasn't going to let a fourteen-year-old child make it happen.

Cinder felt the wincing pain from her hands. She bit into her lip to not wanting to give her backhand a taste of his face. She snorted loudly, knowing that anger wasn't going to help remedy the situation.

She turned to Jaune as he was sniffling. "Suck up those damn tears, boy. You are too old for that crying. Take it like a damn man, damn it!"

She had enough. It was getting late and she knew that she would have to inform the guild with the change of plans. She prayed to Oum that the blizzard would stop by morning. She also hoped that her crew was well-enough to get back to their guild.

She told Jaune to turn around as she undressed. Wearing this type of clothing was heavy, she thought to herself as she felt the relief. She folded them evenly and placed them on a chair. She put on her black flannel nightgown.

"Oi! You can turn around now," she told Jaune. "Plus, you need to get out of this bed anyhow. Since it is the only one." She gave him a glare. "Now!"

Jaune obeyed as he struggled with the chains to get out of the bed. She told him to lie on the floor. She reached into the chest next to the bed where she had another chain. She attached it to the wall to connect to his legs. She wanted to be certain that he didn't get any ideas of escape.

She turned out the lights, leaving a glowing hue in the cabin.

She put more wood into the fireplace as she wanted to get some heat. This particular cabin didn't have central heating. It was a small piece to pay in order to end a coven. She got into the bed and grabbed her covers. "I am going to bed, boy. I suggest stopping all of this damn crying or else I might have to punish you."

"Yes, miss!"

"And quit calling me a damn 'miss.' It's Cinder, Oum damn it!"

"But Mother always say to be polite to your elders."

"And this elder says call me Cinder. Now shut up and lay down."

"Yes, miss...I mean Cinder."

Cinder turned over to prepare for the next day. She hoped by the time she woke up, a plan was put in place to bring Jaune to their destination.

"Mommy."

To be continued....
It has been quite a while since I have done a Yang story. So, here is one! Enjoy!

The blossom arrived like cake frosting on the trees in delicious creams and pinks. The petals burst out from lower down the branches leaving the tips still in tight bud. After the denuded trees of winter their new and splendid clothes are a joy to see. She wants a step ladder to get close enough for their new-season aroma. Though the calendar says it was winter for a few weeks yet, the trees told her it was spring. In a few more weeks those petals, those perfect silky hearts, will flutter down as gentle rain. Just to watching them tumble brought back memories of weddings, her own to be. Fun times, beautiful times, knowing that her groom-to-be, her loving adorable, adorkable, blonde puppy was going to accept their vows. Kissing before their living Oum, bearing witness amongst her friends and family. To think that Yang Xiao Long was going to be Yang Xiao Arc was close as a tender kiss.

Or in this case, a window.

She was tickled as she thought that his securing the apartment window with two padlocks were to prevent her from entering the residence. My nervous groom, she thought. Jaune was an awesome wonder to the blonde. Acting like he was very nervous of their wedding to be. Of course, he wasn't aware of said wedding, but that was the surprise!

Instead of using that particular step ladder to reach for the trees, the step ladder wasn't currently used to carry her supplies to his apartment. She didn't want to disturb the other residents. In her mind, it was none of their business. That was why she chose early at the crack of dawn so there was a mutual respect.

Those damn neighbors, she quietly scoffed. No reason to call the police or request a restraining order. The jealous bastard, envying my love for this blonde puppy. As she went up the ladder, she saw an empty dog bowl that once belonged to his next door neighbor. She put her fingers to her lips. Or maybe it was because I poisoned that dog for biting my precious Jaune? Don't remember how or why? Don't care. That damn girl was using that mutt to get to my Jaune.

She was nimble like a mouse, putting her items that she called her 'lovesick kit.' She believed that all lovers should have this in their collection. A blowtorch, duct tape, a knife, a hammer, and gloves. Each were important for always suspect the unsuspected. She didn't want to use any of those items on Jaune, especially the duct tape and the knife. That was insurance. Awful crooks and thieves and conniving girlfriends may want to thwart their love.

She wasn't going to let that happen.

She set her blowtorch to the window, seeing this on the internet. She knew at the right temperature, the glass would get at a melting point. She was cautious, trying not to gather any attention. Redness appeared on the window, so she knew that it was able to be easily broken into. She stuck out her tongue, using the hammer to scatter the melted areas. It was enough room for her to crawl through the space.

Before this, she practice with glasses at her home. Her sister, Ruby, thought she was practicing glassworks. Poor, pitiful, future sister-in-law to her beloved, Yang thought. Then yet again, her sister was on the radar for she, too, developed a liking to the blonde groom-to-be.

She snapped her fingers. Never you worry, Yang! Late last evening, you gave Ruby a special
cocktail of yours into her tea. She shouldn't be feeling anything for the time being. So, by the time, I get back, she wouldn't have a clue. Oum, Yang, you're a genius.

She pulled out the purple-and-white hearted gloves, lacing them around her soft hands. She smiled as she was getting closer to her love. She didn't want any glass to scratch her. No, no, no. That will leave evidence for blood. And I don't want to leave anything to let them know I was here. No, no, no. That would be bad, Yang! Very, very, bad!

She took deep, calming breaths as she carefully entered the apartment. A small single bed, looking like a snow drift, so white and feathery and high was it; one window curtained with a square of starched white cotton cloth that drew over the panes by means of a white cord on which it was run at the top; a tiny wash-stand with an old-fashioned bowl and pitcher of green and white stone-ware, and over it an old-fashioned gilt mirror; a small splint-bottomed chair and large braided rug of red woollen rags. That was all, except in one corner, where some cleats had been nailed to the ceiling and a clothes-press made by hanging from them full curtains of white cloth.

Yang was detailed, knew every single thing of the apartment. The blueprint she etched into her brain as she knew that it was his twin Joan that picked the colors in the apartment. It was his elder sister, Jeanette that purchased the curtains. Lie Ren and Neptune helped him moved in following finishing Beacon Academy.

The smell of fresh linen she inhaled. She was familiar as she knew where he had purchased it. She basked in delight to see her blonde puppy's cleats. He used to practice in them sometimes during Grimm practice. To think it has been a couple of years since then.

To the blonde, that was one year too many.

She grinned as she eyed her puppy, her little piglet sleeping on his bed. The bed she has memorized in her brain. The days she spent on it without his knowing when he was at school. The thread count, the brand, she knew what Jaune liked and whatever Jaune liked, she loved.

She worshipped and adored her blonde puppy.

She was certain that it was her that was going to get his loving and his loving alone.

*If you were in a pine box, I would surely break the lock.*

She trailed her finger against the quilt, feeling every orifice of the sleeping Jaune as he was dreaming the sleep of innocence. She hoped that he was dreaming of their wedding. She was so kind to leave hints on his front door. She was careful to not trace fingerprints. She didn't need Vale Police Department knocking on her door again.

She didn't need the psychiatric ward of the hospital being notified as well. That was why she had to be careful. She had to be extra, extra careful.

*If you were in a pine box, I would surely break the lock.*

Jaune turned over onto his back. Her heart nearly melted and her womanhood was flooding as she saw him shirtless. She knew his body to the point where she knew which pectoral muscle was asymmetrical. That was how much she loved him.

*I jump right in and fall asleep for you are the life of me.*

He was making light snores. It was almost time for his waking up. She knew as the floor under his bed was quite familiar to the blonde. The times where she wanted so much to mess with her
womanhood. She refused, stating that her maiden was just for Jaune. So, the wedding night she must be faithful until then.

*I jump right in and fall asleep for you are the life of me.*

She took off her pants and her shirt, leaving her in her bra and underwear. She quietly slipped into bed where she got herself comfortable. She took steady breaths, making sure she could align and synchronize her breathing with his.

*One...two...three.*

He wrapped his body tightly around Yang. His pattern changed, but let out a pleasant moan. That signified that he knew who was accompanying him in his slumber.

Yang reached for his hand and put it around her stomach.

"Blake, I didn't think you were coming this morning." Jaune shifted from his position and turned in front of the woman who portrayed herself as Blake. He barely opened his droopy eyes, displaying her classic smile and extending her hands to touch her face. He pressed his hands, feeling every nook and cranny of it. Like Braille letters, he was studying his girlfriend. She blew into his face. Of course, he can taste her morning breath, but he didn't mind it.

Yang belonged to Jaune. Her so-called friend Blake was an aberration. *Disgracing Faunus! Going behind my back to get to my man. That interloper! That sickening, wretched whore! You should be grateful that I won't murder you like I wanted to originally. However, I have other plans to make you pay!*

"Give me a morning kiss," he demanded as he pulled her forward. He closed his eyes to taste Blake. She giggled as their tongues did a dance with one another. Their kiss lasted a few moments before being broken. "Good morning, Jaune."

Jaune opened his eyes when didn't recognize his sleeping girlfriend's voice. His eyes widened in shock when seeing Yang lying in his bed. "Good morning, baby!"

"Yang, what in the hell are you doing here!?"

"Sharing a bed with my lover in our love nest," she said like a blushing bride. "In our love nest, there aren't any walls here."

Jaune jumped up. Frantically, he turned to the broken window. Yang peered closer to him. "That was the only way I could get in, my love." She scratched under his chin, playing coy. "You've changed your number, filed restraining orders, called the psych ward." She clicked her tongue. "I can't get mad at you, my blonde puppy." She pecked him on the cheek. "The police talked you into it. That bitch of a friend talked you into it. It wasn't your fault." She began rubbing his chest. "It's not your fault, baby!"

Jaune fell out of bed, dragging the covers. "Yang, you need to get out of here. You aren't supposed to be here."

Yang got on her knees on the bed. "Jauney, this is me! I love you. I need you to understand that." She snapped her fingers. At the same time, Jaune started to feel dizzy. "I know your heart knows it. But, we need to get your head on track."

"What did you do," asked Jaune.
"By any means necessary to get to you, love," she told him teasingly. From her pocket, she withdrew a handful of pills. "The kiss I gave you, it was the blue one, so you are going to feel all dizzy and warm and fuzzy."

Jaune dropped to the ground. Feeling paralyzed, he couldn't move. Yang slowly approached him. "The red one is going to make you feel numb. And the pink one will make you can't move your arms and legs for awhile...just a short while, hee hee!" She dropped to her knees and put them in her mouth. "Open wide, darling...yet again, you are feeling a bit woozy! Sorry! Tee hee!" She placed her tongue inside of his mouth, dispelling the pills inside. She was certain to make him become paralyzed.

You are going to rest for a bit, love. Just need to take care of some loose ends. Now where is that knife and duct tape.

To be continued.....
Red Summer (Part I) (Jaune x Summer)

*Hey, guys. I am questioning the direction on where I should go with this story. Comment on what you guys think. Enjoy!*

He came into this hurtful world in perfect health. His mother died while spending the many hours of labor to give life to a son she will never know. His father, grief-stricken with the death of the love of his life, wanted to abandon the burden that killed her. Alone in a destitute world with his merciless Oum who once again gave him a deadly blow of losing someone close. It wasn't easy losing his daughters. It was never easy to lose the love of his life.

A cold day, standing over the ledge, he carried the babe tight wrapped in the cloth that was given to him at the hospital. Each step was painful. Was the father going to destroy the very thing he made with his wife? He extended his hand, displaying to the Oum above the fruit that he developed. Why partake if he had no one to share it with, the hurtful father thought. He stood over the ledge, staring at the icy river. Staring at the blue-eyed child, feeling the pain from his fingertips, feeling the cold that enveloped within his lungs. Every drawing breath made the feelings mutual as he wanted to dispose of the burden.

He believed in his faith too much to dispose of the child.

Twelve years later, his father met the very same fate his son was under. Instead, he did it to himself. He could no longer handle life without the love of his life standing by his side, the clutching lovable touches from his daughters. The only reason why the father postponed his death was only that he wanted his son to learn the fundamentals of life.

He was stern, cold. Not the loving type. His father had a purpose for his son and one purpose alone: survival. Jaune Arc was the name given to the blue-eyed, blonde-haired babe. The name was proposed days before his death. He was named after his wife's grandfather. His grandfather was of nobility; an heir from the dynasties of Luxembourg and Algeria.

Hierarchy never mattered to the father of Jaune. Those credentials weren't going to spare him in this hurtful world. He trained Jaune the best he could. He taught him every single thing that he knew from his father and his father before him that he only needs a woman for one thing and one thing alone.

He never told Jaune of his panned end. He gave him some money and a farm at the end of the town. Everything that Jaune wanted was going to be on this farm, he told his son. He told his son that he would start him with the essentials, but from that point, he was on his own. He was there the very day Jaune ventured into his own. He wasn't a great father, he admitted. He didn't plan to go any further. No love, no goodbyes.

He finally cried the love he had for his son as he hoped to see his wife in the great beyond as he took the plunge in the cold icy river.

Tears stemmed down Jaune's fragile cheeks as he knew his father was no more. He felt it in his spirit, a whisper in the wind. The spirit gave him comfort, knowing that he was going to be fine. He knew he would be okay. He was always self-reliant, just how his father taught him.

No longer was he a child as a few years passed. He was a few weeks shy of his seventeenth birthday. He was in the fields, gathering his materials from the recent harvest. He had fresh rutabagas, cabbage, tomatoes, and potatoes. He had gone to the store to purchase fresh meat. He
couldn't afford a refrigerator, so he had to store the leftovers in a makeshift icebox he made in the bottom of his kitchen floor. It took several attempts to make his garden successful. It wasn't a perfect garden, but it was his. Something that his father would have been proud of.

He gathered the vegetables and tossed them into the basket. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had a small walk as the sun was creasing below the horizon. He had always tried to be back to his home before the sunset. He didn't like being out at night. He had a good reason for it but doesn't like reciting it to himself.

He was fortunate that the summer nights were cool for his home didn't have air conditioning. Those were the thoughts as he returned to his little cottage. The deed of the farm contained the cottage, a garden, a storehouse, and a well. It wasn't much, but it was Jaune's investment. And at sixteen years old, that is a lot of responsibility for the orphaned child. He didn't have any family, none that would claim him. He didn't have any friends to speak of. He always felt different from the rest. Prior to his father's death, he was homeschooled. His father kept him close, reminding him of his objective of self-reliance.

Jaune wanted the love and nurturing of a father-son relationship.

The cottage didn't have electricity, but that didn't bother the blonde child. He made do with the kerosene oil he purchased at the nearby general store and had lamps available in every part of the home. He purchased flashlights in worst case scenarios. He lived with the bare necessities. He didn't have a television but had a library filled with books. He had a kettle where he cooked his food. He was quite fortunate that there was indoor plumbing for that would have been a dealbreaker.

He opened the door to his cottage, he smelled the scent of something brewing in the kettle. It was a pleasant scent, cilantro, basil, pork cutlets, things he had recognized from his garden and the store, respectively. He felt the warmth of the fire coming from the chimney. Although it was summer, he didn't mind the fire. It gave him a homely feeling, in contrast to his upbringing. The sound of a woman humming Greensleeves directed the blonde child to her sight. She was sitting on a wooden stool chopping onions.

She looked very fragile, but at the same time very charming. She stood a few inches taller than him. She was also several years his senior. She had long red and black hair that stopped at her back. Her eyes reminded Jaune of emeralds. Her body was average, but her skin reminded him of milk. She was an attractive woman to Jaune. Or at least to him for he never really had interaction with the public aside from his father.

Her name was Summer Rose. Summer and Jaune crossed paths a few months ago near the end of an evening after he spent the day gathering some vegetables for his next meal. He heard something coming from his corn stalks. Investigating the area, he saw the woman trying to steal his vegetables. He caught her in the act. She was stunned, evening retreating a weapon in defense. Calmly, Jaune explained himself to Summer about this being his home. He always had a soft spot, something his father didn't like. He still remembered those words each time he did something wrong. "Never give a person any sign of weakness. The moment they know, they will use it against you." He saw her demeanor. Her clothes were torn and tattered. She looked malnourished. Her body language displayed a look of desperation.

She apologized for invading his garden. She introduced herself to the surprised blonde. He returned her introduction, inviting her over to his cottage.

As they were eating dinner, Summer explained that she was poor and didn't have any family. She
worked as a domestic worker but ran away after getting tired of harassment from her employer. She explained that she didn't have anywhere to go and she was hungry, thus her reason for going to his garden. Out of the blue, Jaune heard something that he could never forget.

"If you wouldn't mind, could I stay here with you for a few days until I can manage to get on my feet? I don't have anything to return to you in a matter of money. However, I can help you around the house. I can help you with your garden." She blushed, turning red for the embarrassment. "You can...you can...you can sleep with me if you want to?"

The latter half of the sentence stunned him for he learned that her employer took advantage of her sexually. When having enough of it, she ran away. He didn't want to eat any more of his food. He wiped his face with his napkin before giving her a reply.

"I can see on how the next few days can do," he told her. "I never really had anyone to help me. I had always managed to do things by myself. So, if you want, you can help me with the garden. I also wouldn't mind if you can go to town to get some things." He lowered his face, turning beet red, averting his eyes from the damsel. "However, I must decline the services of you sleeping with me. A woman's worth is measured by efforts and love, not by the use of her body."

Since the few months she has been in the residence, things have been different, to say the least. He wasn't used to having company, let alone female company. Summer has carried a friendly demeanor. She was very helpful when it came to retrieving the vegetables. She always kept his cottage clean. She even helped him with the hand washing of his clothes. She was tickled whenever he saw her washing his undergarments, blushing away from her sight.

Jaune really felt the warm presence of being in a cottage. It really started to feel like home.

"Jaune, welcome back." Summer took off her apron as she finished the onions. She poured the rest in the pot. She reached for the wooden spoon to stir. He took off his shoes as he put the vegetables in the wooden box in the other room.

"Hey, Miss Rose," said Jaune. "You really have it smelling good in here as usual."

"Thanks. Just another day of making stew. I know it is your favorite." She took the spoon in the pot, gathering a spoonful of soup before blowing on it. She took a taste. She smiled as she asked the blonde to have a taste. He blushed as he ate from the same spoon that Summer used. He shook his head nervously.

"Delicious," he said.

"You are too adorable when you are like that," she told Jaune.

"Stop it," he said. "I am not adorable. I am nearly seventeen." Jaune retreated from the area. He knew that he had to store the vegetables so they wouldn't spoil. He also had to clean the meat before storing it in his homemade icebox. "Thanks for getting the materials by the way. I am very grateful."

"You're very welcome," replied Summer. She walked forward where he was in preparation of cleaning the meat. "Listen, I know your birthday is coming up. Is there anything you want to get? Or to make? I am grateful to you for giving me money for things, but you never do anything for yourself."

Jaune stopped cleaning the meat. He stared at the foot, thinking of Summer's concern. Sticking to
his self-reliant ways, he never cared about doing anything selfish for himself. He was fortunate that the income he has been saving from his father and the life insurance he collected after his death. Although he knew that his father caused his own demise, but according to the autopsy, the cause of death was drowning while under the influence of alcohol. He looked to the friendly face of the redheaded brunette. "I don't know, Miss Rose. Maybe another book will be nice."

She patted his shoulder. "You have too many books as it is. You need something that can bring excitement or happiness."

"I sincerely don't know, Miss Rose." Jaune stood up and sat on the chair next to the icebox. "I have always been simple."

She put her finger to her lip. "You know what, I will surprise you then. Okay?" She wiped her hands on her dress before returning to the kitchen.

The duo ate their dinner in silence, only the grandfather clock making its noise in between intervals. Jaune wasn't much of a talker. He had felt that topics regarding farming, school, and country living were boring. Matter of factly, he didn't know much of Summer, but what she had given him. As she got comfortable with him, she told Jaune that she was from Germany. Her parents moved to Ireland when she was an infant. She was an only child. Her family was no more by the time she was ten. She grew up in an orphanage before her eighteenth birthday. And prior to their meeting, she worked as a domestic worker.

He broke the silence.

"Miss Rose," said Jaune as he put his fork down. "What was it like being a domestic worker?"

She nearly dropped her fork as she caught off guard with the question.

He stumbled, wishing he never answered the question. "I am sorry, Miss Rose. Please, I hope I didn't hit a soft spot." He looked at his plate. "I have read in a book that talking about the situation can make a person feel better. It also said that there are some people who aren't ready to talk. I am sorry if I hurt your feelings."

She wiped her cheek with her napkin. She rested her hands on the table. She let out a small sigh. "I didn't have much of an education, Jaune. It was optional for us to attend school after sixth grade. The old lady at the orphanage told I wouldn't amount to anything so I was confined to being a servant." She took a sip of tea. She took another breath before continuing with the story. "I worked as a maid all through my teenage years. Working under the orphanage or other places throwaways go. We were treated like garbage, insects, just pure nothingness. On my eighteenth birthday, I woke up with the old lady throwing my suitcase and leaving her. With nothing else that I knew aside from being a maid, I just did what I have to do to live."

Jaune rubbed his chin. "Miss Rose. I am sorry to ask that question. I was curious is all."

She shook her head. "No, sweetheart. It is not your fault. You were curious. I don't blame you. A complete stranger enters your home. So, you want to know."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jaune nervously. "How was it with your last job?"

"Sweetheart," said Summer politely. "I think that is something I rather not discuss. There are things I rather not relive or say once more. He was a terrible man. A horrible man. A person that didn't value life at all. If it wasn't him, then his wife was at her worst." She sniffled a little bit. "Your request is considered child's play than the parlor games they did with me, sweetheart."
Jaune looked down, playing with the stew he had in his bowl. "I am sorry."

"Don't be. I know you mean well."

"With that being said, I know what I want for my birthday," said Jaune.

"What is it do you want," she asked politely.

"A mother," replied Jaune nervously. "For my birthday, I want you. I want you, Miss Summer and only you."

Summer stood up from the table. She walked in the direction of Jaune. Jaune felt her hands touching his cheek. She came and gave him a kiss on his forehead.

"I think it is a lovely gift to give to you, sweetheart," replied Summer.

"Like you, I want love and compassion," said Jaune. "I am getting tired of being alone. I don't have a mother. I don't have a father. I am tired of being alone." He felt her finger on his eye.

"Don't shed tears, sweetheart," said Summer. "I won't leave you. I promise I won't leave you."

Jaune got up from his chair. He heard the sound of the grandfather clock striking nine in the evening. The sun has already been below the horizon. He went to the door and locked it. He made sure all of the doors were locked and secured.

He released a sigh as for what was going to happen was routine.

He turned back to see Summer smiling at the table. He watched as her eyes were changing colors. Her teeth revealed her canines, sharp as the knives hanging on the wall. Summer released a slight scream.

He knew of her transitioning phase.

He calmly walked into his bedroom where he sat. He let out a slight cry as he tried convincing himself that no matter what walked into his bedroom was the same loving Summer.

He knew that it wouldn't be long until she makes a full transition.

Jaune was never the kind of person who wouldn't lie. He had no reason. But, he was aware of what kind of person Summer was the moment she entered into his life.

Summer Rose was a vampire.

Her previous employer was her maker: Jacques Schnee. Saying his name made the blonde child skin crawled. He knew of the man during his years with his father. His father made great caution to avoid him at all cost. What his father didn't know that he had an encounter with his countess wife.

He, too, was attacked, but narrowly escaped from her bites.

When recognizing the tell-tale signs of a vampire in transition, he had kept watch of Summer. He knew he could have informed the authorities. He could have consulted a priest or a vampire hunter. He didn't want to do either of those things.

"Jaune."

The footsteps were heavy as it grew louder by the second.
"Jaune, where art thou?" The voice was cold, high-pitched. Nowhere near wholesome as earlier.

He didn't want to be alone.

"I am in here, Summer."

Especially if he had grown fond of the black and redheaded vampiress.

"Come here at thy sight, Jaune." The only announcement of her arrival was a slight drop in the air temperature and the descent of absolute silence.

A woman he had fallen in love with.

Summer released a haughty smirk, making her presence known to Jaune when she came into the bedroom. Jaune sat in the center. She smiled, scoffing at his appearance. "Well at least look somewhat dashing. Thou pitiful look is to my dismay."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Jaune.

Summer instructed Jaune to take off his shirt. He followed her orders. Summer went to his direction. She sat on the bed next to him. Unexpectedly her finger alighted on her exposed neck, cold as a cadaver. She ran it from behind his ear to the edge of his shoulder and audibly sniffed like a wine connoisseur taking in a fine vintage. "Your blood, finest taste."

She gasped loudly as she planted her fangs inside of his neck. She pulled him down to the bed. She got on top as she continued to suck his blood. He moaned loudly as he felt her pulling down his pants.

"Art thou willingly," she said before returning to feast on his neck.

It was about a month after her arrival when she made the attack on Jaune. She bit him and forced him into having sex with her.

That was his first kiss, his first time, his first bite, everything.

She released herself from his neck, prepared to engage in their next act. "Excellent," she purred. "Willing to act without resistance, my precious child."

He was caught up in his affections of her to pay attention. He lunged himself for a kiss as he, too, wanted Summer.

The pair engaged in a debauchery of sex. The sounds of the two screaming as their innocence was lost in the bedroom. Summer screamed the name of Jaune as he did the same. They continued their lovemaking until the morning.

As morning came, they lied in their nakedness together. Summer was always the first to wake up. And every time, she held onto Jaune, crying for an apology for her uncontrolled actions. And as always, he accepted her apology.

To be continued….
Dawn of the Black Hearts (Part II) (Jaune x Ruby)

Hey, guys! After having this on hiatus for seven months, here is Part II of "Dawn of the Black Hearts" on "The Taste of Rain." As always, reader discretion is strongly advised. Enjoy!

Jaune eased himself in the late morning breeze. He felt he could breathe out in the opening, ingesting whatever life has given him. He promised himself today that this day was a new dawn. He wasn't going to let rejection get to him. He patted himself on his chest, reminding himself that each day has to be purposeful. Every day will always be better than the day before. Once he exhaled the winter morning air, he turned around to face his sidekick, Ruby.

Ruby enjoyed seeing Jaune in such a pleasant mood. The love she has for him went beyond description. His presence alone made the days at Beacon Academy much sweeter to the redheaded brunette. She clung to him, wrapping her arms tightly around his shoulders. Her breath labored, feeling his muscles. She often thought of watching him workout or watching him spar with Nora or Lie Ren. She never wanted to let go. She didn't want to let go.

"Catching feelings, aren't you, lassie," he said in an Irish accent. "Me lassie, St. Patrick's Day is a real holiday. None of that lovey-dovey nonsense St. Valentine plagued upon us." He took a stance, placing his hands on his hips, which threw off Ruby's balance. "St. Patty was a king among kings. A holiday in which we feast like kings and die like men. Brew, lager, and vodka. That is the way I would go out."

Ruby giggled. "A bit of a cynic?"

"Not really. Just finding ways of managing hobbies...or stress."

She clung to his back. "Manage on heading to these woods so that we can practice, Jauney." She inhaled the scent of his shirt. It reminded her of fresh laundry. Judging by its softness, Jaune purchased a new fabric softener. She could tell as she, from time to time, collected 'relics' for her own relief. A sock here and a boxer there. A scarf or a missing slipper. Pieces of fabric that she used at night for her spiritual doctrines and potions, things that guaranteed absoluteness of obtaining a loved one.

You...you won't be my boyfriend?

Her eyes narrowed behind his. It was only a matter of time before Jaune would become paralyzed by her powder. She looked into a spellbook, using articles of clothing, her blood, and spiritual symbols to create certainty that Jaune belonged to her. It didn't matter if she had sold her soul to the devil. In her frail eyes, she was already dead. Without Jaune was without life itself.

And if this didn't work, then she was willing to choose whatever route to have Jaune in her position.

Even if it meant taking his life and joining him in the departed following it. She took sharp breaths, grateful to the gods that she wasn't there...again.

"Rubes, what are you thinking about? You have been at my back for quite a spell," said Jaune concerningly. Ruby returned to his sight, shaking her head playfully. "Just thinking of how much a nice back you have."

"I have a nice back," he retorted awkwardly. "Have you been eating rapier jam?"
"No, just saying you take care of yourself."

"Well, thanks, Rubes. And for the record, you are not bad yourself, kid." He rubbed her hair tenderly. "Now, let's hurry and head to the woods, shall we? Much, much practice."

Ruby produced a fake smile to Jaune as she trailed behind him. Within she was incandescent.

Jauney, I love you. I want you to be with me. What more can I be for you to understand that?

I do so much to display my affection. I've studied with you. I've cooked for you. I've defended you on numerous occasions after taking risks with myself. I have stood in the line of fire for you. I love you, Jauney.

Is there another, Jauney?

I am going to make you mine for sure.

Ruby dug her nails into the skin. It didn't matter of the pain. It didn't matter as her nails broke the skin. It was minute compared to every waking moment without having her claim on Jaune.

"I am going to make you mine for sure. Rather you want it or not," she whispered with certainty in her eyes.

The river was a ribbon of living turquoise, boldly flowing amid the green of the forest. No matter the chatter of the trees it was steady, welcoming, refreshing. On quiet days it can be heard to whisper its wisdom, on stormy days it is lost to all but those who listen closely. The river always talked, always spoke the wisdom of the water to anyone who treasured its musical words. Even on the rainiest of days, it can be heard beneath the splashes, a sacred melody, always moving, always present.

With Grimm in hibernation, Jaune felt safe to not having brought his weapon. Plus, his focus for the day was using his wooden practice sword for technique than anything else. Thoughts of Goodwitch came and went. He tried not to make it awkward between each other in class. They were cordial, nothing different between teacher and student. At least she thought nothing of it and treated it like nothing happened.

He hoped when he became an adult, things were easy and forgetful like that.

As her heart can be strung to a new note, Jaune was working on his.

This was selfish to the blonde. On the surface, he was here with Ruby. She was the people's champ, a lady of ladies. A girl that he can trust. She was a wonderful woman and attractive in her own way. Anyone would be lucky to have a damsel like her.

You are a wonderful person. Hell, a ladies' lady. You are an awesome wonder and to be with you is such an honor.

And I love you as well, Ruby. However, my love for you isn't like that.

That reoccurring dream again. Still fresh on his mind like the recent snow. He had felt her disappointment, her sadness, her infuriation, her rage. Never did he ever think she was capable of producing violence. That knife, sharper than any two-edged sword. The fear and chills it gave him when his reflection was shown, displaying his fear.
I am going to make you mine for sure.

He tasted the iron, ingesting her anguish, the fact that she was willing to do anything to have him in her possession. His head - pounding, throbbing, like a toothache in his brain, right between the eyes, migraine, visual disturbances, excruciating, debilitating, soaring. He kept telling himself that Ruby was incapable. How can this happy-go-lucky, cookie-loving teenager want to hurt him?

Ruby is an angel in my eyesight. A true friend indeed. No way in Hell would Ruby would do such a thing.

What Jaune depict that this frustration had to stem from rejection. Having Professor Goodwitch turning him down had to be the case. This wasn't Ruby, but his feelings of rejection in the form of Ruby. Ruby was a representation of himself after being rejected. He was feeling the pain of the rejection. Psychology wasn't his strong suit. He read from time to time or listened to Ren reading to himself in the library. Be as it may, the dream was nothing more than a dream.

Nothing more, nothing less.

He wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead. Even in cool weather, he sweated. About half of the day is gone. He can push through Valentine's Day and then a new day can begin.

"Alright, Rubes. Let's get started," said Jaune as he got his sword.

"Actually, before we get started, can you help me stretch?" This wasn't Ruby's first time when asking for help with her stretches, so the blonde didn't mind.

"Sure, Rubes." He went into his backpack to get a towel for her to sit. Aaugh! It felt like something bit his kidney. He made a mental note to cut back on his soda drinking. Grabbing the red towel, he went to Ruby. "Have a seat and I will get you started. So, where is the kink this time?"

She stuck out her tongue. "I have a knot around my mid-to-upper leg. Think you can handle it, Hambone?"

"Of course, Rubes," said Jaune. "Skins or no skins?"

"What do you think?"

He felt the pain again. The bite-like pain was intensifying. Ruby tilted her head in concern. "Are you okay, Jauney?"

He shook his head in agreement. "Yeah, probably just nerves. Probably too much soda drinking, I think." He cracked his knuckles, helping Ruby rolling her pants leg to her knees. "Okay, let me know if I need to go rougher."

"Okey-dokey!"

He gripped tightly on her creamy legs. It looked similar to milk. He felt her lotion as he massaged her legs. "You are doing great, Jauney! Ever considered getting into the massage business?"

That constituted a barking laughter. "Yeah, when my music career takes off."

"I think you can be whatever you want to be, Jaune."

"You're making fun, Rubes. But thanks for trying." He furthered his hands to her leg, trying to hit the sore spots.
"No, I am not," she said a bit sternly. "I think you are capable of being whoever or whatever you want. I just think you need to get your head on track."

"My head is fine."

"No, Jaune. I think you need to focus on very important things."

Jaune nodded. He was finished with that leg. He rolled her pants leg back to her ankle. He began to work on the other leg. "I value your advice, Rubes, but...ouch!"

