**Summary**

The Blue Dream Corporation exists to make the wishes of their customers come true, no matter how depraved. Rape, abduction, sexual slavery - whatever the client wants, the BDC will see completed to the best of their abilities. Join the cast of RWBY in various standalone instances of making use of the BDC's services to fulfil all of their most twisted fantasies.

Everything has a price. It's just a matter of knowing what that is

Dark Content

Commissioned Work

**Notes**

This chapter was commissioned by SithDragon

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1

“I’m here to see a Mr... Blue.”

“Table over there,” the man said, pointing.

Taiyang nodded and hurried over. The man he was meeting was plain-looking, the kind of guy you could miss in a crowd because he didn’t stand out. He wore a dark pair of suit trousers, a cream shirt and a brown coat. There was a little hat on his head, which he tipped in greeting as Taiyang approached.

“Ah, Mr. Xiao-Long.”

“That’s me,” he replied with a nervous laugh. There was no one sat close enough to hear them, but Taiyang still sat down awkwardly and kept his hood up. “Can we not use names?” he asked. “I still don’t feel entirely comfortable with this.”

“We can do as you wish. You’re the customer.”

“Right. Yes. Customer.” It implied he was in the market for something, which was accurate. It was just that he wasn’t looking for anything that could be bought in a local store. Taiyang felt uncomfortable guilt build up in his stomach. “I know it’s wrong. I shouldn’t be thinking like this, not about something like this. It’s not like I hate her. The absolute opposite, I—”

“Sir, your reasons are you own,” Mr. Blue said calmly. “You don’t need to explain yourself to me or justify your actions. Here at the Blue Dream Corporation, we focus only on fulfilling the desires of our clients to the utmost level of satisfaction.”

“R-Right. Yes.”

“And you, sir, if I recall… what was it you desired again?”

Taiyang’s breath came out a little quicker. “M-My daughter. Yang…”

“Ah yes.” Mr. Blue chuckled. “You wish to arrange your daughter’s rape.”

Taiyang’s cock hardened instantly beneath the table. He bit back a groan as it stretched against the fabric of his pants, constrained. “Y-Yes,” he whispered, still afraid that someone might overhear and yet unbearably aroused. There was something sinfully exciting about what he was doing, sitting here talking about it with someone. His hidden fetish, his guilty desire. “I… I love her, but… it’s something I can’t get out of my head. I promise I don’t hate her.”

“Again, sir, you don’t have to explain your actions. We will not judge you.”

No, but Summer might, were she still around. Then again, Summer had always been a kinky one, just like him. He doubted she would have gone for this, but she would have kept his mind, and his cock, occupied. He still loved Summer, which was why he’d been unable to move on and find
another woman. No one matched up.

But was it really fair that he go celibate for so long?

It was inevitable that his mind might wander, and with the memories of Raven and Summer with him each and every night. By the Brothers, Yang looked so much like her mother sometimes. Dangerously similar.

He couldn’t resist it.

“I want her raped,” Taiyang admitted, fighting his way past his guilt. The arousal helped. “You said you could do this. You could arrange it.”

“We can. If you have the money we agreed on.”

“All here,” Taiyang pushed an envelope across the table. Mr. Blue took and opened it slowly, so damn slowly. It was torture to Taiyang, who still kept worrying about someone he knew coming over, hearing or outright calling the police on him.

It was wrong, he knew, but there was no going back now.

“Everything seems in order,” Mr. Blue said. “We’d be happy to take the case on. Would you like to be involved in the planning?”

“Planning?”

“It’s a service,” Mr. Blue explained. “As standard, you get whatever you ask for, and a recording of the event for prosperity, but some people like to take a more hands on approach. She is a virgin, no?”

“I-I think so. She’s only seventeen.” Not that he hadn’t experimented at that age. “I think she is, but I’m not sure. I know she doesn’t have her hymen, she’s training to be a huntress and that broke years ago.”

“That will make things easier, but it may still be her first time. If you wish, you can leave all the details to myself, but I thought you might want to make it a little more… ah, tailored for her. An experience to remember.”

His cock twitched again.

It was talking about it. Just talking about this had him rock hard. His mouth was dry and his heart beat wildly. Planning it? Could he really go so far?

Why not? He was already paying for his daughter’s rape.

“O-Okay. I guess I should make it more special. It’s my duty as her father.”

“Excellent.” They both knew it wasn’t true, but Mr. Blue kept the façade. “So, my first question was going to be how much force is required, but you already said she is a training huntress, so we shall have to make sure all our contractors have aura. We wouldn’t want any unfortunate accidents or her hurting herself if she escapes.”

“No.” He definitely didn’t want her to escape this. Taiyang’s breath picked up.

“Do you have a preference on how many men should be involved? Do you want a one-to-one visit, a threesome?”
Fuck, he could hardly think. “More.”

“More?” Mr. Blue asked, curious.


“Hm.” Mr. Blue leaned back. “How does ten sound? Any more and we might have to look at increasing the price.”

Taiyang imagined ten men ploughing his daughter as she lay face-down on her bed, hands gripping the sheets. He pictured ten men around her, one pumping into her, others jerking off around her, covering her nubile body in cum. “Ten is fine.” He shuddered a little. “Ten is more than fine. Will they… will they be big?”

“As standard, sir. As standard.”

“Good.” Only the best for his little girl. “That’s perfect.”

“Will you be wanting an in-call visit or out?”

“Huh?”

“Ah, it means the setting. Would you like us to stage a home invasion, or would you prefer an abduction? The latter offers a little more security, and of course we promise the return of your daughter safe and in one piece. But some people do appreciate the ‘homey’ feel of an invasion. The shattering of one’s safety, the sense of vulnerability.”

That sounded amazing. “At home. I need a chance to get Ruby out, that’s my other daughter.”

Mr. Blue raised a brow. “You do not want her involved?”

“She’s only fifteen!”

“Sir, you are planning the rape of your daughter. Does age now bother you?”

Taiyang stilled. He had a point. He was already going this far, why not a little further? And Ruby looked so much like Summer. Taiyang’s pants felt uncomfortably tight. “N-No. Not her. I want this to be about Yang, all about her. I’m going to have Ruby stay at a friend’s house. I’ll say I’m going on a hunt. Yang will be home on her own.”

“Very well. Perhaps you’ll call on us again to provide an experience for your younger daughter.”

Taiyang’s mind whirled with sinful thoughts. He wasn’t quite able to deny it. “Perhaps…”

“Would you like the sex to be protected? Do you have any qualms over pregnancy?”

The image of Yang with a bloated belly came to mind. She looked so sexy. “No. No pregnancy. Yang wants to be a huntress. I’m not going to take that away from her.”

It felt stupid to worry over a little thing like that when he was planning her gangrape. Still, this was just a one-off thing. Taiyang shuffled nervously. The rape was fine but getting Yang pregnant would be bad. She’d never be able to attend Beacon.

He had to draw the line somewhere.

“That’s fine. Saves us issues down the line as well. Final question then, are there any kinks or
fetishes you would like to see served? Bondage, choking, humiliation? The latter will likely come into play regardless, but we can make it worse. Pay spectators to come, laugh and take pictures. We can also accommodate more, ah, unusual preferences.”

“Unusual?”

“Would you like to see your daughter mated by a dog, for instance?”

“No. Nothing like that. Just… Just rape her.”

“Marks? Bruises?”

“Little ones. I know that’s inevitable, but nothing permanent. I don’t want her hurt too bad.”

“Then I think we have everything in order, good sir.” Mr. Blue clapped his hands together and smiled. “All that remains is for you to decide the time, and then to set the stage. We shall need a spare key, unless you would prefer us to force the lock. Do you have any neighbours we ought to worry about?”

“No.” Taiyang was at his wits end. His balls hurt so much. He felt such a warmth in his stomach, and his legs threatened to lock up. “We live alone. No one anywhere around, not for a mile at least.” No one to overhear, no one to interfere.

“Ah. So, we can have her be as vocal as she likes.”

Heavens help him, he was going to do this.

“Yes. I want it to be loud. As loud as possible.”

As far as Yang was concerned, having the house to herself was awesome. It let her do whatever she wanted without any moderation, but also made sure everyone knew she was an adult. Not a responsible one obviously, but trusted. She smiled as Ruby took Zwei off to spend some time at a friend’s house, nodded as she pretended to listen to her father’s list of instructions and emergency contacts – God, Dad, as if she hadn’t heard it a thousand times – and linked her fingers behind her back as she promised not to do anything crazy, drink any of his booze or cause a mess.

“Dad, please, I’m seventeen. I’ll be fine. Go kill some Grimm or something.”

“Just looking out for my little sunflower.” Taiyang looked nervous for some reason. Maybe it was the thought of her on her own – he was such a worrywart. “You sure you’ll be okay?”

“Pft. I’ll be more than okay.”

“Yeah.” His doubt washed away, replaced with something she couldn’t quite identify. “I guess you will. Alright, sweetheart. I’ll see you later. Give your old man a kiss?”

Yang huffed but did as asked, kissing his cheek. Had to give him something, right? With a few final
farewells, one last promise to make sure to turn all the lights off and a goodbye wave, he was gone, closing the door behind him. Yang gave him three minutes to make sure he wouldn’t come back and was immediately in his drinks stash. Sure, she’d had beer before, but not much. It was bitter and she didn’t like it. Dad’s drinks though, or more like Qrow’s, were different. Harder. Tastier. Yang took a gulp from the bottle and giggled at the warm feeling of it rushing down her throat.

“Nice.” Pouring herself a tall glass, she stashed the bottle away, hiding it so dad wouldn’t notice for a few weeks, at which point she could claim Qrow had it. Sipping a little more, she jogged up to her bedroom, kicked open the door and pointed her scroll at her stereo. Almost immediately, loud music began to blare out. “Hell yeah. Now that’s what I’m talking about.”

Standing in the middle of the room, Yang began to dance, twirling her hips and swinging her arms like she was on a dance floor. Once she went to Beacon, she’d have a chance to visit some clubs and properly get out there. Patch was lame for that, being way too much countryside and no nightlife. Laughing at the sheer freedom, she leapt up onto her bed and continued dancing, spinning in place and imagining a crowd around her on the dance floor. The press of bodies.

Yang was so distracted, and the music so loud, that she didn’t hear the noise downstairs.

Didn’t hear the stairs creak.

Didn’t hear the voices.

She did hear the knock on the door, though. Loud and harsh, it cut through both the music and her dancing.

Yang froze.

Had Dad come back for some reason? Had he forgotten something? Yang paled and quickly turned the music down, scanning the room to see if it was too messy or if she’d left evidence of the alcohol. Shit, shit, shit. This was bad.

“C-Coming!” Yang called, hopping down off her bed. It didn’t occur to her that it could be anyone other than her father. Why would it? The door was locked and only her father or uncle Qrow would think to let themselves in and check on her.

Yanking the door open, she didn’t expect to come face to face with a group of burly men.

But they were ready for her.

Hands gripped her before she could move, dragging her out the room with a high-pitched shriek. Dad’s training kicked in and Yang lashed out with fists and knees, driving one man back and backhanding another across the face. The flash of aura told her she wasn’t dealing with normal people, right as someone caught her wrist, twisted it and dragged her back against him.

Momentarily caught, Yang bucked and tried to drive her head back, seeking to escape.

There was too many of them. Hands caught her all over and tussled her about, shaking her and earning another scream of both anger and fear. They were masked; all of them. Was this the White Fang? Why would they be here?

“Help!” Yang screamed. “Help!”

No use. Their house was in the middle of nowhere and everyone was out. Her only hope was uncle Qrow, but he was almost certainly on the same mission her father was.
“No one’s coming, babe,” one of the men said, lifting her up off her feet. “So be a good girl and play nice.”

The man carried her back into her room and lifted her up over his shoulders. Others added their own hands, gripping her butt, legs and even pulling on her hair. Yang thrashed wildly atop like the world’s most violent crowd surfer. She could make out yet more men behind. So many of them.

And then she was airborne, flung through the air.

Yang landed on the bed, hands and elbows first, only to try and scramble away. A hand caught her by the ankle and yanked her back, knocking her onto her front, face pressed down into the sheets. She screamed, but the sound was muffled as a hand pushed down on the back of her head and silenced her.

This couldn’t be happening; it just couldn’t be.

“No feisty little bitch, isn’t she?”

“No, just the way I like ‘em,” another jeered, laughing loudly. A figure appeared in front of her, brown cargo pants and hands unbuckling them, revealing dark boxers underneath with a sizeable bulge. Before she was able to fully comprehend what was happening, a hand found its way to the back of her shorts, gripping the hem.

“Guess these get to go.”

They didn’t rip; that would have been too kind. The man dragged her shorts down over her bum, exposing the panties she wore underneath, but the flexible material held, pulling her body back as he yanked them down cruelly.

“Hold her down,” another said, pushing on her shoulders. A third took her arms, pulling them apart.

Yang kicked and thrashed with her legs to try and thwart the bastard behind her, but he was having none of it. Pinned and helpless, he held her hips down with one hand and pulled her shorts down her long legs. When he got them to her knees, he let go and grabbed her by the ankles, pulling them up to drag the shorts over her feet and off.

“There we go!”

A stinging slap caught her bum and she yelped.

“Hm. Look at that ass, boys.”

He spanked her again, earning another cry.

“Stop it!”

“Don’t think I will.” A third slap, this one on the other side, reddening her cheeks and her face with it. Yang whined piteously into the sheets, utterly humiliated. It only got worse when he let go of her feet and gripped her butt with both hands, one on each cheek. He pulled them apart and back together again, gripping tightly. “Damn. I can’t wait to be buried in this.”

That was all the warning she needed. Kicking back, she heard the satisfying sound of her feet finding the man’s gut. He buckled, allowing her to get her knees under her and push up on those holding her down, breaking free. Her fist caught someone’s cheek, knocking them down. Knelt atop her bed, Yang quickly took in the scene.
There was a whole load of men in her room, at least six, maybe more. Two by the door more in the hall outside – she could hear them. Diving off the bed, Yang ducked under the arms of a guy reaching for her and dashed for the door. If she could get outside, she could run and find help.

“Not so fast!” a voice called as a pair of arms caught her from behind.

“No! Let go!” Kicking back, she drove her foot into the man’s shin and down, trying to scrape his skin off. He held, however, aura flashing against her skin. They were huntsmen!? Oh shit! The moment of panic caught her as the man adjusted his grip, slipping his arms under hers and up over the front of her shoulders. Yang was pulled up off her feet as the man leaned back, dragging her shorter body off the floor.

“Got her. Nearly pulled a fast one there, huh?”

“Ngh! Ugh!” Yang struggled but the man’s grip was like iron. She slammed her head back to try and break his nose, but only hit his collarbone instead and her hair dampened the hit. He laughed at her, holding her easily as her feet kicked a good few inches off the ground.

Held with her back to him and her front to the rest of her room, Yang watched in horror as more men entered – ten in all, then two more. One of them wore a suit a domino mask that hid his eyes, while the other had a shirt and pants and a full-face mask. Those two took up a position either side of the door, closing it behind them.

Her panic reached a fever-pitch when they began to undress. Her struggles, which had ceased as she took stock of the situation, came back a hundredfold.

“No! Stop! Don’t!”

The men laughed. Some called insults, others snapped pictures on their scrolls – one even stood to the side recording it. Yang shook her head and tried one last time to break free, throwing all her strength into it.

All she got for her effort was a pulled shoulder and angry, bitter tears. Defeat settled in, cold and heavy, and she hung limp in the man’s arm, all too aware of the fact she had nothing on but a tight vest and her panties. She crossed her ankles, locking her legs together.

One of the men who had finished undressing hurried over. At least forty years old and overweight, he had a hairy chest and stomach, a bald head and a lecherous smile. His hand caught her top right between her breasts, gripping the fabric there and pulling it down. Yang whined when the tops of her breasts were exposed. She hadn’t bothered to wear a bra under it, enjoying the feeling of freedom.

“Look at these,” the man whispered, releasing her top for a second. His hands found her breasts through the material a second later, grasping them tightly and squeezing. “Holy shit. They’re so firm, so soft.”

“F-Fuck off.” Yang kicked up between his legs - or tried to. A pair of hands caught her ankle before she could and hauled her up. “Ahhh!” Held up by her shoulders and now with one leg dragged out, she was suspended between three men, four when another came to grab her other leg. To her disgust, he began to rub the sole of her foot against his chest, moaning the whole time.

The man groping her breasts didn’t care or notice. He continued to squeeze painfully, rolling them through the material a second later, grasping them tightly and squeezing. “Holy shit. They’re so firm, so soft.”

“F-Fuck off.” Yang kicked up between his legs - or tried to. A pair of hands caught her ankle before she could and hauled her up. “Ahhh!” Held up by her shoulders and now with one leg dragged out, she was suspended between three men, four when another came to grab her other leg. To her disgust, he began to rub the sole of her foot against his chest, moaning the whole time.

Another hand joined in, this one grasping her vest by the bottom and dragging it up to expose her taut belly. Yang squirmed but, suspended between three people, only managed to twist left and right.
The two worked in tandem to pull her vest up, exposing her breasts to the open air and all the men there.

Yang whined angrily.

Naked but for a pair of white panties, her breasts swaying as she fought to pull free and cover herself. They didn’t let her. The man behind adjusted his grip so another could pull the vest up over her arms entirely and off. The others crowded in, staring at her breasts from as close as they possibly could.

“Look at those beauties.”

“Ha. Finer than any I’ve seen before.”

“You think they taste as good as they look?”

“Only one way to find out.” The man on her left leaned down and placed his lips around one of her nipples, sucking aggressively on it. Yang groaned at the feeling, wet and hot on her cold skin. Gritting her teeth, Yang shook her head back and forth.

With a laugh, another man took her other side – and her other nipple, teasing it with his teeth and licking at the sensitive nub. The feel of his rough tongue sent shivers up her spine, made all the worse by other suckling loudly.

“P-Please,” she begged, tears in her eyes. “I don’t want it. Please stop!”

“Stop?” the man behind her asked. “Babe, we’re just getting started.”

Yang was carried across the room as the other men continued to grope her tits, ass, legs and sides. When they reached her bed, they made a show of tossing her up into the air and onto it. She landed hard, bounced and quickly scrambled to try and escape, only to gasp as her feet were caught and dragged back. Flat on her face, she was held down, a pair of hands clamping onto her hips and pulling them up so that her ass was in the air, legs bent and face pressed down.

