A Moment of Kindness

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Summary

As it says. A moment of kindness leads to interesting situations.
Chapter 1

RWBY Fic Idea: “A moment of kindness…”

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It was a normal day at Beacon Academy. Professor Port’s class being the extended rest period. Professor Oobleck being so quick on the tongue that everyone had trouble keeping up with notes.

Lastly, there was Professor Goodwitch’s class. A brief moment of respite from the mundane and chaotic of the respective other classes. Only to be tossed into the jowls of action.

A monochromatic trainee had been chosen this time, facing against a rather slim figure with a light tint of green in the shape of a messy mohawk. This person was Russell Thrush, a member of Team CRDL. He wore a green sleeve-torn vest with a brown accent that connected to the armor on his left shoulder.

That monochromatic student across from him was none other than Blake Belladonna, of Team RWBY. A budding huntress from Menagerie in her own right, she had been evenly contesting the person across from her, as both trainees used their skills, aura, and semblance to their aids in some form or fashion. Blake was in her normal Black vest with a white crop undershirt. Paired with her white shorts and black leggings, it was quite striking for many to see at first.

Blake was motionless as Russell used his athleticism to go once more for the attack, only to be startled as his daggers penetrated the ice clone and ceasing his assault.

She knew it was time to end it, as she countered his athleticism with her own and slammed the non-lethal backside of her Gambol Shroud into the upper backside of Russell’s unprotected head, causing him to release his weapons of choice and collapse in a heap.

“Mr. Thrush is below the acceptable Aura threshold, Ms. Belladonna is the winner.” Said an authoritative voice. From the right side of the arena, in her White Blouse and long, Black skirt was the aforementioned Professor Goodwitch.

Applause came from the rest of the class. Well, except from the other members of Team CRDL, who helped prop up their defeated teammate and helped him to their seats. Blake turned to her fellow classmates and nodded, closing her amber-colored eyes.

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Stowing her weapon in her locker after the contest, she was enclosed by her own teammates after Professor Goodwitch dismissed the class.

“Nicely done, Blake.” Said the tallest of the trio, her long, radiant, blonde hair framing her own features as she clapped her hands a couple times.

“Thanks, Yang. It was a good match.” Replied Blake, closing her locker.

“Good match? You bet it was, you kicked his butt!” the youngest of the group said. Her short, black to red hair waving as she did a miniature celebratory dance. The little tornado known as Ruby Rose was always so energetic, her silver eyes almost looking as they were seeing stars. Blake just
chuckled low as she shook her head softly.

“Though, I’m wondering why you didn’t beat him faster?” asked the last of the quartet. Her long, white ponytail and ice blue eyes only belonging to Weiss Schnee.

“He had speed, and as we know, one can’t rely on one thing to win all the time. I wanted to try some things, and where better?” Blake replied as she turned and faced her group.

Her question was well timed. In the relative safety of class, it was advantageous to improvise at times and see how things were. The last time Blake fought in class, she did handily, winning in only 30 seconds.

As Team RWBY continued small idle chatter among them, an athletically slim young man was walking by after checking and doing some maintenance on his own equipment. He paused briefly as he was equal to the quartet and turned his face toward them.

“Hey Blake, great job in there.” He said as he gave a loopy, yet pleased, smile towards them. Blake turned her eyes up and amber met cobalt.

It seemed like eternity, lost in each other’s eyes, but it was a split second if that.

“Thanks, Jaune.” Blake replied. Almost instantly, a tall red headed woman approached the gentleman.

“I’m sure you’ll be victorious next time, Jaune.” Said one Pyrrha Nikos as she rested her left hand on his right shoulder. He turned his head towards her and sighed softly, his smile becoming a contented grin. His own contest was not so fortunate. Sure, he fought well, but his opponent got the harsher blows in to deplete Jaune’s aura quickly.

Jaune knew he was a lucky man, if a bit clumsy. Being on a team with, arguably, the best student in Beacon. Plus being friends with another four of the best-looking women at Beacon, in his opinion, was a big positive as well.

Turning back toward Team RWBY, the group of six held some idle chat. Freely talking about the week, and the upcoming events of the semester.

Yang looked around, “Hey, Jaune. Where’s Nora and Ren?”

Jaune looked at his fellow blonde, “They went to the cafeteria. You know how energetic Nora is. They’ll probably be going to the training room after.”

Ruby then said it, “Well, why don’t we all go train? I’ve been bored for the past few days.”

Jaune spoke first, after moving his light hand to his chin, “I think I’ll hold off a little bit. Getting multiple people into the arena could lead to friendly fire. Last thing we need is an injury in the heat of a simulated battle.”

Ruby then countered, “Then how about Nora and Ren have Yang and I to work with. Then, when we’re done, we’ll let you all know so you could train.”

Pyrrha looked at Ruby, “Seems you have a point. We are ‘sister teams’ after all.”

Jaune nodded, his eyes closing as he did before he opened them. He looked at Weiss and Blake, then. “If you two want, you could join Pyrrha and I for the second round.”
Weiss looked at Pyrrha and Jaune before shaking her head. “Sorry, I need to study a little more tonight. Professor Oobleck’s rabble is tough to take notes on and I need to get myself organized.”

Blake hummed a little. “Yeah, he can run on a little. That coffee must be strong.”

Jaune chuckled, “You aren’t kidding. Must double as gasoline or something.”

That made everyone laugh softly. His mouth alone could probably propel a boat.

Blake chuckled and looked at Jaune, “Sure, I’ve had a few other things I wanted to try in there. But it was getting too close.”

Jaune nodded and turned his head to Ruby. “Sounds like a plan. But I’ll let you talk to Nora and Ren. I’m starving, and I bet the line for food will be long.”

Immediately, everyone froze as he was accurate on the dinner line assumption. The six pack of students then rushed for the door out of the locker room.

Unfortunately, Jaune ended up tripping and falling in a heap. However, Blake ended up inadvertently tripping over him and also began to fall.

Only to be caught by Jaune as he landed on his back. The others had gotten through the door rather easily.

“Whoa, you ok Blake?” Asked the young man after a mental check on himself. Blake gathered herself before nodding slightly.

“Y-Yeah, I think I’m-ow!” She said, as she tried to get up from Jaune. Immediately, Jaune’s look became worried. Blake took her right hand and brought it to her right leg, rubbing the ankle part of her leg.

Jaune was able to shift over a little, cradling the woman in his right arm as he tried to be gentle with her. “Easy, Blake. Don’t make it worse. I’ll get you to the infirmary.”

Blake nodded a bit, still rubbing her ankle. She had never heard this side of Jaune in her time at Beacon. He always seemed boisterous, but now she saw the side that Pyrrha had talked about whenever they saw each other in between classes.

‘Wow, he really does think of others first.’ She thought before a soft grunt broke her from her thoughts. In short order, Jaune was able to get into a kneeling position and gently lift Blake from the cool floor of the locker room. His left arm hooked under her legs as he wrapped his right arm around her shoulders.

“Hey, Blake? I don’t want to drop you, could you lean back a touch?” The blonde gentleman said as he shifted her ever so slightly. Blake’s eyes looked to his before she relaxed into his arms.

“Jaune, I think I can get there.” Blake began to protest.

“Nonsense, you’re hurt. It’s fine.” Jaune said as he shook his head. He turned slowly and started walking down the hall.

Yes, he had her in the prototypical ‘bridal carry’ position. No, he did not care what people thought. Jaune Arc was as careful as possible as he carried her from the locker room to the infirmary. Many other students stopped and stared, but Jaune did not pay any mind. He had a friend who was hurt, and he was going to carry her to get help.
Blake’s thoughts were her own, feeling his muscles work as he carried her. She could hear his heart beating rhythmically, which only hastened her decent into a soft sleep. She had overworked herself recently, and this situation was a fine distraction.

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Jaune lightly kicked at the infirmary door, trying not to drop Blake in the process. Thankfully, it opened in short order.

“What happened?” asked the nurse as she saw the current position of the young woman.

Jaune answered, “We were heading to the cafeteria after Professor Goodwitch’s class. Unfortunately, I tripped and fell. While doing so, I must’ve tripped Blake. She landed on top of me and started rubbing around her ankle.”

“Get her onto this bed, I’ll grab an ice pack and then see what she’s dealing with.” The nurse ordered, as Jaune turned to the side and brought her in, doing everything he could not to hurt Blake further. As he reached the bed in question, he knelt slightly and carefully laid her onto the medical mattress.

He slowly started to free his left arm and easily moved his right as he did as was told. Blake had never said anything the entire trip after he started walking. As he slowly moved his left arm from behind Blake, he could hear her softly breathing in a slow pace.

‘Heh, I guess my sisters were right when they said I was comfortable.’ Thought Jaune as a small grin of remembrance crossed his features. It was there when he actually took a good look at her resting form.

She was one of those many would call a stunner. Her long, black hair with a slight wave framed her features beautifully. Her body was slim, no doubt adding to her beauty, with gentle curves and contours he never really took time to admire.

He only looked for about 15 seconds, but he took as much into memory as he could in that brief time period.

The nurse walked toward Blake with an ice pack wrapped in a towel. She laid it on a neighboring table as she knelt to take a look at the slightly swollen ankle.

As soon as the nurse lightly touched her, Blake lightly hissed in pain and awoke slowly.

“Well, good news is it’s not broken. But you did sprain it pretty well.” Said the nurse. “Unfortunately, Ms. Belladonna, I’m putting you on a light schedule. No combat for 2 weeks, keep from using heavier pressure, which means no walking on it for today and tomorrow, and start slowly working it over the course of the week. You can begin light training again next week.”

Blake nodded, a bit somber she couldn’t work over her ideas in combat, but the rest was not unwelcome. Gently, the nurse laid the cool towel over the injured joint before laying the ice pack lightly over the towel.

Jaune bent over and placed his hands on the mattress. “I’m sorry I tripped you, Blake.” He craned his neck to look towards the nurse, “Can she go back to her dorm? Or did you want her here?”

The nurse shook her head, “She’s fine to go back to the dorms. But she can’t walk there. I’ll look for a wheelchair.”
“No need, I brought her from the lockers to here. I’ll take her to her dorm, as well.” He replied.

“Jaune, you’ve done fine. I’ll wait for a wheelchair, but thanks for caring about me.” Blake said, as she looked towards the two.

Jaune turned his head back to Blake, “You’re welcome. I feel bad I was a culprit for this.”

Blake was able to take a better glance at the young man. His face had sharpened slightly in his time at Beacon, becoming more rugged. His eyes a peaceful blue as they gazed again at each other.

Jaune broke the contact this time as he sighed, “All right, but you have my scroll number if you change your mind. Did you want me to grab you something from the cafeteria?”

Blake thought for a moment and looked up, “Honestly, just tell the others to get what they think I’ll enjoy. Thanks, again.”

Jaune smiled slightly before slightly bowing his head. “Of course, Blake. You’re welcome. Please, get some rest.”

With that, he thanked the nurse and walked out of the infirmary towards the cafeteria.

The nurse looked at his departing form before sighing softly, “He’s always so clumsy.” She said, before turning to the injured woman.

With that, the nurse went to look for a wheelchair, leaving Blake to her own thoughts.

‘Yes, he is clumsy. But he was so gentle.’ Thought the young woman before she decided to take another brief nap.

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Walking into the cafeteria, Jaune finally picked out his dinner choices and sat alongside Teams RWBY and JNPR.

“What happened Jaune? Got held back by Professor Goodwitch?” Asked Nora, as she finished her meal.

Jaune took a brief bite of his food, using the time to think before he replied. “No, Nora. I tripped getting out of the locker room and accidentally took Blake down with me.”

The rest of the group turned and looked at the blonde-haired boy as he continued, “She complained about her ankle hurting. I picked her up and took her to the infirmary. Nurse says she badly sprained her ankle and said she’s out for two weeks.”

Pyrrha spoke first, moving to touch his left arm with her hand. “Thankfully it sounds as though she wasn’t seriously hurt. Are you OK?”

Ruby, Yang, and Weiss looked at the Crimson-haired huntress as she seemed to fawn over Jaune. Their teammate was in the infirmary, yet she was worried about HIM?!? Nora and Ren were busy thinking of tag tactics against the demonic grimm.

Jaune nodded his head and looked at the others. “The landing sucked, so I am a little sore right now. But I was more concerned about Blake. I’ll be fine.”

Yang and Ruby sighed softly, but Weiss was not happy. “You clumsy, little boy. I bet you did that on purpose to get close to Blake!”
“Now, you know that’s not true. He may be a bit clumsy, but he wouldn’t do anything like that.” Pyrrha retorted as Jaune took a drink to help calm himself.

“Stop sticking up for him, Pyrrha. He did it on purpose. He’s careless and he’s incompetent. How do you even deal with him?” She continued.

Yang cut in this time, “Considering she is his teammate, and by proxy alongside us, she has that right to defend him if she believes differently.”

Ruby interjected. “Weiss, you’re being silly. He may have misfortune, but you’ve seen his heart is in the right place. He even took Blake to the infirmary.”

Weiss turned to Ruby, “Yeah, he took her to the infirmary, but he probably did it to cop a feel.”

Yang’s eyes closed slightly as she turned her head to Jaune. “Well, lover boy? Were you trying to enjoy some of Blake?”

Jaune sputtered, “Are you crazy? I wouldn’t do anything like that. She fell because of me, I decided I should get her some help.”

Yang pressed on, “How did you get her there?”

Jaune answered honestly. “I was able to slide myself to the left and cradled her upper body with my right arm. Then got up to a kneel beside her, moved my left hand under her knees. I asked her to lean back, so I wouldn’t drop her. She did, and I lifted her up.”

Immediately, Pyrrha’s eyes got wide. ‘He lifted her and carried her like that? Wow, he’s really incredible.”

Yang’s eyes slimmed even more, “Well, then, you must’ve gotten quite a couple handfuls to carry Blake like a bride.”

Jaune shook his head, “Get your mind out of the gutter. I figured it was the best way to not put pressure on the ankle and get to help.”

Weiss latched onto this, “Wait, how could you carry her? You look like you could barely carry your weapon.”

Nora interjected, “He’s stronger than he looks. Ever seen him without a shirt on? He’s got a lot of muscles.”

Pyrrha nodded, not saying a word as she began to blush. Weiss pressed the questioning, “Did you see anything?”

Jaune craned his neck to look at the heiress, “Why would I look at her? I was trying to get her to the nurse.”

Weiss pressed even more, “Oh please, Jaune. You must’ve taken a look at her at some point.”

Yang decided to pile on. “Come on, was she soft? Did you look at her like certain other people look at you?”

Jaune sputtered a little, as did Pyrrha. “Wait, someone likes me? That’s ridiculous.”

Yang closed her eyes, her smirk becoming playful. “Oh, there’s someone who really likes you. I’ve known for a little while, as have others. We’re just wondering when you’ll finally figure out who
wants the White Knight to practice using his sword on her.”

Ren raised an eyebrow, “Now why would Jaune want to use his sword against a young woman?”

Pyrrha decided it was time to talk again, “Well, his last training fight went well. He has really gotten better at his parries. His thrusts need some work, though. I’m sure he’ll get that figured out soon enough.”

Yang rolled her eyes, “Oh, I bet he will improve his thrusting. After all, it is what a swordsman should do before he goes slaying.”

Jaune just looked at Yang with a puzzled expression. “Indeed, slashes and thrusts only are effective when your opponent shows a continuous weakness that you can exploit. How I was using my sword before Pyrrha helped me was equivalent to break dancing.”

Yang grinned, “Yep, and here you are. Trying to go from just flashing it all around to a more disciplined approach.”

“Oh, before I forget, please make sure to get Blake something to eat. She should be back at the dorm, soon.” Jaune said before he turned to the others. “Full disclosure, I did not do any looking when I had her in my arms. When I laid her gently on the infirmary mattress, I tried not to disturb her. While I was removing my right arm from her back, I heard her sleeping softly.”

Jaune chuckled a bit and reached with said hand to scratch the back of his head. “Guess my sisters were right when they said I was comfortable.”

Pyrrha blushed a bright crimson at the thought. While Yang was both impressed and not. “Blake had been up late a lot, recently. I guess she found a way to catch a cat-nap.”

Everyone in the group turned and looked at her, as she shrugged it off. “Meh, it was too easy.”

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Back at the dorms, the other members of Team RWBY had reconvened with Blake after picking out something for the injured young woman to eat. The young lady was sitting on one of the lower beds as the others came in.

“How are you feeling Blake? Heard you sprained that ankle pretty good.” Said Yang, as she pulled up a chair.

“All considered, I’m fine. Just a bit disheartened at the injury, but I’ll have to deal with it.” Blake replied as she was offered, and subsequently took, the container of food and some plasticware from Ruby as the diminutive huntress climbed onto her own bunk.

Weiss sat down on her bunk across from Blake. “Jaune is always so careless. How he made it past initiation still baffles me to this day.”

Blake chuckled as she took a fork and began to eat. As the first bit of food hit her stomach, she countered. “He may be careless. But no one else bothered to see if I was all right.”

Immediately, everyone else on the team blanched a little bit while Blake continued to enjoy the meal given to her. Yang finally broke the awkward silence. “Yeah, sorry about that. I guess we all knew Jaune would be right about the cafeteria lines at dinner and hunger took over.”

Blake shook her head. “It’s fine, just a little frustrated at the whole situation. I was really looking
forward to training a little more tonight.”

Ruby peeked over the edge of her bed. “What were you thinking of working on?”

Blake finished another bite of food. “Well, you know how I said that Thrush guy was all speed?”

The others nodded. “Well, I’m trying to counter speed with calculated speed. In other words, instead of going full out at every motion, using a more patient approach before getting out of the opponents effective strike location and countering it into my own advantage.”

Yang brought her right hand to her chin, “That makes a lot of sense. So why did you use an ice copy to finish the training bout?”

Blake put down her container, completing her meal. “That was one of my tests. Using said patience with a copy to set a trap. It’s basic in its’ approach, but I think it could be devastating when done right.”

Weiss tilted her head to the side slightly. “So, essentially, you wanted to test in the simulated arena to work a couple other rough ideas before using them in other facets.”

Blake nodded. “Exactly, and also Ruby’s idea of using us and Team JNPR to work together in that simulated environment would allow everyone to understand, or at least experience, how things would work in such a situation.”

Yang then concluded, “Unfortunately, it seems you’ll have to wait to test. After being struck with some misfortune.”

Blake nodded, but then Ruby interjected, “I’m not sure if it is misfortune. You all saw how focused she’s been recently. It may well be a good thing.”

Weiss nodded and leaned her back onto the wall. “Yeah, it’s been an intense semester so far.”

“You aren’t kidding. With initiation, and the trip to Forever Fall, it’s been rough.” Yang agreed, before she took on a wicked grin. “So, Blake... was it a rough ride to the infirmary?”

Blake rolled her eyes. “I couldn’t tell, honestly. The pain in my ankle had most of my attention. One moment I’m in the locker room with Jaune about to lift me, next thing I knew I was on a medical bed.”

Yang pressed, “Were you surprised that he lifted you?”

Blake turned her head to look at Yang. “Not really.”

Weiss didn’t miss that chance. “You mean you weren’t surprised?”

Blake shrugged her shoulders. “You saw him take on that Ursa in Forever Fall. Even if Pyrrha helped guide his blade to slay the beast, he showed more than anyone previously gave him credit for.”

The others thought for a moment. His strength was impressive in that encounter.

Yang tried to press some more. “Jaune said you were sleeping when he laid you on that bed in the infirmary.”

Blake was stoic, “As I said, it seemed instantaneous. One minute, I’m in the locker room. Next minute, I’m in the infirmary with Jaune to my left and the nurse looking at my ankle.”
Yang’s teasing continued. “I bet you wished Jaune was more than at your side.”

Blake finally had it, rising from the bed on her good ankle and hobbling toward the door. “What is it with you? I’m heading to the library.”

Blake opened the door and hobbled out, only to collapse and grab her sprained ankle. Unknowingly, Jaune and Pyrrha were outside the door to Team JNPR’s dorm when Blake hit the ground.

“Blake! Why are you trying to walk this soon? You heard the nurse 3 hours ago. No walking for a couple days.” Jaune said as he closed the gap quickly and knelt to her side. Yang and Pyrrha were on the scene right after, followed by Weiss and Ruby.

“I wanted to go to the library.” Blake answered. She had enough of Yang’s grilling for one night.

“Then why didn’t you ask for help?” Asked Pyrrha, as she raised an eyebrow at the fallen huntress.

“I was hoping things would’ve healed faster than they had. I overestimated myself.” Blake answered.

Jaune shook his head and softly sighed. “Next time, ask someone. But for now, back to the dorm.” He turned his head to Weiss and Ruby. “Watch out, and get an ice pack for her Ankle.”

Ruby immediately went to get an ice pack and Weiss did as she was requested, moving to the right of the doorway.

Jaune turned his head back to Blake. “All right, one more time. Ready?”

Blake nodded, not admitting she rather enjoyed being coddled a little. Jaune moved his right arm under her legs and wrapped his left around her shoulders. As if on instinct, Blake leaned back again right before Jaune grunted softly as he lifted the injured girl as he stood up.

Yang’s eyes went wide as Jaune seemed to lift her teammate with ease. Pyrrha was not much better, with a light blush gracing her features as she saw the innocent, yet intimate, action unfold.

Weiss was surprised at seeing Blake being carried like a bride through the threshold. Ruby came back from grabbing an ice pack and froze. Seeing her friend help her teammate was a satisfying sight.

Jaune turned to his left as he carried Blake carefully back into the room. “Which bed?” He asked as he looked between Yang, Ruby and Weiss. None of them answered.

Blake sighed in annoyance. “Lower left bed, please.” Jaune nodded and carefully laid her back down on the bed in question.

“I know it sucks, but please be a little more careful?” Jaune asked as he removed his arms from her body once again. Blake had an annoyed look on her face following the gentle scolding.

Jaune turned back to the door. “Why... is everyone so quiet? Did I do something wrong?” He asked as he raised his right eyebrow.

“No, I think I know now to not joke about your strength.” Yang said as she walked back into the dorm. Jaune chuckled and walked past the others as he left their dorm. As he got closer to Pyrrha, he saw she was blushing and a little sweaty.
“Are you ok, Pyrrha? Feeling a little under the weather?” Jaune asked as he put his hand on her forehead. Immediately, the door to RWBY’s dorm slammed shut.

Pyrrha looked down, “Jaune... you realize that how you carried Blake was very...”

“It looked like a traditional bridal carry. I know, Pyrrha. But it’s better than trying to fit 3 people into a door trying to get her back inside.” Jaune said as he removed his hand from her forehead.

Pyrrha nodded, “True, but it looked differently than just doing an innocent service to a friend. What will everyone else think?”

Jaune shrugged his shoulders as he walked to Team JNPR’s dorm. “Let then think what they want. We all saw how things went. It was the same type of thing earlier.”

With that, Jaune and Pyrrha opened the door to their dorm and walked inside.

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Meanwhile, in Team RWBY’s dorm, things took a slightly more interesting turn.

“How did, what just, did that?” Stammered Weiss, as she tried to process how Jaune Arc carried her teammate back to her bed.

Yang’s face went from mild shock to a devious grin. “Well, Blake. I’d say that’s twice the White Knight swept you off your feet.”

Blake rolled her eyes, “Shut up.”

Ruby had to continue the conversation, “Well, was how he just carried you similar to how he carried you earlier?”

Blake nodded, “Yes, just his left arm was under my legs and his right arm was around my shoulders.”

Yang leaned closer, prying a little more. “Was that the first time you’ve ever been carried like that?”

Blake rolled her eyes, but said nothing, she had divulged enough already.

Yang, however, swooned for a second. “I can only imagine what it would be like to be carried like that, just lifted with ease by a guy and laid gently to rest.”

Weiss tilted her head to her left. “Seriously, he just lifted AND carried you like you were nothing. How did he get that strong?”

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“I might not have been fighting when I was home, but I still did plenty of work.” Jaune said as he took off his uniform jacket, tie, and shirt before he reached for a Pumpkin Pete t-shirt.

Pyrrha just gazed at her blonde teammate as he changed in front of her. His back muscles were visible when he started, but the effects of working on his fighting and eating more nutritious meals lead to his deltoids becoming more defined these past few weeks. When he turned around, he hadn’t finished pulling the shirt over his body and his well-defined six pack abs were on a brief display.
‘Wow, Pyrrha, what have you gotten into?’ thought the woman as all sorts of things went through her mind. She wondered what it would be like to be carried like that, to be laid down on a bed as gently as he just did to Blake.

“Jaune...” Pyrrha started, her blush starting to rise.

“Yes, Pyrrha?” He replied, only lightly seeing her rising blush.

“Could—could you pick me up and carry me to my bed like you did to Blake?” Pyrrha asked, as soon as she did, she looked down at the ground.

Jaune just looked at Pyrrha, a look of disbelief on his face. Slowly he stepped closer to her, “Y-you’re serious, aren’t you? You really want me to do that to you?”

Pyrrha could only nod, her blush now rivaling the color of her hair. ”My legs are a little sore after everything this week.” Jaune closed his eyes for a moment before he moved to Pyrrha’s left side. With all the care he had, he wrapped his right arm around her shoulders and lightly struck the back of her knees with his left arm.

Immediately, Pyrrha let herself be swept off her feet. She reclined into his right arm to help him keep her balanced as he lifted her with another soft grunt.

“There we go, and where would the young lady wish to be laid, again?” Jaune asked, as he looked down at his fiercely blushing teammate. He wasn’t much better, sporting his own light blush across his features, but he always liked doing what he could for his friends.

“Just over to my bed, Jaune.” Pyrrha asked. She almost omitted the ‘my’ part of her sentence, as her mind raced at what just happened.

‘I can’t believe he’s doing this. He’s certainly been strong but to now experience this? I just can’t believe how fortunate I really am.’ Pyrrha thought, as Jaune took a slightly longer time getting from the changing room to her bed.

Almost too soon, Jaune arrived at their destination. Jaune then kelt slightly and laid his teammate gently onto the mattress.

“There we go. Ah, are you ok Pyrrha?” Jaune asked, as he got a better look at Pyrrha’s blushing face.

“I-I’m fine, Jaune. Thank you.” She said, before wrapping her arms around his neck and giving him a small hug.

He froze for a moment, but he removed his left arm from her legs and wrapped it around her torso, reciprocating the gesture. As he did, Pyrrha turned her head and gave him a quick kiss on his right cheek.

As they broke the hug, Pyrrha smiled. “Your sisters were right, you are comfortable.”

Jaune chuckled, with a blush lightly forming on his face. He leaned back in and gave her a light kiss on her cheek.

“Pleasant dreams, Pyrrha.” He said as he hesitantly withdrew from his friend and teammate. Standing over her contently smiling form, he turned and walked to his own bed, then he slid under the covers.
Meanwhile, still in the insufferable Team RWBY dorm, Yang and Ruby were as persistent as ever.

“Oh come on, Blake. You’ve now experienced that twice in a matter of a couple hours. Is it like I’ve read in fairy tails?” Ruby asked.

Blake rolled her eyes again, “You two are incorrigible. He was only trying to help me out.”

Weiss closed her eyes as she interjected, “You know, if I didn’t know better, I’d say you enjoyed that.”


“Well, for starters, Blake just seemed to know when Jaune was about to lift her, so she reclined to not fold up and fall. Yang, you appreciate strength as much as anyone here. Of course seeing a guy do this would be fun for you to see. Ruby, you’ve been friends with Jaune since he got here. Seeing him do that and not show a hint of intolerant behavior must’ve been a nice victory for you.” Weiss said, before she opened her eyes and looked at the group.

Ruby blinked before she tilted her head up a little. “Well, yeah, I am glad to see that he does genuinely care about us. Do you know of any other guys besides Jaune that would’ve done that?”

The silence was all they needed. “Well, I’m sure Ren would have. If he was there.” Was Yang’s reply.

“But here’s the thing. We know wherever Ren goes, Nora follows. Would that be chivalry or just trying to impress?” Countered Ruby.

“That’s true” conceded Yang.

“What do you think, Blake. You’re the one who experienced it both times.” Weiss asked.

Blake shrugged, “I don’t know. I think he figured since he caused the initial accident, then he should try to make it better.”

Yang’s smirk returned. “I think he wanted to make a lot of things better.”

Blake rolled her eyes again and sighed, annoyed at her teammate. “Believe what you want. Someone get me my pajamas, please? I’m going to bed.”

Ruby grabbed Blake’s pajamas as well as changed into her own. Yang and Weiss decided to follow suit. Soon the room was filled with soft slumber.

Well, for three of the team. Blake’s mind worked overtime as she processed the days events.

‘Clumsy man, just had to get me caught up in your fall.’ Blake thought, before her mind turned a different tune.

‘But as soon as you knew I was hurt, you didn’t care you had a minor scrape on your head. The way you held me as you walked, the muscles in your arms securing me, yet also being as comfortable as my bed. I couldn’t help that I fell asleep, you just felt... right.’ Blake continued before the need to sleep overcame her.
The previous week was torture for Blake. First was injuring her ankle. Then being carried by Jaune to the infirmary. Following that was another of Yang’s intense grilling sessions. Then, after being stubborn about her ankle, she fell again and Jaune carried her back to bed.

The best respite from this incident was she was able to walk to the library after a couple days. Hell, she stubbornly began to train lightly. She didn’t use her speed, but instead focused on more precise attacks, trying home in on short bursts for higher damage.

However, she dared not set foot in the combat simulator just yet. Her instinct would be to throw it to her normal and go crazy. Though she has lost the discomfort of the injury, she still felt a little tender in her ankle area in general.

Today was the day Pyrrha, Jaune, and surprisingly Yang were going to work together in the simulation. They began slow, accounting for Jaune’s relative inexperience at first. As the skill went higher, they worked on various combinations. Of course, you had the Arkos combination, then Yang added some firepower to Pyrrha’s javelin throw with a well-timed punch as the javelin impaled a training bot, leading to going fully through said bot. Even Jaune and Yang went to work together with Jaune using his sword skills to support and keep Yang able to attack at closer range. Whether Yang would be rubbing against him on purpose or not, he did not know nor really cared. While those two were working together, Pyrrha took a little break.

Eventually, later in the session, the training bot smartened up a little and caught Yang off guard as she went for a final blow and he ducked and swept her feet out from underneath her.

“Whoa!” Yang called out. Then she felt two strong arms catch her.

“Gotcha, oh whoa!” Jaune said as he lost his footing. He turned himself around to hit the ground with his back, and Yang landed right on top of him.

As soon as Jaune hit the floor, Pyrrha deactivated the training session. Allowing everyone to catch their breath.

Jaune looked down at Yang, “You all right?”

“Bad form, but just about stuck the landing. We may need to settle for the bronze.” Yang replied.

Jaune chuckled, “Bronze is better than non-placement. Anything hurt, Yang?”

Yang shook her head, “No, I’m fine. You all right?” He nodded and let her go from his embrace, but she didn’t move.

“Uh, Yang?” Jaune asked. Slowly, Yang began to stir on top of him, mainly moving her hips slightly. The feeling took over and he began to feel himself grow hard at the close comfort.

Yang looked up, a devilish grin on her face. She moved her mouth close to his ear and whispered. “You really are comfortable.”

With that, she lifted herself off him and walked towards the bench. Blake couldn’t help but notice the slight sway in Yang’s hips as she walked towards her.
Pyrrha, however, missed it and walked to Jaune. After reaching out her right hand, Jaune accepted the offer and lifted himself off his back.

“You all right?” Pyrrha asked.

Jaune nodded slightly, “Yeah, I’m all right. I guess I’m used to landing on my back by now.”

Pyrrha turned towards the two others. “Hey, I think our time is up for this session”

Blake looked at the clock. Sure enough, they had 5 minutes left. “You’re right. Let’s get out of here. Should we talk in the library about the session?”

Yang, Jaune, and Pyrrha nodded, a debrief made sense.

“That works, but first I think I need a shower.” Jaune said.

Yang nodded, “I think we all need a shower. Meet up in an hour at the library?”

Everyone agreed with the idea and walked out of the simulator, into the locker room.

*****

Jaune went into the showers first, using his typical ‘as far from the door as possible’ stall. Pyrrha followed, picking a stall that was behind the concrete wall across from him. This left Blake and Yang to their own devices for a moment.

Blake had a teasing look about her. “I can tell you liked something about that landing.”

Yang was getting out of her huntress outfit to take her shower had on a grin that could only be thought of as that of a Cheshire Cat. “I liked a LOT about that landing. As I said, it was a stuck landing, indeed.”

Blake raised an eyebrow, “Oh really? How would you score that?”

Yang turned towards her teammate, wearing her towel after being briefly naked. “The fall was scored a 4. The landing was a 9.5”

The second eyebrow rose from Blake. “Oh? That comfortable?”

Yang chuckled, “Very comfortable. He was very firm. I could enjoy that very often.”

Blake pressed a little, “Oh really?”

Yang seized control. “You saw how we landed. I decided to have some fun while we were training in the simulator. When we fell, I could feel his semi. The moving helped me feel just what he may be working with.”

Blake’s eyes went wide, “You don’t mean...”

Yang leaned closer to Blake and her voice dropped to a whisper. “That 9.5 wasn’t just for the landing.”

Yang then pulled away and left a furiously blushing Blake at the lockers. As she saw Jaune return from his shower, clad in a towel, she only had one thought as she stared at his toned, muscular torso.
Soon enough, Yang, Blake, Pyrrha, and Jaune met up in the corner of the library to go over the events in the simulator.

“Well, what’s it looking like?” Asked Yang, still fanning out her long, damp hair.

Blake looked around the table. “I think in a tough spot, we’re in a good place. Jaune and Pyrrha work smoothly together, not really surprising with being teammates.” Then she looked at Yang, directly. “I’m actually surprised that cover attack between you and Jaune was as effective as it turned out to be.”

Yang turned her head to Jaune with a huge grin on her face. “Guess you just needed some Yang in your style.”

Jaune groaned as he rolled his eyes and looked at Yang, “Keeping up with you was easy. Trying to match your movements and keeping my defenses together was the challenge.”

Pyrrha raised her right hand to rest on his back. “You two did work well, even with limited teamwork previous. I’m sure you’ll match her movements in no time.”

Yang decided to have a little fun, as a seductive grin graced her features. “Well, lover boy, if you ever want to work on movement. You know I’m available most nights.”

Blake coughed to get back to the matter at hand. “Of course, next week I can finally get back to my own routine. But I think next week we should get back together and work on every team combination.”

Yang quickly added, “And if we end up tripping, good thing Jaune would be around. He’s gotten quite adept at that.”

Jaune closed his eyes and nodded. “Beyond that, how do you want to go about that Blake? Should we start with what we know and then swap or just go to the deep end first?”

Pyrrha answered quickly. “I think starting with familiar and then going from there is the better idea.”

Yang nodded, as did Blake. Jaune pursed his lips for a moment and nodded.

Jaune spoke first, “That does make sense. So, I would guess Blake and Yang first, with Pyrrha and I next, then Pyrrha and Blake work together, Yang and I follow, then Blake and I work together with Yang and Pyrrha finishing the session?”

Blake nodded. “That works.” She then turned to Yang, “Do you have any issues with it?”

Yang shook her head, “Nope, quite fine with the idea. It gives everyone a chance to discuss some tips to work with each other.”

Pyrrha nodded again. “Then I guess it’s settled. Next weekend we’ll all get in a good session.”

After a few more minutes, the quartet started to leave the library. As they got to the door, Jaune let Pyrrha, Blake, and Yang through the door before him.

Only after he followed, Yang slowed up and walked beside her fellow blonde.
Jaune picked up on this, raising an eyebrow and tilting his head to her slightly. He whispered to her before going back to facing front. “Something on your mind, Yang?”

Yang just looked ahead but did shift her eyes to him from time to time. She decided to answer. “We really did work well together, didn’t we?”

Jaune nodded, “I would guess so, until the fall of course.”

Yang continued, “Thanks for cushioning my fall, by the way. I really do appreciate it.”

Jaune smiled slightly. “You’re very welcome.”

With that, the group continued to their respective dorms.

*****

The following week was relatively calmer, Nora and Cardin Winchester fought in the practice arena. That contest was almost a war, until Nora got the only clean shot of the bout, causing Cardin to fall out of the arena. The other bouts were not as memorable, unfortunately.

The long-awaited day was finally here. Blake was finally cleared for full activity, and damn if she didn’t take full advantage of it. The session that paired Yang and Blake together was a blur as the two worked seamlessly in their movements and attacks. Pyrrha and Jaune were effective, though a bit slow as Jaune continued to work on his swordsmanship. Pyrrha and Blake then took to the simulator and were fast to coordinate their attacks.

While Pyrrha and Blake were working together, Yang and Jaune started discussing their strategy. Jaune started first, “So, anything you want to try?”

Yang smirked. “Besides you?”

Jaune rolled his eyes, “Yang, I mean in the simulator. Should we work on that covered brawling style like last week?”

Yang chuckled but then nodded, “Yeah, plus maybe seeing how high I could get using your shield to help propel me up would help. Might help against a nevermore.”

Jaune nodded, turning his head to Pyrrha and Blake working on a double throw behind each other’s shoulders with their weapons. “So, how’s Blake? Anything I need to be careful of?”

Yang shook her head. “Aside from the normal rust that will be around for a few days, not really.”

She then turned to Jaune. “You’re still concerned about her ankle?”

Jaune nodded slightly, his eyes not leaving her form. “I am, which is why I’m keeping a close eye on her. I don’t want it to happen again anytime soon.”

Yang turned her head back to the two huntresses. “She should be good. But, and I can’t believe I didn’t tell you this, thanks for being there for her. On both occasions.”

Jaune smiled slightly. “It’s no problem. You’re quite welcome. I would not have been able to deal with myself if I didn’t help.”

As he said those words, Blake and Pyrrha had finished their work and were walking back. Jaune noticed a very slight limp in Blake’s walk as he passed her while walking back to the middle of the
Yang and Jaune worked well once again. Their movements were much more in sync as Jaune kept his defenses up and allowing Yang to get up close to the bots.

Then, they worked on launching Yang. It only took 3 tries, but they were able to perfect an aerial attack that could also catapult her past a few enemies and give them a thorough thrashing.

While the blonde duo were going through their work, Pyrrha leaned to her right a little to talk to Blake.

“They’ve improved, which is good in a pinch.” Said Pyrrha, as she looked at the trainees.

Blake nodded, “I agree, they’ve gotten used to each other.”

Pyrrha then decided to press slightly, “What do you think of him?”

Blake’s eyes never left Jaune’s moving body. “He’s better than many give him credit for. Now it seems I have to now get out of my comfort zone, again.”

Right after, Yang left the floor and Blake walked back to the center. As she drew even with Jaune, he asked the one question he had. “Feeling better?”

Blake nodded, and the training really began.

Almost instantly, they began working on various combinations. Using Gambol Shroud from behind his Shield, to using his short sword as a whip post to propel Blake towards the bots. Their movements complimenting themselves well.

Unfortunately, one of their attacks went a bit wide of the mark. This allowed a bot to catch Blake and send her back Jaune’s way. As if on instinct, Jaune cradled Blake in his shield carrying left arm before he was hit with inspiration on a double attack.

“Hey, have Gambol Shroud ready.” Jaune said as he slightly lifted Blake and spun around to protect her blindside in a spin slash motion.

Immediately after, he spun Blake around to add another whip motion to her attack and she launched her weapon at the bot on the high right side, looking to impale its chest. Right after, Jaune backhanded threw his short sword to what would account as the lower left part of the bots’ body.

Both blades hit their mark as they turned one simulated bot into a 3-piece. The bot collapsed in a heap as the simulation was ended.

Yang and Pyrrha applauded the pair, with Yang walking up first. “Nicely done, you two. I’m impressed how quick that went.”

Pyrrha nodded, “I liked how you used that blade throwing attack after Blake was tossed back.”

Yang added, “You know that’s the third time Blake was in your arms, lover boy.”

Blake and Jaune rolled their eyes and walked back to grab their blades before turning toward the two. Blake was the one who spoke first, “That was refreshing to experience.”

Jaune added, “And that was really educational. But there’s one more pair left to work.”

Pyrrha and Yang turned to each other and nodded. Jaune and Blake then walked to the side as the
two huntresses began their training.

Jaune was watching the two go at the simulator when Blake leaned slightly towards him. “I heard you were still concerned about my ankle.”

He turned his head towards her and amber met cobalt again. A second later he nodded, “I was, and will be for a few more days. I know you were cleared for full training. But I saw you were limping very slightly after working with Pyrrha. That’s why I lifted you a little when I caught you.”

Blake closed her eyes and nodded as they turned their heads to Yang and Pyrrha. “I figured.” After a brief pause, she sighed, “Hey, Jaune?”

Jaune’s right eyebrow raised, “Yes?”

Blake decided to breach the question. “Why did you carry me like a bride two weeks ago?”

Jaune shrugged his shoulders slightly. “I thought it was the best way to not put pressure on your ankle.”

Blake nodded as the two huntresses finished their attacks, the punch propelled spear throw was becoming just lethal.

“That was fun!” Exclaimed Yang, as her and Pyrrha were met by Jaune and Blake.

“I agree, that was a good session.” Pyrrha added.

“All right, I’m getting a shower and some food. It’s been a long day.” Said Jaune, as he made for the locker room. The trio looked at each other and nodded as they followed.

Jaune was quick to strip, as always. He wrapped a towel around himself as he made for the showers. His physique was not lost on the huntresses.

“Damn, he has gotten chiseled.” Said Yang as she got a look at his left side.

“Oh, I know. He’s just gotten so, so...” started Pyrrha, as stars began to dance in her eyes.

“Sexy?” Blake asked.

“Very.” Answered Yang. Pyrrha could only nod with the brightest of blushes.

Blake took a quick look at his left side as he disappeared behind the shower wall. He wasn’t the same lithe boy she saw from his first day, he had started to really grow into a proper huntsman. His chest had broadened a little, and his arms had bulked up as well.

*****

Jaune was lost in his thoughts as he let the warm water soothe his aching muscles. Throughout these past few weeks, he felt closer to his partner, and to others.

‘I guess I really am a lucky guy.’ He thought, as he used his body wash on his torso. ‘I mean, I didn’t mean to trip Blake. But it seems that one action has led me in a better direction.’

He allowed the shower head to rinse off his body as he went for his shampoo. As he did, his thoughts turned to the lovely ladies he had been working with.

‘Where do I start? Blake just felt right. Yang, though a tease, also felt perfect. Then there’s Pyrrha.’
He sighed softly. ‘Pyrrha, who has been a rock for me since I got here. I wouldn’t know where I would be if I didn’t have her help.’

After washing his hair, he shut off his shower stall and began to dry himself off. His thoughts idly went between the trio of huntresses. His mind recalling what they all felt like in his arms. His thoughts then recalled Blake’s peacefully sleeping form as he laid her on that medical bed. The feeling of soft flesh sandwiched between his armor and Yang from catching and breaking her fall, the sense of trust he felt from Pyrrha as he carried her to her own bed.

His body on automatic, he wrapped himself in a towel to go back to the lockers, and then began to change back into his casual clothing. He first deftly put on his boxers, to allow himself to shed the towel in question after preserving his modesty. His jeans followed suit as he slipped them on. While latching the belt, he felt a pair of arms encircle his torso and the not unwelcome feeling of two covered, fleshy globes on his back.

As he looked down, he knew that nail color anywhere. “Something you need, Pyrrha?”

Pyrrha shook her head as she pressed her body to his back, and moved her head to his right shoulder. “No, it just seemed like you could use a hug.”

Jaune smiled slightly as he leaned a little into the embrace. “Thanks, Pyrrha. I appreciate it.”

“Well, someone’s getting a little touchy today.” Yang called out as she exited the shower. Pyrrha unwrapped her arms from him and jumped back a bit as she was startled at the interruption. Jaune was surprised as well, but dare not look back.

“Oh, Yang. I just... Well, you see...” Pyrrha tried to explain.

Yang just chuckled and waved her hand. “I heard what you said, and I would agree. Besides, he’s held all of us.”