This time, the pain spread to his side. It felt inflamed. No longer was it around his kidney. It felt like something was eating at his ribcage. *What in the hell did I eat?*

"Are you okay, Jaune? Should we stop?"

"No, I am fine. I just thinking something was in that food earlier."

"Whatever do you mean? I ate the same thing too."

"I'm unsure. Body chemistry, I guess." He rolled up her other pants leg and began massaging. Situating himself for comfort, he leaned forward. "I am grateful that you care about my welfare."

Ruby shook her head in agreement. "Because I care about you. That's why."

"You're a great friend."

"Do you think it would be better if we were more than that."

*I do so much to display my affection. I've studied with you. I've cooked for you. I've defended you on numerous occasions after taking risks with myself. I have stood in the line of fire for you. I love you, Jaune.*

Is there another, Jaune?

Jaune pretended that he didn't hear Ruby's comment. He continued to work on her knots. He wasn't feeling any better. He was considering calling it quits after this and head to the infirmary.

"Do you often picture us together. As if we are boyfriend and girlfriend?"

He looked into her eyes, serious with intent. "Ruby," he exhaled calmly. All the while, his heart began beating rapidly. "I value our friendship for what it is. A friendship. I've told you that I am not interested in dating."

"It still doesn't answer my question rather we could be a couple."

"Can we talk about something else?"

She pulled her leg back. She then grabbed Jaune and placed him onto the floor. "No, I don't. I want to talk about this. About us."

"Rubes, you are scaring me."

She fixed her lips. Her eyes became teary. "Jaune, do you know how scary this is to tell how I feel? The stupid and crazy courage to let a boy know how I feel? It's not easy."

*I am going to make you mine for sure.*
"Ruby, I love you. You are my friend. You are my-" His heart started to skip beats. His body became suddenly hot. Trying to reach for his heart, he couldn't move. He tried moving his head, he couldn't move.

_**I am going to make you mine for sure.**_

He tried to speak. He couldn't. His eyes were the only thing he could.

"I am sorry, Jaune, for doing this. But this is the only way," she said as she kneeled over him. "All of my love, my dreams, my fantasies center only on you." She bit her lip, turning red. "No matter what I do. No matter how much I want you, need you, you still don't see me." She put her hands around his heart. "But, you will learn to want me soon."

Jaune watched as she reached into her back pocket. In her hand brandished a knife that was in his dreams.

"A year ago today, you and I were standing here when I profess my love here into these woods," said Ruby as she displayed the two-edged knife. "I can see the fear in eyes. The same fear you gave me when you rejected me."

"**Ruby.**"

"My love is deeper than any ocean. My love for you is as vast as the universe," she said with tears in her eyes. "I love you, Jaune Arc. I love you and only you. And no matter what, I am just a friend to you."

"**Ruby, please.**"

"Spell, potions, love chants. Minute and child's play on what I've used to make you mine." She reached into her backpack. She grabbed the vial of leftover black powder. "The dosage I gave you is going to put you in a catatonic state. It will paralyze you, keep you under my grasp...for a short while." She displayed a wicked grin. "If I were to add your blood and my blood into the vial and make you ingest this, then you will forever be in a catatonic state, having no choice but to be under my grasp." She clicked her tongue. "And I think I just prefer that option. I mean, nobody can treat you better like I can."

"**Ruby, please stop. Just think about what you doing.**" It was going into false ears. He couldn't speak, resorting to the hell of watching his best friend becoming demented.

"Don't give me that face, baby," she smirked. "All of this is just for our future." She grabbed him by the chin. "You will no longer call me just a best friend." She clicked her tongue. "In fact, I am going to be your wife, forever. Forever dependable on me and only me."

Ruby started shaking violently, a strong sense of a grin spread out into the open air. "I can't wait. We will get married. We have children together. This will be our own paradise." She grabbed the knife and place against his flushed cheeks. "If anything were to challenge my paradise...or in this sense, the powder wouldn't work and you would escape, then I will have no other option to do this." Her voice became firm. "Hear. This. Now. If you do this. If you manage to escape me, I will kill you. You will die by my hands. Rather me than some strange, unappreciative whore. And when I kill you, I will kill myself, using the same knife for our blood will be forvermore."

"**Ruby!**"

"But before we go any further, I am going to finally get a taste on what I have craved since the moment I have entered this Academy...you!"
To be continued....
Time of Departure (Part IV)

After four months of hiatus, here is "Time of Departure (Part IV)." I hope you all enjoy!

It was in the back office of the diner where Jaune was to be found. It wasn't long ago when the waitress led him there. She was very kind, reminded him of his dear sister that worked at the establishment. The office smelled of old coffee and chalk. Why chalk, he didn't know. Those were the example that he got for a place that was the size of a closet. A desk, a computer that was old as time itself, and a bulletin board that displayed the worker's schedule. Jeannette's name was first on the list. Quite a busy individual as her schedule has been doted in ink through extended shifts or filled off days. He knew his sister was a hard worker, stemming back to their days at home. As he could remember, Jeanette was an early bird, always waking up he and his sisters and preparing for the day. Mother Hen was her nickname. A nickname that carried to this very day. He wrapped his fingers tightly as he knew his sister's shift was almost done.

Would this Mother Hen wrapped this poor, cracked egg back into her loving arms?

Missed her wedding, the birth of his niece and nephew...and the day of her husband's funeral. It happened nearly a year ago. He was aware through his twin sister, Joan. A coal-mining accident that involved an overturned dump truck. Her husband lied in its wake as he tried to rescue an injured worker. He didn't bother mentioning or asking Weiss for permission to see a brother-in-law he has never met. Only through pictures and social media was the only way did Jaune was able to see this guy.

His brother-in-law supposedly was a gentlemen's gentleman. Devoted, thoughtful, and loyal as a patriarch to the Arc Family. He looked from the gates of destitute to see his family moving on without him. Tears wept and stomach pain occurred, knowing that they were forced to move on as he was forced to love a woman who wouldn't display that same affection.

Unless it was seeing the tears dripping from her pain or forcing him to watch her with another man. Hate was the motive. As if that was some kind of device to bring him. He wouldn't allow it, considering the family tradition and creed. "An Arc never backs down on his word." Everything was about the family. And that very word, word, was a viewpoint, a promise that in the worst and best of times, to stay persistent and to never give up.

Even if he was sitting behind the glass, staring from the gates. At some point, if he tried hard enough, a key would have been produced.

No more pondering on the what if's. His family is now waiting on taking him back in open arms. He missed his domicile, his place of peace.

His familiarity.

The door opened to his side. It surprised as he was coming out of his thoughts. At times, his thoughts were he felt safe. His thoughts were he knew he was free. Unless Weiss or any other Schnee would destroy that, it was something that he knew he would have control. You can take everything from me, but you can never take my mind.

He took sharp breaths, ready for any and everything. A slap, yelling, hitting, ignoring. Whatever he felt Jeanette needed to do to blow off steam. He wouldn't resist. He would take any burden of hers as reparations for his absence.
A blonde haired beauty entered the office. She closed the door behind her, locking it. Her back pressed against the door. Jaune, for the first time, was face to face with his sister. Her apron was covered in coffee and other food particles. She smelled of hash browns and fried grease. Her hair was in a mess, but it didn't stick as her blue eyes were as deep and tranquil as the deep, blue ocean.

Their eyes finally met, ensuring the pregnant silence. What words could he say? What actions could be done? Once again, this was the first he had made contact with Jeanette in a couple of years. He shut his eyes, ready to take in whatever pain she was going to give.

Suddenly, he felt the rush. Arms clinging tightly around his waist. Her face pressed into his chest. A strong gust of wind emptied from his mouth as he felt his sister surrounded him.

Was this it? He should be punched. Kicked. Slapped. Cursed at. Instead, his sister began sobbing, wrapping herself tightly around her brother. Jaune felt strong, heavy sobs coming out of his throat. No longer could he handle it.

The floodgates of tears were released by the long-lost siblings. Jaune buried his face onto her hair. He pressed his lips softly around the wailing sister. He wanted to speak, but couldn't. Tears dropped onto her face. "Jaune," she cried as she broke the pregnant silence. "Jaune, Jaune, Jaune."

"Sis," he managed to say in between sobs. "Sis, I am sorry." He continued to sob, wiping the snot from his nose with his sleeve. "I am sorry, sis."

She put his finger to his lip. "It wasn't your fault, brother. It wasn't your fault."

"You're not angry with me?"

She wiped the tears from her face. "Why should I be angry?"

"Because I've abandoned you. I missed everything. Your wedding, your birth," he sniffled. "Your husband's funeral."

Jeanette urged him to settle down and return to his seat. She reached for the tissues behind the desk. She handed it to her brother. "Now dry your tears, dear. You know you can get a little messy." Instead, she took the tissue and aided him with it. She cleaned around his eyes and his nose. "Blow for me," she said. She felt the force of snot escaped onto the tissue. She threw it into the trash can. "There, you look handsome again."

He nodded, smiling at his angelic sister as he brushed his hair with his fingers.

"And to answer your question, sweetie," she told him. "It wasn't you. It was Weiss."

"You should hate me."

"I don't and I won't. You're my brother. There is no way in Hell I can hate you." She tilted his chin. "You can be annoying. You're cute, but a bit annoying."

He let out a smile, exposing his teeth. "You haven't changed a bit."

She crossed her arms, exposing her teeth as she smiled. "And remember, Jaune. An Arc never backs down on his word. You are my brother. I love you. I will always love you."

He extended his arms as he embraced his sister once more. "And I will always love you, too."

Jeanette waved for a taxi to pick them up in front of the diner. Jaune allowed her to go inside first.
He closed the door as she instructed the taxi to take her to her home. The blonde hesitated, which didn't go without notice from his sister.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?"

His eyes were staring at the window. "I...I don't feel comfortable going to your home."

"Jaune."

"She might...she might find you."

The gentle sister intertwined her fingers across his. "Taxi, take me to my residence."

"Jeanette?"

"Taxi, the address I've given you, please take me there. Now!" Her words were absolute. She didn't display any fear. There was a strong air with this Jeanette that was quite surprising. "With Oum before us, who can be against us, Jaune."

Jaune gave in the defeat of his refusal. "Okay. Let's go."

The taxi left out of the diner and headed to the residence.

"Were you able to contact Pyrrha?"

"She didn't answer her phone."

"Probably busy with her job."

"Possibly."

"Jaune, everything will be fine."

"If you say so."

The taxi entered the gate into a beautiful scenery of sheer beauty. The houses were situated within the cove of the valley. The bay was walking distance from their homes. The houses expanded from cottages to mansions. The neighborhood had their own private police. It had a golf course, a country club, and a community center. It even had a small farmer's market.

Jaune was amazed at the sight as a woman who came from the same cloth, ate from the same spoon, came from the same farm lived in such luxury.

Holding his hands tightly, she said. "A bit of the leftover insurance money from my husband's death. A restitution for his sacrifice."

They drove past through a couple of streets before turning in the cul-de-sac. Jeanette's house was situated in the middle, a cottage nestled between two mansions. The taxi parked in the driveway. Jeanette pulled some dollars from her purse, handing it to the taxi driver.

"Let's go, Jaune," said Jeanette.

"Yes," said Jaune.
He tried resisting. He tried not to see what was happening in front of him.

"Spit on it! It makes it sound sexy!"

Tears were pouring down his sunken eyes, not wanting to see what was in front of him. He then felt heavy fingers prying open his eyes. "What are you doing, Jauney?" The sound of a musty gentleman who he has never met was asking him this. "Don't like what you see?" He had a smug grin. His breath reeked of alcohol and among other things. He wasn't alone. A fellow goon was holding on to Jaune as he tried to leave this room.

"Oum, your mouth is so damn tight. This is such a keeper!"

"Damn, this bitch is good! This pussy is so damn tight. To think her husband is here watching this."

Weiss had a way of twiddling with his emotions. A tactic, if one will, used to open a channel of deceit, frustration, hurt, and overall, shame. Jaune was called on by his wife to her office following a meeting. It was there where he was ambushed by the goons that were pinning him down. Weiss was there getting pleasure from other men. Co-workers, business partners, people who he interacted with and attended parties in the past.

"See, Jaune, this is how a man supposed to perform."

The last thing Jaune wanted to see was his wife in the arms of another gentleman. Thrusting his foreign member into her cavern, inserting his member into her mouth, the engaging sounds of the wife enjoying this very moment.

She wanted to do whatever she could to break Jaune down. In mind and in spirit.

"Quit closing your damn eyes and watch this, you fucking cuck," said the musty gentleman. "Wife as your wife gets coated in a sea of frosting."

Her moans were filling the room. Laughter filled in as well. Jaune trying his hardest to not see this. It wasn't the first time. Sharing a kiss, sharing a bed, sharing everything that another man did before or even after discovering it.

No apologies, no begging for forgiveness, nothing to display any love.

"Look at me, Jaune. Look at me, Jaune. Look at me!"

He prayed for silence.

Once inside, he saw the contrast between the outside of the cottage. The inside was modeled as a traditional Japanese house. There was an area where one must take off their shoes before going further into the house. The living room included the traditional shoji doors. It had a low-level couch, a kotatsu, an alcove, and tatami mats. The corn mats were scattered throughout the living room. From the distance, he saw the backyard and saw a mini-pond that included koi fish jumping in the air.

"Your home is very traditional," said Jaune


"Let's have a seat, shall we," said Jeanette as they went to the living room. He sat on the couch as
she went into the kitchen. On her return, she had a tray that had a pot of tea with two cups; and a plate of melon bread with rice crackers. She gently placed it on the table and sat beside him.

"It's oolong tea. My husband's favorite," said Jeanette with pride as she passed him a cup. He quickly hesitated, which went without notice from her. "You can relax a notch. There isn't any poison. You are safe here, Jaune. Enjoy and soothe your worries with this tea."

He put his lips against his cup to sip the tea. The tea was interesting, he thought. The tea had an acquired taste, but it wasn't rejectable.

"Interesting, sis. Thank you," said Jaune as he took another sip. "It brings a homely feeling."

There was a moment of a comfortable silence between the pair. They partook the oolong tea and chewed on rice crackers and melon bread. He enjoyed both snacks. It was a type of snack he could invest himself to eat on another occasion. She took another cup of the tea. He admired how beautiful she was and how strong of a woman she was.

"Your children," said Jaune as he saw a portrait of Jeanette and her family. He blushed as he saw much similarities between him and the children.

"Yes! Yoshi and May," she told him. "Yoshi is three and May is two."

"Beautiful. Just like you and your husband."

"Precious of you, dear," said Jeanette as she took a bite of her rice crackers.

"Where are your children by the way," asked Jaune.

"They are with his parents this weekend," she said. "I think for good reason, they should be safe."

"Yeah, good idea," he replied as he took another sip of his tea.

"Don't worry, bro," she said with reassurance. "You are safe. You don't have to worry about Weiss anymore. She can no longer hurt you."

He kept his eyes open. He learned to never shut his eyes when associating the name Weiss with it. Shutting eyes brings back to dreadful memories of yesterday. Things he wouldn't wish on his worst enemy. "Although I am free, she is still in my mind."

"Jaune, she won't get you. You have people watching over you."

"How can you be so sure, Jeanette," he asked sternly as he was panicking. "Weiss isn't some girl from the street. This girl has the resources and the capabilities of finding me if she wanted to."

Jeanette scooted closer to her brother. "This house is under an alias. We don't live in the same place. The diner has a picture in case she shows up." She rubbed his hair. "We are making sure that you are fine."

There was a time when Jaune tried to escape. He waited in the dead of night when Weiss consumed herself of pills and alcohol. His suitcase was packed. Took him days to prepare, using excuses for lunch breaks or excused from dinner. His plan was to lay low with Lie Ren for the time being until he made contact with his mother and sisters.

He snuck out of the window to his office, throwing the suitcase out first. He managed to jump and land at the branch of the tree, as he planned after spending days studying the trajectory.
He made it to the ground, grabbing his suitcase and going for his bike.

He didn't look back. He made it to the garage where he got his bike. He made sure to not chain it without suspicion of noise. He was to be home-free. He was to make it out.

There was a miscalculation.

Upon exiting the driveway, a limo appeared. Its' lights flashed brightly. The door opened and out came Jacques Schnee heading in his direction.

And just like the apple, the tree gave a smug, grinning look at the scared, frantic Jaune.

"Going somewhere, son?"

"I feel so weak, sis," said Jaune as he bit his lip, trying to not cry. "It's like I lost my peace of mind since she was there."

"Jaune, you are not weak. You are not whatever she or that damn company said about you."

"This bitch has taken every fiber of my damn being," he said to her. "Now, I am putting you guys into potential danger and it's all my damn fault."

'Check out the big brain on Jaune. You are learning your place, boy.'

'Your family, subservient. This Jeanette, subservient. You? Well, you play your cards right and return to my graces, then subservient wouldn't be your place.'

'Maybe, dependent?!

"Calm down, Jaune," she consoled to her brother. "You are going to put yourself in an early grave with that." She took deep breaths.

"Sorry, I just don't want to hurt you guys again."

"You know what, there is something you could do for me." She took his hand and put it on his shirt, where his heart was located. "I want you to forgive yourself."

Jaune's heart pounded fast when hearing those words coming from her mouth.

"Your heart is heavy with burden. You put on so much on your own. We can't control what happened in the past. What's done is done. What we can do is to take care of our present for what we do now is our future." Her hands never let go of his hand.

"You are too hard on yourself. You saw what happened to you when handling it alone. It got worse. Don't feel you are at fault. Amazing how many thresholds of pain a human can handle. However, Oum knows our limits before breaking. Understand that when it gets too heavy, give us the torch. You are not alone."

Jaune burst into tears. It wasn't tears of sorrow or regret, but the tears to understand that there was love from his sister. An angel in his eyesight. The Mother Hen accepted the broken egg back into her loving and warm arms.

Jeanette handed him a handkerchief to dry his tears. His tears subsided and started to feel better. He was feeling relief. It was a feeling he hasn't felt for quite a long, long time.
"Weiss is gone and she can no longer hurt you. She will have to suffer her sins one day. Yes, she left an aftermath, but that is something you can prove that you are better than her," said Jeanette with absoluteness "This is a new era as well as a new beginning. Let's take up the moments to celebrate and create new memories. You have a second chance at life. Why not take advantage?"

She then produced an alluring. "And you can start by talking to that sly mix," she told him.

He suddenly heard a knock at the door.

Jeanette gave her brother a smile. "I hope you didn't mind some extra company. I invited Pyrrha over. She even ordered take-out. Plus, this will give us time to reacquaint with each other."

Jaune smiled as Jeanette excused herself to answer the door. Even if it was for a little while, he was going to take advantage of the peace.

Even if it was for a little while.

"Yeah, I am in town."

"No, I don't want any help, father."

"He is my husband and I am going to do this on my own."

"I don't give damn about those bastards. Like I've said, he is mine."

"No, I won't let it go. I will never let him go."

"He thinks he can leave me that easily? Think again."

"Unless you are going to support me, I have nothing else to say."

"Then fuck you, too. Goodbye!"

She entered the lobby of the small motel. She was greeted by a receptionist that smelled of stale perfume. The tables had ashtrays instead of flowers. It was dingy, dark, and cheap. That was fine for Weiss. She needed something that was off of the grid. She wanted to find a place where no one was going to look for her and no reason to find her. It went against her lavish tendencies, but she was on a mission. Any deviation would have resulted in failure.

She was going to get her Jaune back.

She relaxed as she knew she wouldn't be in any danger here. She asked for a room and without any hesitation, the room key was dropped in the lines of her hand. She grasped the key before departing to her room.

_To be continued...._

The sound of the shower turned off as the brown-skinned Faunus stepped out of the tub. She dried her coat, leaving any dirt and residue for the pesky owners to do themselves. This wasn't her home. This wasn't a place of refuge. Sienna Kahn has and will always be an alleycat. An alleycat that doesn't rely on the devices of others. Defected and misbegotten in the streets, she was weaned away too soon after the premature death of her mother. One might say it was due to the fact the mother ran into oncoming traffic, Sienna looked to it as the middle finger of a dying Oum.

She didn't matter anymore as this was the first shower in weeks, or at least without having to beg. She dried her coat with the towel from the linen closet, being as delicate as she, too, was getting ready for her birthday present.

Sienna stretched her tired arms, craving for a release. She opened the doors and walked into the hallway where the waiting Emerald was meeting her.

"Great shower," asked her younger sister.

"Sure was, little sis," replied Sienna tenderly as she dropped the towel on the floor. No shame for her nakedness. The surrogate sisters have been familiar with each other for quite some time since the days of her abandonment from her previous owner. "Good to see that you are finally in a good home."

Emerald licked her hand. "Yum! This owner is good. He easily submits to me and for our kits to be."

Sienna produced a smirk. "The way I have taught you. Take a man for what he's got before he gets you first." She peered at the closed door. "My present is him, correct?"

"Yes, sis. You have been good to me. The least I can do is give you a present that is worthy of giving."

"You don't mind me borrowing him?"

"Do you want him or not?"

Sienna embraced her sister, pecking her on the cheek. "Oh, dear. We don't want. What do we do?"

The sisters gave each other a cynical, sinister grin.

"We take it!"

The bed was where Jaune remained. The blonde was muffling as he struggled to be free from the tied ropes around his arms and legs. The cool, nippy air met his nakedness, producing a strong chill. He felt the coolness of his semen as it settled around his testicles. His eyes were becoming alert the moment the door was opened, seeing the two girls in sight.

"Miss me, lover boy. We sure did miss you." Emerald walked to Jaune first. Applying saliva to her hand, she began cradling the captive's dick. It quickly reacted, which excited Emerald. She spat on the head of his dick, scraping her fingernails. She used her other hand to fondle his testicle. He
groaned loudly as he was entrapped by her forceful pleasure. He groaned and moaned for his mother. He groaned and moaned for Pyrrha. He begged to Oum for his forgiveness, knowing that he was unwillingly submitting to his pet.

His impregnated pet.

"Your veins are quite angry," she grinned. "Don't you love how tight and sloppy my spit is on your shaft. Makes me think of my lovely, piping, wet pussy. Doesn't it? Oh, Jaune. What is the matter? Why are you giving me that face? Doesn't it feel good? Don't worry, I will get close to you soon."

She released her hands from his groin, allowing space for Sienna to come through. The brown-skinned Faunus eagerly craved for a cock like his, especially as thick as Jaune's. Hungry eyes were on her prize.

"So, this is quite surprising, isn't it? Two lovely alleycats wanting a taste of this tasty, salty mackerel in front of us." Sienna was unapologetic as she can be. Seeing another man torn down was a pleasure, if not a gift from above. Seeing man submit into her will was a pastime. An opportunity to get her pussy filled and carry on to the next.

She was quite certain that Jaune will be no exception.

"Since my dearest sis gave me this supple offering, then allow me to blow out the candles." She tilted back her head, slowly gliding her fingers to her pussy. "Come help me, sis."

Emerald came behind her sister and gradually spread Sienna's pussy lips, exposing the moist, ravenous cavern she called her pussy. Her pussy was wide to take in space, enough for anyone to be filled in the pleasure. Sienna moaned as Emerald flicked her bean, pinching it with force to excite her sister.

Jaune tried to look away. He didn't want to see two girls, let alone Faunus commit this forbidden pleasure. Then yet again, why couldn't he look away? The girls temporarily have forgotten about Jaune as they concentrated on their pleasure. The musk of womanhood entered Emerald's nose. "Damn, you are hot to trot." She looked at Sienna. "Really excited about Jaune, aren't you?"

She moaned, but Emerald kept her busy as she began flicking Sienna's titties. She felt her wetness flowing out like a reservoir. "Mmm," she purred. Emerald didn't waste any time as she continued to stimulate her big sister's bean. She flicked it a few times. She wanted it to come out of its shell. After a couple of flicks, it came out. She used her fingers to pinch once more. Sienna moaned as Emerald flicked her bean, pinching it with force to excite her sister.

"Feeling good, Sienna," asked Emerald alluringly. "You love it when I play with your pussy?"

"Mmm mmm," she said in a pleading voice. "Yes, yes!"

Emerald gripped harder onto her bean. "I need an answer, sweetness. You like when I play with your pussy?"

"Yes, yes, yes," the brown-skinned Faunus said as she knew her climax was approaching.

Jaune watched as the girls were passionately onto each other. The more he watched, the harder he became. He tried picturing different things to deter his erection. He tried picturing having sex with Cardin. Cardin getting on top of him and doing things to his dick.

However, Cardin's face would turn into Emerald and his body would turn into hers.
"No, damn it," he said quietly. "Must fight erection. Must not become aroused."

"Emmy, I am gonna cum. I am gonna cum," Sienna screamed.

"Me, too. Me, too," cried Jaune.

The girls both screamed into pleasure as Sienna climaxed. Her juices splashed onto the bounded Jaune. Jaune let out a small cry as he climaxed. His dick spouted out like a fountain, landing on the girls and onto his stomach. He winced by the hotness of his milk. He angrily cursed himself for the sight of that arousal.

"Oh, look at yourself," Emerald tsked at Jaune. "You couldn't wait for your turn, couldn't you?"

Jaune was fortunate that he didn't have to see his shame on himself. "You are such a tease," Emerald said before pressing onto his dick. The sounds of her kissing and licking the semen made him squirm. "Okay, dearest sis. He is up and ready for you."

Sienna squatted as she stroked his shaft to get him hard again, which didn't take long. A blessing and a curse, thought Jaune of his easily aroused dick. He panted loudly, groaning in his gag as he awaited his dick to enter her cavern. Without further hesitation, she entered his dick inside of her pussy. Jaune's eyes widened, tears were escaping from his eyes.

"Oh, don't cry, big guy," Sienna purred as she kneeled forward and licking his tears. "I am going to make you feel good. It won't hurt...much!" She leaned back as she gyrated her hips. Every stroke, Jaune felt the folds of her pussy entrapping his penis. It felt like a vacuum as he took sharp breaths, covering his moans. Sienna laughed loudly as she began squeezing her nipples. She took strong strokes, but careful to not promote an orgasm. Although she had already come but wasn't ready to take in the seeds of Jaune; or at least not now.

"Damn, he is thick. I can feel him in my special place," moaned the alleycat as she strutted her pussy on his dick. "This is one of the best dicks I had in ages. Damn, sis! What a fine gift you have given me."

Emerald clicked her tongue as she rubbed her belly, feeling the kicks of her kits. She leaned back against the wall, resting and watching her sister rape her lover. "Give him the night of his life."

"That I am sis. That I am," she said as she faced Jaune. "Now, I am going to step it up further. Your body needs to adapt to how I like it."

She quickly rocked his shaft, moaning loudly and uttered his name under her breath. She returned to the position where he was. She closed her eyes and wrapped her lips around his, tearing off his gag. Jaune felt her soft, luscious breasts touching his erected nipples.

Emerald swayed her hands to where his balls resided. She gracefully cupped his balls and began squeezing them tightly, resulting in hardening his penis. Meanwhile, she began licking Sienna's ass. From that point, Jaune's mind was going blank. Everything was going silent. He saw this alleycat moaning and pinching his nipples while calling out his name. The bedroom where the scene was taking place. As he was close to orgasm, he reflected on the moments that led him to this.

Sienna began humming with her mouth, which gave the blonde shivers along with vibrations from his dick. He thrust upward, intensifying the moment as he was getting ready to come. Sienna was waiting for this moment. She felt his dick protruding into her womb.

"There you go, Jaune. Enter my special spot of where I have you in control. You aren't going
anywhere." She turned to Emerald. "He's our man now! Make my kits, baby!"

"No, I am gonna cum. Pull out! PULL OUT! I don't want to get another one pregnant," he cried to her as he spurted his seed inside of her. His dick twitched, releasing every content into her womb. She welcomed each spurt with love, filling the warm confines of her womb. She kept her eyes on Jaune, making sure he was witnessing her expression as she was ebbing in the pleasure.

He was panting, but still looking at the Faunuses' smiling faces. Emerald gave a slight, devilish smirk. Sienna didn't leave right away. She wanted a few moments of filling his hot seed inside of her. "Tell me, big buy. How did you enjoy your first time with your new mate?"

"Why," he cried. "Why are you doing this to me?"

Emerald appeared, cradling his hair, rubbing it smoothly. "Because you are ours. That's why!"

"I want you, Jaune," she said without using her mind. She grabbed his hand and untied his arm from the bed. "I won't let you escape. This is your fate, Jaune. Accept it!"

He closed his eyes as he was forced to suckle on her breast. She cradled his forehead as her hand lingered to his dick. She had pressed a leg against his crotch. She was laughing to herself quietly when she felt his dick throbbing against her thigh.

She spat on her hand, using it as lubrication as she began stroking his dick. Feeling the warm wetness sent tingles down his spine. She continued to giggle as he continued to suckle her breast. It felt strange to him like he was an infant. However, he couldn't stop. As if he was following instinct, he continued to suckle until something came out of her teat.

His head was dizzy, his body felt tired. Yet still, she guided him inside of her. She released a great sigh of content as he plunged into her tight, slippery depths. Then she began to move, slowly at first, savoring the feeling and letting him know it. She picked up speed, gyrating her hips and moving with such force. He grabbed onto her legs, breathing heavily, and feeling somewhat sore.

He felt lost. He felt defeated. No one was going to believe him. He didn't know what to do anymore.

So he might as well give in. In his heart, it was only for Pyrrha. His love for her was that deep.

"Do what you want to me. I surrender!"

About a month later....

A shower cap over the mixing bowl told Pyrrha that there was bread inside. It was how her beloved kept the dough moist and rising. Soon she was standing tall on her ballerina toes, savoring the aroma as she peeked inside, eyes wide and smiling. Perhaps if she asked it could be cinnamon or fruit, after replacing the cap she scampered to begin her crusade of persuasion.

"Now, now, dear. That's not until after Sunday after meeting your mother." Jaune walked into the kitchen from being outside. He felt the warm glow from his beloved as she blew a kiss to him.

"Aww," she pouted to him as she gave him octopus lips. "The dough is the best part."

"We will see. Haven't decided on what to do with it," said Jaune.

Pyrrha watched Jaune kneel to the ground as he released the leaches. Pet-sized Emerald ran to Pyrrha, jumping and scampering around her. Pyrrha kneeled as she received the lovely licks. "Oh,
precious, she is getting thicker. Won't be long before she is expecting."

"Vet says she has a couple more weeks and then she will be due," said Jaune.

Pyrrha clapped her hands. "Oh, joy! Now, where is our other scamp?"

A pet-sized brown-skinned Faunus ran from behind Jaune's leg and ran to her new owner, hoping and licking Pyrrha as well. "Oh, darling. Sienna is so adorable. Can't believe that we have finally adopted her."

He rubbed the back of his head nervously. "Yeah, so grateful."

It had been a few weeks since the incident. Things have calmed down since Emerald and now Sienna have been into the family home.

"I am so glad that you are now active in their life, baby," said Pyrrha. "I am happy that you have finally accepted them."

Jaune was silent until he saw the glares of the Faunuses. He widened his eyes. "Yes, dear. I am glad to finally accept them. They will play a part in this family."

Emerald and Sienna continued to force themselves on Jaune. The pets gave Jaune permission to have relations with their pesky owner. On the condition that they want sex whenever and wherever, or else they will release the pictures they took behind his back of his having sex with them to Pyrrha. Jaune was in a bind. In the picture, the girls were in their pet form. How could that be possible?

He wasn't sure if he was having sex with pets or were they actually human? He wasn't sure anymore. Pictures don't lie. He knew he was in a rut that he feared that he won't get out of.

Jaune walked to his girlfriend and kissed her on the lips. It was interrupted as the Faunuses were jumping around them. Pyrrha smiled. "They are the jealous types, aren't they?"

"You don't have any idea," he quietly said to himself.

"Oh, did the vet say how long it will be until Sienna gives birth," asked Pyrrha as she opened the can of pet food.

"About a couple of months," said Jaune.

Pyrrha stopped, developing a glow around her face. "Seems like we have a lot of work to cut out for you, Papa. Myself included." She grabbed on the end of her shirt. "I wanted to wait until my parents show, but I wanted you to be the first to know." Pyrrha turned around and went to the kitchen counter. She gave Jaune a picture.

A picture of an ultrasound.

"Pyrrha? You mean," he asked nervously.

"We're going to be parents," cried Pyrrha as she jumped for joy.

"Seems like you have given that pesky owner hope, Papa. Don't forget who is in charge, big guy."

"I agree with Emerald. Seems like you won't be leaving here anytime soon."

"Try to leave us, we won't be far behind."
"We are going to have so much fun together, Papa."

"One big happy family, Papa."

"Forever and ever, Papa."

The End!

Hey, guys. I hope you had enjoyed this series from this anthology. What inspired me to make this story was based on a well-known Aqua Teen Hunger Force episode and a manga in which the protagonist has a pet dog that can turn human. However, in the eyes of others, she appears as a dog.