Fingers found the waistbands of her panties, the last bit of protection she had.

“No!”

Down they went – dragged to her knees and left there. Yang howled into the blanket as hands on her shoulders kept her pinned. Behind her, she could hear people crowd around to look at her sex. Helpless to do anything, Yang could only sob into the blankets as the men poked, prodded and commented on her most secret place.


“Looks tight.”

“Won’t be once we’re done.”

“True.”

A finger found its way inside and stretched her. Yang whined at the intrusion, instinctively trying to pull her hips away. All that achieved was an inch more of room before her shoulders hit uncompromising arms. The digit in her pussy dug deeper. Yang felt it curve and touch sensitive flesh. “Ahn!”
“Oh. I think she likes it.”

“N-No, I don’t!” she cried, face turning red.

“You can lie, but your body can’t.” The man’s thumb rubbed against her clit and Yang bucked.

“Stop it!”

More laughter – followed by a flex of her mattress as a heavy weight settled behind her. The bedsprings creaked ominously.

Yang looked back, twisting her head to do so. Wide-eyed, she could only see beneath and between her parted legs, past the white panties stretched between her knees to a pair of hairy legs lining up behind her, along with a ball sack approaching her rear end.

“No way. You can’t, please! You’ve had your fun!”

What felt like a hard, iron rod pressed against her folds. “Sweetie. The fun is only just beginning.” It pushed into her, stretched her. Yang gripped the sheets so hard her knuckles turned white, her lower body paralysed as the man forced himself inside of her.

It was so big and hard. She bit her lip and clenched her teeth together, tears appearing at the corners of her eyes as she tried to ride out the pain. “Unf! Ah!” The pained sounds escaped her as he pushed himself deeper and deeper, forcing her virgin pussy to mould to his cock.

She could feel it. Him. Fat, hard and as hot as molten steel, she couldn’t breathe as he went deeper and deeper, forcing her to stretch to accommodate him. Even though she wanted to fight, an instinctive part of her knew that would hurt more, and that staying still was the best choice. His legs and hips pushing against her own, signalling that he was fully inside of her.

The man’s weight settled on her. “Fuck,” he whispered, his round stomach pressing against the small of her back. “She’s so tight.”

He laid on top of her, forcing her down by his weight alone. The ones holding her let go, trusting the far heavier man to bear her down into the mattress. Yang’s hands hung over the side of the bed, grasping at air as she tried to catch her breath and orient herself. All she could think of was the feeling of him inside of her, how helpless she felt, how her body tingled and twitched.

Slowly, the man began to thrust his hips back and forth. Small motions at first. Her body didn’t allow for more, clinging to his cock and refusing to let go. As he pushed back in, some horrible spark ran through her crotch and she clenched down on him.

“She’s getting into it.”

“N-No,” Yang gasped. “That’s not true.”

“God, what a slut. Hey, get a good angle for me.”

Bright lights flashed before her eyes; some of it might have been pain, but more were the flashes of scrolls as their cameras went off, capturing her pained face as the man raped her. Blonde hair fell across her face as she gasped and panted. She couldn’t move. Her entire body felt like it had been robbed of strength.

One of his hands groped under her and tugged at her breast. He rolled to the side, dragging her with him so that she lay on her side, the man’s hairy legs between her own as he thrust in and out of her.
Another man grabbed her leg under the knee and pulled it open, exposing her body to them all. More flashes and more pictures. Yang whined and tried to hide her face from view.

Someone did it for her.

A pair of hairy legs appeared in front of her and a warm rod pressed against her cheek. Through eyes half-blind from the pain, she perceived a thick and meaty cock glistening with precum. “Open your mouth.”

Yang shook her head and clamped her jaw shut. The man pushed against her lips, slathering his salty taste on her lips, but she refused to open, whining against the horrible smell and the pubic hairs which pricked against her nose.

The man growled and placed a hand over her nose, pinching her nostrils shut. It took her a moment to realise why – what with the man still grunting as he pushed himself inside of her and the numerous hands groping her breasts, stomach and legs. Only when the burning in her lungs proved too much did she realise she couldn’t breathe.

Her mouth opened as she gasped for air.

The thick cock was forced inside.

Tears in her eyes, Yang bit down instantly. Her eyes opened wider when instead of pain and vindication, she caught only the taste of his rancid cock and her teeth scraping harmlessly against his skin.

“You’re a huntress yourself, so you should know how aura works. Good luck biting through that. Keep it up if you like, though. Feels good.”

Aura. Of course. Of all the applications, no one had ever mentioned this one. Yang tried to scream but only managed a garbled stream of syllables as the man pushed his cock deeper into her mouth, past her teeth and down onto her tongue. She tried to move it away, but he only went deeper, finding it again. He tasted horrible.

His hands gripped her hair on either side of her head and pulled her harder against him, so tight that her nose pushed deep into the mound of black pubic hair and her eyes scrunched shut. Without letting go, he began to thrust in and out, fucking her face with the same intensity – if not more –as the man behind.

The man in question had begun to grunt heavily and pant as well, his pace increasing as he hammered into her. Gripping her breast so hard it hurt, he groaned one last time, letting out a guttural moan as his hips quivered. Was he-?

“Fuuuck,” the man hissed, drawing out of her abused sex. The feeling of being empty was somehow worse; cold air brushing against her hot skin. He slapped his cock once against her folds and quickly stood, coming around to her side. Held as she was and choking on another man’s dick, Yang could only just see the brightly coloured condom the man began to peel off. It was full of cum, forming a bubble at the end. “Damn shame I can’t shoot this inside of you. Doesn’t mean you can’t enjoy it, though.”

Stringing the rubber out, the man held it over her left cheek and squeezed. Yang’s eye shut. A moment later, something hot and wet splashed against her eyebrow and ran down onto her eyelid, where it pooled, only to dribble down her cheek like a milky-white tear.

“Don’t wait on my invitation, boys,” a man called. “Get stuck in there!”
As if it were a sign, the men descended on her. Someone grabbed her feet and drew them up, pulling her into a position where she was curled on her side in a ball, knees drawn up near her breasts. The man in front continued to slam her nose into his crotch, but there was a new pair of hands playing with her pussy and ass, poking and stretching. It was worse not being able to see; every touch coming as a surprise, each pinch making her jump. Every finger delving inside earning a surprised shriek or groan – whatever she could manage past the man raping her mouth.

There was only a second to note the feeling of another hard cock touching her folds before it was inside. A wail slipped out of her and her knees dug deeper into the mattress for purchase as she tried to buck him off. Laughing, the man rode her, slapping one hand against her ass for good measure. He pressed in further, so much so that his belly rubbed against the underside of her thighs. He was bigger than the last – she felt it immediately as he went in deeper and harder, stretching her anew and stealing her breath away. Yang choked and moaned around the thick cock dribbling cum on her tongue.

“Ungh! Anh!” The man in front of her pulled her in one final time and held her there, burying her nose so deep into his skin that she could barely breathe. Hot, pungent cum splattered on the inside of her mouth – far more than seemed possible to come from a single man. Despite her trying not to, she swallowed a little and gagged instantly. It tasted foul.

“There’s it,” he said. “Take it all.”

As if she had a choice. He kept his hands fisted in her hair and her face pulled in to his crotch so hard that she couldn’t breathe. Desperately, Yang swallowed and tried to breathe through her mouth, around his cock.

“That’s it,” the man said as he drew out, letting her cough and splutter what little semen remained out and onto her bed sheets. While she did, he smeared his softening cock against her cheek, sketching a line of cum across her soft skin. “Good girl.”

“Hack – Ack!” Yang coughed, even as the man behind her slapped her ass, making her skin jiggle. He pulled his cock out to the very point of withdrawal and then rammed it back into her pussy. “Argh! Ugh. Ah!”

“Sounds like she’s starting to enjoy herself.”

Was that what they thought? Yang’s face was red, her ass and tits redder from all the attention, but the pain she was in couldn’t have been any more obvious. Fingers clenched into the blankets, her body rocked with every thrust and her pussy already sore. Every thrust felt like it went deeper, so deep that her body was knocked forward, only for him to drag her back and onto him again.

Another person settled in behind her, standing alongside the man thrusting into her. One of his hands came to rest on the small of her back, his other on her hip. Something poked against her ass hole. Yang’s eyes shot open as fear slammed into her. “No! Not there, please! Anything but that!”

He pushed. Yang’s entire body strained against those holding her as she tried to pull away, get away. The scant distance she made meant nothing as he kept pushing, twisting as he tried to work his cock into a hole far too small for it.

“No, no, no! Stop it. Not there!”

It slipped to the side. She was too tight.

He grunted and gripped her hips tighter, lined himself up again. Once more, she felt the pressure –
felt the feeling of something big trying to fit in a hole too small. This time, it got a little deeper, but when Yang yelped and twisted her hips, he slid off again, thrusting up the crack of her ass.

“It won’t work!”

“Stupid bitch. Hold her down, won’t you? She’s tighter than a vice.”

Hands settled on her again, on her arms, shoulders, back, hips and legs. All over her body, forcing her to be still as the man spat in his hand, wiped it along his cock and then lined up one more time with her puckered asshole.

“NO!”

“This time for sure.” With one hand on his shaft, he started to push.

“Hngh!” Yang’s eyes clenched shut and she struggled wildly. Or tried to. Too many hands and too much weight. Even the man raping her had stopped, though he hadn’t drawn out. She could feel his dick twitching inside of her, but his hands were holding her still.

Something began to shift inside of her.

The tight ring of her ass hole began to give way. The fit was not a kind one and she whined through gritted teeth, eyes clenched shut. Seconds felt like an eternity and the early seconds hurt. His bulbous head finally passed the ring of muscle, slipping inside with a relieved grunt from the man and a pained gasp from her.

More humiliating than anything was the relief she felt. The pain had stopped, if only for a second, and while both she and the man stopped and tried to get used to the feel of one another, she could finally breathe once more.

“Hah… Hah… Hah…”

At least until he smashed his hips against hers, hilting himself fully inside of her.

Yang’s mouth opened wide – along with her eyes.

A hoarse scream echoed through the house.

It was silenced by a new cock, one so big that it forced her jaw open wider and pushed against the back of her throat. A hand cupped her chin and another the top of her head, forcing her to suck hard on it as the two men behind her began to thrust in and out once more, finding a new rhythm as they fucked her raw.

Her insides felt like they were burning, her ass especially. It felt like they were rubbing up against one another inside of her and Yang squealed as they became synchronised, both thrusting in and out at the same time. Her legs twitched and her thighs clamped down.

“Holy shit, she’s cumming.”

No. No… That… That wasn’t true.

“So tight. She’s gripping me so tight – like she wants to milk me.” The guy in her pussy came with a crooked gasp, pulled out and came around once more. Another condom came out, more cum, this time dribbled onto her neck and shoulder. Yang barely reacted, too busy being spit roasted between two men as yet more groped and fondled her breasts and legs. Someone was licking her toes,
gripping her ankle tight as she tried to yank her foot away.

Another man gripped her legs, placed his cock against her sex and pushed inside with a wet sound, all in one quick motion. Smaller than the last, he made up for it with speed, pounding in and out of her furiously.

Yang cried around the dick in her mouth as the one in her ass pulled out suddenly – stretching her ass hole and making a loud ‘popping’ sound. Another replaced it almost immediately, leaving her to groan as the one who had left her ran around her side. When he pulled the condom off, his cock was still hard and he jerked it furiously, pointing it at her face, neck and breasts.

The first spurt of semen caught her chin, the second her neck. The third splashed against her breasts and ran down between them, oozing warm fluid down onto her stomach. One of the others laughed and pushed her tits together, smothering the hot cum between them. Yang cringed as she felt it dribble down from her breasts and onto her bed sheets.

It wasn’t going to end. It was never going to end. Dad would be out all night and Ruby was gone. Even Zwei wasn’t here. These men were going to rape her all night, maybe even for longer. As more cameras flashed, hope fled.

Slumping on the bed, Yang’s arms and legs fell limp as she let them do what they want. They laughed, catcalled and groped her body whenever they liked, fucked her however they wanted. Spat on her, called her a slut, masturbated over her body. Yang let it all happen. The fight left her.

The man in her mouth came and held her lips sealed around his shaft, forcing her to swallow. The one in her pussy pulled out, removed his rubber and came over her stomach and naval. The man in her ass dragged himself out, grabbed her ankles and pulled her back on the bed so that she was laid on her back, arms beside her head and feet on his shoulders. Realigning with her abused pussy, he pushed his way inside, apparently displeased with her ass.

She didn’t fight it. Her head fell to the side, staring blankly at the two men who had not yet bothered to take part. The man in the suit watched with a smile. The other, the masked one, stared at her without moving.

Her view of them was broken as another stepped in front of her, rubbing himself as he pressed the tip of his smelly cock against her lips. This time, Yang opened her mouth and let him inside. It was easier to co-operate and be done with it. She sucked on him, ran her tongue over his dick and tried to pretend it didn’t taste like her own pussy. He came a few seconds later, flooding her mouth with his semen.

“Drink it,” he begged, pinching her lips shut

Obediently, Yang swallowed.

The men cheered. Cameras flashed. Yang’s head fell back, a groan escaping her as the man between her legs pulled out and came on her stomach. He pushed one leg off his shoulder and stepped away – but before her legs could even fall, another caught them and twisted her onto her front. Her breasts pressed into the sheets, staining them with cum. He lined himself up with her ass hole, pushed into it to test how tight it was, and then thrust inside. His body weighed down on hers, pushing her deeper into a mattress that stank of sex, sweat and cum.

Yang’s eyes closed as the men crowded around her.
“I do believe everything is in order.”

Taiyang barely heard Mr. Blue. His eyes were fixed on Yang’s body, laid flat on her front, face to the side. She’d passed out from the brutal fucking. Even then, the men had continued for some time, taking their fill of his teenage daughter. She was ruined. Ruined in every way imaginable.

“Mr. Taiyang?”

“Ah? Y-Yes. Everything is fine. Wonderful even.”

“Very good.” Mr. Blue pulled out a cigarette and lit it. “As you can see, the men all wore protection and your daughter is unharmed. Within expectations anyway. The video will be processed and sent to you separately. Did you enjoy witnessing it?”

He had. More than he cared to admit. Stood on the outskirts wearing a mask so that she’d never know, he’d been privy to his daughter’s rape first hand. The sounds, the smells, her cries, even the wet slap of flesh on flesh and her muffled grunts and gasps into her pillow. His legs felt weak, but his cock was the opposite. It strained against the fabric of his pants, twitching like a wild animal desperate to break free.

“Did I enjoy it?” He shouldn’t have. Oh, how he shouldn’t have enjoyed watching his daughter handed around like a sex toy. “I loved it. That was amazing.”

“Glad to hear it. If that’s all, we’ll leave you to clean up here. Should you ever have need of us again…”

“I’ll get in touch. I know I will.”

“Another satisfied customer. Wonderful.” Mr. Blue stepped away and gestured to the tired men in the room. “Come now. Let us leave the girl to have some rest. You shall all be compensated as usual.”

The men laughed and followed after Mr. Blue, one of them slapping Yang’s ass on the way past. It juggled, bright red and soft. The door closed, leaving Taiyang stood alone in his daughter’s bedroom with his little girl, her body stained with cum, her hair plastered to her skin, her legs spread wide in front of him.

“Yang?”

There was no response but for her breathing. He took a step forward on shaky legs, fell to one knee beside her bed so that his face laid beside hers. His hand wouldn’t stop shaking as he reached out to touch her red face.

“Yang…? Can you hear me, baby?”

The lack of a response emboldened him. Gently he touched her shoulder and shook it. When that failed to prompt a response, he rolled her onto her back. Yang fell flat, her left arm over her stomach and her right laid up beside her head. Her face fell to the side. Her breasts shook invitingly. Her
stomach was flat, toned, reaching down to her now-closed legs.

She looked so vulnerable, so fragile. Beautiful. Taiyang’s cock hardened.

His hand was on her left breast before he could question why. The moment he touched it, his other reached for her right and cupped it. Soft and warm, he felt her nipples tickle the palms of his hand. His breathing picked up and he squeezed them, gently at first, and then harder. Yang whimpered.

Too much. It was all too much. He had a knee up on the bed before he could think. His mouth found her dusky nipple a moment later, licking and suckling on it with reckless abandon. Suddenly, he bit down, not too hard but enough to tease the sensitive nub between his teeth. She still didn’t awake, though her face became pinched.

“Oh Yang,” he whispered, kissing his way up her breast to her collarbone, her neck and then the underside of her chin. Tilting her face up to his, he pressed his lips to hers and pushed his tongue inside her mouth. A mouth that had taken all too many cocks today as it was. He couldn’t taste any of them. All he could taste was Yang’s saliva and tongue as he stroked against it with his own.

Sitting up above her, Taiyang knew he was lost. Moving quickly, he reached took her arms and brought them up above her head, pinning them down and letting go. Her muscles stretched, her breasts stood at attention, waiting for him, but it was lower down that he reached. Her legs had closed when he rolled her over, but putting one hand under her knee, he opened them again, revealing her abused cunt. The flesh around it was red and sore and he knew she wouldn’t be as tight as she had been when the night began. It didn’t matter.

His fingers fought with his buckle, slipping off a few times until he growled in frustration and snapped it on the third try and dragged his trousers down his legs, throwing them away. His boxers went with it.

Taking his cock in one hand, Taiyang lined it up against her entrance and looked down on his daughter’s face.

A moment of no return.

Or had that been when he first made the deal with Mr. Blue? In the end, it didn’t matter.

He’d already pushed his hips forward and forced himself into her.

The world exploded before his eyes.

Tight, warm, wet. Yang had been abused but she was somehow so warm and welcoming that it felt like his cock might melt. Falling atop her, he dug his hands under her shoulders and gripped her against him, squashing her breasts against his chest as he buried himself as deep as he could within his little girl. His sunflower. His own flesh and blood.

He wasn’t gentle. He wasn’t calm. Ten years or more of pent-up frustration worked itself out in a matter of seconds as he pounded himself inside of Yang, slathering kisses across her neck, jaw and lips. The wet sound of his balls slapping against her sex drove him on. Drove him wild.