‘Not to mention, that body looks like it would feel amazing.’ Thought the blonde as she walked slightly towards the pair. But after a step, she turned to her right and walked back to her locker.

Pyrrha exhaled a relieved sigh as things cooled off. With that, she also left Jaune and returned to her own locker.

Jaune shook his head slightly as he chuckled. Just as he had sat down on the bench did he feel another hand run across his shoulders before a second joined in, lightly rubbing them for a brief moment. He checked his periphery and confirmed his suspicion.

“You didn’t need to do that, Blake, but thanks.” He said, oh so thankful that she was.

All too soon, she withdrew her hands from his shoulders to wrap around his neck loosely as she bent down slightly to leave a light kiss on the top of his head. As she inhaled his scent, she smiled a little before turning away to her own locker.

*****

Back in the RWBY dorm, Yang and Blake began going over the workout earlier.

“Something’s on your mind, Blake. What is it?” Yang asked.

“It’s nothing, really.” She denied.
“You’re a horrible liar. It’s about Jaune, right?” Yang pressed on.

Blake tried her luck. “He’s gotten more fluid in his movement. Pyrrha must be teaching him right.”

Yang nodded, but that wasn’t the answer she was looking for. “Nice try, what drew you to first, rub his shoulders, then hug him, and finally kiss the top of his head?”

Blake recoiled, “Y-you saw that?”

Yang nodded, her eyes showing a hint of mirthful intent. “I saw everything. I think Pyrrha did, too.”

Blake looked down, almost in a defeated stance. She then closed her eyes and sighed. “I heard what Pyrrha said to him. I agreed, so I decided to hug him.” Blake admitted.

“So, what drew the kiss?” Asked Yang

Blake shrugged, “I’m not sure.”

Yang was taken aback by the blunt statement. Surely, that intimate of an exchange had some reason behind it.

But she shook her head and pressed a little more. “So, how did he feel?”

Blake shifted her eyes to her partner, before she answered. “He felt nice.”

Yang tried to get more information. “Can you describe it?”

Blake sighed. “You were the one on top of him when you two fell. Use your imagination.”

Ruby then popped in. “Wait, what happened? Yang fell? When?”

“Jaune and I were working on our teamwork in the event we needed to fight together. We were using a tactic where he uses his shield and sword to protect me while I get up close and personal.” Yang replied.

“Yeah, but then after a few rounds, the simulator intelligence found a way to dodge the combination and trip Yang.” Blake added.

“Jaune caught me, then he tripped and somehow I landed on top of him.” Yang finished.

Ruby just stared for a moment, before her mind played out the scene. “Well, did Jaune adequately break your fall?”

Yang nodded. “Oh yes, he was a better feeling landing than that simulator floor can be.”

With that, Blake stood up and decided a visit to the library was in order. Yang and Ruby were lost in their own thoughts at the time.

*****

“I wonder what got into Blake in the locker room?” Asked Jaune, as he reclined on his bed. Sure, he didn’t mind the hugs, or the kiss, but to get said kiss on the head by Blake? That threw him for a little surprise.
“I’m not sure. I guess she heard me say you deserved a hug. Then, it seemed instinct took over and she decided to give you a kiss in thanks.” Replied Pyrrha, as she looked over her notes from Professor Oobleck.

Jaune nodded, his head trying to understand what just happened. Sure, he was hugged by Pyrrha, slightly played by Yang, but then to get a similar hug and a kiss on the head? That just didn’t make sense.

“I don’t even know if Blake likes me.” Jaune said, not really sure what to think.

“Jaune, I think you’re overthinking things. Remember, you helped get her help after she sprained her ankle. Then, you carried her back to her bed after she showed her stubborn streak” Pyrrha started.

‘Just like you carried me to my bed when I asked you.’ She thought, before she continued.

“Oh we started training with them, you helped protect Yang when she was tripped up. Add that you were concerned about Blake’s ankle when you two worked together...” Pyrrha continued.

“Then she, likely, was giving her thanks in her own way.” Jaune finished.

With that, he stood up from the bed and walked to Pyrrha. As she was about to ask what was going on, he wrapped his arms around her and gave her a gentle hug.

As he released his hold, she had one question. “Thank you, but why?”

Jaune smiled a little. “You looked like you could use your own hug.”

Pyrrha’s blush rivaled her hair at the playful rebuttal.

*****

The next day was the normal relaxation day. Nora and Ren decided to head to Vale, Weiss followed suit, Ruby decided a day of video games was in order.

For Jaune, Blake, and Yang, they decided to do some minor maintenance on their weaponry.

For Jaune, the straps of his shield and the grip of the sword were getting a little frail.

As he began his work, he felt arms wrap around his neck and rest on his shoulders, again. A quick check of his peripheral vision told him who it was.

“What are you up to? Working on your shield?” Asked Yang.

“Yeah, just some maintenance. I’ve been working on my fighting for so long that I neglected things. I felt my shield slip a little when you were using it to launch over those bots in the simulator.” Jaune replies, as he studiously removed the left strap.

“How did you stop me from falling if it was slipping?” Yang asked as she rested her head on his right shoulder.

Jaune shrugged his left shoulder lightly. “I have another arm, remember? I used it to balance.”

Yang saw his handiwork, as he carefully affixed a new arm strap on the left side. He made it tight enough to not move when attached to his arm, but not so tight to take off circulation. He then began on the right side.
“You seem to take great care of those you care about.” Yang said, not taking her eyes off the work being done.

Jaune nodded slightly, not wishing to disturb her. “I do, they take care of me and I try to do the same.”

Yang let her hands drop and rest lightly on his chest as he began affixing the new right-hand strap. “Is that why you also helped us those few times?”

Jaune paused a moment, letting out a soft sigh of resignation. “Yes.”

Yang closed her eyes as she pressed lightly for more. “Well, you’ve held Blake and I. You’ve been hugged by us and Pyrrha, and you have never even approached what half of the guys in our class likely would. Why?”

Jaune resumed his work. “I don’t want to be like that. I don’t want to be, well…”

“Shallow?” Yang finished.

“Exactly. I care about you all. I like being around everyone in our teams.” Jaune admitted.

A pregnant pause followed as Jaune completed the straps. He then folded his shield into the sword’s sheath and safely secured his weapon.

As he began removing the hand wrap on the sword, Yang began again. “Just between us. Who else have you carried like that?”

Jaune answered easily, “A couple of my sisters, and Pyrrha.”

Yang’s eyes widened a little at that admission. “When did this occur and what happened to Pyrrha?”

Jaune had just finished removing the grip as he answered. “She said her legs were sore. She asked me after I carried Blake to your dorm bedroom.”

Yang’s face turned into a seductive grin. “Well, lady killer. Who felt better?”

Jaune didn’t hesitate, his eyes focused on finishing the hand wrap “I could never decide. You all felt great.”

Yang’s grin turned into a surprised, yet pleased smile as she watched him finish his work. As he inspected the final product, Yang turned her head and gave him a gentle kiss on his cheek.

Jaune smiled a little as he felt the kiss. It was unexpected, yes. But it was not unwelcome.

Yang then pulled away. “Hey, Jaune?”

“Yes, Yang. Did you want your turn?” He replied as he turned to her.

“You’re bold to interpret that.” She said, her grin returning.

“So that’s a no?” He asked, his eyebrow raised.

Yang laughed, “Get over here, you lovable lady killer!”

Jaune packed his shield and sword away, then turned toward Yang. As he turned to her right side,
he wrapped his left arm around her shoulders. A brief pressure behind her knees with his right and into his arms she went.

“So where would the lovely lady like to go?” Asked Jaune, a grin on his face.

“Can you make it to our dorm?” Asked Yang, as she laid in his arms.

A nod, then a turn to his left through the workshop door later had them on their way.

Only to run right into Professor Goodwitch.

‘Uh oh’ the blonde male thought.

“Mr. Arc, just why are you carrying Ms. Xiao-Long like a bride?” The authoritarian asked.

“I...well..” Jaune stammered.

“I asked him to, Professor.” Yang finally answered.

Professor Goodwitch eyed the couple. “Listen here, Mr. Arc. I am aware you have carried a student of the female gender before. I was briefed on the incident with Ms. Belladonna from the infirmary nurse.”

“I was only trying t-“ Jaune attempted to defend himself.

“I know you were helping her. However, I see no reason or injury on Ms. Xiao-Long. Are you planning something?” The Professor Asked, as her right eyebrow raised.

“I’m not planning any-“ Jaune started.

“Oh Jauney, but what of later? Were you going to leave me alone and needy?” Yang finished, a seductive look gracing her features.

Professor Goodwitch was not impressed. “Do remember that contraceptives are in the front of the infirmary. I will not tolerate infants ruining prospective hunters and huntresses.”

With that, she walked past the pair. Jaune was beet-red and wondering where the hell that came from.

“Yang, you are incorrigible.” He said as he began walking once again.

Yang giggled but continued, “Remember to stop by the infirmary. We don’t want to make Professor Goodwitch mad now, right?”

Jaune sighed as he knew it would be a lengthy trip to the dorms.

*****

“Here we are, the RWBY dorm. I hope you enjoyed your ride.” Jaune said as he arrived at their door.

“I did, and your sisters were right. You are very comfortable. I think I want to find out just how comfortable you really are.” Yang replied with a teasing tone.

Jaune rolled his eyes a little, but decided to play along. “If you don’t watch it, the next ride might be a little rougher.”
Yang immediately caught that tone before she moaned softly and shifted a little, her generous breasts swaying. “Oh, I do enjoy a rough ride sometimes.”

Right as Yang finished, the door opened, and a furiously blushing Weiss emerged.

‘Oh shi-’ they both thought.

“Jaune, you pathetic modicum of the male population. I knew you were an incorrigible pervert!” She blasted.

Jaune sighed as he knelt slightly and allowed Yang to stand from being bridal carried. “Weiss, I’m not trying to do anything.”

Yang then stood straight. “You’re going about things the wrong way, Weiss. I asked him to carry me.”

Weiss looked past her teammate and directly at him. “Yang, he’s not good enough! He probably tricked you into being carried. I’ve seen how he looks at us. He’s probably undressing you in his eyes as we speak.”

Jaune sighed, his left hand slipping from Yang’s shoulders and tracing lightly down her back until it very lightly touched the top of her rounded backside as it retreated to his side.

The light touch was not lost on Yang, and with a spin she was facing him and had a predatory grin on her face. “Well, lover boy, I never thought you to be this bold.”

Jaune turned his head to look at Yang, a puzzled look on his face. “Wh-What?”

Yang then realized that it wasn’t intentional, but she pushed it anyway. “If you wanted to touch my ass, you had plenty of chances recently. How bold of you to use now as your chance.”

Pyrrha then opened the JNPR dorm door, “Jaune, there you are. Did your maintenance go well?”

Jaune about leaped at the opportunity to get to the relative safety of his dorm. “It did, I’ll tell you about it when we get inside.”

Yang then yelled at the retreating partners. “Watch your six, Pyrrha! He’s getting touchy!”

With a laugh from the retreating Yang, the doors to the dorms closed.

*****

A few testy days later and everyone was back in Professor Goodwitch’s class.

“All right, it seems we have an opening for a spar today. Any volunteers?” Asked the authoritarian.

Immediately a hand raised up. “Professor, I would like to spar today.”

“Mr. Thrush, I did not expect this. Who do you wish to spar against?” Replied the rather surprised teacher.

“Actually Professor, I was wondering if this could be a two-person team spar. Part of the Vytal Festival is such a discipline.” Russell inquired.

The Professor thought for a moment. “Yes, you are correct. Very well, who do you wish to team
The Mohawked student turned to his left. “My teammate and team leader, Cardin Winchester.”

Cardin stood up from his seated position. “I accept the opportunity.”

Professor Goodwitch nodded. “Very well, who do you challenge?”

Russell looked across the hall, and looked right at his target. “I challenge Blake Belladonna.”

The huntress rolled her eyes. ‘I figured as such’, she thought as she stood up. “I accept your challenge.”

Jaune looked at the current cast of combatants for the is contest. ‘Thrush challenging Blake was no surprise. He’s been gunning for her since last time. What is Cardin planning?’

Cardin lifted his left arm and pointed at Jaune. “I wish to challenge Jaune Arc!”

Professor Goodwitch guessed shenanigans. “I cannot allow that match. If you wish to face Ms. Rose, Ms. Schnee, or Ms. Xiao-Long instead. I’ll-“

Jaune slammed his hands on the table as he stood up. Immediately his eyes locked onto Cardin as he placed his right hand gently onto Blake’s left shoulder. “I’ll do it. I accept your challenge.”

The Professor continued to protest. “I will not allow this challenge to occur. This is surely not-“

Pyrrha spoke up. “Professor, sometimes a huntsman or huntress may be in a fight alongside someone who is not their partner or teammate. This could help everyone as they grow to work outside their fellow teammates.”

Glynda was silent. The best student just delivered a complete rebuttal to her protest and it was not without merit.

“Very well, grab your gear.” Ordered the Professor. Blake turned to her left to leave and Jaune allowed her to pass before turning and following close behind.

In the locker room, Jaune walked confidently to his locker, opened it, and grabbed his gear. He stripped from his uniform and into his armor before taking his shield and sword and fixed it to his side. In the corner of his right eye, he saw Blake doing her same preparations.

Firmly ready for battle, he turned to his right and stride towards his partner for the contest.

“Why did you agree to this?” Blake asked, as he stopped right behind her. A gentle placement of his left hand on her shoulder was his first response.

“Because Cardin needs his head checked, and Russell needs to remember who beat him last time.” Jaune said, before he turned and laid his right hand on her other shoulder.

“Jaune, you didn’t need to do this.” Blake protested, but Jaune gently rubbed her shoulders.

“You’re right, I also didn’t need to help you when you sprained your ankle. Or help anyone else that I could. Do you want to know why I did, Blake?” He said, before he knelt slightly to put his head just above her left shoulder.

At Blake’s hesitation, he finished as he whispered. “I wanted to. I always want to take care of those that I care about.”
Blake froze, her mind trying to process what he just said. ‘Did he... just?’

Jaune then wrapped his arms around hers and gave her a small hug. “Do you trust me, Blake?”

Blake nodded as a blush graced her features, “I do. You’ve been the easiest to trust since the accident.”

Blake shivered slightly before taking a deep breath. As he released his hold on her, she stood up before turning to face him.

Amber and Cobalt, an inferno when mixed. The partners nodded and turned to the arena door. Jaune stayed behind, allowing the lady to enter first before he followed right behind.

*****

As the duo entered, Pyrrha, Yang, and Ruby were seated together. They all saw the silent intensity that Jaune showed. A stark contrast to his previous challenges.

“ Heckin’ A, he’s ready for this one.” Ruby said.

“You’re right, Ruby. I wonder what has gotten into him.” Pyrrha replied.

Yang answered. “He finally knows what he’s fighting for. Or rather, for who.”

Ruby and Pyrrha both looked at Yang before turning their heads to look at the quartet of combatants.

Nora and Ren noticed the change in demeanor in their leader as well.

“Wow, I don’t think I’ve ever seen him this focused.” Nora said. Ren just nodded, his attention on the upcoming bout.

“Well well, looks like little Jauney is ready to lose. Again, of course.” Cardin said, as his partner drew his daggers.

“Stuff it, Cardin.” Jaune replied as he drew his sword and turned the sheath into its Heater Shield form.

“Or what, that oversized serving platter can’t stop me.” Cardin boasted.

“Enough you two. Is everyone ready?” Professor Goodwitch said.

All four combatants took their stances and nodded.

“Begin!” Yelled the Professor.

In that instant Blake and Jaune were off, surprising the others in the group. Blake and Russell clashed weapons as Jaune deftly parried Cardin’s mace with his shield.

Blake and Russell went gusto as speed met speed. He tried to slash mightily at her, but she kept dodging his attacks.

Eventually, Blake and Jaune were back to back. “Speed swap?” He said. He held his sword out and Blake used Gambol Shroud to whip around and clock Cardin in the head with a spinning kick. Jaune spun and blocked the dagger attack going for Blake’s back with his shield.
“Nice try, bud. But you’re dealing with me, now.” Jaune said as he punched the ribs of his new opponent.

“Wow, I don’t think those CRDL guys knew what hit them.” Ruby commented, Yang looked on with a confident smirk while Pyrrha studied her partner’s movements.

Weiss was also paying attention, after all her teammate was in there. She looked at the screen for ‘aura left’ and saw that Blake and Jaune were both at 80 percent left, while Cardin and Russell were down to 50 percent.

“Damnit, Arc. Just go down, already!” Russell said as he readied his special attack. Jaune braced for the impact.

Just as he thought, Russell went for a speed rush around his heater shield. Right as he saw the dagger going for his right side, he spun away and clobbered the would-be assailant in the head.

“Russell Thrush is out of the competition!” Glynda said. Out of surprise, Cardin dropped his guard for a split second. That was enough for Blake to get inside and strike him hard with the base of her weapon.

“Oh wow, Cardin’s almost done.” Said Yang, as she looked at the scoreboard. Sure enough, Cardin was at a dangerously low level, while Blake and Jaune had plenty to spare.

“You little bitch, you’re dead.” Cardin roared as he went for his attack. The sheer power he tried to put into it sent Blake flying, but Jaune was right there to catch her.

“You ok?” He asked, as she nodded, he moved her to the side of the arena- she could cover him from range from the edges.

As Jaune set his shield and advanced counterclockwise towards Cardin to keep him in their crossfire without being in her way, Cardin made a sharp hand gesture.

There was a feminine gasp, and then he heard the crack of ice and a winded male grunt.

"Mr. Thrush, you have just earned a fail for the day. Should I see, or hear, of any more attempts at cheating, it will be your expulsion. Am I clear?” Professor Goodwitch yelled.

It was all too easy for Jaune to imagine what had happened behind him, especially with Yang crowing about how Blake had ‘cooled him off,’ but Jaune’s temper was rising- had they just tried to shoot Blake in the back from outside the arena, or something even worse?

“Pathetic! Is this the best you can do for leading you team to victory, Cardin?!” Roared Jaune. His rival only laughed.

“No, we encourage victory by any means.” He replied as he readied himself.

Blake moved to beside Jaune, who noticed a slight limp. “You ok?” he whispered. Blake nodded again, slowly.

“Keep back and watch flyboy over there.” Jaune said as he stepped ahead, setting himself up one more time.

As Cardin moved to land a heavy blow, Jaune noticed he was coming from the right side, angling down to his left. He moved to his right and positioned his shield to his side at an angle.
The move was calculated and perfect. Cardin buried his mace into the arena floor and Jaune bashed his shield right onto Cardin’s backside, causing him to lose his balance and fall with a thud outside the arena border.

“This one is over! Ms. Belladonna and Mr. Arc are victorious!” Professor Goodwitch exclaimed.

The crowd erupted at the outcome. Jaune moved to his fallen rival.

“Cardin, I warned you to never try to harm my team. This also applies to anyone else I consider a friend. Because I’ll be more than happy to hand you your ass on this... silver platter, was it?” He warned as he folded back his shield and sheathed his sword.

Cardin opened his mouth to snarl something back when the shadow of Mrs. Goodwitch, and the sharp, dread *snap* of her riding crop against her hand, silenced him. "As for your Mr. Winchester, now that the match is over, you will be receiving a fail as well. I didn't miss your signal. You will both be serving detention with me next Thursday. Understood?"

With a turn to his right, Jaune walked to Blake. “Are you ok? Did Russell try anything?”

Blake shook her head. “No, just some combat rust. Takes a little while to get back range of motion.”

Jaune sighed as a relieved smile showed. “Do you want me to carry you?” He asked, she shook her head again. “Come on, let’s get to the lockers.” Blake nodded and turned to her right.

The victorious couple walked gingerly together out of the combat hall, waving to their combined teams as they passed.

*****

Back in the locker room, Blake stopped and turned to face Jaune.

“Jaune, when you told me about wanting to take care of things you care about-.” She started.

“Blake, I meant everything.” He finished. He then turned to his left and over to his locker. Blake looked at the young huntsman before she turned back to her locker.

After removing their armor and getting cleaned up in a quick shower, the doors opened and both of the rest of Teams RWBY and JNPR walked in.

Well, most of them. Yang ran in and tackled Jaune as soon as she could.

“Nice one liner against Winchester, lady killer! I’m so proud of you!” She said, as Jaune chuckled and let his hands lay at his sides.

Only one thing was a little off... he hadn’t gotten his shirt back on. His increasingly toned torso was on display for everyone to see, and just about every woman there, save Nora and Weiss, took a nice look.

Yang looked down and began to trace on his left pectoral. “Ooh, you’ve bulked up, haven’t you?”

Nora cut in first, diving into the couple. “Jaune-Jaune! That was awesome!”

Jaune chuckled at the display of affection. “Thanks, guys. But, could I at least get my shirt on?”

After being tossed his shirt by Ren, he pulled it over his head after Yang and Nora let him go for a
The rest of the crew turned to Blake, who had a small smile on her face.

“You guys were awesome! I love seeing such cool bouts!” Ruby gushed as she started her victory dance-shimmy thing again.

Weiss chuckled at her leader’s antics and turned to Blake. “That was impressive. How did you two work like that?”

Blake answered, “We worked on our teamwork last weekend. Remember how Ruby said we should all work alongside each other?”

Weiss’ eyes got wide. “Oh! I had completely forgotten about that.”

Pyrrha nodded. “Indeed, they worked well this past Saturday. It was actually really surprising.”

Yang chimed in, “You’re not kidding. They moved so well together.”

Weiss thought for a moment. “Wow, guess I need to get used that as well. I thought Ruby’s idea was just to help Jaune.”

Ruby stopped dancing and looked at her teammate. “You silly, I was thinking experimentation was a good idea to help everyone.”

Yang continued, “Yeah, developing trust among our friends in combat helps everyone.”

Blake finally popped in her thoughts. “Plus, you’ve seen how some of the others are. If you’re with someone you can’t trust, how can you survive?”

Jaune sighed softly as he walked behind the trio of huntresses. “Let’s get some food. We can talk about the fight in the cafeteria.”

Nora and Ren were gone in a second, eager to enjoy a victory meal. Jaune then let Ruby, Pyrrha, Weiss, Blake, and Yang through before he followed.

As Jaune followed, Yang and Pyrrha fell back to walk beside him. Pyrrha on his left side. Yang on his right.


Yang nudged him slightly. “Come on. Let it out, lady killer.”

Jaune looked between his two beautiful friends. “I’m just thinking.”


“How lucky I am to be here with everyone.” Jaune admitted.

“Aw, thanks Jaune.” Said Pyrrha, as a blush graced her features.

Yang was not as easy to blush. “Oh please. You’re not the only one here who’s lucky you’re here.”

With that, she wrapped her left arm around his hips and Pyrrha did the same from her right.

Jaune smiled a little as he wrapped his arms around the two ladies at his sides and gave them a light
hug. Together, they walked toward the cafeteria, there was a victory dinner to attend.
As sun rose on another day at Beacon, hidden tension began to rise as well. The two-person match was the talk of the campus, much to the chagrin of Team CRDL. There were also some leers being sent toward Jaune, mainly for how he was seen holding Blake, then to turn around and be seen with his arms around Pyrrha’s and Yang’s shoulders a few weeks later.

As the male in question finished getting dressed, he felt arms wrap around his torso. He knew that embracing feeling.

“Something on your mind, Pyrrha?” He said, a small smile breaching his features.

“As usual, just felt you could use a hug.” Pyrrha said. A light chuckle escaped Jaune’s lips as he welcomed the feeling.

Soon, she broke the embrace. This allowed him to turn and face her. As their eyes met, an unspoken question seemed to linger.

“Are you ok, Pyrrha?” Jaune asked, as light concern began to show on his face.

“Jaune, I’m curious. When you were with Blake for that sparring session...” Pyrrha started.

“Yes?” Jaune lightly pressed.

“Well... Ruby, Yang, and I saw how focused you were. Add that you reacted as you did to Team CRDL and it just makes me wonder.” Pyrrha admitted.

“You’re wondering why I blew up at Cardin?” Jaune asked.

“I’m wondering what brought all of this.” Pyrrha said.

“You know when you unlocked my aura?” Jaune asked. At Pyrrha’s nod he continued, “The final words were ‘and by my shoulder protect thee.’ That resonated with me.”

Jaune stepped up and then wrapped his arms around her. “Ever since the events in Forever Fall, I wanted to be the protector. I wanted to help those I care about. From you, Nora, and Ren, to Team RWBY. I knew that Thrush wanted to face Blake again, but I didn’t know of Cardin. That’s why I took the challenge.”

“That’s also why you helped Blake when she hurt her ankle.” Pyrrha concluded.

Jaune nodded, “Well, that was because I accidentally tripped her. However, once we started working with her and Yang, I saw her limp slightly after working with you.”

“Then with knowing that, you were scared that someone would try to really hurt her.” Pyrrha finished. Jaune nodded as he pulled her close and into a snug embrace.

“You’re a great guy, Jaune. We’re all lucky to have you.” Pyrrha thought as they embraced.

*****
In the RWBY dorm, Yang and Blake were having their own discussion about the fight.

“Come on, what did he tell you?” Yang pleaded as they began to change into their uniforms.

“I already told you. He said that Cardin needed his head checked and Russell needed a reminder as to who beat him last time.” Blake replied.

“That’s bull and you know it. He was dead set on your safety. Did he say anything else?” Yang pressed one more time.

“That was it.” Blake said.

Yang decided a different approach may be better. “You know, I was with him as he did maintenance on his gear. He said that he is trying to take care of the things he cares about.”

Blake turned to look at her. “Really?”

Yang nodded. “He also told me that he’s carried Pyrrha the same way.”

Blake shrugged her shoulders. “Doesn’t surprise me. She’s liked him from the first day.”

“That’s true, but what he told me that after shocked me.” Yang teased slightly.

“What’s that?” Blake asked, suddenly very interested.

“I asked which of us felt best in his arms. He told me he couldn’t decide.” Yang stated.

“I’m sure he was only being nice.” Blake reasoned.

“That’s the thing, I don’t think he was being political. His voice never wavered.” Yang finished.

A slight pause followed, as Blake processed the new information.

“You know, he did tell me something else.” Blake finally admitted.

“What’s that?” Yang asked, internally pleased with getting more information.

“He told me the same thing about wanting to take care of things in which he cares about. Plus, he answered the question I had in my head.” Blake continued.

“What question? Why did he carry you to the infirmary?” Yang guessed.

Blake nodded. “He told me that he wanted to. Then he asked if I could trust him.”

Yang pressed lightly after a brief silence. “Well, do you?”

Blake sighed, “I do. I’ve trusted him more since the fall than more than a few others.”

Yang was surprised. “Really!”

Blake nodded. “I can’t explain it. That moment getting our gear and ready for our fight. He felt different.”

Yang went silent at that admission. Using the break wisely, Blake turned and left the dorm.
Later that day, Jaune decided to visit the library. He heard of some textbooks on strategies of previous wars and felt some research would do him some good.

As he pulled the book in question from the racks, Blake walked behind him.

“Hey, Jaune?” She asked as he started turning around.

“Yes, Blake. Something going on?” He asked, tucking the book under his arm.

“I was wondering, can we talk?” Blake asked, as her head looked around.

“Sure, I’m always willing to talk. Where do you want to sit?” He replied, looking at the rather full desks.

“Maybe in our dorm, instead?” Blake offered.

“If you’re sure about that, then by all means.” Jaune conceded before putting the book back in its place on the rack.

*****

As they arrived at RWBY’s dorm, Blake opened the door and let him in.

“Good, the others are out.” Blake said.

“Something on your mind, Blake?” Jaune asked as he looked around the room.

“Please, sit down. I have a few questions for you.” She said, a tilt of Jaune’s head and a shrug were his responses before he walked to a chair, and sat down.

“Jaune, I’m wondering-“ Blake started.

“Did I mean what I said in the Locker Room?” Jaune cut her off. At Blake’s nod, he continued. “I do mean what I said.”

“So when you told me you wanted to help me-“ Blake started.

“I wanted to because I cared too much to see you get hurt.” Jaune admitted.

Blake was silent for a moment. “But why?”

“Because I want to do whatever I can to take care of those I care about.” Jaune said after a soft sigh. He then got up to walk around.

“Blake, I can’t explain things. Ever since the events in Forever Fall, I’ve felt a desire to help those I care for.” Jaune said.

“That’s why you helped me.” Blake concluded.

“Exactly, and why I didn’t take my eyes off you when we were training together last weekend. I was worried about your ankle. In fact, I likely will be concerned for a few more days.” Jaune said as he sat on the floor at the foot of one of the other beds, his hair slightly covering his eyes

Blake kept silent, allowing him to continue. “Do you know why I asked if you trusted me?” She
shook her head. “I don’t either.” He admitted.

She was torn. He had just about confirmed everything that she heard from Yang earlier.

She walked toward him and sat down at his right side. Almost instinctively, he wrapped his arm around her shoulders, helping to cradle the huntress.

“I don’t know why you asked if I trusted you. But I do. I trust you a lot.” Blake said as she leaned slightly against him.

Blake then moved her right arm to her bow and pulled it off. Her ears were finally freed of their cover. “Jaune...”

“So, you’re a Faunus?” Jaune asked.

“...Yes.” Blake admitted.

“Doors the rest of Team RWBY know?” He asked.

“They were the first to find out. Does this change anything?” Blake asked.

Jaune shook his head before reaching with his left hand to cup her chin and look right into her eyes. “This does not change a thing.”

As soon as he said it, Jaune let go of her chin to wrap his left arm around her body into a deep hug. After a moment, Blake decided to climb onto his lap, to enjoy their new closeness. After she climbed onto his lap, he pulled her closely to him and kissed her cheek.

“Blake, you’re my friend. You always will be.” He said as he kept holding her. The nod he felt told him that was perfectly fine.

*****

At dinner, the two teams met up once again at the cafeteria.

“Everyone ready to work on the simulator again?” Ruby asked, as she took a bite of her post-meal cookie.

“I’m going to take it easy tomorrow. Nora and I have had sessions in there every night.” Ren replied.

“I was wondering why I was hearing the technicians complain on repairing the place every night.” Weiss said. Sure enough, Nora liked to go whole hog and she did damage on more than a few occasions.

“I’ll be there, I want to work on those plans I had before I hurt my ankle.” Blake said.

“Need a spotter?” Yang asked.

“No, but thanks. I want to work on these alone.” Blake replied.

Yang then shrugged, “Guess I’ll work solo, too.”

“We’re going to be there.” Said Pyrrha, as Jaune swallowed his latest bite.

“Yeah, I still need to work on my swordsmanship.” He said, looking forward to another session
“Mind if I join you?” Ruby asked.

“I don’t see why not. Would you like to join us, Weiss?” Pyrrha responded.

Weiss was torn. On one hand, she was offered to train alongside the legendary Pyrrha Nikos. On the other, she would likely need to also work with Jaune. ‘Oh, how I dislike these conundrums.’ The heiress thought.

“Sure, I’ll join in. We could use the experience.’ Weiss finally replied.

‘I bet you’ll be in for a treat. Just wait until you train alongside him.’ Yang thought, as she almost wanted to bump in, instead.

*****

Back inside the simulator, Pyrrha started off the round. Her grace, speed, and thorough technical mastery made short work of the targets that were there initially. Ruby followed, her speed and prowess with her Scythe/Rifle were impressive. Weiss went third, a grace and uncanny ability to parry and slice through was captivating.

Finally, Jaune took to the floor. He took a moment to focus before he began a more methodical approach to his training. Yet, before anyone really knew it, he was also finished.

As Jaune took a small drink of water off to the side, everyone was talking about which team should work through first.

“I think we’re all fairly used to each other. So why don’t we start with Jaune and Ruby?” Weiss suggested.

“Sounds fine to me, you good with that Jaune?” Ruby replied. Jaune nodded.

The respective captains took to the floor, starting back to back. Within a minute, Ruby began to blitz her way through what she could, while Jaune maintained a defensive nature. They then worked on having Ruby provide covering fire while Jaune went in for his own offense.

Off to the side, Pyrrha and Weiss took in their work. “This is surprising.” Pyrrha said.

“What do you mean?” Weiss asked.

“Our captains work well together. I would’ve thought Jaune being methodical and Ruby’s speed would be counter-intuitive for each other.” The redhead stated.

Weiss nodded, “That is surprising. But I think he’s also holding her back.”

Pyrrha looked at her soon to be partner with a troubled look. “Why do you say that?”

“Call it a hunch, but it almost feels like she’s bothered by his… methodical pace.” Weiss suggested.

Soon after, Jaune and Ruby finished their work and walked to the side. Pyrrha and Weiss then took to the floor.

The simulator was a trying time for the two ladies, surprisingly so. For every attack by Pyrrha, Weiss tried to match or surpass.
This was not unseen by Ruby. “I have never seen her struggle this much.”

Jaune looked over at his fellow captain. “Really?”

Ruby nodded. “It’s almost like she’s not trying hard enough.”

Jaune looked at the two working hard. “Or she’s trying too hard.”

Ruby nodded again, her hand at her chin. “She must be trying to impress Pyrrha. I mean, I can’t blame her because it’s Pyrrha.”

Jaune nodded. “She’s trying to impress Pyrrha, when her normal fighting would work perfectly well with her instead.”

Finally, the two ladies finished their training and walked to the side for some water.

“Well, who wishes to work first?” Ruby asked.

Pyrrha answered quickly. “I’m winded so give me a minute, but I’ll work with you, Ruby.”

As soon as Pyrrha got cooled for a moment, she was back in the center of the arena, just with another partner this go around.

This time, things went much smoother. They did a variation on what Ruby and Jaune did to slightly higher success. Ruby then used Pyrrha’s shield as a catapult similar to what Jaune did with Yang last weekend. The difference between the two sessions was very noticeable.

Jaune leaned towards Weiss as he watched the two work together. “What do you want to work on?”

Weiss was incensed. “I don’t care. When we get into that arena, don’t get in my way.”

That response caused his right eyebrow to raise ‘What the hell is wrong?’ he thought.

Soon after, the huntress duo finished their work and walked to the side. Ruby said something not heard to Pyrrha, who laughed softly and nodded.

“Well, let’s see what we’ve got.” Weiss said as she strode into the arena. Jaune followed her.

To say it was a disaster would be an understatement. From before the simulation began, Weiss told Jaune to back off, though it was normal for a pair to begin back to back. Leading from there, things went downhill fast. He was trying to keep up a defensive guard, only to be scolded every time he got ‘too close’, according to her.

‘How the hell am I getting too close? I’m not closer than 5 feet from her.’ He thought about halfway through. Eventually, Weiss tried to twist and turn around Jaune to attack the other half of the simulation. Only problem was she ended up tripping, only to be caught by the shield wielding arm of Jaune before he downward slashed at the simulated opponent and tried to whip her back to her feet. She grabbed his arm and threw him down as she rose to her feet before unleashing a fire dust glyph at the final part of the simulation.

“NEVER put your hands on me, you pervert!” Weiss shouted as she left the arena.

Jaune just laid on the floor for a moment, trying to catch his breath. Pyrrha and Ruby were at his side after a few seconds of being frozen at Weiss’ outburst.
“What the hell was that about? She was the one who tripped.” Pyrrha said, as she grabbed Jaune’s arm to lift him.

Jaune rose to a knee first, shaking as he tried to process what just happened.

“I think this did more to hurt than help, honestly. Sorry to have that happen, Jaune.” Ruby said.

Jaune stayed stoic, his mind trying to process why she just threw him down after he tried to help.

“Jaune, are you okay?” Pyrrha asked, as she knelt beside him.

“I’ll be fine. I’m used to it.” Jaune said before they both rose to their feet. Slowly, the trio walked to the lockers.

“I hope we have a recording of this. I need to think about this when I’m not just out of combat.” Jaune said as he left his partner and fellow captain at their lockers, walking to his own.

*****

Back in JNPR dorm, Jaune was going over the recent session. He first went over his solo work, finding a few flaws that he needed to continue to improve. Then he went over his work alongside Ruby, taking a few notes as to watching her movements in regard to when she’s about to attack.

Then came the ill-fated session with Weiss. He noted that she was doing well, even if her attitude was sour. He kept his eyes more on his form, noting his guard, and his own ability.

‘Hm, I’m not doing that bad. I’m actually further than 5 feet away from her. It’s more like 7 feet or so. Why was she that way towards me?’ He thought as things played through.

The fated final shot happened, he was in a balanced defensive stance when Weiss went for the side slash and she tripped over his leg. His quick reactions led to her being caught and spun back to her feet but then she just dropped him before she finished it.

‘What was she thinking? Did she WANT to eat that floor?’ He thought again. Rewinding the whole session to look for more information.

*****

In the RWBY dorms, everyone looked at the footage as well.

“Impressive stuff, Ruby. You’re really coming into your own.” Yang said as she looked at her sisters’ solo session.

“Looks like you and Jaune work well together, as well. A little hesitant on his end, but it looks smooth enough.” Blake added, as she observed that session.

“Well, that’s a bit disconcerting.” Yang and Blake both said as they watched Weiss’ session with Pyrrha.

“What’s that?” the heiress asked, as she looked at her own recording.

“You’re not really working with Pyrrha. It almost seems you’re trying to impress instead of work alongside.” Yang stated, as she went through the part in question a second time at a slower speed.

“She probably was used to Jaune’s lazy style. She couldn’t handle my desire.” Weiss said as she flung her hair back.
“No, it looks as though you’re trying too hard to impress. That’s not a smart idea.” Yang countered.

“If you think that was rough, wait until you see her with Jaune.” Ruby said, as her head hung slightly.

Before they looked at that, they looked at Ruby’s teamwork with Pyrrha.

“That’s much better, you two complement each other well. It is notably better how things were when you joined up with her.” Yang said as she watched.

“She was winded, but you helped accommodate that. Very impressive.” Blake added.

“All right, before we take a look at this. How bad was it?” Yang asked, her eyebrow raising a tinge.

“Just watch it, you’ll find out.” Ruby replied, and everyone turned to that part.

“Oh…” Yang started.

“My…” Blake continued.

“God…” Both finished.

The session was brutal to watch.

“Why did you yell at Jaune before things even started?” Yang asked.

“He was too close, and I didn’t feel comfortable.” Weiss responded.

“But he’s not even 7 feet away from you, yet you’re still hounding him.” Blake observed.

“He was looking for any reason to get close to me. I wasn’t going to fall for that.” Weiss countered.

Then the fall, catch, whip, and throw down happened, and both of their eyes went wide.

“You just threw him down after he caught you. Why would you treat someone like that?” Yang asked.

“He was looking for a reason to touch me. I had-“ Weiss began.

“You threw him down when he was trying to keep you upright.” Blake reiterated.

“That klutz doesn’t deserve to work alongside me.” Weiss said with a tone of finality.

“Weiss, you acted like a conceited little bitch! He was trying to help you, and THAT was how you repay him?” Ruby demanded, as she got between the trio.

“He tripped me on purpose. If he would have been further away, I wouldn’t have tripped over his stupid leg.” Weiss protested.

“He was performing perfectly sound defense. He needed that leg back to brace himself.” Yang said as she put her scroll down and stood up.

“He’s just so clumsy! I still don’t see how he got past-“ Weiss continued to rant.
“You really think he’s trying to feel us all up?” Yang asked.

“I do think that. I’ve seen it before.” Weiss tried to explain.

“I don’t care what you’ve seen! You assaulted a person who was trying to help!” Yang roared. She then turned around and walked out the door. Blake watched briefly before following suit.

Ruby watched the pair walk away and turned to Weiss. “You’re lucky you didn’t get hit. I’ve seen her slap someone for less.”

“I don’t care, you and this team have been a disgrace.” Weiss said as she walked out as well.

“Well, that’s just great. Our biggest fight is over, then what else happens? Boy troubles.” Ruby thought before she climbed into her bed to play video games.

*****

Back in the JNPR dorm, Jaune was going over the session one final time when a knock resonated.

Sighing softly, he walked to, and then opened the door.

“Hey Blake, Yang. What’s going on?” Jaune asked.

“We... want to apologize for Weiss’ actions earlier.” Yang said, as she slumped her shoulders.

Jaune sighed slightly, before opening the door the rest of the way. “Come on in, we can talk in here.”

As the two walked in, he went back to his scroll to close the recorded simulator session. Upon the door being closed, he turned to the two huntresses.

“I don’t know what made her do that.” Jaune said as he sat on his mattress. He motioned for the others to sit down and make themselves comfortable. Yang sat down on the floor first, Blake to her immediate left.

“You saw the session, huh? Any opinions?” Jaune asked.

“You’re good with Ruby. Weiss needs work.” Blake said.

Yang chuckled, “I’ll say. She tried too hard in both instances.”

Jaune nodded, “I said the same to Ruby when we were watching Weiss and Pyrrha work.”

Yang decided to broach the subject head-on. “Do you have any idea as to why Weiss acted like that to you?”

Jaune shook his head. “Only reason I can think of is because I touched her since she was falling.”

“She thought you wanted to feel her up.” Yang stated.

Jaune looked at Yang as his eyebrow rose. “Why would I try to feel someone up in the heat of battle?” Jaune said.

“I could never do that. I don’t want to be seen as that shallow.” Jaune said, his eyes turning back serious.
“Oh, I know Jaune. I trust you, as your actions have never differed from your words.” Yang said. 

There, Yang’s face took on a sultry look. “Though I can’t say for Blake. But... If you ever wanted. You would only need to ask.” She said. 

Immediately a blush raced up both Jaune’s and Blake’s faces. “The—that’s very daring of you, Yang.” He said. 

“As I said, I can’t say the same for Blake.” She repeated, as she stood up and walked slowly to him. 

Blake sensed shenanigans immediately. “Yang, don’t torture him. It’s getting late.” 

“Oh, you’re never fun. But you’re right, it is getting a little late.” She said as she walked toward the door instead. 

Jaune stood up and helped Blake to her feet. On instinct, he wrapped his arms around her in a small hug. 

Blake wrapped her arms around him, then whispered into his left ear. “Don’t worry, Jaune. I won’t mind if you ask for a feel.” 

With a blushing face, Jaune released Blake from his hug, then he saw the two out of the dorm and Pyrrha walked in. 

As the door closed, she turned to him. “Well, that sounded interesting.” 

“You heard that conversation?” Jaune asked. 

Pyrrha nodded, a blush coming across her features. “Weiss blew up because she thought you wanted to cop a feel?” 

Jaune shrugged his shoulders in exasperation. “It would appear to be so.” 

Pyrrha shook her head. “She must’ve experienced something which traumatized her.” 

Jaune shrugged again, as he moved back to the bed. However, as he got even with Pyrrha, she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him close. 

“If you ever want a feel, you don’t need to ask.” Pyrrha said, as her blush developed quickly on her face. 

Jaune froze for a moment, as his thoughts raced in his mind. Slowly, he brought his right hand up and let it lightly trace up her stomach before he pulled it back just as it got to her generous chest. 

“Perhaps another time, Pyrrha.” He said as he pulled away. 

***** 

As the majority of the two teams slept in their dorms, Weiss was convinced she was accurate in her assumptions. 

‘That pervert is getting too close to the rest of the team. But I need some help to convince them.’ She thought. ‘This is just like what happened with Winter...’ 

That’s when it hit her. She needed her sister to convince them. She was a person who experienced
this same thing. With a quick motion, she pulled out her scroll and sent a message out to Winter.

-'Hello, sister. I appear to have some trouble here with a boy in our class. He seems to be showing the same characteristics as other uncouth men we’ve encountered.'-

She attached a copy of her training alongside Jaune as proof of his poor judgment before sending it away.

‘This will show them.’ The heiress thought, as slumber took over.
Chapter 4

RWBY Chapter 4:

A few terse days went by as the aftermath of the simulator session lingered. Weiss had seemed to distance herself from the rest of Team RWBY, while the others spent time together or alongside Pyrrha and Jaune at lunch, dinner, or in general.

It honestly upset Ruby that Weiss had decided to not partake in intra-team bonding, but even when she tried to pull rank as group leader, it was of no use.

But today was the beginning of what Weiss would call her redemption. Her sister, Winter, was coming to Beacon Academy. Now, she could have backup for her accusations of improper conduct.