We have decided to not turn it into a series as we felt there wasn't enough material to continue it. However, don't be surprised if we make 'omake' and 'bonus chapters' with this from time to time. I hope you guys liked it. Stay tuned for more stories in the future. Take care! God bless!
Alone with the devil. A short one-shot about Jaune as a murderer. It is a cold night at the diner where Jaune has a chat with his prey. Read to find out. Enjoy! First POV!

It is troublesome to know of the act that I am about to commit. It is troubling. Yes, very troubling. I used that word in the best way possible. Like a disturbance in such a way. I have been told on numerous occasions on why fix something that isn't broken? If it is in perfect harmony, then why disturb it? Why not? Isn't what perpetuates us? The temptation of doing something that is not right? To do something that can cause harm? Or cause peace? Or cause destruction? Can something of a little or big significance ripple the effects of others? Can an act impact the lives of one? Two? A thousand?

A tragedy does not have an old timer's age. It remains fresh. A wound that never heals. Not matter what scaring the body makes, something else creates more damage. Then suddenly, becomes an open sore. Then, yet again. I am still in school. I have a lot to learn about the autonomy of the human body. The sociology of mankind. The psychology of mankind. Just the study of man in general.

It sparked in my brain one day in class. So, if anybody asks, that was when the origin of the thoughts began surfacing in my brain. We were sitting in my science class discussing the evolution of man. The main topic was under natural selection.

Did not pay attention as much. I was consumed in the lethargic tantrums of my Poe and Hawthorne. They were prime examples of bringing detriment to mankind.

Anyway, back to my point. This phrase became instilled in me. A purpose that was designed by the Lord himself. Such a phrase that brings the world to its weakness, fallible knees. "The strong shall live and the weak shall die."

The words simmered within me. It resonates like seasoning on the meat. Soaking and marinating. The quote became a part of me.

Since then, everything has been from another perspective. Once again, troublesome looms in my brain. The world that my parents tried to make was just a bubble. A bubble of lies and deceit and just make believe. A tell-tale sign that they were weak to accept the world's problems. They said that they were protecting me.

Such weak beings bowing down. Such insolent parents they are. They should and will become obsolete.

Just not today.

Just like all people who think like me, everything has to start small. I mean if I aim for the origin of my past, then the ripple effect will only affect those within my family.

No, no. I need to start something a little bit sinister.

As of now, I am sitting in a coffee shop. I am people-watching. It has been a pastime of mine such the thought was produced in my portentous mind. Look at me using such a strong word. The devil is creating some sinister plans. What I am thinking about will not place me under the Book of Life when I die.
I couldn't give a damn anyway.

This whole world is hell anyway. Just a precursor to what is to come.

Anyway, and excuse my tangent. Then yet again, you the reader have some form of responsibility in this as well. You can stop me from doing what I am about to do. But knowing you all, you will only participate as the audience. In the mad sickening world we live in, don't you all enjoy this kind of thrill?

I mean, you have selected this story to read about how a young boy is capable of feeling this way. Curiosity has you at its best. And the bystander effect is very wonderful. Alas, you are here. So, stay tuned for what is to come.

I just hope you are not as cynical as I am. Someone in this world has to stop a person like me. Unless you desire or crave a cynical person like myself. Birds of feather flock together.

Now, I return to the scene of my whereabouts. I am huddled in the corner of the small, comfortable diner. It is late in the evening. Somewhere between twilight and moonrise. A few strangers walk by. They quickly look, holding their jackets before disappearing into the night or consuming their fat faces in the heart-clogging ham or smothered hash browns.

Now, now, I am trying to calm myself down. The excitement of my rage creates adrenaline. All I can and want to see is red. Like the color of my flushed face. My favorite color. Like the color that is concealed in our lustrous flesh.

The scent of cigarettes lingers around my now lukewarm coffee. At odd moments, I give a sweet smile to anyone who displays themselves as friendly. Poor suckers, poor fools. Once again, a test to see if they can be one of my weak victims.

Yes, I say victims.

Enough of confusing you all with such nonsense. Sometimes, I think why to be so detailed. Just say what you have to say and keep going with your life.

But there are a few who wants details, something to backtrack. An origin of my cynical being. Like it matters.

Anyway, where am I going with this?

I want to know what it is like to be God. To give and to take. To reward and to punish. To let a person live and to let a person die. My choice, my decision.

There is nothing for you guys to stop it. I have been thinking this way for quite a long, long time. No one could have stopped it. No matter what my sisters have done, my parents, my schoolmates, no one. It has been in my psychosis as far back as I can remember.

Once, I have asked myself, what if this feeling wasn't conceived by me, but planted in my mind. What if it was pre-developed?

Hell, they say that God gave us a purpose.

He had never defined on what was that said purpose.

Good and evil thrive in this world. Amidst the world we live in, evil wins. It succeeds, resonates
throughout my veins. Fills it warmth, nudging me. It pushes me, it speaks to me. It whispers like a gentle voice. It calls me over and over.

I give in to it. It wraps its arms around me. It tells me not to worry, for it is your destiny.

I accept that destiny, no matter what effect it brings. And I can't wait. And I can't wait.

The cold, crisp air reminds me that I am at the coffee shop. I look up to see another visitor to this small tavern.

She looks fragile. She looks timid. As if the world did not give her any treatment of the higher echelon. She wraps herself tightly around the hand-woven coat. I watch her approach the counter. She looks at the waiter with such puppy eyes. It is very adorable.

She asks the waiter for a chocolate milk. The waiter nods silently before making her drink. She takes off her coat and folds it neatly beside the seat on the counter. She looks blue. Not surprised. It is that time of year. But it leaves me with curiosity. So cold, so cold.

It makes me think of death.

The waiter returns with her chocolate milk. She gives the waiter a few dollars. She bows her head in return. The girl drinks her milk in silence. I watch her take a few sips. Her face was turning red.

Some much warmth, I think.

After giving it a thought. I have made up my mind.

I call to the girl.

"Ruby," I say her name. I know who she is. She is one of my classmates.

The girl turns around. Surprised to see me is the expression she is giving off. That is not the only thing she is going to express, I have thought.

I have made up my mind.

"Jaune," she tells me. Her demeanor relaxes. Seeing a familiar person can do such things to you. She grabs her things and comes into my direction.

She is like any creatures who becomes attracted to the sweet nectar. That bittersweet nectar that I like to call, my trap.

"Hey, what's up," she tells me.

"Nothing much," I say.

"Cool," she says while smiling. "I am kinda surprised to see you out here."

"I can't help but to say the same thing," I tell her. Get her comfortable, I explain to myself. Keep calm and act natural. For what she knows, this is just an ordinary, friendly conversation.

"My father went shopping," she tells me. She drinks another gulp of her chocolate milk. "Yang's birthday is tomorrow and they are looking for a gift."

I nod my head. Showing her that I "understand."

"And you," she asks me.
"Oh you know, just waiting until my friends come to pick me up and go to the mall," I tell her.

She laughs. She is definitely, definitely comfortable. A very good sign. Good move, Jaune.

"You have always been a jokester, Jaune," she says.

"I mean, you only live once," I respond.

She laughs again.

"But seriously, Jauney," she says in a playful while using my nickname. I am a bit annoyed. She thinks she knows me that well to call me by my nickname. That sort of pisses me off. But that's okay, just a catalyst for what I am planning to do.

"Jauney," she says while waving her hand.

Such soft hands she has. Or at least that is how it looks.

"Yes," I reply.

"Why are you out here," she asks me. Her face is a little tensed. It is like something is warning her of something. Her angels better stay out of this. I gnash my teeth. I want this girl. Don't worry, God. She will be under your holy hands soon.

"I just wanted to be alone," I explain.

"Alone," she retorts.

"Yeah," I say.

Time to play the game.

"Sometimes, it is tough living in a big house," I tell her. "Moments where parents have to show some dedication to one than the other." I quiver my lip. I sort of trembled while trying to drink my now cold coffee. "It sucks being the middle child of the bunch."

"Tell me about it," she scoffs. "You are one of many. I have my sister" She looks away then returns to my eyesight. "I feel as though that the 'rents pay more attention to her because she can be needy."

"Needy," I ask.

"Yeah," she says. She takes another sip of her chocolate milk.

"Would you care to explain," I ask her.

She looks at the glass. "Yang has this ploy to attract attention onto herself. I can't quite put my finger on it, but it works."

I put my elbows on the table. My chin is on my palms. I have become engaged in her conversation. I am giving her the attention she thinks she deserves. Poor fool.

"My father spoil her. At her will, he is on his neck and foot, but not like that with me," she says. Her facial expression changes. Her eyes become sunken and her cheeks are flushed. With her eye twitching, it is very obvious that she is hurt.
Go for it, Jaune.

"Sigh," I say to her. "If Hawthorne can put on the veil, he knows your pain." I scoff. "It hurts. I know the feeling. I share your pain, Ruby."

"Thanks, Jauney," she tells me.

"Don't you think it sucks to be in that position," I ask her.

She looks puzzled. Probably surprised at my sudden, upbeat question.

"Don't you wish that we can be the ones that vie for attention," I tell her.

"No, I mean, yeah." She mumbles. "I mean, I want my father to give me some kind of respect. Some kind of attention, too."

I lean closer to her. I am now in her range of view. The closer I get, the more she flushes. I know she is not used to being around a boy.

In the past, we had shared some occasions. Nothing to worry your heads over. Like it matters anymore.

Just passing the time. Just passing the time. Gathering what evidence I need for my upcoming premise of the story that will be told for many generations to come.

"Jauney," she responds. I wish she would stop saying my name like that. I keep my composure.

"I think. I think," I take a breath. "I think if you tell your father how you feel, then maybe that would work."

She looks down at the table. I know she is disagreeing. Her body language tells it all.

"I often have thought about running away," she tells me.

Bingo.

"Running away," I retort.

"Go someplace they can't find me. Have them look all over the place for me. Just have them scared until they are aching and crying for me to come home," she says. There is a hint of tears leaking from her eyes.

What a pitiful pussy!

"Ruby," I say. I am calm. Displaying whatever sympathy to her.

"Plenty of times I planted in my brain to do it. Just go on and leave," she says while finishing some more of her chocolate milk. "No packing up, just walk out of the house and don't come back."

I grab her hand. Her face is now flushed by the contact of a boy's touch.

"I wish you didn't think that way," I tell her with my sweet lies.

"Me too," she replies.

She looks at the clock on the wall. The time displays itself at a quarter until nine. "I think I should
go." She tells me. "By now, he should be finished looking for a gift."

I return my hands to my side of the table. I rub my eyelids to relieve the itch.

It can be irritable to live such a lie to get what you are looking for.

"Would you care if I come with you," I tell her.

She shrugs her shoulder. "Sure," she says.

I put on my black hooded parka and depart from the table. I let a few singles on the table. I am nice. It is a tip for luring such a girl in my direction.

She opens the door for me as we left the diner. By now, the wind is picking up and it is becoming nifty.

"Man, it's cold," she says out loud.

"So is the body after death," I respond.

"Jauney, you're weird," she chuckles.

You are right, Ruby. You were right, Ruby.

The streets are empty. There is no activity. At this time of the evening, I am not surprised. It gives a desolate feeling. It is like an omen. It gives me chills. It gives me excitement on what I am going to do.

We walk as she tells me that her father is not that far. I proceed to follow her. From time to time, a car passes by. A street light under me flickers. Another ominous warning.

We continue walking a few blocks until we stop at the park. We find a bench and she asks if we can sit. I agree.

There is silence for a few moments. I can tell that she has a lot on her mind. The wind isn't the only thing that is making her shiver.

I decided to go out with it.

"Ruby," I ask her.

"Yeah," she says. Her puppy-like eyes become glassy. It is encased in grief and another thing. I know that she is lying.

"Your father isn't shopping. Isn't he," I ask her.

"No," she says silently. Her face shakes. I know she is on the verge of crying.

I rub my sleeve to give myself some warmth. "You have run away. Didn't you," I ask.

She shakes her head forward in agreement. She is slumped. I hear a sob. It echoes into the night.

I could have let her explain herself. But, honestly, I don't care for the reason. I just know that she is alone. Alone with the devil.

I get up and get from behind her. I put my hands around her shoulder, giving her some kind of
comfort. Letting her know that a friend is right there.

"It's okay. Let it out," I told her.

She crackles and lets out a loud cry. No longer she was a puppy but now an abandoned kitty searching for her lost mother.

I coo her. I shush her to calm down.


She remains slumped over the bench. The sounds of sniffling fill the cold, windy air. As she remains crying, I decide that it is time to carry on what I have been intending to do.

I take out an object wrapped in thin cloth from my parka. I unfold the cloth to reveal one of my masterpieces. It is sort of an ice pick.

The tip was sharp and pointed as a needle.

As she lies lamenting on her father, I have planned to end her suffering.

"Daddy," she cries.

I take a few breaths. This has to be right. If I mess up, then it won't be successful as I want it to be.

I raise my hand and take a deeper breath.

"Daddy, why don't you love me like Yang," she cries again.

I pause for a moment.

"I love you, Daddy," she wails.

I drive the needle into the back of her neck.

It is now over. It takes a matter of seconds. I hear Ruby take a sharp breath and everything went stiff. Silence. It is over. Ruby is no longer part of this world.

I walk around to examine her. She is still slumped over the park bench. I can't believe what I have done. I went out and carried my plan.

Poor fool, poor bastard. Should have never got in the seat with me. Such a gullible fool. Caught in the spider's web.

I don't smile. I don't celebrate. I just know that I have the ability to take life away. It wasn't hard.

I retreat my weapon inside of my parka.

I don't do anything to conceal anything. With much practice I have studied in books, the autopsy will conclude it as natural causes or hypothermia. She had mercy.

"Goodbye, Ruby," I say to her before kissing her on her head.

As soon as I see the color of her face fade away, I take my leave.

The streets are more lonely than they were earlier.
I walk home with many things on my mind.

It is troublesome to know of the act that I did commit. It is troubling. Yes, very troubling. I use that word is the best way possible. Like a disturbance in such a way. I have been told on numerous occasions on why fix something that isn't broken? If it is in perfect harmony, then why disturb it? Why not? Isn't what perpetuates us? The temptation of doing something that is not right? To do something that can cause harm? Or cause peace? Or cause destruction?

Can something of a little or big significance ripple the effects of others? Can an act impact the lives of one? Two? A thousand?

Guess I will find out in tomorrow's news.
It was such a tranquil silence as he walked down the beaten footpath. Of course, the blonde was riveting fear knowing that the woman of the night was behind him. She informed him to continue walking down the path until she felt it was suitable enough for him to stop. Neo wasn't upset. Neo didn't display any frustration at all. Honestly, there was a stillness in her. Even when she scattered the window to the car, she had enough energy to blow the car beyond recognition.

Yet again, she wouldn't kill the father of her children. Or maybe it was because of the sustenance he provided to her. Liquid platinum were the words to describe his blood. It made him think of the days back at the guild that warned him when a vampire becomes attached to the victim. The more blood she consumed, the more infected he would become.

He felt a chill coming down his spine and he wasn't coming from the wintry breeze. That fear could possibly become clear as day. His blood linked with hers. She was expecting his children. Of course, the guild stated that in case if there were no other option than to submit to a vampire, the final option was death.

And Jaune wasn't ready for that option.

"This is far I want you to walk." Her heavy womanly tone was strong, like a crow perching in search of his next meal. Neo snapped her fingers, urging him to turn to her direction. Her eyes were glowing brightly. She did that when she was angry or hungry. Which one was she today?

* I can't say that I should be surprised that you have run away from my domain. A place where I entrusted you under my care, my dominion, my everything. Did you forget what you have done to put yourself in this position? She glared her eyes, which entranced Jaune, urging him to come closer. This wasn't on his free will. The power of her blood as he didn't want to admit. There was a time in which he needed to feed on her blood. A moment in which he wasn't proud to discuss.

You go far away. Away from me and our children. What kind of example are you making for them? Remember that you have killed my family, my tribe, you damned hunter! And you are going to repay me with your life, your blood, your soul, and your spirit to restore this once prideful tribe. Do I make myself clear?

Jaune didn't answer. He couldn't answer. Words wouldn't produce out of his lips. Jaune didn't realize the impact and the distance that Neo went to search for him.

Also because the inevitable of a punishment was following his disobedience from leaving her domain.

She grabbed his collar, pressed her body against him. She took his hand and placed it on her heart. *My undead heart is connected by the blood you have given me. No matter where you go, where you hide, I will always find you, my blood doll.* "Blood doll" was a special meaning amongst vampires. He had learned that while studying with the guild. A blood doll is a person that a vampire goes for sustenance. You aren't a victim, but a bond grows as the vampire looks at that person for their source. The fear that love can be formed.

Jaune denied that there wasn't any love. Her pregnancy was forced. She forced him to copulate, to pour his seed, and thus a fruit is growing. He did the necessary in order to survive. The last thing he ever wanted to put into Neo's mind was that they were in love.
"You may not want to answer me, Jaune," she said to him in his mind. "But you can never hide want you really want." She stroked his cheek. "The eyes tell all for it is the window to the soul, my blood doll. You may deny this. You may believe that you are doing this because you want to survive." The woman of the night laughed. "But please believe, darling, there is more than meets the eye." She displayed her fang, hissing loudly into his face.

"Your fear shows, darling. The cold sweat dripping from your face. The shakiness in your body," she said without moving her lips. Her eyes did more of the talking than anything. "You play like you have it all together. But one false move that caused your demise. As I said, your blood tells and see. I can smell you through the distance, my love." She pressed her mouth to his ear. For the first time, he heard something that made his blood boil.

"You won't ever, ever leave me again," she spoke to him in a hoarse voice. "Or I will kill you. I will feed onto you slowly flesh by flesh. From the skin to the muscle tissue." She snarled. "Don't ever run away from me again. Do I make myself clear?" Jaune didn't notice it, but her hands were wrapped tightly around his hair. Her nails indented the arm, which drew blood. She released him.

Now, it's time for your punishment. You have disobeyed me and I won't let you get away with that. You have made a mockery as your queen and the future king of this new clan. You will be made an example out of. She grabbed his shirt. Open your shirt.

"No," he spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"What was that," she said mindfully.

"No. No, I won't," he stated. "You won't provoke that fear. I might be down. I won't be out. I didn't make you become a bloodsucking flesh. You did. Your volition put you in this position." He spat on the ground. "And as for your so-called daughter, how are you going to explain that she was a product of rape. Huh? Since you are a proud bunch, what kind of love is that?"

Neo was unmoved by the words. To her, she had heard worst. Even as she felt the link of his blood, the entire thing in her eye was a convoluted lie. She produced a smile. "Feeling quite brave, are we?"

Jaune didn't notice. In her satchel, the vampiress withdrew a blade. His eyes were too focused on her to see that knife. I admire your bravery and your spirit, Jaune. A prime example of what could be clan material. But under my dominion, we can't have that kind of disobedience now. Can we?

Jaune felt a crushing blow the moment Neo inserted the blade into his stomach. The sheer force of the blade entered his flesh, making contact with his muscle and into the bone. Jaune felt blood coming from his mouth as he also heard ringing in his ear. I don't like intolerant people who disobey an order with your punishment. It would have been a simple stab, but instead an impaling of your flesh. The blood dripped out of his mouth. If it wasn't for Neo support, he wouldn't be able to stand. Do you feel the pain as my hand makes contact with your bones? Does it hurt? I bet it does. Her eyes were glowing brightly. This is the pain I feel when I see you run away from me. And you have run so far, my blood doll. Away from me and your daughter. Away from this love, we have built. You won't ever leave me alone. Do I make myself clear?

"Yes," he managed to say as he heard the squishy sounds of his flesh. Neo pulled back, allowing Jaune release as he fell backward. He held tightly to his open wound, which was the size of a baseball. He groaned at the pain he was feeling. It was this moment that he yearned for his mother.

Neo reached into her satchel and pulled out a flask. This should assist you so it won't get infected. Once I pour this on you, my love, then I will be going to feed on you. My bite, along with this
medicine, should numb some of the pain.

Jaune clenched his teeth as he felt the antiseptic-like potion burned his open wound.

I know, love. It hurts. Stay strong for me. This hurts me more than it hurts you. Now, let me take care of the wound.

Neo hissed loudly as she inserted her fangs in the infected area. Shh! Don't struggle. Don't struggle. Flinching will only make it worse. Take the link that we share, baby. Can't waste these precious drops of this sweet, sweet liquid platinum.

Tears escaped from Jaune’s eyes. He felt like he was a disappointment to the guild as he felt some of the pain lessen.

Neo pulled away. Her face covered in his blood. She licked any remnants around her as she hissed loudly. I can never get enough you. There is no way I can never get rid of a blood doll this rich, my love. You won't ever leave your queen alone again. She picked him up. It won't be long until the sun rises. I am going to take you back to the car. We will return to the hotel. When night falls, we will head back to my castle. Excuse me, our castle.

Neo guided Jaune out of the woods and into the vehicle. She opened the door and placed him in the passenger side. She went to the driver’s side of the seat and started the engine. No need for directions, love. I knew where you were the moment you entered this town.

Jaune was once again back into her grasp.

When we come back to the castle, love. There are things I am going to do to make this thing we have much, much permanent.

To be continued....
Rebirth (Jaune's Mother x Jaune)

Chapter Summary

A follow-up of "Milk Tea and Teacakes."

**This one-shot is a follow-up to "Milk Tea and Teacakes."**

**Six months later since the incident...**

Jaune thanked the cashier for sparing him the necessary change to get his honey buns. It was something about the baked good that was filling the void with his upset stomach and stressed nervous. He bid farewell to the cashier as he stepped out in the opening, heading to parts unknown.

Well, he knew where he was going. He was heading home. A place where his mother, his father, and his seven sisters were expecting him.

Correction. Eight siblings.

That formidable nightmare that occurred on Mother's Day was surreal. The feeling, the tightness of pressure, the vile smell, everything felt real. And to think that it was imaginative. The scenery but not her pregnancy.

It was true that his teacakes were drugged. It was true that his milk tea was drugged. Sleeping pills were mashed in the batter, blending in with its fondness of taste. The milk tea. It too was drugged with sleeping pills and ketamine to ensure that the unsuspecting son was asleep to fall prey of his mother's selfish act.

An act that was sacred, a passionate moment between mother and son. A moment he cherished as he felt a bond was built on that trust. A trust that was broken. A seal of love shifted as he spread his seed inside his mother.

A woman who he called his provider, his protector, his superhero was more of a succubus that waited until he was just ripe for her picking. As he treaded the elements that followed, he thought of his sisters, his father. Right now, the family was probably encircling their matriarch. Sitting on the big chair next to the fireplace, wanting to talk with the baby. Wanting to see the baby kick. He could imagine Junko speaking profane, obscene words to the baby to be. Julie reading her macabre tales. Jenna preparing her brother or sister to fight for the last slice of pizza. Jeanette teaching the baby how to write novels. His father, the patriarch was probably kissing the baby. Cradling it and nurturing as a proud father should.

How can a woman allow that to happen and the family just go along with it?

*It wasn't a one-time thing.*

Dreams Jaune can wake up. Nightmares Jaune can wake up. Illusion, just pictures of things that were entered in the deepest conscience of one's mind. However, his mother never stopped. The many nights the matriarch sneaked into his bedroom in the dead of night as the sleeping babes were tucked underneath their quilt.
The baby wants to greet their father,' she would tell Jaune in a hasten whisper. She always gave a gentle smile whenever she entered his bedroom. Sneaking into the covers like a slithering snake or a lion in search of a weak antelope. Jaune never resisted. He wasn't going to harm the child that came from the twinkle of his eye. He wasn't going to disrupt the family that was built on over thirty years of foundation. She kissed him gently, allowing her warmth to be entered gracefully, even ever-so-gently. Even as his pestle grind into her mortar, he didn't show resistance. No, not this time. Not like in his dream or nightmare. He had yet decided on which one it shall be. For it was a dream, it was destined by Oum to happen. If it were a nightmare, then hellbound he was going for if loose lips were to arise, then the family would be driven apart. Then, his sisters would be dead.

He wasn't going to destroy his family based on his mother's own selfishness.

Her mood to consummate was like checkers. It came and went, skipped over, and back again. His succubus of a mother continued to fondle with Jaune even when a bump is showing.

"Can you feel your child's heartbeat,' she would say in a whisper as she hovered over him. He grunted silently, showing his fake facade of tears of happiness. He masked it well, didn't want to show that her beloved son was heartbroken by destroying the very moment that defined them as mother and son.

Even though all of that, he still loved his mother. Granted he couldn't trust her. He loved his mother nonetheless. Maybe that was why he could never tell his father or his sisters. Maybe that was why he didn't want to live in a nightmare. For dreams create this fantasy that if one looked to the upside, then things were to be okay.

And that was how he was going to keep it. And that was how he was going to keep it.

For Jan, Jeanette, Joan, Jenna, Julie, Junko, Joey, his father, and his mother.

And of course, his child to be.

He approached the driveway of his home. More of a dirt trail than anything. But he never was going to criticize the work his father built into making that formidable foundation a home. Arc was the postage sign he saw as he walked past it. He paused. He recognized the material. Pieces of scrap that his father mended into a mailbox. Jaune was nearly six when a storm knocked down their mailbox. He remembered that mailbox for yellow fingerpaint was on the back. Along came with an insignia, written in cursive by paint. An Arc never backs down on his word.

A creed that he followed to this very day. Kempt promises by an unkempt mother and a pitiful unkempt son.

He pushed in the door of the residence. He was met with the warmth but immediately closed it. There needs to be a new doorknob. He can see the loose string holding it together. Since he knew that the harsh winter approaching and the baby is due near then, he needed to gather material in order for the baby to not face the harsh cold and its bitterness.

Sure bitterness at an early age can create disdain for the world. And there is enough hate going around. He made a mental note to go to the shop in the morning and purchase a doorknob. His father had the tools.

He wanted to be the responsible one since his father failed to recognize any of the signs prior to saying "I do."

"Jaune, welcome back." His portly hearty father, sporting an oversized turtleneck sweater,
welcomed his son home with an tight embrace. "Had a nice outing for yourself?" He forgot that he alerted anyone that he had stepped out. It was just because. He wanted to be somewhere where he could remember that his once was an innocent teen.

"Yeah, Pops," he replied in a fake smile. "Sometimes being cooped up in here gives me cabin fever."

"I can understand that," replied his father. "Listen, the girls and I are planning to take a ride to the store to find supplies for the baby." He scratched under his bread. A habit when he was itching for a favor. "I wanted to surprise her for her upcoming baby shower. Would you keep your mother company? I didn't think you would want to get involved in that baby stuff."

**Baby. Stuff. As my pestle stuffed her mortar to mesh the seeds and eggs to create this baby. So, dear father. 'That baby stuff?' I made this happen, father. Oum, I wish you can hear my woes. My tears. My anguish. The feelings in my aching heart to deceive, to betray, father.**

"Yes, Pops. I have no problem," replied Jaune gingerly. "Is she in the back room tending to the new room for the baby?"

"Sure is, Jaune," replied his father happily. "Listen, I have to run. The girls are already next door helping out with a neighbor. So, go and tend to your mother. She needs you right now." He patted his son on his back. "Thank you for taking out the time to being a great son and great brother. Your little sibling will be blessed." Jaune's father pulled out a piece of paper. It was yellow, single-sheet, and folded. "You can read the results. Your mother said that she wanted to be surprised."

Jaune's father gave him one more pat before heading out. He closed the door shit. Upon doing that, he felt the last spirit of hope evaded the building. As if his breath was sucked out like a vacuum, he was back in his mother's spider web. Her preying nest. Her domicile of corruption and deceit.

"Jaune, where are you?" His mother called him gently from the back room. "Where are you, my sweetheart."

**Their home.**

"Coming, mother," replied Jaune as he took off his shoes. He swallowed whatever pride that was taken along with his father and his sisters. He took slow steps as he made his way to the bedroom of his little sibling, his child to be.

"Come on in and close the door," she told him with promptness. "Don't need the warm to escape us."

She was sitting on the bed that used to be his mattress. What used to be his bedroom. Jaune relocated to the makeshift shed where he can gather his independence.

And where his mother was free to claim her son without any interruptions.

"Are they gone," she asked him. Jaune looked as his mother didn't wear anything. Her attire was bare as the day she came into this hurtful world in perfect health. She took deep breaths, capturing the moment of rebirth, as she called it, for when their child was due.

Jaune turned out the lights. He didn't want to see what was going to happen. "It reminds me when you came into this world, my dear Jaune. My dear, sweet boy."

This mother was the real mother. The mother that no one expects to see. That dream gave him a vision. For if trouble brewed, the nightmare was to come. He placed himself on his knees, kissing
the womb of his love child. He traced the insignia of her markings, her heritage, her creeds of her 
pride. She cradled her son closer, using her fingers to trace his hair as it was golden waves of 
wheat.

Her glowing eyes welcomed her son back into her fortress. Her horns welcomed her son back into 
her domicile. She tilted her son's head, in which she gave him a gentle smile.

"My sweet, sweet boy can never leave his mother," she spoke in a hoarse whisper, trailing her 
finger from ear to ear. "His mother loves him. He loves his mother."

He felt the baby kicking. "No, mother. I won't ever leave you. For I won't do anything to destroy 
the family." It was truth and matter of fact. His sacrifice, his price for the family.

"A wonderful decision indeed," she told him. "For us and for the baby." She gripped his cheeks. 
"Since you are the father, what should we name our baby. As I don't know the gender. What 
should we name it?"

Jaune didn't need to look at the yellow piece of paper to know the gender.

He had already sensed it before he stepped foot into there.

"Hope."
So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up.

He stood alone in the chapel. He felt the cold, hard stone on his knees. He put his hands together like he did when he was with his classmates. Those were his orders from Sister Glynda Goodwitch. She prowled through the pews, her blue eyes sweeping over the top of the lone head in the chapel. She watched him, observed him, doing what he was told. His hands were put together. His eyes were closed. The words continued repeatedly until she was convinced it was believable.

So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up.

She told the kneeling teen to recite the prayer until she felt it was convincing enough for her forgiveness. She expressed in grave detail it was for the forgiveness of his sins to Oum. She stayed in position, watching him continue to recite the prayer. She kept her arms folded. Her ruler, which many knew it was her enforcer, standing by for any mistakes.

So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up.

Jaune Arc was feeling ill. He was kneeling in this position for the past few hours. His knees were numb but feared any reprimand from the strict sister, or better yet, her enforcer. She often checked if he was kneeling well, with their back straight, their hands even. Her ruler protruding his back served as a warning for his hands were the potential strike zone of infliction.

Sister Goodwitch's footsteps echoed loudly through the chapel. Jaune felt her presence looming over him. Since entering this private school, he has been subjected to the frequent reprimands of Sister Goodwitch. From walking the wrong way, saying an inappropriate comment, or even expressing an opinion, he was immediately sent to the chapel and to confess his wrongdoings to her.

So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up.

He slowly opened one eye to observe the chapel. Images of a dying man surrounding his vision. Many images of the same man. He was almost naked, bleeding everywhere, and his eyes were rolled back. He adorned a crown that was made of thorns. There were nails in between his hands. Suddenly, he pried open to see the tall, white woman in black and white. Her eyebrows were furrowed. Her blue eyes narrowed. Her hand was focused on the enforcer. Jaune closed his eyes for the inevitable.

The frustrated sister sighed. "Why must you make everything difficult, Mr. Arc?"

He looked to the woman of Oum with doe eyes. Her eyes were locked at him, expressing frustration toward the child. "A lost sinner I am," said Jaune. "Bound to sin and ready to perish."

"Trifling you may be," said Sister Goodwitch. "But, I have something to remedy that, boy!"

With a firm grip of her hand, she pulled Jaune from the pew and dragged him to the altar. "You must remedy your sins and take care of your penance for your salvation." She told him to get on his
hands and knees. He followed her directions. She sighed loudly as she reached her ruler she called the enforcer. She was ready to make her move.

She placed the ruler on his butt. He didn't flinch. "Say your penance, Mr. Arc."

"So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up."

"Again," she demanded as she gave another lashing to the blonde.

"So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up."

"Again," she said as she applied pressure to him.

"So let's not get tired of doing what is good. At just the right time we will reap a harvest of blessing if we don't give up."

After giving him some additional lashing, she stopped, relieving the enforcer on the table. She rubbed her hands before putting her hands on Jaune's shoulder. "You may stand, Mr. Arc."

"Yes, Sister Goodwitch."

Jaune stood weakly. His knees were aching and partially numbed for the duration of his position. He kept his composure as his butt was in pain. It wasn't the first time to succumb to this punishment. Just as he got adjusted to attending this private school, the more he became accustomed to the environment, especially when dealing with Sister Goodwitch.

"Your punishment isn't finished. You must tend to your studies," she said with a serious tone. "You are to report here this evening after the others retire to bed. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sister."

"Good, now leave me be. See you don't do this again, Mr. Arc. Out of my sight!"

"Yes, sister."