“Oh Yang,” he whispered, biting the creamy skin of her neck. “Oh Yang. Oh baby. Oh yes.”

His climax built. She was warm, soft and inviting. He couldn’t help it. As instructed, all the men had worn protection, leaving Yang’s womb unsullied but for her own arousal. He couldn’t wait. Didn’t want to. The thought of pulling out crossed his mind but he dismissed it just as fast, thrusting into her one final time and pulling his daughter against him, groaning as he shot rope after rope of cum deep
inside of her.

Years of celibacy and of lonely masturbation gone in a second. Yang’s pussy milked his cock until there was nothing left to give. He groaned and buried his face in the crook of her neck, unable to pull out. Unwilling to. His hands found their way to her stomach instead as he sat up and looked down on her. He stroked the soft, flat skin of her belly and imagined what it would look like round and full with a child. His child. The thought had his cock stirring to life.

Breathing heavily, Taiyang lowered himself down on – and into – his daughter once more.
Ruby looked up at the house Yang had told her she’d be at and sighed. There was loud music and shouting from within and a whole load of motorbikes and cars parked outside. It looked like they were having a house party which fit with why Yang would be there.

“Stupid Yang and her stupid parties. Why do I have to be the one to get her?”

The simple answer was that she didn’t, but the longer answer was longer. Embarrassing. She’d forgotten the house keys – and with Dad out dealing with some Grimm that had been seen off the coast and Yang at this party, she didn’t have a way into the house.

Zwei was being useless too. He’d just barked happily and scratched on the inside of the door.

Okay. Maybe “go upstairs, find my keys, open a window and throw them out” was a difficult set of commands for a dog. It wasn’t her fault. Standing outside the house, Ruby nervously kicked her foot against the ground and wondered what she was supposed to do.

I’m not good at talking to people. Dad called it shy; Yang called it complete social breakdown. This wouldn’t even be a problem if Yang was answering her scroll. What is she doing in there?
Easy answer. Loud music, drink and too much to distract her from a buzzing scroll.

“You can do this,” Ruby told herself. “Walk in. Introduce self. Ask where Yang is. Talk to Yang. Get keys. Go home. Easy.” She repeated the mantra another two times to psyche herself up and then knocked on the front door.

It took a while for her to realise no one was going to answer. It was really loud in there, so they probably couldn’t hear her. Ruby knocked again, but when no one answered, she nervously decided to test the door.

It was open.

It’s not breaking in if they can’t hear you. No, wait. That’s totally breaking in!

It was too late for her to go back. The door swung open, revealing a short corridor into what looked like a kitchen and beyond that a sitting room. The music was playing from there and she could see a couple of people, or the tops of their heads. Stepping in, Ruby closed the door behind her and tried to catch their attention. “Hello? Uh. Hello?”

A dog barked and rushed towards her. Penned against the door, Ruby panicked, but the thing’s tail was wagging so much that she quickly calmed down. It was a big dog that almost reached up to her waist. A Labrador, she thought. It happily nuzzled against her hand, literally flopping against her legs like it was some kind of housecat.

Giggling, Ruby pet its side, watching it fwap its tail happily against the floor and roll over to give her better access to its stomach.

“Ralph!” a boy’s voice called out. “Damn it, Ralph. Now what? If you’re barking at the mirror again-” A boy walked around the kitchen side. He was tall and quite muscled, not as much as dad, but still more than most boys her age. He was maybe a year older, though. Sixteen, or maybe seventeen like Yang. He had light brown hair that fell to his shoulders, blue eyes and a wide, expressive mouth. He was also dressed in jeans, a tee shirt and held a bottle of beer in hand. On seeing her, his eyes grew a little wider. “Oh. Hey?”

He looked just as unsure as her, which helped a little.

“Hi,” Ruby said. The two stood in silence for a moment, before she realised he was probably waiting for an explanation as to why she’d just broken into his house. “Sorry. I’m Ruby. I’m looking for my sister, Yang. She’s taller than me with long blonde hair. Her motorbike is outside.” Ruby pointed a thumb behind her, just in case he didn’t know where outside was.

“Yang Sow- uh.”

“Yang Xiao-Long.”

“Yeah. That was it.” The guy scratched his head. “Sorry. I don’t actually know her and the name didn’t stick. She came by with a friend of mine. She’s upstairs and-” He cut off. “Actually, I think she’s probably a little busy at the minute. Anything I can help you with?”

“Busy?” Ruby asked suspiciously.

“She was with my friend. They were… well, they were making out and hanging off one another.” The boy shrugged, almost in apology for having to break the news. “I wouldn’t go up there if I were you. I mean, you can if you like. Your call.”
Ruby’s face flushed with colour – mostly embarrassment, but also a little annoyance. Trust Yang to be busy making out with some boy when she needed her help. “Maybe I can wait? If that’s okay? I… kinda don’t have anywhere else to go.”

He looked shocked for a second.

“I’m locked out the house,” she quickly explained.

“Oh!” The boy laughed suddenly. “I thought- Never mind what I thought. She has the keys, I take it?”

Ruby nodded glumly and decided not to mention that she’d forgotten hers. “Yeah.”

“You’re welcome to wait with us. We’re havin’ a bit of a party, though.” He looked back over the kitchen counter, where Ruby could hear loads of people talking, laughing and drinking. “I suppose it wouldn’t be a problem. How old are you?”

“Sixteen,” Ruby lied.

He stared at her.

“Fifteen,” she admitted a second later. “But my uncle drinks all the time and Yang does sometimes as well. I’m fine with it. I could just wait here if you want. I… I don’t want to get in the way…”

The boy looked like he wanted to accept but didn’t at the same time. Ruby knew why. She was the younger sister of the cool older girl. Where Yang was tall, buxom and outgoing, Ruby was short, shy and, at best, cute. Yang was the one who got invited to all the parties. Ruby was the nerd who was into weapons, which meant she fit in as well here as a Grimm might at an old folk’s home.

“I can’t do that,” the boy eventually said. “Come on. You can sit with us and wait. It’s not like we’re doing much other than drinking and having fun. If anyone causes any problems, I’ll sort them out.”

He motioned for her to follow him and walked around the counter of what must have been his parents’ kitchen. The sitting room was pretty big with a number of sofas set around a short table that only reached up to her knees. There were about eight boys around it, most playing video games or watching their friends do so, but all drinking. All of them looked older than her by a year or two.

Immediately, someone noticed her.

“Dude, what the fuck? You’re letting a kid join us now?”

Ruby hid behind the first boy’s legs.

“Don’t be a dick, Rick.” Everyone was looking now, most of them confused. One or two were even trying to hide their bottles of beer. “This is Ruby. She’s Yang’s sister. She’s only here waiting for her sister to get done.”

“Is she safe?” one of the boys asked.

“She’s not a fucking Beowolf, man. Don’t worry. I’ll protect you from her.”

A few of the other boys laughed. Even Ruby giggled.

“She looks savage enough for it,” another joked, “But I think Pat meant about the booze. We’re kinda not meant to have all this.”
The first boy, her new friend, looked down at her and winked. “You’re not going to tell anyone on us, are you?”

Ruby shook her head. “Nope.” She at least knew that rule of being cool. “My sister is upstairs making out with some guy. If I never tell dad what she does, I’m not going to tell on you.”

That was enough to convince most of them. They nodded and turned back to the TV, happy as long as she wasn’t a problem. A few more looked uncertain, but with the majority turning against them they let it go.

“Here. Come sit on the sofa with me,” her friend said. It was a two-seater and Ruby was glad that she didn’t have to sit between two complete strangers. At least this guy had been nice. “No telling how long your sister will be, but we’re just playing games and messing around.”

“That’s okay.” Ruby sat straight with her hands on her knees. Awkward didn’t begin to explain how this felt, but it was better than sitting in the cold outside her house for however many hours. There was also a chance Yang might get drunk and not even come back! “Thanks for letting me stay. I won’t be a bother, I promise.”

“Hey, it’s fine. They were just afraid you’d ruin the fun. It’s cool.”

Again, her ruining the good times. Ruby tried not to let it bother her. She just wasn’t good at talking to people or making friends, so people assumed she either didn’t want to or was some kind of teacher’s pet. It wasn’t her fault she loved making weapons so much.

“Fresh drinks!” one of the bigger boys said, lugging a full crate of bottles up onto the table. He had a bottle opener and cracked them one by one, handing the bottles out. Ruby was unsurprised when one went to her friend beside her but perked up when the guy hesitantly offered one to her.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” her friend said, holding a hand out.

“Dude. She’s fifteen. We were gettin’ drunk at that age. What’s a single bottle gonna do?”

He looked hesitant.

“Not like we stocked up on milk and cookies. You going to make her sit there and not have anything?”

“I guess not.” He looked to her. “Have you ever had alcohol before, Ruby?”

Ruby had to fight not to look proud. It wasn’t that she wanted to drink, but drinking meant fitting in, being a part of things. Being accepted. “I have,” she said, nodding quickly. “Not a lot, but I’ve tried beer that Yang had, and I stole a bit of my Uncle’s once. I’ve tried beer, vodka and whiskey.” Her nose scrunched up. “The whiskey tasted horrible.”

To her delight, the boy offering her a drink laughed.

“Yeah. It’s an acquired taste. I hate the stuff as well.”

Eee! Socialising! Talking! Ruby nodded quickly, agreeing with whatever he said.

“See? She’s not exactly wet behind the ears. She’ll be fine.” He pushed the bottle towards her, which Ruby took eagerly. Just to prove she could, she took a long gulp and swallowed it. The beer was bitter and tasted weird, but it wasn’t poison and she didn’t keel over dead.
Her friend leaned back. “I guess so. Sorry. Didn’t mean to suggest anything.”

“It’s okay. A lot of people treat me like a little girl.”

He winced again. “Yeah, I remember what it was like to be fifteen. Only two years back but it sucked.” Shrugging, he held his bottle out towards her. “Cheers, then?”

Laughing, Ruby clinked her bottle against his. “Cheers!”

“I feel funny…”

Her new friend made a humming sound in question, peeking over her shoulder. She wasn’t sure how or when, but she’d ended up in his lap. Something about there not being enough room; she couldn’t quite remember. There had been a lot of drinks.

A lot of drinks.

It was the beer at first, but then someone had offered her something called a mixer, and then a cocktail, and she’d not wanted to let them down and be a party pooper. They were treating her like an adult and letting her drink with them.

After a while, they started to taste better.

Really good.

But now, she felt funny. Dizzy. Fuzzy.

“Sick?” her friend asked.

“N-No.” Ruby’s voice came out a little strange, she wasn’t sure why. “Silly.”

“Silly?”

“Um. Funny.” She giggled, realising that was just as bad a way of describing it as before. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright. Sounds like you’ve had a bit much. Maybe I should cut you off.”

“No, no, no, no, no. I’m okay.” Ruby made an attempt to sit up but couldn’t quite manage it. She fell back onto his chest and gave up. It was a warm chest. Nice. “I’m okay,” she slurred. “I’m a big girl.”

“Yeah?”

Not wanting to prove herself wrong, Ruby nodded. “I am.”

“Alright. I’ll take your word for it.”
Ruby mumbled something that might have been words had she paid any attention to them. Her eyes roved over the assembled boys and the game they were playing, which was little more than bright lights to her eyes. Yang still hadn’t come down. Stupid Yang. Yawning, Ruby made to rub her eyes, only to freeze when she felt a hand settle on her leg.

“Sorry,” her friend whispered. “I need to put my hand somewhere. It’s falling asleep.”

It made sense to Ruby since she was in his lap and thus blocking where he’d normally put his hands. In fact, one of his hands was on her stomach. She wasn’t sure when that had happened or if she should say or do something about it. Like he said, he had to put them somewhere.

In the end, she decided to tough it out. It wasn’t like he was hurting her and he was more focused on the game, still occasionally chatting with his friends. It felt warm. Comfortable. Shrugging internally, Ruby leaned back and let him rest his hands on her.

When the hand on her leg started to move, she paid more attention. The fingers ghosted down her leg toward her knee, his palm flattening out so that it touched the top of her thigh. At the same time, the hand on her belly began to move, rubbing slow circles on the fabric of her top.

Was this part of him getting comfortable?

“Um…?”

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Y-Your hands.”

“Oh. Sorry.” His hands stopped moving but did not leave her body. “Does it feel bad?”


“Not supposed to what? We’re not supposed to be drinking.” He laughed, and Ruby did as well. “I’m not supposed to be having a party here either, and your sister isn’t supposed to be upstairs doing one of my friends. If it doesn’t feel bad, what’s the problem, eh? We’re all adults here.”

With that said, he began to rub his hand across her leg a little more, always staying to the tops and touching her knees, then crossing onto her other and stroking back along that, stopping before he reached her skirt.

Ruby watched his hands like a hawk but couldn’t deny what he was saying. It did feel kinda nice. And why not? She was already breaking the rules by drinking.

What was one more thing?

“That’s the spirit,” her friend said as she leaned back into him. “If it feels good, keep going.”

Ruby smiled. “Hmm.”

He continued to rub her for a few minutes, and after some time elapsed, Ruby stopped paying attention to it. His hands felt nice and the one on her stomach did a wonderful job of making her feel sleepy. Another drink came and went, the guy passing her a bottle grinning when she took a long swig and burped.

It took Ruby several seconds to realise that his hand had dipped between her legs, parting them slightly. Her breath hitched as a pleasant feeling overcame her, but she didn’t feel anything of it until
his finger stroked the inside of her thigh, definitely up under her skirt.

“Hey…”

The hand paused, splaying out over her skin. “What’s wrong?”

“You’re doing it again.”

“I am.” He rubbed her a little, drawing her skirt up. Ruby huffed and pulled it down over his wrist. “You sounded like you were enjoying it.”

Ruby noticed that one or two of the other boys were watching now, paying particular attention to the two of them. Biting her lip, Ruby wondered if they thought she was being a spoilsport. Yang wouldn’t have had a problem with this.

Slowly, Ruby let her legs part just a little

“That’s it.” His hand rubbed a little deeper, right near her crotch. “Does it feel nice?”


“How about this?” he asked, gently rubbing at her panties with two fingers.

Ruby jumped slightly, pulling away.

“Bad?”

“N-No.” She swallowed and forced herself to settle down, letting him touch her. “Just odd.”

“In a good way or a bad?”

“Both,” she answered, then blinked. Had she just slurred a little? “I-I don’t know. I’m not supposed to let boys up my skirt.”

Her friend winked at her. “I won’t tell if you don’t tell.”

“You kept out secret about the booze, Ruby,” one of the boys sitting on the floor said. “We’ll keep this one fort you, yeah?”

“No one will find out,” another promised.

“Uhh…” Ruby couldn’t remember if she was supposed to be against it or not, or whether she wanted it, but if they were offering to cover for her. “I guess that’s okay.”

“Great.” Her friend tilted her back a little so that her head was resting under his chin. “Just relax a little. You’ll feel better.” He rubbed her panties through her stockings, and despite the little shocks that ran through her, Ruby was forced to admit it felt good. Really good.

“We’ll help you relax,” one of the boys said, picking up her foot. Ruby tried to move it without thinking, but he had a hold under her heel and above. “Who knows how long your sister will take? You might as well get comfortable.” He began to unbuckle her boot.

His friend did the same on her other side, the two boys holding her legs a little apart, stretching her skirt between her thighs. With her friend’s hand between her legs, his arm was pushing her skirt up too, giving everyone a show.
Worse, more of the boys were watching. Ruby whined and covered her face with both hands.

“Don’t worry about it,” her friend whispered. “We’re all friends here. Besides, you have your stockings on. They’re like a pair of pants under your skirt.”

Ruby made a sound between a murmur and a grumble, sighing as she felt the boys work her boots off her feet. One of them began to rub her feet between his hands, playing with her toes. “A foot massage will help you relax,” he said.

“See? Everyone is your friend here, Ruby. Why don’t you have another drink?”

A glass was pushed to her lips and Ruby drank automatically, sipping at what was a really strong and fruity cocktail of some kind. A little bit ran past her lips and down her chin.

Under the combined ministrations of the three boys, Ruby felt her body relax. The ones rubbing her feet had moved up to her ankle and knee respectively, and even if it was naughty, it felt nice, just like the drinks made her head feel nice. More, she stopped worrying about the boys watching, all too focused on her faster breathing as her friend rubbed her special place.

When the other boys’ hands left her knees and pushed up her thighs, slipping under her skirt with the first’s, Ruby didn’t complain. She leant back and lost herself in the warm sensation of them rubbing her, wondering all the while just why this was supposed to be so bad when it didn’t feel bad.

Ruby twitched slightly when she felt cold fingers on her hips, however, right under her skirt. They dipped into her waistband and brushing against her skin. Through a mind hazy from alcohol and the feeling of her friend’s hand rubbing her stomach, she watched as one of the other boys peeled her stockings down her thighs, slowly revealing her pale legs. Fingers and hands toughed the insides of her thighs as they were shown, tracing across her skin.

This. This was something she hadn’t expected.

“I don’t…” Ruby made a nervous sound. “Is this right?”

“Does it feel bad?” her friend asked her, tipping her head back. He was smiling down on her even as she felt someone take her left foot and pull her stockings off it. He had a nice smile, Ruby decided. “Does it hurt?”

“No.”

Off came her other stocking, leaving her toes to wiggle in the warm air.

“Then it’s not bad, is it? You have such pretty legs, Ruby. You shouldn’t hide them.”

The logic was faultless, just as it had been before. Ruby nodded and leaned back, watching curiously as the boys ran their hands over her legs. It tickled a little, but felt nice, especially when they dipped under her skirt to tease the insides of her thighs. Ruby tried to close her legs instinctively, but one of the boys played his hands on her knees and pushed them apart.

“H-Hey,” she whined. “No fair.”

They laughed.

Ruby giggled with them, her new friends.

Her bestest friend laughed, too. She could feel it against her back. His hand dipped under her top as
well, now rubbing against her stomach properly. His other hand had returned to under her skirt and was teasing the edge of her panties. It was something Yang would have said was wrong, but it felt okay, tingly even, so Ruby leaned back and let him.

It was as good as permission to the others, who surged forward and grabbed the hem of her top and pulled it up. “Hands up…” Ruby said obediently, giggling and raising her arms like she would have when she was younger and dad was helping her undress.