“Winter! It’s great to see you again.” The heiress said, as she approached a taller version of herself.

“Sister, it is also good to see you again.” Winter Schnee stated as she stepped toward the Academy.

“So tell me, how have you been? Your message was vague, aside from the reason you called me here.” Winter inquired.

“Perhaps it would be prudent to discuss this in our dorm?” Weiss offered. With a curt nod, the sisters walked toward the dormitories.

*****

“Get me up to speed, sister. I read your message and saw your recording of your training session with him. Why are you convinced this boy is being improper?” Winter asked, as soon as the door to the dorm closed.

“How do you want to approach this?” The younger sister asked.

“Let’s start with the basics. What is his name?” Winter began.
“Jaune, Jaune Arc.” Was the fast reply.

“Team?”

“JNPR”

“Fellow Teammates?”

“Pyrrha Nikos, Lie Ren, Nora Valkyrie”

“Pyrrha Nikos? Champion warrior and former Pumpkin Pete’s cover-person?”

“The same.”

Winter shook her head. “All right, now that’s out of the way. What makes you think he’s being improper?”

Weiss stood up and began to walk around. “He’s always around the girls on our teams. I can tell from how he looks at them that he is visualizing doing improper things to them.”

Winter interrupted. “How could you establish this?”

“I remember how that guy treated you years ago.” Weiss said, as she sat back down, facing her sister.

“So using my past, you are certain this ‘Jaune Arc’ is a pervert who is trying to win through unauthentic kindness.” The older sister concluded.

“Exactly, and I fear it’s costing me the trust of this team.” Weiss admitted.
Winter sighed, then stood up from the chair. “Fair enough, I’ll do what I can to figure things out.”

“Thanks, Winter.” Weiss said, a small smile and a nod were her response.

With this information in mind, the Atlas specialist left the dormitory. First stop was to the Headmaster.

*****

As Winter made her way to Headmaster Ozpin’s office, she caught a glimpse of the student in question. Jaune was in the library talking strategy alongside Blake and Ruby, pointing at a textbook and exchanging ideas with the two.

‘Hm, seems nondescript enough.’ Winter thought as she continued her walk through the corridors.

As she entered the elevator, she caught a glimpse of the trio walking back toward the dormitories.

‘Intriguing.’ She thought as the elevator doors closed.

*****

As the doors opened, Winter took a couple steps into Ozpin’s office. Sure enough, the Headmaster was going over some documentation.

“Ah, Winter. It’s a pleasure to see you, again. What brings you to Beacon?” He said, putting down one of the many reports.

“A few things, sir. General Ironwood saw my request to help my sister as a way to also do some security checks before the Vytal Festival this year.”

Ozpin nodded, typical of the General to supplement multiple assignments into one visit. “I see. Well, it is better than if he were to send his entire fleet here. The last thing we need is fear rising here in Vale. I’ll have some quarters prepared for you.”
“My thanks, Headmaster. Though, now to discuss why I was requested here initially.” Winter said.

His eyebrows rose slightly. “What would that be?”

“My sister is concerned about one of her fellow students. The one known as Jaune Arc?” Winter revealed.

“Ah, Mr. Arc. He’s been an interesting student since he arrived here at Beacon.” Ozpin stated.

“Can you tell me anything about him?” She pressed lightly.

“Well, he’s certainly been the subject of a rumor these past few weeks. Actually, more like the past month. Those rumors seem to be unfounded, to my experience for now.” Ozpin recall.

“Any unsavory things that you’ve noticed?” Winter inquired.

“Aside from his recent attitude toward a fellow student, not really.” He replied.

“Can you tell me specifics?” She continued to inquire.

“It was a sparring session in Professor Goodwitch’s class. He and Ms. Belladonna were competing against two members of Team CRDL, Mr. Winchester and Mr. Thrush. After emerging victorious, Mr. Arc proceeded to almost threaten the aforementioned Mr. Winchester.” Ozpin revealed.

“Do you have a recording of that contest?” She asked, trying to find more information.

“Unfortunately, no. I do not keep copies of these recordings on my scroll. However, I believe Professor Goodwitch may have the master recordings.” He said.

“Very well, thank you. I believe this is where I’ll take my leave. I appreciate your generosity, Headmaster. In which direction is Professor Goodwitch’s class?” She stated, as she stood.
“Out of the elevator, direct right. Past the cafeteria and three other halls. You’ll run right into her office door, beside the practice arena. It has been nice catching up with you.” Ozpin replied as he tilted his head down to continue looking at the reports.

With a polite bow, she turned to her right and left the office through the elevator.

*****

Sure enough, Ozpin’s directions were exact. Winter walked up to Professor Goodwitch’s door and lightly knocked.

‘Enter’ was the reply. Thus, Winter opened the door.

“Well, Specialist Schnee. To what do I have the pleasure?” Glynda asked, as she watched the young woman enter.

“A pleasure to see you, too, Glynda. I’m here for a variety of reasons. Security checks per General Ironwood, but also my sister seems to have issues about a classmate.” Winter replied as she closed the door.

“Really, that’s a little disturbing. I take it she means Mr. Arc?” Goodwitch replied, as she began to work on her scroll.

“That would be it, Glynda. Weiss showed me a part of her training with him. However, I am a little skeptical as to her claims.” The white-haired vixen said.

“Well, if you need further evidence, you’re welcome to see the full training session between those two with Ms. Nikos and Ms. Rose. If you would like, you can also view Mr. Arc and Ms. Nikos practice alongside Ms. Xiao-Long and Ms. Belladonna. He also has some solo spars in class that show his growth in his approach.” Glynda offered.

“I appreciate the transparency. Though I am curious. What do you think of Mr. Arc?” Winter asked, trying to have a better picture in place before she really went into her research.
“He’s an interesting young man. His form and his approach to fighting have matured greatly since he arrived, though he is still a little behind the class average.” Professor Goodwitch said, off the top of her head.

“Has he had what you would consider immoral behavior to anyone of the female population?” Winter continued.

“Not to my recollection. I recall from the nurse that he bridal carried Ms. Belladonna after she injured her ankle. Then he carried Ms. Xiao-Long the same way. Though I believe them when she said that she asked him to.” The Professor responded.

“Any inclinations of him on a personal level?” Winter asked.

“I have found that Mr. Arc means well. He’s a very caring individual on certain matters. Any other questions?” Professor Goodwitch asked.

Winter shook her head. “No, that’s all for now. Thank you for answering my questions and for the recorded sessions. I’m sure they will help.”

With that, she turned to her left and opened the door, stepping out into the hall.

Only to be almost run over by Cardin Winchester.

“Watch where you leave a room, I’m almost late to class!” He yelled in a rather harsh, annoyed tone.

‘How rude of that boy. He obviously does not know manners.’ She thought as she watched him disappear behind the practice arena door.

*****

Another round in the cafeteria as members of Team RWBY and JNPR enjoyed the after-class
banter. Only for things to be interrupted by Winter’s approach.

“Oh! Hello again, sister. How have you enjoyed Beacon so far?” Weiss asked as she stood up.

“It has been agreeable, sister. I have had some recollection to do, but things are well.” Winter replied.

“Who’s the Ice Queen?” Inquired Nora, drawing a lot of raised eyebrows in her direction.

“Oh, I apologize for my manners. I am Winter Schnee. As you likely heard, Weiss is my younger sister.” She replied.

“Ah, Nice to meet you.” Yang said, as she tipped her cup of water toward Winter.

“Pardon me for intruding, but may I join you for dinner?” Winter asked.

“No intrusion taken. You’re welcome to join us. There’s plenty of open seats.” Jaune said.

With permission granted, the sisters ended up seated next to each other.

Winter spoke before she began to eat. “So, to whom am I dining with?”

Jaune’s eyebrow raised as he looked around the table. Swallowing the food he was enjoying, he took a breath to collect himself. “Oh, apologies. I’m Jaune Arc.”

“Pyrrha Nikos”

“Nora Valkyrie” Ren nudged her a little. “Sorry for calling you an Ice Queen.”

“Lie Ren”
“Blake Belladonna”

“Yang Xiao-Long, at your service”

“Ruby Rose”

“Ah, so you’re the leader of Weiss’ team correct?” Winter said after everyone else spoke. Then she began to eat her own dinner.

“That’s correct, Ms. Schnee.” Ruby replied.

“Weiss has told me much about you. It would seem she has not been misleading.” Winter replied.

“Pardon me for asking, Ms. Schnee.” Pyrrha started.

“Please, in an informal time like this, ‘Winter’ is perfectly fine.” The older sister rebutted.

“Apologies, Winter. But what are you doing here at Beacon?” Pyrrha inquired.

“General Ironwood wanted me to ensure adequate preparations were being done for the Vytal Festival. You know, ensuring enough quarters for Atlas’ students and the like.” Winter stated. This was true, if a bit of a stretch.

“Oh, I had forgotten that the festival is to be held here this time.” Pyrrha acknowledged.

“That’s the big gathering of the academies and a showcase of budding hunters and huntresses, right?” Ruby asked.

Winter nodded. “It is. I hear Atlas has some capable teams showing up for the tournament. Have you all been practicing?”
Jaune nodded. “You bet, we’ve even had a few two-person team matches. They certainly are interesting.”

Winter chuckled a little. “Yes, the sudden change from sole survivor to teamwork is a bit of a shock for some.”

Yang cut in this time. “Yeah, I still need to get some work in on the teamwork side.”

Blake nodded as Jaune added in. “I need to work on my individual combat abilities. I think I’ll be taking a solo session tomorrow.”

Pyrrha turned her head to look at Jaune. “Did you want me to help?”

Jaune shook his head. “No, you need to focus on you. You’ve helped me more than I could ever have hoped for. Thanks for the offer, though.”

Winter piped in. “Well, are another set of eyes beneficial for you, Jaune?”

The blonde-haired huntsman shrugged. “I’ve been working with Pyrrha, to which I am thankful. But I can’t ask her to continue sacrificing her own training for mine.”

Winter nodded, “I can certainly understand your plight. Maybe I could offer some suggestions? An outside person to give perspective new ideas.”

Jaune raised his eyebrow as he looked at Winter, then to Pyrrha. After his partner nodded, he turned back to Winter. “That’d be awesome, I appreciate the offer.”

‘What the hell is she doing?’ Weiss thought, before adding in. “I think Ruby and I should continue to work together.”

Ruby’s eyes widened, as she started that celebratory dance-shimmy thing in her chair. “Sure! We’ll show that simulator who’s best!”
Winter laughed at the antics. “Then I guess I’ll see you tomorrow at the simulator, Jaune?”

Jaune nodded his head as he finished taking a drink. “Of course, I’m looking forward to it.”

He then placed down his fork before he extended his hand, to which Winter laid her hand in his as they shook to confirm they would work in the simulator. In short order, she finished eating her meal.

“Fantastic, but now I must take my leave. It has been a pleasure meeting everyone.” Winter said, before she stood, turned to her left, and walked through the cafeteria on her way to her quarters.

‘What better way to find if he’s a fraud then by diving right in?’ Winter thought after she left the cafeteria. She had some sparring sessions to study, first.

*****

In Winter’s quarters, the Atlas specialist began her research into any uncouth antics that Jaune had been accused of. Plus, she wanted to get an idea on what to expect of her partner in their session.

She first watched every session he was involved in from the start of the year. The lack of improvement was shocking until the last eight.

‘It would seem that about six weeks ago Mr. Arc began working alongside Ms. Nikos. His form changed dramatically in those sessions.’ She noted.

As she was about to focus on the team sessions, her scroll pinged on a message. Sure enough, it was Weiss.

-‘What the hell are you thinking?’-

Winter replied calmly. -‘You have asked me to come here to do reconnaissance on one of your classmates and see if they are unsavory. How better to see than a training session?’-
The reply was quick. -'You make your point, but I don’t feel comfortable about it.’-

Winter then replied. -‘I’m also watching everything he’s done in class and in the simulator. Trying to find examples of inappropriate contact. If he tries something, I’ll know about it.’-

The lack of reply was all she needed. Before she could get back to her work, another message pinged on her scroll.

-‘Any report on the security at Beacon Academy?’-

Winter sighed softly. Sure enough, General Ironwood was doing his nightly check.

‘This is going to take a while.’ She thought as she began her report.

****

The following day, Jaune changed in the locker room into his armor.

‘This might be interesting. I wasn’t expecting this generosity this soon. Especially from Weiss’ sister.’ He thought, as he finished getting ready.

Taking a calming breath, he strode into the simulator. Winter was standing in the center of the simulator waiting for him.

“Ah, Jaune. You’re right on time, I’m impressed. Most men your age are rather... lackadaisical in that department.” Winter said

Jaune nodded his head as he walked to her. “Yeah, I admit I was very similar. Though attending here has helped curb things. So how did you want to proceed, Ms. Schnee?”

“Please, call me Winter. I think a brief showcase as to your abilities will work for now.” She said
as she walked off the platform, to allow him to prepare for the session.

As things began, Winter began to note how his form worked, his guard ability, and his sword mastery.

‘Quite intriguing. He’s very consistent with his blocking. But he’s a little too free in his attacks.’ She thought, as he finished a brief simulated fight.

“Well, I can see a few open flaws in your offensive side. But your defense looks very balanced. A credit to your working with Ms. Nikos.” Winter said as she walked to him.

“Thanks for the compliment on my defense. Pyrrha has been harping me on it since we started.” He said, as he turned to face Winter.

She nodded a little at the revelation. “That makes sense. However, let’s work on improving your offensive structure. You seem a little wide in your slashes. That could lead you to a blindside attack.”

For the next half an hour, Winter offered assorted tips and suggestions. Trying to get him into less of a wild swinging swordsman and more calculated in his approach.

After this, Winter decided she needed to experience how he worked alongside. “Jaune, do you mind if we work together for this last part? I want to see if you’re grasping these concepts.”

Jaune nodded and set into a ready stance as he faced one side of targets. Winter drew her own sword and set into her own stance at the other side.

The two-person session went fairly well. They worked on similar strikes, but also trying to open one opponent to a blindside attack while protecting the person to take advantage of the situation.

Finally their session concluded, as they were near the left edge of the platform. “Well, I must say for a first year you have a good feel for the basics.” Winter said.

Jaune reached back with his right hand to scratch the back of his head. “Oh, thanks. And thank you
for the help. Some of those ideas you gave me really make sense.”

Winter smiled a little at the gratitude being shown before they began walking toward the exit. “You’ve done well. Now go ahead and get a shower. I have a few things to take care of—whooa!”

Instinctively, Jaune reached out in front of her and took the brunt of the fall after she tripped off the simulator floor.

“Oomph, that did not feel good.” Winter said as she regained her bearings. Underneath her, Jaune nodded.

“Yeah, I think my back will never be used to the sudden impact. Are you OK, Winter?” Jaune replied, as he craned his neck to look at her.

In her mind, she took a mental inventory, trying to figure out where his hands were. She noted his arms wrapped around her very briefly before he released his hold. His groin was a little surprising to feel, but nothing beyond what would be considered normal. After all, he was 18 and had a person of the female gender on him.

“I’m fine, just forgot about that little border around the simulator. Are you all right?” She asked as she rolled off to his left side.

“I’m fine, a little bit of discomfort from the impact, of course.” He replied as he allowed her to stand before he did so.

As he rose to his feet, Winter continued. “As I was saying. I have a few things to take care of. It has been nice working with you, Jaune.”

Jaune smiled and raised his right hand behind his head again, “The honor was mine, Winter.”

With that, the two went their separate ways. Jaune to the showers, Winter to her quarters.

*****
In her quarters, Winter restarted her secondary investigation once more on any potential for Jaune to be immoral.

His practice sessions alongside Pyrrha didn’t reveal much, not surprising given they were partners. There was a definite bond between them, but he did nothing that would be deemed ‘bad’ per se.

However, once she got into the sessions with Blake and Yang, did she find something intriguing.

‘Huh... he’s showing a more protective nature. That’s unexpected, though not unwelcome.’ She thought as she re-watched the session that had Yang working with Jaune.

‘Here is an even larger showing of it. He’s working with that Belladonna huntress. He seems more instinctive around her.’ She thought, as the recording continued on.

She took notes on how he handled himself around the ladies. His demeanor never seemed to waver. He was more catering to what they all did, while he was attempting to work with it.

She payed extra attention to when there was an embrace. Whether it was through a trip or after the sessions. She studied every embrace, looking for inappropriate locations.

Yet, she couldn’t find anything that was his fault. There was the Yang embrace where she noticed Yang moving her hips slightly. The bulge on his pants said her movements were effective.

‘Nice claymore.’ She thought, before turning to the Jaune/Blake spar against two members of Team CRDL. ‘So that boy, who ran into me, was Mr. Winchester.’

Right off the bat she noticed a complete change in his demeanor. ‘He’s pissed’ She thought.

As the sparring session played, she took notice as to how well they worked. ‘They would be formidable if they were on a team. I’m almost a little envious of Ms. Belladonna.’

Then the attempted cheap shot played and Jaune’s explosion of anger ensued. ‘That is a mad man.'
He was obviously concerned about her safety.’

She watched the end of the session, complete with his remarks to Cardin. “Talk about serving your opponent his ass on a silver platter.” She joked to herself.

As the session wrapped, she saw him talking with Blake one more time. ‘There’s nothing here that shows inappropriate action. He’s just being a nice guy.’

Before she was able to turn her attention to the training session with Weiss and Ruby, she was interrupted by General Ironwood.

-‘Status of Beacon?’- The message stated

Winter rolled her eyes. ‘Well, the next session will have to wait.’ She thought, as she began her reply.

*****

The next couple weeks seemed to be more relaxed in the Team RWBY dorm. Everyone worked together more often, which was a welcome surprise for Ruby.

Weiss had decided to head to the library, so Winter took the initiative and knocked on the dormitory dorm.

‘Who is it?’ Asked Blake.

“Winter, might I have a word?” The specialist replied.

The door opened, and to Winter’s pleased surprise the remaining three members of Team RWBY were present and doing some off-hand studying.

“Please, come on in Winter.” Ruby offered. Winter bowed slightly and strode into the dorm.
“What’s going on, Winter? Weiss accusing us of cheating?” Yang offered sarcastically.

“No, I actually have some questions regarding a colleague. I’ve heard some, rather unsavory things about them, and wanted to get some more information.” Winter replied, as she looked at the three budding huntresses.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but if we can help then sure.” Ruby said, as she offered a nearby chair to Winter. Winter nodded in thanks and took her seat.

“I guess it’s fortuitous that you’re here, Ms. Rose.” Winter began.

“Please, call me Ruby. I think we’d all appreciate using our first names in this manner.” The diminutive leader briefly interrupted.

“You’re right, apologies. So, what can you tell me about your fellow captain, Mr. Arc?” Winter went for the blunt strategy.

“Well, he’s a pretty cool guy. I mean he was the first person, aside from Yang, that I befriended at Beacon.” Ruby said.

“Any thoughts on his fighting? His outside class demeanor?” Winter pressed lightly.

“Why are you asking?” Yang cut in.

“Some of the staff are curious as to his interpersonal relations. He’s had a large leap since he first arrived, and while I’m sure that Ms. Nikos’ help has played some part, I’m wondering if there’s been inappropriate actions from Mr. Arc.” Winter replied. Yang wasn’t really buying it, but let it go for the time being.

“Well, he’s certainly gotten better wielding his armor. Working alongside him on two occasions were night and day in how we fought together. As far as his outside class demeanor, he’s the same guy I met back at our first day at Beacon. I think he’s a fun guy to be around and tries to pick everyone up.” Ruby replied.
Winter nodded. “I’ve heard the same when I talked to Headmaster Ozpin and Professor Goodwitch.”

Ruby checked the clock, “Whoops, I need to get to the simulator. I have a solo session in 10 minutes. Please, excuse me.”

With that, Ruby waved and walked out the door. Winter turned her attention to the remaining two members.

“Well, I do apologize that I’m not as formal. However, anything you want to hear from us?” Yang asked.

“I do, actually. I recall that Mr. Arc-” Winter began

“Call him Jaune.” Yang interrupted.

“Very well, and we shall also move to informal communication. I heard about Jaune carrying you two. Did you feel any worry in his arms?” Winter asked.

“Going right for the jugular, I like it.” Yang replied. “No, I figured he was being a nice guy.”

Blake added. “I agree, his actions never went against his words.”

That piqued Winter’s interest. “If you two don’t mind, what have you observed about him?”

Yang plopped down on the lower right bunk bed. “I was with him when he did maintenance on his armor. He was changing the arm bands on his shield. I decided to have a little fun with him and wrapped my arms around his neck while he worked. He wasn’t really bothered by anything, it seemed.”

Winter nodded as the Blonde continued. “While he was working, I said that it seemed he took great care of what he cared about. He nodded and agreed, citing that it’s the best he can do.”
Blake nodded. “He told me the same thing when we were preparing to face off against two members of Team CRDL in Professor Goodwitch’s class.”

Winter looked between the two huntresses, trying to find inaccuracies in their demeanor. “Well, has he ever deviated from his words?”

Both Blake and Yang shook their heads before the brawler spoke first. “Nah, he’s the same guy. Probably has developed a protective backbone, if anything.”

Winter motioned for her to continue. “I mean, when he blew up at Winchester it wasn’t irritation.”

Blake chimed in. “He was seriously mad. After the match, he gave a stern warning to Cardin and then walked right to me and asked how I was.”

Yang turned her head to face Blake, who took a seat in the lower left bunk bed. “Yeah, considering you were limping a tiny bit. He was likely worried sick they tried to hurt you.”

Winter cut in at this juncture. “Limping? What happened to you, Blake?”

Blake answered. “It was about two months ago, now. I had just beaten Russell Thrush in a previous contest in Professor Goodwitch’s class. The rest of my team and Jaune’s team came in to congratulate me. Jaune said something about getting dinner and we all ran for the door.”

Yang chuckled. “Yeah, then he tripped and took you for the ride.”

Blake stayed stoic. “I landed on him, spraining my ankle in the process.”

Winter pressed slightly. “Did he do anything, or did anything seem out of place?”

Blake shook her head. “No, his arms were at his sides at my recollection. He asked if I was all right, and once I said ‘ow’, he moved to my side and started to lift me into a bridal carry.”
Winter motioned her to continue. “He asked me to lean back, so I wouldn’t fold up and fall. I did, and he lifted me up. I told him not to do it, but he wouldn’t listen. He told me that he was the reason it happened, and he wanted to get me to the infirmary.”

Yang was now rapt in attention at Blake’s admissions. “I fell asleep in his arms at some point. It had been a rather bad time for me. Next thing I knew, I was in the infirmary as the nurse looked at my ankle.”

Winter’s eyes closed slightly. “Where was Jaune?”

Blake didn’t hesitate. “He never left my side until the nurse said I would be getting a wheelchair to go back here. Once he left, the nurse commented how clumsy he was.”

Winter cut in again. “Would you consider him clumsy?”

Blake nodded. “I would, but I couldn’t help but feel… oh I can’t describe it.”

Yang tried to answer. “Good? Perfect?”

Blake shook her head. “No, those aren’t accurate. He made me feel, I would say ‘appreciated’. He felt…” her cheeks blushed a tiny amount. “He felt perfect.”

That admission made both Winter and Yang’s eyes widen a little.

Yang took initiative there. “Wow, I don’t recall talking about that a few weeks ago.”

Blake nodded. “I can’t describe why, but he just felt perfect.”

Winter raised her eyebrow and then turned her head to Yang. “What about you, Yang? Has Jaune ever done anything different than what he says?”

Yang turned her head to Winter and shook her head. “Not in my experience. Like I said earlier, it’s like he’s developed a protective nature with us.”
Winter pressed a little, once again. “Has he ever given you a bridal carry?”

Yang nodded. “Yeah, it was after I watched him complete his maintenance on his equipment. I was about to compliment him on his new approach and he flat out asked if I wanted to be carried.”

Blake’s eyebrow rose this time. “Really? He took initiative?”

The Blonde brawler nodded, a light blush gracing her features. “He did, and I accepted. Just outside the workshop, we almost ran into Professor Goodwitch. That was rather funny to hear him try and deny any funny business.”

Winter chuckled and shook her head. “I imagine it would be difficult to explain why one is holding a woman in his arms.”

Yang chuckled this time. “Well, I explained that I asked him to. However, when Professor Goodwitch told us not to get into anything the opportunity was just perfect.”

Blake’s eyes widened. “You didn’t-“

Yang cracked up. “I did, I had that perfect chance and I swung for the fences. I joked he was going to leave me alone and needy.”

Winter and Blake both facepalmed. “You really had to do that?” The specialist asked.

Yang shrugged. “Of course, I did. He’s just too easy not to tease. Goodwitch reminded us about contraceptives in front of the infirmary, and that was just too easy to not take another shot. He shook his head and continued carrying me here.”

Blake cut in this time. “Did you torture him the entire time?”

Yang continued to chuckle. “Oh, you bet. I teased him relentlessly. Every few steps I referenced what I’d do to him. I tried to get his eyes to wander down. You name it, I likely did it.”
Winter facepalmed again. “Did he ever react to you?”

Yang shook her head. “That’s the thing. He never redirected his attention until we got to the door of this dorm. He was keeping his pace, and he didn’t really react.”

Winter sighed softly. ‘You tease.’ “Anything happen afterward?”

Yang continued her story. “We arrived at our dorm and he asked if I enjoyed the ride. He was very comfortable, and I teased him again saying I might want to find out just how comfortable he was. He told me that if I continued the next one might be a bit rougher.”

Blake knew where this was leading, slumping her shoulders and craning her neck backward. “Oh, that’s a softball-“

“Yep! I stretched, rather exaggeratedly, and told him I might enjoy that.” Yang finished, a right smug smile on her face. Blake facepalmed and began to laugh.

Winter sighed exasperatedly. “Fair enough, I think that concludes this one. Thanks for helping me. I’ll be going, now.”

With a curt nod, Winter stood and then turned to her right before walking around the chair and out of the dormitory.

“You really are incorrigible.” Blake said, as she finished laughing.

“I may be, but don’t tell me you wouldn’t mind a ride with the White Knight, either.” Yang countered.

A pillow being thrown with a renewed laugh was Blake’s only response.

*****
The following day brought more luck onto Winter’s side, as she was able to get a word in with Nora.

“What do you want to discuss there, Winter?” The hyperactive woman asked.

“Well, I’ve heard some rumors about your leader. I was wondering if he’s ever been inappropriate to you.” She responded, her blunt approach being effective the previous day.

“You bet!” Nora exclaimed. Winter’s eyes widened, she may have found something.

“Really? Could you tell me in which way?” She pushed a little.

“He’s so inappropriate. He offers me waffles instead of my favorite breakfast food, pancakes! He’s also offering me Tea instead of the Coffee I love, and he has the audacity to offer me baby carrots instead of tootsie rolls! I mean, really! He’s offering me VEGETABLES instead of CANDY!” Nora replied.

Winter facepalmed at the immature answer. “I’m not sure that would constitute inappropriate behavior-“

“He’s also denser than steel. He has three ladies who all want him. He just hasn’t paid attention to it.” Nora finished. Winter blinked as her eyebrow raised while she tried to process this new information.

“Could you elaborate? Could you tell me how you can tell this?” Winter asked, her head slightly turning to her right.

“Listen, Jaune is one of the best men I know. Well, aside from my Renny, of course. But he’s a genuinely good man. He’s not even trying to seduce anyone, but he’s had Pyrrha’s heart from before initiation and has recently swooned Blake and Yang from Team RWBY. Renny and I observe it all of the time.” Nora replied.

Winter’s eyebrow rose again at this revelation. “How would you interpret Jaune?”
Nora finally sat down, her hand cupping her chin. “He genuinely cares about our teams. He wants to protect everyone he can. He’s denser than steel, and he doesn’t always act professional. However, his heart is always in the right place. He’s not like Winchester, or some of those transfers that just came in.”

Winter nodded. “I think that covers what I was looking for. Thanks for the assistance, Nora.”

Nora mock saluted. “Anytime, Ice Queen. Hope that helped!”

*****

Finally, the last little interview Winter needed was available. She was able to find Pyrrha in the JNPR dorm. Jaune had just left to go to the courtyard and hang around Ruby for a little while.

“Ms. Nikos, mind if I speak to you?” Winter asked after she knocked on the door.

The door opened slightly, “Oh, Ms. Schnee. What do you need?”

Winter looked into her emerald eyes. “I’d like to ask you a few questions.”

Pyrrha opened the door the rest of the way and allowed her entrance. “By all means, do you want some tea, or a water?”

“No, but thanks for the offer. This shouldn’t be too long.” Winter replied as she stepped forward. The red-headed woman offered a chair to sit in and Winter nodded in appreciation as she took her seat.

“All right, so where do you wish to begin?” Pyrrha asked, as she brought two bottles of water out and placed them on the nearby table.

“I’m wondering about Jaune. I’ve heard some rumors about his, rather, interpersonal experience. I wanted your thoughts on him.” Winter stated.
Pyrrha sat down in a chair across from Winter and put her right hand to her chin. “Well, he’s a nice man.”

Winter pressed a little. “Any personal inclinations towards him?”

Pyrrha paused, with a blush forming on her features. “Wh-why do you ask?”

“I’m just making sure there’s nothing inappropriate going on with him. Some of the rumors I have heard are troubling.” Winter said, trying to placate.

“Well, ever since I met him, I knew he was a good man. He had a look that said he wanted more from life than what he had until now.” Pyrrha began.

“You established that in one viewing of him?” Winter asked, a little leery at the previous response.

Pyrrha nodded, her blush growing slightly. “I did, he had that demeanor that he wanted to do this to become more. Once he told me that his family was a line of famous hunters, and that his armor is a family heirloom, I realized my suspicions were correct.”

Winter nodded. “That would make some sense. In other conversations I’ve had, the response has been the same. He’s always looking to help another person.”

Pyrrha nodded again. “That’s why I chose him.”

Winter shook her head in shock. “Wait, run that by me again?”

Pyrrha sighed softly. “It was at initiation. I knew that from my fame people would try to scope me out to be my partner. He actually treated me like a normal person, and it just felt right to be next to him.”

Winter raised an eyebrow. “So how did you ‘choose’ him? During initiation, I mean.”

Pyrrha didn’t hesitate. “I landed on a high, sturdy branch, while waiting to see how Jaune would
land. Once I saw how he was flying, I threw my spear and pinned him to a tree, saving him from crashing into the forest.”

“Thus, when you got to your weapon Jaune would become your partner upon eye contact.” Winter finished.

“Exactly, and it’s been an interesting ride ever since. I love being next to him. His actions and his kindness are so fulfilling. His unselfish nature is so refreshing compared to so many of the other people here at Beacon.” Pyrrha replied, as she divulged not really new information.

Winter nodded. “So, in your experience, have you ever seen inappropriate action from him?”

Pyrrha shook her head. “No, only when those two from Team CRDL tried something with Blake did I see anything unbecoming.”

Winter nodded again. “I’ve seen the footage of that fight. He did look rather heated at his opponent. So, has he tried anything?”

Pyrrha shook her head once more. “No, I think he really doesn’t want to be seen as shallow. He genuinely cares about everyone on Team JNPR and Team RWBY. I also think he has gotten into being such a protector that he’s not seeing that most of us would trust him in every facet.” Her blush grew to rival her hair as it enveloped her face. “I know I trusted him first. He just felt right. He felt… perfect.”

Winter sat silent for a moment. She was trying to process what she just heard. ‘Pyrrha seems quite smitten with him. His nature and his actions have completely won her over.’

With a nod, Winter rose and offered her right hand. “Thank you, Pyrrha.”

Pyrrha extended her own hand and met Winter’s as they shook their hands to end the discussion.

*****

With her interviews complete, Winter went back to the taped sessions.
Every fight, every simulator, every time he set foot in a combat situation. He was more and more competent in his approach.

In his actions with his teammates, and with those on Team RWBY, he never demonstrated illicit behavior.

She finally got to the session where Jaune and Weiss were paired. She was focused on the entire fight. His defense was sound, his annoyance was present but not interfering.

‘That’s it! She just can’t stand him.’ She thought, as her sister threw him down in the recording.

With a shut of her scroll, Winter mused to herself. “My sister called me here because she hates a boy, a boy who is being the best gentleman, thus unknowingly winning the hearts of a few huntresses. She is completely shitting on him for no reason than spite. Jaune isn’t acting like that idiot I knew. He’s actually being a good man.”

Her conclusions finalized, Winter stood up from her desk. After making sure everything was accounted for, she left to begin her rounds.
Morning broke across Beacon. Another week of preparation in the books, another week closer to the Vytal Festival.

However, what lurked on the horizon was the Beacon Dance. A tradition that begins final preparations before the festivities begin. For many, it was a fun excuse to have fun and not hold high expectations. For others, it was a rather droll activity which served no reason.

For Team RWBY, it was interesting.

“Has anyone found dates for the Beacon Dance?” Weiss asked, as she finished putting away her uniform.

Yang scoffed softly. “Nah, I’ll be going anyway. I’m helping set things up.”

Blake shook her head while Ruby thought about it. “No, I’m not sure I’d like to go.”

Weiss looked around the room. “Huh, I would’ve thought you two would be swarmed with requests to the dance.”

With a shrug of her shoulders, the heiress turned and left the dorm.

Ruby mused for a moment. “I was thinking of asking Jaune to the dance.”

Yang cut that idea off. “Funny, I was thinking the same thing.”
Blake nodded. “Seems we were all on the same page. However, I believe he’s attending with Pyrrha.”

*****

“I still can’t believe you wanted to attend the Beacon Dance with me, Pyrrha.” Jaune said as he continued to change out of his uniform.

Pyrrha looked at the back of her teammate. “Why would you say that?”

Jaune finished changing his clothes and shrugged. “I’m not sure. It just seems weird that you could’ve asked anyone else.”

Pyrrha walked toward Jaune and put her right hand on his shoulder. “I didn’t want to ask anyone else. I wanted to ask you, because I trust you.”

Jaune turned and looked at Pyrrha. A blush danced across his face as he processed that information. “Well, thank you asking me.”

*****

In Winter’s quarters, Weiss had just entered to be told of the former’s investigation.

“I’ve completed my investigation about Jaune. I don’t feel you’ll be impressed with the results.” Winter said, as she stared at her younger sister.

“Well, what have you found?” Weiss replied.

“You hate him, don’t you?” Winter accused.
“What? That’s preposterous!” Weiss defended.

“No, it’s completely true. You’ve hated him since you first saw him.” Winter stated, her gaze non-wavering.

“That’s absurd. I feel that he’s faking his kindness to be a complete pervert.” Weiss continued her defense.

“Stop lying to me, sister. Ever since he became partners with Pyrrha Nikos, you’ve had it against him.” Winter said.

“He’s being a pervert. He’s trying to manipulate Team RWBY into some kind of harem. Surely, you remember that idiot three years ago.” Weiss maintained.

“I do remember Jackson. I also remember everything that he did and how he did it. Jaune is nothing like him. I’ve talked to everyone that could have issues regarding him. I went to Headmaster Ozpin, Professor Goodwitch, Professor Port, even your own teammates and his female teammates in Ms. Nikos and Nora Valkyrie.” Winter replied, as she pulled up the training videos for her evidence.

“If you’ll pay attention to every session from the past few months, you’ll see a pattern begin to emerge.” Winter said, as she began her video demonstrations.

In plain view, Weiss continued her condescending outlook toward Jaune. With every close call, she would call out his insincerity. Only to be reprimanded and told to look at him and how he was approaching things.

“Jaune is not being a pervert. He’s acting like a protector. He’s trying to ensure that anyone he is fighting with is as safe as they can be while he is there.” Winter replied as she paused after Jaune and Yang had tripped.

As the specialist resumed, Yang’s hips moved ever so slightly while she was on top of Jaune in the recorded session. After Yang removed herself in the recording, the bulge in his pants was obvious to Weiss.

“Look at him, he’s being a pervert. He liked that from Yang.” Weiss offered, as she pointed at the
Winter facepalmed. “Sister, did you not pay attention to Yang’s hips? She did that on purpose. He’s completely innocent, even if the bulge wants to dictate something different.”

The sparring class that featured Jaune and Blake against Cardin and Russell was next, and Weiss closed her eyes.

“I remember looking at them when they walked out. I hadn’t seen Jaune look that focused.” Weiss reflected, she opened her eyes as the fight began.

“You’re right, he knew that Blake was still rusty from her injury. That’s why he acted as he did.” Winter said, as the fight played out.

At the end, when Jaune had caught Blake one last time, Weiss noticed his hand graze her teammates’ breast. “That pervert caught a feel!”

Winter sighed as she facepalmed again. “You realize that someone can’t always catch their partner in the politically correct way, right? You’re grasping at straws.”

As the fight concluded, before Winter pulled up the ill-fated simulator session with Ruby and Pyrrha, she stopped the recording. “Sister, one of the last recordings that I have is of you and him training together. I saw it multiple times, and you acted like a child. He only touched you because you tripped trying to impress Ms. Nikos.”

Weiss was stoic, defiant to the very end. But Winter wasn’t going to finish her argument there.

“Sister, there is one final session that I have a recording of. Remember how I asked if I could work alongside Jaune?” Winter asked. At her younger sister’s nod, the recording began.

The session began nondescript enough, Jaune was working on his solo work. After a while, Winter came in and offered some new approaches.

“Look at him, I am right next to him and he’s not paying attention to anything but the instruction
I’m giving him.” The specialist said. Weiss stayed silent.

The session continued as Winter and Jaune worked together. “He’s holding you back, sister. Why are you allowing him to be so close?” Weiss asked.

“That’s the thing. He’s not holding me back. He’s doing what he can to accompany me. He’s allowing me to lead and working to compliment my attacks with his own ability.” Winter said as the session finished.

Then the feed showed Winter’s trip, and Jaune’s catch-fall. “That little—“

“That ‘little’ gentleman broke my fall from the simulation arena. You saw how his arms wrapped around me before we landed. Then he let them fall to the sides after impact. He was trying to protect me, a stranger who he had just met the night before.” Winter interrupted.

As the recording ended, Winter stood up and walked to her younger sister to look her in the eye. “I can honestly say that Jaune Arc is not an insincere pervert. You just hate him. You hate him because he’s shown a protective side and has grown close to your teammates and, arguably, the top student in the class.”

Weiss was silent, her redemption was for naught. “That boy is a fraud.”

Winter became furious at her insubordinate sister. “That man is the best man that I have seen outside of General Ironwood. How DARE you call him a fraud?”

Weiss was incredulous. “You seem quite smitten with him. How about you ask him to the dance, then?”

With that retort, Weiss took her leave from Winter’s quarters. Winter’s attitude turned cool. ‘If I could, I would. However, I must chaperone the event.’ She thought as she watched her sister leave the room.

*****
Back in Team RWBY’s dorm, Weiss was still slightly incensed at the notion her thoughts were misled.

‘That sister of mine. She was tricked by that pervert.’ She thought, as she walked toward her bunk.

Yang saw her teammates’ disdain as she climbed into bed. “What’s wrong, couldn’t get the man you wanted to go to the dance?”

Weiss threw a pillow at the Blonde bombshell. “No, I just heard some disappointing things. I already have my date for the dance, unlike some teammates of mine.”

Yang smirked slightly a she shrugged. “You got me there, but I guess I’ll just have to go with my baby sister.”

“Why don’t you see if you can go with Jaune? I bet that pervert would love to have a girl on each arm.” Weiss tried to get a reaction.

Only Yang would not give her the luxury. “Maybe I should, but I don’t want the other guys too jealous when they see him with multiple women. You realize he’s already going with Pyrrha.”

Then she turned to Blake. “Hey, think we should ask Jaune if he wants a Neapolitan-style date?”

The monochromatic huntress paused from her book as she looked at her teammate with a puzzled look. “What?”

Yang’s grin got a bit wider. “You know: Blonde, Brunette, Redhead? You know of those rumors about him. Why not have some fun?”

Blake shook her head with a chuckle. “You’re incorrigible. Besides, I have Black hair. We can’t do that.”

Ruby had chosen that time to walk into the dorm, leaving it slightly open behind her. “Do what?”
Yang turned to her sister with an impish grin. “I was just musing from Weiss, here, that maybe I should ask Jaune if he’d like a Neapolitan-style date to the upcoming dance.”

Ruby blinked for a minute before she shook her head slowly. “Yang, that wouldn’t be very fair to Pyrrha.”

The older sister nodded. “Oh, I know. I doubt he’d even think about accepting the offer. But I bet it’d be fun to see Jaune’s reaction.”

Right then, Jaune had walked to the Team JNPR dorm and overheard his name. With a raise of his eyebrow, he turned and walked to RWBY’s door.

With a knock to announce his presence, he spoke through the crack. “My reaction to what?”

Yang’s smile beamed brightly as she rushed past her sister and opened the door. He just looked so cute that she decided a tackling hug was also a great idea.

After they hit the ground, Yang sat up on his lower torso. If there weren’t clothes on, the look might have been very lewd.

“Well, lover boy. I was wondering something.” The Blonde brawler said as she lightly traced his right pectoral with a finger on her left hand. Lavender met Cobalt as their eyes locked onto each other.

Jaune was not entirely impressed by her actions but let her have some fun. “What’s that?” asked.

Yang’s eyes turned slightly smoky as she leaned forward a little, giving Jaune a good look down her pajama top if he wanted it. “Well, I was curious if you were open to going to the dance with multiple women.”

Jaune’s eyebrow shot back up as he looked his tackler in the eye. He couldn’t tell if she was telling the truth or just having fun at his expense.

“I-I don’t know how to think about that.” He answered honestly. Yang’s eyes never left his as she
leaned her head closer.

With a very soft whisper, she said. “Well, I know something that wouldn’t mind it.”

Jaune blushed brightly as he felt himself grow hard once again. As much as he wouldn’t mind it, he knew he couldn’t be that way to Pyrrha. “I’m sorry, but I can’t do that to Pyrrha.”

With that, Yang turned to her left and got off of Jaune as she stood up. Her smile turning smug. He turned to his right and proceeded to stand up from the tackle. He looked back into the RWBY dorm and saw Blake with a rather disappointed look on her face. Weiss had a furious blush and Ruby was no better, her face matching the ends of her hair.

Jaune thought for a moment, but then offered what he thought was a good compromise. “I know I’m going with Pyrrha and everything will be through her. However, if she says it’s fine, I’d be open to dancing with everyone.”

That seemed to brighten Blake’s mood, as she smiled slightly. Yang’s smug expression was held steadfast. Ruby nodded and Weiss’ look became unimpressed.

Jaune nodded to the group and turned to his right as he went back to the Team JNPR dorm room. Yang then proceeded to close the RWBY dorm door.

“Must you be so uncouth?” Weiss demanded as her teammate turned back around, Yang’s grin looked like it was plastered on her face.

Yang shrugged and flipped her hair back with her right hand. “Hey, you’re the one who gave me the idea.”

*****

In Team JNPR’s dorm, Jaune’s slightly disturbed face was readily apparent.

“What’s up Jaune-Jaune?” Nora asked, as she looked up from her scroll.
“That… was interesting.” Jaune replied, as he sat down on his bed.

“What’s that?” Pyrrha asked, as she sat facing him on her own bed.

“I was on my way back from the library when I heard Yang talking something about my reaction.” Jaune said as his mind continued to process the situation.

“Really? What did she mean? ”Nora asked, as she sat next to Pyrrha. Ren looked at the trio with a raised eyebrow.

“Well, as I asked that very question, Yang decided to tackle me. Apparently, there was an idea where I would take multiple women to the dance.” Jaune admitted.

Pyrrha chuckled as she covered her face. Nora’s eyes got wide and Ren stood dumbfounded.

Nora broke the silence first. “I can’t believe Yang would do that to you.”

Pyrrha continued to chuckle but composed herself. “I agree. She must’ve been playing around.”

Jaune nodded numbly. “I think she was, too. But with how she acted, I’m wondering if she meant it.”

Ren decided it was a good place to cut in. “Knowing Yang’s rather teasing principles, I’d put it as her actually wanting to gauge your reaction.”

Pyrrha and Nora nodded, with Pyrrha asking the only question she had. “Well, what did you tell her?”