Jaune bowed before departing to return to his classmates. Many kept silent for they knew what happened earlier. If they only knew that punishment didn't compare on what would happen when the others go to bed.

The Santa Maria Academy has been the home of Jaune Arc for the fast few weeks. It was a wayward home. Home to the boys and girls that were intelligent, gifted, and talented. According to his social worker, the school seems a good pick for the sixteen-year-old. He remembered like it was yesterday, sitting in the office that was surrounded by endless cubicles. The sounds of typing from the laptop, the sounds of papers moving from place to place, and the day old coffee he slowly drank. He couldn't forget the smile on the woman's face when calling the dean of the school. He turned away to reach into his pocket. In his hands, the only thing that he had left of his family. It was a picture when they visited an amusement park. Although it was taken over six years ago, the moment was timeless. He just couldn't fathom the thought that his parents were no longer with him. He just couldn't accept the fact that his sisters were no longer with him. He sucked the tears, fighting and combating them. He knew if they were alive, they wouldn't like seeing him like this.

He stared at the walls as if the pressure was coming in. How can fate play a hand like that to him?
What made him so fortunate to avoid being in the afterlife with his loved ones? How fortunate was it of his neighbor to call him to hang out with him? How fortunate did he narrowly escaped death that evening when he decided to spend the night at his neighbor's instead of taking a permanent slumber? There was a leak in the residence. Carbon monoxide poisoning was the culprit. At least they went peacefully. No longer confined to the evil and the corrupt of this world as Jaune tried to run into the house. The police grabbed him, holding on amongst the screams, wails, and shouts. He wanted to be with them. He didn't want to be alone. How in the hell is he fortunate whereas his family was on the other side.

With that family photo, it was the only possession that he has of his family. There were clippings of them in the newspaper. The news covered their funeral on the news. Jaune was the sole representatives as he catered to the mournful for his loss of nine. He laughed for the number now represents many things he hated. He hated the number for whenever it came across his fragile mind, it would be of his family. He couldn't look at them. He couldn't look at the mass of coffins standing at the pulpit of the church. The sounds of the solemn organ playing hymns he hardly recognized. The grievers staring onto him, questioning him, pitying him. Where is the boy to go? Who is going to responsible for the boy?

Blinded by the tears, carrying the portrait of his family. He stood at the center of that picture. All eyes were on him. Throughout the time, he asked Oum to kill him where he stood.

It was never answered.

Jaune returned to his dorm hall where he was met with a few of his peers. It was Common Hour, thus the girls from the neighboring dorm came and visited. He saw a handful of them playing their Uno cards. He saw a few of them sitting in the corner reading comics or talking. Jaune didn't pay much attention for he was the silent type. He had yet to accept that he was an orphan.

He made it to his bed where he took off his shoes and wanted to rest. He rubbed his tired knees from earlier, cursing silently at the sister for forcing him to do his penance. Time after time he wanted to grab the enforcer and give her a piece of his mind. However, the thought was interrupted for he had a visitor eyeing him from the corner.

She was quiet, standing at the foot of his bed. Her yellow sundress was dirty and required cleaning. Her red hair drifted to her shoulders, for her bangs covered her eyes. She gave Jaune a look, as if she wanted to say something, but is afraid of the outcome.

Jaune gave a slight pause to himself. He wanted to choose the right words for this frequent visitor to leave. "What do you want?"

The girl was silent. She didn't fret. She stared at Jaune before making the decision to sit on his bed. She looked to the floor, holding on to her sundress. Jaune was a little annoyed. He had already dealt with the sister and he wanted to spend the rest of the day in peace.

"I am telling you, Pyrrha. What do you want?" Jaune wasn't as mean as he was. However, since being in this domicile, his attitude had faltered. He noticed it and has acknowledged it. He sighed, knowing that having an attitude wasn't going to make the docile girl move. "Ok, Pyrrha. How can I help you today?"

The redheaded child turned and smile. She reached in her pocket and pulled out a cookie that was wrapped in a napkin. She must have got that from lunch, he thought. During the punishment he had, it was lunch. When leaving, the lunchroom was closed. Students who didn't follow rules or procedures didn't have lunch. Seeing the cookie in front of him was making him hungry.
Pyrrha nudged the cookie in his sight. He looked around to see if the others were looking. Fortunately, there were no onlookers. He took the couple and ate it in quick bites. The moistness and softness of the chocolate chip cookie reminded him of the days of home. His mother would make these on any kind of occasions. These were close to a mother's taste he had ever had before.

Pyrrha smiled. She nodded her head gently before leaving the room. He took his last bite of the cookie before lying down on the bed. He tried to take a breather for he knew it wasn't long until he has to make his late night meeting with Sister Goodwitch.

He tried to take a nap. He tried to sleep away his sorrows. However, it went short.

"Hey, Arc. Wake your ass up!"

Standing before him was three kids. All of them were female. Two of the girls covered the door to keep watch. The main person involved kept her devilish eyes on him.

"Just as you know. It is about time you make your proper introduction with me," she smirked. "I have warmed you up for the last few weeks. Now, it is time to claim my prize." Her charming crystal clear blue eyes and her soft rosy cheeks along with her long snow white hair should not fool anyone. For her beauty is a trap. So much so, that was her nickname, the Queen Trap. For the rest of the peers, her name was Weiss. Weiss Schnee.

She turned to the others. Both nodded before closing the door, leaving her alone with Jaune. He was nervous but kept his composure. The last thing he wanted to do was alert her of his fear.

"So, I hope I didn't interrupt you with anything. Did I?" She grinned. She walked closer, making a seat on his bed. "You know. I am very generous and patient when holding off to new meat. It is rare that I allow such a treat like you to slip from the palm of my hand." She scoffed. "I normally break guys and girls like you on day one, but a pity of losing your family." She was tickled. "My condolences." She peered closer to Jaune. "But, now it is time to see how things can work with us."

She put her hands on his thigh. "Any newcomer to comes here knows that they are a bitch. A bitch serves their master. Now, I am coming as personal as ever to make you my bitch without any trouble." She clicked her tongue. "For when I saw you, I made the others know that you will become mine." She stroked her hair, retreating her hands on her plaid skirt. "Now, Jaune. This can be worth your while. I promise to protect you and keep you close. No boy or girl can hurt you. Now, what do you say?"

Jaune remained still. He stared into her eyes. It was the same stare he gave the social worker the day when he was assigned to the boarding school. He may have been looking at her, but he was staring many, many miles away.

She scoffed but kept her calmness. "You are different, Arc. You know that. Most boys like you will say something to defend or at least beg. But not you. You just stare at me." She nodded her head. "You have a heart. I like that in a man." She then furrowed her eyebrows. "And I can't have that kind of man here now. Can we?" She called the girls to open the door. "One keep watch." She turned to the black-haired girl. "You stay. I will need your help."

"Yes, mistress," said the black-haired girl.

The black-haired girl was the enforcer. She was taller than Weiss. Although a woman of few words, one should proceed with caution. She couldn't have been more than five and a half feet tall. She was a pretty black-haired girl with looks that could kill. In her former life, he was told that she has killed. Blake Belladonna was her name.
Blake pulled Jaune from the bed. He didn't struggle.

"Pull him over to the bed for me," demanded Weiss. "I have to check if he has anything on him."

"Gotcha, mistress!"

Jaune was pushed against the bed. Weiss was standing from behind. "I have to make sure you aren't carrying anything that is considered a threat. Hehe!"

Suddenly, the trio heard the commotion going on from the door. The door opened and there was SImister Goodwitch standing right before him.

"What in Oum's name are you doing, Schnee," questioned the stern sister. "Belladonna," she said to the black-haired teen. "What is your excuse?"

Both girls stood, retreating from the compromised Jaune. "We were just getting Jaune adjusted is all," said Weiss nervously.

"Yeah," said Blake. "Just helping him."

Sister Goodwitch clicked her tongue. "I think there are some dishes that need some helping and adjusted to the cabinet." She pulled out her ruler. "Out! Now!"

"Yes, Sister Goodwitch," said Blake.

Blake and the blonde watching the door left. Weiss remained standing there, still looking at Sister Goodwitch. "Schnee, you need some motivation," asked the sister.

"No, ma'am," answered Weiss coldly.

"Good! Now get out of my sight!"

As Weiss made her exit, Jaune watched her mouth something to him before she left the room.

'Ve will be in touch, Arc. Don't think this is the last time you see me, bitch!'

"What's your excuse, Mr. Arc," questioned Sister Goodwitch. "Don't you have penances to write?"

Jaune turned and nodded his head. "Yes, sister."

"Good! Because I want them by tonight! I will be coming this evening to receive you. Be ready."

Sister Goodwitch turned around and left. She hit the ruler at a table, alerting some of the people to disperse. Jaune sat up and got on his bed. As he looked, he saw Pyrrha looking at him. Tears clouded his vision. He saw Pyrrha was making her way toward the door.

He closed it before she got a chance to enter.

To be continued....
Another dark and twisted suspenseful yandere story. An OOC Jaune x OOC Saphron story. Discretion is strongly advised (for it will get darker chapter by chapter). You HAVE been warned!

It was quite hard to explain why Jaune started to develop those feelings that were considered odd, taboo, and forbidden. Nevertheless, he knew the origin and sure enough, the origin can tell a better tale than he can of those feelings. He once heard from his sister, Jan, one afternoon about the concept of a thought. It was mind-blowing because he didn't think her mind could even pick up a concept of a thought that didn't include boys, shopping, manicures, and boys.

Did the blonde mention that Jan talked a lot about boys?

She once told him that, "Sometimes a thought is closer to the truth, to reality, than to action. You can say anything, you can do anything, but you can't fake a thought."

Jaune couldn't fake a thought, especially this fault. And what he was thinking was certainly odd, taboo, and forbidden.

It was those very thoughts that put him in the position of being trapped in her web.

It started a few weeks ago.

He came home after school alone. There was a carnival going on in the village square. A very festive event where the entire town was attending. It was the fall harvest and many were celebrating. All except for Jaune. He didn't want to be there. It was one reason and one reason alone, Weiss Schnee.

The night before he mustered up the courage to write a love letter for the woman who referred to him as Vomit Boy thanks to Yang. She was prissy, pampered, spoiled, a Snow Queen. A woman he accepted as his own. He thought the verbal abuse, the hits, the slaps, things that he thought that were enough signs that he was something special to her.

Never in his life did the blonde sixteen-year-old felt so wrong.

He returned home with a black eye, an Indian burn to his elbow, a bruised ego, and overall, a broken heart. He didn't cry for the tears served as a lubricant as she pestered him, encouraged him, provoked him to shed tears in front of the student body in the cafeteria.

Those faces, miles and miles of smiles in every corner of Beacon Academy, ridiculing him, taunting him. All because of a penalty game that he unwillingly played.

Weiss was certainly the winner. Her eyes loathed in the pleasure of seeing him suffering at the hands of the student body.

His confession to the Snow Queen was considered in the unwritten laws of student etiquette: social suicide. Cameras, smartphones, just aided in his causality of embarrassment. He didn't stay any longer to find out the aftermath. He spent the rest of the day at the nurse's office until school concluded.

He left his backpack at the foot of the stairs. He staggered as he dragged himself to his room. The stairs were his personal walk of shame. Each creak the stair made, made him relive the
embarrassment by the hands of the fragile, yet torturous Snow Queen he thought had loved him.

At the final step was when he finally shed tears. The floodgates were released. He wailed loudly into the empty hallway. He fell to his knees, asking himself why he fell for such a trick? He was supposed to be the huntsman to be. A gentleman who knew how to handle himself.

His best friend/teammate Lie Ren was right that very afternoon when he had warned him about giving her the letter. "Beauty is skin deep, but ugly is to the bone."

He picked himself up. He wanted to be in his room in time before the others returned. There will be no doubt questions on his absence. Phone calls were missed. Texts went ignored. This little borrowed time he was going to take advantage until their arrival.

He opened the door to his bedroom. He went to his bed where he began taking off his clothes. The trash can was his next destination. He didn't want any reminders of the damage Weiss did. His shirt was tangled, his pants were scuffed and torn in different areas. His shoes were hanging somewhere between a ceiling light in the cafeteria and the wash basin where dishes were collected. He threw his socks in the trash can first. The others missed, but he didn't care. He went to his drawer for a fresh pair of clothes.

Newly dressed, he went to his desk in search of a comic to read. His objective for the rest of the evening was to stay in bed. It was Friday and the Fall Break was approaching. If anything Weiss did right was the timing. It gave the blonde over a week and a half to dangle before returning to the piranha of the student body. At least he had the time to sulk with comics, television, and video games until then.

And hopefully a mended heart.

_Assassination Classroom_ was the latest manga he had recently purchased with his pocket money. His mother grew concern with the number of comics he had been reading in his collection. She had told him that she wanted him to spend more time with the family.

He agreed with his mother, but he was at a stage of his life in which he wanted independence.

As he scanned his desk, he noticed that his comic was missing. Where the comic was supposed to be was left with a note.

'Hey, Bro-bro,

_Wanted to borrow your book. It seemed interesting so Terra and I are checking it out. Sorry for not telling you._

_Saphron_

Jaune didn't hesitate to go into Saphron's room to retrieve what was rightfully his. In his young mind, she didn't have any right to take away his book without permission. It would be like taking away her sword or her girlfriend's necklace.

Frustrated as he was, he was going to get his manga and then head back to his room. He wanted the rest of the afternoon in peace.

He walked inside of her bedroom. He didn't want to be rude, but it reminded him of a fish market. He wished that the girls would invest in some air freshener. He overlooked the smell as he went to Saphron's bed where he had seen his book sitting on her bed.
As he reached for his book, he tripped on her shoes, causing him to fall on her bed. It wasn't a harsh fall, with the exception of landing on her bra. He made spitting noises as he didn't want the taste of Saphron in his mouth. As he retrieved his book, he noticed something sticking out under her pillow.

Being the inquisitive, curious child, he reached under her bed. It was a manga book. Much to the surprise of Jaune, he didn't know that Saphron let alone any of his sisters, even like manga. He read the cover of the book.

*Girls For M - For Girls Who Likes Boys Under Their Power of Femdom!*

He put his manga book to the side. Checking out Saphron's comic instead. He sat on her bed to see what kind of elements that made his sister curious to purchase a book, let alone a manga.

The moment he opened the first page, a strong surge of energy came from his stomach. He dropped the book. His hands were shaking. His lips quivered. His breath became shallow. Those few seconds of the first image ingrained in his brain, nestling itself within his synapses. He was quite nervous, never have he felt such a strong surge of energy before. He saw the book on the ground.

*Why did she buy this book? What made her look at this book?*

He picked up the book. He turned the page and continued observing the manga.

The first story he read was about a recently separated married woman who spent her free time masturbating, yearning for a man. She desired a divorce, but due to family circumstances, unable her to do so. So to fill her free time, the internet became her solace, enjoying the fruits of videos of casual sex. When that wasn't enough to sate her appetite, she went into female domination. The idea of her dominating another male turned her on.

Meanwhile, Jaune began to feel itchy in his pants. He overlooked it as he continued the story.

'One day, she took a subway to go to her classes she was taking at the community college. As she stood in the subway train, she saw a younger man looking to his phone. Her eyes were agape when seeing the gentleman looking up on “phimosis.” It allured her, causing her to become curious. She pressed closer, wanting to know more about the boy. Thoughts came into her mind. Very sinister thoughts. Voices telling her to dominate him and to control him. She didn't know why, but she followed her instincts. She cornered the younger man by caressing his butt.'

Jaune paused as he felt his penis protruding from his pants. His breathing was getting shallower. He tried adjusting himself, only to feel a stronger sensation to his penis. He thought since the girls and his parents were out for the festival, he had time to not worry.

He got on Saphron's bed. He lied on his stomach. He pressed his chin on her pillow while having the comic in front of him. He continued with the story.

'She stopped, realizing the dangers of sexually harassing him. The consequences of being caught. Could she be arrested? Could she be presented on the news as a pervert? Can she separate from her husband? The latter gave her more of a reason to do that. She, in her mind, was doing the younger gentleman a favor. He was cute, she thought. He couldn't be more than seventeen, eighteen years, which she felt that was a suitable age without being labeled as a pedophile. She pressed her body closer to the gentleman, rubbing his butt feverishly. She heard his pants, squeezing his fist tightly around the pole. She ignored the other people in the train. They were tending to their own business. The tension in her body was raging fire beneath her loins. Her juices were released from her pussy, creating a slight trail in her stockings. She didn't stop. She pressed
her fingers further, trailing it until she made to his groin.'

Jaune felt his dick pressing hard through his pants. His breath became swallower each time he saw the images of the woman touching the gentleman. Her facial expression, his facial expression. He matched the redness of their faces with his own. Curiously enough, he put his hand to his own ass. He was curious. The thought of another person putting their hands on him. He was gentle, letting out a slight yelp when feeling such a sensation. He squeezed a little harder with his ass. He felt the sensation of dick swelling. He released his hands, returning to the book.

'She was curious about how come he wasn't resisting. Why wasn't he screaming, she thought. Why isn't he doing anything to stop her? It was alluring, arousing the woman's curiosity. Never in her life did she ever felt that way around her husband. She felt the control, she was in charge. She was the judge and the jury on, however, whenever she could do to the boy. She wasn't finished. She wanted more. She pressed her lips to his ear.'

'She wanted to see this to the end. Her hands were on his now erected dick. She didn't unzip his pants. The fear of people watching an exposed dick, or worst, his scent. She wondered about his scent. She hoped it was invigorating as his phimosis. She knew the scent, the taste of her ripened pussy. Salty, bitter to the taste. Tangy, but craving to each lick. She felt that was the taste of the boy. But, caressing his dick was enough for now.'

The itching of his pants became unbearable. He turned over to remove his pants. He folded him next to the bed. He turned over to his stomach and continued reading the story.

'She rubbed his balls, waiting to warm up his juices before they were released to the world. That was her intention. She wanted him to climax. In what her professor told her in her Art class, "she was going to pull a Jackson Pollock in his pants." He leaned backward, settling onto her stomach for support. He felt limp, which was noticeable as his body weight became heavier. "Please stop." The boy spoke. He had finally spoken. It was very childlike. A teenager shouldn't sound like that. She felt like a mother to a son she never had. She blushed, but she wasn't going to stop.'

'She wanted this boy and she wasn't going to leave this train empty-handed. She expedited her hands, gripping more. She wanted her hands to create friction with his pants. He let out a shiver as he shuddered. It was over. She felt his dick pulsated. She continued to rub it gently until it stopped. The boy nearly collapsed, but she caught his fall.'

"It will stain," she told the boy. "There is a restroom at the next stop. Follow me there and I can help you." He quietly responded with a "yes, ma'am."'

A wave of energy surged through Jaune's body as he clenched his teeth. He felt his own penis pulsating onto Saphron's blanket. He pressed harshly to alleviate his aching penis. After a few moments, it was done. As he came to, he turned over and saw a sticky, white fluid on Saphron's blanket.

He was stunned, surprised on getting caught up in the manga that he forgot that he wasn't in his room.

"I can see that somebody enjoyed my comic."

His heart dropped. He turned over to see the very owner of the comic he was getting himself to. His older sister Saphron stood in the doorway. The blonde was remotely calm, to say the least in comparison to her brother. She let out a slight smirk. It didn't help that she proceeded with a slow clap.
"Saphron?"

"Greetings, bro-bro!"

To be continued....
Heaven's Gate (Part II) (Saphron x Jaune)

A tiny speck of flash blinded Jaune's vision. As his eyes dilated, adjusting to the light, he saw that the tiny light speck was coming from her cell phone. Saphron had a perplexed look on her face. An expression she often did whenever she discovered something obscene. However, she just smiled. "What's the matter, bro-bro? It looks as though you have seen a ghost?"

"Saphron?"

"Or better yet, it looks as though you have your hand caught in the cookie jar." Her eyes were on her cell phone. Judging by the position of her fingers, she was trying to focus on Jaune. He turned away to shield himself from embarrassment. "Or, better yet, your hand on your dick on my bed!"

Jaune couldn't speak. His throat became dry. His palms became clammy. The sudden appearance of his sister became the cherry on top of his rough day.

Or so he thought.

"I have to hand it to you, bro-bro," she said as she walked inside the room. "You can give quite a show. I can see it under the amateur titled "Young nubile teen getting off to hentai on his own sister's bed." You can get plenty of hits with that, Jauney!" She paused once more, looking at Jaune. "Relax, I didn't film anything. Just wanted to see your reaction. So cute!"

She closed the door, locking it in the process. She turned off the lights, save for the lava lamp lighting the room. What surprised Jaune that she began disrobing herself. She took off her skirt, followed by her shirt. She kicked her shoes to the side and walked to her bed in her bra and panties.

"Much better. Now, I can breathe," she said. She sat on the edge of the bed. She crossed her legs, stretching her arms while looking at the embarrassed Jaune. "Enjoyed my book? Judging by the condition that you are in, I can say that you did." She used her finger to point at the wet patch on her bed.

"How? H-H-How? What?" The stunned and shocked blonde was trying to say on why was she doing here. She giggled as she uncrossed her legs and climbed over to him.

"You were missing in action," she answered. "I asked Lie Ren and Nora where were you and they said you went home." She adjusted herself on top of her stunned brother. He froze as she positioned himself. His breath became heavier as he was observing her body. For a teenager who never worked out, she had a nice tone. Her breasts were firm as he saw her nipples protruding from her bra. A scent of sweat and honeydew meshed with her body. That alone reawoken his erection.

"However, that doesn't explain why you were masturbating on my bed."

He turned red. Jaune watched as Saphron slipped her palm under his balls. She was tickled as she caressed his balls. She didn't stop there, the elder blonde used her other free hand to rub his phallus. He closed his eyes, not wanting to see the forbidden incestuous affair they were having.

"Your little boy is being quite honest," mentioned Saphron as she stroke the phallus of his dick. She then proceeded to stroke at his shaft.

"Saphron? What about Terra?"

"Right now, never you mind. What about telling Mom and Dad about this?"
"Oum, no! Not them! Please, sis, not them!"

"Okay, then! So, I guess you don't have much choice in this matter. Don't you?" She gave his phallus a pinch. "If you don't mind, I can help you with the story. You know it doesn't end there."

She reached for the *Girls For M* book. She let go her grip on his balls and used it to continue the story. "See, Jauney," she purred. "You left at the best part." She let go of her other hand. Jaune felt the sweat dripping from her body landing on his. She took his legs and spread them apart. She adjusted her body to be on top of him. She glided her pussy on top of his dick. "It's like dueling forces fighting one another. My panties and your boxers. All is fair with love and war, Jauney." She began grinding her body. She felt the urge to moan. "Now, let me finish the story."

'The woman took the young gentleman to the restroom where she greeted him with a kiss. Judging by his lips, the way he was trying to breathe alerted the woman that this was his first kiss. It was confirmed after she asked him. She saw him, looking like a pitiful child. A child that needed guidance. She was the perfect candidate for she didn't have children of her own. Maybe this was the perfect opportunity of being such a mother. She took off his pants, seeing the mess before her. His boxers were soaked in his juices. Nothing aroused the woman than to drench herself in his boxers, but she had an objective in mind. His phimosis dick was the main intention of this mission. If it wasn't for that, she wouldn't be in this very stall. She slid the boxers, seeing the very thing she hoped to see.

She glided her hands gently, much to the dismay of the boy. He hesitated, telling her to not touch it. She told him to trust her, knowing what she was doing. She told him to be a good son and allow his mother to take care of him. He listened, allowing the stranger to do her bidding. These weren't the things his very own mother taught him. He shouldn't be here. However, that woman, her touch, her smell. As much he was against it, he was somewhat curious. Against his inhibitions, he watched her shifting his dick to expose his phallus that was hidden within his soft shell.

A flood of precum seeped through his boxers as she continued grinding against his dick. She, too, experiencing her own pleasure as a wet patch was released from her panties.'

"Saphron," he said faintly. He tried covering his mouth with his moans.

"You are still resisting," said Saphron. "Your dick is telling the truth. Why not be like your adorable little dick and just let it out? You will feel refreshed. Now hush! Let this big sis finish the story."

'There were dirt and grime from his covered dick. She teased him on his failure to clean. Honestly, it was the best part for the grime or "dick cheese" was the most appealing. She opened her mouth and poured her hot saliva onto his dick. She used her finger to scrape the grime. He felt the pain, but quiet him, alerting that it won't last. She promised that she had something good for him if he allowed her to continue. Knowing this newfound experience was wrong, but he wanted to know. He had never felt that kind of pleasure for his mother told him that it was a "no-no" in his household.'

Saphron gyrated her hips, situating herself as she pulled her panties. She threw the book to the side. "I am bored of this reading. Now, it is time to make a story of our own." She pulled down Jaune's now drenched boxers. She took hold of his throbbing dick. She knew its intensity wasn't going to handle her pussy, so she took her time inserting it into her pussy. The last thing she wanted to do was for him to climax immediately.


"Yes, bro-bro," she said in between moans. "Call my name. Your voice is filling me up."
Jaune felt the folds of his sister's pussy tightening. It was hot but pleasurable. However, he was too prideful to admit it. Jaune felt his dick tightening and hardening, going deeper into the womb. He saw the eyes of his sister rolled back. Her breath became heavier, inciting her to give him a kiss. He tasted his sister. She tasted of root beer soda. She pried open his tongue, making him swallow.

This newfound pleasure was getting to the blonde. He wasn't used to his sister's weight on him. The bed creaked loudly as Saphron got lost in her pleasure. She tilted her head, allowing herself to moan freely.

"It is starting to hurt, Saphron," he protested. "Slow it down at least."

"I can't control it, Jauney! Your dick feels too good to slow down. I am getting close, so it will be over soon enough." She continued gyrating her hips. She was rocking back and forth. The bed was rocking. His hips were getting sorer by the minute. He was in pain.

"Jauney, your dick loves my womb. It is telling me to impregnate me. My womb wants you, bro-bro. Can you tell how much I am feeling good? Yes, yes, yes!"

"It is hurting me, Saphron. I am not feeling good." He was pleading to her, but she did not receive it.

"Just hold on, baby. My pussy is close to coming. It is, it is. Just hang in there. It can't be helped that your dick is too good for me. Your pretty face entices a girl to do these kinds of things. It is like you are asking to be raped. Give me a second, please. What would Weiss think?"

She was getting faster. Each time she thrust felt and sound like someone slapping a dusted rug. He saw her looking like a beast in heat. She gripped her hands and pinched his nipples. "Come for me. Come for me. Come for me. Come inside my perverted pussy, Jauney!"

"I am coming," he said before releasing his sperm inside of her. He squirted much as he could inside of the forceful elder sister before his climax subsided. She stayed on him for a few minutes, allowing his sperm to resonate inside of her womb. Saphron retreated from his dick. He saw the trail of his semen dripping from her pussy, down to her leg. She then hovered on top of him.

"Did...that...feel...good," she muster to ask her stunned bother as she was panting from her orgasm.

Jaune began sniffling. Tears were escaping from his eyes. He was stunned of the experience that happened before him.

"It's okay that you aren't ready to answer, Jauney," she told Jaune. "It's like that when having your first time. It gets better when we do it again." She got from him and went out of her bed. She straightened out her panties as she went to the computer.

The blonde was stunned when he saw her going to her computer and realized that their encounter was recorded. She turned around with a strange, devilish smile. "It's for insurance, my dear Jauney." She crossed her legs while sitting on her chair. "There are certain people who aren't going to understand what we are doing. If this certain thing were to be released, then that makes trouble for both of us." She furrowed her eyebrows. "That meaning, if you go against me, then this tape will be released. If I go down, then you will go down. Understand?"

"Saphron..."

"Silence." Her voice was stern and firm. No longer did she display excitement. She walked to the bed and got into the position once more to be on top on Jaune.
"From this moment on, little Jauney, you are now my pet," she said with absoluteness. "You will serve me and only me."

He was silent. He noticed that her hand was positioned around his neck. "People aren't going to understand what I am doing. Therefore, you must keep quiet. If you do the right things, then I will show you good things." She gripped her hand around his neck. "If you do the wrong things, then I will show you bad things."

He shook his head. He was unsure it was out of fear or statement of fact.

"By the way, how does your eye feel?"

"My eye?"

"You silly goose, I mean the message I gave to you from Weiss Schnee. That snow bitch!"

"Wait a minute? You mean….."

She peered forward to his cheek. She licked his chin as she trailed to his ear. "I threatened her if she ever laid a finger on my Jauney. Your attack was just a message of my undying love for you, my dear bro-bro."

"Saphron, why?"

"Because I love you. Because you are my little Lilly. And no one is going to understand that. Like I said, if you do the right things, then I will show you good things." She bit in his ear harshly, which made him scream. "If you do the wrong things, like telling someone, then I will show you bad things."

Your dear Lilly?

"Stop, sis. Please stop."

She released her grip of his ear. Jaune saw blood dripping on her lip. She licked it.

"Oh, baby! You taste wonderful. And just for that, I am going to make sure that you never fucking forget it, Jauney," she said. "Never fucking forget about me. Your one and only big sister, my dearest Lilly. Turn around, baby."

"What are you going to do," questioned Jaune.

His question was returned with a teeth-rattling slap across his face. He instinctively went back down, reeling in shock. What had he done wrong? It took him a moment to blink back the tears that had sprung to his eyes from the sting of her slap. When his vision cleared enough for him to be able to see her, she was glaring down at him.

"Who gave you permission to move," she questioned angrily. "Apparently, you can't comprehend what is going on. So, allow me to aid it. From this point, You. Are. My. Pet. You are to wait until you are told on your next order. I told you to lay flat on your stomach and that is where you will remain until I say otherwise. If you understand, nod your head."

Jaune was sniffling. He was registering this whole situation. What was wrongfully playful turned into something beyond his comprehension. He instinctively wanted to leave. Saphron must have noticed because his eyes were focusing on the door.
"Thinking of running away," she scoffed. "I fucking dare you. You wouldn't like the consequences, my dear Jaune." She gripped her hand around his hair, tugging it. "Do you want to suffer, my dear Lilly? Do you want that sickening whore Weiss to suffer? She was given mercy to take it out on you. If you allow me, I will end her." She made a haughty laugh. "And it will be all your fault! So have at it! Do you want to run or will it be wise to stay put?"

She released her hands. "If you submit to me willingly. I promise you, my dear Jauney. You will feel good. Understand." She rubbed her hands through his hair. "Now, let's continue with the procedure of making you totally mine."

She retreated from the bed. She swayed her hips, taking her time to go into the closet. Jaune saw her pulling out a portable hot plate. His stomach churned when seeing a blunt instrument. It was beautifully crafted with a dragon head and wings as it's hilt. The blade itself curved down to a sharp point and the inscription bore her name.

"It was a gift from you to me," said Saphron. "On my birthday, you gave me some pocket money as a present." She released a burst of maniacal laughter that chilled Jaune's brittle bones. "It was money well earned spent."

"Saphron? What are you doing?"

She pulled the hot plate and plugged it into the outlet in front of him. Slowly, she turned on the dial, releasing light from the hot plate. She heated up the sharp point of the blade, still holding it steady until she was close to him.

She had the intentions of him watching her heating it up until the point was red-orange hot. "I know this will hurt," she purred. "I want it to hurt! But, alas, you are our bro-bro. Our lovable, tough, best brother! You are brave. I know you are tough."

To be continued....
She retreated from the hot plate to the trembling Jaune. She felt his shivers on his back. She caressed gently, quieting him. "You are scared!? Aren't you!? You are perhaps frightened!?" She purred as she pulled Saphron in for another kiss. Her tongue dancing with his as she purred into his mouth.

"Saphron, I don't know what I have done to you," said Jaune pleadingly, "But I'm sorry."

The blonde sister broke the kiss, tenderly rubbing his cheeks. "Oh, little brother!" She pecked him on the cheek once more. Her face softened. Her eyes averted from him. Jaune thought in the midst of this peril, his sister - the one he adored, admired, looked up to, and desperately loved was back.

Suddenly, a strong crackle in her voice. She squeezed his cheeks, delivering him such a crushing blow in his stomach with the words that came from her moistened lips. "Sorry isn't going to cut it! I am going to make sure that you are mine for sure, my little brother. Or, my dearest Lilly!"

"Saphron! Oum, no. Who are you?"

"Your lovely sister. Your one and only, silly!" Her eyes narrowed. The clear sea pupils faded away. In the eyes of Jaune, he saw sudden darkness. "I am afraid that I am talking too much. It's time to stake my claim."

Pulling back, she returned to the hot plate to retreat her brand. She returned to the bed. She rubbed his ass gently. She then returned to his face as she was holding his gaze, she commanded softly, "Look at me!" Jaune did, staring with disbelief on his face.

"This proves nothing but loyalty and devotion, Jauney," she said.

"Please, Saphron." His desperate pleas caused him to produce tears. "Please, Saphron, please! Whatever I did, I am sorry. I will do anything. I will worship you, adore you. I will become this Lilly you speak of. But, please, sis." His sobs were crackling from his throat like a groaning toad in the midst of dying. "Please, Saphron!"