“Whoah, look at those little titties.”

“Dude, they’re so small.”

Ruby frowned. “I’m not small.”

“You’re not,” her best friend said, drawing his hand up to cup her left breast. “You’re a big girl, right?”

“Yeah!”

“Sorry,” said one of the boys. “I didn’t mean it like that, Ruby. You’re awesome. The life of the party.”

“G-Good.” She hiccupped, bouncing in her friend’s lap. “T-That feels weird,” she said as he rubbed his finger over the tip of her brassiere, against her nipple. It felt hard.

“Does it hurt?”

“No…”

“Then is it bad?” he asked, smiling.

“No.”

“That’s right.” He squeezed her gently and she gasped. His hands were so warm on her. “You can tell me if it hurts, Ruby. I’ll always stop for you. That’s what friends are for, right?”

“Kay…”

Ruby leaned back and closed her eyes, letting the feelings wash over her. There were so many hands on her now, touching her stomach, her boobs, her legs and even rubbing her feet. A person even took each hand, stroking her skin and also brushing her fingers against something that felt oddly hard and kind of bristly.

All the feelings were alien, but the pleasant tickling didn’t feel bad at all. Quite the opposite. Occasionally, she would giggle or twitch when someone tickled her feet or touched too close to her panties.

“Hey Ruby,” one of the boys yelled. “You ever done a tequila slammer?”

“No? I don’t think so?” Ruby cracked an eye open, not sure if she had drunk it but had forgotten.

“You’d know if you had. Salt, tequila and then lemon. Here. Let me show you.” The boy brought for a bottle, a shaker of salt and a slice of lemon. He took her hand and poured some salt on the back. She was about to ask why when he brought her hand to his mouth and licked the back of it.

“Eww!” she giggled.
“And then you drink,” he said, voice distorted because of his tongue hanging out. He tipped the little glass back and swallowed. “And then lemon!” The boy bit down on the lemon, tearing a chunk off and gasping loudly.

“Is it nice?” she asked blearily.

“Nicer for being off you.”

“Body shot!” someone yelled. “Quick, hand me the shaker. Lay her out flat.”

The ones holding her feet tugged her suddenly, making her slip down her best friend’s lap with a startled yelp. He laughed and caught her arms, moving out the way so that her back and shoulders were resting on the couch seat itself, with him kneeling next to her. It was a combination of her fuzzy head and his wide smile that kept her calm, even as the boys crowded around her.

“You’ll like this, Ruby,” the one with the salt shaker said. “Trust me. It’ll be great.”

“Kay?” Ruby shifted slightly, getting used to the fact that the lower half of her body was off the sofa and being supported by numerous hands. Someone had their shoulder under her hips, while another had her left leg and a third the right. Beyond them, she could see someone playing with her toes as she was laid out flat on her back with her hands dangling limply above her head.

The one with the shaker winked at her and suddenly sprinkled some salt out onto her stomach, just below her belly button. He then passed it on to someone else and poured a tiny amount of the golden liquid into a glass, upending it above her navel.

“Cold!” Ruby gasped as the liquid crept down her skin and pooled in her bellybutton.

“It’ll heat up soon.” The boy brought out a lemon and crushed it above her bellybutton, making a few drops fall down and pool on her pale skin. “As for the show. Here we go!”

Without any warning, he dipped his head down and ran his tongue slowly across her skin, licking up the salt. Ruby squealed at the foreign feeling, but was held down both by her hands, hips and feet. Without lifting his head up, he crept to her bellybutton and sucked the tequila out of it with a slurping sound.

“Stop it!” Ruby giggled, thrashing as the ticklish sensation overcame her.

The boy laughed with her, held her hips still and licked his way up to the lemon above her bellybutton, which he sucked off her skin with little kisses. To finish, he dipped his tongue into her bellybutton once more and flicked it about.

Ruby squealed at the soft, warm feeling.

“Good, yeah?” the boy said, looking up to her.

“That tickled!” she giggled back, still feeling airheaded.

“Yeah? Well, I’ve had my turn. Who else wants a go?”

It was like an avalanche. Hands fought for the shaker, which sprinkled salt all across her body – not just on her stomach and belly button, but her thighs, shins and even her toes. Some more went on her hands and some on her chest, just above her bra. Ruby laughed and playfully tried to fight them off, but they only laughed with her and held her tighter.
“You guys!”

Shots were poured. Lemons were made ready.

“Tequila!” the boys all shouted.

Lips and mouths descended on her, making Ruby squeal and laugh as they licked, nipped and bit at every bit of exposed skin. It was quickly followed by shots of tequila being poured all over her body, some running over her legs onto waiting tongues, others licked off her belly and hips. One boy put his head between her small breasts and kissed all over her. Ruby threw her head back and laughed at the top of her lungs, trying to fight her way out of their grip.

“Stopppp!”

They all laughed with her.

The lemon finished her off, and they spent way longer than they had to licking it off, making sure she was nice and clean. One of them even sucked on her toes, popping one each into his mouth and running his tongue across them. Someone else was sucking on her fingers one by one. The sensory overload was too much for Ruby, who gasped and shook.

“My turn,” her best friend said, leaning over her. He tilted her head back and dribbled salt over her neck, then leaned down and licked it up.

“Oh!” Ruby’s body bucked. That felt nice.

Rather than pour tequila onto her, he raised the bottle to his lips and took a swig, then leaned down and pressed his lips against hers. Pushing down hard, he rubbed her cheek with his finger until she opened her mouth, then let the drink slip past her lips, along with his tongue.

It tasted really, really strong! Ruby gasped a little at it, but the sound was silenced by his tongue pushing against hers and swirling around the inside of her mouth. Over her teeth, her gums, her tongue and then the roof of her mouth.

As it happened, she felt more people touching her body. Someone lifted her hips while another boy took hold of her panties and drew them down her legs, and another worked on her bra, unclipping it at the back and hooking it off.

That, Ruby knew, she shouldn’t allow, but she couldn’t do anything but close her eyes and make happy little sounds against her best friend’s mouth. He parted suddenly, pulling back and whispering, “Delicious.”

Ruby’s head spun. Through the haze, a desperate thought came to her.

She didn’t want to let them down.

“Y-You’re supp-supposed to do the lemon.”

“Guess I am.” Grinning wildly, he bit into a lemon, took the flesh into its mouth and descended down on her again.

The other boys did the same – having another go at the body shot thing. Ruby quivered as they ducked out on the salt this time and poured tequila over her body, licking it wherever it went. Some dribbled across her breasts, now bared to the open air, and two boys were quick to lap it up, swirling their tongues around her nipples and sucking the drink away.
Ruby squirmed and shook her body from side to side.

More went on her stomach and legs, some dripping down between her legs and running over her kitty and thighs, making her legs kick.

They were eager to help her there. Two boys went for it at once, butt heads and then argued – until a third pushed in and buried his face directly between her legs, licking wildly. The others were left with her thighs, which they licked, but and kissed far more than they really needed to.

It felt like her entire body was on fire. Mouths, lips and tongues were everywhere – from her head to her toe. Her legs were pulled up higher, exposing more of her lower body – and Ruby squeaked into her best friend’s mouth when a boy went under and pushed a lemon-coated finger against her bum hole. It stung a little, which was why it was such a relief when he stuck his tongue in and lapped at her.

Her best friend broke the kiss, pulling back with a little spit connecting their lips together. “Enjoying yourself?” he asked.

“I – I feel strange!” Ruby cried, shaking and quivering. Her whole body felt as tight as… as something tight! Her hips felt so strange and weak that she’d pushed them directly into the face of the boy cleaning between her legs, his tongue tickling the sensitive nub down below. “I feel funny!”

Her best friend smiled at her. “Does it feel bad?”

“NOOOOO!” Ruby cried, shaking as a wave of pleasure ran through her. “It feels amazing! Sooo gooood!”

He might have said something, but Ruby didn’t hear it. She was pushed over a peak she hadn’t been aware she was standing on. There was a spike of pleasure deep in her stomach, and then a feeling like her whole body being dunked in ice.

She might have screamed. She wasn’t sure.

When it finished, Ruby was a quivering wreck laid out across a sofa and a collection of boys, all of whom were supporting her limp body. They were laughing and grinning, some even taking pictures of her as she panted for breath.

“Nice job, Ruby,” one said, bringing the bottle of tequila to her lips. “Here. Have a drink.” He tipped it back and Ruby swallowed obediently, downing at least three or four of the little shots they did. When he took it away, she waved a hand limply.

“L-Le-Lemoooon…”

“Ha. A better drinker than all of us!”

“Tha-Tha’ss right,” Ruby slurred, giggling as something bitter was pressed against her lips. She bit down instinctively and winced at the taste, spitting out the skin. “I’m a… I’m a big girl. I can drink…”

Through a haze of booze and the afterglow of her amazing feeling, Ruby failed to hear the boys talking, though she felt it when hands settled under her shoulders and they lifted her up. Ruby made a sound of protest but calmed down when they started laughing.

Not wanting to be left out, Ruby laughed as well, and kept laughing as they laid her down on the small coffee table on her back, her bum placed on the edge so that her feet could hang off it easily. It
had a glass top that was cold against her back, and sticky from spilled drink.

The room was hazy now and she couldn’t make out much, at least until her best friend appeared upside down in her vision. He was kneeling behind her, smiling down on her but shaking back and forth. Or maybe that was her.

Giggling, Ruby said “Hi!”

“Hi Ruby.”

One of the boys stepped between her legs, pulling her feet up a little so that they rested on the edge of the table. He reached down and pulled his shirt over his head, revealing a lithe chest with only a little bit of muscle. She couldn’t see anything below her stomach, but she felt something hard touch her lower lips.

Her best friend brought a bottle to her lips again. She whined to try and show him she didn’t want anymore, but he pushed a little harder, making her accept. Her eyes rolled back as she drank more.

The boy between her legs moved closer. Ruby grunted as she felt something sharp down below her waist, a brief instant of pain that almost had her pushing the bottle away before it faded, leaving her dizzy and loose all over.

“She’s so fucking tight!” the boy said.

“R-Rude,” Ruby slurred, head falling back. “You said a rude word…”

“He did,” her best friend said, laughing and putting the bottle down. “He should feel very bad about himself.”

“Oh, I do,” the boy gasped, not sound sorry at all. He kept pushing his hips against hers and he drew her feet up so that they rested on his shoulders. “I feel so fucking bad.”

Ruby would have told him off again, but something was off. She felt full in a way she wasn’t sure she ever had before. He kept ramming his hips against her legs and bum, and something down there felt like it was poking into her. Ruby tried to sit up and look, but her friend pulled her back down.

“Nothing to worry about, Ruby. He’s just trying to feel good.”

“Good…?”

“Like you did earlier. We made you feel really good. Now it’s your turn to help us feel that. It’s only fair, right?”

“R-Right,” she said, panting a little. Her head was spinning. The whole room was spinning as scroll cameras flashed and bottles were popped and the boy between her legs groaned and hammered away. She felt weird down there. Fuzzy. Not unpleasant. In fact, she felt wonderfully full, like she’d just had a satisfying meal. “I-It does feel good,” she mumbled. “It feels nice.”

“It’s okay, then?” her friend asked. “It’s okay if we make it even?”

Ruby smiled dopily. “O-Okay…”

“Well, you heard her, boys!”

Her friend stepped away and the other boys descended on her, all of them without their clothes now and looking a little strange – their expressions like they were hungry. Hands groped her body,
squeezing and playing with her small breasts and running over her legs and arms once more. Someone leaned down and captured her lips with his own. It wasn’t as nice as her friend, but he tasted of strawberries. That wasn’t bad.

Everything was a haze that she struggled to put together.

The boy between her legs grunted and started to gasp. He pushed her legs back down over her and laid atop her body, biting her neck. Something wet and warm seeped into her down below and Ruby whined.

“D-Did I wee myself?”

“No, baby,” the boy whispered into her neck. “I’m just fucking you. I’m cumming inside you.”

“Oh.” There was something wrong with that statement, very wrong. Ruby wasn’t an idiot or so innocent that she didn’t know what sex was. But she was too drunk to place what was wrong, and because everyone was laughing and running their hands all over her, Ruby did the same and rubbed the boy’s back. “Okay.”

“My turn, my turn!” another urged, pushing his friend out the way. There was a pop and a strange cold sensation as the boy left, and then the new one was aiming his penis at her lower body. Ruby’s eyes widened, but someone pulled her head back and told her to close her eyes.

“Why?”

“It’s a surprise,” he said. “Keep ‘em closed.”

Liking surprises, Ruby did as instructed and then opened her mouth when he told her to. Something big and hot was pushed past her lips. She tasted it instinctively and whined. It didn’t taste nice at all!

“Suck on it,” the man gasped. “The surprise comes out when you suck on it.”

That made sense somehow, and Ruby was already feeling full again from the boy pushing into her from below. This time, she could feel him push inside her body and pull out, going in and out again and again. The boy in front of her did the same motion with her mouth, forcing her to push her hands against his thighs and swallow him whole.

“Suck it, Ruby. Suck it!”

She wasn’t sure how good a job she did. Everything felt funny and her body was both aching and feeling hot all over, but she gave it her best shot, not wanting to disappoint her new friends. It still tasted weird, but after all the booze, she couldn’t really find it in herself to mind. The boy made all sorts of happy sounds as she sucked and ran her tongue around the foreign object.

“I’m coming!”

Ruby made a confused sound.

“The surprise,” he gasped. “The surprise is coming. Make sure to swallow it all.”

Excited, she sucked even harder, bobbing her head up and down – he seemed to really like that – until he gasped and held her chin with one hand and her hair with his other, holding her in place. A thick, viscous fluid shot out of the thing she was sucking on, coating both her tongue and the roof of her mouth. It tasted bitter. Really bitter! Ruby coughed as he pulled out of her mouth, swallowing most of it but letting a little dribble out her mouth.
Being upside down, it dribbled down onto her nose. She had to lick it back up to stop it going down her nostrils. Cracking an eye open, Ruby realised she’d been sucking on the boy’s penis.

“Ewww! You tricked me!”

The boys all laughed and cheered, poking her sides and playing with her titties until she realised it was all a joke and she’d fallen for the punchline. Ruby giggled along with them. At least until the boy between her legs thrust into her a little harder and spurted something deep inside her stomach.

“N-Not again!” she slurred, laughing still.

“You got us, Ruby!” one of the boys said, taking a picture of her.

“You’re too smart for us, Ruby.”

“Y-Yeah, I- I am…” she gasped, panting as another took the place between her legs but this time rolled her onto her side, bunching her knees up onto the table as he pushed into her. He was bigger than the previous ones by far and, with the new position, she could feel his penis each and every time he thrust into her. It felt like it was all the way up in her stomach.

Another boy offered his smelly penis to her, but Ruby shook her head and kept her mouth closed, having learned her lesson. He looked disappointed, but then smiled and reached down to tickle her sides.

Ruby shook her head wildly, eyes wide.

The other boys caught onto the game and one began to tickle her feet under her armpits, continuing until she burst out laughing and opened her mouth – at which point he shoved his penis straight in!

Choking on it a little but realising she’d lost the game, Ruby gave him a little glare and then started to suck on it like she had the last bot. It was only fair, right? They’d made her feel good and now she had to help them.

More boys came and went in her pussy. Some poured their sticky stuff inside, but some shot it out onto her stomach and then made her rub it into herself like sun tan lotion. They seemed to like that, especially when she rubbed it into her breasts and nipples. Ruby had to admit she liked it too. She liked it when she bumped her hard nipples and they sent little shocks through her body.

She liked it when someone new placed their hardness against her body below and pushed inside of her. It felt nice. Real nice.

The boy in her mouth pulled out and spat all his goo on her face, making her cry out in protest. “It’s a good look, Ruby!”

“You guys,” she groaned, then giggled as another spread her legs and aligned his penis with her pussy. “You’re – You’re m-making a m-mess of me,” she said, stuttering as he hammered into her harder than anyone had before, rocking her body on the table top.

Her only answer was more laughter and another man lowering his balls towards her face. He had a little salt on them, and Ruby’s eyes lit up as she realised the game and licked it off, then swallowed the tequila he poured down his penis and let dribble down his hairy balls. “T-Too much,” she gasped as he kept pouring and pouring.

For the lemon, he shoved his penis into a lemon and coated it fully, then held it to her lips.
Obediently, she opened up and let him inside.

Time and place became hazy for a while. Ruby remembered being carried back onto the couch and placed in someone’s lap. Remembered slumping on his chest and mumbling into his neck as he held her hips and dragged her down onto him, plunging deep inside of her.

She remembered people groping her down below and a bottle’s head being pushed in and out. She even remembered being held upside down at one point while they pushed a bottle in and out of her pussy, then opened it up and poured it inside. She remembered being held the right way up again, feeling dizzy, and then laughing with them as all the beer poured out of her and onto the floor.

And lots of pictures; there were a lot of pictures and video taken, which only went to show how much fun they were having and how awesome she was. Life of the party. One of them. Playing games with all her friends.

*It's so much fun…*

“Here’s another drink, Ruby,” someone said, holding a pint glass to her lips. Eyes closed and with sticky goo all over her face, Ruby parted her lips and let him pour some of it into her mouth – then choked and gagged on the taste.

“It’s your stuff!” Ruby yelled, forcing one eye open.

True to form, the glass was *full* of their milky-white stuff, which was clinging to the sides and staining it. They’d tricked her again and she could see someone jerk his penis and then shoot more of the stuff into the glass.

“You still have to drink it,” one said.

“After we made it for you ourselves!”

A boy held his arms under her armpits and lifted her up. Ruby was so dazed, drunk and weak that her legs dangled limply on the floor, though she managed to open her mouth and stick out her tongue when they brought the glass of sticky juice near.

“Chug! Chug! Chug!”

It wasted *awful.* It wasn’t quick, either. The sticky stuff was slow to come out and had the consistency of warm slime as it dribbled over her tongue. They were cheering her on though, so Ruby swallowed and swallowed as best she could, taking down huge gulps of the stuff until it was all gone. She stuck her tongue out to show them and basked in the cheers, flashes of cameras and the congratulatory pats all across her boobs, bum and pussy.

After that, she was passed around a bit as everyone seemed to want to tell her what a good job she was doing and give her a gift, slumping her against their bodies as they pushed into her.