Jaune didn’t hesitate, as he looked Pyrrha square in the eyes. “I told her that I was going with you, and I couldn’t do that to you.”
Pyrrha’s blush rose quickly as Nora’s expression took on a rather smug feature.

Jaune then dropped his proposed compromise. “I know that I said I would go with you, Pyrrha. Everything will go through you. But if you’re ok with it, I’d like to be able to dance with the others if they ask.”

Pyrrha’s blush receded a little, but she knew he said it to not harm any feelings. She rose from her bed and sat next to Jaune on his as she wrapped her arms around him. “As long as they know I have to approve, and you save the last dance for me.”

Jaune turned his head and nodded. “I will.”

*****

The day before the Beacon dance, Headmaster Ozpin placed a call for one of his trusted people in his circle. Within a couple hours, a rather sullen and unkempt man strolled into his office.

“Been a while, Oz. What did you call me in for?” The dark-haired man asked as he approached the Headmaster’s desk.

“It has, Qrow. What have you learned of our enemy?” Ozpin replied as he turned around to greet his trusted ally.

“Well, they’ve tried mobilizing. We’ve been fortunate a lot of their propaganda have fallen on deaf ears, but I would not put it past them to try a more stealth approach.” Qrow replied as he pulled his flask from his back pocket and took a small sip.

Ozpin nodded, he knew that the propaganda would dry out quickly. “Very good, I’m relieved we still have the support of the people. But that’s not the only reason I called you back to Beacon.”

Qrow raised his eyebrow a little as the Headmaster took a seat at his desk. “As you know, the Vytal Festival is in a couple weeks.”

At his nod, Ozpin continued. “I am also concerned about a stealthy approach. So much that it
would not surprise me that they wouldn’t try to get into our CCT tower. I would like you to keep watch there tomorrow night. It’s the annual dance and our staff will be chaperoning the event. This does not bode well for overall security.”

Qrow tilted his head. “So, you asked me back to maintain a secure presence?” Ozpin’s nod was his only response.

Qrow chuckled as he took another pull from his flask. “Sure, I’ll help keep watch. If anyone tries anything, they’ll be sent to you after I’m done with them.”

Ozpin nodded, thankful to have such loyalty. “I appreciate this, Qrow. I would also appreciate if you keep a low profile, though. I know your nieces are here, but I can’t have you exposed right now. The dance begins at 7:00 pm tomorrow night. I’d like you at the tower by 6.”

With a miniature salute from Qrow, the slightly buzzed man turned and left the Headmaster’s office.

Ozpin sighed softly at his fortune. “I know someone wants to try something. I just need to know ‘who’.”

After he said this, he pulled up his scroll. On it were the pictures of some of the transfers from Haven: Mercury, Emerald, Neo, and the one who continued to draw his attention, Cinder.

*****

At last, The Beacon Dance awaited its participants from the four academies. The banquet hall slowly filled with students, and respective chaperones.

Blake and Yang walked into the hall together. The former in a purple halter that was asymmetrical in its styling, combined with a Black mesh covering over her shoulders and back. Yang was in a pale White dress in comparison, a nice contrast to the darker shades Blake had chosen.

“Impressive setup, Yang.” Said Blake as she took in the sights. Her partner looked around, pleased at the finished product.
The hall was decorated and laid out smartly. A nicely sized area off to the side for tables and refreshment. The dance floor was spacious. The staging area was tucked in nicely to keep the music pleasing for those further away and driving for those who wanted to embrace the impending chaos. The lighting was also smartly done. Plain lighting being slightly brighter at the tables blending to the cooler-colored club atmosphere of the dance floor.

As the huntress partners admired the decor, Jaune and Pyrrha strolled in. Jaune wore a tuxedo variant of the Academies’ Male uniform, customary for all of the male students at the dance, while Pyrrha wore a sleeveless Red Dress that parlayed well with her hair.

The newly arrived stopped at Blake and Yang as they also admired the scene. “I like how you set this up, Yang.” Jaune said, as he looked around.

“Yes, it’s so amazing to see how you transformed the banquet hall.” Pyrrha said. Eventually, the two pairs split off. Blake and Yang went to one table, while Jaune and Pyrrha went to another.

Already waiting for them were Ruby, Ren, and Nora. Ruby wore a spaghetti strap black dress with red trim, while Nora settled for a Pink halter over a white shirt that went to about the top of her knee.

At the same time, another pairing arrived at the dance. Weiss wore a White sleeveless dress, similar in style to the other ladies. While the person beside her was a man with strikingly Blue hair accompanied by yellow goggles.

“I appreciate you going with me, Neptune.” Weiss said, as she sighed lightly.

“You’re very welcome, snow angel.” He replied, as they made their way in.

*****

Up on the balcony of the hall, the staff of Beacon Academy kept a vigilant watch over the festivities. Professors Oobleck and Peach were keeping watch in one corner, Headmaster Ozpin and Professor Goodwitch were across the hall from them, the nurse and one of the technicians for the simulator were to the left of the Headmaster’s pairing, while Professor Port and Winter took the last corner.
“Such a fun time around here. The Vytal Festival right around the corner, the nondescript holiday to soon follow. Missions to run, champions to crown. Such a fantastic next few months we have.” Professor Port started as he kept his vigilant watch. Winter nodded, as she also kept an eye on the students.

*****

Elsewhere, near the CCT tower at Beacon, Qrow was surprisingly sober and keeping his end of the agreement with Ozpin.

‘I wonder just who Oz’s worrying about?’ He thought, as he made routine patrols around the control area.

*****

Back in the banquet hall, the music began to beckon people over to the dance floor. Rhythmic and melodic sounds spread across the area, not lost at all on Pyrrha.

“Jaune, can we dance?” She asked. Jaune nodded and walked with her to the dance floor. Hand in hand, Jaune paused and lightly pulled her back towards him. With a tight twirl, Pyrrha was nestled in his arms as the singer began.

Slow and steady was the rhythm for this. A nice song which seemed to accurately portray each other’s feelings and the times they’ve had so far. As they danced, they looked directly into each other’s eyes. Emerald and Cobalt not leaving each other’s gaze.

Off to the side, Blake and Yang smiled slightly as they watched. Ruby was slightly awestruck as she watched as well.

“Those two always work well together, don’t they?” Yang asked, Blake could only nod in agreement.

Seemingly all too soon, the song had faded out and back into the normal higher paced selections. Jaune and Pyrrha walked back to the group and grabbed a couple glasses of water.
“Thank you, Jaune. That was lovely.” Pyrrha said. Jaune bowed his head in appreciation.

“Pyrrha, I hate to intrude. But could I have a chance with Jaune next?” Ruby asked. Almost instantly, Blake and Yang’s heads whipped around as the most unlikely of sources just tried to cut in.

Pyrrha thought about it. “You know? Sure, I’ll let everyone have a chance. But, please. I would like the last dance with him.”

Blake and Yang both nodded, small smiles forming on their faces. “No problem from me, Pyrrha.” Yang replied.

Jaune piped in quickly. “Let’s try to not have the dances be in rapid succession, please? I’d like to have some sort of breather during this.”

As if he was struck with inspiration, he motioned Ruby over and began going over a dance routine for a particular song Ruby should request.

*****

As the festivities continued below, Headmaster Ozpin and Professor Goodwitch held polite conversation.

“It would seem that Mr. Arc has gotten into Ms. Nikos’ good graces. An unsurprising turn of events.” Glynda mused, Ozpin huffed slightly at the situation.

“No, not surprising at all. I am surprised at Ms. Schnee’s decision to go with that ‘Neptune’ boy tonight, however.” Ozpin stated.

In another corner, Winter and Professor Port were also keeping a brief dialogue.

“That ‘Arc’ fellow reminds me of a young version of me. Such a powerful yet enticing dance with Ms. Nikos.” The elder Professor stated. Winter nodded.
'It would seem my analysis of Ms. Nikos is correct. She is very smitten with Jaune.' She thought, as the music turned to another song.

*****

In the tower, Qrow was being vigilant in his work. He used the time to do some minor maintenance on his scythe.

“Sounds like things are going well at the dance. Perhaps I’ve overreacted to the situation.” He mused to no one in general.

*****

Back inside the banquet hall, Ruby walked to the Disk Jockey and put in the song request that Jaune told her. Hurriedly, she rushed back to him and nodded.

“Well, let’s see how this goes.” Jaune said as he looked at the rest of the group.

The music then shifted, going into a nice medium paced number as the two captains took to the floor.

As the opening lyrics of the song began, they burst into a fine quick movement set. Jaune’s teachings had stuck well and their footwork was impressive to see and experience.

“Ruby always was a good listener. I’m surprised that Jaune even knows this type of dancing.” Yang mused to Blake, who nodded.

“He always seems to surprise us, doesn’t he?” Blake replied.

In the other side of the room, Weiss was also slightly impressed. “Huh, he’s not as clumsy as I thought.”
Neptune blinked as he turned his head to her. “Who do you mean?”

Weiss motioned her head toward Jaune and Ruby. “I’m meaning Jaune. It seems that music frees him up and he is actually competent in his movements.”

In another portion of the room, a particularly interested trio of people were gauging the dancing pair.

“It would seem that the two captains have developed quite a rapport.” One of them said, a woman in a long Black dress, complimenting her equally long black hair that hung over her left eye.

“They do, that could be a problem.” Said the male of the trio. The other female of the group only nodded.

As the quick paced song finished, Ruby and Jaune laughed and shared a quick high-five. The leader of the trio decided it was a good idea to take her leave.

“I’ll be back, I just need to get some air.” Cinder said, as she strolled out of the banquet hall.

The extrusion was not lost on Ozpin. ‘Hm, seems I may have found our operative.’

Ruby also decided an exit was in order, mainly since she just couldn’t stand social gatherings.

Ozpin saw her leave as well. ‘Now that’s interesting. I wonder why Ms. Rose is taking her leave?’

*****

The music continued to entice multiple people to the dance floor. Many of which acquiesced to the stimulation, some drawing away as they needed a breath.

For Jaune, he was enjoying a small break. Pyrrha, Blake, and Yang were dancing together in a rather fun manner. Ren and Nora were at the same table he was, enjoying another drink of punch.
As the fast-paced song finished, the ‘Neapolitan Trio’ walked back to the table as Jaune clapped his hands.

“Very impressive, guys.” Jaune said as he held up a cup of water for one of them to grasp. Pyrrha gently took it and raised it to her lips. Taking calculated drinks, Pyrrha sat down right beside him. Blake and Yang also moved their chairs next to the couple after grabbing their own beverages.

All too soon a deliberate, driving beat started to ring out from the DJ’s area, and Yang knew what song it was.

“Hey Jaune, think we could dance to this one?” Yang asked. Jaune looked at Pyrrha, who nodded. As Yang extended her hand, he gently took it as she pulled him to the dance floor.

The pair trotted quickly as close to the center as they could before Jaune recalled the song being played, set his heels and pulled her back. With a deft motion of his right arm, he twirled her around and into his arms closely.

“May I?” he whispered, and Yang nodded.

Their dance was hot and heavy, playing on the words of the song. They were close, almost erotic in their movements. From the facial expressions, to footwork, to the aggressive motions set in place. The middle of the dance floor spread out in surprise at the two blondes.

The floor to themselves, they let loose a little more. Playing on an aggressive tone, Yang and Jaune would consistently motion breaking up, only to reattach in a more erotic fashion than the previous time.

“Wow, who knew that Jaune could dance like that?” Pyrrha asked, while Blake was slightly jealous of her partner and their heated dance.

Clear blue turned smoky while lavender turned dusky. Their eyes reacted to the dance as much as their bodies as the song’s climax hit. With small beads of sweat forming, they reached the finish of their dance in a tight embrace that was reminiscent of how they began.
The pause right after was palpable, as the DJ had forgotten to put on the next song. “All right, that was some hot and heavy dancing. Give it up for the couple in the middle of the dance floor!” He said into the microphone. The crowd burst into applause as the next song took over the silence once again.

The pair were motionless until the applause began, knocking them out of their growing lust for each other. Breathing heavily, they hugged one more time before departing the dance floor and back to the table. Thankful that someone had retrieved two more glasses of water.

Yang sat down first, feeling very excited as the dance played in her mind again. She had half a mind to drag him back to the dorm and didn’t think he would mind. But her promise to Pyrrha derailed that notion as she reluctantly let him go.

Jaune sat down next, letting the relatively cooler air and the cool beverage lower his own desires. The way they moved, their reactions, their closeness. It was deliciously erotic, but he couldn’t do that to Pyrrha.

Up in the balcony, Glynda and Ozpin mused about the blonde tornado of a dance.

“If I didn’t know better, I would have called that too explicit for these students.” Glynda stated. Ozpin huffed in amusement.

Winter lightly rubbed her thighs together recalling the recent dance. “That was quite a show, Professor Port.”

The elder statesman of the pair nodded. “That is was, Winter. I would be cautious if I were Mr. Arc. A few more dances like that could get a gentleman in quite a bit of trouble.”

“You aren’t kidding, I could tell Ms. Xiao-Long wanted to take him to the dorm. I don’t think Ms. Nikos’ would be able to prevent about every other woman here from wanting to do the same.” Winter mused to herself.

*****

Out in the courtyard, Ruby heard the loud applause from the ballroom as she took in the relative quiet and cooling air.
In her peripheral vision, she noticed someone walking toward the CCT tower. ‘Why are they heading there?’ She thought, before calling for her weapon, which also thankfully contained a spare pair of boots. After it landed, she changed to her more comfortable shoe choice and grabbed her weapon. Sending it back to the storage facility, she took off silently at the perspective intruder.

*****

Back inside the hall, the music rumbled as the participants cycled through the dance floor.

Jaune had just gotten his wind back when a particular song started.

“Oh! The moment we’ve been waiting on. Let’s go, you guys!” Ren said, as Nora and he ran for the dance floor. A look between Pyrrha and Jaune later and they joined their teammates.

However long they may have worked together, no one would know. But their choreography was stunning.

*****

In the CCT Tower, Qrow had just pulled out his flask from his back pocket and took a slight swallow of the liquor inside.

“Nothing like a minor sting to keep you awake.” He mused, seemingly to thin air.

“I agree, now have another.” Said a seductive voice as the would-be thief attempted to knock him out.

Only his reactions kept the attempted blow from connecting, just in time for him to roll out of the way and her foot to connect with the solid wall.

“I was getting bored. Thankfully you like you could keep me entertained.” Qrow said, as a confident grin graced his features and he readied his weapon.
The fight began in earnest, blows being traded between the would-be assailant and the ad-hoc security. Projectiles were being fired, only to be batted away like toys.

Yet, even with this seemingly reckless fighting, the electronic equipment was not really disturbed.

Ruby clumbed the stairs of the tower and saw two people fighting, and she could make out one of the combatants. ‘Is that? It is!’

“UNCLE QROW!” Ruby yelled as she joined the fight. Soon the numbers game became too much for the assailant as she tried to hide amongst the electronics.

“Damn it, now that pipsqueak is here.” Cinder said to herself as she seethed. To her left, she saw a port that would be perfect to get her access to the mainframe.

*****

The group song finished, but the DJ kept going with another full dance number.

While the song was going, someone decided lightning dust would be a great idea as it came from the far-left side. As soon as it struck Nora, the entire sound system and electrical currents went into overload before they were diverted to a safe place.

****

Only for the current to pass right into the conduit Cinder was planning to use. The electricity went through her like quicksilver, frying the bug she was trying to plant and leaving her a twitching, and rather charred, mess.

“Oooh, that’s shocking.” Qrow said, and Ruby immediately cracked up.

“It’s great to see you, Uncle Qrow. Did you miss me?” Ruby said as she jumped onto him.
A smirk planted itself on his features. “No. Do you know this person?”

A chuckle afterward told Ruby he was just playing around, as usual. Ruby took a look at the convulsing person. “Oh, that’s Cinder. She arrived about two weeks ago from Haven, I think.”

With all the care of a roaming boarbatusk grimm, he placed special handcuffs on Cinder. With a grunt, he lifted her up and took her to Headmaster Ozpin’s office.

*****

Back in the ballroom, the sound system came back on slowly, letting the room regain the atmosphere it had developed over the course of the dance. Ren and Nora decided to take their leave from the dance while Pyrrha, Jaune, Blake, and Yang walked over to the table.

Weiss soon joined them, Neptune walking right alongside. “Where did you learn to dance?” she asked Jaune.

“When you have seven sisters, you learn some things.” Jaune replied, as he took a drink of water. Neptune’s eyes widened considerably, as did everyone else’s.

The music changed, taking on a more sensual approach again. Blake decided that this was her chance and leaned toward him. “Hey, Jaune. May I have a dance?”

Jaune nodded and stood, extending his hand toward Blake. She took it delicately as they walked to the dance floor once again.

They chose a spot nicely between the middle and edge of the dance floor. Jaune spun Blake around much like he did the others and wrapped his arms around her.

They moved slow, sensual, letting the smooth vocals take control of their situation. Cobalt and Amber never moving from each other for a few moments. Eventually, Blake decided to turn her head and rest it on his chest as he slightly tightened his embrace. A continuing feeling of trust between each other as he tilted his head down to stare at her Midnight Black hair.
At the table, Pyrrha and Yang were both appreciative at his notions to Blake. Weiss was even contemplating how he could be this genuine, if he wasn’t a pervert. The seven sisters’ comment had really stuck with her.

“He’s such a gentleman.” Pyrrha said, as she watched them move slowly together. Yang nodded, feeling slightly jealous of her partner.

Up on the Balcony, Winter watched as Blake and Jaune danced. Her attitude had become rather reflective, wondering how he felt as he danced.

The change in attitude was not lost on Professor Port. With a slight cough, he caught her attention.

“Ms. Schnee, you may be a fine specialist for Atlas. However, I can tell you wish to have some fun this evening. The dance will be over soon enough, and I am certain I can keep my watch from here until the end. Please, do try to have some entertainment.” He said, as he unknowingly gave his observation partner permission.

With a nod of gratitude, Winter turned to her left and walked down the stairs.

*****

In Ozpin’s office, Qrow placed Cinder in a nearby chair. “She’s won’t be going anywhere. That was some electricity she just absorbed. Go have some fun, Ruby. I’ll keep watch.”

Ruby nodded. “Thanks, and it’s great to see you, Uncle Qrow.”

With that, she left and walked back to her dorm. Qrow just looked at the smoking woman with a puzzled look.

‘Now why would you want to infiltrate Beacon?’ he asked himself.

*****
Seemingly all too soon, the song’s music had finished. However, there were still some lyrics to be sung, and for the duration Jaune just held Blake. A final tender moment before they broke their embrace and walked back to the table.

“I must say, I am impressed Jaune. You and Blake danced very well together.” Yang said, as Blake took her seat. The latter was blushing brightly as she replayed the dance in her mind over and over.

Jaune chuckled. “Thanks, it’s easy to dance with such great dance partners.” As if on cue, the other of the trio blushed brightly.

Winter made her way through the hall, heading straight for the now combined RWBY/JNPR table.

“Oh, sister! What a pleasant surprise.” Weiss said, as Neptune took his leave for a moment.

“If you’ll excuse me, I have to use the facilities.” He said as he walked away from the group. A bit away, he met up with his friend, Sun.

“Hey, bud. Seems you were played.” Sun stated. Neptune just nodded, a bit disheartened.

Together, they walked out of the ballroom, heading back to their dorm.

*****

“I hope everyone has had a fantastic evening.” Winter replied. Everybody nodded, Jaune taking a moment to collect his thoughts from the evening thus far.

As the music changed again, Winter knew which song was coming next. “Pyrrha, would you mind if I have this dance with Jaune?”

That caused Jaune’s head to pop up. “Wait, you wish to dance with me?”

Winter nodded. “I do, I’ve been keeping watch all night and have noticed how proficient you are. I’d like the chance to experience this.”
Jaune looked at Pyrrha, who thought for a brief second before motioning for him to go. She knew there wasn’t a lot of time left, but the last dance had not been announced.

Jaune then stood and extended his right hand to Winter. With a careful placement of her left hand, they walked to the center of the dance floor.

Weiss tried to use this moment for her own dance. “Pyrrha, as my date has left me for the time being, would you like to dance?”

Pyrrha shook her head slowly. “I’m sorry, but I must decline. I only have one more dance in me tonight.”

Weiss was upset, her plans had gone awry once again. Her date just left and her chance to dance with the best student in the class went sour.

*****

As they made it to the center of the dance floor, Winter turned sharply to face Jaune. “Do you know how to waltz?”

Jaune’s eyes never left hers as a small smile graced his features. “One of my sisters loves to waltz.”

They locked hands, her left lightly enveloped in his right as he wrapped his left arm around her torso and her arm went around his shoulder. The slow melodic pace allowed for close contact but warranted graceful movement.

As the specialist and Jaune danced to their waltz, Weiss became slightly incensed.

‘This is so unfair. He’s dancing with my sister and I could barely get one dance with my date!’ She thought, as the pair in question seemed to put on a clinic in ballroom waltz technique.
Up in the balcony, Professor Goodwitch watched the scene unfold.

“It would seem that though the younger Ms. Schnee does not care for Mr. Arc, specialist Schnee trusts him inexplicably.” She said.

“I agree, I only hope General Ironwood does not oppose this potential situation. It would not be in anyone’s interests to have Atlas upset at Beacon.” Ozpin stated as he kept watch as well.

The song soon concluded, as Jaune and Winter parted ways. The male giving a bow, while Winter gave a light curtsy. He offered his left hand, which Winter took with her right as they walked back to the table.

Jaune allowed Winter to take a seat at the table while he walked behind and grabbed two more glasses of water. All the while, Weiss was fuming at the situation.

“How dare you dance with this pervert?” Weiss said as she turned and left the ballroom in a huff.

Yang and Blake both facepalmed as the heiress departed. Winter shook her head in annoyance, as well.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the last dance of the evening.” The DJ said as the music turned to a very slow song.

“Pyrrha, may I?” Jaune asked, as he place his glass of water down and extended his left hand to her. The redheaded woman lightly placed her right hand in his as they walked quickly to the dance floor.

“She really is a lucky woman.” Yang said absentmindedly. Blake nodded, as did Winter.

“I think she’s not the only one who’s lucky.” Winter said, as she took another drink of her water.

“Let’s go, Yang. It is the final dance, after all.” Blake said, as she offered her own hand to the Blonde brawler. The two partners took off and placed themselves right next to Jaune and Pyrrha.
As the song began, Jaune pulled Pyrrha close. She wrapped her arms around his neck while he wrapped his own arms around her, letting his left hand encompass her torso while his right hand snaked up and rested between her shoulder blades.

The embrace affected Pyrrha instantly, as she rested her head on his left shoulder. She turned her head to the right and closed her eyes as the lovely tones of the song played along.

Jaune smiled contently, letting his own eyes lock in on the long, flowing hair of his partner. Every so often, he would look around and also catch the eyes of Yang, Blake, even Winter. A shared look of understanding. He was there with Pyrrha, but he also cared deeply for the others.

Yang and Blake also embraced, though far more lightly than Jaune was holding Pyrrha. Together, they danced slowly as well. Allowing them to feel indirectly connected to the close couple.

Off at the table, Winter smiled as well. He was not aware of how much he was trusted by his friends. Nor did he realize just how much he was cared for by someone he only barely knew. She wanted to walk up to them and ask for another dance, but she felt it would’ve been in bad taste.

Pyrrha was lost in her thoughts. ‘This just feels right. He’s so comfortable, and gentle. I can’t believe we’re in this type of embrace.’

Jaune finally heard the song concluding, feeling it was much too soon. He closed his eyes and proceeded to plant a kiss on the back left of Pyrrha’s head. A final close connection between the two partners.

All too soon, the lights began to brighten, and the DJ thanked everyone for a wonderful evening of fun.

Yang and Blake then broke apart and turned to Pyrrha and Jaune, who also broke from their embrace with bright blushes. “Thank you all, for a fantastic night.”

Yet, surprisingly, Winter walked behind them and gently placed her right hand on his left shoulder. “I think everyone needs to thank you, Jaune.”
His blush brightened even more, as he was complimented by the specialist. The effect was not lost on Pyrrha, Blake, or Yang, as they decided to give him a group hug.

“I-it was my honor, everyone.” Jaune said as he smiled slightly while the hug began to lighten.

Winter then turned and walked out of the emptying ballroom. Blake and Yang followed as they walked closely together.

Jaune then turned to his right and offered his hooked left arm to Pyrrha. “Let’s head back to our dorm. It’s been a long night.”

Pyrrha’s blush re-emerged as she hooked her arm to his and they walked out of the ballroom.

*****

Back in Ozpin’s office, the Headmaster in question arrived and was treated to a rather pleasant surprise.

In his office were Qrow and a corralled Cinder. With a smile, he walked around and sat down on his desk.

“You were right, Oz. This young lady was found trying to get into the CCT.” Qrow said, as he motioned in Cinder’s direction.

“It would seem your suspicions were correct as well, Qrow. I will need to have some discussions with Ms. Cinder, here.” The Headmaster stated as he sat down and stared into the defiant eyes of the infiltrator.

*****

Back at the door to JNPR’s dorm, Jaune and Pyrrha finally arrived after taking a more scenic route through the courtyard.
“Jaune, this was a phenomenal evening.” Pyrrha said, as she released his arm and turned to face him.

The two embraced again as Jaune formed his response. “You helped make this phenomenal. Thank you, again, for inviting me.”

The embrace lightened slightly as the partners turned their heads to face each other. They tilted their heads to the side as they closed the gap and their lips came together in a deep kiss.

As they kissed, the door to Team RWBY’s dorm opened a little. Two pairs of eyes watched the entire thing.

“Makes me wish I was her.” Yang whispered as she watched them. Blake nodded slowly, a tear forming in her right eye.

With a quiet click, the door to RWBY’s dorm closed as the two broke their kiss.

After breaking their embrace, Jaune turned the doorknob on their dorm room.

“Jaune, would you give me another bridal carry?” Pyrrha asked. Jaune smiled and nodded. He moved to her left side and wrapped his left arm around her shoulders, knelt slightly to lightly strike her knees and lifted her up with little problem.

“Of course, milady. Shall we?” Jaune asked. At Pyrrha’s nod, he turned to his left and carried her through the doorway and into their dorm.

Chapter End Notes

Just a heads up, all.

If you're wondering what songs I had in mind for this chapter, here you go:

"Time After Time" by Cyndi Lauper for the first dance with Pyrrha

"Zoot Suit Riot" by Cherry Poppin' Daddies for his dance with Ruby.

"Lonely No More" by Rob Thomas for his dance with Yang
The canonical group dance number 'Shine'

"Electric Slide' for Nora

"Kiss From A Rose" by Seal for the dance with Blake

"Waltz of the Flowers" by Tchaikovsky for his Waltz with Winter

Finally, "All My Life" by K-Ci and Jojo for the final dance with Pyrrha.

By all means, go ahead and search for them in you wish.
Day broke once again on Beacon Academy. The Beacon Dance was a resounding success, with everyone sending positive feedback to Yang on the decorations and the DJ’s musical choices.

With the positive reactions pouring in, it seemed like a good idea to enjoy a nice day out in Vale. “Hey guys, anyone want to head into town?” She asked her teammates.

Ruby perked right up. “Sure!”

Weiss thought for a brief moment. “Why not? I need some time outside of the Academy.”

Blake just shook her head. “No, but thanks. I want to head to the library for some more studies.”

Yang rolled her eyes but didn’t press the issue. After changing into her normal clothing, she walked across the hall to the Team JNPR dorm and knocked on the door.

-“Coming!”- replied Pyrrha. Finishing getting dressed herself, she opened the door.

“Oh, Yang! What’s going on?” She asked.

“Hey Pyrrha, some of us going into Vale and was wondering if you guys wanted to join us.” Yang replied.

Pyrrha opened the door a bit more and invited her in. Jaune had just finished getting dressed himself, while Nora’s and Ren’s beds were vacant and recently made.
“I think Nora and Ren already left for the day. However, I’d be more than happy to join you guys.” Pyrrha said as she walked to grab her purse.

Jaune looked at the two ladies now in their dorm. As fun as the last evening was, the last thing he wanted was to go into town.

“Sorry, guys. But I’ll sit this one out. You all can have a fun Girls Day.” Jaune said as he grabbed his scroll.

“You sure, Jaune?” Pyrrha asked as she started to look downtrodden.

“I’m sure. You all will have a fantastic time. I’m going to do some more research for class and do some cleaning up around here.” Jaune stated as he walked towards the two huntresses, placing his right hand gently on Pyrrha’s right shoulder.

“Hey, you heard the man. Let’s have some more fun today. We have a busy next couple of months before us.” Yang said as Jaune removed his hand.

“All right, well I guess I’ll see you tonight.” Pyrrha said as Yang guided her out. Jaune waved as he watched them go across the hall. With a soft sigh, he closed the door and turned his scroll back to the recent training sessions.

At the Team RWBY dorm, Yang and Pyrrha walked in. “Everyone ready? Jaune won’t be joining us so we can have a fun girl’s day out!” Yang stated with an enthusiastic tone.

In a few moments Yang, Ruby, Weiss, and Pyrrha all left the housing wing of Beacon Academy, on their way to the landing pads to head to Vale.

Jaune was peacefully, yet dutifully, taking some notes on his training sessions when a knock on the JNPR dorm interrupted his thought process. With a pause of the solo session before Winter’s help, he walked to the door and opened it a little. When he saw the figure of Blake in the hall, he opened the door the rest of the way.

“Ah, Blake. I thought you would’ve gone to Vale with the others. What’s up?” Jaune asked.
“I was wondering if you wanted to work in the simulator with me.” Blake replied.

“I was planning a session, yes. But I figured solo work would be appropriate. Seeing as Pyrrha and the others have gone to Vale for the day.” Jaune answered.

Blake nodded. “You thought I would go with them?”

Jaune nodded as well. “I did. I figured you might want a nice day out with the rest of the people as well.”

Blake shook her head. “I’m still a little fatigued from the dance. I figured to study in the library and maybe do some light work in the simulator.”

Jaune really didn’t know what to think of that but nodded. “Sure, we can work in the simulator. Let me grab my shoes and we can head on over.”

Blake’s small smile of relief was not lost on Jaune. A quick minute later, they walked to the simulator.

*****

Over in Ozpin’s office, the Headmaster began a brief interrogation of Cinder.

As he sat down and took a sip of fresh coffee, his calculated stare bore into her nerve.

“Well now, Cinder. I believe you have some information for me.” He said.

Her own Amber eyes defiant, she refused to divulge information.

Ozpin sighed, it seemed he needed to resort to the very tactics that he despised.
“Qrow, do go and find Ms. Sustrai and Mr. Black for me. I believe they will be far more... cooperative.” He said to the shadows. In an instant, the slightly buzzed man turned into a Crow and flew out of the office.

“Now, Cinder. You’ve been a very bad woman. One way or another, you will tell me your secrets.” Ozpin said, the light in his glasses reflecting and hiding his eyes.

*****

In the locker room, Jaune and Blake changed into their gear.

“This feels familiar.” Blake said as she pulled Gambol Shroud out from her locker.

Jaune nodded, pulling out his sword and shield combination. “It does, and I’m not sure this is a good thing. But, no matter what, we’ll be fine.”

As he affixed his sheathed sword to his left hip, he turned to Blake. “Let’s have a little fun.”

Blake’s small smile and nod were her answer. Together they walked into the training arena.

*****

Qrow went flying around the facility looking for the pair in question. ‘Hmm, where could they be?’

He flew around the living area, the dining hall, and the library. Yet he couldn’t find them until he flew by the simulator.

‘Uh oh, this isn’t good.’ He thought before landing in the hall next to the door. Silently opening it, he peaked inside.

*****
As soon as Blake and Jaune walked into the training arena, they were ambushed by Emerald and Mercury. With surgical precision, they tried to take out the pair of budding hunters.

Jaune recovered first, going for Mercury, while Blake squared up with Emerald. The attacks became fierce and fast, with partner swaps occurring quickly on Jaune and Blake’s side.

Every attack felt like a blitz of pain, every counter a wall of protection.

Mercury then caught Blake with a vicious kick, launching her at Jaune, who caught her cleanly and spun around.

“Ready?” He said, and the twin blade attack was launched.

Mercury dodged Gambol Shroud, but his leg took the brunt of Jaune’s short sword, snapping loudly as he collapsed.

Emerald was incensed and tried to retaliate for her partner when a flash of white and black knocked her away and into a wall.

“Back off of them.” Qrow threatened. Instinctively, Jaune and Blake kept their guard up before the mysterious huntsman walked over and retrieved the two swords.

With a gentle throw, he sent them back to their respective owners and picked up Emerald. Then he picked up Mercury with ease as he turned to them.

“Nicely done, you two. It’s not easy fighting through an ambush. Especially with this assassin.” He motioned his head toward Mercury.

With a grin, he left the practice arena. Leaving Jaune and Blake alone once again.

“Who was that?” Blake asked.

“I’m not sure. Are you all right?” Jaune replied as he turned to look at her.
Blake nodded. “I’m fine. Just shaken up from the sudden fight.”

Jaune retracted his shield into its sheath form and placed his sword into it. After he re-affixed it to his hip, he wrapped his left arm around Blake.

“Let’s go, Blake. I think we need to calm down.” He said. At Blake’s nod, they turned around and walked back into the locker room.

*****

Back in Ozpin’s office, Qrow walked in carrying the defeated bodies of Cinder’s cohorts.

“Found these two picking a fight in the simulator with a couple of students. Thankfully, no one was hurt.” Qrow said as he unceremoniously planted Emerald right beside Cinder, and Mercury was planted on the other side.

“Well, looks like all of you have some information for me.” Ozpin said, as he brought up footage of the fight in the CCT last night, and the recent brawl in the simulator.

“Tell me, what makes you three believe you can waltz your way onto my Academy and attempt to sabotage what we are doing?” The Headmaster demanded. The silence that followed was deafening.

“Very well, I guess I’ll need to involve some of my staff.” Ozpin stated. With a grasp of his scroll, he contacted Professor Goodwitch.

As he ended the call, he turned back to the defiant trio. “Well I hope you remember my associate, Professor Goodwitch. She seems rather... irritated at your decisions.”

The silence continued, until the elevator bell rang, and the aforementioned Professor walked in. Immediately she cracked her riding crop on Mercury’s non-broken leg, shattering the metallic structure inside.
“That was for making a mockery of my class, Mr. Black.” Professor Goodwitch threatened.

The defiance in the trio’s eyes would soon burn out. It was all a matter of time.

*****

Back in the locker room, Blake and Jaune finished disrobing before Jaune walked into the showers first. Blake then walked in after, taking care to choose another shower stall away from his.

As the warm water soothed his sore muscles, Jaune noticed some blood flowing down the drain. A check of himself saw a newfound scar on his left shoulder, just on the outer part of it.

‘Bastard got a good shot in.’ He thought, as he began cleaning himself off.

At her chosen stall, Blake allowed the warm water to soothe her own muscles. She thought of the last fight. How Jaune took immediate defensive measures to protect her, even getting slightly wounded in the process.

‘That’s twice-no three times he’s protected me. With blatant disregard to his own safety, at that.’ She thought, as she reached for her own body wash and began to clean off.

Jaune finished his shower first, reaching for his towel to dry off. After drying the water from his eyes, he wrapped it around his torso and walked back into the locker room.

After he sat down on the bench, he deftly slid his boxers under the towel and pulled them up to give him a modicum of decency. From there, he removed said towel and used it to dry his hair and upper body.

As he was drying himself off, Blake emerged from the showers. She paused briefly as she watched Jaune dry off. His back and arms moving and flexing as he continued his movements.

Jaune had just finished drying his right arm when he saw Blake in his peripheral vision.
“Something on your mind, Blake?” He asked, before sliding on a pair of jeans.

“Just thinking, Jaune.” Blake lied, as she walked back to her own locker.

After the pair finished getting dressed, they walked to the cafeteria for some lunch.

*****

In Ozpin’s office, the Headmaster was getting rather frustrated at the lack of information. Though Glynda was effective in figuring out why they tried to infiltrate Beacon, finding out who authorized it was a problem.

The Headmaster stood, his eyes hidden behind his glasses once again. “I will offer this once. One of you tell me who sent you, or I will ruin everything you hold dear.”

Cinder remained defiant, but her mind seemed to betray her. In quiet retrospection, she realized her only way out was to negotiate.

“I’ll speak and tell you what you wish to know. But I have my own demand for this.” Cinder said, as she looked right at the ground in front of her.

That lifted Ozpin’s mood slightly, as an amused expression graced his features. “Tell me, and maybe I’ll agree.”

Glynda’s riding crop rested in her left hand as she awaited the reply.

Cinder took a deep breath, steeling her nerves before she motioned for Ozpin to come closer. Once he did, she revealed her request to him in a whisper. Instantly his eyes widened.

‘She tricked us!’ Emerald thought. Mercury was in no stature to protest, passing out moments ago.

Ozpin’s expression turned into a small smile as he stood back straight. “I agree to your wish. Now tell me, who sent you?”
Back at the housing wing, Blake and Jaune walked toward their respective teams’ dorms. Their silence was awkward, a weight seeming to be held above their heads reminiscent of the Sword of Damocles.

Finally, they arrived at the door to Team RWBY’s dorm. As they arrived, Blake turned to Jaune.

“Thanks, Jaune.” Blake said. Jaune was alone in his thoughts as he turned towards her.

“For what, Blake?” He replied. The session felt like a blur to him. From seeing his friends leave for a day out, to being in another fight alongside Blake, to the comfortable lunch they shared.

“For everything from when you helped me when I hurt my ankle, until today. You’ve been a great guy.” Blake said, as she produced her scroll to unlock the door to her dorm.

Jaune nodded as the lock unlatched to Blake’s dorm. “You’re very welcome, Blake.”

Blake had a decision to make. She knew she wanted him, but also knew Pyrrha loved him as well. Their dance last night showed it to the campus.

“Would you like to come in? We can go over some of our training sessions while the others are still out.” Blake asked genuinely.

Jaune nodded as he pulled his scroll out of his own pocket. “Sure, I think that would be fantastic.”

With a small smile, Blake opened the door and walked in. Jaune followed and closed the door with a silent click.

The next 30 minutes were fairly straightforward, as the two bounced ideas off each other on technique and strategy. They both used various things around the room as props to demonstrate what they were talking about.
Then Blake’s scroll turned to the pair-up fight against Russell and Cardin.

“Man, this was a brawl.” Blake said. Jaune sat next to her as the fight was in its pre-stages. Instinctively, he wrapped his left arm around her shoulders.

“Do you remember what I said before that fight, Blake?” Jaune asked.

Blake nodded slowly, as she felt him pull her closer to him almost in a protective manner. “I do, you told me you didn’t have to help me. Or anyone else you could. Then you asked me ‘why’.”

Jaune nodded, as he paid close attention to the beginning stages of the fight. “I wanted to. I always want to take care of those that I care about.”

Blake nodded as the fight began. “Did you mean me?”

Jaune did not hesitate. “I meant everyone on our teams. You, Yang, Pyrrha, Ren, Nora, Ruby, even Weiss. Then I remember asking if you trusted me.”

Blake held back a tear as memories of the fight and a few days after played in her mind. “I do. I’ve trusted you ever since you took the time to help me.”

Jaune watched as Russell tried his cheap shot, only for Glynda to scold him. Then he saw his own verbal explosion at Cardin.

“They got what they deserved.” He said, before reaching around with his right hand and wrapping it around her front to meet his left as he set his head on her right shoulder. Tightly, he gave a sideways hug to her.

Blake dropped the scroll, allowing the video to end and her scroll to go silent. She leaned into the hug while Jaune kept his embrace.

Shortly after, he released his hold on her and prepared to stand up. However, Blake’s right hand
snapped up and grasped his left arm.

“Jaune…” she started.

He sat back down, not wanting to leave his friend. “Yes, Blake?”

Blake was at a loss for words, she stood up and moved to his front before she decided to sit back down on his lap.

“Please, could you hold me?” Blake asked, as she wrapped her arms around his neck. Jaune smiled contently as he wrapped his arms around her torso snugly.

“Of course.” He replied, moving his right hand in between Blake’s shoulder blades much like he did the night before with Pyrrha during the last dance of the evening.

Blake was in heaven as they embraced. She closed her eyes and basked in the close connection she felt with him.

Her instinct took over, however, as she moved her hands to pull his shirt lightly. He offered no resistance to her initiative as he felt his back and stomach begin to be bared to her.

“Jaune…” Blake’s voice had turned lustful.

“Yes?” He replied, as he let her hands play on his now bare back.

“Undress me…” Blake requested. A kiss on her neck was her response as his hands snaked under her own shirt to tease her back muscles while a slight moan escaped from her lips.

As they undressed each other, their methods were varied. Blake was rough, trying to ravage his senses. Yet Jaune was careful as he took his time to tease as he removed pieces of her attire.

As Jaune freed Blake’s torso from her top and bra, he took the time to feel her generous breasts in his hands. He felt their weight and their warmth before he felt her hands work on his belt. Lifting
his hips, she defrocked him swiftly and he felt himself grow erect at the sensations he was experiencing.

Blake got a good look at his manhood, standing proudly as it was freed from its confines.

As she admired the erect cock in front of her, his hands had gotten to her belt. With the same care he had demonstrated thus far, he glided them down and got a clear look at her soaked, shaved pussy.

“You’re beautiful.” They said to each other as Blake removed her pants from her legs and sat back down on Jaune’s lap.

“I-I don’t have a condom, Blake.” Jaune said, before Blake claimed his lips with her own. A passionate kiss between budding lovers and closer friends.

The kiss was broken as they both panted. “I don’t care, Jaune. I trust you with everything.”

With that, they kissed again with even higher passion. A silent understanding of trust and hidden love. Breaths turned ragged, lusts rose to dangerous heights.

As they continued their embrace, Jaune finally broke the last heated kiss. “Are you ready, Blake?”

A nod was her only response as he moved his hands to her glorious ass and lifted her off his lap. With care, he felt his shaft probe lightly at her sodden opening.

Blake was swimming in lust as she held on tightly. “Go ahead, Jaune. I want you.”

That was the encouragement he needed. Slowly, he felt the wide head of his cock penetrate her folds and slide in inch by delicious inch.

Blake whimpered at the intrusion, feeling herself spread to accommodate his manhood before she felt a slight pressure.
“It’s ok, go ahead.” Blake said breathlessly before Jaune slightly withdrew and then began to work his prick into her once again. The pressure broke as he penetrated her hymen, a fullness encompassing the both of them as their lusts grew.

With a groan, he bottomed out inside Blake’s soaked vagina. He stayed still, trying to allow her to get used to his cock as it claimed her.

Blake breathed raggedly before she wrapped her arms around him tightly. “Fuck me, Jaune.”

Jaune wrapped his arms around her again. He placed his right hand back between her shoulder blades and his left arm snaked around her torso. With care, he used his left arm to lift her while moving his hips to withdraw his hard penis from her warm, slick folds before he lowered her and hilted her once again.

As he developed a rhythm, Blake’s mind was in heavenly lust. She was with the one she trusted and had grown to love. His erotic actions were as careful as his normal actions, and only helped drive her higher.

Jaune was careful, taking the time to savor this moment with Blake. He thrust hard, but not fast. He went deeply into her with every thrust, savoring the sweet heat they developed.

The pace was deliberate, and she didn’t want it any other way for the time being. Their time together was similar to how they had always been with each other since that fateful fall a few months ago.

Blake moaned loudly as she came hard from his thrusts. Yet Jaune didn’t cum. He kept working, being as careful as always.

“Jaune, let me take control.” Blake begged. Reluctantly, Jaune unwrapped his arms from her as she planted her feet to either side and began to bounce up and down roughly on his hard cock.

Jaune groaned loudly at the sensation of being ridden by his lover. Then they locked eyes once again.

Cobalt and Amber, the inferno had risen to new heights. He wrapped his arms around her again and pulled her into a heated kiss, causing her to stop her movements.
He began again, thrusting harder and faster than his deliberate pace earlier. With every thrust, he felt himself boiling to the point of no return. Blake broke the kiss and wrapped her arms around him as she held on as long as she could.