"I am glad you see it my way," she replied with insincerity. "But, unfortunately, you haven't been cleaned. You haven't been reformed." She slapped his ass with her hand, gripping one of his cheeks firmly. "You aren't broken. You aren't what I want you to be. But I will change you for you are the one and only, my love. You are my pet. My Jauney! My bro-bro. My dearest Lilly."

Suddenly, her smile spread wide with her eyes narrowing before him. "And I will make sure you don't ever fucking forget it." She seared the blade onto his ass.

"Scream! C'mon, let it out," said Saphron with laughter in her cracked voice. "Scream for your tears is my pleasure."
"Mama! Mama," he shouted.

"Oh, want Mommy? I am your Mommy now, bitch!" She seared the blade into his ass once more.

Jaune bit his bottom lip, breaking the skin and releasing blood. His body began convulsing. She squeezed his chin to be sure that his eyes never left her eyes. The smell of dead flesh filled the room. She continued until she felt it was long enough to pull back. When she was finished, she pulled the dagger away.

She stood. She walked back to the closet where she kept a bucket and some water bottles. She filled the bucket with the water bottles. It was there where she put the blade of the dagger into it until it cooled. Afterward, she poured the entire bucket of water unto him, causing him to spasm from the pain of the cold water hitting the scalding wound. The bed was soaked, along with his semen, her juices, his urine, and his tears.

Saphron now displayed no emotion. She kneeled down in front of Jaune. She knew her brother was sobbing. The flesh of his bottom lip was broken. She came forward and licked his tears with her tongue.

"Now, you understand what I mean about devotion, my dear Lilly," she said as she gave him another kiss, licking the blood in the process. "My dearest bro-bro!"

Jaune was stiff, wincing in the pain of being permanently scarred by his sister. He wanted to leave, but something in his heart knew that it wasn't over yet.

His heart was telling the truth.

Saphron went into her drawer and pulled out a double ended dildo. Making a slight chuckle, she leaned back and gasped as she pressed the slender end of the dildo into her pussy, moaning loud enough so that her brother could hear. She wanted him to hear for his trouble wasn't over.

When she was filled and satisfied at the length in her, she slipped on the harness and latched it firmly. She saw the trembling Jaune. She knew it was only a matter of time before she could make him broken.

A toy that was designed just for her.

She got to the bed, turning over the exhausted, limped Jaune. "Don't worry, dear. You don't have to do much. All I really need is your ass."

"Please, Saphon," he begged in between sobs. "Please…." He was cut off after she gave him another slap. "Who gave you permission to speak," asked Saphron angrily. "You are really testing my patience, you bitch! Shut the fuck up and sit the fuck still!"

Jaune didn't say a word and did what she commanded.

"Yeah, yeah," she said in a sing-song voice, "Quiet and docile. I like that."

Frustrated, she pulled her panties and retreated them into his mouth.

She should have done it earlier, but she thought he wouldn't put up a fight. She got her bed sheets from the drawer to tie Jaune's arms. She needed his legs for what she was going to do next.

He muffled. He moaned. He groaned. It didn't matter to Saphron for as long his dick was awake.
"I have done this with Terra already," she giggled. "Speaking of which, Terra and I have amazing plans for you in the works. You, too, will submit to Terra." She put her hands in a praying position. "The steps to make you my personal Lilly has yet to come. For now, you are my pet. And for now, I want to have this little fun with my little sissy."

She took her saliva, rubbing it through her dildo. She placed her two fingers in her mouth and put them in his anal cavity. He flinched as something foreign for the first time was entering him. With her manicured hands, she continued to massage his anus to rile him up. Jaune stood in agony knowing that his virginity was going to be snatched. However, as much he tried protesting, he started to get an erection. Surprised, he let out a moan.

"I knew it," she laughed. "For a person who is protesting it, I really think you are liking it." She giggled. "Yet again, the brand says it all." She slapped his ass, causing him to scream knowing what happened earlier. "Mmm. That's right. In and out of your supple ass. Moan for your mistress, your big sis, my little brother."

She continued stroking in and out of his virgin cavern. "I sort of had a feeling you were into this kind of stuff." Jaune couldn't say a word. Saphron continued stroking his anus with her finger until she felt it was loose enough to go. "I always wonder what it will be like to impregnate a boy." She licked her lips. "Guess we can find out right now!"

She quickly jammed the strap-on into his ass.

The impact caused Jaune to scream. Tears started to cloud his vision. The pain was overbearing that it felt like he was on fire. He tried resisting from the impact, but she straightened him back into the proper posture for anal sex. She gripped on his hips as she proceeded to have sex with him. Slowly, she thrust her dick through his cavern. The pain was shooting through him. Suddenly, he felt something coming from his anus. He felt the warm liquid slide down from his ass.

"What do I see," she said while she was smiling. "I officially popped your cherry. Congratulations! How is the feeling of taking your first woman with this she-dick?" She started to thrust faster every time Jaune whimpered or cried. By that time, he just continually screamed. He tried begging to Saphron through the moans whatever he could muster to end the pain. However, his pain was only her pleasure as she continued to fuck him.

"Oh, the gods," screamed Saphron as she continued thrusting. "Do I know I am close to coming, close to releasing myself to the pleasure of raping and dominating you while fucking myself, but I want you to cum first, I want to climax watching you being covered from your own milk." Using her free hand, she gripped tits, kneading it like dough as if she wanted to produce milk.

She put her hands on his dick, rubbing it harshly, wanting Jaune to lose control in all areas. He was bounded. She wanted him to lose his mind, knowing that she was in control of everything. She thrust into Jaune harder and faster, feeling herself close to orgasm. Her eyes widened as she pulled back, leaving only the head of the dildo into his ass.

Before Jaune could react, she turned him over to his stomach, nearly ripped his cavern open with much force that she knew he would immediately come. She wished she had a real dick to spill her semen within him. Nothing brought her pleasure than for Jaune to give birth to her daughter.

Or, better yet, a son.

"Come for me, you fucking slut," screamed Saphron. "Come for your mistress."

Eventually, Jaune saw the amount of blood splattering all over the bed. He felt his dick being
tugged by Saphron as she roughly stroked him. He tried to ignore the pain. He tried to think of something to get away from his misery, but he couldn't. As much he was suffering, the pain was becoming pleasurable as he started moaning loudly. He was close to climax. Amidst it all, everything was lost. He was trapped in confusion. He suddenly released a loud cry as Saphron continued thrusting.

"I am coming," he muffled as his dick spurt his seeds.

Like a water fountain, streams and jets of milk propelled, squirted to the sheets and from his stomach to his face. Saphron thrust heavily until she climaxed. She screamed Jaunes name until she squirted. She shivered in pleasure as she continued stroke Jaune's dick beyond orgasm until it was ceased being pleasurable.

When their screams subsided, Saphron reached over to Jaune and claimed his lips. Her tongue, demanded his to perform the act with her, before finishing with a bite on his lower lip. She pulled out of him and lay beside him.

She removed the restraints from Jaune as his arms heavily dropped to the bed. He rolled onto his back. He could feel the contents of his blood and his semen on him. His stomach was sore. Before he lost consciousness, Saphron let out a smile and placed her finger into his mouth. "Now you are broken. Just like me. Let's be broken together. Let's get lost, my dear brother." She shut her eyes. "My dearest Lilly."

_You are broken? How are you broken?_

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_A few weeks later..._

It was business as usual at the Arc residence. It was morning time and breakfast was served. The whole was together in the kitchen eating breakfast. The sounds of knives and forks scraping onto the plate to partake our mother's cooking. Grits, eggs, and bacon with freshly squeezed orange juice were on the menu this evening. No one didn't hesitate on grabbing dibs of their hearty breakfast.

Their mother, Juniper, reached for Jaune's plate when she noticed that he was the first to finish.

"Finish already," questioned his mother. "You have must have been very hungry." Saphron smiled as she sat next to her brother. "Bro-bro, here, has developed quite a stamina these days. Must have been a growth spurt or something?"

Their sister Jenna interjected. "I don't know, sis. However, he isn't going to interfere with my record of most meals completed." She slapped her hand on the table. "Re-up on the breakfast, ma!"

"Certainly, dear," replied Juniper. "I am glad that we are able to have some quality time is all."

While the siblings and family were distracted, Saphron decided to take advantage of the distraction.

Meanwhile, below the table, the elder sister gently placed her hand between Jaune's legs. Gently, she rubbed and caressed his penis. The feeling of her hands and the friction of his jeans was slowly waking up his dick. In an attempt to move away from her, he moved as if he was trying to adjust. Angered by his action, she pinched the phallus. Jaune gritted his teeth as the pain bolted throughout his body. His eyes watered and his face spasm.

'Remember what I have told you,' she whispered to him about his resisting.
Hoping no one noticed, he finally submitted to Saphron's bidding. Slowly, she shifted her hand up and down his valley until she felt the arousal of his dick. Smiling, she began gripping it faster. She made a quiet whisper only the two would understand.

'Enjoy the show, my precious Jauney!'

It was humiliating. He was receiving a handjob in front of his family where they could possibly see. 'The nerve of her,' he thought. However, as his mind was protesting against it, his body was agreeing.

As must he tried to resist, his body was the victor. His tenseness relaxed as he had allowed Saphron permission to continue. She continued to talk with the others as she played with his dick. She would either go fast or slow; using her two fingers, or her whole hand.

When she saw Jaune's pre-cum swelling in his pants, she intensified her grip. Jaune tried to keep his composure through his ordeal, but to no avail. Although it was humiliating, he tried to convince himself that it was horrible. However, the pleasure was outdoing his judgment. What bothered him was when his mother was looking at him.

'Was she suspicious,' he thought to himself. He did not want anyone to know. Whatever had he thought, it must have transferred to Saphron's mind because she was going faster.

Jaune groaned from his throat. His breath was shortening. Knowing that climax was approaching, he tried to take his mind away from it. It was until she whispered in his ear.

'Come for me, my precious Jauney! Let me hear your cries. Come for your mistress!'

Jaune slightly cried out as he erupts his load inside of his jeans. Each time he spurted, she gently rubbed his dick. Once it subsided, so did the pleasure. Caught up in the afterglow, he leaned on Saphron's shoulder.

'Well done, my pet. I am proud of you,' she whispered.

'Thank you, mistress,' he responded in a whisper.

"My, my," said their father John as he put down his paper. "I can see you two have been doing some bonding lately."

"Nothing wrong with that, dear," interjected Juniper "It is good that he is interacting more with his sisters. He hasn't been reading those mangas too much. I am glad he is being active in their lives. Today is Saphron's turn. I hope he does more spending time with the others." She put her finger to her lip. Although I have been concerned about Jaune as he is spending too much time with Saphron. I know I wanted some quality time, but this is kinda too much. I was hoping this would be an attempt for him to spend more time with me. I will have to keep a close eye on him.

She went to her son as she pecked him on the cheek.

Saphron quickly gripped Jaune around his shoulders. She stuck his tongue out. "Jauney is mine, silly Mom. And he knows that!"

And I will make sure he won't ever fucking forget it. So, whatever you are thinking, Mother, cancel that shit, bitch! Because he is mine and only mine!

The sound of the car alarm interrupted the family table.
"Sorry, Mom," said Saphron apologetically. "Terra is going to take Jaune to school?"

"Again," asked their mother with a tone of concern. "She's been doing that a lot lately."

"Mom, relax," replied Saphron playfully. "Terra loves the kids as a brother of her own. Plus, she and I plan to do a little shopping anyway."

"Oh," exclaimed Juniper. "Okay! But, please be sure to take Jaune to school this time." She crossed her arms toward the younger siblings, a sign to them that breakfast was finished and it was time for school. While the kids scampered to their respective rooms, Juniper began picking up plates. "I say this because I got a call from the headmaster himself. He had missed five days of school in the last three weeks."

"Sorry, Mother," she said while shrugging her shoulders. "We get caught up with our fun. I promise it won't happen again."

"For both of your sakes, it doesn't," replied the mother sternly. "And I will be sure to call the Academy prior to ensure his arrival."

Saphron answered by nodding. She patted Jaune's shoulder to head out of the house. As Saphron rushed to the front door, Jaune went to retrieve his backpack. As he bent over to grab his backpack by the kitchen counter, he heard his mother startling.

"Is everything okay, Mom?"

Juniper held onto the plate. She massaged it gently before answering by shaking her head. "Nothing, honey. Thought I saw a roach. A figment of my imagination."

"Oh, okay!" He pecked her on the cheek. "Bye, Mom!"

"Please be at school. I mean it!" She said loudly to her son as he exited out of the front door. Being inquisitive, if not nosy, she walked to the front window. She watched as she saw Saphron kissed Terra. Then, Terra pecked Jaune on the cheek before entering her car. As the car sped off, she turned her back to the window.

She didn't get that much sleep last night, she told herself as she walked back to the kitchen. For a moment, the mother thought she had seen her son wearing women's undergarments.

Maybe it was a figment of her imagination.

To be continued....
Alone with the devil again….

The first kill is never easy.

It never is. It never is. It. Never. Is. In those painstaking, yet breathtaking moments, you are a God. You are an alpha who brings an omega to a beta. That is what I refer to my victims, betas. For betas who are subpar in existence. A factor outside of our equation. I use these terms in a sense of Darwin. Last week, I picked up another book on him.

So, you know I study other things aside from the mysticism and the macabre.

But, now I digress.

The crunch of the snow makes its impression on my boot. It's the only thing making its presence known in the quiet, still night. I believe that the snow entitled whatever it is gathering for the night. It is not everyday that it is that quiet. I have assumed that the angels were whispering to the fallible souls that the angel of death was on a whim tonight.

They have heeded their warning.

I am at work.

I was at work.

I did my job.

And I did what I have to do.

Something about taking charge of another person's life is riveting in my cold, but running veins. Like a child when it breaches from the mother's womb and gathers its' first breath. Or when a flower rises from concrete. Or when you have gained acceptance from a loved one.

Many don't relate to another. It doesn't have to. Once again, the alpha is in charge of the omega.

The first kill is never easy.

But damn, can it be so calculating. Knowing how to identify a person. Their body language, their features, their ins and their outs; their everything. A blueprint of their life to use at my mercy.

Mercy?

I remind myself to be very delicate on how I used such a gentle word. The gods shows mercy. An angel shows mercy. My use of mercy depends on how delicate a person is.

Once, I asked a man on how he wanted to die. He could choose a knife to be stabbed or a noose to hang himself. At least he was given options.

Poor defiant fool.

I gave him an option and rather run away from me. I pouted as I skipped to lunge that precious knife to his buxom. He saw my callous smile on the reflection of it before I twisted within his spine. At his final breath, he forgave me. I gave him a gentle pat on his forehead before I used the
noose as a lever to snap his neck.

He was discovered a few days later in a blanket of snow. He was not shown mercy. There was a reason for such a cold kill for him. The pitiful mutt was still lucky on how much I could have tortured him. And yet, I was a novice killer. Yet to craft my techniques.

Sometimes, I match my type of kill based on their personality.

Alas, he was not my first kill.

In fact, I can't quite remember how long ago I have started this. No, no, let me correct myself. How long have I planted the seed that would root itself into a damnation of a killer?

When I was in kindergarten? First grade? Second grade? Red was such a favorite color of mine in elementary school. I once used the blood of one of my classmates in a painting. I wanted to add texture, some liveness in it. The painting was entitled *Amore of A Fallen Saint*.

The child never returned to the school. His parents sued the school system. The case was a turnover. They have received an out-of-court settlement. But is the cost of the fund can replace the torture I did to him?

Oh, I didn't tell what I have done to gain my notoriety. I used the big tack that teachers used for attaching papers. I told him that we were going to have a crucifixion. Surprise! He involuntary played the role of the crucified savior.

I am not going to explain more. For if one of you know who he was, then I don't want to go to court. So, the end of that.

Alas, he was obviously not my first kill. He was that spice that enhanced the flavor of my new profound interest. It doesn't make sense, but hell, this is my story.

Police sirens wail from a distance. Is it for the departed Ruby? How soon will her bereaved parents are alerted of her disappearance? Do they notice that she is missing? Do they care that she is missing? Couldn't fathom nor care about it. Her body is turning cold with the snow. The darkness is meshing with her now still heartbeat.

No longer you are apart of this world. I have imagined if Darwin, himself, would commend me on my deeds as if he were a god. *Well done, thy good and faithful servant.* It would be followed with a pat on my head, followed by a warm embrace. I will eagerly respond by saying, *Thank you, father, for serving you in your hard work. The strong shall live and the weak shall die.* He would respond, *you are the salt and light of the world. You are a pillar under my image. A man to be granted responsibility for sustaining humanity. For as an alpha, we must destroy those who have shown insignificance to this world. A wretch in our feeble society. Come forth to the world and don't stop to the whole world knows that you are a fear to be reckoned.* I would bow down before him and kiss his feet. For he is my God. A god may exist, but I see physical results rather than a sky god.

The police sirens disappear. They head the opposite direction. They are not for her, not yet. I look at my phone. It is a little after eight in the evening. It should be a couple of hours before a phone call to the police station to be placed. A couple more hours for a search party. If none of these things work, then some poor man walking his dog would find the poor tart. He would think she was sleeping. And she is in a sleep that she can never awake.

I shiver. Not in fear, but the results on what is to come.

My words of wisdom to you all: the weaker the victim, the bigger the thrill.
Plus, she was not too deep in the park. A few minutes from the entrance. Through the inch-deep snow, it might take longer. I am indecisive on how I want my victims to be found. Or not. Challenges amaze me.

I pass the diner where everything began earlier tonight. I take a glance to see that someone is sitting at my spot. If they knew, if they only knew what occurred earlier. What if it could have been them in my position? I watch her, observing her. She has such a meek smile that reminds me of a mouse. Her pointy, but cute nose is only inches away from her coffee. She takes a cup and ingests any warmth. Her hair matches with her dress that she is wearing. It is a pretty dress. Something that my sisters Saphron, Jan, or Jenna would wear.

Did I mention that red is my favorite color?

She brushes her flushed cheeks. I guess that the coffee is too hot. She sits alone. She has a book beside her. I wonder what she is reading? Many thoughts come to me about her. Why that diner? Why that seat? Why wear such a dress? Is she waiting for someone? Is it just her style?

It arouses my curiosity.

But, alas, not tonight. If my appearance becomes inconspicuous, then I make a face.

As much I want to make a name, not yet, not yet.

I stroll away from the diner and walk a few yards to the local theatre. A very retro theatre that has been there for many decades. The large bright neon marquee stands out for its reminder of our past. Do you want something to remind us of our past? Our transgressions? Our journey? Our footprint? History can be erased. Yeah, right. It is never erased. It may be buried, but it remains. Just because it is hidden from plain sight doesn't mean it is not there. It is confined in its hole until someone wants to unearth it.

A god forgives and forgets your sins, my ass. Mankind never forgets. I won't forget. You won't forget. It is a part of life, accept it.

It was at the theatre where I had my first kill.

For the safety and reservation of this, I will keep her real name anonymous. I know what you are thinking, why not Ruby? Here is the difference. You all were here to witness my crime. Therefore, you are accessories to my murder, our murder. You were not there when I committed this act. Therefore, I will give her some kind of dignity, or lack thereof.

Confused? You should be! Humility can be such an imbalance.

I picked her because she had a pearl necklace. It was beautiful. The coral white matched with her skin tone. Her creamy complexion allured me. She was a beautiful woman. Her pretty blue eyes showcased itself to many who had laid eyes on her, I included. Her red hair was wrapped in a ponytail. It reminded me of a river of wheat. Soft and balanced to the touch.

I was behind her in line at the theatre. We were watching the same movie, The Lion King. The pearl necklace dangled back and forth, swaying in her movements. She smelled of sweet gardenias. My grandfather has those kinds of flowers growing in his garden.

A rosebud blossomed within me, aching to produce my sweet nectar. I made it in my mind. 

She had become my target.
I forgot to mention that it was the premiere of the movie. So, there was going to be a lot of anxious, frantic kids in the theatre. And I was right. There was no room to spare in the packed movie theatre.

One thing stuck out to me.

'You can sit here if you like.'

Her voice, gentle as a siren, wrapped itself around my face. She made me blushed.

I thanked her and I sat beside her.

She told me that her name was Andy.

Such a unisex name, but it suited her very well.

We sat together and watched the film. It was a very good film. It is good to take a break from the darkness once in awhile.

After the movie was finished, we exited the theatre. We were surrounded by the fankids who were obsessed with the movie. She had invited me to go and eat ice cream with her. I have accepted. Before we left, I asked if she was with a parent. She told me that she wasn't.

At the ice cream parlor, she mentioned that she was an only child. Her mother was an accountant and her father was a juvenile court prosecutor. Such prominent positions, I have told her. She said that with her parents constantly busy, she had the privilege to do what she pleased, for as long it was legal and was home before curfew.

We both ordered the same thing, double-dipped chocolate ice cream with sprinkles and a cherry on top.

I have told her that she was lucky to have such a luxury of coming and going, especially for a girl her age. She shook her head that she desired of a simple life like me.

She had no idea of the simplicity of a complexed maze I have made residence and reluctantly grew accustomed to.

We exchanged stories about life, crushes, movies, books, and the like. She even told me that she was a fan of *Death Note*. *Death Note* was one of my favorite shows. From the position of others, it looked like we were best friends.

From the position it did.

When we emptied our cones, we left the diner and took a walk to the nearby park. Being in the latter part of spring, I expected to have visitors. But it didn't.

I was happy for a moment. Just a moment. Because I was happy to have alone time with her. I was happy because this was the spot when I have planned to end her.

We played on the swings. We have pushed each other. We were on the see-saw. We were on the merry-go-rounds. We did everything that typical teens did.

And to be honest, I had a blast. Surprised? I know I was.

When we got tired, we took a rest beside the men's restroom. We were panting and out of breath.
That was the moment when I have asked her of her pearl necklace. She was hesitant when mentioning it. She was silent. It was a pregnant silence. Like someone paused and she had to think within on a response.

She told me that it had belonged to a friend who has "moved away."

She and this boy had shared many moments together. Even things beyond their conventional norm of a friendship. Anyway, long story short, her friend's parents caught word of them and both were separated.

I saw tears coming from her fragile face.

She said I was the first to know about her losing her virginity at a young age. She also told me that it was her first boyfriend.

I smile, for I confessed to her that I wasn't a virgin either. An older woman took it from me. And it was without my permission, I've told her.

It took no time to confirm our budding sexuality to each other. She took me by the hand and kissed me on my lips. My back was leaning against the wall when she took her hand and grabbed my chest through my shirt. I tried my hardest not to moan but she pressed harder, causing me to emit.

She took off my shirt and became exposed to the cool spring. She laughed as she continued to have her way with me. I didn't mind. I let her.

She stopped, wanting me to get on top and take control.

*Big mistake, Andy.*

I got on top and took a bite on her lip. She showed me her eyes, so stunning, very stunning. She hoisted my hips a couple of times, so I could really turn her on. I exchanged a few kisses a few times; wanted to get just right before I come for my kill.

She was really involved in the pleasure. So much so that she did not notice that I took her the pearl necklace.

She screamed my name in pleasure. I screamed her name in pain.

It didn't take seconds. It took some time. I don't want to be *too* detailed.

She gagged, she clenched dirt through her nails. I twisted and grunted. My shoe was leaned against her neck. I became so intent that I heard a snap.

It sounded like I stepped on a twig.

When it was all said and done, Penny was no more.

Did I say her real name? Please accept my sincerest apology.

I stood and watch the scene of my crime. Her blue eyes were fading away. Her hair was messy. Her body was turning into a different color.

Now, I was the only one doing the panting.

*Your first kill is never easy.*
I wrapped my hands around the pearl necklace that I have used on her. Such a gift that her dear friend gave her. Such a regret as well.

The newspaper a few days later displayed the picture of a boy crying over the casket of Penny. Reports said that he and Penny were best friends. In his hand was a similar necklace but in the color of Penny's eyes.

I later found out that the dear friend of Penny's killed himself a few days later. It was the day of Penny's birthday. His body was found hanging from a tree. It was at the school where they have met and shared their first kiss.

*Your first kill is never easy.*

I reached into my parka and pulled out the pearl necklace of my first kill. It is chipping away. Such a cheap and inexpensive piece of work. But amazing on how this piece of jewelry impacted the lives of these lost souls.

Maybe one day their souls would meet again.

Unsure, don't care.

I digress my thoughts and was ready to head back. My head hurts and I need a stress reliever. I pick up my phone and text Neo.

I give her a few words.

*On my way to see you. Wait for me!*

There is wonders of having a wonderful concubine such as Neo.

The mute can't speak.

*Goodbye for now!*
April 14, 2017

Hey, my name is Jaune Arc. I can't believe that I am actually writing in a journal. Where are we? In the 1990s? Anyway, my name is Jaune Arc and I am in my first year of high school. I attend Beacon Academy. The purpose of writing this journal is because I am actually doing a homestay in Japan. I am currently staying with a family in Azikagaru. It's located on the main island, Honshu, in Japan. They are very cool people. It is just the parents and their daughter. Their names are Misae and Hirosuke Izanagi. Their daughter is Hisa. Both parents are teachers at the exchange school I am currently attending. Hisa is a student in the sixth grade. Enough about that. Why are you guys should be worrying about their lives? This is a journal about me. Wait a minute? This is a personal journal. Therefore, I am writing about myself. So, I am doing a homestay/exchange program for the next year. It is weird to be away from my parents and my sisters for a whole year. Honestly, my parents didn't want me to go on this. They had hesitations.

I told them not to worry. I am going to be fine. I am aware of my surroundings. Even though I miss Ren, but he is supposed to come through for the next year. Anyway, I have to go. My host mother is calling me for dinner. I plan to write back soon.

Added note: So, I found out that this journal is supposed to document my homestay here. Ok, cool.

April 15, 2017

Hey, this is Jaune again. I am writing because I have learned something in class today. As usual, I was sitting at lunch alone. I like the loneliness. Gives me time to think as I ponder on my career as a potential huntsman. Also, makes me observe the scenery out here. So, this girl named Yuri Minamoto approaches me (I know, Yuri, right?!).

She asked me if I knew about the Sea of Trees.

I was aware of it. I studied it before I came here. It was also part of the reason why I wanted to come here. Well, Yuri told me that she and her friends were planning to make a venture out there over the weekend. She said that they needed me to even out the boy-girl ratio. I told her I was okay with it. She gave me her number and added the details of their location.
Later on, I told my host parents about it. My host mother had her doubts. My host father encouraged it. He said that it would help me understand their culture and the mysteries of the forest. He also said it was a great way to meet people. Kind of eerie when he had said that, but he was *prost* on the deal, so why not.

So, I called my parents about it. Mom and Dad were not pleased with this. So, for the next hour, we argued on why I couldn't go. My Mom kept telling me why visit a place that has a reputation for suicide and even spirits? My Dad wanted me to come back. He kept saying why to visit a horrid place. Then, they mention something that pissed me. Did I want the same thing that got Saphron?

I hung up the phone. I was pissed. They didn't need to remind me about Saphron. It wasn't necessary. I was different. I didn't go out there for the wrong reasons. I am not Spahron. I am not Saphron! She chose her fate. I have chosen mine.

April 18, 2017

My apologies for not writing back as quickly as I should. I hope that my teacher doesn't get mad for not keep daily updates. It has been two days, so I knew she wouldn't mind. So, the next day, Yuri comes to me at school. I was lying on the roof during free period when she approached me. She presented me with some research about the Sea of Trees, or *Aokigahara* or *Aokigaharajukai*. I told her that I knew that it was the second known death site in the world, the first being the Golden Gate Bridge in San Fransisco. I even added that I watched the documentary, *The Bridge*, on the matter and it really discouraged me. Why take away something that was given to you? She humored me, explaining that I was given her facts.

She sat next to me. She placed work onto my lap. She gave me a story about how the Sea of Trees earned its reputation. The story was *Nami No To*. It was released sometime in the sixties. She explained that it was about two lovers who feared separation so much that they decided to end their lives together in the forest. Romanization in the Japanese culture, I told her. Once again, she humored me. She told me she was glad that she picked me to come with her to the forest in the next couple of days.

She kept the book with me, told me to read it, and she left. I didn't think anything of it. I scanned a few pages before lying down. I texted Ren and then texted Nora and Pyrrha.

I took a quick siesta.

After school, my sister Jan texted me. She told me that I should reconsider my going to the Sea of Trees. I told her it wasn't a big deal. I was going to explore, take a few pictures, and leave. I wasn't going to desecrate any bodies. And that was if I found any. If I did, I was going to call the police. I wasn't going to be some inconsiderate jerk who records them, picks on them, and fails to call the proper authorities. I wasn't the type who, pardon my French, shit on something that doesn't belong to me.

She kept saying, think of Saphron. I told her I wasn't Saphron. I wasn't going there for that. Like I said, she made her bed. I really didn't want to talk about my sister. I told Jan that I loved her and I got off of the phone.

I came home when my host mother made dinner. Hisa was studying her English. I was reading a manga comic. It was a parody of the Black Panther in feudal Japan. Interesting take, if you ask me, but that what I was reading.

My host mother came in, told me that Yuri was on the phone. I thought it was strange that she had
my host family's number. It was probably in the phonebook I concluded. I mean, Izanagi is an uncommon name in this region. I picked up the phone to answer it.

Yuri explained that the trip is going to be only me and her. The other reneged on her or basically they flaked. It figured. So, she said that the trip was still on. She was getting me heads up on the change of plans. I told her okay. Before I hung up, she stopped me. She asked me if I read the story. I told her that I scanned some of the stories. She was glad and hung up the phone.

The next day, my host father helped me with the materials for the trip. He let me use the equipment that he had stored in his shed. He even slipped a condom in my back pocket if I were to "have weaknesses." I remember him telling me, "You are young and sixteen. We have surrendered our loins to temptation at some point. Also, with you being out of town, what your parents don't know, won't hurt them." He bumped my shoulder with sly looks. He even added, "Nothing wrong with dipping your paintbrush early." I tried overlooking the perverted old man as I thanked him for the items. I texted Yuri that I will meet her at our arranged spot tomorrow.

The rest of the evening, I spent listening to music and reading manga.

I didn't get much sleep that night. My sister was on my brain. Tears came from my eyes. It was the first time I cried about her in so long. I can see her face. Her soft face playing with her sintar, kicking back in the backyard. We were close, very close. Close to the point where it still hurts about Saphron. I haven't cried this much since we got news about her. I was coming back from school when I got the news. Mommy was in tears. I dropped to the floor. I even vomited.

Here it is today. I met Yuri at our arranged spot. By arranged spot, I mean the entrance of the forest. It wasn't hard to find. I just needed a little guidance since I am bad with directions. Yuri was sitting on a van. A van that looked abandoned. So, it didn't surprise me that the owner of that van wasn't planning to come back anytime soon.

She jumped off the van and greeted me. She was happy that I made it. With her camping gear behind her, we were ready to go. As we enter the forest, I already saw signs that I saw on the internet and even on this documentary from the Vice network.

"You have so much left to live for!" and "Think about your family!"

Strange vibes, if you ask me. It still a wonder to know that suicide rates are comparable to homicide rates like in other places. Just business as usual in the country that never sleeps. As an additional note, it creates curiosity. How powerful and demanding is a society that creates a certain expectation on an individual? How potent is a force to compel a citizen to meet an "X" number of expectations or else shame the family? What if we fail? What if we weren't built that way? What if? Nobody's perfect. Everybody is going to have a place in the world. Rather is working at a Fortune 400 company or serving kids from an ice cream truck. If everybody were geniuses, then how can we live? Enough of my bantering with the Japanese and the free thought mindset.

Back to the point, Yuri said she found a spot where we can set up camp. I asked her where we were going. She said that we were going to find ourselves. She wanted to go because she just felt like being there. She didn't want to do it alone.

A bit eerie, especially for a girl I just met a few days ago. Now that I mention it, I have failed to ask her which class she was in. The school I attended was a combined middle school and high school (grades 7-12). Was she a third-year junior high student (a ninth grader), a first-year high school student (freshman or sophomore), or a second-year high school student (sophomore or junior)?

I put those thoughts aside. I will make the best of it. Plus, this will aid me in my notebook to bring
back to school on my travels.

April 19, 2017

My first night wasn’t bad. Nothing really happened. Just Yuri snoring loudly. Yuri's tent broke so she and I shared a tent. The tent was large enough for us to share. I slept on one end, giving her enough space to do her womanly duties. I used a thin sheet as a divide. It didn't help, but it gave a false illusion. Like last night, she was messing with me as she was showing me her bra. I turned away from her while blushing. She said I was cute. Of course, she would say that. Am I already starring in a manga and/or anime where the main character gets a crush on the girl? Really, how cliche!

With a bento that she prepared for us, we scouted the woods. I will write this. It is very eerie and creepy how quiet it is. Even on our way to our campsite, I saw nothing but scattered trash, torn photos of the missing, dead flowers of memorials. She was telling me that this place was scared. Growing up, her mother told her tales and her mother's mother told her tales. Even as we walked by, anything that gave her a grave feeling, she bowed out of respect.