“I-I’m the be-esst…” she slurred.

The rest of the night passed in a blur. Ruby would be passed around the room, pushed down onto the floor, a table or sometimes over someone else’s legs as people spread her own wide and plunged themselves deep inside of her. Sometimes, people would make her lick or kiss their bits again and there was plenty of tequila. One or two did the body shots again, licking more off her stomach.

The last thing Ruby remembered was her best friend coming back and taking her, asking her how she was. Ruby tried to answer but mumbled something that made no sense at all. He laughed,
however, so she must have said something funny.

Ruby laughed back, even as he gently laid her down so that she was kneeling on the floor but with her upper body and arms on the low-sitting table. It wasn’t just alcohol staining the surface of it now and Ruby could feel and smell plenty of their sticky stuff. They’d even shot some into her hair!

Her friend hadn’t had his turn, though, so Ruby waited as he pushed a finger into her and slapped her bum lightly. She gasped, however, when he leaned over her, placing his chest to her back and his mouth against her ear.

“T-Thass not right,” Ruby slurred into the table. “Thss my b-bum hole…”

Ruby choked as he pushed into her. Tightness, something muted – maybe pain – and then nothing but a filling sensation that ran straight through her body. She groaned into the table, blowing bubbles in a small pool of their semen.

“Ths mah bum…” she repeated, just in case he hadn’t realised.

Leaning down, he whispered into her ear.

“I know."

He started to thrust in and out of her, stretching her hole and dragging little moans from her as he went. Ruby looked around with dazed eyes but couldn’t see anything, just vague shapes of people and flashes of light. Even their words had started to mesh together, becoming a mash of sounds and voices. All Ruby could feel was her friend having his way with her, making himself feel good.

*I never even asked her name*, she thought, laying her cheek in a puddle of cum. *H-How rude.*

Her eyes drifted shut.

Never mind.

She’d ask in the morning…

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Yang practically whistled as she skipped down the stairs.

“Hey, Ruby~”

Her little sister didn’t reply, at least not to her. The naked girl moaned slightly, laid face-down over a knee-high table, as naked as the day she was born. Her clothes were scattered across the room, left here and there.

Ruby’s legs were parted slightly, her face tilted to the side and resting in a shallow puddle of what looked like vodka and mixer. Her cheeks were flushed, at least what little she could see of them past the liberal helping of cum splattered over her back, face, hair and shoulders. More dripped down onto the floor, falling from her pussy and ass.
Between her legs, the house’s dog stood, lapping the cum straight out of Ruby’s sex. Though she was unconscious, the little girl’s pussy quivered each time the dog’s rough tongue ran up it.

“Looks like you’re enjoying yourself, huh?” Yang grinned and crossed her arms, watching the sordid display and looking over her thoroughly abused sister. “Certainly looked like you were having fun with all those hung studs.”

She’d know, of course, having been watching on a TV from upstairs, courtesy of Mr Blue. If that was his real name. Yang doubted it. He must have been working on a code name of some sort. Either way, while she’d been sceptical at first, he’d managed to come through, providing Yang everything she’d ever wanted.

“What am I going to do with you?” Yang asked teasingly. “Full of cum and sat here letting a dog lick you out. I bet all those boys took videos, too.” She knew they had. It was something she’d asked for. “What are you going to do if that gets out around school?”

That wasn’t something she’d requested specifically, but that was part of the charm. The excitement. Yang had asked for the boys to keep copies and, in her own words, do whatever they wanted with them. Use them however they wished.

The mystery, the suspense, was exciting.

“What if someone uploads it online, Ruby? What if they blackmail you? What if they threaten to expose you unless you suck them off in the boy’s toilets?” One of Yang’s hands dipped into her shorts and she began to rub herself. “Hmm. I can’t wait to find out. Maybe you’ll even like it. Maybe you’re waiting for them to do that.”

Ruby moaned something incoherent back, making an appreciative sound as the dog found a better angle and buried his nose in her pussy, his tongue digging deep inside her. The girl’s outer lips were parted as the dog feasted.

“You little slut,” Yang said with a giggle. “You’re not even listening.” Laughing again, Yang moved forward and stooping to pick up Ruby’s cloak. “Let’s get you dressed and home before dad finds out what happened.”

The dog had apparently had enough of Ruby’s pussy. Backing up a little, it leapt up and placed its paws on Ruby’s back, mounting the comatose girl in one swift go and thrusting its hips forward. Its cock, bright red and tapered at the end, stabbed at Ruby’s pussy, missed and slid a little higher, up the crack of her ass.

Undaunted, it tried again, stabbing once more and this time going low, flicking over Ruby’s clit and rubbing across her pubic mound. Ruby made an appreciative sound. The dog kept thrusting, missing each time in its excitement and sliding its cock across Ruby’s sex.

“Oh maybe we could wait a little while,” Yang said, smiling deviously and kneeling down behind her sister, drawing out her scroll and clicking the record button. “What dad doesn’t know won’t hurt him.”

Ruby made a sound that might have been an agreement, had she been conscious.

It was permission enough for Yang.

The dog found its mark after a full minute, spearing into Ruby’s cunt and stretching it wide. It hammered away wildly, its dick slopping through Ruby’s pussy as it pushed its thick knot inside and bred her like a bitch in heat.
Kneeling behind her, Yang recorded it all.

Chapter End Notes

I have been reading the comments and ideas and some sound good - the Winter one especially. I'll be taking them into consideration when the long list of commissions reaches its end.
Taiyang could barely hide his smile as he walked into the sitting room, Yang limp in his arms. His eldest daughter was fast asleep, one arm over her stomach and her bare legs and feet dangling over his arm, her head and shoulders supported by his other. He’d carried Yang and Ruby around like this many years ago, and Summer at times, and it was nice to feel the weight of someone in his arms again.

Stepping into the room, he carried Yang over to the two-seater couch and laid her down on it, setting her head upon a cushion.

“IT’s been so long since we’ve done things like this,” he said, stroking Yang’s cheek. “Father-daughter bonding. You’re a teenager now. Too cool to spend time with your old man.” Taiyang’s hand stroked down her cheek to her neck, then down that to the opening in the tank top Yang slept in.

His hand dipped into it, rubbing across Yang’s left breast. He could feel her nipple, soft against his fingertips. He circled it once, letting out a happy little sound as he hunched over her. His other hand fell to the bottom of her tank top and he drew it up over her bountiful breasts and then over her head, pulling her arms up as he did.

“Just you and me tonight, baby-doll,” he whispered, even if it wasn’t necessary. Mr Blue had provided him some medicine to go in Yang’s food that he promised would keep her asleep all night, no matter what happened to her. Perfectly safe, he’d been assured. “But don’t worry. I’ve got a surprise for you.”

Looking down over her breasts, he marvelled at how young and perky they looked. Fast asleep, Yang’s nipples hadn’t hardened and while not inverted were soft and small. He felt one begin to harden as he squeezed and massaged them together, but left it behind, tracing his fingers down her flat stomach to the hem of her shorts, which he tugged down, along with her underwear, sliding it off past her ankles. He tossed the last vestiges of her modesty away, onto a pile of her sleepwear.
His daughter lay bare before him. Beautiful in every way.

She was still gorgeous even after what he’d had done to her. The gang rape by all those men had broken her spirit for a time, but Yang bounced back. Daddy’s little girl was strong like that. Stronger than her old man.

He was weak. So weak willed.

Sitting down, Taiyang removed his own pants and then lifted Yang up into his lap, letting her legs fall limply on either side of his thighs. She fell against him, head resting sideways on his chest and her hair tickling his chin. Her body was so warm, even fast asleep. Quiet little sounds left her lips, broken by a surprised and sleepy sound as he lowered her down onto his raging erection.

One month ago she might have been too tight for that. Now, with what he’d had done to her, Yang’s body took him easily, moulding around his length until she was sat flat on his lap, his seven inches buried deep inside her. Taiyang’s hands slid around to her back, supporting her as she leaned into him and slumbered away, hot breath washing over his neck and shoulder.

“You used to ride on my lap all the time when you were younger. Not like this, but it still brings back memories.” Shifting slightly, he used his hands to push her hips back and then let go, making her pussy grind onto him. “I think we should do this more often. Ah.” He gasped as the feel of her sliding up and down his shaft sent a tingling sensation right down to his balls. “You used to bounce on my lap as a kid, too.”

It would have been all too simple to keep doing that until he came inside her, and he would in time, but there was something more to tonight. Something special. Adjusting himself so that he was leaning back against the armrest, Taiyang used one hand to take the remote and turn the TV on.

“Got a real surprise for you tonight, baby.”

The screen, already set to a specific frequency, quickly tuned in. It showed a camera within what appeared to be a black vehicle moving at some speed. It bucked up and down and vibrated with the sound of an engine. The windows were boarded up with wooden boards and there was a masked man driving it, wearing a pair of black sunglasses despite the late hour outside.

As the camera panned back through the interior of the vehicle, a frightened squeak came from off to the side. It turned further, revealing a small and huddled figure in the corner, slumped on the floor with her ankles tied together and her wrists tied behind her back.

Ruby looked terrified. Truly terrified.

“Fuuuck,” Taiyang groaned, moving Yang’s hips slowly, afraid that even that small motion would be enough to have him blow his load. His dick had never been harder. He struggled past it, kissed Yang’s unresponsive lips and then turned her head to the side, as if to show her the screen. “Look, Yang. It’s your little sister. This is the surprise. Great, isn’t it?”

Yang didn’t reply.

Ruby couldn’t reply either. She was gagged. Something was strapped over and into her mouth, her lips parted around the cloth and her cloak bunched up under her. The position she lay in, curled up on her side, did a wonderful job of showing her long runner’s legs and up under her skirt to her stocking-clad bottom.

As requested, she was completely unharmed. A picture-perfect abduction. Taiyang wished he could have shown Yang it, but he had to wait for her to fall asleep and for the drugs to take hold. Ruby had
been abducted on the way back from a friend’s house earlier. He’d watched it happen live and the
video was saved, ready to be re-watched at any time. It had been so alluring to see her nervous
expression as the men asked her for directions, to know that if she let her guard down for even a
second they would take her.

Little Ruby had forgotten all his lessons about strangers. She’d only turned away for a second to
point into the distance, but that had been enough. Her cries and screams as they piled on top of her,
secured and bundled her into the vehicle had been like music to his ears.

Seeing Ruby’s fear, her complete and utter terror, titillated a primal and repressed side of him. She
looked so much like Summer there, so much like his late wife. Gasping slightly, Taiyang pulled
Yang’s hips into him, pushing his cock up inside of her. For a second, he thought he would come
then and there, but he just managed to hold it in.

The night was still young. So young.

Reaching for his scroll, Taiyang brought it up to his ear, moving into Yang with shallow thrusts as he
dialed a number. On the screen, the sound of a scroll buzzing and ringing could be heard, and then
movement as the cameraman reached down for it.

“Hello Mr Blue.”

Ruby screamed against her gag as she was pulled out of the vehicle and pushed into some building.
They’d cut the ties on her legs, but her arms were still tied behind her and there was a hand fisted in
her cloak. Her wide eyes took in everything, from the three or four people who had brought her here,
to the new ones in the empty-looking building. One had a large camera which was focused on her,
while the other had a chain dangling between his hands.

Shaking, Ruby tried to push away from that, but the man who had hold of her was relentless and
kept pushing her forward.

One of the men was talking into a scroll and she couldn’t hear what the person on the other side was
saying, but he looked like he was the leader. He moved ahead and spoke to the one with the chain,
then gestured for the one who had hold of her to bring her forward.

Ruby dug her heels in, but he simply jerked her off her feet and dragged her along behind him.

“Take the gag out,” the man with the scroll said. “He wants her able to talk.”

The one behind her pulled it out her mouth.

Ruby was babbling immediately, “What do you want with me? Where are we? What are you going
to do to me? Y-You should let me go.”

The man on the scroll looked to her. “Oh?”

“Y-Yeah. Or my dad will find you. He’s a huntsman.”
He laughed.

*Laughed.*

“Somehow, I think I’ll be okay. Did you hear that, sir?” he asked into the scroll. “Yes, I know. How do you want it? Hm. Yes, I see.” He stepped back and nodded to one of the other men, and to the camera man. The two crowded in, the man behind adjusting his grip so that he had her under her armpits and was holding her up, her toes dangling off the floor.

“W-What are you doing?” Ruby cried, struggling. “Stop!”

The camera zoomed in on her face, and then slowly looked down her body. When it got to her knees, it pushed forward, then slid back up — looking directly up her skirt!

“NO!” Ruby lashed out with her foot to try and break it.

The other man caught her foot before she could.

He pulled her boot off quickly, then worked on the other, pushing her legs down as the camera continued to watch. Once he’d removed her boots, he dug his fingers into her tights and pulled suddenly, ripping them. Kneeling to the side, he pulled them even more, causing the tear to spread down her legs and expose soft and pale skin.

He was stripping her. He was stripping her in front of the camera.

“Nooooo!” Ruby thrashed harder. “Stop! No! Yang, Dad, Uncle Qrow, anyone. Help meee!”

No one made a move to do so and the man soon had her legs completely bare. He made a show of spreading them for the camera, with the man with the scroll occasionally commenting, instructing them to do certain things like lift her knee up and point the camera at her white panties. “Leave those for last,” he said. “Take her top next.”

“N-No. Please, no!” Ruby whimpered, crying softly. Her tearful eyes had never failed to convince her family to cave in to her little requests. “Please…”

These men were heartless.

The tears only made them laugh.

Her red cape went, unbuttoned at the shoulders and left to fall away, and then the man was working on the red lace holding her corset in place, tugging it open and then trying to shift it off her. It was made more difficult because her arms, and sleeves, were tied behind her back.

“Fuck it,” he hissed, reaching behind him. He came back with a knife.

“Careful,” the leader said. “Don’t harm her.”

“It’s fine.” The knife slipped under her top and began to cut up, slicing through material with ease and exposing Ruby’s tummy. Higher and higher it went, even catching her brassiere and slicing through that.

When it reached her neck, Ruby was already pale and shaking like a leaf, eyes closed as the final vestiges were cut free and the man pulled her ruined outfit open. Cold air brushed against naked skin and Ruby heard the jeers and pleased sounds from those holding her.

Naked.
She was completely naked but for her skirt and a pair of panties.

A hand settled on her skirt.


Ruby cried out as a hand gripped the front of her panties and yanked them down cruelly. Her eyes snapped open and she screamed suddenly, hoping someone would hear and come investigate, or call the police or her father or anything.

Nothing. Nothing but for the reflective camera lens before her, in which Ruby could see her own tear-streaked expression and her pale skin, small breasts and stomach as it panned down. And then, without a care in the world, the camera hovered in front of her skirt, which was drawn up by her abuser to show her hairless little pussy.

Ruby squeezed her knees together and tilted her hips to the side, trying to hide it. The camera just followed, uncaring for her feelings in the slightest. Still held up off the floor by the man behind her, it was all she could do to squirm and try to hide herself. Not that she could. Her arms were linked behind her back and her small breasts were on full display.

“The client is pleased,” the leader said, coming forward. There was a low murmur from the scroll, nothing Ruby could understand, and then the leader had a hand under her left breast. Ruby gasped, and then tried to pull back as he pushed her small boob up.

The camera zoomed in on it, taking in every detail, from the gentle curve to her small pink nipple which were just beginning to harden due to the cold air and coarse thumb rubbing against it. Goose bumps spread across her flesh, and with how close the lens was, it must have been able to see each and every one of them.

“Sir? Are you ready for this to continue?” the leader asked into his scroll, letting go of her small breast. “Hm. Yes? You’re the client, sir. Anything you say goes.” He listened, nodded. “I see. No, that won’t be a problem at all. We always offer our best service.”

The man held the scroll out to someone else, who took it and stepped back, allowing the leader to stride forward into the shot. He motioned for the camera to come forward and to focus on her face in particular.

Ruby tried to look away, humiliated, but his hand gripped her chin and forced her to look into the camera.

“What is your name?” he demanded.

Ruby whimpered and bit her lip.

“What is your name?” he repeated, shaking her head a little. “I have all night, girl. Don’t make me force your name out of you. I can. You won’t enjoy it.”

The threat was enough, particularly coupled with her fear. “R-Ruby…”

“Ruby what?”

“Ruby Rose.”

He nodded and let go of her face, leaving her to dangle in the other man’s hands, toes still an inch or
so off the floor. Her entire body hung limp and the camera took it in, straying down over her chest and tummy once more, then her long legs and small feet.

“How old are you, Ruby?”

“I… I’m fifteen. P-Please,” she begged, tearful, “L-Let me go…”

“Ah, ah, ah.” He tapped her nose softly. Warningly. “I only asked your age. You don’t want to make me angry now, do you Ruby?”

“N-No…”

“Good. So, you’re Ruby Rose and you’re fifteen. Where do you go to school, Ruby?”

“Signal… On Patch…”

“Hmm. You’re going to be a huntress?”

She swallowed nervously. “Yes.”

“You look nervous, Ruby. Have you ever been naked in front of so many men before?”

Unable to speak, she shook her head, entire body turning red.

“Don’t worry, Ruby. We’re very experienced in this kind of thing.” Bringing his hands forward, he brought a small pink object around her neck and clicked it into place. Ruby tried to pull back, only to find that she couldn’t when he held onto it.

In the reflection of the camera lens, she could see what it was.

A collar.

A pink dog’s collar.

“Set her up,” the leader said to the one with the chain. He took his scroll back. “Everything to your liking, sir? Good. We’ll move on to the next stage.”

Ruby was carried away from him and to an empty spot in the building. A warehouse of some kind with a rough concrete floor. There was a metal ring built into the floor, which one of the men pushed the chain through. The other end was clipped onto Ruby’s collar, securing her in place.

The man holding her let go and Ruby pulled away immediately, trying to use her Semblance to escape. The chain rattled and pulled through the ring as she built distance, but soon reached the full length of it and pulled tight.

Some twenty feet away, Ruby strained against the chain, trying to pull it off her head.

One of the men reached down and took the other end, drawing it back through the ring and shortening the leash. Ruby held on for as long as she could, but as the chain got tighter, she was inevitably drawn back toward them, stumbling and staggering the whole way.