Blake came again, harder than the last time. As her vaginal muscles worked over his ready cock, Jaune groaned. “I’m cumming, Blake!”

Instantly, he hilted her once more as his cock erupted inside her. His heated cum pooling in her soaked pussy as she came again. For what seemed like an eternity, they stayed still. Letting passions and lusts cool.

Their breaths were the only sound heard from the dorm as Jaune embraced Blake again. With the utmost care demonstrated time and again, he withdrew his softening prick from her relaxed pussy. Blake would miss the feeling of fullness inside her, even more so as the intermixed fluids from their fucking session pooled below.

“Thank you, Jaune. For everything.” Blake said, as she claimed another kiss.

*****

Out in Vale, the quartet of budding huntresses had just finished enjoying a nice lunch near the docks.

“Man, that was awesome!” Ruby said, as she stretched her back.

“I agree, it was delightful.” Pyrrha said, a content smile on her lips.

“I bet last night was just as delightful.” Yang stated, a playful look grazing across her features.

“You were there, Yang. Your dance with Jaune was just downright...” Weiss began.

“Erotic?” Yang offered.
“Yes, complete erotica.” Weiss conceded. Yang’s face turned more playful as she processed her teammates’ words.

“I couldn’t help it, I like that song.” Yang replied with a shrug. Ruby just nodded.

“However, I wasn’t talking about the dance. I was meaning after.” Yang continued.

Pyrrha’s eyebrow raised. “What do you mean?”

“I mean you walked back to the dorms arm-in-arm with Jaune.” Yang stated.

“Yes, yes we did. It was a fabulous walk home. He was so gentle as we walked around the campus, through the courtyard, and then back to the dorm.” Pyrrha said, her mind playing the previous nights’ events over again.

“Did anything happen when you got back into your dorm?” Yang prodded.

Weiss and Ruby’s blushes rivaled Pyrrha’s hair before the heiress intervened. “That’s not really appropriate, Yang.”

Ruby just stayed silent, but Yang countered. “Weiss, you saw my dance with Jaune. If you haven’t understood by now that I am not the most appropriate, you’ve missed the boat.”

Weiss’s jaw dropped after she heard that, a shocking realization hitting her.

“You were planning on taking him to our dorm last night, weren’t you?” Weiss concluded.

Yang’s smile turned predatory, a look not lost on Pyrrha.

“Yang, you really were thinking that?” Pyrrha questioned.
Yang could only turn her smile into a smug grin. “I won’t lie, that dance with him really got me going. Right before I was going for it, I remembered you wanted the last dance.”

Yang’s head then hung slightly, as her eyes began to glaze over slightly. “I couldn’t do that to you or Jaune. That was a special dance for you two.”

Pyrrha, Ruby, and Weiss spent the next few seconds thinking of how to respond to the recent admission. Finally, Ruby spoke.

“That just shows you care, Yang.” The youngest of the quartet said.

Pyrrha nodded. “Thank you for caring about us. I’m not sure how today would’ve been if things didn’t work out.”

Yang nodded before bringing her head back up to face ahead. “So, tell us. How did that last dance feel?”

Pyrrha smiled as her eyes shined. “Perfect. It felt beautiful. To be that close and feel that deep level of trust.” She paused as she sighed softly. “I could’ve stayed like that forever.”

Yang smiled, as did Ruby.

‘Makes me wish that was me.’ Yang thought.

Weiss, however, was unimpressed.

“I still don’t understand what you all see in him.” She said, before the others turned their heads to face her.

“He’s the first person, outside of Yang of course, that I befriended after arriving at Beacon. He’s been a great friend to me.” Ruby said.
“Yeah even after that little incident on the bullhead, he’s shown nothing beyond genuine care. I don’t know how to describe it, but he just feels-“ Yang started, trying to find the word.

“Better?” Ruby offered. Her sister shook her head.

“No, he felt like a comfortable pair of jeans. Once they’re broken in it’s tough to enjoy something different. He just feels like he’s steadfast in his desire to protect.” Yang tried to explain.

Pyrrha then interjected. “I was approached by Winter about a week ago and she asked me the same question. I told her that I see a man who wants more out of life than what he has currently. I can tell he has a good heart, and his unselfish nature has been so refreshing for me to experience. I can’t explain why I feel like I do around him, but he just helps me feel relaxed.”

Yang tilted her head slightly. “That’s funny. Winter talked to Blake and I about him, too.”

Pyrrha raised her eyebrows. “Really?”

Yang nodded. “Apparently, someone was concerned about his, what did they call it? ‘Interpersonal relations’?”

A shrug followed before she continued. “Anyway, we both said the same thing. It seems he wants to protect everyone as much as he can. His words and his actions have never contradicted themselves.”

Weiss’ eyebrow rose at this admission. “Almost sounds like you and Blake have fallen for him.”

Pyrrha blushed as she looked down. “They wouldn’t be the only ones.”


Pyrrha didn’t hesitate. “Since right before initiation. He didn’t treat me like some celebrity. He just treated me like a normal person.”
Weiss closed her eyes. “Then when you saw him flying into the Emerald Forest, you saved him with throwing your spear. Thus, when you retrieved it, you would be his partner.”

Pyrrha nodded. “Ever since, it’s been a fantastic time.”

Yang nodded, a smirk reappearing on her face. “I bet it has.”

The women then began to walk back from the docks. They had passed a nice little store earlier, and they wanted a better look.

*****

In Team RWBY’s dorm, the lovers were still feeling the effects after their round of sex. Jaune was content in holding Blake closely, not wanting to lose that closeness. Herself in no real rush to get redressed, either. The silence between them was palpable, neither knowing what to say after such a close moment.

Finally, Jaune spoke first. “I think I understand, now.”

Blake stirred slightly, leaning back a little so they could look into each other’s eyes once again.

“What do you mean, Jaune?” Blake asked, a puzzled look on her features.

“I just think I understand.” He replied.

“Understand what?” Blake pressed.

“I only wanted to be a good man. But I guess in doing so, I’ve gotten a reputation.” Jaune said.

“Reputation?” Blake inquired.
Jaune nodded. “You’ve heard the rumors. How I’m being some sort of man-whore”

“That I have, but those are unfounded. Whoever started them has an axe to grind.” Blake said, as she pulled herself closer to him, resting her head on his left shoulder once again.

Jaune sighed peacefully, holding her close. ‘I can’t believe I’ve been so dense. I only wanted to be a good man. In doing so, my actions have affected Blake, Yang, and Pyrrha. They’ve all fallen in love with me. It wasn’t like I was trying.’

Eventually, Blake and Jaune broke their embrace. Allowing slightly uncomfortable silence linger.

“Did you want to use our dorm shower with me?” Blake asked.

Jaune shook his head. “No, but thanks for the offer. I’ll go across the hall to ours, then return here and help you clean up.”

With that Jaune stood, finding his boxers and jeans to put them on, and his shirt. Before he left Team RWBY dorm, he pulled Blake up and into his arms.

“I’ll be right back, beautiful. Enjoy your shower.” He said before leaving the dorm, keeping care not to expose his lover’s nude form.

*****

That little store was an interesting place for Yang, Weiss, Ruby, and Pyrrha. Yang absolutely adored a certain item, while the others chose not to purchase anything.

As the quartet walked out, Weiss asked. “Did you really have to get those?”

Yang nodded, a playful grin on her features. “Of course, they looked cute and I bet it will have the effect I’m looking for.”

Weiss and Pyrrha shook their heads while Ruby hid a furious blush.
“How did they even allow that type of store here in Vale?” Pyrrha asked as she recalled the store in question.

Yang shrugged. “There’s everything else here. Why not have that type?”

The others were silent as they had thought about it, walking back to the bullhead to Beacon.

*****

True to his word, after Jaune finished his shower he re-clothed himself in quick fashion. It was then that Nora and Ren had arrived back at the dorm.

“Oh, hey guys! How has your day been?” He asked the budding couple.

“It was nice. We took a rather long walk around the campus.” Ren replied.

“Yeah, and we then spent some time in the simulator. The session was more muted than normal.” Nora added.

“Only after I noticed some damage from earlier. Those technicians are not too happy with us.” Ren interjected.

“That’s weird. Blake and I were there earlier and didn’t notice anything.” Jaune said, careful to omit the impromptu brawl.

With that, he grabbed his scroll and started back out the door.

“Where are you going, Jaune-Jaune?” Nora asked.

“Oh, Blake and I were going to look at the last session.” Jaune answered.
With a shrug from Nora and Ren, Jaune walked out and across the hall.

After a couple knocks on the door with his right hand it opened, and Blake was there back in her normal clothing.

“I always try to keep my word. Shall we?” Jaune said. Blake smiled and allowed him back in to help clean the residual mess of their heated encounter.

*****

The cleaning took about 15 minutes, needing mainly a bit of elbow grease and patience along with water and cleaning solution. Once things were cleared, Jaune and Blake allowed it to dry while they went back to watching their training simulations.

Again, they utilized things around the room as props as they bounced ideas off each other. Blake helping continue to reign in Jaune’s wild attacks, while he noted a few weak areas she could exploit in future fights.

For another 20 minutes this continued, until the door to Team RWBY’s dorm opened.

“We’re home, did you miss…” Yang started as she walked into the room. Only to be stopped as she saw Jaune and Blake leaning against one of the beds and watching his session with Winter.

Blake’s head shot up first. “Oh, hey guys. Welcome home. Did you all have fun?”

Jaune looked up as well, seeing Yang with a couple bags in her hands. Behind her, Weiss and Ruby also walked in, with lighter numbers on bags in theirs. Pyrrha was slightly seen, only carrying one small bag to his sight.

“Did you all want me to get those?” Jaune offered, but a shake of their heads stopped his latest attempt at chivalry.
“No, but thanks for the off-“ Yang started, but stopped as she sniffed the air.

“Why do I smell fish?” the Blonde asked.

“Oh! The cafeteria had Cod for lunch today. Blake and I decided to get some and take it here, so we could review our training sessions. Unfortunately, I accidentally dropped a piece on the ground.” Jaune replied.

“Oh yeah, I forgot today was Cod. They prepare it so well, too. Guess I missed out.” Weiss said, as she decided to omit their lunch option.

“Well, I guess I should get going. I’ll see you all later. Maybe at dinner?” Jaune said as he stood up. A grin and a nod from Yang, a polite nod from Ruby, and a curt nod from Weiss were their responses.

As he left their dorm, he closed their door gently before he walked across the hall to Team JNPR dorm.

*****

As Jaune opened the door to Team JNPR dorm, he saw Pyrrha putting something black in color into her clothing drawer. With a start, she turned to face him.

“Hey, how was your day?” Pyrrha asked, as she closed the drawer.

“It had its moments. How was your day with the others?” Jaune replied.

“It was nice. We went to this quaint restaurant. Their tomato bisque was heavenly. Then we walked around the docks looking at the various stores before coming back.” Pyrrha said as they walked towards their beds.

“Sounds fantastic. Did you get anything?” Jaune asked as he sat down on her right side.
“Just some small things. I think Yang got the most out of all of us.” Pyrrha said, as she tried to recall everything that was purchased.

Jaune just chuckled and wrapped his left arm around her. “Well, after that, I should divulge what happened today. Blake and I went to the simulator to work on our abilities when we were ambushed. Thankfully, someone helped us before it really got bad. After that was done, and we took a shower, we went over some of the past training sessions again. Just really getting into detail.”

Pyrrha’s head whipped around to face him. “Are you ok?”

Jaune nodded. “We’re fine. The punk got my shoulder, which left a small scar. But I’m fine. Blake was unharmed.”

Pyrrha nodded as she wrapped her arms around him. “I’m glad you’re all right. I wonder who helped you?”

*****

“We weren’t sure, one minute the male of their ambush hit the ground after Jaune’s sword got his leg, the next a flash of Black and White came through and knocked the woman down.” Blake answered.

“Really, what did he look like? The person who helped you.” Yang asked. Ruby was also keen on trying to figure out who this was.

“He was a little taller than Jaune. Older person, with some facial hair. His hair was clicked back, and he seemed to smell a little like alcohol.” Blake said as she tried to recall.

“That almost sounds like-” Yang started, her eyes widening.

“UNCLE QROW!” Ruby finished.

“Uncle... Qrow?” Weiss asked.
“Yeah, Uncle Qrow. He’s a rather interesting man. He helped protect Ruby and I while we were growing up.” Yang replied.

“He also taught me how to wield my scythe.” Ruby included.

*****

In the courtyard, the man in question was enjoying a relaxing evening with a swig of his favorite from his flask. He had helped stop an infiltration, and then helped foil an ambush. All in consecutive days, no less.

“Certainly, a nice night. Better to be here than in the wilds.” He said to no one in particular.

“I agree, it’s calm. Perfect to hold the Vytal Festival.” Replied a familiar voice.

Qrow chuckled. “Well, seems I wasn’t alone in being brought here."

Winter then approached the man slowly from his right. “I have been here for weeks, Qrow. What are you doing here?”

Qrow motioned for her to sit next to him, only to be declined. With a shrug, he answered. “Ozpin brought me here because we were on the same page. Why were you called here, Ice Queen?”

Winter’s eyes narrowed. “My sister was being an immature little brat regarding a guy. Then General Ironwood decided it would be good to check the security of Beacon.”

Qrow turned his head to look at Winter. “Really, your sister hates a boy on campus?”

Winter nodded. “She does, she feels he’s acting like a certain other man I knew.”

Qrow chuckled. “Ah, Jackson. That kid never knew what he had. I wonder what came of him?”
Winter never moved. “No clue, and don’t care. So, what did Ozpin call you in for?”

Qrow never wavered. “He was concerned about an infiltration via stealth. With the Beacon dance being one of the best times to get in, he asked me to keep patrol. I’m guessing you helped chaperone the dance?”

Winter nodded. “That’s right, and did you do your duty?”

Qrow laughed. “Yes, things were fine until I want to say 9:45 or so. Then someone tried to strike. It wasn’t the hardest fight, even got an unexpected assist when the infiltrator was hit with a high level of electricity.”

Winter’s eyes widened. “That was when the lightning dust was thrown into the dance floor and Nora diverted it.”

“Huh, so the assist went to this ‘Nora’ person?” Qrow questioned.

Winter shrugged. “It would seem so.”

With that, she turned around to head to her quarters.

“Remember, I may not care for you. However, it is still good to see you.” She said as she departed.

Qrow huffed slightly. “It’s good to see you, too.” ‘Even if I did your job better than you did.’

With that, he turned into his Crow form and flew to his own quarters.
Cinder awoke from her previous nights’ rest. Finally, she felt freedom from a heavy burden in her life. As she stood from her bed, she looked at her subordinate.

The two ladies had to consider themselves fortunate. To be granted full student rights here at Beacon, and having Mercury sent to Atlas for reconditioning, was a fine compromise.

‘Granted, the attempt at returning the Fall Maiden’s power rather sucked.’ She thought.

Emerald awoke next, greeted by the sunlight as it proceeded to filter through the curtains. As she sat on the edge of her bed, she looked at Cinder.

“So, do you think they trust us?” Emerald asked.

Cinder shrugged, a slight smile on her face. “I’m not sure. However, unlike some people we know, I feel that we can help. If that means putting our lives at risk for a greater cause? I think I’m willing to take it.”

Cinder then turned to her. “We just received a second chance. I refuse to let this one get away.”

Emerald nodded before she stood up and got dressed. ‘Thank you, Cinder. You proved me wrong.’

In Team JNPR’s dorm, everyone was awake and getting dressed for a nice Sunday.
“Such a beautiful day, today. Pleasant sun, comfortable temperatures.” Pyrrha said, as she finished putting on her clothing.

Jaune nodded. “Yes, it is. Would you like to take a walk around campus again?”

Pyrrha nodded. “I’d like that.”

Nora and Ren exited the room as they went for breakfast, leaving the other partners together.

“Guess they wanted to get a head start on their day.” Jaune said, as he turned to the door. Right as he started to walk, he felt Pyrrha pull him back and into a tight embrace with her front against his back.

“Are you ok, Pyrrha?” He asked, a little puzzled as to why she would do this.

“I’m fine, I just wanted to hug you again.” She replied, a light blush forming on her face.

Jaune chuckled as a content smile emerged on his face. Carefully, turned around and wrapped his arms around her, matching her strength.

They stood together for what seemed like an eternity. Foreheads touching, eyes locked together as though every moment was spent trying to sear them into each other’s memories.

Slowly, they started swaying side to side. Before long, they moved their arms into the same position as their dance not even 36 hours ago.

Then, they moved their heads to each other’s left shoulders as Jaune moved his right arm back between her shoulder blades.

The feeling was instantaneous. Recreating their embrace from the dance made Pyrrha sigh softly as she closed her eyes. Softly, Jaune began to hum the song they danced to.

They danced for longer than the song normally lasted, which suited them just fine. Softly, Jaune
began humming another slow song.

This one, Pyrrha recalled, was just as tender. Even if the lyrics were a bit more erotic. Yet, she didn’t say anything.

Instead, her hands began to bunch up his shirt. Letting it expose his torso to the open air once again. Yet, he never said anything. In fact, he only moved his left hand down to the top of her toned derrière.

Slowly, they stopped dancing as she turned to head to face him. “I meant what I said, Jaune.” She whispered into his ear. A light shiver went through his body at the possibilities.

Carefully, he moved his left hand around the top of her beautiful bottom. Letting his fingers trace its top line before he reached down and caressed her right ass cheek.

The gentle squeeze sent a thrill of excitement through Pyrrha as she traced his back muscles with her fingertips. She was just as deliberate as he was, letting things build slowly.

He then released her shapely backside and moved his hand under her own shirt. Gaining a feel for her own muscles as they flexed and relaxed as she breathed deeply. He then moved his right arm to join under her shirt, gently lifting the garment as he closed his eyes at the close sensation.

“Jaune, please. Make love to me.” Pyrrha whispered into his ear again. His eyes opened slowly as he processed what he just heard. His body, however, was eager to give her what she asked for.

Slowly, the couple broke their embrace as they helped one another out of their clothing. The shirts were first, followed by their pants, leaving each other in nothing but undergarments, blushes, and raw desire.

Pyrrha then unfastened and took off her bra, letting her equally shapely breasts breathe in the cool air. Instantly, Jaune walked back up to her and reclaimed his hold on her with another heated embrace. Accidentally smashing her mounds with his broader chest, he pulled her close and into a passionate kiss.

She reacted in kind, returning the lip lock with fervor as she moved her hands to his boxers, feeling the heat radiating from his manhood through the offending garment.
Seemingly too soon, they broke from their kiss and finished undressing.

“Pyrrha, you’re beautiful.” Jaune said, as he embraced her one more time. She only moaned in appreciation at the close contact. The feeling of his pulsing cock so close to being able to claim her was simply delicious to feel.

With care, they moved to his bed. Jaune then allowed her to lay down with her legs open before he climbed on top, placing his legs between hers. Another passionate kiss followed as she wrapped her arms around him this time, to allow him to balance on his hands before he lowered himself slowly onto her.

As they broke their kiss, Pyrrha looked into the eyes of her Par-no-her lover. Desire and love seemed to radiate from them as he gazed into hers.

Uncertainty, desire, trust, love. Everything that could be conveyed was in her vibrant green eyes as they recovered briefly.

“Pyrrha, are you-?” Jaune started before she nodded slowly.

“Jaune, I want you. I only want you, because I love you.” She replied.

A sedate smile graced his features before he nodded. Reaching down, he lined up his hard cock to her soaked vaginal lips before resting the tip at her opening.

“I love you, too, Pyrrha.” Jaune said.

With a deep kiss claiming her mouth, he began to push his rigid shaft into her yielding pussy. A low moan escaped their lips between kisses as he invaded her tight, wet depths.

The familiar pressure of her hymen caused a Jaune to pause slightly, before she wrapped one of her long legs around his ass and pulled him tighter. The pressure gave, and Pyrrha had to break the kiss to moan loudly. As their hips touched, she was in heaven. The feeling of his pulsing penis just drove her wild.
He was also in heaven. He heard she loved him, and he knew he felt the same. As he allowed her to acclimate to his size, they locked eyes one more time.

“Let’s go slow. Make me yours, Jaune.” Pyrrha begged as she wrapped her legs around his.

He did, claiming heated kisses as he chose a deliberate pace once again. He hilted her with every thrust, but with the care he always showed.

The slow tempo did not bother Pyrrha, as she welcomed the close feelings. She was every bit reactive to the love he gave. As he got bolder, he moved his right hand to her left breast and stimulated the sensitive flesh and pebble-sized nipple.

Every thrust, every kiss, every caress was nearing overstimulation for the pair. Pyrrha whimpered as he continued his long, smooth thrusts.

“Jaune, I’m close.” Pyrrha whispered, Jaune only claimed her mouth once more in a searing kiss.

Her orgasm was intense as she lightly thrashed under him and moaned loudly against his lips as he continued his thrusting.

As they released the kiss, she spoke. “My handsome man. Always the gentleman.”

He smiled slightly as he kept his pace, drawing gasps and moans from her as he tried to prolong her wave of pleasure.

“Jaune, please... cum.” She begged before she felt fatigue begin to overtake her.

Jaune claimed a final kiss from her as he hilted her one last time and came. His hot seed pouring into her well fucked pussy was delicious to feel.

The pair stayed like that for what seemed like an eternity before he pulled his softened cock out of her. Finally, he broke the pregnant silence.
“I love you, Pyrrha.” He said as he pulled her into one last kiss.

‘I love you, too, Jaune.’ Pyrrha thought, as they broke their kiss and embraced in loving peace once more.

*****

In the cafeteria, Blake and Yang were enjoying the last parts of their lunch when Weiss and Ruby joined them.

“So, what’s on the schedule for today?” The heiress asked.

“Oh, you know. Simulator work, teasing Jaune, keeping the other boys away with a stick.” Yang replied offhandedly.

Weiss rolled her eyes. “Must you be so crude?”

Yang flipped her hair again. “Yes, it is my best quality. Well, aside from other physical assets.”

Ruby chuckled as Weiss huffed in annoyance. “What about you, Blake?”

“Books, study, rest. Nothing nearly as exciting as beating away boys with a stick.” Blake replied.

Yang rolled her eyes this time. “Oh please, you enjoy teasing Jaune just as much as I do.”

Blake shook her head with a slight smile. “That’s your domain. I just get caught up in the shenanigans.”

Yang cracked up laughing. “Yes, you do. But don’t tell me you don’t like seeing his reaction.”
Ruby then facepalmed and chuckled at remembering some of Jaune’s rather entertaining responses.

Weiss shrugged. “He probably likes the overly sensual dynamic, that pervert.”

Yang then turned her head to Weiss. “You keep calling him a pervert. Yet, you don’t really have evidence as to how you can tell that.”

Ruby then popped her head up from her hand as she looked at Weiss. “That is true. Can you give us any examples of his inappropriate behavior?”

Weiss sighed. “Must I explain everything to you? I’ve seen how he looks at us. He’s undressing us in his eyes as we talk to him. He’s probably spending every night fantasizing about one of us, or Pyrrha, or any of the other girls here.”

Yang sighed in annoyance. “Weiss, you realize that he is a guy. He’s surrounded by young women, such as us. It’s natural that his hormones are going to react.”

Blake also interjected. “Did you forget he also has seven sisters? I would think he would know how to treat a girl like a woman instead of a toy.”

Winter then entered Yang’s peripheral vision. “Hey, why don’t we ask a neutral party?” She asked.

Ruby also saw her and nodded. “Good idea.” With that, she turned to her. “Ms. Schnee, would you like to eat with us?”

The specialist tilted her head and, with a small smile, walked over to their table.

“Why thank you for the invitation, Ruby.” She said as she took her seat beside Weiss.

“Good afternoon, Sister. How has your assignment been?” Weiss asked.

“Things have progressed favorably. A few minor things. But were taken care of in short order. Did everyone enjoy the dance?” Winter replied before beginning to eat her breakfast.
Yang, Blake, and Ruby all nodded, while Weiss slowly shook her head.

“Of course, you all did. Must’ve been nice to see me not having fun with my date.” Weiss said in an annoyed tone.

“Honestly, I didn’t even care that you had a date, Weiss. Did you see my dance with Jaune?” Ruby replied.

“That did look fun. I’m surprised he knew how to move like that.” Blake said.

“It doesn’t really matter. He just seemed to have a lot of fun.” Yang said.

Winter nodded. “Your dance with him was really riveting, Yang. If I didn’t know better, you looked like you were about to drag him to one of your dorms.”

Yang’s expression turned reflective. A sight not lost on the others.

“You never told us, but just how close were you from that?” Blake asked.

“Another five seconds of that dancing and I don’t think Pyrrha, Goodwitch, or anyone else would’ve been able to stop me.” The blonde brawler divulged.

Quickly, she turned the conversation. “You and Jaune’s dance was special to you, huh Blake?”

Blake blushed brightly as the dance replayed in her mind again. “It was. It felt like every time he’s been with me since the fall. He made me feel special.”

Weiss rolled her eyes. “I bet your dance with Jaune was magical as well, Sister.”

Winter chuckled. “You would be correct. He surprised me with how well he moved.”
Yang decided to stop the dance conversation there. “Speaking of the man in question. What do you think of him?”

Winter paused a moment to gather her thoughts. “I have found him to be one of the best men I have ever known. His care, his demeanor, and his actions show me that he really wants to be a good man. I would even say that I felt jealous with how he danced with everyone else. Especially the final dance with Pyrrha.”

Ruby looked between everyone. “What happened with Pyrrha and Jaune’s dance?”

Yang answered quickly. “They danced far closer and slower than their first dance.”

Blake nodded. “If I could describe it, I would call it a lovers’ embrace. At least, that was the feeling I had seeing it.”

Winter nodded. “I agree, on every notion.”

Yang and Blake sighed softly with faraway stares as they recalled that final dance. They also recalled locking eyes with him as well a couple times during it.

The recollection was not lost on Winter as she lightly coughed. “You know, I wouldn’t doubt he feels the same closeness to you two as he does with Pyrrha. You know he cares deeply about you both.”

Both of them smiled slightly as a gentle blush traveled over their features.

“I’m sure it will only be temporary.” Yang said, with a tear threatening to fall from her left eye.

Blake stayed stoic. Unsure as to her own feelings about him. ‘I’m not sure it’s temporary. Yesterday afternoon was just divine.’ She thought.

Ruby thought about that recent statement. ‘I’m not so sure it is temporary. You all have seen how
he danced with everyone else. From what you all told me, I don’t think he dances that way if he didn’t care that deeply.”

Weiss huffed slightly. “You and your romantic mindset. How childish of you. Of course he cares now, but what about during the Festival? Or next semester?”

Yang shrugged. “I’m not sure. He very well could prove your feelings correct. But for now, I’m going to trust him.”

Blake nodded, as did Winter and Ruby. He had earned that trust, no matter what anyone else thought.

Weiss was still trying to stay on her pedestal. “I don’t see how any of you trust him.”

Winter decided it was time. “Considering you wanted my previous experience with someone who did that and was a pervert. I don’t know how you can still stay on that train of thought.”

Yang, Blake, and Ruby’s eyes all widened at that revelation. With Yang speaking first.

“You mean to tell me, Winter, that your sister asked you here to try and prove Jaune is some kind of pervert?” She asked, her eyes boring between the sisters.

Winter nodded. “She did. She felt he was being disingenuous in his manners. She did see me experience this same type of behavior, only to have her dreams dashed.”

Blake popped in next. “Weiss, how could you?”

Weiss stayed defiant. “As my traitorous sister just said. I had seen this behavior before.”

With that, she stood and left the cafeteria. Ruby did try to stop her.

“Weiss, get back here!” She yelled. Only for it to fall on deaf ears.
“Maybe when you all get a clue and Yang stops acting like an attention slut will I ever listen again.” Weiss replied as she left for Professor Ozpin’s office.

Yang and Blake were shaking in anger as Weiss left. Yang then bolted out of the cafeteria and walked back to the dorms.

Ruby sighed as she saw her sister leave. Then she turned and asked Winter. “When you told us how you felt about Jaune. Were you being truthful?”

Winter nodded. “I meant what I said. I do find him to be one of the best men I have ever seen. Some of his mannerisms do remind me of that man from my past. However, the warning signs I recalled are not there.”

Blake then piped up. “Could you tell us what happened?”

Winter bowed her head and closed her eyes to try and maintain her composure.

With a shaky breath, she began. “His name was Jackson.”

*****

Back in Team JNPR dorm, the lovers awoke after falling asleep in the afterglow of their lovemaking session.

Jaune kissed Pyrrha before he stood up and began redressing. “How are you feeling?”

Pyrrha smiled as she also stood and began to redress as well. “I haven’t felt this well in years.”

Jaune finished getting clothed and waited for Pyrrha to put her bra back on before he wrapped his arms around her. “I’m glad you feel great. You deserve only the best.”
Pyrrha sighed happily at the continued close contact before she turned around to him and gave him a deep kiss, which he gladly returned.

“Let’s get something to eat. I’m starving.” She said as she grabbed her shirt and pulled it over her head to put it on.

*****

To say that Yang was upset would be an understatement. She was just told her teammate called in her sister to try and prove a guy she trusted was being a fraud, then said teammate called her a slut.

‘How dare she? I may have fun, but I am not a slut.’ She thought, as she walked to the dormitories.

Right as Jaune and Pyrrha moved from their dormitory, Yang passed them.

“Are you ok, Yang?” He asked, seeing her upset.

“I’m fine, just mad.” Yang replied before she opened the door to Team RWBY’s dorm.

As said door slammed shut, Jaune and Pyrrha looked at each other with puzzled looks.

“What just happened?” Jaune asked.

Pyrrha shook her head. “I’m really not sure. The look on her face tells me someone just hit a very sore spot.”

Jaune sighed slightly. “Do you think we should go talk to her?”

Pyrrha hesitated. “I don’t know if we should. Let’s give her a little time.”

Jaune nodded. “All right. I’ll talk to her later.”
With that, they turned and walked to the cafeteria.

*****

“You know, that description sounded a lot like Jaune. I wonder if he knows him?” Ruby said, right as the aforementioned hunter and Pyrrha walked by after getting their early dinners.

“I just heard my name. What’s going on?” He asked.

“Oh! Hello, Jaune. We were just talking.” Ruby said.

Winter decided honesty was still prudent here. “Weiss called me here because she thought of you as a disingenuous person.”

Jaune shook his head quickly before he and Pyrrha replied simultaneously. “What?”

Blake nodded. “She asked Winter to look into you. Because your mannerisms looked familiar to someone Winter had a bad encounter with.”

Jaune sighed. “I take it you mean Jackson.”

Winter’s head shot up as she looked him in the eye. “You know Jackson Steele?”

Jaune nodded. “Second oldest cousin on my mother’s side. He was known for his roving eye. Perfect gentleman, as our mothers taught us all well, but his father’s teachings got him into a lot of trouble.”

Winter was astounded. “Do you know what happened to him?”

Jaune scratched his right cheek with his fingers. “He messed with the wrong family around Vacuo, I believe. Was beaten so bad he woke up two days later in the hospital. As soon as he got out, he
had a shotgun barrel put to his stomach and was forced to marry the poor woman he wronged.”

Pyrrha put her hand to her mouth. “That’s not right, they must be miserable.”

Jaune shrugged. “It didn’t last very long. His roving eye and silver tongue ended up costing him his life. The woman remarried before classes started here.”

Jaune then sat to Blake’s right side and Pyrrha sat to his right. Then, he put his lunch tray down and his head in his hands.

“Even in death, he continues to haunt me.” He thought aloud into his palms.

Pyrrha and Blake wrapped their arms around him in a comforting hug before he lowered his arms onto the table.

“What do you mean ‘continues’?” Winter pressed lightly.

Jaune took a deep breath. “During my days in school at home, I would always be alone. I would try to be the best gentleman there, only to be told I wasn’t honest. My sisters tried to help, but it didn’t work. My final year before I was accepted to Beacon was horrible. You name it, I likely experienced it. Aside from death or disability, of course.”

Ruby was heartbroken. “All because everyone thought you would follow in his ideas.”

Jaune nodded. “As a result, I spent every spare moment I could, outside of studying, to work. I worked around the farm, I thought I worked on my swordsmanship, I consumed myself with work.”

Winter tilted her head slightly to her left. “So that’s why you are able to face attacks head on and barely budge.”

Jaune nodded again. But Pyrrha cut in. “I wish I knew what to say. It’s horrible how badly you were treated.”
Blake nodded. “You’ve been more than the perfect gentleman, Jaune.” ‘So much more.’ She thought.

Jaune smiled slightly as he wrapped an arm around the two ladies. “Thanks, I appreciate it.”

The partners began eating their early dinner as the conversation turned to random subjects.

Then he looked around the table. “So, what’s wrong with Yang? She looked ready to cry when Pyrrha and I saw her on our way here.”

Weiss appeared in the door with a smug expression on her face. “That tomboy got a lethal dose of honesty.”

Ruby jumped up. “Weiss, you take that back right now! My sister is not a tomboy!”

Weiss smirked. “You’re right, she’s not a tomboy. She’s a slut.”

Ruby leveled her head at Weiss in seething anger. “Excuse you?”

Weiss just kept her expression. “She is so slutty, I can’t believe she hasn’t fucked half the guys in school, yet.”

Ruby closed the gap quickly, and the resulting slap rang across the room.

“Weiss, you have been an unsalvageable bitch! You assaulted Jaune when he was training with you. You have been a dividing factor in this team, and you have just insulted not only a teammate, but my SISTER!” Ruby stated with finality.

Weiss turned her head back to Ruby. “Then you should teach your sister to not be such a pathetic little slut.” As she said it, she reached back to retaliate with her own slap.
Ruby launched herself at Weiss in a vicious tackle, sending them to the floor. The flurry of punches and kicks meeting their marks as the two partners squared off.

Blake decided to intervene as Ruby was starting to get hit more often. The Faunus slid into the fight with a kick to Weiss’ head.

Try as they wanted to Winter, Jaune, and Pyrrha could not separate the fight. Only the sharp sting of Professor Goodwitch’s riding crop finally separated them.

“That is quite enough out of all of you. Ms. Rose, why did you attack Ms. Schnee?” The Professor demanded.

“She called my sister a slut!” Ruby replied.

Winter sighed. “I believe this would be considered ‘Conduct unbecoming of a student.’ My sister has seemed to demonstrate this on multiple occasions. First and foremost is my inquiry about Mr. Arc, which was facilitated by her. The latter being slander towards a teammate, Ms. Xiao Long, who happens to be the sister of Team RWBY’s leader.”

Jaune and Pyrrha just stood there. “Get out of here. You two were caught up in this by proxy.” Professor Goodwitch said.

Jaune stayed stoic, Pyrrha next to him.

Professor Goodwitch looked at them directly. “Why are you two still here?”

Jaune spoke first. “I choose to. They were fighting partially due to me. I do not know if you need me to talk or anything.”

Pyrrha nodded. “I’m here to be with my partner and teammate.”

Glynda sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. “I appreciate your willingness to talk. But for now, I will take these three to Headmaster Ozpin’s office.”
She then turned to Winter. “Specialist Schnee, please help me get them to his office. Then you may continue your day as you wish.”

As they left the cafeteria, Jaune and Pyrrha looked at each other.

“I think we need to talk with Yang, Pyrrha.” Jaune said.

“I agree, that probably hurt to hear that.” She replied.

With that agreement, they walked back towards the living area.

*****

In Team RWBY’s dorm, Yang was trying her best not to do anything. Cry, punch something, go crazy, whatever. She was not going to allow it to happen.

“That little bitchy princess. Calling me a slut. I haven’t even kissed anyone.” She said through gritted teeth.

Right after, a knock occurred on the door, -“Hey Yang, are you all right?”-

It was Jaune. ‘Of course, who else could it be?’ She thought.

“I’m fine. One moment.” Yang said, trying not to let her emotions get the best of her at that time.

A minute later, she opened the door. “Hey guys. What’s up?”

Jaune looked at Yang. Her lavender eyes were holding something back. Pyrrha could see it as well.
“We were just wondering how you were doing. Could we come in?” Jaune asked, motioning towards himself and Pyrrha.

Yang nodded. “Sure.”

With that, she opened the door fully and let them into the dorm.

“I-We heard what happened in the cafeteria.” Pyrrha started, as she closed the door.

“So, what have you heard?” Yang asked, trying not to let things show.

Jaune sighed. “I know about Weiss. Because I look like my cousin who was a gentleman with bad intentions, she thinks I’m the same.”


Jaune looked at Pyrrha, an unspoken question. At her nod, he walked over and wrapped his arms around Yang from her left side.

“I also heard what she called you.” Jaune whispered, as he rested the front of his head against the side of hers.

The dam broke there, as Yang began to sob. Instinctively, Pyrrha moved to her other side to offer further consolation.

“You’re not that, Yang. You’re better than that.” Pyrrha said.

Yang just kept weeping. “That little princess had the audacity to call me that. She thinks Jaune is some sort of pervert and thinks I’m a slut. I should’ve hit her.”

Jaune kept his hold on her. “Well, Ruby did pretty good in the attacking department.”
Yang chuckled. “I bet she did. She’s big into family.”

Jaune then lightened his hold on Yang before Pyrrha did the same. “Ruby, Blake, and Weiss were taken to Ozpin’s office. I don’t know how that will work out.” He said.

Yang steeled herself. “I know I don’t want to be here if, or when, Weiss gets back.”

Jaune then looked at Pyrrha. “Do you think we should?”

Pyrrha had a puzzled look on her face. “What do you mean, Jaune?”

Jaune sighed softly. “I was wondering if you would be ok with having Yang spend the night in our dorm.”

Yang then took on a playful expression. “Oh, you want a threesome?”

Jaune facepalmed, as Pyrrha blushed mightily.

“I would never-” Jaune started.

Yang then laughed mightily until she turned and wrapped her arms around him and began to sob.

Jaune instinctively wrapped his arms back around her. “Are you ok?”

Yang continued to cry. “I’m not a slut. Sure, I may flirt a lot. But I haven’t even kissed anyone.”

Jaune and Pyrrha stood dumbfounded at that admission. Yet Yang kept going.

“You’re the closest man in my life outside of my father. You’ve been willing to play along, and yet be willing to help anyone in a moments’ notice.” She continued.
Then the final blow hit. “Damn it, Vomit Boy! Why couldn’t we have been on a team? Why couldn’t we have ended up as partners?”

Pyrrha and Jaune both blushed brightly at that admission.

“B-But Yang, you have a great team. You’re with your sister, and Blake is a fantastic partner to have.” Jaune said, trying to quell the situation.

Yang just squeezed tighter. “Do you think I’m a slut?”

Jaune’s eyes widened at the question. He looked at Pyrrha, before he bowed his head closer to Yang.

“Yang, you’re not a slut. You may flirt, but you’re not a slut. You’re a lovely woman.” Jaune said in a slightly hushed tone.

“I-I think we should go to our dorm, Yang. Just gather whatever you need and come on over when you’re ready.” Pyrrha said, as she walked around the couple.

Yang nodded, before releasing her hold on Jaune. “I’ll be over in a few.”

Jaune slowly broke his embrace from Yang. “We’ll see you, then.”

With a soft, comforting kiss to Yang’s head, Jaune turned and followed Pyrrha out of Team RWBY’s dorm and across the hall.

*****

As they walked into their dorm, Pyrrha and Jaune were unsure how to respond to that latest admission.
“I didn’t know. I don’t know how to feel about what Yang just said.” Jaune said, as he sat on his bed.

“I think it’s everything, Jaune. You’ve been a great guy to her. And me, and even Blake.” She replied as she thought of sleeping arrangements.

“Don’t worry. I’ll sleep on the floor, Pyrrha.” Jaune said as he looked around the room.

“The heck you will. Let’s just place our mattresses on the floor. It’ll be fine and we’ll have plenty of room.” Nora said, as she burst into the dorm with Ren in tow.

“Wha?” Pyrrha and Jaune reacted simultaneously.

“Why was Ja- Jaune thinking of sleeping on the floor?” The energetic woman asked.

“Because I was asked if I would sleep here tonight.” Yang replied, as she appeared in the open doorway,

“Whoa, what’s wrong there Yang?” Nora asked.

“It’s... a long story.” Yang said, as she walked into the dorm and closed the door.

“Yeah, that’s putting it mildly.” Jaune said as he removed his mattress from his bed and put it on the floor.

“Well, what better time than now to get the story?” Nora asked as she placed her mattress on the ground.

Pyrrha and Ren did the same. Pyrrha put hers between Nora’s and Jaune’s while Ren took the other side of Nora. Then, they put the blankets on the combined mega-bed.

After the bedding was arranged, everyone moved to their dressers to change into pajamas. Yang decided to just change right in the middle of the room.
Jaune finished as he turned to the center of the room. The sight of a topless Yang pulling her night shirt over her head was not unwelcome, if a bit uncomfortable. He tried to remember how round and full her breasts were before the shirt covered them.

She then took off her regular shorts and slid on high cut night shorts. The sight of Yang’s black panties seared into his mind before he turned back around.

After he coughed lightly, Jaune turned around trying to act like he didn’t just see Yang essentially naked. He had stopped wearing his Pumpkin Pete pajamas after accidentally damaging them beyond repair one night and had gotten used to wearing just long pajama bottoms, instead. Pyrrha wore a long night gown while Ren put on his own set of pajama bottoms, and Nora put on a white shirt and black shorts.

Jaune sat down on the assembled mattresses first. Yang sat to his left while Pyrrha took to his right, Nora was beside Pyrrha while Ren completed the pentagon.

“Well, shall we start at the top?” Nora asked, as she got comfortable.

*****

In Professor Ozpin’s office, the fighting trio of huntresses were given rather strong rebuttals about their situation.

“I will not tolerate infighting within teams. Nor will I accept overtly demeaning behavior. I do not care if you like or dislike a person on campus, for there are many fellow hunters that we all may not care for in our travels. However, dragging their character through the mud, or trying to pull a stunt to discredit a student, is completely unprofessional and unbecoming of a huntress. Do I make myself clear?” Ozpin scolded at the trio.

Weiss was the foolish one, scoffing at the notion.

“Ms. Schnee, I take it you feel you have done no wrong?” The Headmaster asked.

“I know I haven’t done anything wrong.” She replied.
“So, your decision to bring in your sister to investigate a fellow student because he reminded you of said sister’s past is not attempting to discredit a student?” He replied.

“It’s not discrediting if it’s true. I feel that everyone else is blind to his intent.” The heiress replied.

“Then is calling my sister a slut not attempting to discredit her?” Ruby asked.

“Ms. Rose, I will have you know that I am willing to overlook this recent action involving with you and Ms. Belladonna. Being as it was a normal reaction to having your sister slandered on multiple cases with little basis. However, if I hear of this type of situation again, I will take disciplinary actions.” Ozpin stated.

“Those students are blemishes on this Academy.” Weiss started.

At that moment, Qrow walked in. “Oh, knock it off, princess.”

Ruby stayed quiet, not wishing to upset the Headmaster again.

“What did you just say?” Weiss asked, fuming at the title.

“I believe he just told you to be stop trying to fool everyone. However, I am not pleased with the title he decided to use.” Ozpin said, as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I’m not trying to fool anybody. Jaune Arc is a fraud who should not be allowed to train as a huntsman.” Weiss maintained.

“I don’t believe you have basis for that. Ms. Belladonna, you were in the simulator yesterday with Mr. Arc correct?” Ozpin asked.

At Blake’s nod, Qrow caught on. “You were one of the two students who were ambushed. Along with this ‘Jaune’ student?”
Blake nodded again, as Ruby turned to face her. “What happened?”

Blake sighed. “Jaune and I were going to work in the simulator. We both had this familiar feeling about it, but we went there anyway. As soon as we stepped into the arena, we were attacked.”

Qrow nodded. “Yeah, I’m guessing the other student is this ‘Jaune’ guy. He recovered first, knocking the assassin back before getting you some space to recover.”

Blake nodded. Then Qrow continued. “After that, you two seemed to work well together. Even after the assassin threw you back at him.”