I gave the sign of respect as we passed. I hope that Oum isn't dead in this forest also.

She told me that she wanted to find a body. It didn't matter what kind. She just wanted to see. She was curious. She wanted to know what caused them to die.

In my mind, it was simple. Either they hung themselves, overdosed on drugs, stabbed or slit their wrist.

Maybe in Saphron's case…

No, no, I stop. Saphron.

Saphron.

Why is it so hard to write her name. It is as if something was hindering me to continue.

April 20, 2017

You have to forgive me when I abruptly stopped writing my journal. Last night, I have discovered a body. As I was writing the journal in my tent, Yuri came in. She told me that she found something. She tossed me a flashlight and I went through the harsh brush within. It was cold, dark. Just pure silence and that is scary kind. Darkness consumed us, swallowed us. I am thankful for these flashlights. I hope the batteries can last.

She pointed to the tree. I dropped the light on what I saw. I saw a skeleton, hanging around a noose on a tree. The skeleton was well preserved. Even the shoes were still on. Looking at its appearance, maybe six to eight months, maybe longer.

It was around the same time when Saphron left.

I shook my head. I know it wasn't my sister. Although this poor soul was sporting a sundress and a yellow scarf, this person was too tall to be Saphron. I nearly lost my lunch. I was grateful that it wasn't my sister. But, still, it amazed me that Yuri stared and even touched it.

She inhaled, wanting to know the stench of death.

My lunch was now resting near the body somewhere.
I didn't want to see anymore. I told her I was heading back. I wanted to be back at the tent. I told myself that two more days and I plan to head back home.

An update, my phone is officially dead. I forgot to bring my charger. I had a charger that uses the sun energy. Either way, it goes, it won't do any good. The dense forest inhibits sunlight. Yuri forgot her phone. I am thankful that I know the way out. A couple of more days of exploring then I am out of here.

April 21, 2017

We decided to head north. Yuri wanted to see if we can find another body or the mysterious two lovers from that book I hardly read. Legends said that they are still somewhere in the forest. She found it to be romantic. She asked me if I had a girlfriend. I'd told her no. Then added, a boyfriend. I definitely told her no. She nodded her head. She told me that she dated a girl once, but it was out of experimentation. Her preference was in boys. I shook my head. I laughed because I said that my sister Saphron also dated girls in the past.

I think she only dated girls.

She asked me about her. I told her that Saphron was an amazing sister. We were close. We shared a lot of interest. We loved music, we played jokes, we enjoyed each other's company.

Yumi asked if I had loved her.

I told her I did.

She then asked me if I believed in incest.

I paused, kind of getting disgusted with that statement. She apologized, telling me that it was out of observation. For the first time, I told her, "There are some things you have to keep to yourself."

She responded, "Is that why your sister disappeared?"

My body weighed heavily when she spat that from her mouth. I questioned her about how she knew. She said that she went into my backpack "by accident" and she read the torn article.

Saphron traveled to Japan after she and Terra broke up. The break up drove Saphron into a depression. She didn't leave the house for weeks. She stopped eating. She stopped sleeping. She stopped enjoying her hobbies like music. She stopped everything.

Being close to Saphron, I stayed by her side. Even if she didn't respond, I still remained. I knew at some point, she was going to return to herself.

Yuri asked, "What caused your sister to come here? To Aokigahara?"

I denied myself that she was looking for something to inspire her. I told Yuri that Saphron loved to write. She loved playing music on her sintar. I said Saphron came to Japan, hoping on finding gritty, dark material to give her the strength to write. I was lying to myself. I kept lying after her search engine led to the Golden Gate Bridge, the Nanjing Yangtze River Bridge in China, the Gap in Sydney and so on and so on.

I was crying as I was telling her this. I was explaining that she was just finding herself. She was finding herself.

The day when my mother got the phone call, police said that Saphron was last seen heading inside
of the Sea of Trees. Cops presumed the worst. It has been nearly a year since she entered here. She
is somewhere. Somewhere.

And I was right after all. That night I had heard a familiar whistle.

A whistle whenever a certain someone wanted my attention.

April 22, 2017

I didn't want to leave the tent. I lied there. The raindrops were doing more than I was. I just didn't
want to focus. I didn't want to eat. I didn't want to move. I didn't want to even use the restroom.
Darkness came to me last night. It took me to a room of a former friend. He was seventeen years
old. He also took his own life. It wasn't here, but online via social media. He just didn't want to
fight to live anymore. No matter what counseling did. No matter what the church did. No matter
what his mother, his girlfriend, anyone. He just didn't want to live. His last words were "So long,
Space Cowboy." He placed the shotgun to his head and blasted himself into a paradigm beyond
space and time.

April 23, 2017

Yuri left without me. She didn't give me a note or anything. Her stuff is still here, but I must go
look for her. The darkness continued to press onto to me. I hear things, I feel things. It wants to
swallow me like a pit and go into a grave. I must find Yuri. I didn't want to leave her here.

April 24, 2017

I have to pause to write this, but I am lost. As I was searching the area for Yuri, I slipped on
something, and I fell down a ravine. The ravenous climb enabled me to go up, so I must circle the
forest to find where I left off. Silence fills the forest. At least, on the outside. Darkness is following
me. I can feel it. I can...it tells me that I need to go. It's time to go back to a level beyond human.
It's telling me that I am no longer part of this world. I need to be cleansed. I need to go. I need to
go, it tells me.

I still can't find Yuri. Despite calling her name, I still can't find her.

April 25, 2017

I am worried. I am still lost. I don't know where I am. I still can't find Yuri. I hope to Oum that
someone is looking for me. I am cold. I am wet. I am seeing things. I saw things. I saw a noose
with fragments of dead skin. I saw a note written in kanji.

I am thinking of poor thoughts. That noose looks very comforting. I think I am able...no, what I am
thinking? This isn't like me. I have a family. I have....

[it appears to be blood on the page]

April 27, 2017

I've found Saphron! I've found Saphron! I've found a note under a tree. It was written in English.

[note was attached in the notebook. Traces of blood and dirt were on the paper.]

Depression!

What more can I say? Not much. I have to do what I have to do. It wasn't my beloved Terra fault. It
wasn't my parents' fault. It wasn't my siblings. It was mine. I've fucked up! No need for an explanation! What's done is done!

Why should I have a reason to live on? I have seen enough. Now, I am finished.

Jauney, at some point I know you are going to look for me. That's how you are. A man of awesome wonder. Please believe that it has nothing to do with us. It's bigger than that! What we have is special. Understand what we have is special. I love you! You have been the only man I could say I love without lying to myself about my orientation. If I could, I should have given you one more kiss. One more to sate me. One more to know that I can carry that love to the other side. I love you in a place where there is no space and time.

And that's why you are here, aren't you? You seek closure. You wouldn't come halfway around the world for anything, wouldn't you?. I am happy that you made it halfway. Now, you are one step further and one step closer.

I don't want to be there alone, Jauney. Join me!

I love you,

Saphron

I love her, too. I love her more than anything in this world. It's true. It's true. I hear the gentle voices calling. Wait a minute, there is Yuri. I am happy to finally see her. I am happy that she is safe.

Yuri approached me. She had a pleasant glow. Before I can speak, she greeted me with a kiss. She asked me if that is what my sister did when we were together. I told her, yes. She gave me another kiss.

She asked me if I am ready to go.

I am ready to go.

So, this is going to conclude this journal. This can also be counted as my final farewell and final wishes. Mom and Dad, don't be sad. My loving siblings, don't be sad. Ren, Nora, Terra, Pyrrha don't be mad at me. It is my decision and this is what I am going to do!

For the first time, I am happy again. I am now a step closer to be with my beloved sister. I miss her! I miss her! I miss her! Why am I still writing this? I need to go! Now!

Yuri tells me that I will be safe. It's gonna be okay! She tells me that Saphron is waiting for me. I don't want to leave Saphron alone.

I am going to keep her company. She needs a little brother. I need my big sister.

Maybe in heaven, Oum will allow us to be what we are.

I am coming, Saphron. I am coming!

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The search continues for the missing teenager, Jaune Arc. The sixteen-year-old walked away from the youth hostel, in the Kanagawa Prefecture, on April 16. According to the director of the youth hostel, she told NHK news that [Arc] had developed symptoms of paranoia, fatigue, and insomnia. The teenager kept to himself, residing himself in his quarters. Many of the residents were
concerned, careful, and fearful of him according to the director.

"Mr. Arc was always writing and scribbling in that diary of his. He always talked to himself; mumbling and groaning," said the director. "Once, I saw him laughing and playing by himself. When I asked why he was happy, he responded that he was playing with his host family's daughter, Hisa. He even said that he had made a friend at school named Yumi. I find it peculiar as he kept putting his hands in the air and when I ask what he was doing, he said that he was playing patty cake with Hisa. I found it really strange!"

When the director decided to consult the teenager to pursue counseling, he had disappeared.

Police visited local area high school, Kanagawa Prefectural High School in search of this Yuri Minamoto. The principal reported that there wasn't a student by that name.

Jaune Arc was spotted boarding a train in Tokyo on April 18. He arrived near Mt. Fuji where he went to a nearby convenience store to purchase supplies. He was last seen via closed-circuit television heading to the Aokigahara trails alone.

This is an unfortunate tragedy for the Arc family as this isn't the first time this kind of incident struck their home. According to Mr. Arc's mother, Juniper Arc, her daughter, Saphron Arc, decided to go to Aokigahara several months earlier after recently breaking up with her domestic partner.

"Saphron wasn't the same since she and Terra broke up. She was lost despondent. As if death was only a step away," said Juniper Arc. "And the only guess I will say was that Jaune did what an Arc does best. No one gets left behind."

Shortly after interviewing, Mrs. Arc, I had received word from one of their daughters that Juniper Arc took her own life. She was found hanging from the shower handle in her bathroom. A note was found on the counter. It read, "I am going to keep my babies company. They need their mother!"

Police and support group continue to search the woods and the surrounding areas for Jaune Arc. He was last seen wearing a plain white t-shirt, blue jeans, and brown shoes. He is a white male with blonde hair and blue eyes. He weighs at least 150-180 pounds. He is at least 6 feet tall. If anyone has information or know the whereabouts of Jaune Arc, please contact local police.

The End?!
Schnee: A Family Affair (Part II)

The following story is a bit of a teaser as I haven't worked on this story in over a year. Here is the second part of 'Schnee: A Family Affair.' In this chapter, you get a small taste in the mind of Winter as she tends to her duties in the Schnee Manor. A bit of a slow read but will plan on building suspense in the future chapters. Just wanted to give my readers ideas that I am planning to return to my stories that were 'forgotten.' Stay tuned for more. "I write what's in my heart. No longer care if you aren't rocking with it!" Enjoy!

Mornings at the Schnee manor was busy, rampant, and quite punctual. Every employee has a routine provided and must be followed to a tee unless wanting the consequences. It was business as usual in the kitchen. Maids, butlers, chefs following their roles as they were preparing breakfast for the Schnees. The chef followed a schedule on what meals did each Schnee eat. The butlers and maids were following in accordance on what is necessitated to each Schnee. Every will, every whim, everything was must be met in order to make them happy. However, one must understand that even everything went smooth, something will always go awry.

The kitchen door opened. Immediately, each chef stood attentively as Winter entered the domicile. Standing like statues, waiting on hand and foot on whatever the elder daughter wanted or needed. Quiet as a mouse, stiff as a board, everyone stood at attention for her orders.

The elder Schnee's arms were folded. She stood in approval, acknowledging that help knew their place in their household. Winter scanned the entire area, searching for something to spot. She tilted her head downward, alerting the employees to be at ease. Winter was wearing her blue morning robe. The look of her appearance appeared aberrant to them as no one has seen Winter outside of her issued soldier's uniform or her traditional, business-like outfits when tending to her duties. So, seeing Winter in this outfit was surprising. Nevertheless, it didn't deter them from their duties. The last thing they wanted to do was to disturb Winter.

Winter watched as the chefs were chopping fresh vegetables. One of the chefs were already preparing lunch. Another was already preparing for dinner. Her eyes were on a recently purchased boar. Killed the very day her lover entered the residence. Upon arriving at the manor, she informed her maid to contact the chefs to prepare for tonight's feast. Tonight was going to be a celebration. Tonight will be the night when Jaune Arc will be welcomed into the family.

Winter kept her eyes on the way they chopped the onions and the peppers. She flickered her nose to be certain that the herbs and spices were to her leisure. Everything must be perfect. Jaune was entering into what she called royalty. The Schnee family wasn't part of any monarchy but the village they resided knew their names. From the company, they were under to the speakeasy of a bar, not a day went by without the name Schnee escaping from their lips.

And after tonight, they were going to be sure of that.

Winter approached a random chef that was preparing for tonight's feast. She looked over the man as he displayed nervousness. She enjoyed creating such fear to anyone who dared question or challenged her. She watched the insolent insect stuff the boar with the finest of ingredients. "Stand up straight. We aren't paying you to slouch, boy." Immediately as her orders released from her soft lips, the chef adjusted his position to work according to their expectation. She gave him a pat on the head. "Good boy! Now, keep working."

The chef knew better than to respond, especially if it came with a tone. Winter proceeded to walk
as she headed to where she needed to be. A maid was situated at a counter where her purpose alone was to serve the meals to the women of the manor. Winter observed the woman who was close to her age. The maid's eyes were on the plate. She wanted to be certain it was of proper fixture and measure. The maid didn't meet Winter's eyes. She was ecstatic.

The maid knew her place.

"Breakfast is served for the mister, madam," replied the maid humbly. She bowed accordingly just as she was taught. Winter had a run-in with this particular maid in the past. Strict discipline was the key to obedience. The collar on her neck served as a reminder of the maid's place.

"Thank you, girl," replied Winter. The snap of her fingers signified the maid's permission to leave. The second snap of Winter's finger alerted the maid to take Winter's meal to her quarters.

Winter's quarters were separate from the main manor. After flourishing into womanhood, the elder Schnee wanted a place of her own. Didn't want to leave Mommy or Daddy, her father hired the best laborers in the village to give her daughter dearest her own sense of privacy.

The privacy that she was grateful to Oum to have at this time.

A butler was met at the door of her exclusive quarters. His eyes didn't look at Winter. For it was the sound of her voice that alerted him whenever she was ready. "Open!" The butler nodded, using his white-gloved hand to open the door. Winter was to enter first. No way would she allow a simpleton like a maid to enter before she did. As if she and the maid were equals.

Winter led the maid to her chambers. The chambers that her Daddy dearest invested his money for the finest of material provided to her. The bed, the floor, the curtains, everything was foreign. The cost of this quarter would have made their village bankrupt. Yet again, funds did come from the taxpayers.

Lying in wait was her sleeping prince. Winter produce a warm smile as she saw her prince waiting for her return. Of course, she knew that Jaune was going to be a handful. He did come unwillingly. However, it was the only way Winter, Weiss, and Whitely was to show their induction into the Schnee family.

"Down, maid!" The maid nodded. She positioned her body onto her knees, slowly placing the food tray on the breakfast nook beside the bed. She remained still until receiving her orders to move. Winter tended to wait longer than usual. It wasn't because she wanted to be certain that the tray was in perfect position.

It was because she could.

"Up, maid." The sound of the maid's bell excited Winter. The maid walked around the bed and nodded to Winter. "Is there anything of me you inquire, mistress."

Winter didn't answer. She used her hand to caress the maid's breast. The maid didn't reply. She knew better. Winter smiled gingerly as she gripped the woman's breast, inciting a moan from her worried, quivering lips. "Nothing more, maid! That will be all. For now." She retrieved from the woman's breast, allowing her permission to leave. As she left, the butler knew to not let anyone enter without permission.

The door was closed, separating Winter and Jaune from the outside world.

Weiss and Whitley were out of the manor on business. Their task was a bit risky than what Winter had to do. The night before when Jaune was brought to the manor, they were met with their
mother. As they enter the garage, the mother stood in waiting, holding a glass of wine and watched as Winter and Whitley having Jaune.

Their mother was unopposed. She gave them a stare as she continued to drink her red nectar. As she was in her robe, she turned away. However, she let out a few words. 'Once you are able to convince his family to sign over his rights to us, bring him to me. For it is I will inspect him and it is I that will receive him. Understood?'

As much as they disliked their mother having the advantage of their merchandise, it was their mother who is to thank to end the tyrannical era of their father.

Their father isn't dead but out of commission. For a long while.

Hopefully, forever.

With her sisters heading to the Arc home and her mother tending to her business duties as rightfully intended as the acting president of the Schnee Dust Company, Winter has the moment to spend with her prince.

A prince in which she will turn into their royalty.

A prince that will become the finest Schnee in the making.

Rather if Jaune wanted it or not.

And just like the maid that Winter encountered earlier, one can become finagled.

Jaune looked adorable as he slept. He looked like a doll that was handcrafted by the finest dollmaker. He was dashing to the point that it was unfair. How can a sweet boy be this adorable? That was the thought Winter was thinking as she planted her nose above him. The smell of sweat from the forest remained. It wasn't easy to convince the others to allow him to sleep here for the night. Weiss had to keep appearances at school and Whitley wouldn't know how to handle such vigor of a man in front of her.

Nevertheless, a woman to her word, she wouldn't engage in sexual contact with Jaune until her mother was able to receive him first.

However, she didn't say she can sample him by taste.

Winter climbed on top of Jaune. She placed her head onto his chest. His flat chest felt smooth to the touch. She was listening to his breathing and to his heartbeat. She fixed her lips as she used her tongue to taste the saltiness of his skin.

It tasted delightful to the elder Schnee. As if she was feasting on the finest of meats. Meats that were imported from foreign lands or from the finest of farms. She inhaled vigorously. She was hungry. Tasting him wasn't enough. She inhaled a bit more, craving Jaune like she did whenever she was in the forest.

She prayed to the gods to be patient. For once her mother receives him, then she is next.

She is the first in the hierarchy of the daughters of Willow.

As she wanted a second craving, she saw the eyes of Jaune stirring.

"Oh, darling, you are finally awake!"
To be continued....
The Eyes That Watched God (Part I)

The following story will be suspenseful. It will feature dark themes and subject matter relating to incest, religion, blackmail, psychological drama, and bondage. If this story isn't your cup of tea, please refrain from reading further. All characters portrayed in this story are of the age of consent. As a reminder, this is a work of fiction and the author doesn't support and/or encourage the events in this story. "I write what's in my heart. No longer care if you aren't rocking with it!"

Synopsis: Jaune is battling his lust over his transcendentalist younger sister, Julie. As he battles his lust, he also battles with himself, his conscience. As he thinks he is able to hide this secret, it isn't long until his secret will be exposed by his oldest sister, Saphron. What will she do? Stay tuned and read!

A/N: This is a modern AU. Oum will be incorporated as his entity as well as the use of the bible. I am aware of the gods of Remnant but don't overthink this. Thanks, the Management.

How do you know when you feel it in the air? How do you know when you feel it in your voice? What signs gives the ability to take the forward steps? Once we take those forward steps, which path is suitable for us? Is it smooth? Treacherous? Mountainous? I have always been one-tracked when making decisions? Similar when discussing the main topic and have the supporting details to back it up. That is my style. That is how I am built. But, hell, even manufacturers can produce errors and recalls. Can a human do the same as well?

I have always asked these pertinent, off-centered questions. I guess that is the reason why I was labeled a genius. At least that was what according to the doctors and the therapists explained to my parents. I pictured their face. Mouths agape and dry like the pale brown color of the doctor's office. I was there. The carpet smelled like old coffee. There were white, crusty dry patches there as well. He should really consider investing a vacuum cleaner or a housekeeper.

I am kidding. I am not a genius. At least in my mind, I am. It's okay to dream.

Excuse me for my chuckling. I think it is okay to laugh for a change. There is nothing wrong with laughter. It fills the body with joy. Gives us the agility to know there is a way out at the end of the road. Even if that road was invisible, there is some chance of meeting its finite.

Once again, my questions. How do you know when you feel it in the air? How do you know when you feel it in your voice. The feelings envelop me like a soft and warm blanket; wrapped and individually stitched with love around you. Made from a mother, a grandmother, better yet, a woman of your desire.

Speaking of desire, a strong word indeed. How can one desire something? Of course, many people will have a variety of explanations to determine their cause. However, how do you really desire someone? Do you catch feelings? Does your heart beat? Does your stomach churn? Is that the desire based on need? Want? Love? Lust? The bible that sits beside my nightstand tells me that no one should love or desire something more than the Oum. In fact, I believe it qualifies in one of the deadly seven sins.

Not being a skeptic, or at least in front of my parents, how can be resolved? It is here on Earth, but yet again it is considered wrong. Maybe it depends. I guess for it is long that it is not similar in the
covenants of Oum, then we are okay. Are we?

Do you feel it in the air? Do you feel it in your voice? Like a siren in those Greek mythology books, I read in school. The enchantress entrances you in song. Following you along to the ends until you meet your doom. Are those serenades sweet? My Oum with the questions.

That is my mindset, ladies and gentlemen. I rationalize things. The gift and the fallacy of being a genius (in my own mind). Now, us geniuses are no different than everybody else. We eat, sing, shout, cry, love the same way. Of course, we have a schematic of the differences. I imagine blueprints similar to the cooky, quirky individual from a well-known television show based on the origins of the Earth.

What I am trying to get is how do you know when you feel it in the air? When do you feel it in your voice? When do you know when you like someone?

And once you get that feeling, is it acceptable to love that person. Rather it is a girl? A boy? An older person? A younger person? Even someone in your own family?

No, no. I shouldn't think that way. It is not right. It is unnatural and it is a sin.

If no one knows, then it is not a secret. That inner voice in my head. Reminds me so much of the serpent from the book of Genesis. I read the Bible from time to time. Especially when I feel conflict with temptation.

Who is going to know that you feel this way? My mind reels itself again. Parasitic as it wraps inside and encloses you. There is no symbiotic relationship. No love, just pure lust of the flesh.

Loving someone should not matter. Especially if that love is of someone of the same blood.

Get out of my head, damn it. I shouldn't have to feel this way. It is not right. This is wrong.

Wrong. In your Bible, family members got together and have children. What about then is so different than today?

That is because it was different. It was in the needs of procreating. Not lust.

Are you sure?

Sure, it is pure fact. The Bible tells us so.

Poor Jaune. The Bible is a device constructed by man to make gullible fools like you on not having an enjoyable life. Do you actually take that stuff word for word?

Yes. Yes, I do. It gives me hope and protection. To help me overcome that lust.

Yeah, yeah. How is that working out? Don't think I didn't see you standing in the laundry room. I believe that you had your hands on her "delicates?"

I was only sorting out laundry.

Laundry? Right? So, I guess inhaling her soiled panties was a method of curing your impurities?

Jaune, you are a good time. I will tell you that.

Why should I care what you think? You don't exist. You are not real. Just a thought in my imagination.
Oh, Jaune. I am more real than it gets. I am you. The real you who knows you. Your wants. Your needs. Your desires?

As much I may have these thoughts of her. I don't see her in that fashions. She is my sister for goodness sake.

Keep telling yourself that, Jaune. By the way. Nice touch on inhibiting the name of Oum. Not keeping that in vain like your lie, huh?

Fuck you. I scream out loud.

Tell that to your sister. Tell that to the multitudes of garments you have soiled. The number of minutes and hours and days and weeks you confined yourself to the room to relieve your stress. The thoughts of her in her bathing suit, or lack thereof. When you take peeks under her skirt during dinner or when you are "falling asleep." You may fool yourself, but I know what you like and crave, Jaune. We are one and the same. One and the same.

No, no. I scream again. I don't like her like that. You are lying.

There is no one there. I sit on the stairwell screaming at an apparition that does not even exist. I clench my fist in frustration. My eyes are narrow. As tight as my face is, I keep telling myself it is not true. It is not true.

I get up from the stairwell and make my way upstairs. My usual route. I pass through my sisters' bedrooms and go into my room. My domicile. My sanctuary. The place where I can be Jaune Arc.

I step inside my bedroom and threw my backpack beside the bed. The room scheme was gray, similar to what I am feeling right now. Rain is in the forecast. I can feel it. I can sense it. The day is still young.

I had time to take care of business before they return home.

On the nightstand, the Bible stands proud. Awaiting for me whenever troubles come deep. My oasis from the world. My verbal melody from heaven.

I turn it over. Quietly asking Oum for forgiveness.

One and the same. One and the same.

One and the same, I say. I get out of my bed and shut the door. I lock the door to ensure nobody disturbs me. I return to my bed. It was soft. A huge contrast to my stiffened heart. I reach under the sheets of my bed to retrieve an item for my "encounter."

I have a lump in my throat. It is not too late. The Bible is right there. I can save myself from damnation. It is not too late.

A strong scent of my item enters my nose. It blockades any of my inhibitions. The throbbing feeling between my lions awakens.

Forgive me, Oum.

I took off my pants and neatly place them on the nightstand. That way the Bible won't see my shame. I keep my boxers on. Just in case if I am interrupted. I sigh as I take a good scent of my fallacy. The forbidden sin. The lust that confides hidden in the small and detriment compartment of my heart. The missing delicate of Julie's panties.
They were black. The color of her clothes. The color of her personality. The color of my shame. The color of my regret. The color of my lust.

I won't explain how I got them or when I got them. I already have enough darkness within myself to hate.

*What are you waiting for, Jaune? Consume the lust of your dear Julie.*

I whispered to Julie and Oum for forgiveness. There is a place in Hell for people like me. The demons applaud as I glide my hand to my dick.

The thoughts of her appear. That alone is enough to arouse my dick.

I grip on the shaft and began massaging my dick. It doesn't take long until I saw precum leaking from its silt. I ingest her scent as I start playing with my dick.

I rub the phallus, making my dick sensitive. I picture my thoughts on Julie performing this. No, no, no. I can't. Her panties are enough. They are enough because any further, then it will become worse.

*Keep telling yourself, Jaune. Indulge. Indulge. Indulge. Show your little sister on how she can work your dick.*

No.

*You crave her, don't you? Wanting her to prance around with nothing but a t-shirt and her black panties. Maybe some stockings. Better yet, maybe naked in your room. You can play some music. Maybe something to get her comfortable. She can wear black lipstick. Serenade in her in the glad tithings of Hawthorne and Poe. Maybe some Slayer. Get her comfortable. You enjoy. She enjoys. You get her all wet.*

Shut up!

*You kiss her neck. She flinches. She protests, but you keep going. You aim for her neck.*

Shut up!

*You continue sliding your tongue to her breasts. You can her ragged breath saying 'Big brother, don't do this. Don't do this. This is not right...*

Shut up! Shut the hell up!

By this time, my thrust is getting faster. I let out a sharp cry as I am moaning under my breath.


*That's right. Scream out the name of your beloved, you pervert.*

Shut up!

*You sick bastard!*

Leave me alone!

*How can I? When I am you.*
Fuck you!

Save that for your sister.

I am hearing her voice. The soothing darkened voice that is my Julie

"Jaune, faster. Oh my Oum, Jaune. Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck your little sister!"

No, no, Julie. This is wrong. This is not right.

I am coming. I tremble as I climax all over myself. As I relaxed, I saw my hand covered in semen.

Covered in my shame.

I want to cry. I have committed a sin. A sin, that I am not ready to admit. I grab the tissues from my

nightstand to wipe my hands. I have hidden the panties back in the secret place. I retrieve my pants

and turn over my Bible.

I sat on the bed with many different thoughts. It leaves me empty. Want kind of person feels this

way.

"Jaune, are you home?"

I hear my mother knock on my door.

"I am home," I respond.

"The girls and I are back with lobster. Do you want some?"

"Yes, ma'am. Be out in a minute."

I sigh as I get out of bed. Before I open the door, I hear my thought.

What am I trying to get is how do you know when you feel it in the air? When do you feel it in your

voice? When do you know when you like someone?

And once you get that feeling, is it acceptable to love that person. Rather it is a girl? A boy? An

older person? A younger person? Even someone in your own family?

Especially when you are interested in Julie.

It's not true, I lament. It's not true.

I walk outside of my room with hunger in my stomach and denial in my brain.

Later that night…. 

I am sitting in a dark room. No, I am lying. I am lying in bed in a dark room. My eyes gradually

adjust to the darkness. It is where I can covert myself without being seen. It is where I can commit

my sin without being watched. It is a blessing to be one of a couple of males in a house full of

women. The thought of a boy sharing a room full of sisters was very doubtful. I mean, eventually,

we will reach an age in which we will become teenagers. We will reach an age where we will

become curious about our own bodies. With that even includes interest in the opposite sex.

My parents were not going to take that chance. And thus, is why I have my own room.
Mom and Dad, you did the right thing. You did exactly the right thing.

I reach for the garment that perpetuates my urges. Yes, that is a preferable word. In order to do these kinds of things, something has to set you off. However, I stop myself. Not this time, I grunt.

The soft satin sheets help serenades the feeling of a woman's gentle touch. As a young man, I garner for the desire of a soft, delicate woman's touch. I imagine sometimes a girl running her fingertips against my spine. Why of all places, I don't know. I know I am cooing to her as she does this sensual pleasure. I cringe in the pleasure of her tickling me. It entrances me, leaving my breath ragged.

Leaving me with the desire for more.

Why am I lying? It isn't just a girl. It is Julie. It has always been Julie.

I also think about Yang from time to time. Most of the time, I have imagined giving me a blowjob. She is one of my material when I do my "act." I have imagined if we were to do it, it would be in her house. It would be in her bedroom. I had the entire thing plan and calculated. I am in her bedroom. She takes off her jacket because she is hot. I tried to relax myself knowing that she is exposing her slender arm. Her white skin matches the opposite of the feeling and desires in my heart. The darkening sin that relishes within me. It gives me the urges to attack her right on the spot. However, I hold back. Let her be the one to take the league. She is more dominant than I. If she wants it bad, then I know it will be inevitable. She has urges as much as I do.

She relaxes and we begin studying. I play nonchalant and relax on the bed. I watch her behind me on her chair doing her homework. I pretend to study, but I am watching her movements. Her breath is a bit heavier when she concentrates on her schoolwork. Maybe it is some kind of mechanism. Unsure, but I like how she breathes. She reminds me that she is human. A human such as myself. Full of life, hopes, dreams, desires, and lust.

I have imagined that she becomes tense. Frustrated with such a task at hand. Although she is typing hard with her keystrokes on the laptop, there was a certain key I possess that does not mind doing a little stroking of its own.

Oum, forgive this son of a sinner. Forgive me for my transgressions. It is hard to overcome lust, especially for a teenaged boy. Her hair flowing from the back like a river of silk. It is so rich that I envy its fibers for residing on such a creature like Yang. A fallible, wretched creature that I call my own. She is a muse. Just a muse for the things I want to do with her.

My loins ache for her touch. Her body matching my tempo and vice versa. My imagination is at a comedown. Especially when she turns around and sees my aching erection protruding from my pants.

Of course, she laughs and jeers. But only for a moment. A face changes expression when she sees that I am unfazed of her amusement. All I want at this moment in time is her. And why not? She is cute. And she plays the role of my girl until I am able to understand these feelings.

You would think she freak out, but she doesn't. Instead, she edges over my erection. She studies it. I am accustomed to her slaps, admiring the pain of her love and her affection.

"Oum, you are a weirdo." She would say, exposing her mischievous grin.

I politely respond. "Yeah, we vomit boys know our place." That is right, Yang I am using that
nickname against you. However, she does not become offended. Instead, it makes her smile wider.

"You really want to have a good time with a girl like me," she asks me.

"I can't imagine any other girl to do it with," I respond.

Of course, I lied. There are plenty of others. But, I do not have the guts to tell her the truth. Honestly, I think she knows it. She might have the same feelings as me on the situation. If so, birds of a feather flock together.

She turns from her chair and slowly unzips her sweatshirt, exposing her plain t-shirt. Her small nipples protrude nicely. I want to put my mouth on those tits. I want to claim responsibility on teething those tits. I want it so much that I hope that milk produces from there. Oum, I am such a pervert.

She is slow with it. Why not? It only intensifies our teasing. Damn, what a tease she can be.

My dick beats harder at my pants than my own heartbeat. She drops the sweatshirt and then aims for her shorts. She licks her lips as she takes it off, showing me her slender legs in the process. Those legs are legs of a model, legs of an athlete. They are the legs of a woman.

Before long, she is wearing nothing but her t-shirt and her purple panties.

"Do you want to take me away, you vomit boy," she asks me while my mouth waters over on partaking this girl.

My breath becomes ragged. "If you want me to," I respond.

She moans. "I don't mind a lame like you taking me away. Especially if it is you, Jaune Arc," she says very seductively. There is so much emphasis on how she said my name. It is not the typical greeting of a friend. It is the invitation of letting me know that she is going to get busy with me.

She better have her schedule clear because this appointment is going to take quite some time.