They kept on laughing as she came close enough to grab, but they didn’t bother. It wasn’t necessary anymore. Instead, they kept on pulling the chain until it got so short that she was pulled down onto her knees, and then even further, her cheek pressing against the cold stone floor when her collar was pulled all the way up to the ring.
Her bare little bum was left pointing up behind her, shaking for the camera.

One of the men came up and cut the ties on her wrists, letting her slap her hands on the ground and push up into an all fours position. When she tried to reach for her collar, he yanked the chain again, dragging her back down.

“Ah, ah, ah. Don’t touch the collar.”

“P-Please. You don’t have to do this. J-Just let me go. I won’t tell anyone, I promise.”

“Keep her down,” the leader said, approaching with the cameraman. “You. Go fetch her fellow actors. You’re to be the lead actress of a little show, Ruby.”

“A… A show…?”

“A little movie. With you as the star.”

Ruby. His little Ruby. A star.

Taiyang began to bounce Yang in his lap, panting slightly as his dick twitched inside of her, held so lovingly by her hot walls and velvety lips. His own fastened on Yang’s neck, kissing from her shoulder blade to her chin, then down, pushing her slumbering body off his chest a little so that he could take one of her breasts into his mouth, teasing and licking the nipple with his tongue.

Past her body he could see Ruby so clearly on the screen. Afraid and shaking, eyes wide as she took in everything around her with so much fear, so much innocence, but also, beneath it all, the undeniable curiosity.

Ruby didn’t know what was going to happen to her and that made it all the better.

Some noises off-screen drew her attention, and that of the cameraman. Coming in was the one who had carried Ruby before, now with a leash in hand and a large dog straining on the end of it. It was a powerful and huge thing, unlike Zwei. A pitch black Labrador with its bright pink tongue hanging out.

It strained against its handler to try and get to Ruby.

Ruby loved dogs, he knew that. It was why he’d asked for it like this. Although, it looked as though she wasn’t quite so fond of them when she was naked but for her skirt and chained to the floor. As it struggled to reach her, she shied away, holding one hand before her face protectively.

The man holding her yanked on the chain and Ruby was pulled down, face to the floor and up against the metal ring the chain ran through. Her hands struggled to loosen it and for a moment she forgot about the dogs entirely.

But they hadn’t forgotten about her.
The handler let go of the dog and slapped its ass gently, urging it on. It reached Ruby’s head and sniffed loudly at her, smelling her hair, face and even licking some of the frightened tears off her cheeks. Ruby spluttered and closed her mouth as it tried to lick her tongue as well and Taiyang began to thrust into Yang a little faster.

Gods, it was so wrong that he was watching this. So wrong that he’d arranged this.

The dog grew tired of Ruby’s head and shoulders quickly and began to sniff all around her, pushing its wet tongue up under her armpit, her side, and even under her little breasts. It padded agitatedly around her, pushing its nose into her skin and pawing at the ground. The cameraman followed it, bending low down to get the perfect shots of both the dog investigating Ruby, and Ruby’s terrified expression as she looked back under herself, unable to pull away because of how the man held the chain taut, pinning her neck to the ground.

“Make it stop!” Ruby cried. “P-Please, make it stop!”

“Don’t,” Taiyang whispered, not that he had to. Mr Blue wouldn’t stop unless he ordered him to.

The dog quickly found a more interesting part of Ruby between her legs, with her little bum pushed up into the air. It pushed its snout under her black skirt and sniffed once at her slit, at her little cunny. Taiyang held his breath as the camera zoomed in, showing her bright pink flesh and her little hairless mound.

Apparently liking what it smelt, the dog licked at her hairless twat.

“Ah!” Ruby flinched and shied away. Her legs moved, carrying her rear end away from the dog.

It followed dutifully, its nose and snout buried in her cunt and licking away wildly. There was some laughter from the crew as Ruby continued to try and shuffle around and away, managing a full three-hundred and sixty degrees around the hook her neck was pinned to, before the chain apparently became too tangled and she couldn’t manage anymore.

The dog never left her. Her pathetic attempts to escape her been just that. The cameraman was now in front of her, having a perfect view of Ruby’s humiliated and grossed out expression as she shook her hips from side to side and yelled for the dog to stop licking her.

Silly Ruby. The movement only made it more interested.

“God. Look at her, Yang. Look at her.” He shifted Yang over a little so that her head fell on his shoulder, breathing gently as her sleeping face pointed toward the screen. “Look at Ruby getting eaten out by a dog. Maybe we should keep an eye on Zwei around her. Make sure she isn’t letting him fuck her.”

“Nooo…” Ruby moaned, almost as though she could hear him. “Stoooop! It’s icky! Make it stop!”

He would have liked to see it continue forever, Ruby trying futilely to escape, but he knew it couldn’t. The dog was already licking at both her pussy and her asshole, but it was starting to jump up behind her, trying to get its paws and body into position to mount her. Ruby was bucking her hips and shaking it off each time.

That just wouldn’t do.

Taiyang reached for his scroll.
“Nooooo!”

Ruby howled in abject mortification and rolled her hips to the side, dislodging the big mutt as it tried to get up on top of her once more. Her eyes were filled with frustrated tears at the fact no one was helping, not to mention embarrassment in knowing someone was videoing all of it behind her.

“Hold her tight,” the leader said. “The client wants this speeding up.”

Her collar suddenly pulled tight, pinning to the floor and holding her in place. One of the men also put a foot on the side of her butt, keeping that still as the dog tried to mount her yet again. Worse still, someone crouched on her other side, using one hand to hold her in place and the other to help the dog get up.

“No, no, no!” Ruby shrieked. “Stop it! P-Please! Just let me go!”

The dog was on. She could feel her skirt be pushed back when its furry body landed on hers, its chest panting against her bare back and its paws scraping down under her armpits, hanging over her sides, above her hips. Its head leaned down to rest on her back, the wet nose touching the back of her neck.

Something hot and sharp poked at her nether regions.

“No, no, no, no,” Ruby gasped, eyes wide and entire body shaking. She couldn’t move. Her head was pinned down by her neck, her hands flat on the concrete and her hips held in place. “No!” she yelled as its penis pushed over her pussy, just about managing to part her lips. “Not there! Please!”

“Stop the mutt,” the leader suddenly ordered.

A hand from the man beside her caught the dog’s penis and held it still, preventing it from pushing into her nubile body. The person adjusted the dog, pulling its bulbous penis away from her.

Ruby pressed her forehead against the floor, relief pooling in her stomach.

Was it… Was it over?

The leader was talking to the person on the scroll. “Aura will protect her? I see. Yes. No lasting damage as long as it holds, and we shall of course be careful to make sure it does. Mhm. Of course. As the client wishes.”

He held the scroll away from his ear.

“Higher.”

“Higher?” the man beside her, holding the dog’s shaft, asked.

“Higher. Her other hole.”

Ruby swallowed. Her… other hole?
“Client wants her virginity intact. Orders are orders. I doubt it’ll make a difference to the mutt.”

With fear and panic coursing through her body and the horrible dog drooling on her back, not to mention the eyes and camera on her naked skin, Ruby’s mind had more than enough things to think about. The mention of them not taking her virginity confused her and she stayed still, for a brief moment believing that they were going to take the dog away or make it continue to lick her. Gross, but better than having it make love to her.

When the man brought his hand up, however, poking the tapered tip of the dog’s penis against her puckered bum hole, reality slammed back into her.

Along with terror.

“It’ll never fit!” she screamed, high-pitched and frantic. She surged forwards, or tried to, but the hands and chain holding her down prevented it and the few inches she gained, the dog followed, its hind legs dragging after her. “Not there! Not there, please! I want to go hom-erk!”

The dog pushed forward as the man let go.

It was like being stabbed. Her hole was far too tight for the fat shaft and tapered or not, the tip wouldn’t fit inside. Not fully. The point of it stabbed at her entrance and slid up, missing her hole and sliding between her cheeks, depositing a trail of slime between them.

“Too tight,” the man behind her said.

Ruby whimpered and clenched her cheeks together, defying the dog as it lunged and poked her again, this time sliding down past her nether lips. It was too tight. Too tight by far. They had to give up. It just wouldn’t fit!

“Then give him a hand. She’ll be stretched good enough once it’s in. Be as rough as you need to be. Her aura will keep her safe from harm.” The leader chuckled. “It won’t do much for the pain, but it will prevent any damage.”

“Huh. Guess we’ll find out. Want me to at least finger her first? Add a little spit?”

It was such a disgusting thing he was saying but Ruby nodded her head anyway, desperate for anything to make the coming ordeal easier. She watched back under and between her legs, past the camera and toward the leader, who asked the question into his scroll.

“No. Client wants it dry.”

The man nodded and, ignoring Ruby’s frantic pleas, took hold of the dog by the knot and began to push it into Ruby’s ass, using his other hand to pull one of her cheeks aside. The tip pokes and ground into her, squeezing against her tiny opening as she in turn tried to squeeze past the grip of everything holding her down.

The dog didn’t help, thrusting and bucking against her, stabbing away and drooling on her neck.

“Don’t,” Ruby begged. “Please don’t. I-I’ll do anything. I’ll give you anything!”

“So tight,” the man grunted, pushing as hard as he could. “Like a fucking vice. Make sure she doesn’t squeeze your dick off, fido.” He managed to get the tip into Ruby’s hole, prodding it open just the tiniest bit. Ruby gasped and froze, head up and eyes wide. “There it is. Now, just to get in a little deeper.”
With his hand on the knot, he pushed the dog in so that an inch of its red cock was inside of her, stretching her walls and earning a keening wail from Ruby, who was shaking her head from side to side, spraying sweat in every direction. The sound of her teeth grinding together was audible to everyone.

It burned. The hard rod was burning a hole in her bum hole, like someone had shoved a rod of burning metal into her. Ruby clenched her eyes shut and tried to breathe past it, panting harshly and in time with the dog mounting her.

God, it hurt. It hurt so much.

A tear slid down her cheek.

“It’s in.”

Whimpering, Ruby dared to look back. That was it? T-This was as far as it went?

“The tip, anyway.” Letting go of the knot, the man stepped behind the dog and places his hands on its rump. “Now just need to give it a little push.”

It was not a little push.

The man shoved with all his might, pushing the dog’s cock into her while the one holding the chain kept her still and another held her hips, pushing them back onto the dog. With the camera watching, Ruby’s tight hole stretched around the thick shaft as it speared into her, neither slowly nor softly.

Ruby’s eyes snapped open.

Her scream pierced the warehouse.

“Yes. Definitely in!”

Pain. Pain! So much pain! Ruby’s lips were peeled back showing her teeth clenched together and her eyes watering. It was inside of her and it was so big, burning as it plunged in and out with no mercy or regard for it being her first time. One of her arms collapsed, shaking so bad it was unable to hold her weight, and she slumped down with her face on the concrete.

The dog didn’t care. It hammered away into what was probably the tightest hole it had ever found, stretching her much she thought she might break. It might have been kinder if she did, but her aura prevented it, keeping her body in one piece but doing nothing for the agony coursing through her bowels.

“Ahhhhhh!” she screamed, shaking and sobbing. “Stoooop! It huuuurts!” Tears fell down her cheeks and across the floor as she sobbed away, looking at the nearby camera with a desperate expression. “Please make it stop! Please stop! It hurts! I don’t like it! I don’t!”

The camera moved closer, the lens twisting as it zoomed in on her tearstained face.

“Nooooon! Make it stop!”

The dog’s hind legs began to scrape against her thighs as it tried to climb up on top of her, too excited and hammering away faster than ever, panting on top of her with its furry belly rubbing against her back.

Ruby went still as it did, or as still as she could. Her body was still shaken by its thrusts and by her
own pain-stricken nerves. But maybe, she thought, it would hurt less if she stayed still. If she didn’t
move and make it worse.

It didn’t stop the pain.

The pain was the cock plunging in and out of her sore ass and the dog had no interest in stopping. It
didn’t move in slow and purposeful thrusts like a human might, but sharp and jerky motions with no
rhyme or reason. That made it harder to predict, leaving every sharp stab of pain a complete mystery.
She couldn’t even prepare herself for it.

Any attempts to pull her bum away didn’t help either. The dog was inside her and simply followed
her down, digging even deeper into her bowels.

“Hah! Hah! Ah! Ow-ow-owww!” Ruby’s face was red with exertion and dripping with sweat.
Panting harshly, she fell onto one elbow. “Ah! Hahhhhh! Ahhh!” It felt like someone had shoved
their fist inside her.

It was so fat in the middle and she could feel that pushing against her insides, even as something
fatter still pressed up against her abused anus.

The dog tried to fit that in, too.

“Not more!” Ruby wept. “Please no, not more! Pleaaaase!”

The dog paid no attention to her pleas or her tears, nor did anyone else there. The thick ball-like
bundle of flesh pushed up against an opening already sealed tight around a thinner shaft. Like a child
trying to push a circle-shaped block through a round hole, it continued to push and push, pinning her
face and shoulders against the floor and digging its claws into her side.

“It won’t fit!” Ruby howled. “It doesn’t fit! Make it stop! Someone take him off, please!”

One of the men walked behind her and the dog. She knew because she heard his footsteps, and then
saw his shoes back between her and the dog’s legs.

“Take him off,” Ruby begged tearfully. “Please take him off!”

“Come on, Rex,” the man said, reaching for the hound.

Ruby’s heart leapt into her throat. Was he – Was he going to save her?

“Let’s get you inside the tight little bitch.”

It shattered into a million pieces.

Rather than help her, the man placed both hands on the back of the dog’s rump and pushed sharply,
forcing that knot against her anus and grinding it slowly into her.

“Hah! Hah! Hah!” Ruby panted and shook her head, yet more sweat dripping down her body. “No!
It won’t! It’s just not possible!”

“Anything is possible, girl. Just need – uh – the right motivation.”

To her horror, and her increased agony, she felt her tight muscles begin to give way. The thick,
round, knot pushed up against her bright red asshole until the muscles, already stretched and abused,
gave way, letting it inside with a sickening squelch. Ruby’s eyes scrunched up as she bit down on
her wrist hard enough to make her aura flicker.
The men cheered as it was in, almost, but not quite, drowning out her tearful sobbing.

They didn’t care. No one cared. Not how much it hurt or how much her bum burned with that horrible object stuffed into it. They didn’t care that she was naked or chained up like a dog herself, only that she hurt.

And she hurt.

Oh God, did she hurt.

The ball inside of her was thicker than anything that had come before and her ass sealed around it, clinging onto the thinner shaft behind but leaving the horrible obstruction inside her. It became such when the dog tried to keep thrusting, because every attempt to pull out forced that ball back against her opening, stretching it wide open and causing sharp pangs to shoot through her.

Then it would plunge back inside, and the hole would seal. Her body would be filled. Her muscles would start to tighten again – only to be torn apart once more as it pulled out, spreading her open so wide it felt like someone could have reached deep inside of her.

“Arghhhh!” she cried, the long scream stammering as the dog fucked the very air out of her.

“Arghhhhh! It hurts so much!”

It had to stop. It had to stop. It had to be over soon. It just had to be. There was no way the dog could keep going, and no way her body could keep going. Already her world was a medley of bright colours and agony. And the dog was picking up its pace, scraping its tapered dick along her insides, jabbing deeper into her tight body.

The dick… It was… It was expanding inside her. Ruby’s eyes grew wide and she opened her mouth, screaming silently as she felt the already impossibly large and painful shaft grow even further and twitch angrily.

And then, without warning, liquid lava was being pumped inside of her.

The dog came frantically, not staying still at all but making short and shallow thrusts that stabbed deep inside her sore ass, spurting its hot seed into her. Wherever it splashed, it stung and burned, breaking down that final barrier of her already fractured self-control.

Throwing her head back, Ruby Rose sobbed and cried. “Daddyyyy! Daddy help mee! Make it stop!”

“Dadddddy!”

Taiyang froze as Ruby cried out for him, begging for him to save her. Primal instincts urged him to respond and for a second he felt true horror, the reality of what he’d done and how his little girl, his precious baby, was in danger and pain.

And then the feeling of Yang’s pussy around his bulging cock came back to him, his dick twitching
with raw pleasure at the sight of Ruby’s tearstained face between her legs, from the camera watching
the dog’s knot lock inside of her. It was positioned behind her, giving him a view of both the knot
disappearing, the dog cumming and Ruby’s face on the floor looking back.

The guilt was still there, but it only made his balls ache.

“God…”

He couldn’t say anything more. Words failed him, leaving him with nothing to do but watch Ruby
collapse, impaled on the bright red cock and kept on all fours by it. The dog had slowed its thrusting
and come to a stop, buried inside of her, dumping its load into her.

Quickly, shaking the whole time, Taiyang lifted Yang up and let his rock-hard shaft slip out of her.
Turning her around so that her back was to him he positioned her down atop it, taking his member in
one hand and pointing it up towards Yang’s asshole. It was tight. Not as tight as Ruby’s, he
imagined, but still tight and dry.

In her sleep, Yang whimpered as he pushed up into her, stretching her.

He paused at the sound of it.

Yang didn’t wake up. As promised, the medicine did its job, but her discomfort was obvious, both in
the way she made little pained sounds and also fell backward, hair spilling across his chest. It let him
see her face and the pinched expression, like she was caught in a nightmare.

Without a second thought, Taiyang dragged Yang down onto his cock.

“Hahhhh…” she whimpered, a tear sliding from her own eye.

This… This was perfect. This was everything he’d ever wanted and more. Yang’s anus was so tight
and dry, and he knew it must have hurt her, because it hurt him just from how tight it was. Wrapping
both hands around her stomach, he cruelly bounced her up and down, raping her ass as she cried and
gasped, trapped in the depths of her drug-induced slumber.

On the screen, Ruby was little better.

The dog had gone still now that it had finished cumming, but it didn’t have the patience to wait for
his little girl to recover. It moved agitatedly, trying to dismount and move away. It managed to get
one leg off her, twisting onto its four legs so that it was back to back with her, its dick still knotted
inside Ruby’s asshole.

When it moved away, Ruby was tugged along with it.

“N-No!” she cried, voice so agonised and hoarse from screaming. “No wait, n-not yet.” Tears
poured from her eyes. “At least let me recover!”