Ozpin nodded, recalling the footage from yesterday. “They did, until you arrived to stop the woman of the ambush attempt.”

Qrow shrugged. “Credit Ms. Belladonna and Mr. Arc for their preparation. I only picked up the pieces.”

“Pardon me from your lie about Jaune, but who are you?” Weiss asked.

Winter returned from her rounds. “He is Qrow Branwen, sister. A fellow huntsman, though he may not look like much of one.”

Qrow smirked as he shook his head lightly. “In the flesh.” Then he turned his head to Winter and motioned to Weiss. “So, this your sister?”

Winter nodded. “I may not agree with her current situation, but she is my sister.”

Qrow huffed in amusement. “Funny thing, that.”

Weiss was not amused. “I will not tolerate this. I want to transfer.”

Ozpin shook his head. “Request denied. The only academy looking for students is Atlas.”
Ruby took that opening. “Do you really want to leave what you built here to go away by being under the influence of your father?”

Blake continued. “To undo your own attempt at being your own person?”

Weiss was conflicted. However, Winter didn’t care. “Do you want to lose everything you worked this hard for. All because of a man who was a cousin to someone who wronged me?”

Weiss bowed her head with a sigh of resignation. “No.”

Qrow shook his head. However, Ozpin spoke first. “I’ll grant you personal quarters, for now. However, you must decide if your team will bring you back in. I can only hope, for your sake, that they will.”

The trio of students nodded. Ozpin then turned his head toward Winter. “Please accompany them to Team RWBY’s dorm and allow Weiss to gather a few belongings for her new sleeping arrangement. I will have the staff move the rest tomorrow during class.”

With a nod from Winter, she motioned to the elevator. The students followed her to the elevator.

Ruby stopped just short, keeping the door from closing before turning her head. “Nice seeing you, Uncle Qrow.”

The unkempt man saluted his niece. “Great to see you too, kid.” With that, Ruby walked into the elevator and the door closed.

Qrow pulled out his flask, opened it, and took a sip. “To say this is a headache is probably an understatement.”

Ozpin nodded, before walking to a cabinet and pulling out a bottle of scotch as well as a glass. “I don’t think Ms. Schnee or Mr. Arc will ever get past this episode. However, if this does help return things to a slightly peaceful situation, I would consider it a minor victory.”
In JNPR’s dorm, Nora and Ren had just heard the entire story. Yang ended up sobbing softly as she clung to Jaune’s side as she told them of Weiss calling her a slut.

Nora’s eyes were wide as she processed what she heard.

“That little Frosted Flake Ice Queen! I should find her and break her legs.” She said, as she began to stand up.

Pyrrha and Ren pulled her back down before the latter spoke. “Nora, we can’t do that. Trust me, I want to see that tart brought to justice as well. However, do it in a controlled environment. Challenge her during Professor Goodwitch’s class.”

Yang sniffed as she tried to speak. “I wish Professor Goodwitch would allow inter-team challenges.”

Jaune sighed as he rubbed Yang’s left arm. “Let’s not be hasty. I think we should let her dictate what happens next. If she challenges one of us, then so be it.”

Pyrrha looked around and then asked the group. “What if she apologizes?”

Jaune shrugged slightly. “Then everyone will need to decide how to take it.”

Nora looked at Jaune, who was still lightly caressing Yang in his left arm. “What will you do, Jaune?”

The blonde male shook his head slowly. “I don’t know, Nora, I really don’t.”

Pyrrha then noticed the time on the wall. “Let’s get to bed. A good night’s sleep might help everyone.”

Jaune nodded, as did the others. Then they moved to their respective mattresses, only for Jaune to
“Where would you like to sleep, Yang?” He asked.

Yang was about to answer, but Pyrrha intervened. “I think with everything we’ve experienced, it might be best if she was next to you. I’ll sleep in the middle.”

Jaune immediately felt that connotation and shook his head. “No need. I care too much about you two to jeopardize anything. We have enough room, pick a side.”

Jaune laid down under the covers more on his mattress than Pyrrha’s with his arms wide, as Pyrrha laid at his right side and Yang laid on his left.

Nora and Ren slept on their respective mattresses, but closer to their combined edge.

Jaune wrapped his arms around Pyrrha’s and Yang’s shoulders and lightly squeezed them in a hug. “Pleasant dreams, everyone.”

Jaune was first to fall asleep, his breathing becoming relaxed and rhythmic.

“Hey Yang?” Pyrrha whispered.

“Hm?” She answered.

“Don’t try to take up too much of his chest. It’s really comfortable.” Pyrrha whispered with a wink and a smile.

Yang blushed brilliantly at the statement, but then also smiled. “As long as you leave me enough room, we’re fine.”

With that, they both rested their heads on either side of his chest and fell asleep quickly.
Neither of them would admit it, but it was their best night’s sleep in months.
Chapter 8

RWBY Chapter 8:

 JAUNE awoke earlier than a normal Monday morning. He looked around the room, remembering that he was on mattresses on the floor.

He checked to his left and saw the vibrant blonde hair of Yang. He checked his right and the equally striking red hair of Pyrrha graced his vision.

He tried to stretch his legs but found that to be difficult as he felt both of them being trapped.

‘Huh, guess I’m not going anywhere right now.’ He mused as he dared not disturb the ladies using him as a body pillow.

Yang woke up next. Her lavender eyes looking around. She saw the peacefully sleeping face of Pyrrha Nikos directly ahead of her. Then she looked to her right, only to see a rather firm pectoral muscle.

As Yang moved her head, Jaune lightly squeezed her with his left arm. Softly, he whispered. “Good morning, Yang. Did you sleep well?”

Yang nodded, rubbing her cheek on his chest while doing so. Then she unwrapped her legs from his left leg as she rolled to her left to stretch out a little.

Jaune couldn’t help but look. Her shirt may have covered her generous breasts, but he still received quite the show.

Yang’s movement caused Pyrrha to awaken. Slowly, she unwrapped her own legs from his right leg.
Jaune felt her moving and lightly squeezed her with his right arm. Again, he spoke with a whisper. “Good morning, Pyrrha. Did you sleep well?”

Pyrrha rolled to her right as she stretched as well. Jaune smiled contently as he watched his friend and his partner/lover finish stretching and then stood.

Jaune then turned to his right and stretched his shoulders before standing in his own right, stepping off the mattress.

Pyrrha walked up to him and placed a kiss on his right cheek, while Yang did the same to his left.

“Good morning, Jaune.” They both said softly.

“Did you sleep well?” Pyrrha asked.

Jaune nodded, a content smile on his face. “I slept great, thanks.”

Yang then looked at Pyrrha, her grin slightly playful. “You were right about his chest, Pyrrha. He really is comfortable.”

Jaune blushed, not privy to their light conversation last night. “Uh, thanks for the endorsement?”

Yang and Pyrrha both chuckled before the latter excused herself to the bathroom. The two blondes were left alone, aside from the still asleep Nora and Ren nearby.

Yang then hugged Jaune again, letting her head rest on his right shoulder. Instinctively, he wrapped his arms around her again.

“Thank you for being here, Jaune.” Yang whispered.

“I always try to be.” Jaune replied as he looked down at the floor.
Yang then turned to look Jaune in the eye as he did the same.

An understanding was reached, a border broken. Almost on auto pilot, Yang lifted her head from his shoulder to face him straight up. Then she leaned closer, as her lips pursed, and her eyes closed.

Jaune just allowed things to happen, as he slightly tilted his head before his lips met Yang’s.

The kiss only lasted a few seconds, but it felt masterful to the young huntress.

‘He feels so right. This must’ve been what Pyrrha and Blake meant when they talked about his dances.’ Yang thought, breaking the kiss before her mind focused to her own dance with him.

To describe it as erotic was only the tip of the iceberg. The continued play within the song’s lyrics and their movements just worked for some unknown reason.

Jaune saw Yang’s eyes turn rather dusky. “Are you ok, Yang?”

Yang blinked, nodding slowly. “I’m fine, just had some visions of our dance a few nights ago.”

Jaune blushed at that admission. “It was a great dance. You were phenomenal.”

Yang then blushed before Pyrrha walked out from the bathroom. Yang broke their embrace as she walked into said bathroom.

The partners gazed at each other, enjoying the relative calm once again. Pyrrha then closed the gap and wrapped her arms around him. Again, Jaune embraced her instinctively.

“How could Weiss ever feel you’re disingenuous? You have done nothing wrong.” She asked.

Jaune shrugged slightly. “Only because she sees Jackson and not Jaune.”
Yang then walked out of the bathroom, enjoying the view of Jaune and Pyrrha embracing.

‘I wonder if I’ll feel that same closeness.’ She thought, as a tear threatened to fall from her right eye.

Jaune then saw that Yang had vacated the bathroom. “Excuse me, Pyrrha. I need to use the bathroom.”

Pyrrha reluctantly released him before he walked around Yang and into the bathroom.

It was in that time that Nora rose from her sleeping position. Turning to the two others standing, she whispered. “You know he loves you both, right?”

Yang and Pyrrha blushed furiously as they processed that information. Nora then continued. “He also loves Blake. I can’t tell where his heart truly lies, but he loves you all very much.”

Jaune then exited the bathroom and saw Nora had woken up. “Oh, morning Nora. Sleep well?”

Nora nodded before shuffling past Jaune and into the bathroom. He faced Yang and Pyrrha. “Let’s get dressed. Classes start in—” He looked at the clock. “45 minutes.”

With a silent agreement, the trio changed from their pajamas into their uniforms. Partway through, Nora exited the bathroom and began to change as well.

Yang then noticed something seemed off. “Is Ren ok?”

Jaune nodded. “He typically wakes up about 20 minutes before class starts.”

Yang nodded. “That would explain why I’ve seen him with some wild bed head in the morning a few times.”

Nora then decided to speak. “Oh, that’s just from me giving him a fun wake up call.”
Yang’s eyes widened considerably. To wake someone up like that? The possibilities played in her mind. From hopping onto Jaune’s morning glory, to a deep kiss followed by ‘breakfast’ consisting of her vagina.

“I hope you’re joking, Nora.” Yang replied.

“She is, she just has a lot of fun.” Jaune placated.

With an incredulous look, Yang finished getting into her uniform. Jaune and Pyrrha followed, then Nora finished getting dressed.

“I think I’m going to get some breakfast. You all want to join me?” Jaune asked as he started to step out of the dorm.

Pyrrha and Yang nodded, but Nora shook her head. “Nah, I’m going to wake Ren up.”

The expression on Nora’s face could only be thought of as creepy. As the trio closed the door, they heard her scream, followed by a loud crash.

“I hope you were right in her joking.” Yang said, with a disturbed look on her face.

“He is... at least I think so.” Pyrrha said before her face contorted into an unsure expression. Together, the trio made their way to the cafeteria.

*****

Team RWBY’s dorm was not as peaceful, as Ruby and Blake had awoken earlier in the morning. The message left on their scrolls from Yang slightly upset them, but after the events of last night, could they blame her? After waking up, the pair just stayed silent, choosing to go ahead and get dressed in their uniforms and heading to the cafeteria as soon as it was open for breakfast.

“Man, I think that was the worst night of sleep I’ve had in months.” Ruby said, as she prodded at
her breakfast. Blake only nodded, an admission she experienced the same.

A few minutes passed by and Jaune, Pyrrha, and Yang walked into the cafeteria, carrying their trays of breakfast. Seeing her sister and her partner, Yang took a seat next to Ruby.

“Morning, sis. Morning, Blake.” Yang said, as she sat down.

“Morning, Yang.” Ruby replied, as she nibbled on her food.

“Morning, guys.” Pyrrha said as she sat down beside Blake.

“Morning, everyone.” Jaune said, as he sat down on the other side of Pyrrha.

“Good morning.” Ruby and Blake said simultaneously.

The rest of the breakfast was spent in silence. Nobody really knowing how to proceed with any conversation.

*****

Thankfully, the day went about without much issue for anyone. There was an uncomfortable dynamic when Weiss walked into Professor Port’s class, but it never evolved into a problem.

After classes, though. Yang did return to Team RWBY’s dorm, while Jaune and Pyrrha walked back to theirs. Nora and Ren decided to head to the library once again.

In Team RWBY’s dorm, the lingering questions made tension slightly palpable.

“So, what happened in Ozpin’s office?” Yang asked.

Ruby softly sighed. “Well, Weiss was as defiant as ever. She continued her crusade against Jaune,
even as everyone kept saying otherwise. Then, after Uncle Qrow showed up, Weiss requested a transfer.”

Yang was astonished at this. “So, Uncle Qrow was at the meeting?”

Blake nodded. “Yeah, he showed up as Weiss was trying to say how you and Jaune were blemishes on the school. I believe he said, ‘Knock it off, Princess.’ Or something like that.”

Yang laughed at that mental picture, which was accurate of the events that happened. As she calmed down, she looked between the two. “So, she requested a transfer?”

Ruby nodded. “Ozpin declined it. Citing the only school actively accepting students at this time is Atlas.”

Yang’s eyes widened. “That would put her back to-“ She started.

“Yep, and undo everything she said she wanted to do.” Blake finished.

“Well, after she finally came around to that knowledge, she was granted personal quarters for a brief period of time. Winter brought us back here, where she grabbed her pillow, pajamas, and uniform for today before leaving. As you can likely tell, her belongings are no longer here. She’s in her own room, though the decision for her to return is hers, and then ours.” Ruby said.

“I’m not sure if I can forgive Weiss for her actions, Ruby. I know she’s your partner, but-“ Yang began.

“Partner or not, she attacked my sister. I can’t let that go. She will need to make it up with you, first.” Ruby interrupted.

Yang just sat on her bed as she processed that information.

*****
In JNPR dorm, Jaune’s head was not on the studies as he replaced his mattress. However, it was on the previous few days. He had danced with some of the most beautiful women in Beacon, then had sex with two of them in consecutive days.

‘Add the issues Weiss has with me and my dead cousin, and this really sucks.’ Jaune thought.

Pyrrha noticed his mind was not all there. “Something on your mind, Jaune?”

Jaune sighed and sat on his bed, motioning for her to join him.

As she did, he sighed again. “I don’t know what to think, anymore.”

Pyrrha leaned against him a little. “In what way?”

Jaune took a calming breath. “Well, it’s been everything since the dance, so I guess I should start there. Every dance I had meant something. From our first dance, to our last and every dance in between. I loved the closeness and connection we shared in that last dance. However, I also felt a connection with Blake and Yang when I danced with them. I even felt a small connection with Winter, surprisingly.”

Pyrrha nodded. “I could tell you felt something, especially with Blake’s dance.”

Jaune nodded. “I don’t know how to describe it. How you and I danced, it just felt absolutely magical. Blake’s dance felt the same way. Even my dance with Yang felt perfect.”

Pyrrha closed her eyes as she recalled the conversation the next afternoon. “You know? Yang told Ruby, Weiss, and I during our girls’ trip that she almost dragged you back to their dorm after your dance with her.”

Jaune shook his head. “I’m sure she was joking.”

Pyrrha shook her head, slightly nuzzling against his shoulder. “I don’t think so.”
Jaune’s look turned to slightly worried. “I’m not sure what to think about that.”

Pyrrha sighed. “Jaune, you remember what Yang said to you last night.”

He nodded as she continued. “I don’t think she regrets saying any of that. She has seen on multiple occasions how you’ve helped us. From bridal carrying Blake after she collapsed in the hall, to the impromptu pair fight. Even at the dance and leading into last night.”

Jaune sighed softly. “I only wanted to be a gentleman.”

Pyrrha then wrapped her arms around his torso. “You have been.”

Jaune then dropped what he thought was a bombshell. “In the process, my cousin’s reputation followed, and now it seems I unwittingly have three women who...”

Pyrrha nodded, a blush forming around her face. “I think Blake and Yang might have fallen in love with you, Jaune. I know I have.”

That rocked Jaune a little before he turned his head and looked at her. “Wh-Huh-How long?”

Pyrrha kissed his forehead before her vibrant green eyes met his. “Before initiation, Jaune.”

Jaune blushed mightily as he processed those words. The woman he was partners with had fallen in love with him.

Jaune smiled slightly before he kissed her in response. “I wish I knew sooner.”

Instead of letting things build, he turned his head back to facing front.

Pyrrha was confused. “What’s wrong?”
He sighed. “I love you, too. However, you know that I care about Yang and Blake, but I don’t know how deeply I do. I don’t want to be like my cousin, who broke hearts every moment he could.”

Jaune continued, not allowing Pyrrha to get in a word. “Pyrrha, I’m not sure if what I feel for them is not also love or just a close friendship.”

Then he took a deep breath. “Pyrrha, I—I’m sorry to tell you this. As this may ruin your feelings. However, Blake and I...”

Pyrrha’s eyes widened. “Did you...?”

Jaune nodded, his eyes closed. “We did. We had sex. While you were with Yang, Ruby, and Weiss.”

A stunned silence leveled on the room, as Pyrrha tried to process that information.

Jaune spoke again. “It just happened. We were going to work in the simulator when we were ambushed as we walked in. I recovered first and got Blake enough room to also recover. Then we fought them back, breaking one of the person’s legs. As the second person charged at us, someone tackled them. He was an older man. He complimented us on fighting off the ambush before he took them away.”

Pyrrha stayed stoic. “But how did that lead to you and Blake having sex?”

Jaune sighed. “We had lunch after that, and then went to Team RWBY’s dorm. We spent the next 45 minutes or so going over training sessions on our scrolls and bouncing ideas off of each other, much like you might’ve seen us Saturday Night. Then we watched the battle with Cardin and Russell. We both recalled what was said in the locker room beforehand. As the fight went on, my arms wrapped around her in a sideways hug.”

Jaune sighed again. “I felt like I needed to show her that as long as I was around, I would be there for her. The next thing you know, I was about to leave, and she asked me to hold her again. I did so, and things went from there.”
Pyrrha was silent. “Unwittingly, you seduced her by acting as you have since she got hurt. As a result, you had sex with her.”

Jaune nodded, a tear shedding from his left eye.

Pyrrha then continued. “Then we had sex the next day after we danced, reminding ourselves of our final dance on Friday night.”

Jaune nodded, expecting the blowup at any moment.

Pyrrha then asked the question in her mind. “Have you and Yang-“

Jaune cut that off, quickly. “No.”

Pyrrha then sighed, but she just squeezed her arms around him tightly. “I want to be mad at you, but I just can’t.”

Jaune leaned into the hug. “I’m sorry I betrayed you, Pyrrha.”

Pyrrha shook her head. “No more words about it. I know you care about Blake. I also know you care about Yang. However, I now know you love me. So please, try to find out how you feel about the others before things get really messy between everyone.”

Jaune nodded, turning his torso and wrapping his arms around her to reciprocate the embrace. The tears flowed, but a crisis may have been averted.

*****

Across the hall, Ruby had just left her team’s dorm to train a little. This left Blake and Yang to their own devices.

“So, what drove you to sleep in JNPR’s dorm last night?” Blake asked.
Yang blushed slightly. “Jaune and Pyrrha came by to see how I was after Weiss did what she did.”

Blake pushed a little. “Anything else happen?”

Yang’s blush deepened a little. “Well, I said I didn’t want to be here if or when Weiss came in. That’s when Jaune asked Pyrrha if I should stay the night in their dorm.”

Blake laughed. “Oh no, another softball.”

Yang then sighed, a small smile emerging on her features. “It was too easy. I joked that Jaune would try for a threesome. His blush was so cute as he furiously denied such an idea.”

Blake shook her head, but Yang continued. “I laughed as hard as I could, but then latched onto him as I cried like a baby.”

Her partner’s face took on a worried look. “Oh, I’m sorry.”

Yang’s blush then brightened a little more, her smile changing to a sheepish expression. “I finally told him what I felt about him.”

Blake then looked at her puzzled. “Really? What did you say?”

Yang held back a tear as her blush rescinded, her expression turning slightly more reflective. “I told him he was the closest man in my life, outside of my father. He’s always willing to play along, but he’s so selfless and willing to help in a moment’s notice.”

Yang then sighed as a lone tear fell from her right eye. “I then asked why we weren’t teammates. I may have also asked why he and I weren’t partners.”

Blake didn’t know how to feel about that admission. However, Yang continued. “Blake, I love being your partner. I don’t want anyone else as one. I mean, I admit I wish we were on a team with Jaune and Pyrrha.”
“So, what did you do in their dorm?” Blake asked with a furious blush, after putting away her scroll.

Yang continued. “We talked about what happened the past few days. We talked about the dance, various training things. Then we told Nora and Ren about what Weiss is doing, or rather, what she tried to do.” She replied, closing her scroll, laying onto her back and putting her hands behind her head.

‘I wish I was in his arms again.’ She thought, before taking a deep breath.

“Anything else?” Blake lightly pushed again.

Yang’s eyebrow rose as her playful smirk emerged. “Why are you asking? Curious if my comments about that landing were accurate?”

Blake chuckled and shook her head. “No.”

Yang shrugged. “Well after Nora found out about Weiss, she wanted to break her legs. Even Ren seemed to be with the idea, only saying to fight her in Goodwitch’s class.”

Blake put her hand to her chin. “Then why didn’t she challenge Weiss today?”

Yang moved her eyes back to her partner. “Jaune said not to. He said it would be up to Weiss to try and dictate what happens.”

Blake then leaned closer to Yang. “What if she challenges Jaune?”

The Blonde shrugged. “He said he’ll deal with it if she does. After that, we went to bed.”

Blake pressed again. “How did you sleep?”
Yang smiled remembering that evening. “Better than I’ve slept since I got here.”

Blake shook her head. “That’s not entirely how I meant.”

Yang chuckled. “Well, Jaune asked how we would sleep. Pyrrha actually offered to sleep in the middle. Keeping Jaune firmly on his mattress and allowing me to be closer to him.”

Blake’s eyes widened. “She was willing to do that?”

Yang nodded. “Jaune put a stop to that thought though. He saw that Pyrrha was feeling slightly dejected, so he decided to lay down between their mattresses. Pyrrha slept on his right side. I slept on his left.”

Yang’s blush returned furiously. “I… may have used his chest as a pillow.”

Blake smiled. “So, he was that comfortable, huh?”

Yang nodded. “Very.”

Blake sighed and whispered. “I wish I could’ve fallen asleep and used his chest as a pillow.”

Yang sat back up, a raised eyebrow and a smirk on her face. “I heard that. Have you been with Jaune recently?”

Blake blushed brightly. “We were together a couple days ago when you were out with the others, remember?”

Yang’s eyes widened. “You mean that smell…”

Blake hid her furiously blushing face in her bed as Yang put things together.
“You… and Jaune…” Yang said. Blake just nodded in silence.

“Details?” Yang asked.

Blake shook her head. “I can’t begin to describe the feelings I had with him. I know it felt good. However, I guess you’ll have to try and find out, yourself.”

Yang pouted. “Spoil sport.”

*****

The following day was just as non-confrontational. There was still an uncomfortable feeling when Weiss walked into classes, but things only continued to manifest.

Ruby tried to mend fences between classes but was ignored readily by the pompous heiress. This only seemed to incense the diminutive leader.

Team JNPR stayed together for the bulk of classes, only splitting around Lunch and Dinner.

It was around dinner that Yang and Blake decided to talk to Jaune and Pyrrha.

“Evening, guys. Another rough time in Oobleck’s class?” Yang asked.

Jaune chuckled. “Yeah, I wonder if he ever takes a breath when he talks.”

Pyrrha nodded, as did Blake.

Yang decided to just skip the small talk. “All right, any idea on what to do with Ice Queen?”

Jaune shook his head. “I’m not going to do anything. You heard me a few nights ago. She can choose to do whatever she wants. If she challenges one of us, then that’s her prerogative.”
Blake’s eyes widened. “You mean you forgive her for her decisions?”

Jaune’s expression turned puzzled. “After slandering Yang and me? Heck no.”

Blake then pressed. “Then why aren’t you trying to confront it?”

Jaune sighed. “She doesn’t deserve the attention. To be honest, she’s acting like a child. Sometimes you need to ignore the child for them to shut up.”

Right at that moment, Professor Goodwitch walked to their table. “Mr. Arc, may I have a word with you?”

Jaune looked at Glynda. “What’s going on, Professor?”

She didn’t take her eyes off him. “I have some questions for you.”

Jaune sighed slightly before standing up. “Well, nice talking to you two.” He then turned to Pyrrha. “See you after I talk with Professor Goodwitch.”

With that, he waved and then left the cafeteria, following the older Blonde Bombshell.

That left Yang, Blake, and Pyrrha alone.

“So, Pyrrha. Have you still been working with Jaune?” Yang asked, trying to keep things complacent.

Pyrrha nodded. “I have, his stature has improved. I guess his feeling of needing to protect has really taken over his training.”

Blake nodded. “That’s good to hear.”
Yang then took on a teasing expression. “Have you used his chest as a pillow, again?”

Pyrrha blushed mightily. “I thought we said we wouldn’t talk about that.”

Yang put her head to her chin. “Not that I can recall. Then again, as his partner you’ve likely been in his arms more than us.”

Pyrrha nodded, her blush continuing. “That’s true. I guess I haven’t really taken advantage of it.”

Yang nodded, continuing her teasing. “Well, you should. Or else I might try to steal him from you.”

Pyrrha shook her head, her blush receding slightly. “I don’t know how successful you’d be at that.”

Yang’s eyes widened. “Oh really?”

Pyrrha nodded. “After all, we’ve had a lot of fun recently.”

Yang gasped as she processed those words. “You mean…”

Pyrrha’s blush remained, but a grin formed on her features.

Blake immediately picked up on the connotation. “When?”

The Redheaded Amazon looked at Blake, her eyes slightly narrowing. “A couple days ago. I guess I might’ve been a little tardy with him.”

Blake immediately blushed. “So… you know?”
Pyrrha nodded slowly. “I do.”

Yang’s eyes widened. “So, the heroic knight told you?”

Pyrrha nodded slowly again, closing her eyes as she formed her response. “Yes, after class on Monday. He looked troubled about Weiss. Then we talked about the dance.”

Blake and Yang were stoic, as Pyrrha continued. “He lamented how he only wanted to be a gentleman. Yet, he feels that through his actions that you two and I have fallen for him.”

Their heads hung, but Pyrrha continued. “I finally told him I did. Much like I told you during our Girls’ day out. He then apologized and wished he knew sooner.”

Blake’s head popped up. “That’s when he told you.”

Pyrrha nodded again. “Yes, and as much as I want to be mad at him for doing it, I can’t be.”

With a sigh, she continued. “I guess I should’ve acted on my feelings immediately after the dance, instead of trying to understand them.”

Blake’s eyes widened again. “You mean?”

Yang’s head popped up. “You, and he?”

Pyrrha nodded. “Why do you think I laid on his right side, on his mattress?”

Yang immediately blushed brightly.

Pyrrha then leveled her stance. “I love him, and I truly believe him when he told me he loved me. However, I do not know how he feels about you guys.”
Blake and Yang hung their heads again. Yet, Pyrrha continued. “I also don’t know how your opinions are about him.”

Blake spoke first. “I trust him, and I can’t help but feel that I might love him.”

Yang nodded. “I trust him, too. Though I don’t know if there’s also love.”

Pyrrha looked at the Blonde. “Well, far be it from me to keep love from happening. If you truly feel that you love him, then please let him know. He’s conflicted. He loves me, but he doesn’t want to hurt either of you.”

Yang hung her head again. “I wouldn’t dare hurt him. He’s been the best man in our class, let alone on campus. He’s just been amazing.”

Blake nodded. “I would never hurt him.”

Pyrrha then looked at the two one last time, and then took a deep breath. “Please, don’t just say this to placate me. Know how you feel, and then tell him.”

Yang then asked the biggest question on her mind. “What if he rejects us?”

Pyrrha shook her head. “Call me an optimist, but I don’t think he would. He cares too much about you both.”

Pyrrha then leaned closer to the pair. “I want him to myself, but I want him happy even more than that. If that means I have to share, I will.”

Yang and Blake both blushed furiously at the notion.

‘Is she meaning a… harem?’ Blake thought. The only harem she knew of was back in Menagerie.

With an unspoken agreement in place, the Neapolitan Trio stood up and left the cafeteria.
Jaune and Glynda walked into her office. The Professor motioned for him to sit at her desk, which he did.

The Professor took her seat across her desk from him. “I bet you’re wondering why I brought you here.”

Jaune nodded. “I am a little curious, yes.”

Glynda sighed. “Well, Ms. Schnee has asked me to set up a sparring session between you and her.”

Jaune nodded. “I figured as such. I was just wondering when.”

The Professor stared at the young man. “I take it this may have something to do with Team RWBY’s infighting?”

Jaune nodded. “It’s… a long story. If you have the time?”

Glynda pinched the bridge of her nose as she sighed. “As long as I can get understanding as to why, sure.”

Jaune then took a deep breath. “Well, it has something to do with a Cousin of mine. His name was ‘Jackson Steele’. He was known for many things, most of them infamously. The fact that I look similar to him is a detriment to myself.”

Professor Goodwitch just stared at her student as Jaune continued. “He was, what many people would call, a perfect gentleman. It’s a testament to how our Mothers raised us.”

Glynda nodded. “I can understand that part of the equation, especially of late.”
Jaune nodded, a light blush on his face at the praise. “Well, he was also known to have a wandering eye. One that ultimately cost him his life.”

The Professor tilted her head slightly. “So, what does that have to do with you?”

Jaune sighed. “As I stated, I look a lot like he did. However, when he was in school, he would use his charms to seduce girls. Then he’d manipulate them, then dump them. The cycle would then start over.”

Glynda’s eyes narrowed. “So, this is why Specialist Schnee was asking about you.”

Jaune’s head shot up. “Winter was asking about me?”

Glynda nodded. “Yes, but please continue. That is not important at this time.”

Jaune nodded, taking another deep breath. “Well, I was a few years behind him. My school years were not typical for a boy. I would try to be a perfect gentleman, but I would be told my motives were wrong, or that I wasn’t being truthful.”

Glynda nodded, as she started piecing things together. “Because the students you were with also remembered him. Thus, they felt you were the same.”

Jaune nodded. “I guess that would be the reason. I’m also guessing that Winter may have been a victim of his games. Which is what is drawing Weiss to drag my name through the mud, and now she wishes to challenge me.”

Glynda then sighed. “This is quite a situation you find yourself in.”

Jaune chuckled as he shook his head. “You aren’t kidding, Professor. I guess seeing my protective nature around her team, and how I’ve treated them has her thinking I’m going to do the same to them.”

The Professor nodded. “A rather illogical conclusion, given how you seem to show a deep care and developed a rather deep trust with the rest of your team and the other three students in Team
Glynda then added. “I must say, since you’ve established a defensive stature, you’ve grown as a huntsman. Your attitude toward knowing when to attack and when to defend have matured considerably.”

Jaune blushed again at the faint praise. “Thank you, Professor.”

Glynda then stood, placed her hands behind her back and walked around behind her desk a little. “However, though you have developed nicely his semester, you’re still a little behind in your work in solo situations.”

Jaune nodded. “I understand that, Professor.”

Glynda then sat back down and pinched the bridge of her nose again. “Well, the challenge has been made. How do you feel about it?”

Jaune shrugged. “Honestly? I have no feelings on it. I will let you choose whether we spar or not.”

The Professor nodded. “Should I call on this match, what will you do?”

Jaune paused. “I’m… not completely sure, Professor.”

Glynda nodded, a soft sigh escaping from her lips. “Very well. Thank you for meeting with me, Jaune. You are dismissed.”

Jaune nodded and stood. After moving around the chair, he exited her office.

Glynda bowed her head as she rested her forehead in her right hand. ‘He really doesn’t know the reaction he’ll have. I guess we’ll have to find out.’****
The next couple of days were really nondescript. However, the end of the week always holds surprises.

Professor Goodwitch walked to the center of her dueling hall. “All right, students. We do have one final match for the week. Weiss Schnee and Jaune Arc.”

Jaune sighed, knowing the challenge was there ahead of time. He then felt someone place a hand on the middle of his back.

He looked around, and locked eyes with Pyrrha. Her worried look pained him to gaze at.

“Be careful, Jaune.” She said. He nodded as he stood and walked to the locker room. As he did, he caught the eyes of Blake and Yang. A quick nod was all he offered before he reached the hall.

While inside the locker room, he did his due diligence of gathering his gear. He first changed into his armor, and then pulled out his hand-me-down weapon.

As he unfolded his shield and grabbed his sword, the memories of the past few months played in his head. The voices of Pyrrha, Blake, and Yang reverberating in his memories.

He knew he had a decision to make. Even as painful as this may be.

As he closed his locker, he closed his eyes. ‘I know what I must do.’ he thought.

*****

As he walked out of the locker room and into the dueling hall, he felt numb. A choice was made. One that he was willing to make.

The other members of the combined teams sat together. No words were spoken, as each one was conflicted in their thoughts.
Well, except Nora. “Go get her, Jaune-Jaune! Break her legs!”

Jaune sighed as he steeled himself and took his position in the arena. Weiss soon after emerged from the locker room. The room went silent, the footfalls of her boots were the only sound.

Also in the hall were Cinder and Emerald, though they were up higher than the other students.

“What do you think will happen?” Emerald whispered.

Cinder shook her head lightly. “I’m not sure.”

As Weiss took her position in the dueling arena, Professor Goodwitch noticed that Jaune hadn’t moved.

“Is everyone ready?” The Professor said.

Weiss took her stance. “Time to learn your place, you fraud.” Jaune just nodded, not allowing her verbal shot to affect him.

“BEGIN!” The Professor yelled.

Instantly, Weiss launched herself at him, only to be met by his heater shield. A dangerous glint in her eye emerged after he easily deflected her attack. Weiss went for the attack again, only to be parried by an effortless motion of his sword.

They split off again, this time Jaune led the attack. He felt his sword being parried and used the momentum to balance on his right hand and kick her midsection.

The pair then split once again, he lunged again at her, their swords crossing as they jockeyed for position. The crowd looked at the Aura meters, they were dead even.

Weiss then connected a harsh slash to his shield, to which he spun and knocked her down. Yet, he didn’t press his attack. She then lunged at him in anger. Her attacks trying to break his defenses.
Jaune was stoic as he absorbed blow after blow. He then ducked under a particularly wild attack, and swept her feet from under her as he regained momentum. The crowd alternated between the match and the aura screen. They had both crossed the 40 percent barrier.

He then slammed against her, but also felt the effects of it. Weiss then readied for one final attack. Jaune leveled his gaze as he moved his shield to deflect the attack, but he angled it wrong.

That last attack leveled Jaune, as he hit the ground hard. The aura meters read Jaune at 29 percent, with Weiss at 30 percent.

“Ms. Schnee is victorious!” Professor Goodwitch announced.

Jaune didn’t move. His back moving up and down as he caught his breath.

Weiss, however, was not done yet. “Finally learned where you stand, huh? Maybe I should make sure you never forget.”

With that, she raised her sword for one more attack, malicious intent in her eyes as she brought her sword down.

Only to be stopped cold as Jaune rolled to his back and raised his sword flat side up to cease the attack. He stayed like that, his eyes boring into her as he did not budge.

Professor Goodwitch then struck Weiss with her riding crop. “You would have earned a passing grade for this spar, but that attempted cheap shot just earned you a fail for today.”

Jaune rose as he kept her sword at bay. He wasn’t even straining at this point.

Professor Goodwitch then struck Weiss again with her crop. This time, she relented and pulled her sword away.

“Ms. Schnee, I will not hesitate to expel you from this campus if you keep trying to attack after a
battle. Let me remind you that expulsion for something of this nature will remove your eligibility to attend any other school.” Professor Goodwitch scolded.

The rest of Team RWBY’s eyes widened. ‘Then she would be forced back to her father.’ Ruby thought.

Weiss’ eyes finally cleared of the malice she showed. After a moment, she affixed her sword to her hip. Then she extended her right hand.

“I’m sorry, for everything.” Weiss said, just audible enough for Jaune to hear.

Jaune’s eyes stared at her, looking for any deception. As he saw none, he did see her threaten to shed a tear.

With a small smile, he reached his right hand out and met hers in a professional handshake.

“Let’s get back to the locker room.” Jaune said, as he turned to his left.

Weiss nodded and walked past him. Jaune sighed slightly and turned his head to Professor Goodwitch, an unsure expression on his features.

The older woman nodded, a hint of a content grin on her face. With a nod of his own, he turned and walked back to the locker room.

As he did, he caught a view of Pyrrha, Yang, and Blake. With a nod and a slight fist pump, he left the dueling arena.

*****

Jaune relaxed as he felt the warm water caress his muscles after the sparring session. His thoughts were of the fight, mainly.

‘That was close. I think she was really planning on it.” He thought, as he washed the dirt from his
As he finished, he turned off the shower, then he wrapped a towel around his torso. Carefully, he left the showers.

He was able to dry himself off enough to put on his boxers and his uniform bottoms. However, the doors then opened.

Immediately, Pyrrha was at his side. “Are you ok?”

Jaune nodded. “The floor hurt more than the attack.”

Nora and Ren walked up to him. Nora spoke first. “She was really pissed, wasn’t she?”

Jaune nodded again. “She was, and I didn’t care.”

Ren looked at him with an incredulous look. “You mean you don’t care how she almost tried to hurt you?”

Jaune shrugged. “You saw how I stopped it. Her only action would be to disengage, which would give me time to regroup and then fight back.”

Jaune then turned to his teammates. “You also saw her entire demeanor change when she was warned by Professor Goodwitch.”

Pyrrha’s eyes widened. “So, by you stopping her attack, and then showing that though you lost the battle, that you were willing to keep fighting-“

Jaune nodded. “I showed her, indirectly, that she was being immature.”

Nora then asked, as he put on his shirt. “Did you fight to win, Jaune-Jaune?”
He didn’t hesitate, as he did his tie. “Yes, I did. If I wouldn’t have missed out on an opportunity, I would have.”

With that knowledge divulged, he tucked in his shirt. Then he slid on his uniform jacket. “Let’s get some dinner. I’m through with these games.”

*****

In another part of the locker room, Team RWBY had met up with Weiss.

They exchanged minor pleasantries, mainly congratulations on the spar victory. Though, Ruby was incensed at her partners’ actions.

“Why in the world did you try to hurt him?” Yang demanded an explanation.

Weiss just stayed stoic. Her mind playing the last few moments of the spar and the aftermath.

Blake waved her hand in front of Weiss’ face. “Yoo-hoo, you there?”

Weiss then spoke. “I...”

The others leaned in. “I didn’t see ‘Jaune’.” She admitted.

Ruby’s eyes widened. “What?”

Weiss’ eyes started to well up. “I didn’t see ‘Jaune’. I only saw Jackson.”

Ruby immediately was at her side. “You saw his cousin, Jackson?”

Weiss nodded. “I don’t know why I didn’t stop. I could only see Jackson.”
Weiss took a shuttered deep breath as she tried to explain. “Ever since I saw Jaune give Blake that bridal carry back to our dorm, I’ve only seen Jackson.”

Yang sat down. “Then why did you-?” She began.

“I don’t know. I…” Weiss interrupted.

The heiress then leaned forward, holding her head in her hands. “I can’t believe I let my past come back to haunt me.”

Blake then sat next to Yang. “What happened?”

Weiss took another shuttering breath, but Winter strode in first.

“Jackson and I met when we were at Atlas. He was a rather dashing huntsman, and a consummate gentleman. Very much like Jaune, in that sense.” Winter said as she stood beside Ruby.

Weiss continued. “He was always around. Even as Winter came home between semesters, he would join her.”

The others were enthralled by the story being told. Winter then kept going. “Eventually, he and I started to have… difficulties.”

Winter then took on a reflective expression. “He turned colder, becoming less enthusiastic as we were together. He eventually stopped speaking to me.”

Weiss interjected. “I went up to him and demanded an explanation. He only laughed at me. His words struck the harshest of chords.”

The heiress then took a final deep breath. “He told me, ‘Kid, I never liked your sister. I only know two things: Being a gentleman gets me what I want, and then dropping what I get and don’t want anymore like a bad habit.’ I was livid at his statement.”
Winter nodded. “It was at the end of my second year at Atlas Academy. He transferred to Shade shortly after.”

Ruby took on a pained look. “By seeing him act as he did, and now seeing Jaune also try to be a gentleman-“

“I saw Jackson, and those memories came rushing back.” Weiss finished.

Winter nodded again. “I was hoping this investigation would help you see that he wasn’t Jackson. However, I heard that the spar between you and Jaune might’ve helped.”

Weiss nodded. “I need to apologize, far more than I did after the spar.”

Yang sighed slightly, as she wrapped her left arm around Weiss. “Take your time. We’ll be waiting in the cafeteria.”

With that, the rest of Team RWBY and Winter left the locker room. They met up with Team JNPR on their way.

*****

In the cafeteria, the combined teams were going over notes as they ate their dinner. At times Winter would throw a curveball question in relation to class to keep them on their toes.

Weiss then walked in, carrying her tray of food. “Hey, mind if I join you?”

Jaune smiled but motioned to her team for their decision.

Ruby also smiled. “Sure, welcome back Weiss.”

Weiss smiled contently as she took a seat next to Winter.
Jaune decided to chime in first. “How are you feeling?”

Weiss raised her eyebrow. “Aside from feeling like the village idiot, I’m doing pretty well.”

Jaune nodded. “Well coming from the head of the idiots, I’d say you’re just fine.”

The teams laughed at the playful exchange as they continued to eat.

Eventually, Nora and Ren took their leave. More training in the simulator, of course.

Ruby and Yang then left, as did Blake. They wanted to get to Ozpin’s office to get Weiss’ stuff back to their dorm.

Winter then excused herself from the dwindling group, but not before asking Pyrrha to join her.

This left Weiss and Jaune together. Weiss knew she had to finally pay the proverbial piper. “Jaune, look-“ She started.

“Weiss, I know. You weren’t seeing me the past few months. You saw my cousin.” Jaune interrupted.

Weiss nodded, her expression turning somber. “I’m sorry I treated you like I did. I was childish, I had expected so much more than what I thought I had.”

Jaune nodded but let her continue to speak.

She continued. “I thought if I ruffled enough feathers, I would get my way.”

Jaune stayed still, letting Weiss’ thoughts flow from her mouth. “How did you get to be that lucky? You ended up as partners with Pyrrha freaking Nikos.”
Jaune shrugged. “I ask myself that question some days. Then I work alongside her and realize that maybe it wasn’t just luck.”

Weiss shrugged. “It doesn’t matter, really. You and her have really developed together. I wish I could say the same with me and Team RWBY.”

Jaune shook his head. “No, you have developed. Just now, you need to redevelop trust.”

Weiss raised her eyebrow as Jaune continued. “You see, Weiss, I’ve learned in my time here that there’s not just the whole fighting aspect of a hunter or huntress. You need to develop trust. Somewhere, while you were trying to run my name through the dirt, you lost a lot of that trust.”

Weiss nodded, her somber face holding steady. Jaune then continued. “I do accept your apology, but I also have this request. Trust everyone from our combined teams. Without that trust, we will never survive.”

Weiss nodded again. “Professor Port’s class, three weeks ago.”

Jaune nodded, a small smile on his face.

With that non-spoken agreement, the pair stood and walked out of the cafeteria.
Yang was in much better spirits than this time last week. Her sister was happy, the team was back together, and she was able to sleep in a little.

Be that as it was, there was still a lingering thought just messing around.

As she finished getting dressed, she noticed Blake’s ears twitching in the morning sunlight, a small smile as she continued dreaming.

A smile crept across Yang’s face, it was great to see her partner in such a positive mood. With a reflective look and a soft sigh, she left Team RWBY’s dorm.

Jaune was enjoying a nice walk around campus. A little tradition he decided to start not very long ago.

As he walked, he passed many students who were enjoying the relaxing day as well.

As he was walking, he was joined by Yang.

“Morning, Yang. How’s everyone?” He asked.

She shrugged. “Compared to a few nights ago, it’s gotten so much better.”

Jaune smiled. “I’m happy to hear. Have any plans for today?”
Yang shook her head. “Not really. What of you?”

Jaune shrugged. “No real plans. Just relaxing before the festival kicks off next week.”