Oum, forgive this sinner. Especially when I am drunk under the devil's nectar. Now, I am sounding like a fire-and-brimstone preacher. And this is coming from a boy who lives in the farming village.

The demons applaud as I awaiting her entrance. She sways her hips to me. I move back to the bed, trying my hardest to maintain composure. However, it does not work. Her eyes tell me that she knows I talk a big game. She looks at my dick. By now, fluids seeps onto my pants. She licks her lips. Her body shows hunger and I am on the menu.

"I hope you are cream-filled," she says. "Because I am in the mood for dessert."

As soon as she laces her hot breath on my throbbing manhood, I erupt. Not in her mouth. Not in her novice pussy. But in the confinements and safety net of my pants and my boxers, respectively.

Failure to launch.

Before you know it, everything disappears. I am not in Yang's room. She is not here displaying her lustrous body. I am all alone, lying in a dark room. The only thing that is coated is my sheets.

I remove my hand from my nether area and use tissues to wipe my shame. I then retrieve it into the trash can. I turn over my Bible again. And of course, with the hand that has not been corrupted.

"At least my thoughts were not on Julie this time," I say to myself.
The sound of rain is falling from the sky. The droplets cast a reflection on the window and are making shadow puppets also. They are performing beautifully, I think to myself. Hopefully, this rain is not tears of shame from the Oum. I mean, he is present when I am involved doing this "act."

Tonight, I did not use the garment that entices my urges. Earlier that evening, I have spied on her from her room. She was nestled into the corner. She was sitting cross-legged and reading one of her books. She was reading the *Tell-Tale Heart*, an Edgar Allan Poe classic. With her interest in gothic material and Transcendentalism, she easily escapes into that world. So much so, she did not even know that I was in the crack of the door. Our family was downstairs watching their favorite television program. Julie was not the type to be involved. Sometimes, she prefers to be alone. On this night, I decided to do the same thing.

Her eyes were transfixed. I can imagine she was enraptured by the creativity of how these authors can influence such a nature that she can be. She was enamored. She desired the love, the beauty, and the art of it just like I regrettably desire the likes of her.

So, here we were. She is relaxed. I am relaxed. Any moment, I had hoped that she exposed her panties to me. Show me something, I have thought. Give me something. Just something.

*I find it amazing, Jaune that you are doing such a thing.*

"What are you talking about. What thing? I am just curious about what my sister is doing?"

*Taking a peek at your sister's panties is such curiosity. I am intrigued by your discovery. Excuse me, exploration of her womanhood.*

Sweat beaded from my forehead. Have my thoughts took advantage of my transgressions.

"I am not playing with this. I was not taking a peek. She is my sister for goodness sake."

*I like how she does not have a clue that her dear and only brother is only inches away from her. As she enjoying her book on the art of macabre literature, you are enjoying the fruits of getting that itch in your pants for your sister's nectar.*

"I don't have to take this! This is nonsense. Do you think I would do such a thing to such an angel?"

*Yes, Jaune. To make matters interesting, she is wearing some sexy, black panties. Sort of similar to the panties that you have in your….*

I hit the wall, "Fuck off," I shouted.

Her eyes darted at the crack. I left the instant she laid those eyes. Did she see me? I hoped not. I ran as quickly as I could. I darted into my room and locked the door. I reached under my bed for her panties and relieved any stress out of my brain.

And as always at its end, I balled my fist around it. I would scream any profanities of hatred towards myself and my thoughts.

*It is only a matter of time before you want her. Just looking over her is not enough, Oum.*

I sat there frustrated and angry that I was driven to tears. I then look into scripture to find my ways of fighting my urges.

So, I lied. I did use her garment earlier that evening, but not at this particular session.
I sit on the bed. I must discard these boxers in the laundry room before my parents find out. I slowly tiptoed out of the room and entered the hallway. The clock on the wall displays its hands at a quarter past three.

I make my way towards the stairs into the living room. I make myself alert. I don't want anybody knowing my usual treks in the middle of the night.

After a couple of moments, I make my way to the laundry room. I turn on the sink and apply soap to the semen-soaked boxers. I did circular rings around it. I get that kind of maneuver from my mother. I am of a mother's boy. A pitiful, wretched, perverted mama's boy who desires his sister and cleans his shame in the middle of the night.

When the work is finish, I jam it deep into the hamper. I hope that my mother just throws it all in without looking. I hope so, at least. Now, I return back to my room.

I make my way upstairs and back into the hallway. I stop for a moment. I am back in front of the door that leads to Julie's room. I use my hand to touch the door. It is hard like the feeling of my heart and the budding erection in my pants. I whisper a prayer of self-control before heading back to my room.

As I return to my domicile, or often my personal hell, I sit against the door. Tears started to flow from my eyes. There is a lump in my throat. The thoughts of fear of being discovered loom in my hypocritical, sinful, perverted mind.

"Father Oum, forgive me for I have sinned," I cry. "Oum, you know the desires of my heart. You know how the flesh conflicts the spirit. You know my heart is in the right place." I get on my knees.

Kneeling before an Oum I hope that can forgive me. "I can't help it. This sin I am doing. This is wrong, but I don't know what to do."

Tears drip from my eyes to the floor. It makes a slight pitter-patter sound. My hands tremble in anguish, in regret, in general.

"I want to stop, but don't know what to do? Where to begin. She can't know. She must not know."

"She can't know what?"

Who is that? A voice comes out of nowhere from my room. I tilt my head. My eyes dart for the source of the noise.

"I am coming from right here," says the voice.

I look up. It is coming from my bed. I see her. I can't see her fully, but I can see the smile on her face.

My face becomes flushed. My body is tensed. When my eyes become better adjusted. I can't believe myself when I notice that is Saphron standing in front of me. And not only that. Swirling around in her finger is the garment of my shame.

"Saphron," my voice is choked. I am frozen. Not only because of the situation but knowing that my secret is been exposed.

I can hear the demons applauding from the lowest depths of hell.
"Jauney, Jauney, Jauney," she says in a strong demeaning tone. "What kind of mess have you got yourself into?"

*What happens in the dark comes into the light.*

"Something you like to confess, *pervert*?" She continues to twirl Julie's panties.

My sin has become exposed. I shut my eyes and fade away into the world of black.

*To be continued*…

*I hope you guys enjoyed. Stay tuned for more. To those who leave, it has been real. Dueces!*
Here is an interlude of "Heaven's Gate." As of now, I am contemplating on merging this story with my pending story, "My Dearest Lilly." The intention is to see the inevitable abysmal collapse of Jaune's mind as he becomes deeper and deeper into Saphron's trap. And just like any yandere story, interference always occurs. In this particular chapter, Jaune and Saphron’s mother has concerns of her own about the brother-sister relationship. She feels that they are a bit close to comfort.

As a warning and a precaution, this story is dark and will feature themes that include reverse rape, bondage, torture, psychological drama, humiliation, and murder. If this story isn't your cup of tea, then please refrain from reading this story. You have been warned (in case of naysayers who didn't say I gave them a warning)!

Juniper Arc (Jaune and Saphron's Mother)

It was Mother Arc's decision when the children left for school to her investigation. She gave herself a few minutes. It was important to have those uninterrupted minutes because she knew her children
would return for something one may have forgotten. Being a family of ten, one of the siblings were 
to forget. And if one of her children were to delve into her uninterrupted minutes, then that would 
delay or ruin her suspicion.

Suspicion was the right choice of words for the mother for she knew something was in the water 
with the elder Arc and her only son, Jaune. Yesterday, she gave that moment a pass. Doting sisters 
were going to love on their brother. Jaune was the center of the clan; the pride and joy and future 
patriarch of the Arc family. Juniper knew that Jaune had important shoes to fill in his future.

Especially, if she was going to be a part of it.

Saphron was too close to comfort for Jaune, which made Juniper felt very uncomfortable. Amidst 
of scrapping the crust of Junko's toast and reheating the bacon for Julie, there was another form that 
wanted to come out. Scraping and tossing the dishes aside to face her wrath to the elder Arc sister.

They were one and the same. Treacherous, callous, and very clever.

Juniper was nothing more than impressed for Saphron.

Saphron had the courage to seize the opportunity before she could place her delicate hands on 
Jaune.

And Juniper wasn't going to have that happening.

She knew from the moment she stuck her tongue.

*Jaune is mine, silly mom. And he knows that.*

The matriarch of the Arc family knew how the emphasis of mine came from her slothful, greedy, 
man-stealing lips. There was sting, a spice, if she may add on that word. As the others were 
stuffing their faces of her cooking, she knew that her daughter was getting a fill of *her* son from 
below the table.

Juniper remembered holding her glass of orange juice tightly until she saw little stars around the 

She wanted proof. Because if her proof confirmed her suspicion, then something was going to be 
done.

For there would only be one woman in reserved of the blonde child.

And her name is Juniper Arc.

Twenty minutes had passed. The Matriarch closed the book that she was currently reading. Didn't 
care to mention the title or the significance. However, one phrase stuck out to her as if she had 
stolen it and was using for herself.

*Still waters run deep!*

It was reveling to the mother, compelled her to began her search of her daughter's room. She knew 
Saphron. She knew her daughters like the back of her dish-panned hands.

Because many years ago, she had done the same thing to a boy that was Jaune's age.

She was the new girl on the block when she moved into the village. She was around the age in 
which she was a teenager; fully aware of the birds and the bees, knowing right from wrong and
taking action of one's responsibility.

She didn't remember how she had met the boy. It was probably at a block party. The usual party when neighbors invite other neighbors to revel in front of their pool; eating barbeque and crusted toast points; listening to music while the children play with each other. Now the more she ponder on it, she was certain that the block party when she had met the boy.

He reminded her of Jaune, but taller. His eyes were green as the emerald itself. He had a soft complexion; strangely enough, his body was of a man, but his face was still a boy. He had a friendly demeanor, even as he greeted himself to Juniper, she was plain smitten right away.

She was like her mother. She easily fell in love.

The boy lived next door. Although they attended different schools; since he went to public school and she went to an all-girls school, the pair usually got together after school to hang out. The pair were avid readers, venturing to the library to peruse the world beyond words. When they weren't able to venture to the library, they went to each other's houses.

Listening to music and reading were their favorite pastimes. They felt mature, beyond their age, to spend their leisure time to just read and listen to music.

Juniper didn't mind as she was with the boy she hoped that would eventually become her husband.

It was during their trip to the local creek when she confessed to him that she had liked him. She grabbed him on the whim and pushed him into the cold creek. Her cherry colored lips kissed the boy. He looked surprised as he tasted the soda and chicken salad from her mouth. His lips hurt because of her braces. She paused, staring at the ground and rubbing her feet on the rocks. The boy blushed as he had never had that kind of experience.

He never gave her an answer, but he was grateful.

That was the only time the pair kissed. As time went on and they grew older, things began to change. The boy started a job that worked nights. Juniper began choir. With their schedules occupied, they were able to see each other as much.

Regardless of it, Juniper still made an effort. Becoming a better cook, she left food on his doorstep when he got hungry. She wrote notes for him and left it in his mail slot. She called the house every evening to make sure that he was home safely.

She felt that she was being a good girl, showing her love for the boy; even if he hadn't returned her feelings.

It was near the end of her senior year when things began to take a grave turn.

Juniper was leaving out of her home economics class. She had made a plate of pumpkin pie to give to the boy. As she walked out of class holding the pie, she ran across a group of girls who were known as the popular girls. Her locker was closed to them.

She wished she didn't have to listen. She wished she didn't even go to her locker.

*Did you see what my boyfriend got me?*

*Oh my, Oum! That is so sweet of him.*
He is the best, I swear. He is the greatest!

Is he the one that still goes to that public school?

The very one! Such a mature man. A reader, a musician. Very, very talented.

He is so cool! By the way, did he ever solve that problem with that weird girl?

Yes, but he has tried. He had let her down gently on numerous occasions. He told me that her cooking is terrible. Any time he sees it, he puts it straight into the garbage. He throws away the love notes into the trash. The girl has been calling him off the hook that he had to change his number. I mean, whoever is that creep needs to recognize that he is not interested!

He is not interested!

Juniper almost choked on her own vile when hearing those words.

He wouldn't throw away my food.

He wouldn't throw away my love notes.

I was calling to check up on him. He told me that his parents didn't pay the phone bill right away.

She hurriedly left the school. She jammed all of her things into her Volkswagen Beetle and made her way back to her residence. As she arrived, she knew no one would have been next door. It gave her an ample amount of time before they return. Garbage day wasn't until the next day and she just dropped off a dessert the night before.

Each step felt like she walking deeper and deeper into her grave. Her body felt heavy, fearing for the worst. She held the neatly wrapped pie to her chest as she was inches from the trash can. As she looked at the metal trash can, it would confirm the truth.

She shook as she nervously picked up the lid. Upon opening, she dropped the pie that she made when seeing her other desserts were in the trash can.

She gripped her mouth, fighting the tears and not wanting to bite her lips. As if she was stabbed in her chest, she ran from the backyard and into her house.

As she lied in bed, sulking in her tears, she was in disbelief of the betrayal.

He wouldn't do that to me.

He cares about me.

I know that he loves me. He loves me. I love him.

It was probably because of that bitch. That fucking sadistic bitch probably made him throw away my sweets. She was probably threatened by my expertise in cooking.

Also, the dumb bitch threw away my love letters because she probably couldn't read any of them. She was too dumb to understand my vocabulary.

Yeah, that's it. That's it. It's not his fault. He just doesn't understand my love for him. I will show him. I will show him! He loves me!

He loves me!
He. Loves. Me.

So, that fucking bitch, whatever you are thinking, cancel that shit. Because he is mine and only mine!

Even as she walked up the stairs, she couldn't help but be proud of her daughter. She can even say that it was a job well done.

Juniper felt that one of them was going to inherit her spirit. She didn't think it would happen this soon. She flushed as she pondered on the event that led her to her true nature. Her teeth were exposed as she "lamented" on what happened next.

She returned to the backyard to pick up her pie and decided to pay his girl a visit. One thing she enjoyed about the village was the closeness of family and neighbors. She knew through her parents that conveniently her parents hardly come home through the week and the girl tended to be alone. She also knew that the girl lived in an affluent home, which gave Juniper plenty of places to hide.

With Juniper's father's experience in electrician work, Juniper had the skills to know how and when to cut the power.

It didn't take much to set the trap. All she needed was one of her love notes to forge the boy's writing and her dessert. As she knew about popular girls, they would stand over the front door for a couple of minutes, leaving Juniper enough time to go into the home. For she knew that in the homes of affluent people, one door was going to be unlocked.

The girl fell into the trap as Juniper fell into kissing the boy at the creek.

Juniper treated that incident as she was making her dessert. She followed procedure and put each and every love into her work. Once she finished, she cleaned the mess. She made her work look presentable and left for whatever results would happen.

She returned to her Volkswagen, which she parked a few blocks away. She changed her clothes and went to the boy's job.

It wasn't hard for despite the boy's ill feelings, which she believed that had to do with the girl's doing, to convince them for a small chat. When arriving to the job, she used an outside line to page him. He answered the page. She wanted some alone time. She wanted to make amends for the hurt she had caused. He was kind enough to do it.

She loved that boy. She really did. She wanted him to become her groom. She wanted to be his bride. It was no convincing. She felt that he was too far gone. She blamed the girl for brainwashing that poor boy. She didn't mean to stab him in the shoulder. He made her mad. She wanted to kiss the wound to make him feel better, but he ran away. She cried for the name of her love, but he didn't want to hear it.

She made his final moments as peaceful as she could. It involved a knife. It involved his neck. She enticed silence; sharing a kiss on his final breath.

She started with him and she could finally finish with him. She finally had a piece of his heart.

Alas, thought Juniper as she walked to her daughter's door that a lioness would fight for their territory in absence of the lion. That lion was Jaune and Saphron was the intruder. She looked at it as modern biology. When a kitten is defecating in another's litter box, then actions had to be followed.
She had yet to plan the action, but she would certain it would be something that Saphron could never forget.

Juniper told herself to one day share the story of her first love with Jaune. Kept in the chest in a locked store box in the basement, was a jar that gave her a great keepsake of her first love.

An apple doesn't fall far from the tree, my precious Saphron. But apples can get sliced, my precious Saphron. Apples can get sliced!

Still waters run deep!

To be continued....
Hey, guys. Here is the second installment of 'The Eyes That Watched God (formerly 'Children of the Black Disciple'). As a reminder, this story is suspenseful. This story will involve dark subject matter that involves strong sexual content, incest, blackmailling, religious conflict, and psychological torture.

Previously in the first chapter, Jaune is conflicted within for his forbidden feelings to his younger sister, Julie. Using her articles of clothing as a way to quell his desires, he is also conflicted with his conscience. It doesn't take long when his oldest sister, Saphron, catches him. What will she do?

A reminder once more, this is a modern AU, spoken in first POV. Oum will be incorporated as his entity as well as the use of the bible. I am aware of the gods of Remnant but don't overthink this. Thanks, The Management.

Discretion is strongly advised. If this isn't your cup of tea, then please refrain from reading further. Can't say that I didn't warn you all. Enjoy!

Lust is a temptation and an evil that overcomes many of us. It is of the devil and delivered to our flesh. No matter how anyone looks at it, every single one of us will be attested to lust. If we are to overcome it, then we are strong. We should. No, we must resist lust. We must be strong. We must be able to resist it. We must strengthen ourselves.

How true is that?

The good book states that no sins are greater than the other in the eyes of Oum. The good book also states when you repent for your sin, then it is forgettable under the eyes of him. How true is that? Nothing is unforgettable. Maybe Oum puts in the back burner, but the people around don't. They latch around you like parasites; consuming any resonance of your being before you are nothing.

Nothing, but the pitiful, wretched sinner I am.

They look in your face. They whisper behind you in church. They are not like everyone who condemns right away. They serve you a penance. They come in smiles. They come when you need them the most. Instead of consoling you, they filled themselves with information to use against you.

So, once again. If Oum forgives and forgets, why not man?

Behind the sinner's prayer is the slithering tongue of the serpent. It edges around you when you are not looking. The good book is right. Keep up with your shield or else the serpent comes and envelopes you while you are sleeping.

The old saying is true. Warning does come before destruction.

It rattles and coils around you. Slithering with such a painful grasp, bring indentures that provides you with so much detriment. Once it has hold of your body, it goes for the rest. Your mind and your soul. And once it requisitions it, then it has full control.
You are probably thinking on how in the hell does this philosophy entails where I am currently facing - a lot.

My mother is right. The boogeyman is real.

The darkness that surrounds my room hides her smile. You know she is laughing. It is how she is breathing that displays it. I once heard in class when one sense fails, the others get stronger. She is like this whenever there is trouble. Rather yet, when she brings trouble.

There is another side of Saphron that many people don't know. A side that only a certain group of people have witnessed and have regrettably succumbed to. I have seen it once. She locked eyes on me at that time. It was in her bedroom. We were home alone. I wasn't the participant, but some detritus human being was. Poor soul, poor fool, I lamented.

And no, folks. Terra was not in the picture. Poor soul, poor fool.

You have to understand something. A person can display whatever they want to display. Especially if brings benefits. She entrances many men, women, and others who become bedazzled by her personality, her charm, her words, and her body. The latter of which is the prime bidder in her auction of deceit. I am cautious to use those words for I am not innocent under those terms. I use my body in deceit.

Partaking the fruit of an incestuous act over my dear, beloved sister.

I have cried many nights. Soaking the linen of my pillows. Tugging hard around my mattress. Inhaling the fumes of the forbidden womanhood. Relishing my hot breath to provide moisture to any remnants of her womanhood. The budding of her nectar provides so much for me. It is lovely. So lovely that I still gather whatever I can use by soaking my bed with another type of liquid.

Oum, forgive this soul for being a pervert.

I question my conscious every Oum damned day.

That is because you are no different than I, Jauney boy! You feed this lust to provide yourself with the nourishment of your dear sister. Why can't you accept it?

Of course not. I always say. You are wrong.

Whatever, Jaune, whatever. And oh, by the way. It will be best to clean yourself after you finish your unholy communion of your sister's holy wine. You may not want to attract attention from the others. And with those hollow walls, someone is listening.

Bullshit, I told myself. Forgive me, Oum for my vulgarity. The darkness within tries to consume me, but I fight it. With you before me, who can be against me? Right? Right?

I heard three snaps of a finger.

"Jauney, Jauney," she tells me. I am alert. I look up at her.

"Yes," I answer.

"Jauney, Jauney," she says again. I see her nod in a condescending way. She clicks her tongue in a way of a disagreement. She is shaming me, condemning me. She is showing what many people don't see.
"Care to explain yourself," she questions me. It is in a teasing way. My knees begin to buckle. Sweat descends down my loins. I am going to collapse. Being caught is the last thing I shouldn't expect.

_If walls can talk. If walls can talk. Those hollow walls are the downfall of your existence, Jaune. Tsk, tsk, tsk. What happens in the dark, comes to the light._

My mouth becomes unhinged. No words can be produced. My hands were caught in the cookie jar. The forbidden jar that is the sweetness of Julie.

"Since you can't talk," she tells me while kicking her legs. She is wearing her pajamas. However, these pajamas are tighter than usual. They hug around her body. Wrapping around every orifice of her body. Detailed as it can be. And the more I am describing this, am I observing her the same way I am doing my younger sister?

Oum, help me?!

She snaps her fingers again. This time closer to my face. She grips my chin to get her attention.

"What's the matter," asks Saphron. "Does the cat have your tongue? Caught you redhanded that you are speechless?" She looks at the panties. "Or, you are still drunk under the fumes of our dear sister, little brother?"

"I can explain," I told her.

"Explain what," she retorts. She swirls the panties and stretches it out. I feel embarrassed. "Explain that my perverted brother was getting off to his sister. Not only that, your younger sister. What the hell is the matter with you, you pervert." The last part rolls off the tip of the tongue in a stinging matter. Like a two-edged sword splitting me in have.

_You are a pervert, Jaune!_

I am not, I tell myself.

_Pervert! Lecherous! Creep!_

I grip my head. Make it go away, Oum. Make it go away.

She steps from my bed and walks around. She observes me. She is studying. I know what she is doing. She does the same thing with the others. She takes a breath and closes her eyes.

For a moment, I saw darkness. No pupils. No expression. A demon resonances in the night in the shell of my older sister.

"It looks like you have a dilemma, Jauney." She says while prancing with the garment in her hand. "I have always known you were "off," but not to these measures."

I remain silent.

"Then yet again, I should not be surprised." She comes to me and stretches the panties. She dangles it in my face, taunting me. Reminding me of the agony I have confided in myself for quite a time.

_And you call yourself a good man. Bullshit, Jaune. Can your god get you out of this funk? Get it funk. You know from your younger sister's..._.

I grit my teeth in this hidden, spiritual battle with my mind and the confrontation of this physical
battle in front of me.

*An unholy trinity. What's next? Baptize yourself in the lake of fire? Better yet, consume the naked flesh of your Snow White sister? Drinking her ominous, clear nectar should nourish you.*

"How long?" I say.

"How long?" She retorts.

"How long?" Each time I speak, my voice fades. I am now on my knees.

"Time is not a factor for this, little brother," she says. "However, I wonder how much time you have before I tell mom and dad about this."

My eyes are widened by her fearsome threat. My lips quiver and I am trembling.

"Mom, dad?"

*The fuck are you thinking with your damned cliches? You are like putty to her, you imbecile!*

"Jan, Junko, Joey, Jenna, Joan, Julie," she says with a climactic build to the latter of the names.

"Shall I carry on with more?"

*What happens in the dark, comes in the light. What are you gonna do, the man with the plan? She has you red handed. Can't say I didn't warn you.*

Tears want to leak. Something was to be released. A scream, a shout, flatulence, something.

With nothing else to say, I falter.

I go on my knees and kneel at her feet.

"Please," I shriek. So, I do release something. "Don't go to mom and dad. Don't tell them." I feel the sweat evacuating my pores. As much I want to keep composure, it fails. "Don't tell them," I beg to her as the wholesome judge. "Please don't tell the others. Especially Julie."

She raises her eyebrows. It shows uncertainty, but only for a moment. For a moment.

"Gullible little brother," she says. She returns to the bed. "Such a dilemma you got yourself into."

I look confused and slight rise up to see her.

I am still silent.

She wraps her hand beside my face. I can fill my face redden, but at the same time, I am becoming colder.

"Since you have this dilemma, then maybe you can solve something for me," she says.

"Anything," I tell her.

She reaches for the panties and takes a smell. Her face furrows by the scent, but at the same, it shows excitement.

"Tomorrow night, I will come back here," she says. "We will talk."

"Talk about what," I ask.
"I will let your mind wander on that," she says. "However, I suggest not to do anything "harsh" with yourself tonight."

_Oh, shit!_

"Consider tonight to be a preliminary for what is to come," she says. "I will explain more, but the fun in the unknown is more exciting than knowing." She giggles.

She stands up from the bed and heads for the door.

"Get some sleep, little brother," she tells me. "Because tomorrow we are starting phase two of our program."

"Program," I question.

"You will see," she replies.

She puts her hand on the door and turns. "One more thing. Did you ask me on how long? Your question should have been on how I found out."

I become perplexed.

"I have never thought you will think of Julie like that. Really?"

I become red.

She looks at the panties. "Also, Julie doesn't wash on Wednesdays."

"What?"

"I said she doesn't wash on Wednesdays."

"What are you saying?"

"I won't say much. I have the early days. I know you do. Easy as that."

She opens the door.

"By the way, how did I taste?"

My eyes become widened. My mouth becomes agape. I begin feeling a wetness coming from my pants. She winks at me before departing out to the hallway and closes the door. The demons applaud at her exit, demanding for an encore.

I stand there feeling confused.

I lie. It is there. I can't accept it. I still can't. It feels unreal.

_Did you ask me on how long? Your question should have been on how I find out._

It brings me back to the day when I caught her in her bedroom.

How long?

How long?

How long?
I can't imagine what scripture in the good book tells you how to overcome that. You are trapped.

The walls do talk. I became another participant in her trap. A trap that she has carefully set for me.

The boogeyman is real.

To be continued….

You made it in the end, good! I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. Stay tuned in the future for another chapter (as well as the other stories I have yet finished). Until we meet again!
The Devil Dances In The Snow! (Maledom!Jaune)

Alone with the devil once more….

That girl. The one from the diner. You know. The one that I watched after I have done Ruby? I have thought about her again. That is rare. I only think that way when there is something powerful. A force. Something that compels me to see her that outdoes anybody else. There isn't a display of weakness. The type that has it all together. The type that allures me to know more.

The type that makes me want to…. The type that makes me want to…. I can't come up with the words. A tinge within makes me a bit envious because she has emotions that I think, rather yet, know that I am incapable of.

She reminds me of one of my victims. Her name is not important. Her history is not important. The only reason I have chosen her was because she was wearing a pretty necklace. Unlike that child from the theater, this necklace appeared real.

A spark in one's eye. Beautiful, mesmerizing, shining and encapturing anybody who saw.

And I wasn't talking about the necklace.

She called to me in such a gentle voice. She waved her hands to come to her. Playing the role of a curious, un-faltering child, I went to see what she wanted. She was in front of a church. A catholic church, if I remembered. She was helping with other parishioners with the elderly, the poor, the homeless. Or in my terms, the formidable cesspit. The destituted despot that deserved to be discarded and incinerated like the trash they were.

Her skin was soft and pale like snow that was gently gathering on even ground. Her hair was red, like the fire in my heart that wanted to extinguish her fire. Her eyes were green like an emerald necklace. She looked young, not too far from my older sisters.

With curiosity around her gentle lips, she asked me if I believed that is there is peace in the world. Dumbfounded with the obviosity of her question, I responded with a crackled "yes."

She asked me rather or not do I have a relationship with the Lord.

Seriously, I have thought. With her beauty and the robustness of her necklace, I have thought she had better sense.

Darwin is my savior. Your Christian God does not challenge me. To serve such a subservient role of being my master. Yeah, right.

Of course, I crackled. "Yes."

I stayed with her for the rest of the day. I have watched her minister to those cockroaches. I have watched her feed and served food with these animals that needed to be put down. Excuse me, they are not animals. That would be an insult to the animal kingdom. At least with them, they are capable of having a battle. At least with them, they know their place. There is a caste system, a hierarchy.

They know their place of prey and predator.
Yet again, if humans didn't contest themselves, then would I have been in this business?

A warm calming voice always reminded me, "Continue to follow my works. Faith without works is dead. Jaune, I have chosen you to create a dominion in which the alphas reign supreme." I don't want to disappoint him. Many are chosen, but only a few follow through.

What was interesting, since I am on the topic of serving, she told me after finishing her duties about how we must sacrifice our time for the greater good. I followed her inside of the church where she discussed how we must find our Isaiah. "Isaiah," I questioned her with pleading eyes. She told me that a man named Abraham was challenged by God to kill his son, Isaiah. He had to be sacrificed.

"Did he do it," I asked her.

She told me that Abraham went through, but Isaiah didn't die. It was a test of loyalty.

Loyalty, I retorted her. Loyalty and trust do go together like my trust of myself and my loyalty to Darwin. Better yet, my style on how I wanted to kill people. That doesn't make sense, but hell this is my story.

With her gentle eyes, she replied that we all have an Isaiah in our life. Something we must sacrifice in order to give God his time.

"Time," I responded.

"Time, my little one," she reaffirmed.

I have made up in my mind that she was going to be my next victim.

It was nightfall when I asked her to take me home. She did. However, we were not going to the direction of what she thought was my home. However, it did serve as a site of many of my "masterpieces."

When we parked in front of my "house," I gave her one final question.

"If we find our Isaiah. And I can make a guess that these Isaiah are things that indulge our fantasies, then what will happen?"

She told me that all we need is a moment to show kindness, then everything will fall into place. If we are open to compassion, then everything falls in line.

I can't quite remember what she has told me. Her words became fragile as her neck did when I used my shoelace to strangle her. She struggled as I had her in my grip from the backseat. She was a fool for thinking that a child needed to be there. That there sealed her fate as I conspired on how I wanted to end it. She tried to struggle, but I placed my foot on the seat until I have finally snapped it apart from its trachea.

Her voice, although lovely and pleasant, started to irritate me. Excuse my vernacular, but it was pissing me off. Compassion, she told. Unbelievable! To think that a beta like her thought that was what the world needs? Unacceptable, I said when I strangled her. My anger exceeds what she offered her compassion. Can she forgive now? I have asked her as she rolled into a fetal position. Could she forgive me? She had never answered. Oh yeah, that is right. When your neck is snapped, it is quite hurtful to talk.

As she gurgled in an attempt to draw her final breaths, I have asked one simple question. "Where is
your compassion for me?” I drew her such a pleasant smile. I stroked her warm cheek before watching the color fade away. Those beautiful emerald eyes faded away. Then, nothing. It went cold. The car, her, me. Cold, cold, cold.

I kissed her lips, took the necklace, and made my exit. I have returned to the darkness where I belonged. Where I deserved. Where I claimed. For it was the darkness that was and is to come after I am no longer of this world.

I swear, why do people think that a gentle, frail voice is an attractive quality of seeking their own personal penance? Do you think that you are better than me because you are free? It irks me to the furthest of all things. That is why betas like you deserve your fate. Maybe if you weren’t so compassionate, then you would never offer me a ride home.

I sorry, you have caught me in a tangent. I tend to have those moments when I catch a sting. This sting has and always will have me in its grasp. It is something that I have contested as well. That feeling, I think, is called remorse? A conscience? Guilt? Now I digress.

The night air whispered around me, dead black.

Was it a rush?

Like nothing else, I respond.

Does the blood boil with excitement?

More than excitement. More than breathing. More than cradling a child when hearing it take its first breath. More than a feeling than I have ever known.

There is something about having this kind of thrill.

It is the sweetest thing I have ever known.

Do you know what impact you are doing?

Are you aware that I am serving under Darwin's will?

Even wills don't last. They fade away like a memory.

A memory that will make an impression. Hitler, Hussein, Mussolini couldn't paint a better picture of such impact. Watch me work. I am still a novice compared to these other alphas. Before I leave this earth, the names of Gacy, Bundy, and Rader would be just promising rookies.

Do thy will, my Jaune.

Do what thou wilt.

I have placed my key inside of the slot. I am very quiet when entering inside of my domicile. I keep looking forward. The television blaring in the living room is evidence that many of them are still awake.

Mom and Dad are looking at television. They have their arms wrapped around each other. They are the only ones down here. The others have to be in their rooms. Either way, I don't care.

"Jaune," says the voice of my mother. "Glad that you are home. How was your outing?"

"Got plenty of fresh air," I tell her. "Able to breath and to think."
"That is nice, dear," responds my mother. "Care to watch television with us?"

I shake my head. "No, thank you. I rather go to bed and call it the night."

"That is fine, dear," says my mother. "Good Night."

"Good Night," I respond.