The dog kept moving away as it tried to pull out, and Ruby shuffled after it, crawling backwards and
using her hands to push her along, to keep up and prevent it tearing her open. The man with the
chain had let go long ago, not that Ruby had noticed, and as such she had more than enough leeway
to chase the dog, keeping its thick red cock inside her.

Not infinite leeway, however. Taiyang could see the chain running out of slack and the dog was
continuing to move back. No one tried to stop it and the cameraman kept up easily, fixing the lens on
Ruby’s sore hole, the thick pink dick poking out of it, and her untouched, virgin slit below.
Taiyang picked up the pace, fucking Yang’s ass and delighting in the agonised sounds she made.

The chain began to run out.

The dog kept moving.

The chain snapped taut.

Taiyang thrust as deep as he could.

Ruby was halted.

The moment it happened, her eyes grew wide; horrifying realisation setting in. Her mouth opened and she made to scream, only to have it torn from her lips as the dog pulled back.

Ruby’s anus stretched and bulged outward. It spread so slowly, so prettily, like a tiny bright-red rose, with a pink centre, the thick and round knot of the canine coming out with an agonising lack of haste. His daughter choked on air, shaking violently as the knot reached its thickest point, the point at which the resistance was at its highest.

“Daddddyyyyy!” Ruby screamed. “Save meeee!”

“HAHHHH!” Taiyang screamed back, busting his load straight into Yang’s ass. He didn’t think he’d ever cum harder, not even with Summer and Raven. His cock pulsed in Yang’s sore ass, thrusting up and firing rope after rope of sticky seed directly into her bowels. “Yesss!” he gasped, holding onto her tightly, dragging her down onto him. “Take it, Yang. Take it all in your ass. Take it just like Ruby is, the little doggy slut!”

And she was. Ruby was taking it. The dog had found itself in some trouble as it tried to pull away. Silently, mouth open and voice broken, Ruby was straining to keep the knot from tearing her ass open. Her butt clenched and, to his twisted amusement, that worked to seal the knot back inside, undoing all the work the dog had done so far.

He got to watch it all again. The stretching, the crying, the knot spreading her anus wide. It reached the point of no return again and this time Ruby was too far gone to do anything about it. She pressed her face down into the floor and screamed in pain.

And then, the instant it had cleared that terrible hurdle, the cock slipped out, spilling with it a torrent of seed that the knot had kept sealed inside. So much thinner after that knot, it slid out freely and the dog was away, leaving Ruby to collapse onto her side, her asshole gaping and pulsing, almost like it was a mouth of its own trying to catch its breath.

Slowly, with plenty of twitching, the sore and abused hole began to close.

Back in his sitting room, Taiyang let Yang fall back onto him, panting harshly and pink with sweat and exertion of her own. He ran his hand over her stomach, imagining his seed deep inside there somewhere.

The scroll on the armrest buzzed and Taiyang picked it up.

“Is this to your liking, customer?”

“It’s amazing,” he said, watching the camera zoom in first on Ruby’s leaking asshole and then on her face. His poor daughter was panting so harshly, curling up into a ball and holding her stomach. “Better than I imagined. Your cameraman is amazing.”
“I’ll pass on your compliments,” Mr Blue said.

“Is Ruby…?”

“Her aura reads at eighty-eight per cent.” Mr Blue showed him the huntsman-calibre aura reader, the same kind that would have been present on any official training ring. “So, she is fine. Completely healthy.”

Eighty-eight? Only twelve per cent of her aura for that?

Taiyang felt a smile slide over his face as he settled back, pulling Yang’s soft body back onto him with one hand. His dick was soft inside her, but it still felt nice, so he kept it there. “What did I pay for again, Mr Blue? Remind me.”

“A weekend kidnapping.”

“So, I’ve how long remaining?”

“Oh, a good forty-two hours yet. And I believe your daughter has enough aura for a quite a bit yet. Before we let her rest, of course.”

Taiyang nodded, thinking much the same. “Do you have any more dogs?”

Body shaking and eyes leaking tears, Ruby struggled to sit up on her knees, crying out softly when her abused bottom seared with pain. It felt full and she clenched her cheeks, forcing a little more of the horrible doggy cum out of her. One hand came up to her face, rubbing away tears as she looked around, cruelly relieved that at least for now the pain was over.

Looking up at the camera, Ruby stammered, “Do… Do I g-get to g-go home now?”

Excited barking cut through those thoughts – and her heart. Ruby’s head whipped to the side in time to see the man from before enter with three more dogs on their leashes, each as large, if not larger, than the one before.

Ruby’s lip trembled. “No…”

The man let go. “Go get her, boys.”

The dogs leapt forward. Ruby screamed and tried to crawl away, and for once the people were happy to let her – but the chain only let her go so far and the dogs caught up, thinking her attempt crawl away and all the noise she was making a fun game.

Paws pressed down on her shoulders as one mounted her immediately, stabbing his sharp cock up towards her pussy, sliding off the tight entrance and all the juices that had spilled there, and easily sliding into her sore, lubricated asshole.

The knot slid in easier this time. Although, that wasn’t to say less painfully.
Ruby screamed.
Ruby woke up to the sound of Weiss yelling. It wasn’t an unusual way to wake up for her and she yawned into one hand, looking around to see what Yang or Blake (or even Zwei) had done to upset Weiss now.

It very quickly dawned on her that this was not a normal situation.

Weiss and her were fully clothed and locked in some brick room. When Ruby stood up beside her partner and looked around, she realised there wasn’t a door at all, raising the question of how they’d gotten here in the first place.

Not by choice, obviously. Someone must have taken them here.

“Um. Weiss?”

“What is it?” she snapped. “I’m busy.”

“Busy trying to find a way out or…?”

“Busy trying to understand where we are, why, what happened and how to escape.” Weiss’ eyes were sharp as she glared Ruby down, going back to their surroundings a moment later. “This doesn’t make any sense. I distinctly remember going shopping with you and Yang. And then… nothing. My mind is just blank.”

“Do you think we’ve been kidnapped?”

“Possibly.” Weiss took the risk better than Ruby did, because kidnapping was something any Schnee prepared for, and she’d been trained in how to handle it. Theoretically, at least. “What I don’t understand is how we’re in a room with four solid walls. It’s like someone dumped us here, then built the room around us.”

“Not completely solid,” Ruby said, pointing. “Look.”
Weiss spun on her heel and followed Ruby’s hand to what appeared to be two holes cut into one of the walls. Each of them was a good metre wide, easily big enough for them to climb through. But Weiss could have sworn they hadn’t been there before. She raised the point.

“Maybe you missed them.”

“Ruby, how could I miss two gaping holes in the wall!?”

“I dunno. Panic?”

“I am not panicked, Ruby!”

“Then maybe they weren’t there,” Ruby said, her roll of the eyes making it clear what she thought of that and earning a growl from Weiss. “Look, we’re not exactly big on options right now.” Walking over, she felt around the rim of the hole. “It’s smooth.” Looking through, she saw a door on the other side. “And look, a way out.”

“Assuming it’s unlocked.”

“Only one way to find out, right?”

Without a second thought, Ruby pushed her arms and head through the hole, wiggling her way in without a care in the world for flashing Weiss her behind. Weiss, for her part, sighed and turned away to give her partner a little privacy. There really was no other way out of this.

The sound of Ruby struggling behind her continued for a few seconds, maybe a minute, before there was a huff and an embarrassed silence. “Um. Weiss…?”

“What?”

“I… I might be stuck…”

“Oh my God…” Weiss threw her arms in the air and turned, finding that, indeed, Ruby had somehow managed to get herself wedged in the stupid hole. Only her lower end from her waist down was visible, her feet dangling awkwardly down to the floor with her bent over, upper body on the other side. Weiss could hear her through the second hold and see one of her arms flailing about. “Really?” she asked, both of Ruby and any divine being out there. “This is my partner…?”

“H-Hey! Don’t be like that. It’s just a little smaller than it looked. Okay?”

“Sure. Maybe you need to cut down on the cookies.”

“Hey, hey, hey! Less talking, more helping.” Ruby struggled and kicked a little, then went limp. “C-Can you give me a push?”

Muttering about idiotic teammates and their idiotic actions, Weiss stepped up behind Ruby and placed both hands on the back of her skirt, ignoring exactly what she was touching and instead giving a solid push.

Ruby didn’t move. It was obvious she was trying to help on the other side, pushing back on the wall with both hands, but apart from muttered grunts and the sound of her struggling, there was no movement. Weiss kept pushed anyway, carrying it on for a good two minutes before giving up and stepping back with a red face.

“I can’t believe this. What kind of moron gets stuck in a hole like that?”
“It’s not my fault!” Ruby wailed.

“Of course it isn’t. How could I possibly think you getting stuck would be your fault.”

“I was sure the hold was big enough before. I checked it and everything. It… It’s like it shrunk.”

Weiss didn’t believe that for a second. Ruby was always rushing into things headfirst without thinking. This was just a more literal interpretation of that. “Fine. Just stay there. I’ll come through and try to pull you by your hands. That might work better.”

“Be careful you don’t get stuck too…”

“Unlike you, I know how to think ahead.” Weiss stepped over to the second hole, roughly at the same level as Ruby’s, and looked through it. She could see Ruby on the other side looking awkward and embarrassed, and the door beyond that. “Hm.” Weiss checked the hole again, judging the size of it and running a hand around the circumference.

It was smooth, just like Ruby said. Not a hole blown into the wall, then, but one placed there. She pushed her arm through without any trouble and then pulled back out, kneeling and considering the width and height.

She wasn’t sure why Ruby hadn’t chosen this one, to be honest. It was so much bigger than the one Ruby was stuck in – which was only as wide or tall as Ruby’s waist at best. This one, Weiss could easily crawl through without any trouble. Even Yang could have fit through something like this. It was just that much bigger.

*Never underestimate Ruby’s ability to make life harder for herself*, Weiss thought, poking her arms and head through, then bringing a knee up to climb over the lip.

Her knee hit the wall.

Odd. She was sure she had brought it high enough. Weiss tried again, shifting her weight a little to try and bring a leg through, only to find her knee sliding up the wall to her stomach with no hole to speak of.

Suddenly nervous, Weiss looked under herself, down past her small breasts to her stomach, which was pressed against the bottom lip of the hole. Pressing her hands down on it, she tried to push herself through, only to grunt as her bum refused to fit.

Ruby looked over, eyes flat. “Are you stuck?”

“N-No! I can’t be!” Weiss struggled and pushed, kicking back with her feet to try and get a little extra force. It was all to no use, however. The hole – which she was *certain* had been bigger – was now snugly fit around her waist, locking her in place. “This doesn’t make sense!” Weiss yelled. “I know the hole was big enough!”

“So was mine!”

“Ungh. Ah.” Weiss fought to try and pull through, then gave up with an angry huff. “I cannot *believe* this is happening. If this is a practical joke, I swear the ones behind it will pay.”

“Yang will save us,” Ruby said. “She was with us. She’ll know what happened and find help.”

Growling, Weiss let her body fall limp, muttering angry words and shaking her head from side to side. Angrily, she looked around the room their upper bodies were now trapped within, taking in
both the door over to the side, the wall ahead and – oddly – a single camera posed on a tripod staring right at them, or the holes they had come through.

A little red light atop it blinked.

Yang strolled into the room with a grin on her face and looked at the adorable sight before her. The illusion over the room broke, the small and hooded girl with mismatched eyes responsible for it walking out the room after collecting a sealed envelope from another figure in a blue suit. Yang ignored it all, too focused on the lovely sight before her.

Weiss and Ruby’s rear ends poking out from the walls with their legs kicking wildly. Weiss’ pale legs free, and Ruby’s still clad in her tights. Although they were kicking and wriggling, not a sound came through the wall. She didn’t think it possible that the two would actually be quiet about all this, so that meant the wall was sound proof.

Testing it, Yang walked up and rapped a hand on the wall between them. “Yo! Ruby, Weiss. Are you okay?”

Listening for a moment, she couldn’t even make out a mumble or a shout through the wall. They couldn’t hear her – and she couldn’t hear them.

Perfect.

Feeling a little more confident, Yang trailed a finger up the back of Weiss’ leg, from the back of her knee up her thigh. The girl stiffened and kicked out suddenly, missing Yang by a good margin. Again, there was no sound and Yang took advantage of that, laughing as she knelt between them, both their legs kicking on either side of her but failing to connect.

“Looks like you two have got yourself in quite the pickle.” Laughing out loud, Yang rubbed the back of Weiss’ leg again, watching her buck and kick. Weiss’ shapely rear, tight and yet so very round, wobbled hypnotically before her face. “Hm. Trying to show off for me? That’s nice.”

Her foot kicked out again, but this time Yang caught it, latching one hand around Weiss’ ankle and dragging it down, locking her leg straight. With her other hand, she began to massage it, slowly dragging her hand up and down Weiss’ leg. Her skin was so smooth and soft, almost creamy. The skincare that must have gone into it was probably way out of her budget. Weiss continued to try and pull her leg away, but Yang had always been the strongest on the team.

That didn’t stop her appreciating how it felt to hold her teammate down, how powerful she felt in controlling Weiss like this. Rubbing higher, Yang crested over the back of Weiss’ thigh and up under her skirt, feeling how the girl bucked and thrashed against her. Yang flipped the skirt up, revealing that tight little ass. She gave it a sharp slap, earning a flinch from Weiss and leaving a small red mark on her porcelain skin.

Moving over, Yang took the time to admire her sister’s butt as well. Clad in dark tights as it was, Ruby’s legs were still her best feature. Long and powerful and meant for running at speed, she had what most people would have called a dancer’s legs. Above that, Ruby’s rear was just a little wider than Weiss’, a true bubble butt, though nowhere near as large or obscene as some celebrities had. Kneeling behind her sister, Yang leaned in and pushed her nose and mouth up under Ruby’s skirt, rubbing them against Ruby’s panties, only just visible through her tights.
Her sister’s cheeks were so soft and squeezable. There was no stopping her from reaching up to grip them with two hands and give them a proper grope. The feel of Ruby’s legs trying to kick back against her only made it better and Yang laughed, rubbing her face from side to side and imagining what sounds Ruby might be making. The little embarrassed squeaks, mewls and protests. God, it was hot to think about. A shame she couldn’t have had the wall be thin enough to listen through, but that wasn’t possible with what was to come.

Standing, Yang turned around, looking to the man who had come in behind her. He was non-descript in an intentional way, dressed in a navy-blue suit but with a face, manner and style that screamed mundane. Even with two young women locked into a wall and kicking their legs back, giving him a free show up their skirts, he looked normal. Like this was an everyday occurrence. Maybe it was for him, being the spokesman for the BDC, the Blue Dream Corporation.

“Just to check, this wall is completely insulated, yeah? There’s no way they can hear through it?”

“That’s correct. It’s made from a particular individual’s semblance, which is how it has shrunk to seal perfectly around their bodies. It will prevent any sound from passing through, but there is no risk of them being crushed.”

“Cool. I don’t want that to happen…”

“Are you ready for me to bring our guests in?”

Guests. Yang shivered as a warm sensation ran down her body. “Wait,” she said, taking up a position leaning against the wall between her sister and Weiss, standing up against it with her legs between those of the girls and one hand on each of their rumps. She was looking in the opposite direction, toward a wall at the back of the main room – one that Ruby and Weiss had been unable to see. In the centre of it was a large door that they’d come through. Yang faced that and grinned. “Okay. I’m ready.”

Mr Blue spoke briefly into his scroll and clicked it shut. The door opened a moment later and people streamed in. Men of various ages, shapes and sizes – all at least over twenty-five, as per her request. There wasn’t a guy among them that she knew, but Yang imagined she might have passed by any of them on the street and not thought twice about it. Just regular, normal guys.

There had to be fifty of them. Yang made a happy little sound and played with her teammates’ bums, running her hands over the top as she watched all the men file in and fan out, covering the whole back wall as they stood there. Each and every one of them was staring at the struggling girls on either side of her, at the free show Weiss and Ruby were giving, never quite realising that by kicking and wriggling so much, they were letting everyone see straight up their skirts.

Not that it mattered. Seeing that everyone was ready, Yang reached down and gripped both their skirts between a finger and thumb, then slowly drew them up, fully exposing the girls for her audience.

“Hey boys. You like what you see?”

The men all shouted encouragement or compliments – or suggestions for her to pull down their panties or spank them. Liking the last, Yang gave Weiss’ ass a sharp smack, making the girl flinch and her legs tremble. It was hard to resist the urge to start straight away, but she’d been planning this for days and thinking about it every night. There was a proper order to it, a script. She didn’t want to ruin it by getting too eager and rushing it.

So instead of doing what she really wanted, Yang turned her back on the audience and let go of the
two girls. They kicked and fought a little more, but she ignored it, reaching into her pockets and drawing out two rolled-up bits of paper. Placing one on top of Ruby’s ass, she unrolled the other, revealing a picture of Weiss’ face. She looked as irritated as ever, glowering at the camera as if it should have ashamed for presuming it could capture her image.

Drawing out a roll of tape, Yang stuck the four corners of the picture above Weiss’ butt, letting everyone know who was there. Then, taking the other from Ruby, she unrolled it to reveal a far cuter image of her sister, smiling happily at the camera with her bright white teeth and silver eyes. Making an “Awww” sound, Yang taped that above Ruby’s derriere and admired her work.

Had the two been standing, they were about where the heads would be – but as it was, everyone would be able to tell who was trapped in the wall here. If they cared to. Most were just staring at their asses. Not that she could blame them. The two were huntresses. That denoted a certain level of fitness, muscle and figure. There wasn’t an ounce of wasted fat on either of the girls.

Turning back to the audience and leaning against the wall, Yang placed a hand on each of the girls and said, “Introductions first, boys. This is Weiss.” She slapped Weiss’ butt. “Weiss Schnee. You’ve probably heard of her and feel free to look her up on your scrolls if you like. You’ll get a few shots of her.” Yang smiled and slowly drew Weiss’ skirt up, revealing her white panties. “None like this, though.”

“Oooh!”

“Oh!”

“Wow. The Weiss Schnee…?”

“Yes.” Yang giggled. “And this is Ruby Rose, my little sister.” She gave Ruby a gentler spank. “She’s only fifteen, so you’ll need to take it easy on her~”

That earned more than a few excited whispers, as she’d known it would.