Yang was hit by some inspiration. “Why don’t we go to Vale?”

Jaune put his hand to his chin. “Sure, I haven’t been there in a while. Do you want to see if the others want to go?”

Yang shook her head. “Weiss wants to work with Ruby in the simulator to prepare for the Festival, and Blake wanted to relax.”

Jaune nodded. “All right, well I know Pyrrha is also going to get a final session in as well. Nora and Ren have already gone for the day, so I’m just going to let the guys know I’m heading off campus. I’m sure Team RWBY would like to be told as well.”

After he said it, Jaune sent a quick message to Pyrrha, Nora, and Ren. A quick chime later was Pyrrha’s response.

-‘Be careful, see you tonight.’-

Jaune smiled contently as he popped his scroll back into his pocket. Yang has just sent a message to her team as well. A chime later and Ruby had responded.

-‘Have fun!’-

Yang chuckled at the small reply as she put her own scroll away.

Jaune turned to his right, motioning toward the bullheads. “Ready?”

Yang nodded. “Absolutely.”
Back inside Beacon, Blake was in a reflective mood. Her mind played over the last few months in her head. Every encounter with Jaune, every training session, every spar.

‘Every moment I’ve had with him.’ She thought. ‘Every time I’ve been with him has been fantastic.’

She looked down, a slightly somber expression on her face. ‘Even when we had sex, you just felt perfect. I’m jealous of Pyrrha. To be that close must feel amazing.’

With a sigh, she stood from her bed. After a quick check of herself, she left Team RWBY’s dorm.

Only to see the aforementioned huntress returning to JNPR dorm.


Pyrrha nodded. “I am, and yourself?”

Blake hesitated. “Well, I’m puzzled.”

Pyrrha tilted her head. “Why’s that?”

Blake looked around the hall. “Can we talk about it in private?”

Pyrrha nodded, a knowing look on her face. “Sure, come on in.”

*****
Thankfully, Jaune didn’t throw up on the bullhead this go around. The first part of the day-trip was just spent walking around. They enjoyed some light banter, and a quick stop in the local ice cream shop. Jaune decided on Rocky Road, while Yang chose Butter Pecan. They both chose cups, for easier eating.

As they sat on a bench enjoying their Ice cream, Yang’s mind went into overdrive.

‘Even just sitting here feels perfect. I could just sit here, and not do anything else but talk with him, and I wouldn’t even mind.’ She thought.

Jaune lightly rubbed his right arm against her left, breaking her train of thought. “Hey, did you want a taste?”

He held out a small spoonful of his chosen flavor. Yang smiled slightly and leaned in for a taste.

Rich, woody, smooth. It tasted much like it would if it was a representation of her life. She moaned lightly as she enjoyed the flavors interacting on her tongue. After swallowing the offered spoonful, she nodded. “That’s really good, Jaune, thanks.”

Yang then collected her own small spoonful and offered it to Jaune. “Care to try?”

“Sure, thanks.” Jaune said. He tried the lighter ice cream, nodding slowly as he savored the stellar contrast of flavor to his.

Jaune swallowed his sample of Butter Pecan and then started talking. “I’m honestly surprised how tough it is to get good ice cream now.”

Yang tilted her head. “What do you mean?”

Jaune sighed. “I mean, there’s the normal flavors of ice cream. Of course, there’s always some sort of Chocolate, Strawberry, or Vanilla. But what of the creations? What of the varied types of sundaes, or even a float?”

Yang nodded. “You’re right, it seems that every shop around has made their offerings so generic.”
Jaune nodded. “It’s become a travesty. Though with the shop we just visited, the art of creation may not be as dead as we thought.”

Yang nodded. “Let’s see what else we can get into.”

With that, the couple finished their sweet treats. Then they went to a trash receptacle and placed the cups into the opening. With that done, they walked toward some of the stores in town.

*****

Back in JNPR dorm, Pyrrha and Blake were enjoying a cup of tea.

“Well, you told me you were puzzled. So, what’s on your mind Blake?” Pyrrha started.

“It’s about Jaune.” Blake admitted.

Pyrrha nodded. “Of course, what’s going on?”

Blake took a deep breath. “How do you feel when you’re around him?”

Pyrrha thought for a second. “I feel safe, secure, happy. I also feel better just being near him. I guess you could say I feel complete with him.”

Blake nodded. “I feel the same about him.”

Pyrrha stayed still. “So, you truly feel that you love him?”

Blake nodded. “I do. I also just feel better being around him. Everything you described about being with him, I also feel.”
Pyrrha smiled. “I’m pleased you feel that way.”

Blake blushed. “What do you mean?”

Pyrrha took a sip of her tea before responding. “I mean that I’m happy that you have figured out your emotions. I would recommend telling Jaune as soon as you can.”

Blake nodded. “Call me curious, but just how comfortable is he?”

Pyrrha blushed lightly. “Take your pajamas and make them three times as comfortable. Then you might get close.”

Blake asked this time. “Could I sleep with him to find out?”

Pyrrha raised her eyebrow. “That’s a bit of a blunt request, seeing you already have.”

Blake put her hands up to quell any fought of infidelity. “I wasn’t meaning sex.”

Blake then took another deep breath as she tried to vocalize what she felt.

“I mean I can’t help but wonder what it’s like to sleep in his arms. To be so close to him and be content as we rest. No expectations, no pressures.” Blake said.

Pyrrha nodded, a content smile on her face. “Well, far be it from me to stop you.”

Blake’s mood perked up slightly. “Do you mean-“ She started.

“I mean I have no problem with it. Though you may need to see if Yang and Jaune are ok with the idea. Also, you might need to talk to Professor Ozpin about this.” Pyrrha finished.

“Why would I need to talk to Professor Ozpin?” Blake asked, a puzzled look on her face.
“Well, do you think he’d approve of people from different teams sleeping together?” Pyrrha asked. Blake nodded slowly in recognition.

“You also might want to talk with your parents.” Pyrrha reminded.

Blake’s eyes widened slightly, but a small grin emerged. “I don’t think they’ll mind. There’s examples of this on Menagerie.”

Pyrrha chuckled but pressed the issue. “Still, they may want to know.”

The two then began talking about the upcoming Vytal Festival, a nice change of pace from their previous discussions.

*****

Back in Vale, Jaune and Yang just finished a little shopping. Jaune just grabbed a few things that may be of use in the dorms, Yang picked up a few minor trinkets herself.

As they began to head back to the bullhead pads, the faint sound of music slowed their journey.

“Hey Jaune, think we can enjoy the club for a little?” Yang asked.

Jaune shrugged. “We can, but only for a couple songs. We can’t be late getting to the last bullhead.”

Yang slumped her shoulders. “You’re right, and it’s nothing really worth dancing to anyway.”

Jaune moved his small shopping bag to his left hand and wrapped his right around her shoulders in a side hug. “Don’t worry, we can always dance back in the dorm.”

Yang’s mind shifted with that. ‘That’s true.’ She thought.
As they neared the dock, Jaune pulled his scroll out and sent a quick message to Pyrrha that they were returning.

*****

Blake and Pyrrha had just finished talking when the latter’s scroll chimed.

“Oh, I wonder if that’s Jaune.” She said.

She opened it up, and sure enough, Jaune had sent her a message.

-‘We’re on our way back. Just about at the bullhead.’-

Pyrrha smiled contently. “Well, looks like you might be able to ask him before long. They’re on their way back.”

Blake gasped, surprised how quickly had passed.

“Has it really been this long?” She asked. Pyrrha’s only response was a nod.

Blake then pulled out her own scroll, sending a message to Yang.

*****

The two Blondes were waiting at the dock with Jaune behind Yang for the next bullhead when they heard the ambient music change.

Yang sighed softly, a soft melody playing now.
“I haven’t heard this song in a while.” She said, closing her eyes as she tried to focus on the tones lightly playing in the background.

Jaune kept focus on his companion for the day, as she began to sway softly at the tempo of the song.

With a soft sigh, he wrapped his arms around her. Which caused her to take a slightly shuttered breath.

Yet Jaune didn’t speak. He let her keep swaying before he rested his head on her right shoulder.

Finally, the song finished, and Yang reopened her eyes. She was trying to keep her emotions in order but failing slowly.

“Why?” She whispered softly.

“Why what?” He replied, matching her volume.

“Why are you so good to us?” Yang clarified.

“Because you’re my friends.” He whispered.

They stayed like that for a few moments before the bullhead rested at the dock.

Jaune released his embrace of Yang and walked in front of her, climbing on and turning while extending his right hand to help her in. She placed her left hand in his and climbed in while sporting a faint blush.

The rest of the people heading to Beacon walked into the transport before it took off. The departure was slightly more bumpy than normal, leading to a woman accidentally losing her balance and falling backward into Jaune.

He instinctively placed his right foot back to help cushion the impact as he wrapped his left arm
around her. “You all right?”

He only saw her long, Black hair as he let her go. However, she nodded.

“Yes, just lost my balance a moment. Sorry about that.” Cinder said, not daring to turn around.

Jaune nodded. “It happens to everyone.”

Just then, Yang’s phone chimed with her message from Blake.

-‘See you both soon.’-

Yang smiled a bit and leaned against Jaune. Instinctively, he wrapped his right arm around her shoulders again in a comforting hug.

Yang relaxed as she sunk into the one-armed embrace.

‘So, is this what love feels like?’ She thought with a peaceful sigh, as the aircraft sped to Beacon.

*****

The ride was calm, albeit after the slightly turbulent departure. Soon they arrived at Beacon Academy. Carefully, the inhabitants of the transport ship exited the aircraft.

Jaune stepped onto the dock and extended his left hand to Yang, who accepted it as she stepped over as well. As he began to walk beside her, he heard a woman gasp.

Swiftly, he spun back around in enough time to wrap his arms around and catch Cinder as she tripped on the little step over to the dock.

Unlike last time, they hit the ground. Jaune took the brunt of the impact before he let his arms fall
to his sides.

Yang was immediately at his right side. “Are you two all right?”

Cinder nodded, before she moved to his left side and stood.

Cinder then smiled. “Thank you, again.”

Jaune finally got a look at her. Cobalt met Vermillion briefly before he nodded. “You’re welcome. That’s always a tricky place.”

Cinder nodded before she turned away and walked back to the academy.

‘He’s comfortable, and such a gentleman.’ Cinder thought.

Yang then helped Jaune up from the impromptu fall.

Jaune sighed. “Well, add another place that I’ve caught someone.”

Yang took on a playful expression as they began to walk back to the dormitories. “How did she feel?”

Jaune rolled his eyes. “Just like any woman I’ve had fall on me recently. A little pressure on the chest.”

Yang’s expression never changed. “Feel better than any of us?”

Jaune paused for a second, looking like he was thinking. “No, not really.”

Yang pushed the envelope a little, “Did you feel anything with any of us on top of you?”
Jaune’s expression turned playful. “Aside from a little *stiff*?”

Yang slapped his arm lightly as her expression turned curious. “Aside from that.”

Jaune then obliged. “I felt close with everyone. I felt calm, peaceful. I felt... complete. The feeling didn’t change between you, Blake, or Pyrrha.”

Jaune sighed softly as he continued. “The only difference between everyone is...”

Yang leaned in. “What?”

Jaune looked down and kept his voice soft. “Just the body of the woman I’m holding.”

Yang raised her eyebrow and pressed lightly. “What do you mean? Do you prefer to feel that pressure on your chest? Or perhaps long legs that could wrap over yours easily?”

Jaune chuckled. “You’re incorrigible, but I don’t have a preference.”

As the couple were enjoying their conversation, Blake emerged from the main hall of the campus and saw them walking towards her. With a small smile, she walked toward them.

Jaune caught a sight of Blake as she walked towards them out of his periphery. “Guess who’s here.” He said.

Jaune smiled Yang turned her head to face her partner. “Hey, Blake. How’s it going?”

Blake’s smile never wavered. “I’m doing well. How about you two?”

Yang answered. “We’re fine, it was a nice day in Vale.”
Blake’s smile grew slightly as she closed the gap. “So, I take it you two have talked a lot?”

Jaune nodded. “We did-“

Yang continued. “It was quite fun, hearing things about his family.”

After that, Blake wrapped her arms around Jaune in a warm embrace. Jaune reacted in kind, wrapping his arms around her for a moment. With that, Blake turned back around, and the trio walked toward the main hall.

In the shadow of Amity arena, Cinder had just watched the touching encounter.

‘I wonder how that feels, to be held.’ She thought, before she used the side door for the hall.

*****

Cinder walked into her shared quarters with Emerald. She first placed her bags of supplies onto the table, then began to put some of them away.

As she placed some seemingly minor trinkets away, her thoughts floated to the Blonde male.

‘He’s one that I’ve rarely seen. His kind nature, his selfless demeanor.’ She thought.

She paused, her eyes slightly unfocused as she tried to make sense of her ideas for the young man.

‘Do I like him? Or have I just been wanting kindness for so long?’ She asked herself. As she shook her head slowly, Emerald came in.

“Oh, hey Cinder. How was Vale?” She asked.

Cinder had on a content smile. “It’s a lot better when you’re not sneaking around the slums.”
Emerald smiled slightly, herself. “So, have you talked to Roman?”

Cinder nodded, as she took a seat at the table. “I did. I talked to him in front of a noodle cart.”

Emerald looked at Cinder with indignation. “How bold of you.”

Cinder waved her hand. “The man was busy tending to other customers. Thankfully, Roman also wasn’t wearing his normal clothing.”

Emerald chuckled, then took a seat across the table from Cinder. “So, what did you two talk about?”

Cinder paused for a moment. “I told him I was out. The whole plan was a cataclysmic flop. Sure, there’s a very small cell of White Fang defectors. However, for the plan to work would require that membership to be quintupled.”

Emerald nodded. “Yeah, it never seemed to go right for Roman.”

Cinder smiled a little wider. “He’s a good man, if you know how to talk to him. Right before I stepped on the bullhead, I saw him getting ready to head out on a small boat.”

Emerald nodded. “I wonder if Neo was with him?”

Cinder nodded as well. “She was. I saw her in the boat as he cast off.”

Emerald nodded, a small smile on her face. “Well, I hope they find whatever they’re looking for.”

Cinder smiled, her expression turning reflective.

Emerald coughed lightly. “Well, I just got some news about the Vytal Festival.”
Cinder’s eyes turned slightly serious. “What’s going on?”

Emerald then pushed an opened scroll over to her. “Look at who Atlas is bringing for the tournament.”

Cinder’s eyes widened. “It hasn’t even been that long.”

Emerald leveled her sightline. “He’s not here, yet. He’ll be here right before Opening Ceremonies.”

Cinder was perplexed. “There has to be something we don’t know.”

Emerald nodded. “Exactly, but what can we do about this?”

Cinder shook her head. “I don’t know, but we need to find a way to warn Beacon’s competitors.”

*****

Dinner time had arrived at Beacon. Ruby and Weiss were the first to arrive at their normal combined table. Pyrrha joined them immediately after. Nora and Ren then popped in.

Finally, Blake, Yang, and Jaune walked over and sat down as they began to eat their meals.

“How was everyone’s day?” Pyrrha asked.

“It was fun, Weiss and I are so ready to kick butt in the tournament!” Ruby said enthusiastically. She then started her little shimmy-dance-victory thing.

Nora and Ren chuckled. “Well, you might have to worry about us, there, firecracker.” Nora said in a teasing tone.
Jaune smiled a little, enjoying the playful banter.

“Well, we should do well in the team battles. However, I’m still a little perplexed about my solo work. I’ll need another session to get that finalized.” Weiss said.

In that instant, Winter walked in. “Evening, everyone. Mind if I join you, again?”

Everyone gave their permission, albeit in their own unique ways, and Winter did so.

“So how was your day, Jaune?” Weiss asked.

Jaune had just placed a piece of food in his mouth, so he took a moment to chew and swallow. “It was nice, Weiss, thanks. Yang and I went to Vale.”

Winter tilted her head. “You didn’t continue to prepare for the tournament? If I recall right, the individual tournament pits Team Leaders against each other this time.”

Ruby turned her head to Winter. “I thought it was Team discretion for their representative?”

Winter nodded. “It used to be that, but General Ironwood, Headmaster Lionheart, Headmaster Ozpin, and Shade’s Headmaster agreed to make it be the leaders of their academies’ teams.”

Jaune raised his eyebrow at that knowledge. “I was not aware of it.”

“They won’t officially announce it until Opening Ceremonies.” Winter disclosed.

“Thus, the leaders who are lacking will end up being eliminated in the first round of the individual tournament.” Blake said, which Winter nodded.

“Exactly, because the role of a leader should be to lead. Not just order or plan.” Winter said, giving full explanation as to the rule adjustment.
Jaune nodded. “Well, seems I need some more work.”

Pyrrha and Winter both looked at the young man. “If you need the help—“ Pyrrha started.

“Honestly, I could use all the help I can get.” Jaune interrupted, as he took on an uncertain grin.

The others looked around. Ruby then piped in. “Don’t let us, being that we’re on different teams, stop you from asking for help, Jaune.”

Weiss nodded. “Yeah, and there’s more than enough people here to help get you as ready as you can be.”

Jaune smiled. “Thanks, guys.”

With that, the group continued to enjoy dinner.

*****

That evening on the roof was enduring. Blake, Pyrrha, Winter, and Yang were all helping Jaune as they took turns being a training opponent, while the others worked on varied parts of his offensive stature.

“I think you have something for the tournament. If the draw goes your way, you might take it.” Winter said.

Jaune blushed slightly as he raised his right hand to his head. “Oh, thanks.”

“If the draw goes Jaune’s way, yes. However, there’s one competitor that you don’t know who will be here last-minute.” Said a cool voice.

Cinder and Emerald walked out of the cast shadow of the hall onto the roof.
“You’re one of the people who attacked Blake and I in the simulator.” Jaune said, as he readied his weapon.

Cinder put up her hands in a placating manner as Emerald replied. “I am, and I apologize for the situation. I wasn’t thinking right, and you were innocently attacked.”

Jaune released a little tension at that knowledge. “All right, then why are you two here?”

Cinder walked forward. “The other person who attacked you, Mercury, has been entered by Atlas to compete in the individual tournament.”

“How do you know this?” Winter asked, as she stepped forward.

“Ms. Schnee, how many times has Atlas had a grand champion in the Vytal Festival?” Cinder asked in response.

“The last one was me, my fourth year.” Winter replied.

“Ironwood, as you know, is a proud man and wants total victory. How far have Atlas’ representatives gotten in the tournament since?” Cinder asked again.

“The closest I can recall was two years after I left. The last standing Atlas representative was defeated in the semi-finals.” Winter replied.

Cinder nodded. “Do you not think having a well-trained assassin granted transfer to his control wouldn’t put it into his mind to use him in this?”

Winter threw her hand to her mouth. “You’re right. He would enter him, just to use any advantage.”

Jaune was puzzled as he looked at Cinder and Emerald. “How did he transfer to Atlas? Wasn’t he with you at Haven?”

Cinder looked down. “We weren’t students at Haven. We were placed there with a plan to try and
split the academies. I tried to bug the CCT during the dance but failed. Headmaster Ozpin almost had us sent to trial, until I begged clemency for Emerald and myself. I also asked for Mercury to be sent to Atlas.”

“Now Ironwood wants to use him in the tournament.” Pyrrha said.

Cinder and Emerald nodded as the latter spoke. “He’s a dangerous man. So, you’ll need to know his weaknesses.”

Jaune moved toward the two. “What weaknesses?”

Cinder’s expression didn’t change. “He has metal legs. You shattered one when you fought him off. That adds weight to his body.”

Jaune nodded. “So, he might tire easier. Also, his speed might not be to his advantage.”

Blake then approached. “His speed means nothing. You remember that we both had difficulty with him, Jaune.”

Winter closed her eyes, thinking of the situation. “He sounds like the type who wants to finish a fight quick, though.”

Cinder coughed lightly into her hand. “He has experience in both endurance and strike efficiency. In essence, he could either go the distance, or pick you apart.”

Pyrrha then cupped her chin in her hand. “Are his close quarters fighting and ranged fighting any different?”

Cinder nodded. “He has no ranged attacks, unless someone did changes to his attire or he figured out his semblance and it was a ranged attack.”

Yang nodded. “That opens him up to someone like Ruby, possibly.”
Cinder shook her head. “I don’t think it does. He does have one big weakness, though.”

Jaune tilted his head slightly. “What would that be?”

Cinder sighed. “You have to ignore him. He will try to distract you, he will try to coerce you, he will try just about anything to throw you off your strategy. However, if you ignore him—”

Jaune was hit with that revelation. “Then his strategy will only backfire, leading to an easier fight.”

Cinder nodded, a small smile on her face. “That’s the only time I’ve ever seen him defeated. He was ignored, and as a result he let his own emotions take over. About three minutes after he snapped, he lost.”

Winter then piped in. “You never answered my question, though. How did you hear about Atlas bringing this person to the tournament?”

Emerald stepped closer. “We took a look at the entrant list. If you take a look at the first draft, you’ll notice that he’s not listed.”

With that, she handed her scroll to Winter for verification. As she went over the listings, she noticed that there was a change and Mercury replaced Benjamin Hurns on Atlas’ delegation.

“So General Ironwood replaced Mr. Hurns’ with the competitor in question.” Winter said.

“What of the other entrants, Winter?” Pyrrha asked.

“Well, it looks as though Beacon will be represented by Ruby Rose, Jaune Arc, Cardin Winchester, and Coco Adel. Haven’s entrants are Sun Wukong, Arslan Altan, and William Peko.” Winter began.

“That’s only three, what of the fourth?” Asked Jaune.

“Haven likely couldn’t find a fourth in time, considering the sudden adjustment.” Winter replied.
“Shade is bringing Brawnz Ni, Nebula Violette, Gall Leon, and Cher Bert. Finally, Atlas will be represented by Flynt Coal, Ciel Soleil, Michael Angelo, and Mercury Black.”

“That’s 15 competitors.” Pyrrha said.

Winter nodded. “That would mean there would need to be an opening round free advancement.”

Jaune cupped his chin in his hand. “Guess we need to do some research on the other competitors.”

“Well, you already know how Cardin fights. He’s been facing you all year.” Pyrrha replied.

“That’s true, but what of Flynt, Arslan, or Brawnz?” Jaune asked.

“Considering we don’t know the tournament brackets just yet, we have to play this by ear.” Blake said.

Jaune nodded, then rubbed his jaw before turning back to the others. “Yeah and adapt from there. Let’s get back to work.”

After he said it, Jaune turned his head back to Cinder and Emerald. “You know, I never got your names.”

The duo nodded. “I’m Cinder.” The Black-haired woman said.

“Emerald.” The other woman said.

Jaune then had a look of revelation. “Cinder, you were the one Yang and I saw on the bullhead.”

Cinder smiled a little. “That it was, Jaune. Thanks again for earlier.”
Jaune nodded, as a small smile emerged on his face. “You’re welcome.”

Cinder and Emerald looked at each other and nodded. “Would you all like two more helpers for this?”

Jaune turned his head to look at Winter. The specialist nodded at the question.

“Sure.” Winter said, as she motioned towards the others.

With small smiles, Cinder and Emerald joined the training session. Everyone went over details of Jaune’s combat prowess. On occasion he had to slow things down as the information coming in was from multiple places.

“Please, one at a time. Let’s try and keep this a little simpler, for now.” Jaune asked. The following suggestions came in much easier, as Jaune worked to near exhaustion the rest of the session.

Winter nodded, a content grin on her features. “You’ve been through a wringer of information, Jaune.”

Jaune nodded as he went over one final adjustment that was offered by Cinder and attempted to perform the move. The movements were not perfect, but close as he sent a wave of air towards the edge of the roof.

Everyone’s eyes widened at that display. “Impressive.” Cinder said.

Qrow then landed and transformed. “Impressive, indeed. You’re getting better, Kid.”

Winter and the others turned their heads quickly as the specialist spoke. “Qrow, what are you doing here?”

The slightly buzzed man smirked. “Just seeing how the campus is. Competitors will be arriving tomorrow for the Vytal Festival.”
Jaune then looked at Qrow. “You were the one who helped Blake and me in the simulator.”

Qrow nodded. “That’s right. The name’s Qrow. Compared to that situation, you’re a lot better. I don’t know what your motivation is, honestly, but keep using it.”

Jaune sighed softly, a content smile on his face. “Thanks, Qrow, I’m Jaune.”

Qrow then walked up to the Blonde man. “You’re ready for this one, aren’t you?”

Jaune nodded with a sigh. “As ready as I can be.”

Qrow chuckled as he turned his head to Cinder, and then looked around at the other ladies on the roof. “Good job with him, everyone.”

Jaune then folded his shield into its sheath form and placed his sword into it before he extended his right hand.

Qrow chuckled and extended his own right hand. The resulting handshake was comforting to see.

“Let’s get to our dorms. It’s been a long night of work.” Jaune said, as he turned to everyone else.

Everyone turned around and walked back to the dorms. However, Yang stopped, turned, and walked back to Qrow.

“What’s up, kiddo?” Qrow asked, as he was approached by is niece.

“Uncle Qrow, can we talk for a moment?” Yang asked. With a puzzled look, the older huntsman nodded.

*****
Back in Beacon Academy, Jaune had just finished a nice shower after his intense training session and was alone as he sat in front of his locker. He had put on most of his lower clothing needs and was currently tying his shoes.

The light tease of fingertips going from his left side to his right on his bare back sent a slight chill up his spine. A soft sigh later and he looked to his right. The long legs next to him seemed unfamiliar.

“You’ve done well tonight, Jaune.” Winter stated.

Jaune’s face wore a content grin as he raised himself into better posture. “Thanks, Winter. I appreciate the help from all of you.”

He reached back into his locker and pulled out his shirt. “So, what do you think about the new information on the tournament?” He asked.

Winter removed her hand from his back and thought for a moment. “I’m a little disappointed that General Ironwood will take this drastic of a step for victory.”

Jaune nodded, not noticing the attire choice of his companion at the moment. However, after he put his shirt on, he turned his head.

Only to turn it back quickly. Winter was clad only in a towel after also showering following the training session.

Another hand rested on his shoulder and Jaune used his eyes to identify it. “You’re also still here, Blake?”

“I think the only ones not here are Cinder, Emerald, and Yang.” She said, as she sat to his other side.

Finally, he felt the familiar embrace of Pyrrha, as she wrapped her toned arms around his neck.

Jaune blushed at the number of close contacts he had received in such a short time. “Thank you,
Pyrrha. I guess really am lucky.”

Winter nodded as she opened her locker to change into her attire. “Perhaps, but you also have a lot of people who care about you.”

The man nodded with a content smile as Pyrrha released her hug and walked to the opposite side of Winter.

“I know, and I appreciate it. I appreciate everything you all have done for me.” Jaune said, his mood becoming reflective.

Jaune dared not look around at the women baring themselves around him, a notion that made Winter chuckle a little.

“You realize this is a co-ed locker room, right?” Winter asked.

Jaune nodded. “I know, just don’t want to end up making things uncomfortable.”

The ladies all chuckled at that admission. “You have three women all in varied states of undress around you, Jaune. If we didn’t trust you, we would be on the other side.” Winter said.

Jaune shrugged, a loopy grin on his face. “I guess you have a point.”

With that, he stretched his shoulders and chest before he stood. The eye candy that he saw was plentiful.

Winter had just finished putting on a set of baby blue bra and panties. Pyrrha had put on a pair of jeans but had a black lace bra on. Blake was currently topless but had put on her stockings and was working on putting on a white bra. Her generous bust lightly bouncing as she worked with the garment.

Jaune then chuckled as he closed his locker. “I’ll be outside the door.” He said, turning to his right.
Only to feel a hand grasp his left arm and tug him back. The crushing hug from behind was not unwelcome.

“Something wrong, Blake?” Jaune asked. Pyrrha’s face turned into a knowing smile while Winter had on a humored expression.

“No, just wanted to hug you.” The Faunus revealed, as she nuzzled his back a little.

A contented grin re-emerged from Jaune’s face as he closed his eyes. After she released her hold, he turned around and gave her a reciprocal hug and a light kiss on her cheek.

“You keep that up, Jaune, and you might have some explaining to do to your team.” Winter said with a slightly teasing tone.

Jaune chuckled, as Pyrrha nodded. “Might also have to talk to my sister.” Winter also revealed.

The blush that Jaune developed was radiant as he processed that information. “That’s something I was not expecting.”

Winter chuckled. “I’m only joking, Jaune.” Her eyes narrowed, as her features turned playful. “For now.”

With that information, Jaune excused himself to the relative safety of the hallway.

*****

“Let me get this whole thing straight, kiddo. You mean to tell me that you’ve fallen for that Jaune kid?” Qrow asked.

Yang nodded. “I have, Uncle Qrow. He just feels right. I can’t explain it any better than that.”

The older man facepalmed and sighed softly. “Well, I have nothing to really say on it.”
Yang had on a puzzled expression as Qrow elaborated. “It actually feels similar to when your mother and father got together. His kindness to her and Summer sounds a lot like Jaune.”

The slightly buzzed man then turned and took out his flask, after uncapping it, he took a small sip before recapping it and putting it away. “Let me guess, you’re not the only one he’s been kind to?”

Yang looked down. “No, I’m not. He’s gotten really close to Blake and Pyrrha.”

Qrow nodded. “It would seem that Jaune also has the attraction of Winter. Quite interesting, given her sisters’ situation recently.”

He then chuckled. “He actually reminds me of Jackson.”

Yang took exception. “Only because he’s acting like a gentleman. The fact he looks like him doesn’t help.”

Qrow threw a rebuttal. “Are his actions genuine?”

Yang stayed steadfast. “I haven’t seen his words and his actions contradict themselves.”

The unkempt man nodded. “Good to hear. Have you talked to Tai?”

She was taken aback. “Why would my dad need to know?”

Qrow didn’t hesitate. “If you’re this comfortable with him, your father might need to meet the man who’s won his daughters’ heart.”

Yang cupped her chin as she contemplated the idea.

Qrow then turned back towards her and placed his hand on her shoulder. “Listen, kiddo. Just give him a heads up. Maybe he can get over here for the festival and see you in action. I doubt you’ll
regret at least asking him.”

With that, he turned back around and turned back into his Crow form and took off. Yang stayed still for a few more seconds before she turned towards the door and walked back into the housing wing.

*****

As Jaune walked back to Team JNPR dorm, he saw Yang approaching the same corridor.

“Did you have a nice day, Yang?” He asked, as they walked close to each other.

The Blonde brawler smiled and nodded. “I did, thanks. Did you?”

Jaune nodded, a content smile on his face. “I did.”

Blake and Pyrrha both approached the couple from behind Jaune before Pyrrha spoke. “Hey, Jaune? I think Blake has something to tell you.”

The male of the group turned to Blake. “What’s on your mind?”

Blake looked down the corridor. “Could we talk about this in private?”

Jaune thought for a moment. “Well, I’m not sure if Nora and Ren are in our dorm. I mean, we could go back up to the roof, if you wanted to.”

Pyrrha walked to JNPR’s dorm and unlocked the door with her scroll. After she opened it, she looked inside. “Nope, the dorm is empty. I guess they’re enjoying a late evening.”

Jaune then motioned to the dorm, and they all walked in.
Pyrrha turned on one of the lights and closed the door. Jaune then turned to face Blake. “Are you all right?”

Blake looked at Pyrrha, who nodded. “Jaune, while you and Yang were out, I had a talk with Pyrrha.”

Jaune raised his eyebrow. “Really? About what?”

Blake closed the space between her and Jaune and wrapped her arms around him again. Jaune was taken aback slightly but wrapped his arms around her.

Blake sighed softly. “I found out something about myself. Something that concerns you.”

Jaune craned his head to look at the top of her head. “What’s that?”

Blake started to shed a few tears, but her voice stayed the same. “I realized that I feel better when I’m around you. I feel complete being near you. Jaune…”

She tightened her embrace a little. “I love you.”

Jaune gasped a little as he looked at Pyrrha. She nodded, as a tear fell from her right eye. He then turned his head to Yang, who looked about ready to break down.

He then closed his eyes as he looked back down at Blake. “I love you, too.” With that admission, he kissed the top of her head.

Yang then began to cry, turning to Pyrrha as she wept into the redhead’s side.

Jaune and Blake released their embrace and looked at the weeping woman. Blake spoke first. “Have you?”

Yang continued to sob as she turned her head to the couple. “Yes”
Jaune’s eyes widened slightly. “Yang, do you…?”

Yang nodded again, her tears still flowing from her face.

Jaune smiled contently before he looked down at Blake. Then he removed his left arm and offered it toward her.

Yang immediately broke from Pyrrha and ran to him, wrapping his arms around him snugly and sobbing into his chest. “Jaune, I love you, too.”

Blake smiled a little, as did Jaune and Pyrrha. Jaune then kissed the top of Yang’s head. “I love you, too, Yang.”

The trio were then joined by Pyrrha as she also wrapped her arms around the two huntresses, her eyes closing as she squeezed lightly. “I guess it’s settled, then.”

The others nodded before Jaune kissed the top of Yang’s head again, then shared a passionate kiss with Pyrrha and an equally passionate kiss with Blake.

Yang then turned her head. “So, what happens now?”

Jaune stayed silent, a pleased smile on his features as Pyrrha responded. “Well, it is late so we should get to sleep.”

Blake then asked a rather loaded question. “What if there’s others? You could tell earlier that Winter is interested.”

Pyrrha nodded. “I think we can talk about that in the morning. I think we also need to talk to Professor Ozpin about this whole situation.”

Jaune nodded before he looked at Yang, who had turned her head to look at him. Lavender and Cobalt met, and soon after their lips did too.
Afterward, the quartet released their group hug in order to change clothing for bed.

*****

In Team RWBY dorm, Blake and Yang emerged from their emotional confessions to Jaune and Pyrrha. As they changed into their Pajamas, Weiss and Ruby looked at the pair.

“What’s going on guys? How’s Jaune looking for the tournament?” Ruby asked.

“He’s really improved. The number of people working with him was astounding.” Yang said, as she put on her orange top.

“He should have something for the tournament.” Blake said, as she finished putting on her Yukata.

The partners then turned to their teammates. “Well, we also need to tell you two something.” Yang said.

Weiss flashed a knowing grin. “You two have fallen for Jaune, haven’t you?”

Ruby gasped as her sister and Blake both blushed and nodded. Ruby then ran to them and gave them both a hug. “Congratulations, I’m so happy for you guys!”

Weiss walked up to them. “I can’t say I’m surprised. I hope you’ll still be there for us at the full team events at the Festival.” She said, her grin turning into a content smile.

Yang and Blake nodded. “Oh yeah, we’re so going to kick butt in the team events.” Yang said, before turning her head to Ruby.

“Don’t forget, we all can help you over the week if you want it in preparation for the solo tournament.” The older sister said with a grin.
Ruby smiled excitedly. “Sounds fantastic! Now get out of here, you two have a boyfriend to see.”

With a chuckle from the pair, they left Team RWBY dorm.

Weiss looked at Ruby. “You really are happy for them, aren’t you?”

The diminutive leader nodded, a satisfied smile on her face. “I am. Not just because they’re my teammates, but also because my sister found someone who she feels will never leave her if he can prevent it.”

Weiss’ expression turned inquisitive. “What do you mean?”

Ruby then spent the next few minutes explaining how Yang’s mother had left her at such a young age. Weiss developed a new respect for her teammate along the way.

*****

Back in JNPR dorm, Yang and Blake had rejoined Pyrrha and Jaune.

“Unfortunately, I’m not sure how the sleeping arrangements will go.” Jaune said.

“Jaune, just get into your bed.” Pyrrha said. As he did, Pyrrha laid on his right side, Yang retook his left, though his arms stayed at his sides.

Blake looked at the trio. “Then what of me?”

Pyrrha chuckled. “You said you wanted to sleep on his chest. Climb on.”

Blake’s blush was extremely prevalent as she processed that information, slowly she climbed on top of Jaune’s torso, resting her head on his chest.
“Are you ok, Jaune?” She asked.

Jaune looked around at his newly minted harem. “I’m just fine.” He then wrapped his arms around her torso.

Soon, the quartet fell sound asleep. Nora and Ren returned later but dared not to disturb them as they undressed and went to bed as well.
Daylight broke into Team JNPR’s dorm, beginning to wake the occupants inside. Blake awoke first, using her eyes to scan her surroundings.

The steady feeling of rising and falling told her she was on top of someone, but a quick mental checkup revealed nothing happening. She looked ahead and saw the lively red hair of Pyrrha in front of her.

Slowly, she shifted her weight and saw the golden locks of Yang. She then looked up and the gently resting face of Jaune welcomed her vision.

A small smile emerged as she enjoyed the close feeling. Only to be slightly interrupted as Jaune awoke and placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Good morning, Blake. Sleep well?” He whispered. She nodded, lightly nuzzling his chest with her cheek.

Pyrrha and Yang awoke next, letting the close connection they shared linger.

Yang spoke first. “Good morning, everyone.”

Everyone else responded in kind. The brawler reluctantly exited the bed to head to the bathroom, and Blake took the opportunity to take her spot on his left side.

Pyrrha chuckled slightly. “Comfortable?”

Blake blushed mightily but nodded. “Very.”
Jaune chuckled as well. “Thanks for another endorsement.”

Blake then separated herself from the couple after Yang emerged from the bathroom. Soon, Jaune and Pyrrha also left his bed.

As they took turns using the bathroom, the others made small talk. However, Blake and Yang decided to head back to RWBY’s dorm to get changed, leaving Pyrrha and Jaune alone, once again.

Jaune sighed softly as he processed everything from yesterday. From behind, Pyrrha wrapped her arms around him once again.

“What’s on your mind?” She asked, before she gave a light kiss to his right cheek.

He smiled and lowered his head. “I’m a lucky man, Pyrrha.”

With that he turned around, wrapped his arms around her and gave her another passionate kiss.

After it finished, he asked. “Are you ok with this idea?”

Pyrrha nodded, a smile on her features before she rested her forehead on his. “Jaune, I would love to have you to myself. However, I also want you to be happy. I told them that they needed to know if they had grown to love you or if they only liked you.”

Jaune’s smile stayed, as their eyes stayed with each other. “You mean—”

Pyrrha interrupted him with another kiss.

As it broke, Pyrrha spoke. “Let’s get dressed and get breakfast.”

Jaune nodded, as their embrace was finished.
The cafeteria was bustling as the students went about grabbing breakfast. The two sister teams seated as they typically were.

“Well, seems you’ve gotten a bit of a fan club Jaune-Jaune.” Nora said, as she devoured another pancake.

Jaune chuckled as a vibrant blush graced his features. “It would seem so, Nora. I guess I’m a lucky man.”

Yang chuckled as well. “Hopefully you have some luck left, because the Vytal Festival starts this afternoon. Team sessions begin soon after.”

Everyone was hit by that realization, as Jaune began. “Oh yeah. When do the ceremonies begin?”

Ren looked at his scroll. “About four hours from now.”

Jaune nodded at the information. Pyrrha just wrapped her arm around him in a comforting fashion.

“Don’t worry, Jaune. We’ll do just fine.” Pyrrha said.

Ruby piped in. “Well, you’ll do well until you face us.” She said, as she blew a raspberry at the couple.

Yang chuckled. “That’s right, you might have won the hearts of Blake and me. However, all bets are off in the tournament.”

Jaune winked at her. “Deal.”

Yang then pulled out her scroll, sending a message to her father. Blake was seen doing the same.
“What are you doing, guys?” Ruby asked. A chime rang from both of their scrolls and the small, pleased smiles were not unwelcoming to see.

Yang looked at Ruby. “You’ll find out, soon.”

*****

Eventually, the two teams split off once again. Though Blake and Yang left after giving Jaune a parting kiss. This left Team JNPR alone in their thoughts to get ready for the Opening Ceremonies.

Nora and Ren were first to dress in their uniforms and left the dorm. This left Pyrrha and Jaune alone, once again.

“I wonder what will happen with everything?” Jaune asked, as he fastened his tie.

“In which way, Jaune?” Pyrrha inquired.

“Well, I’m meaning after the tournament. How will Professor Ozpin take the idea of us?” He asked.

He then continued. “Not to mention, what if Winter is actually interested in me?”

His thoughts were not entirely on the Festival, as he pulled on his jacket and began to fasten the buttons. Those thoughts were derailed by the enclosing embrace of his partner, to which he closed his eyes as he sighed softly.

“Let’s take it one day at a time, Jaune. We have an Academy to represent, a you have a tournament to win, and we have a Festival to enjoy.” She said, as before she kissed Jaune’s right cheek.

Jaune chuckled. “You’re right, we do.”
With that, she released her embrace. He turned to face her and motioned to the door, with a content smile.

*****

The time had arrived. The Vytal Festival has descended upon Vale and Beacon Academy.

In the flying arena known Amity coliseum, the student representatives from the four academies walked in. Atlas walked in first, taking the Northwest Quadrant. Haven followed, occupying the Northeast Quadrant. Shade proceeded next, filling the Southeast Quadrant.

Finally, host Academy Beacon entered the arena. Their students filling the Southwestern Quadrant. The spectators that filled the arena were nearly deafening to the competitors as they filled the impending battlefield.

Jaune was in the middle of the Beacon contingent. Flanked on his left by his partner Pyrrha, Ren and Nora. To his right he saw Blake, Yang, Weiss, and Ruby. With a calming breath, he faced the center of the arena at three of the Headmasters.

General Ironwood awaited the calming of the audience before he began to speak. “Honored Guests, it is an honor for us to be present in front of these people. These next few days will be a testament to the goals created by our ancestors in peace and competition. The quest for greatness will be enduring. The challenge is long, but your craft will bring you to your rightful place among the best that these four great Academies have ever shown.”

Headmaster Lionheart continued. “With great challenge, comes great sacrifice. Please take the time before your competition to reflect on those who helped forge this peace. To those who are not here right now, keeping our homes, and our families, safe in the face of the Grimm. This will not define who you will become, champions. But we all ask that you fight with honor and show the heart within that has led you to this path!”

The crowd erupted at that declaration, calming again as Ozpin took to the stage. “It is with my honor, and my privilege to welcome everyone to Beacon Academy, for the 40th Vytal Festival!”

The crowd roared in approval, as the student representatives saluted the center stage. Chants for the academies spawned from the crowd, beginning from the students down below to the audience in the stands.
With that, the gathered competitors turned and walked out of the arena as the Professor Port took over the loudspeaker.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, the Four-Person team tournament will begin in two hours. The Singles Tournament will begin on Thursday at six in the evening. Once again, welcome to the Vytal Festival!”

*****

Team JNPR walked into the makeshift locker room inside the floating coliseum as everyone began to change into their armor.

Jaune was visibly shaking as he changed out of his uniform, something not unseen by Pyrrha.

“You all right, Jaune?” Pyrrha asked, as she had changed out of her uniform top and fastened her corset.

Jaune took a deep breath. “Yeah, I’m fine. We just have a lot of fighting ahead of us.”

Nora and Ren finished changing and walked behind the two. “Don’t worry, we’ll show those other academies who’s boss!” The hyperactive woman said.

Jaune and Pyrrha nodded. He finished changing into his combat armor as Pyrrha had affixed her final greave onto her right leg. He reached into his locker and pulled out his shield and sword combination, affixing it to his left side as always.

A renewed focus in his eyes, he turned to his teammates. “You’re right. We will show that we belong here.”

Pyrrha stood as well, locking eyes with her partner before looking at Ren and Nora. “Let’s also have some fun.”
Ren then spoke. “Let’s follow what Lionheart said, and take a moment to think of those we’re representing.”

With that, they all closed their eyes and bowed their heads in a moment of silence.

Jaune rose his head first, the look in his eye reminiscent of the fight with Cardin and Russel. “Let’s go.”

*****

The first round of the Four-Person tournament went well for Team JNPR as they defeated Team BRNZ from Shade. Team RWBY also did well in the opening round, a fellow clean sweep of Team ABRN, from Haven. Team CRDL was not as fortunate, losing in a close fight to Team SSSN of Haven after Sun eliminated Cardin in perhaps an early preview for the upcoming Singles Tournament.