Not even one time does my father makes an attempt on talking to me. His eyes stare straight to the television as if my mother is talking to a mirage or talking to the television. I have picked it up a few months ago. Whenever I am around him, his ears twitch. It bobs a couple of times before turning red. I guess that is because he knows that I am not the same Jaune. He has been despondent with me since that day when I gave that girl her own crucifixion.

I am not stupid. He knows. He knows. He. Knows.

This is not the same Jaune, he must be telling himself.

He has every right to be concerned.

I am wondering if the police have found Ruby yet. I am now wondering if her parents are noticing her absence. I look at my phone. It is a few minutes after nine.

Only a matter of time.

I take my leave from the "birth givers" and make my way upstairs. As I make my way to the hallway, it was complete silence. I don't care. They should not be surprised by my eeriness. I release a breath before entering my room.

I close the door before locking it. No one is going to see what I am going to do with her. She waits patiently like a good girl should on my bed. She stares at me with fear. It is cute, in a way. By now, she should be adjusted to it. However, I don't care how she feels. That is because whenever I am here, she belongs to me.

And my parents never question it. As if she was part of the decor. If they were smart, they get along with the program. I am not certain they need another traumatized child. But, that is a story for another time.

I walk very gently to her direction. She is trembling, how cute.

"Neo," I purr to her.

She is shaking like a leaf. I use my hand to stroke her multicolored hair. Her hair does not compare to how she is looking in the face.

"Why do you flich when I touch you?"

"..."

"Look at you," I tell her. I put my face on her cheek. "You are scared. Aren't you?"

In time, I plant my lips around her. I grab her by her shoulder and suck away any of her fears. I want it all. Her body, her mind, her spirit, and over her soul. I tell her to lay all of her burdens to me, for she is mine.

Most importantly, lay out your life.
A trail of saliva bridges us.

She edges back to the bed. She resides to the covers where she awaits my orders.

As I have my way with my lover, the thought of that woman returned to me. She reminded me that we must sacrifice Isaiah in order to give this sky god his time.

She can have Isaiah for that is not Neo's name.

Before I go all the way with her, I have told her that I am going to need her help on the next mission.

"Yes, Master," she replies with her hands.

I smile and give her another kiss before turning out the light.

*Goodbye for now!*
The Eyes That Watched God (Interlude)

"Have you ever been depressed or something?"

We are only a couple of streets away from her house when Yang asks me that question. It catches me off-guard. It is as if, as if….

*As if she is catching on to your sin? You are an easy read, Jaune!*

"Does my face expresses it or something?" I tell her. My cheeks are flushed. Although red and filled to the ears. The expression contrasts within the shivers lingering in my spine.

She shakes her head. "No, that's not it." She stops at the stop sign and makes a sharp turn in my direction. "Just curious is all."

I ponder on her question.

"Is something the matter?" Way to go, Jaune, I tell myself. Direct the attention off of me and back to her. I mean, she is the one who initiated the question.

*Coward!*

She stammers but relaxes. "Nothing is the matter with me. It is just. It is just."

"Just what?" I ask her.

"I am sorry," she says. "I apologize for being so much out of the blue. I mean, do you ever feel that way?"

*Yang Xiao Long, you have no idea what box you have opened. Pandora would be so proud of you, dear.*

"I guess I feel sad sometimes," I tell her. I am lying through my teeth. "We all do."

"Yeah, I guess," she explains.

We cross the street and make another turn. We are a few houses away from her home. The sounds of spring linger in the frosted chill. It is not in the temperature but in the change around it. Small, white petal break ground near the trees that are adjacent to the park. Mosquito hawks make a round or two. Even a sound of bee makes its announcement. Even the changes in our body, but that is another road that I have unfortunately have and will explore.

*Readers, he is mentioning the fact that the smells of Julie. Excuse me, the smells of Saphron have changed. Even the enchanting smell vibrates maturity. Isn't that right, Jaune?*

I clench my fist. Not enough for Yang to see it. On the surface level, she is supposedly my girlfriend.

*Are you sure?*

"Jaune, are you listening?" She alerts my attention. Amazing how your mind can drift away. Even when your girlfriend is right in front of you.

"I am," I retort. "You are explaining about depression. But there is nothing in our age to be
depressed about."

I further explain.

"Granted we have all have sad moments in our lives. I remember the time when I have embarrassed you in front of our classmates at school. I lied about the feelings I have for you. Seeing the tears drop your face made my heart drop. It saddens me when I see you cry."

_Casanova, you are a swell actor. Keep it up!_

"Making a bad grade, losing a loved one, doing things that are wrong for the sake of wrong; sometimes we get sad. But I think the only difference is what we make of these situations."

She puts her finger on her lip. She looks surprised by my comment.

"You are okay with me, Vomit Boy!" She finishes with a smile. "Never mind about what I have said."

I don't go any further. If she drops it, then it is done. Like a wise man once told me. "If the cake is baked, then serve it." I continue walking with her to her house. We are on the front porch. Her parents are not at home. They never are. I have mentioned to her regularly when I am going to meet them. She often jokes that she is not sure that she hasn't met them. Busy people, I concluded.

"Thanks for taking me home," she says.

"No problem," I smile. I beat my chest as if I were a superhero. Better yet a knight in an armor that contains rusted lies and deceit. I am such a failure. Chivalrous, yeah right.

She puts her hand on the knob. Before I could turn, she grabs my hand. Her soft, moist, glistening hand waver around my palm. It doesn't take long before she seals the deal with a kiss. Her lips were soft. Softer than the fabric of my….

Let me stop and savor this moment.

_Yeah, savor he says. Does Yang know what you do with that mouth?_

We break the kiss. It lasted thirty seconds. Just a few seconds longer than the kiss before. And the kiss before that. And the kiss before that.

She whispered goodbye before she enters the home. She leaves me alone on her front porch. Along with my demons. Along with my lies. Along with many things.

I suck as a boyfriend.

I walk far enough so she could not see me in the distance. I am not ready to go home yet. Although I don't expect trouble for another hour. The blessings of being a high school senior. Also, Terra is taking her out to a cafe for dessert. Poor fool, I tell myself.

And I say this because Terra is a great girl. I am very reserved when my sisters bring men (or in this case, a woman) into the home. Can't help it. Too much of my father in me.

_Can't imagine which side of the family did you inherit your perversion. Juniper? John? Grandpa?_

"Shut up!" The shriek I make alert the birds from the bushes to scatter. The dogs began barking from the distance. I feel hollow, especially in voice. Exhausted from the projection I made. Exhausted from the frustration I have inside.
There is a diner not too far from Yang's place. Not really a hop and a skip, but not too far from my home. The bell on the door alerts the customers. Not many turn their heads. These are regulars. The few who are returning from work or on their way to work. You know the type. They are the ones that are invisible. No one knows about them unless they wanted to be known about something. The voices of the twilight and the night. They give us what they need and what do they get in return?

I empathize with you from the pores of my head to the soles of my feet. That isn't right, but this is my story.

"What can I get for you today, sugar?" It comes from the same woman that usually serves me. Her eyes are hollowed. I jokingly tell myself that she must have tunnel vision. She wears the same tattered, red and white checkerboard apron. The grease spots from yesterday and I swear from the week before, are present. Her obsession with makeup is smudged. Very smudged. I have met kindergarteners with a better set up. Heck, my youngster sister can do better. And she can't pick sounds and letters without mention the word, dookie!

You have a lot of talk about someone. At least she doesn't have to smell or taste someone else's....

I shake my head in disregarding my thoughts. The waitress peers over me with a certain disdain. As if she is the one waiting for me to disappear. I could elaborate further, but I want my order and I can go home.

"Hi. I would like to have a carton of Hi-Lites," I tell her.

She scratches under her chin. The dead skin goes along as she rubs her hands on her apron.

"Filtered or nonfiltered," she exhausts her question to me. The hotness of her breath looms around me. I wondered how King Arthur was feeling when combating the dragon?

"Filtered, please," I explain to her.

She turns away and goes to the kitchen to retrieve my order.

So you know, no longer do they sell cigarettes at the counter anymore. There have been reports of many teenagers misusing it. Many come by, but they don't stay long. The manager has a strong abhorrence of teenagers without being accompanied by a parent.

The thread is loosely hanging as well. She is making daggers at me as we speak. I don't want to turn around. Medusa is not taking me away.

The waitress nudges me with the Hi-Lites. I pay her in quarters. The way she looks me as if I have ruined her day. I mean, heck, if I looked as if Louie Anderson and Kathy Bates conceived me, then I would hate myself too.

I quietly thank her and I depart from the diner.

I take a look at my cell phone. It is a few minutes after four. My parents should be home in an hour. My sisters should be home or on their way home.

Saphron.

Well, let's just say that Saphron comes and Saphron goes. For as long she is home before curfew. Somewhere in the drawer of my parent's nightstand has a calendar of Saphron's departure to college.
My mom calls it puberty. My father calls it rebellion.

I call it for what I see it, denial.

*Birds of a feather flock together. An Arc you definitely are, Jaune.*

With a few minutes to spare, I find an area in the park where I can take a rest. Behind the men's restroom is where I engage in my smoking session.

Yes, it has been a few months since I began exchanging my woes with these carcinogens. Counsel the pain away, I keep telling myself. Of course, it is lies. Lies from the wolf.

*You giving yourself too much credit. More like a sheep.*

"Shut up, you fuck!"

*A mouse, but that's too meek. That is still giving you too much credit.*

"Shut the hell up!"

*A cockroach? Bottom-feeder, yeah, that is much better for you.*

I only smoke one. I don't want this to become an addiction. I don't want anything else adding to the Jaune roster. I sit quietly behind the restroom when I get a text.

I pull out my cellphone. I close my eyes. Saphron leaves a text message.

*Hey, you lecher! This is your benefactor. I hope you had a great sleep. I know I did. Anyway, you have been on my mind all day long. Have I, my dear perverted brother? Did you do what I have told you to do last night? You better not. I can tell. I am a girl and I am very acquainted with downstairs if you know what I mean. But anyway, tonight I have something exciting for us. I am looking forward to tonight. As a recommendation, I suggest not to eat too much tonight. And try to get to bed a little early. I want you to rest up because you won't be getting too much sleep.*

*I wish I can talk more, but Russel is waiting for me. So, talk to you later.*

*Saphron.*

*XOXO*

I have met Russel once. Just a guy she plays with for kicks and most of all, his money. In the eyes of Saphron, money has no sexuality.

He is a guitar player in a garage band. He also enjoys blues music. He once told me in a drunken stupor that my sister can play a "mean skin flute."

Her personal life, my "issues" with Julie, and now Saphron is added to the list. A list of sins. And that is what is called, sin.

Ashes flutter in the wind. They land on the ground in front of me.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The ground where we came from is where we shall return," I say aloud.

I put my cellphone back in my pocket. I flick the cigarette away. Amazing that it lands in the trash. Either that is good luck or an omen.
Enough being philosophical. I put my cigarettes in my backpack. I dust myself off and make my way out of the park.

As I make my way to the street, Yang's question lingers on my mind. And yes, Yang. Depression is something serious. I have laid down my burden on numerous occasions. Smearing it on garments after garments. We can live in such a dramatic life.

I shake my head and keep walking. The street lights are coming home. They are expecting me. She is expecting me.

"Forgive me, Oum."

Jaune is more gullible than he lets himself on. Poor fool, he did not even know that his sister was only a few feet away. The park tends to have teenagers around this time. But, alas, when you live in your own world, everything else tends to falter.

However, that is another story. Goodbye for now!

To be continued...


Ride On, Shooting Star! (Part III) (Blake x Jaune)

BD and I developed the idea for this chapter over a year ago. However, we couldn't find the words to write this. After nearly two years, here is the third installment of 'Ride On, Shooting Star.' As a reminder, this story is a Futa!RWBY x Jaune story. If futanari isn't your thing, then please refrain from this. Warning: contents of this story includes anal sex, anal play, vaginal sex, and comeplay. If this isn't your cup of tea, then stop here. Stay tuned for future stories from this series. Enjoy!

This is an OOC Futa!Blake x OOC Jaune story.

Jaune told himself that he couldn't get frustrated. Straining to get out of these cuffs weren't going to do him any good. Preservation of his strength was the key to survive in his current predicament. It has been over a few hours since his recent affair with the coven leader, Yang. The word, affair, was the best verbiage to euphemize his ordeal. Better yet, it was still hard to accept that he had anal sex with her. Yang's parting gift remained in his coven. The feeling of her milk inside him brought nothing more than an utterance of disgrace, embarrassment, and disdain. How did he let down his guard? The resourceful member in his clan, the reliable one, the one who was always one step ahead. His oldest sister, Saphron, always told him to never let anything become his weakness.

He should have paid better attention. Alcohol and women had inebriated him, clouded his judgment. What more would he endure on this night? Yang told him in a lustful stupor that he would be accompanied by the remaining three - Kuro (Blake), Aka (Ruby), and Shiro (Weiss). Jaune notated within himself by the degree of their felonious nature. There was caution with Blake for the silent ones are always the deadliest. One can never know what they were thinking. Then, it was Ruby. She was playful, jolly, a roundabout kind of girl. The kind of girl Jaune wouldn't mind bringing to dinner to meet the parents. That jolly side had a thicker interior within the smile. The smile that can be contorted, bringing hell on Remnant. The pinnacle, the echelon of torment and disdain, Weiss. Weiss had a cold, callous, calculated look when they were at the bar. Each time he drank, talked, interacted with them, her cold icy glare was upon him. Anyone who had studied strategies of any kind could detail that Weiss wasn't any different. However, the hungry look in her eyes. The words she spilled from her lips. Her angry throbbing member, aggressive and wanting to claim his cavern as her own. Yang calculated her plan very well. Jaune wasn't the brightest individual but he knew enough to know how she was playing the game.

Yang was nothing more than a preview. The leader of the coven but only the tip of the iceberg. Remembering the ordering she gave to the others, Blake was next, followed by Ruby, and finally Weiss. Weiss could never take her eyes off him. Knowing she was last was only fueling momentum as well as the ammunition hidden behind her panties.

Jaune observed his surroundings. Nothing significant about the dungeon. Things he had read in books or seen in movies. He was lying on a cold, steel bed without any clothing or anything to give him warmth. Chains that looked like it was stored in the closet since the eighteenth century (Ruby and Blake induced with drugs to temporarily deter him from moving when they were replacing the nylon rope). One thin window above him. It was a ten-inch by two-feet. Escaping was slim, especially for the fact that it was twelve feet above him. Only Oum knew where he could be. For all he knew, he could be hundreds of feet from the surface.

He knew one thing, it was still nightfall. The candles lighting beside him, dancing on the wall, flickering ever so often. If Jaune could make a guess, he has been captived for maybe a few hours. That was only a guess. For all he knew, it could have been a day or so. He hoped that someone
contacted the police. Hopefully, his family would be on the scene trying to find leads. Classmates, peers, the entire university searching for him.

But only time would tell. Who says that he will live after the ordeal is finished?

The sound of the creaking metal door opened, releasing coolness to the moist dungeon. Upon the opening of its door, he felt his pores welcoming the coolness. It was a sickly sweet feeling and that alone gave Jaune to never take things for granted.

From his peripheral, he spotted the second-in-command of the vampire coven. It was the black-haired girl with the bow in her hair. Yang called her Kuro. At the bar, she was called Blake. Jaune didn't get much opportunity to talk with her when they were at the bar. What entranced him was her being a silent beauty. Her bow, her long hair, her eyes. They stood out to him out of everyone in the group. From his perspective, Kuro didn't have to do anything to pull a man to come to her. The man will give his last dime just for her to say hello to him. Even when they were drinking, she kept a cool and calm demeanor. She didn't have to attract any attention as her body language did it for her. He seemed like a cool girl. The type of girl that wouldn't take much to hang out and chill, watch movies, going for a walk, or for a drive. Honestly, he was sort of smitten with the brunette prior to the incident.

Amazing how his lack of knowledge about women was easily thrown out of the window.

Or in his case, flown out of the window.

She was alone. Like Yang, she was also wearing a thin see-through nightgown. The frills were draped over her tall creamy body. Floral was the theme with her nightgown. Her panties, rosé-themed. He could see her protruding palish tits sticking through her see-through bra. He spotted a bellybutton ring dangling. It was a cat's bell. It made small sounds of dangling each time she moved. It even matched her decorated dick as it stood attention. It, too, had a bell dangling from its shaft, anticipating the action as the cloudy fluids were seeping out of its spout.

That alone made Jaune shivered as the ache in his butt returned and his muscles easily tightened. It didn't help as he felt the cool milk of Yang settling in his butt.

She was pushing the metal cart. More supplies, he presumed. Earlier, she used the cart to soak him in what he thought was an aphrodisiac. Funny how the trick of the mind would make him think that and turning out to be soap and water. She pushed the cart beside him. She turned around to close the door to the dungeon. She remained quiet. She used the key to lock it, ensuring that any access to escape was futile.

Her eyes were looking away, focusing on the cart. Jaune kept his vision straight to the ceiling. He wasn't going to give the brunette the satisfaction of his pleasure for her discord.

"Wakey, wakey, wakey!" The melodic Blake informed him upon the slap of a wet sponge impacted his chest. Jaune stood attentive, eyes on the ceiling. If there was anything left, his pride will remain. At least that part of him was taken away by force. "Aww! My poor little blonde doesn't want to talk?" Blake pressed the sponge to his stomach. The warm liquid spread throughout his stomach as she began rubbing him. "What happened to all of that talk when you were trying to score one of us?" She pressed herself close to him. Jaune kept his eyes away from her, staring at the ceiling. "What happened? Wasn't your type? Cat got your tongue? Yang got your poor, tight virgin ass?" She clicked her tongue. "That's too bad!" She clicked her tongue again. "Poor little Jauney! Thinking he was going to score with some young lovelies on this night." Jaune felt the belittling of the brunette as she continued scrubbing his chest. "You would think by now you humans would have common sense. But, after these many years, you still don't change."
There were others? Jaune didn't immediately register that thought. Of course, there were others. These were vampires. He knew about the certainty of mythical creatures existing. He lived in Vale. Where Beowulf and Grimm thrived. Vampires were the last thing on his mind. Yet again, it let him know how small-minded he could be. Maybe his family was right about being one-track minded. And he was certainly paying the price on this night.

"Allow me to clean your arms," she told him as she poured water carelessly on him. "I can tell by the redness on your skin, you have tried to escape." She clicked her tongue. "No, no, no! These restraints aren't going anywhere. Unbreakable!" She winked insincerely. "Weiss is an expert on spells and potions. So, even if you try breaking the chains, the spirit will bind you, Jaune."

This wasn't the same Blake from the bar. The laidback type, the smooth operating type. It brought a vile taste in his mouth as she said his name. Belittling him, damning him as if he was born on the wrong side of the tracks.

"You can say what you want, Kuro! Blake! Whoever you are," said Jaune with a hint of pride on his tongue. "Whatever you do to me, I won't stand down! I may have been raped! I may be kidnapped. But, I won't let you belittle me so you can feel good about yourself."

Blake pursed her lip. A pregnant silence ensued. But only for a short while. She went to place the sponge into the water. The sound of her straining and draining any excess water filled the room. "Must say, Jaune, well done! Of course, your off-centered performance on making me be moved was little to none." Her feline eyes stared at Jaune. "However, I am not moved by feelings. I am not swayed by the opinions of humans. If you want the truth, you are nothing more than a piece of flesh."

Jaune didn't expect Blake using her fingers to enter his cavern. He gripped his teeth by the force. Blake let out a smile, especially when feeling his butt contracting with her fingers. "You see, Jaune, words are quite different than actions." Jaune felt her adding more fingers into his ass. He felt the slush of Yang's semen along with Blake's fingers. "You say things that don't have any meaning. You think that if you say something, it would change me. I know your kind. I know your type. Humans all want the same thing - lust, pride, and gluttony."

Jaune turned his head away. Blake wasn't stopping her thrusting. Feeling the fingers contracting with his ass was embarrassing. Initially painful, but now turning into pleasure. His dick was stirring, awaken by the carnal pleasures of its purpose in manhood.

"If it wasn't for this compassion you call a brain, you are nothing more than a breeder," said Blake coldly. "Even as I finger you, your dick is awakening. Your instincts are kicking in. It wants to breed. It wants pleasure. What can you say about that, boy?"

His dick proceeded to bounce on his stomach, meshing with the somewhat dry semen from earlier. He kept his eyes closed, wanting no part of what was to come.

"You know, boy, I can tell that you are something different." Blake stopped thrusting. She pulled out, leaving a trail of Yang's spunk and his liquids. Blake smiled as she partook the offering of Yang's spunk. She moaned in tasting the pleasures of her mistress and their captive together. She pulled away from her fingers, creating a bridge of her saliva-semen liquid. "It isn't every day the mistress wants to keep a pet. You should be grateful and praise your mistress!"

Jaune didn't answer.

She rinsed the sponge, certain that it had enough soap to clean the residue of her mistress's love gift. She displayed a pleasant smile. "In the past, after we had our piece of meat, we would suck his
blood until he was mummified like a corpse." She picked up his testicles, using her free hand to clean his ass. "Castaway and thrown to the crows like leftovers nobody wants. However, even I can tell that you are different."

Blake went over to the bucket to apply more soap and water to the sponge. She used her hand to clean his shaft. She was delicate, trying her best not to early release. She didn't like early ejaculators. "I remember there was a boy who couldn't stop coming every time I touched him. It honestly got on my nerves." She let out a chuckle. "I got so depressed that I let Weiss finished him off." She whistled. "Poor lad, he cried for Mum." She turned to Jaune. "Do you have a family, Jaune?"

Jaune strained his face, contorting and preventing himself saying the choice words he wanted to say to the succubus. Instead, his body only trembled. It didn't go without notice from Blake once she dropped the sponge into the bucket.

"Thank you for answering my question, boy," said Blake with a chuckle. "I would forget about them, too. Once you are part of Yang's coven as our pet, there is no return."

Jaune didn't answer.

"Why the long face, Jaune? This should be an honor. Our coven is going to have a pet of our very own to play." She clapped her hands. "Our mistress should be praised. You have to be quite a charmer to have her on her good side. You should be quite pleased."

How demeaning and torn were her words thought Jaune. Is that what he had amounted to? Just a toy for their amusement? The funny thing about toys - even a child will have to grow up and move on to something better.

How long will that be for him?

"You're making this easier than I've thought," said Blake. She untied her bow, delicately placing it on the cart. She slowly undid her nightgown, draping it to the floor. Only her bra and her panties were left on her delicate-looking body. "By now, I thought you would in agony beg and plead for your life. 'Oh, no, Blake! Don't do this! Not again! Please, help me! Somebody, help me!' She produced an obnoxious cackle, something that reminded him of a certain individual from his high school days.

It was damming that she was hauntingly beautiful, Jaune thought to himself. He wondered if it was in a different light, what kind of woman would she have been? Was she born with it? Did Yang do this? Why was he feeling compassion and sympathy about a captor who was going to partake with his ass next?

Because no matter what, Jaune always tried to see the best in people, women included. Even vampires.

"Maybe because no matter what I say, my fate is in your hands."

Blake was rubbing her dick when Jaune parted his mouth. "What did you say?"

Through his dry and cracked lips, he said to Blake, "Maybe because no matter what I say, my fate is in your hands." He bit his lip as he tried gaining composure, better yet, using whatever pride he had left. "You've mentioned I am like typical humans, only looking out for one thing. But, you don't know me, Blake. You don't know a damn thing about me!"

Blake remained quiet, only fixated on Jaune.
"I will admit that I've found you ladies attract upon meeting you," said Jaune. "Ulterior motives could have been implemented, but I didn't. I could have easily attempted to get in your pants but I wouldn't. I saw your mistress and wanted to show her a good time. Maybe to you guys, I wanted lust but I was just being a friendly person.

Not every human is after greed, lust, or pride. There are caring and compassionate people in this world. Not all humans want this. Just as I think not all vampires do this. Maybe in your previous life, you have gone through some trials, tribulations, afflictions. Maybe this Blake or Kuro is your true self. I am not sure. Be as it may. If you want to feel like that to justify your torturing me, be that way. However, when you do this, just realize that there is a heart from this boy."

Jaune knew that he might as well talk to a brick wall. However, he needed to put his point across. If anything he had learned from his parents was to never let the captive feel s though they had won. He knew that it didn't work with Yang. Nevertheless, the remaining three, he would be sure to put out something. What was that something? He wasn't even sure anymore.

"You know what, Jaune? Maybe in those words, you are speaking the truth." Blake sounded calm. She didn't sound conniving or insincere. "But, if you remember, dear. I am not moved but words. I am moved by actions." Blake reached for her panties. Balling it into a fist, she grabbed Jaune's chin, prying his mouth opened and inserting them inside. Jaune felt Blake's sturdy dick rubbing around his ass. "If you are sincere with your words, then show me your actions if you want to believe you're not like everyone else." Blake pressed her dick forward. Jaune muffled through her panties. Jaune felt like a brand new virgin as he felt her dick entering his ass.

"My Oum, Jaune," said Blake while releasing a slight moan. "Your asspussy is tight. It makes me think that the mistress didn't do anything." Using his legs for posture, she adjusted herself until the shaft completely filled his hole. Blake felt the tight contractions, trying her best not to immediately climaxed. Tears were pouring down Jaune's eyes. Blake was tantalized in feeling the pleasure. Of the men and women, she has slept with, his cavern was the tightest. She proceeded to thrust her hips. Blake wanted more as she pelted his body.

"Damn, Jaune! This feels good! How does it feel to have your second taste of a woman," said Blake while blowing a kiss. "Who is better? Me or Kiiro? You be the judge!"

Blake felt her pussy flooding with her fluids, her folds were contracting while fucking Jaune. She removed her bra, dropping it on Jaune's dick. "I like the idea of our scent meshing as one. Consider it to be a blessing." She was tickled. "You accept me very well. You aren't resisting. The more you can take it, the more I can believe your words have some truth in it. Make me believe you, boy!"

Jaune felt his cavern tightening. Her dick going in and out of it. The pain was unbearable, knowing that his body wasn't accustomed to that kind of thing. His body instinctively was wanting more of this sensation. As much as it was disgracing and sickening, instinct was taking over.

"Your body is quite attractive. You work out, yes?" Blake knew she wasn't going to get an answer. However, she was enjoying this. She was grateful that Yang picked out a good one. This one wasn't fussy, resisting aggressively, or defiant. She lowered her body to his chest. She thought a little play can ease his burden. Her titties were rubbing his stomach. She felt his dick compacting her stomach. "You know, Jaune, let me tell you a little secret." She pressed her mouth to his ear. The sensation caused Jaune's hair to his neck to stand. "This little by-chance meeting was no accident." She pecked him on the cheek. "Yang was scooping out for fresh blood like you. She figured out your routine, your schedule, the very bike path. She knew that was how predictable you were." She wrapped her arms around his neck. Jaune felt her body pressing onto his. Jaune released a moan, feeling her titties into his body. Instinct was now in overdrive, wanting more of her. No
longer was this man and woman, but a pair of beasts.

"You're thrusting your hips. You are receiving me, aren't you," asked Blake teasingly. "No man or woman could ever resist my charm. I take my time, slow and pleasurable for both parties. Don't tell my mistress, but she is a bit clumsy with sex. Even with me, she is all over the place. However, unlike the others, I am the gentle one. I want to make you feel good as much as I do," Jaune's eyes rolled to the back of his head. The build-up in his balls was at a boiling point.

"Yeah, yeah," moaned Blake. "I am going to come. Take my seeds! Take my seeds, Jaune!" Jaune let out a tiny cry as streams of semen compacted his ass. Blake spurted in delight, laughing during her ebb and flow. "Yes, take my seed, boy! The seed that has been implanting young men and women alike for hundreds of years." She kissed him on his neck. "Unfortunate for my seeds are nothing more than blanks. So no worries for the unplanned pregnancies." She laughed. "But I jest, of course."

Jaune bean panting, lost in the embarrassed ecstasy of being fucked in the ass by another woman. He finally felt her releasing herself from him. He felt her sperm releasing out of his ass. "Such a wonderful pussy you possess. Oh, honey, don't give me that look. As much you were contracting, you were feeling good, weren't you?"

"..."

"You don't have to answer. Your body told me the truth," she said. "Because of your actions, I can now believe your words." Blake spat into her hand. She moved aside her dick to insert it into her tight cavern. Honestly, her pussy was begging for his cock. However, she wasn't going to alert him on that. She was frottting like a refrigerator, longing for what she wanted from the beginning. "You should be grateful, boy, when we get to this part."

Jaune cried through the panties. His dick punctured through Blake's swollen pussy. Blake tilted her head to the heavens. She, too, felt like a brand new virgin. So much so, blood was dripping out of her cavern. She hissed, cursing under her breath. "Your dick was thick enough to make me bleed." She wagged her finger. "Sorry, young man! But this pussy has been familiar with the likeness of men and women like me. When I was turned, I was still a virgin. So, this feeling will always be so painful, piercing, and oh so, delicious." Blake squeezed her tits. "C'mon, boy! Make your words come true. Show me that you are caring and considerate by fucking me."

Jaune followed instructions. By this time, he was lost. His judgment, his ill-feelings, everything went away. To think this was the way he was going to lose his virginity.

Jaune felt the gyration of Blake's hips. He felt like putty. A mortar within a pestle. A fly caught in the spider's web. He kept slow breaths. He tried conserving his energy. Despite the confusion and his contradictive nature, he was trying not to be deceived.

"There you go, Jaune," said Blake. She gripped onto his chest, rubbing and kneading like bread. She pelted his dick into her womb, ensuring that when he released it would bombard her womb. "I know you are enjoying this. I know I am! C'mon, baby! Let me hear your muffled moans. Cry for me! Moan for me! Lay your life aside and just give in to the pleasure. If you remain our pet, we can show you good things. Just like this tender pussy that keeps gripping to this glorious shaft. It is like we are made for each other."

Blake lowered her body. She used her tongue to taste his body. His tears, his face, his neck, every part she could have the saltiness. Finally, she removed the panties. Feeling his hot breath before sealing it with a kiss. Jaune tasted her. Feeling the tongue dancing with his. She pulled his tongue with her teeth, wanting more. She continued pouring her saliva into his mouth, coating it as if she
was claiming him.

"By the gods," she cried. His thrusts were increasing. She knew the flavorings of her saliva would work. No man alive could resist her juices. Jaune's body was in auto-drive. "Yes, become our slave! Become our pet! This isn't an insult but a privilege!"

Jaune didn't hear anything. Everything went mute.

"Yeah! Yeah," cried Blake. "I am about there! Feel me up! Coat my womb! Yes, yes! I am coming! I am coming!" She screamed delightfully as her juices were sprouting from pussy. Jaune immediately forgot about her dick as it was almost releasing spunk.

Jaune didn't warn her as he spurted his spunk inside of her pussy. Like a jet stream, he felt the build-up of his balls releasing inside her with all of his might.

Blake continued to ebb and flow until her orgasm ceased. Her hair draping over his face. For a moment, they have locked eyes. "Young seed is the best seed." She lowered herself to him to give him a kiss. Their lips wrapped around each other. She didn't tongue kiss like last time. However, she pulled from his lip. She let out a growl when her fangs were exposed.

Her true urge was kicking in. Seeing his virgin neck, wanting to claim him was here and now.

"Kuro, your time is up! Matter of factly, longer than anticipated!"

Blake clicked her tongue. She was that close to claiming his neck. "Well, my boy, it seems that our time is up." Blake got herself from him. She walked over to retrieve the articles of clothing she has dropped. She went to the door. "Give me a second, Aka. Need to straighten out a few things."

"Understood, Kuro," answered Ruby. "Be hasteful. Mistress requests you to be in her quarters immediately."

"On the way," she said to Ruby. Blake put back on her clothing. She turned to the dazed Jaune. "Guess you were right. Your words do have some truth." She looked at the cart. "Aka can take over on cleaning duty. I will be sure that she provides you with sustenance to keep your energy."

Jaune didn't answer as he watched her leave the room. Before she unlocked the door with the key, she turned to face him. "To answer your question, if we were in a different life, we could have gone out for parfaits." She winked. "Unlike other vampires, not only can I glamor, but I can also read minds. Good Night, Jaune."

Jaune watched as Blake stepped out of the dungeon. It wasn't long when Ruby stepped into the room. Unlike Blake, she was completely naked.

With the exception of an accessory.

She clapped her hands excitedly. "Oh, goodie! This is gonna be so much fun!" In her hand, she was holding a leash and a collar. "Jauney and I are going to play a fun game!" Jaune's eyes dwindled away when he spotted Weiss at the corner of his eye.

She displayed her fingers. The icy cold glare of her eyes was locked onto his. She displayed four fingers. She lowered one.

"That was for Yang," she mouthed to him.

She lowered another one. "That was for Blake!"
She lowered another one. "This is for Ruby!"

She licked her lips, displaying the only finger left - her middle finger. She used her tongue to lick around it. She gave him a menacing glare. "One more to go!"

*Ride on, Shooting Star!*

*To be continued...*

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