Team CFVY were fortunate to take down Team FNKI from Atlas after Coco Adel and Velvet Scarlatina eliminated Neon Katt last. Team NDGO, out of Shade, were able to take out Team CLVR from Atlas after Nebula and Octavia Ember took down Ciel Soleil. Team MRNE, of Atlas, took out Team PRSM out of Haven when William Peko was eliminated by Michael Angelo. Team BSMT, a last-minute team exchange, was victorious over Team GRNT, out of Shade after Mercury eliminated Gunnar Thompson. Team CTRS, also out of Shade, was given the first-round bye due to the odd number of competitors.

The second round was not so fortunate for Team JNPR, as they drew MRNE. Jaune and Pyrrha fought valiantly after Ren and Nora were eliminated quickly, but Michael Angelo and Roger Brunson were able to pick off Pyrrha before systematically taking down Jaune.

Team RWBY was successful as they defeated NDGO as Yang and Blake combined to take down Gwen and Dew to finish that fight. Team SSSN lost to BSMT, Sun proving no match for the combined attacks of Mercury and Benjamin Hurns. Team CTRS took down CFVY after a spirited come-from-behind victory by Cher Bert that eliminated Yatsuhashi Daichi and Fox Alistair.

As the festivities concluded for the night, Jaune was reflective. He went over the tactics used by Michael in his head, looking for weakness.

Pyrrha finally sat beside him on the transport back to the festival grounds. “You all right?” She
Jaune nodded, a disappointed grin on his face. “Yeah, just thinking about the match.”

Pyrrha looked down, searching for words and perhaps a distraction. “You know, you might face that Peko guy in the singles. His accuracy with his attacks is uncanny.”

Jaune nodded. “Yeah, he’s tough to get close to. He can fire quickly from ranged. Then if you get too close, he can drive you away. It’s crazy how effective he is.”

Winter, who was also on the transport sat down. “He is effective, but he is also reckless. The biodome those guys were on helped him out a lot.”

Jaune turned his head. “Evening, Winter. Enjoying the tournament thus far?”

The specialist nodded. “I am, even if I am not pleased with General Ironwood’s decision.”

Pyrrha looked at her. “You mean adding Mercury to his representatives on such short notice.”

Winter nodded again, a disappointed look in her eye. “I actually talked to General Ironwood about that. He rebuffed my questions as to why he would utilize him.”

The specialist then sighed softly as she shook her head. “The General is a stubborn man. Having the last Tournament end for Atlas in the semi-finals feels like a black eye on the Academy to him. Unlike Shade Academy, who have had two champions in their history, Atlas demands excellence and victory.”

Jaune was struck with realization. “Seeing that the last champion came from Shade, he finds it to be an embarrassment.”

Winter nodded again. “Indeed, and though he is confident with Flynt, Ciel, Michael, and Benjamin. He wanted someone who was ruthless in his ability.”
Jaune nodded. “It makes sense, now.”

Pyrrha also nodded before she leaned onto him and rested her head on his shoulder. “So, what do you think about it, Winter?”

The older woman shook her head again as a soft sigh escaped her lips. “I’m not pleased with it. The circumstances that he’s utilizing completely defeat what the festival is all about.”

The trio stayed silent for the rest of the trip to Beacon Academy. However, Jaune was able to look at the fight between MRNE and JNPR.

‘I found Angelo’s weakness, and the rest of his team is the same.’ He thought as his eyes widened.

*****

The following morning brought new life into the Festival. As the semi-finals of the Full-Team tournament were about to get under way.

Team RWBY were preparing for their matchup with MRNE when a knock came through their locker room door.

“Who is it?” Ruby asked.

-‘Just me and Pyrrha, guys. Mind if we come in?’- It was Jaune.

Weiss looked as they finished grabbing their gear. “Come on in, Jaune. We’re just getting ready.”

He did, bringing Pyrrha with him. “Hey guys, congratulations on making it to the semi-finals.”

Everyone ran over and gave him a crushing hug. “Thanks, Jaune.” Ruby said.
“Are you all going to be watching from the stands?” Yang asked.

Jaune nodded, a bright smile on his face. “Of course! We’ll be on your side.”

Pyrrha then interjected. “We have some information for your next fight.”

Weiss raised her eyebrow. “Really?”

Jaune nodded and produced his scroll. “Yeah, we found a weakness that Team MRNE has. Look at their patterns of attack.”

In the locker room, they quickly studied their impending opponents’ actions.

“Wow, that will help us a lot in this contest. One good shot to any of them would eliminate them.” Weiss noticed.

Jaune nodded. “Exactly, keep your calm and you’ll be in the finals. Be careful, guys.”

Team RWBY gave Jaune one final hug before he and Pyrrha left for the stands.

“It helps to have someone paying attention. We have a match to win!” Ruby exclaimed as she grabbed her weapon.

Win they did, handily. Angelo and his squad were ambushed with effective strikes from Ruby’s Crescent Rose in its’ rifle form, Blake’s Gambrol Shroud, and Weiss’ Rapier. Yang only needed to absorb a total of 9 strikes before the entire team was eliminated.

The other semifinal saw CTRS and BSMT face off. Mercury and Benjamin were steadfast, eliminating Cher Bert and Franz Stanberry in consecutive attacks.

Jaune and Pyrrha paid close attention to the contest in question.
“Mercury isn’t the problem. It’s Benjamin.” Jaune whispered to himself.

“What do you mean?” Pyrrha asked.

“Benjamin is a perfect compliment. His long-ranged attacks perfectly counter Mercury’s close quarters fighting. The others on his team are mainly used as distractions for those two. In order for RWBY to have a chance, they need to drop Mercury or Benjamin first. I think Benjamin would be the best to eliminate, seeing as he’s only ranged. If Ruby or Weiss can take him out, they have a chance.” Jaune said.

“Wow, you’ve been really paying attention, haven’t you Jaune-Jaune?” Nora asked.

Jaune nodded, then turned to his group. “Let’s go talk to Team RWBY.”

*****

Back in the Locker room, the quartet of ladies were relaxing before the final match.

“We’re lucky to have such good friends.” Ruby said. The rest of the team nodded. Another knock on the door broke them from their little talk.

“Who is it?” Asked Yang.

-’It’s us, may we come in?’- Jaune, yet again.

Blake stood and opened the door to the locker room, letting Team JNPR inside.

Ruby flew over and hugged Jaune again. “Thanks for earlier! That was easy.”

Jaune chuckled at the embrace. “You’re quite welcome. However, you guys do have one more match. We have some information for you all.”
Blake rested her hand on Jaune’s shoulder. “It’s Mercury, isn’t it?”

Jaune nodded. “Yeah, his team took out CTRS. However, they’re not that balanced.”

Weiss turned her head towards them as she stood. “What do you mean?”

Pyrrha chimed in. “They’re relying on two people to distract you, before they win with Benjamin and Mercury. They’re an ideal counter to each other.”

Yang tilted her head. “In which way?”

Jaune knelt slightly, acting like a coach to his team. “Benjamin is ranged only, Mercury is a brawler. Their teammates are more annoyances than anything else. If you two want to win, you need to eliminate Benjamin first. He lays down good cover fire while Mercury deals harsh damage and drives people into firing lanes.”

“So, by taking down the sniper, we can take the Tournament.” Weiss said. Jaune nodded.

“Be careful, everyone. Mercury is also a trash talker. Don’t let him get to you.” He said, as he stood back up and looked at them. With a small smile, he turned back to the door. Ren held the door for Nora and Jaune took it to allow he and Pyrrha to exit before he did.

Blake then ran outside of the Locker room before she spun in front of Jaune and wrapped her arms around him and kissed him deeply. Only to be interrupted by a rather gruff sounding cough. Blake immediately broke the embrace as her eyes widened considerably. Jaune just looked up as his own eyes widened slightly.

The man ahead of them wore a violet robe, with a piece of armor over his left shoulder. The robe was closed by a matching Violet Sash, fastened by a Silver Clasp. The woman next to him was in a Black Shrug with mismatched length sleeves, her Hakama underneath was also black, and led to sandals over white tabi socks. She also had two ear piercings on her left and one on her right cat ear. Said ears were slightly twitching.

“I’d like to know exactly what you’re doing with my daughter.” The man stated. Instantly, Blake turned around.
“Dad, Mom, it’s good to see you!” Blake said, as she closed the gap between them. Her mother wrapped her arms around Blake, and her Father did the same as she gave them a hug.

Blake pulled back. “Mom, Dad, this is Jaune. He’s a good friend of mine.” Blake said, as Jaune waved timidly.

“Whoa, this mountain of a man is your father Blake?” Asked Nora.

The younger Faunus chuckled. “Yes, these are my parents.”

The father nodded his head toward the students. “I am Ghira Belladonna. This is my wife, Kali.” As he motioned to his wife.

Ruby, Weiss, and Yang then exited the locker room. “Hey Blake, are-“

They looked up at the parents as their eyes widened.

“I take it these are your parents, Blake?” Weiss asked.

Ghira looked at Weiss. “You’re with the Schnee Dust Company, aren’t you?”

Blake derailed the impending discussion. “Let’s leave that for later, Dad. We’re about to compete in the finals of the Team competition.”

Ghira narrowed his eyes slightly before he sighed. “Of course, Blake. Good luck in your contest.”

Blake smiled and turned to the rest of Team RWBY. “Let’s go, we have a team event to win.”

The rest of the group smiled as they re-entered the Locker room.
Jaune smiled as he saw them leave, before he turned back toward Ghira and Kali.

“Young man, I must ask. Why were you hugging my daughter?” The Belladonna Patriarch asked.

“It’s rather complicated. Could we talk about this after the contest?” Jaune asked.

“You’re right.” Kali replied, before she turned her head to face Ghira. “Let’s go inside, dear. Our daughter’s about to compete. We can catch up on things after.”

Ghira sighed slightly but nodded and turned to his left to head for their suite.

Jaune let out the breath he was holding. “That’s a big man.”

Pyrrha nodded as she wrapped her arm around his shoulder. “Let’s go, the finals are about to begin.”

*****

The finals of the four-person team event were, for short, a war. RWBY vs BSMT was a tough contest that did not disappoint. To start, Ruby darted away and took precise shots at Benjamin. Weiss used a glyph to neutralize the rifle in his hands before Blake darted in and the resulting shoulder block sent him out of the arena.

Weiss was then removed from the match by Serge and Tobias as they overwhelmed her defenses. Their decoy moniker was well debunked by their teamwork. However, Blake helped to eliminate Tobias after a strong whip from Gabrol Shroud.

“Taking out Benjamin put them off their game, but Blake and Yang need to be careful. Mercury is dishing out some heavy damage.” Jaune said, as he kept focus on his girlfriends.

Yang and Mercury were facing off fiercely. They kept punching and counter-punching, with their aura levels steadily dropping with every shot that landed. Ruby was looking for someone to attack, and Serge almost ambushed her, but she sped off as she retooled Crescent Rose into its scythe form, and they locked blades. Try as she might, Serge overpowered her after a viscous attack,
eliminating her from the contest. However, Blake was ready and eliminated him with a harsh blow from the flat of her blade.

Yang was dangerously close to elimination as Blake moved to help. Together, they took a side of Mercury and started trying to pick him apart. Finally, Blake went for a trip of his legs and as he jumped to avoid. Yang was ready and landed a fiery punch on him, launching him into the side wall of the arena.

“Team RWBY is victorious! A stunning turn of events with a spirited fight from Blake Belladonna!” Professor Port exclaimed at the conclusion of the bout.

The crowd erupted as Blake and Yang embraced in the center of the battle arena. Soon, Ruby and Weiss joined them as they basked in the victorious afterglow.

Jaune was ecstatic, seeing his friends win in the team competition was a nice consolidation prize. Pyrrha, Nora, and Ren were also on their feet and cheering their sister team on.

Soon they walked down to the locker room door, awaiting the victorious team. In short order, Team RWBY exited. Blake and Yang immediately went to Jaune, who embraced the both of them.

“Very nicely done, you guys. I’m so proud of you.” Jaune said.

“Jaune, we won! This is the best day ever!” Ruby exclaimed, as she burst once again into her victory dance-shimmy.

Behind Jaune, another blonde man lightly coughed. Yang and Ruby’s eyes both widened considerably as the blonde broke from Jaune’s embrace, and Ruby ran toward the sound.

“Dad!” They exclaimed as they both wrapped their arms around him.

“My girls, it’s been so long.” The older Blonde Man said as he wrapped his arms around them with a content smile on his face.

Jaune turned around. “Girls? Is this?”
Yang nodded as she turned her head. “Yep, this is our dad.”

The older man released his embrace of Ruby and extended his hand towards Jaune. “I’m Taiyang Xiao-Long. Nice to meet you, mister?”

Jaune extended his own hand and met Tai’s. “I’m Jaune, Jaune Arc. It’s an honor to meet you.”

Tai’s eyes widened as did his smile. He then turned to Yang. “So, this is the man who has won my oldest daughters’ heart, huh?”

Jaune blushed, as Yang pulled away from her father and wrapped her arms around Jaune. “That he is.” Yang said.

The older blonde male looked at Jaune, a knowing smile now on his features. “Well, I must say I’m happy for you two.”

Jaune kept smiling, as Pyrrha also enclosed on the blonde couple, as did Blake.

Pyrrha then spoke. “Well, I don’t know if it’s only two, though.”

Tai’s eyebrow then rose in a questioning gaze. “Oh really? Is there something else I need to know about?”

Qrow appeared behind Tai. “Been a while, Tai. We have some… things to discuss. That’s one of them.”

Tai released his handshake from Jaune and turned around. “It has been a while, Qrow. I think you owe me plenty of explanations.”

With that, the former teammates of Team STRQ walked toward the bar.
As they left, Jaune continued his contented smile until Ghira and Kali walked back up to the gathered students.

“Blake, how wonderful to see how far you’ve come. That match was splendid to watch.” He said, as he embraced his daughter.

Blake blushed slightly. “Thanks, Dad. It wouldn’t have been possible without the rest of the team.”

The brawler walked up to Blake’s parents. “Nice to meet ya!”

The matriarch smiled. “Nice to meet you, too. What is your name?”

Yang smiled. “I’m Yang Xiao-Long. Blake and I are partners.”

Ghira took on an inquisitive look. “Partners?”

Blake chuckled. “It’s another long story. How about we all head somewhere and catch up on everything?”

Kali nodded. “I would love to hear about your time here.”

Ghira took on an uncertain grin as he looked at Jaune. “And I would like to know why this man was hugging my daughter earlier.”

Jaune stepped toward the reunited family and extended his right hand. “It’s an honor to meet you both, sir.”

Ghira looked at Jaune with annoyance, before a content grin split that facade and he extended his own right hand to shake Jaune’s. After that was done, Kali lightly placed her hand into his, and his gentle nature came out as he gently shook hands with the Belladonna matriarch.

Ghira then roared in laughter. “Well, come on everyone. We have some catching up to do.”
Back at Beacon Academy, in one of the food service locations for the festival, everyone from Teams RWBY and JNPR were enjoying a nice dinner with the Belladonnas.

“So, tell me everything that has gone on since you arrived here at Beacon.” Ghira said.

Blake took a deep breath. “How about we go over specifics, instead?”

Kali nodded, a small smile on her face. “That sounds lovely, dear.”

Blake then began. “Well, it started the day we arrived at Beacon-”

The rest of the evening was spent going over some of the finer details of the school year. Everyone introduced themselves as they explained parts of the experience thus far. From initiation, to the ‘Partners’ and ‘Team’ decisions, confirming Weiss’ current stature with the Schnee Dust Company, and up to the events of Forever Fall.

Ghira and Kali nodded with appreciative smiles as they were told about their daughter’s friends. Though one thing was still on Ghira’s mind.

“You know, Blake. You haven’t told me how young Jaune, here, has gotten so close that you were hugging him.” The patriarch stated.

Blake took a shuttered breath. “It was after a spar against another classmate-“

From there, Ren and Nora excused themselves while the others told of how Jaune’s gentle nature seemed to have not only affected Blake, but also won over Yang, even after his own partner declared her own love for him.

Ghira and Kali looked between the two before he focused on Jaune. Ghira then beckoned the young man over.
Jaune stood and walked up to them. “Yes?”

Ghira looked Jaune in the eyes as Kali did the same. Jaune just stood there, waiting for whatever judgement they made.

Only to be surprised when Kali cut in front of her husband and gave Jaune a pleased embrace. Ghira’s expression turned to contentment as Jaune was unsure of what to do except return the hug.

“I can tell you’re going to be a good man for my daughter, Mr. Arc.” Ghira said with a smile.

Jaune’s smile radiated as he processed those words. “Thank you, sir. I wouldn’t dare try to be anything less.”

Ghira’s expression turned slightly playful. “It’s not uncommon for harems to occur in Menagerie, though the idea of my daughter being in one is a little unsettling. However, I only want my baby girl happy.”

Blake jumped from her chair and embraced Jaune warmly as Kali just released her own embrace. The close contact with her was pleasing to feel.

Ghira then stood. “Well, with that I believe it is time to retire for the night. Kali, would you agree?”

The matriarch nodded. “I do, dear.” She then turned to Jaune. “Please, take care of our daughter, Jaune.”

Jaune nodded, a small smile on his face. “I will, Ms. Belladonna. It’s been an honor to speak with you both.”

With that, the parents left the perspective hunters and huntresses for the rest of the evening.

Jaune then sighed softly as he turned back towards everyone else. “I think we need to get some
The teams walked back to their dorms. Jaune was enjoying the playful banter of the group as he walked up to JNPR dorm.

Only to find Winter standing there. “I believe we need to talk.”

Jaune raised an eyebrow. “About what, Winter?”

Winter turned and faced the young man. “I would prefer that we speak on this alone. Could we have a moment, ladies?”

Pyrrha nodded. “Let’s go, everyone. It’s been a long day.”

After Blake, Yang, and Pyrrha made their way back to JNPR dorm while Ruby and Weiss were in RWBY dorm, Winter began to talk. “Have you had a nice tournament?”

Jaune shrugged. “I’m a little upset for my team, but I’m happy to see that RWBY won the four-person tournament.”

Winter smiled. “I’m happy to hear. Though General Ironwood was upset at the outcome.”

Jaune shrugged again. “I can understand being upset. But I’m going to guess that the tournament isn’t what you only want to talk about.”

Winter sighed before she pulled the young man into a light embrace. “No, Jaune, it’s not.”

Her voice turned softer than normal. Her demeanor seemed to switch in a moment’s notice.

Jaune returned the embrace, a little dumbfounded. “So, what’s on your mind?”
Winter took a deep breath as she released her embrace. “It’s about after the tournament.”

Jaune tilted his head slightly. “What do you mean?”

The specialist softly sighed. “After this is over, I will be going back to Atlas. General Ironwood’s orders.”

Jaune was perplexed. “I thought you liked being with the military?”

Winter closed her eyes and took a deep breath. “I did, for a brief time. However, the end of my initial commitment is drawing close. I’m… hesitant to renew.”

Jaune raised his eyebrow. “Why are you hesitant?”

Winter embraced the young man again. “Because my heart may not be for the military much longer.”

Jaune’s eyes widened as he processed what he just heard. Instinctively, he returned the embrace once again. “Are you meaning-“

Winter nodded. “I’m considering letting my commitment end, and then seeing how you all are holding up.”

Jaune squeezed her a little more in their embrace before pulling away. “Winter, don’t leave the military because of me.”

Winter shook her head. “No, it wouldn’t be just for you. Headmaster Ozpin has asked me to join his staff.”

Jaune’s eyes widened. “Oh! Congratulations on the offer!”

Winter bowed her head slightly at the congratulations. Then Jaune chuckled with a soft sigh. “Do what makes you happy, Winter.”
Winter smiled a little and looked at the budding huntsman before her. “Even if that means having to share?”

Jaune’s eyes widened again. “Winter, I’m flattered you think of me as such. However, please, do not leave the military on my behalf. I’m sure there’s plenty of men out there who would treat you far better than I ever could.”

Winter shook her head. “I’ve looked, there are none.” The specialist then had a few tears roll down her face. “I’ve been all over Remnant. Most of the men I’ve seen have either looked at me with improper eyes or have scurried away at the thought of the military life. You have not, and you have been such a beacon of joy for your friends. You’ve also brought a welcome change to my life.”

Jaune sighed as a slightly defeated smile formed on his features. “Winter, I care too much about you to break your heart. However, don’t do something you may regret for me.”

Winter looked back at the young man. “Are you reject-“

Jaune closed the gap and embraced her again. “I could never reject you, Winter. I want you to be happy. If you feel being with me, and thus alongside Pyrrha, Yang, and Blake, is you being happy so be it. However, if you feel serving in the Military is where you’re happy then don’t throw it away.”

Winter returned the embrace as she sobbed into his shirt. “Thank you, Jaune.”

Jaune squeezed Winter a little tighter and gave her a chaste kiss on her cheek. “Anytime, Winter, you’re my friend.”

They released their embrace from each other, and Winter went on her way to her quarters. Jaune sighed softly before going to his dorm.

*****

Back inside JNPR dorm, Jaune walked in. Instantly, he was met with a warm embrace and a kiss from Blake. Then he was met by Yang, and finally Pyrrha.
“What did Winter want to talk about?” Yang asked, as she moved towards his bed.

Jaune sighed softly. “After the tournament, she will be going back to Atlas. However, she just told me something surprising.”

Blake moved to beside Yang. “What’s that?”

“It seems she doesn’t want to be a part of the military for much longer. She has been offered a position here at Beacon. However...” He said.

Pyrrha caught the uneasy feeling. “She fell for you, too, huh?”

Jaune nodded. “I believe so.”

Yang tilted her head. “How do you feel about it?”

Jaune and Pyrrha moved over to his bed as well, sitting on the side as he spoke. “I’m flattered, of course. However, I told her not to leave the military on my behalf.”

Jaune then sighed softly. “I think we need to talk about all of us.”

Yang wrapped her right arm around him, Pyrrha did the same with her left while Blake moved behind him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Jaune smiled at the close contact. “I love all of you, but I don’t know how you all feel about each other.”

Pyrrha spoke first, after the others stayed stoic. “Jaune, I’ve already told everyone how I felt. I’d love to have you to myself.”

Blake spoke next, as she kissed the top of his head. “I love you, too. Though I’d love to also have
you to myself, I’m not exactly against being alongside our partners.”

Yang sighed slightly as she lightly squeezed his torso. “I won’t say different. However, I think it’s awesome to be in something like this.”

The others looked at her as she smiled as she leaned on his left side. However, Blake added. “Jaune, we all know you want us all to be happy. However, I believe we also want you happy.”

Pyrrha continued. “So, we’re willing to have as much of you as we can.”

Yang then added. “Besides, the idea of a harem is exciting. I might not know how the female body feels, but I’m certainly not opposed to possibly finding out.”

Jaune’s eyes widened at the statement. Blake and Pyrrha chuckled at the brawler’s words, but silently agreed.

Jaune smiled soon after as he felt his girlfriends relax around him. “As long as you’re all happy, I’m happy. Let’s get some sleep, everyone.”

*****

The singles tournament had arrived. The brackets did not entirely fall in Jaune’s favor, as Cher Bert received the automatic advance. Cardin faced off in a physical bout against Brawnz Ni, but Cardin persevered and won in a close contest.

Michael Angelo was next to advance as he defeated Arslan Atlan. Jaune squeaked by William Peko, using his shield to protect him from a near point blank shot where the recoil caused William to step out of the dueling circle.

Mercury defeated Nebula in a closer than thought contest, his ability to adapt quickly helping him earn victory.

Flynt Coal vs Coco Adel was, for a word, groovy. Flynt’s manipulations of dust within his trumpet proved too much for the Fashionista from Beacon. Ciel Soleil was able to defeat Sun Wukong after
Sun accidentally stuck his staff in the ground, leaving him prey for the Atlesian representative.

The final bout of the first round saw Ruby take down Gall Leon. Ruby’s speed and dexterity proved an easy fight against Gall, as her slower reflexes led to her downfall.

The second round was rather upsetting for General Ironwood. One of the matches paired Atlas students against each other as Mercury and Flynt battled. Mercury took victory after turning Flynt’s fire dust combination against him, a shockwave knockback taking down the horn playing huntsman.

Ruby then faced off against Ciel Soleil. The battle was hot and heavy, with Ruby ending up disarmed, but quick thinking and good counter attacks helped her squeak by the third Atlas representative. Cardin against Cher Bert looked good on paper, but Cher took her bye for granted and was overpowered quickly.

That left Jaune to face Michael Angelo. From the start, the crowd knew this would be interesting. They fought to their limits, Jaune tapping into his protective feelings to help hold off a heated final flurry before he landed the flat of his blade on Michael’s back, sending him to the ground and out of the tournament.

*****

The following day, back inside the locker room before his semifinals match, he took some deep breaths as he collected his thoughts.

‘Ok, next round is against Cardin. You’ve dropped him once, but you need to be careful.’ He thought.

He was so enamored with his thoughts that he did not notice the Locker Room door opening. However, the feeling of a shoulder rub was very welcomed.

He groaned in relief, before checking his peripheral vision to see who it was. “I missed you, Yang.”

The brawler chuckled. “We all missed you, Lover boy. How do you feel about facing Cardin?”
The young man sighed softly. “Another obstacle that I need to overcome.”

At that, Pyrrha and Blake walked in as he stood. A warm group hug lifted his spirits.

“We missed you last night, Jaune.” Blake said.

Jaune smiled slightly. “I missed you all, as well.”

Pyrrha then spoke. “Jaune, you know how to beat Cardin. However, remember this-“

The champion huntress of Mistral then kissed him passionately, Yang then did the same, and Blake followed, though hers took a little longer.

Jaune was breathless after kissing his girlfriends, before Blake commented. “We trust you, Jaune.”

Jaune smiled as he bowed his head and a tear fell from his left eye. “Thank you, all. I refuse to lose. You all have helped me.”

Jaune then took a deep breath and steeled himself. He then raised his head to look at his girlfriends. He didn’t see just his girlfriends anymore. He saw who he was fighting for. He saw that in which he holds dear.

Jaune took another deep breath. “You all give me strength. I love you all.”

With that, he turned around and walked out of the locker room. Pyrrha, Blake, and Yang then looked at each other.

“He’s more than ready. Let’s cheer him to victory.” Pyrrha said.

And victory he achieved. The battle between Jaune and Cardin was another war. They fought hard, clashing short-sword vs Giant Mace in heated strikes. Jaune picked up a couple weaknesses and
exploited them to perfection as he picked apart Cardin. For every attack was a counter, then a counter, then a connection. They both hit the danger threshold before Cardin finally missed on a final blow, leading to Jaune disarming and eliminating him with a vicious left hook.

Mercury and Ruby was not as hotly contested, though still closer than Ironwood would’ve liked. The Crimson speedster was effective early, but Mercury kept his composure. They exchanged harsh blows at every meeting, but eventually, Mercury caught Crescent Rose by the long handle and tossed Ruby from the dueling arena.

Jaune only watched the match from the locker room before he sat back down. Ruby walked in a few minutes later.

“Darn, I wanted to face you in the finals.” Ruby said.

Jaune nodded. “I would’ve loved the opportunity. How are you feeling?”

Ruby shrugged. “I’m dejected, but not too bad. Just promise me one thing, Jaune.”

The blonde tilted his head. “What’s that?”

The diminutive leader leveled her eyes on him. “After you win, you dance with all of us at the closing banquet.”

Jaune smiled and extended his right hand to her. “You got it.”

Ruby extended her own right hand and shook hands with him. The RWBY leader then put Crescent Rose away and began to change in another part of the lockers.

“Go win this one, for all of us.” Ruby said. Jaune grinned and nodded as he left the locker room for his chance at history.

If Cardin and Jaune was war, Jaune against Mercury made it look like a skirmish. The prematch banter was short. The bell rang and sparks flew. Jaune and Mercury went at it hard and heavy.
The first split left Jaune a little shaken and Mercury a little short of breath.

The assassin then spoke. “I should’ve taken you and that Faunus out, earlier.”

Jaune’s eyes widened. “Her name is Blake, and why do you say that?”

Mercury’s face turned into a twisted grin. “Because if we would’ve taken you out, your little harem would die trying to avenge you.”

That incentivized Jaune, as he rushed back into combat. Shield, sword, leg, and fist colliding in sickening thuds.

They split again. “What’s wrong, Arc? Afraid I’ll take them away from you?”

Jaune took a deep breath. “You won’t have that chance.”

The next round of exchanges were devastating to both fighters. Their Aura gauges were both hitting the 30% mark as Mercury hit a hard shot on Jaune.

That kick dropped Jaune to 22% Aura left and pinned him to the edge of the arena boundary.

Mercury stalked his target, looking for the right kill shot. “Once I beat you, I’m taking your bitches for my own.”

Jaune saw red, but he kept his breath. “Then try me, you pathetic bastard.”

Being called a bastard infuriated Mercury as he ran towards the Blonde Knight. Jaune reacted quickly as he ducked the attack. Then, he lifted Mercury over his back and dropped him out of the arena boundary. As he stood, he leveled his sword at Mercury’s head.

“If you ever try to take the women that I love away from me, Mercury, I will kill you.” Jaune
warned through gritted teeth.

“JAUNE ARC WINS THE VYTAL FESTIVAL SINGLES TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONSHIP!” Professor Oobleck exclaimed as the crowd went crazy.

Jaune then folded his shield and sheathed his sword before extending his hand to help Mercury up. However, Atlas staff separated the two and took the assassin away.

Jaune walked to the center of the arena as the crowd continued to go crazy. The budding huntsman enjoyed the atmosphere.

He was then mobbed by Yang, Blake, and Pyrrha. They had jumped down the side and ran to him at the center of the arena. He gave all three a big hug before waving to the crowd.

“Let’s go to the locker room.” Jaune said as he looked at his smiling compatriots. Jaune walked between Yang and Blake as Pyrrha led the way.
The following day felt like a roller coaster for Jaune. He was congratulated by a lot of people on his tournament victory. From his teammates, his girlfriends, even Cardin walked up with a handshake. It was a wild time going around the campus.

He had just sat down for lunch, what was unexpectedly a solo affair. However, he would not be alone for long.

Taiyang Xiao-Long stood across from him. “Congratulations on the tournament victory, Jaune.”

Jaune looked up, having just eaten a bite of food. After he swallowed his morsel of food, he responded. “Oh, thank you sir.” He then motioned to the empty seat across the table. “Would you like to join me for a bit of a late lunch?”

The older man nodded with a small smile before taking his seat. The pair enjoyed small talk as they ate their chosen dishes.

Tai then coughed lightly as he finished his meal. “Jaune, I’d like to talk about something.”

Jaune nodded, as he looked at the Xiao-Long patriarch. “Yang?”

Tai nodded as his face turned serious. “I bet you know why I’m here, then. Qrow told me some things, but I want to hear it from you.”

Jaune took a deep breath. “Where you like me to start?”

Tai didn’t hesitate. “Pick your spot.”

For the next lengthy period of time, Jaune recounted everything from when Blake faced off against Russell Thrush until today. He spoke about being with Yang while doing maintenance on his weapon, working alongside her in the simulator, the Beacon Dance, even up through the events right before the Vytal Festival tournaments.

Tai listened dutifully, adding some minor quips back in minor parts. Then once things were up to current, he paused for a moment.

Jaune was slightly nervous, after explaining how Yang and he became a couple, as well as Pyrrha and Blake also being a part of this gathering.

Finally, Tai leveled his gaze at Jaune. “You never heard about Yang’s past, did you?”
Jaune shook his head. “She never told me.”

Tai then took his own deep breath. “She’s dealt with a lot in her short life.”

The next few minutes had Tai explain what happened to his team, STRQ. From his relationship with Raven Branwen until she left inexplicably. He also spoke about Yang’s nature, her coping mechanism to always feeling alone.

Jaune nodded, then looked right up at Tai. “That explains the song we danced to.” The older man nodded.

Tai then re-leveled his gaze. “Jaune, do you love my daughter?”

Jaune didn’t hesitate. “Mr. Xiao-Long-“

“Tai.” The older man interrupted.

Jaune took a breath. “Tai, I care deeply about your daughter. I don’t want her to feel lonely anymore. When the headmasters had us in solo rooms during the singles tournament, I hardly slept because I missed them so much. I love Yang. I also love Blake, and I love Pyrrha.”

Taiyang’s eyes fought to show emotion, as he looked at the huntsman in training. He then smiled slightly. “You’re going to be a great man to my little Sun Dragon.”

With that, he extended his right hand to Jaune. A second later, the two shook hands. Then the Xiao-Long patriarch stood and left the Cafeteria.

He ran into Qrow, who waited outside. The slightly buzzed man looked at Taiyang. “How do you feel about him?”

Tai looked back and sighed softly. “He’s just fine. I like him.”

Qrow shrugged as they walked away.

*****

The closing banquet for the Vytal Festival was as well designed as the Beacon Dance. Every representative from the academies arrived. Some sought out Jaune, while others sought out Team RWBY.

The speeches given were quaint, a reminder of what the festival means to Remnant. The food and idle banter were refreshing from the past few days of competition.

Jaune finally was able to relax for a few moments between the speeches and the upcoming dance. He took his seat and was enjoying a drink of water.

The feeling of hands resting on his shoulders was very welcome for him. As he groaned in relief from their manipulations.

He then saw the fingernails out of his peripheral vision. “Remind me to repay the favor, Pyrrha.”
The redhead laughed softly as she stopped and took a seat beside him. “Busy day, huh?”

He nodded as he sighed slightly. “It has been.” He then looked over to her. “I’ve missed you.”

Pyrrha smiled. “We’ve missed you, too.”

She then leaned onto his right shoulder. “You know, you only have to be here for the first dance.”

She said.

Jaune nodded. “I know, but I promised Ruby that I would dance with everyone tonight.”

Pyrrha smiled slightly. “I know, she told us. Have you chosen who you will dance with to start?”

Jaune wrapped his arm around Pyrrha and kissed the top of her head. “Will you join me?”

Pyrrha sighed happily. “It would be an honor.”

The music began to reverberate throughout the banquet hall as the DJ took over the microphone.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, if I may have your attention. May I have the members of Team RWBY at

the center of the dance floor?” He said.

After they gathered, he popped back onto the microphone. “May I also have our Singles champion,

Jaune Arc, report the middle of the dance floor?”

Jaune stood and offered his hand to Pyrrha, who stood as she accepted it. Together, they walked to

the dance floor.

The DJ was a little perplexed but kept his composure. “All right, Ladies and Gentlemen. As you

know, our first dance must be the champions dance. Please select your partner quickly, as our

opening number begins now.”

Ruby and Weiss were immediately embarrassed as Yang and Blake as well as Jaune and Pyrrha

paired off. As embarrassing as it may have been, they lightly embraced as they began to dance.

Jaune and Pyrrha’s dance was far more intimate, his right hand between her shoulder blades, his

left arm around her torso.

Blake and Yang were also in an embrace, Blake’s arms around the shoulders of Yang while Yang’s

arms were around Blake’s waist.

The song concluded, and the DJ popped on the microphone once again. “Well, that was a nice

opener. Let’s have a little fun, Ladies and Gentlemen.”

Soon, the six of them scurried off the dance floor as the others began to occupy it. The three

couples found the table occupied by Nora and Ren and sat around.

“That was embarrassing.” Weiss said.

Ruby stuck out her tongue playfully. “Oh, quiet down, Weiss.”

Jaune chuckled at the exchange between the partners before Weiss turned back to him. “Don’t
start, Jaune. You’ll dance with me soon enough.”

Jaune huffed in amusement. “All right pick your song.”

As Jaune went to get another drink, he was approached by Winter and General Ironwood.

“Evening, Jaune. Hope you’re enjoying the banquet?” Winter said.

Jaune nodded, a content grin on his face. “I am, it’s been a busy day.” He then looked at the General. “I would guess you’re General Ironwood?”

The graying man nodded. “I am. Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arc. Congratulations on your victory.”

Jaune put up his right hand. “Thank you, sir. Oh, and please, call me Jaune.”

“Of course, Jaune.” The General said before taking his leave of the pair.

“I’ve made my decision, Jaune.” Winter said after a deep breath.

Jaune closed the gap, bringing himself as close to her as possible. With a shuttered breath, she began. “I’m going to continue my military career. I’ve decided to sign on for one more commitment period.”

Jaune placed his drink down and embraced her. “You’ll be just fine, Winter. I don’t have plans of going anywhere.”

Winter returned the embrace. “As soon as this period is over, you know I’ll be looking for you.”

Jaune nodded. “I know.”

Winter then heard the DJ start referencing a slow song as she broke the embrace. “Jaune, could we have one more dance?”

The huntsman in training nodded. “Of course, Winter.”

He offered his right hand to her, and as she gently placed her hand in his they walked to the dance floor. Jaune lightly pulled her close, embracing her warmly as she wrapped her arms around him. She placed her head on his right shoulder as they began to dance.

Back at the table, Pyrrha wore a serene smile. Yang and Blake also wore pleased smiles. Weiss wore an uncertain grin, but Ruby had a content grin. Nora and Ren had also moved to the dance floor, and it could be seen that he was moving his lips to the music.

The song finished, and Jaune withdrew his embrace from Winter. He saw that she had started to cry a little, leading to him placing his right hand on her jawline.

“I’ll miss you, Jaune.” Winter said. Jaune took a calming breath and brought his lips to hers. The kiss was brief, but the feeling was profound.

“Until we meet again, Winter.” He said, as she broke the embrace and walked to the door.
Jaune turned to his left and walked back to the table, where everyone was now curious. Yang decided to pop the cork. “What just happened?”

Jaune took another deep breath. “Winter is going back to Atlas for one more tour of duty.”

Weiss’ eyes widened. “I thought for sure she was going to stay here.”

Jaune shook his head. “Apparently she wanted one more run. She did tell me she would be looking for me when she gets done.”

Blake then asked. “Do you believe her?”

Jaune shrugged. “I do, but I also think she’ll find someone better before.”

The music turned to another slow song, the lyrics starting immediately. Jaune’s eyes widened and he turned to Yang with his left hand extended. “Shall we?”

Yang was taken aback but nodded as she took his hand and they trotted quickly to the dance floor. They then stopped and turned to each other.

Jaune closed the gap between them, slipping his left arm around her torso and his right hand between her shoulders. Yang immediately felt the connection and wrapped her arms around his neck, placing her head on his right shoulder, but burying her chin into the crook of his neck.

As they began to dance, he whispered. “I spoke to your father earlier. He told me some things.”

Yang closed her eyes as she whispered back. “Such as?”

Jaune began to rub his hand around her upper back slightly. “Listen to the song’s lyrics, you’ll understand.”

As she listened, her eyes began to tear up. Her head tilted down so she cried into his jacket. His eyes never left her as she began to sob lightly. At the song’s conclusion, he kissed the top of her head. Much like he kissed Pyrrha’s head at the end of the Beacon Dance.

Speaking of Pyrrha, she began to tear up seeing them dance. Blake was no better, as were Weiss and Ruby.

“He chose this song for a reason.” Ruby said.

Blake nodded. “After the Beacon Dance, this song was a perfect counter.”

Pyrrha and Weiss nodded, recalling the previous dance.

They broke their embrace, Yang trying to keep herself together. “Really?”

Jaune smiled as he felt his breath hitch. “Really.”

The two then hugged tightly before she turned her face to his and they kissed warmly. Following the affectionate display, they moved back to their table.

Jaune then danced with Ruby, a quick number like last time. Very high paced, but very cohesive in
their movements.

After he took a seat at the table for another drink, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Jaune, may I have this next dance?” Weiss asked.

Jaune smiled contently. “Sure, pick your song.”

The next song that came on seemed perfect. Weiss motioned to the dance floor and Jaune nodded as they walked together.

“No funny business.” Weiss scolded.

Jaune chuckled. “No funny business. I’ll keep my hands on your hips.”

That they did for their song. She almost got lost in his eyes but pulled herself back. Jaune was internally thankful to at least dance with someone who he once thought he loved.

As the song ended, he removed his hands from her hips and she removed her hands from his shoulders.

“Thanks, Jaune.” Weiss said.

“Anytime, Weiss.” He replied as he motioned to the table.

His approach was blocked by Blake, as she wanted her own dance. “Not yet, Jaune.”

Jaune and Blake then danced. Their embrace was reminiscent from the earlier dance before the festival. Even following the same standstill after the song was finished. Then Blake rose her head to meet his and they kissed deeply.

Jaune finally took his seat and enjoyed a couple of songs to relax. Letting the cool water relax him. As he watched the others dance, he saw someone out of the corner of his eye.

He turned his head and saw Cinder. “Hey, Cinder. Thanks for the advice on Mercury.”

Cinder nodded. “You’re quite welcome, Jaune. May I sit next to you?” Jaune motioned to the seat next to his.

Jaune spoke after she sat beside him. “So, what’s on your mind?”

Cinder shrugged. “Nothing, really. Just enjoying the dance.”

Jaune nodded, before a yawn escaped his mouth. “Oh, sorry about that.”

Cinder smiled slightly. “Busy day?”

Jaune nodded. “Yeah, it’s been a whirlwind since I woke up.”

Cinder hesitantly placed her left hand on the top of his back and began to rub along his shoulders, earning a small smile. “You don’t need to do that.”
Cinder nodded, as a warm feeling flashed through her body. “Maybe not, but I want to.”

Jaune sighed softly. “Thanks, Cinder. So, what’s your plans after this is over?”

Cinder shrugged slightly. “I’ll still be here at Beacon until the end of the year. Then I’m not sure.”

Jaune nodded. “Well, good luck in any endeavor you have.”

Cinder smiled warmly. “Thank you, Jaune.”

With that, she stood and turned to her right to walk out of the ballroom.

Jaune watched her leave for a few seconds but turned his head back to the others. They had just finished dancing together and were returning to the table.

Yang turned her head to Blake, and their eyes met. Blake’s nod led the Blonde bombshell to turn her head to Pyrrha, who also nodded.

Jaune raised his eyebrow at the exchange, until Yang spoke to him first. “Hey, Jaune? Why don’t we head back to the dorms?”

Jaune looked at his lovely girlfriends. “Are you guys sure?”

Pyrrha spoke first. “Just go, we’ll see you all later.”

Blake nodded. “Yeah, we’ll catch up with you later.”

Jaune stood and initiated another group hug. “All right, I’ll see you all later.” He then released his embrace and held out his left hand to Yang. “Shall we?”

Yang blushed as she gently placed her hand into his. Then they walked to the door of the banquet hall and out towards the dormitories.

Blake sighed, as did Pyrrha. “Hoping for the last dance again?” The monochromatic huntress asked.

Pyrrha nodded. “Yeah, but I don’t want to be selfish.”

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In the courtyard of the Academy, Yang and Jaune enjoyed the cool autumn air.

“It’s been quite a day, hasn’t it?” Jaune said, as he stole a few glances at Yang.

“Yeah, it’s been crazy. How we even got enough time to prepare for this is surprising.” She replied.

Yang then stopped, causing Jaune to hesitate and turn around to face her. “Something on your mind?” He asked.

Yang smiled contently and shook her head. “No, just feeling like the luckiest girl here.”

Jaune smiled. “I’m glad you feel that way. Did you want me to carry you?”
Yang looked at Jaune, her eyes showing a playful expression. “No, you’ll be getting all of me soon enough.”

Jaune immediately blushed before turning to his right and leading her back to the dorm.

The rest of that night, the only thing that mattered to them was each other. It seems funny, that a moment of kindness, would have such an effect on the world of Remnant.

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The End.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading my piece of Fanfiction. A few Authors notes before I leave this:

This story was always supposed to the Jaune winning over Blake and Yang, being as he already had Pyrrha's heart. Winter and Cinder were added as possibilities, but ultimately shot down, as you've read.

As the fic continued into Chapter 9, I felt that the story was coming to a close. In all honesty, I had Yang's admission earlier in said chapter. However, I wanted to finish my plan of the Vytal festival and the banquet before putting this to completion.

There will be an Omake ending, but it will only be in a google document. Please message me for the link if you wish.

Again, thank you for the support. I genuinely appreciate it.

Regards,

The Unknown One

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