“Before we move onto the main event, I thought we’d all take a little time to enjoy them. That’s why we’ve got a limited offer available.” Yang waved to Mr Blue, who, as per the plan, pushed a chalkboard on wheels forward. The message had already been written on it in advance, but Yang read it out anyway. “Ten lien to feel up their legs, fifteen for a selfie and thirty to have fun groping their cute little butts. Anyone who’s interested, form an orderly line and be sure to pay Mr Blue.”

There wasn’t a person who didn’t. And why not? Even at the most expensive, thirty lien was a joke. An absolute pittance. It was about fifty to buy a can of soda from the vending machines in school, which meant she was selling the rights to her sister’s ass for less than a fizzy drink.

“Line up! Line up! Don’t be shy.” Yang laughed and lifted Ruby and Weiss’ skirts again. “Enjoy to your heart’s content, but no undressing them.” She smiled. “Yet. Oh, and watch out, they like to kick.”

The first ones reached the girls within the space of three seconds, one collapsing to his knees and bodily burying his face between Weiss’ round cheeks. The girl went completely stiff for a second and then began to kick back wildly. That proved a mistake as each of her feet was caught by someone, one man running both hands up and down her legs and the other leaning in to kiss and lick at the back of her knees, making her hips shake angrily from side to side as Weiss tried to pull free.

Meanwhile, someone was posing with Ruby’s ass, placing his face against the side of her tight-clad behind and holding up two fingers, his other hand holding his scroll out for a selfie. He laughed after
and gave her ass a slap, gripping on with both hands and rolling her cheeks around. Like Weiss, Ruby struggled and tried to kick him away, losing one of her boots in the process. The other remained on, leaving her delightfully uneven as hands rubbed up and down her legs and over her rump, one even trying to tease a finger under her tights.

“Less of that,” Yang warned, slapping the hand away. “Touching only for now.”

The man grumbled but accepted her word as law, rubbing two fingers up against Ruby’s panties instead, pushing into it and rubbing fiercely, parting her lower lips and pushing her panties inside. When he let go, they pushed back out again, but that became a game for those watching, who all leaned in to push and prod then watch Ruby wiggle in distress.

Yang laughed with them, leaning back against the wall with a skirt in each hand, exposing her sister and teammate to everyone and anyone who wanted to take a look. They would touch, stroke, rub and sometimes even dry-hump the girls. Others would kiss their bums or legs, while two people even took Ruby’s legs between their own and made a game of humping her legs like a dog might.

It carried on for at least half an hour. Yang didn’t want to let it end, especially when Weiss and Ruby were still so energetic, trying to fight off every person. Weiss had lost both of her shoes somewhere in the madness, while Ruby still had one boot on. That their virginities were intact was only because of Yang’s intervention, because more than a few had tried to pull Weiss’ underwear down or remove Ruby’s stockings. She’d stepped in every time with a slap, stern word or threat. The men were getting frustrated, though. They weren’t going to settle for just looking and touching.

With a sultry smile, Yang pushed off the wall and shooed the men back.

It was time for the real fun to begin.

“Ah! Ah!”

The sound of their panting and their angry shouts were the only things Weiss or Ruby could hear. There was nothing that came through the walls and, Weiss was forced to admit, those on the other side probably couldn’t hear them.

It hadn’t stopped the indignity, however.

The touches, the slaps, the feel of people prodding, poking and playing with her lower end. Weiss’ face was red with embarrassment and fury, while Ruby hung beside her, arms limp down the wall and lips parted, breathing heavily with a red face.

“When I find the ones behind this, I’ll kill them,” Weiss hissed.


It must have. Weiss hadn’t felt anyone touching her for a few seconds. Her bare feet – she could feel that, at least – were down on the floor, with her standing on her tiptoes. It was cold in the room behind her and her skin tingled, especially her bum, which had taken its fair share of abuse. That looked to have come to a stop.

Whoever it was had obviously had their fun.
“It’s over.” She struggled again to try and pull free but gave up when all she managed was to nearly pull a muscle. They were well and truly stuck. “Just sit tight and I’m sure this will be over soon enough, Ruby.”

“Y-You’re sure?” Ruby sounded so nervous, so unsure.

“I’m sure. They wouldn’t dare.”

Yang hummed to herself as she raised Weiss’ skirt and tore off a strip of the same tape she’d used to stick the picture of Weiss above her bum. Pinning the skirt material against the wall with one hand, she applied the tape, sticking it in place and up. Weiss’ pale skin was flushed pink, either from embarrassment of the continuous slaps and spanks she’d received. Moving over to Ruby, she did the same, having to use a little more tape because of how heavy Ruby’s skirt was with all the tulle. It was hard to tell if Ruby was red or not under her dark stockings, but her legs and bum were trembling slightly, quivering so softly that you wouldn’t have noticed it if you were far away.

“Aww.” Yang grinned and stroked her hand over the top of Ruby’s shapely rear, making the girl shiver a little more. Shaking her head, she turned away from the girls, now fully exposed, and looked toward the crowd. Mr Blue came up to her and offered her a small wooden hammer. He didn’t have to, and she hadn’t explicitly asked for it, but her smile grew even wider as she took it. “So. Now that you’ve all had a chance to sample the girls, how about we move onto the main event?”

Turning back, she rapped the wooden hammer on the wall.

“Our first lot. The elegant and smooth behind of the delectable Weiss Schnee.” Kneeling, Yang took a moment to run her hand over the curve of Weiss’ ass and down the back of her leg to the knee. Weiss’ legs were so long for her height, but also incredibly soft. “Heiress of the Schnee Dust Company, famous singer and huntress in training, Weiss is seventeen years old and ready to put her tight little body to work.”

Yang gave Weiss’ ass a slap, making her kick out again for the pleasure of the crowd, who laughed at her plight. “But before we start the bidding, I bet you guys want to know what you’re bidding for. Right?” She hooked her fingers into the waistband of Weiss’ white knickers and held still. “Don’t you, boys?”

“Yeah!”

“Do it!”

“Show us the goods!”


Slowly, creeping an inch every few seconds, Yang teased Weiss’ panties down, drawing them ever-so-slowly over the curve of her ass, exposing pale skin. Then down further, teasing at her asshole. She kept it there, looking to the audience and making them chant for her to continue, even as Weiss went *ballistic*, thrashing and flailing wildly.

“Further?” Yang teased.
“Further!” the audience shouted as one.

“Okay~ If you boys say so.”

Suddenly tearing Weiss’ panties down the rest of the way, Yang pulled them off one foot but left the other in, leaving Weiss’ white underwear dangling on one ankle. Her pink slit was fully exposed, and to make it worse Yang used two fingers to spread it, showing everyone her soft pink folds and innocent, untouched flesh.

The crowd gasped and leaned forward to get a better look. Some took pictures on their scrolls, lights flashing as Yang posed with both fingers in a V-shape, one up for the cameras in a peace sign and the other spreading Weiss’ lips.

“Here it is, folks. The pussy of Weiss Schnee. That’s what we’ll be bidding for today. Premium access to the Ice Princess of Beacon to use as you wish.” Rising, Yang left Weiss where she was, shaking and trying to shimmy her underwear back up only using her feet. “You can use her however you want. Cum inside her if you want. Get her pregnant. All of that available to the highest bidder.”

Taking her gavel, Yang leaned against the wall and laid a hand atop Weiss’ rear.

“So, do I have fifty lien?”

It was a joke of an amount again, but this time she didn’t expect it to stay there. The bidding was fierce and loud. Yang wasn’t a professional auction person – whatever they were called – but she did her best, listening as people shouted out ever-increasing amounts for a chance at Weiss’ cunt. One thousand. Two thousand. It was at ten thousand before she knew it, then fifteen and then fifty thousand lien.

“Oh wow, I should have done this earlier. Fifty-thousand lien. Do I have any more?”

“One hundred thousand lien!”

“Oooh!” Yang’s eyes followed the voice, to a large and heavyset man with a portly belly. He looked like Port but had dark brown hair and a lecherous smile. He oozed grease and sweat, which only made him all the better in her mind.

Not to bang, obviously. Yang would die before she slept with someone like that.

But to fuck Weiss? Perfect.

“Anyone else? One hundred thousand lien. Anyone?”

Nothing.

Yang smiled.

“Going once. Going twice.” She paused, as all good TV shows had. “Sold! For one hundred thousand lien. Weiss Schnee’s pussy to the man with the belly. Come on up to claim your prize, sir. Come, come, don’t be shy.” Yang reached down to spread Weiss’ lips apart. “Weiss is waiting for you after all.”

He was already hurrying forward the moment she said `sold`, and she hadn’t so much as fined her sentence before he was there, two hands clapping down on Weiss’ hips. She stiffened and tried to kick back, but he’d taken a position with his legs spread on either side of hers, so Weiss only kicked the air between.
Some people – employees of Mr Blue – came up with cameras to get a better view. This was a video she wanted to save for a long time. Maybe she’d break it out when Weiss got married. Wouldn’t that be a hoot?

“So, how will you enjoy her?” Yang asked. “Do you want to taste her? Lick her little clit? Or are you-”

The man took his cock in hand, only about six inches, but thick, and pushed it into Weiss’ slit. He paid no attention to how the girl went absolutely still. He just held it there and pushed forward, driving his length straight into Weiss’ cunt.

“Or straight to it!”

The man grunted and huffed as he hammered away at Weiss, slamming his hips into her ass and raining down his own hand on it, echoing the clapping sound of his skin on hers. It was hard to tell if Weiss’ virginity had been intact before or not because he never moved away from her and let Yang see. The man made short and shallow thrusts, panting so harshly she thought he might have a heart attack.

“How is it?” she asked curiously.

“So good,” he gasped. “Oh God, she’s so tight. So hot.” Leaning forward, he slobbered over the picture of Weiss’ face, imagining that he was kissing her. “Fuck. Weiss Schnee. Ah. Oh yeah. You’re worth, ah, every lien.”

“Sounds good.” Yang knelt beside him, looking under his legs to see his large balls pushed up against Weiss’ pelvis. Her feet had come up and were pushed back, trying futilely to get him off of and out of her, her toes splayed out as her body was shaken back and forth. “Mhm. Looks hot.” Yang placed a hand on his hairy ass and gave him a solid push. “Do her harder. See if you can make her scream through the wall.”

He couldn’t of course, but the imagery was enough to have him try. He settled both hands on her waist and drove his cock back and forth, pressing his forehead against the wall and looking down on her ass, squashed up against his stomach, as he did.

“Oh shit,” he hissed. “I-I’m going to cum. I can do it inside. Right?”

“Yep!”

“Shit. Inside her? Knock her up?!”

“It’s what you paid for~”

“Ah!” The man pushed even harder into Weiss’ behind, swallowing it with his body and pushing his fat stomach up over her rear. His balls tightened as he thrust into her one last time and held himself there, his fat cock spreading Weiss’ lips wide as he grunted and groaned his orgasm. “Ahh! Ahh! Oh shit. Ahhh.”

Yang was still on one knee behind, granted a first-row seat to the man dumping his load into Weiss’ pretty little pussy. To better aid the cameramen, she took hold of Weiss’ ankles and pulled them down, letting everyone see the bright pink flesh visible under the man’s twitching shaft. A little liquid, white and partially see-through, leaked out from it and fell to the floor.

He’d cum inside Weiss. He’d filled Weiss with his hot cum.
“Whoah…” Yang chewed on her lip, eyes wide and excited as she watched it drip down onto the floor between Weiss’ legs. “You really had a lot. Hm. I wonder if it’ll be enough to get her nice and pregnant.”

“Ugh.” The man pulled back. His cock was already going soft and fell out of Weiss’ pussy without incident, spilling with it a little more white, and a tad stained pink, evidence of Weiss’ virginity. Looked like the princess hadn’t gotten adventurous with anyone before now after all. Oh well. “God, that was the best thing ever,” the man said, taking his soft phallus in hand and wiping it between her cheeks, smearing a little more cum under her asshole.

“I think Weiss feels the same way.” Yang watched Weiss’ body quiver. Her feet were flat on the ground now, her legs spread by virtue of Yang holding them open. She could feel Weiss trying to close her legs. In the end, she let her. It didn’t stop the man’s cum dribbling out and running down her legs, nor did it stop anyone having a perfect view of her ruined cunt.

The cameraman zoomed in on it and Yang pulled the lips open again, showing just how sore Weiss was and also causing yet more sticky goo to slip out. There was some stained on the inside of her vulva too.

“Man, I could do this forever,” she whispered, giving the girl another slap. “But, on to the next.”

Standing again, she made her way over to Ruby’s side, wondering what was happening on the other side of the wall. Was Weiss shocked, in denial – or had she been fucked unconscious? It had been a rather quick affair by all measurements. The man hadn’t had the stamina or desire to really drag out his pleasure.

Maybe Ruby would do better.

“Our next lot is Ruby Rose – my own sister.” Yang gripped Ruby’s ass with both hands, one of her arms under her sister’s stomach to do it. She pushed the cheeks together, showing off Ruby’s bubble butt. “Ruby likes mechanics, comics and playing with big weapons – so she should have no problem with you boys.”

Laughter and rude comments.

“More than that, Ruby is one of the youngest huntresses to ever make it into beacon at just fifteen years of age!” Yang paused to let that sink in, watching the expressions shock disappear into lust. “I can personally guarantee she’s never even kissed a boy before, let alone taken a dick from one.”

Yang hooked a finger into Ruby’s stockings, right over her panties, and have it a sharp tug, ripping the fabric. Once she had a little tear in it, it was a simple matter to tear it apart further, exposing Ruby’s pale skin and underwear. Not all of it, but a rough circle maybe four inches wide and tall. Reaching into that, Yang peeled Ruby’s knickers down, pushing them to around about her knees and leaving it there.

Her little pink pussy was so cute and small. Yang licked a finger and then ran it down the slit, parting the folds just a little and letting everyone see just how tight the fifteen year old would be. All the while, Ruby shivered and tried to shake her hips to get Yang off her.

“As you can see, whoever wins this auction is in for a real treat. But because of how small and tight she is, I do need to set some precautions.” Yang pushed her cheek up against Ruby’s ass and wagged her finger. “I’ll only be letting someone with a big, fat cock come and take her virginity, and you need to be nice and rough with her.”
The audience laughed and cheered. “Every girl should have a big sister like you!” someone yelled.

“I know, I know. I’m too soft on her sometimes.” Yang giggled and gave Ruby’s butt a slap, letting everyone see it jiggle. “But let’s not waste any time. My little sister isn’t going to fuck herself. Do I have any opening offers?”

“One hundred and twenty thousand lien!” someone yelled immediately.

Yang’s eyes widened at the sum and she slammed the hammer down three times quickly, knowing no one else would match it. The man that stepped up onto the stage was a bear of a man, and why not? He was a faunus. Thick muscled and with hips wider than Ruby’s, he was six and a half feet tall at least and built like he ate and drank steroids. He had a thick black beard and a smile that promised he would be anything but gentle.

“Tell me you’re as big as you look to be,” Yang begged.

The man shoved his trousers down, his boxers with them, and let his thick cock spring free. It was nine inches long at least, curved upward slightly and was at least an inch thicker than the last guy.

Yang actually felt a little intimidated by it.

“Nice.” Nibbling on her lip, Yang watched as the man spat into his hand and rubbed it up and down his shaft, coating it with a thin layer of spit. That thing was going to ruin Ruby. “Well, you won the auction. I hope you’ll remember what I said.”

His large hands clapped down onto Ruby’s cheeks.

Ruby went very still.

“How rough you want it?”

Yang looked down to Ruby’s trembling legs, then at the man’s huge cock and finally up to his eyes.

“As rough as you can make it.”

The faunus didn’t answer with words. Instead, he laughed, lined his incredible girth and length up with Ruby’s small slit, and slammed himself inside. It was so sudden that Ruby’s feet were pushed up off the floor, her bum rising as the heavyset man squashed her against the wall, spearing into and through her virginity in one go.

There was no sound from the other side, no noise at all, but Yang just knew her sister had screamed. It was obvious from how her legs bent at the knee, how her feet rose and the toes of her one bare foot twitched and went rigid, sticking out.

Gripping on tight, the man pulled Ruby’s ass back a bit, dragging his length out of her to the tip. There might have been some blood there, but Yang didn’t catch it, too focused on the way Ruby’s lips clung to him, dragging along his thick, veiny shaft. When he was at the point of pulling out, he grunted and thrust into her again, pushing Ruby up and making her ass quiver.

He set a punishing rhythm. In, out, in, out. It was obvious that Ruby was still trying to get used to him inside her, but he didn’t care. If anything, that must have made it better for him, Ruby’s muscles not yet having relaxed and her body being all the tighter for it. He grunted and slammed his hips back and forth in long and powerful strokes that must have had his cock curving up inside Ruby, rubbing against her insides. His hands massaged and played with her ass, squeezing and kneading the flesh like a baker working at dough.
His fingers dug in suddenly, picking up more of her stockings and tearing them from her body. He was so strong that the tear spread, cutting a circle around where he was fucking her and leaving Ruby with just a thin waistband on her hips and then stockings from the thigh down. Her pale behind and hips were on full display, and the man took pleasure in turning those a pretty shade of pink with several sharp spanks.

Suddenly, he was looking at her, smile wide. “I bought all of her. Right? I can use her how I want?”

Yang knew what he meant. Her breath caught and she couldn’t form the words she wanted to. She nodded instead, leaning back against the wall and playing with Weiss’ pussy with one hand, ignoring the cum that dribbled out over her fingers as she watched the man plough Ruby.

“Anything?” he asked again, one thumb pushing against Ruby’s asshole.

Yang’s nod was desperate.

He drew out of Ruby slowly and let go of her hips. Ruby slumped, her knees and body pushing up against the wall as she no doubt gasped for breath on the other side. The man rubbed his and her juices onto his shaft, then took hold of her hips with one hand and pushed her back into a standing position. He pressed the tip of his shaft into her tight little asshole.

Ruby, knowing what was to come, went wild. She thrashed, kicked, swung her hips and did whatever she could to escape, all the while the crowd watched with bated breath and the man fought to keep her still. Eventually, he gave up and looked to Yang.

“Hold her still for me.”

Hold Ruby? Hold her sister in place as a man took her?

It was a disgusting request, a horrible one.

Yang had never been down on her knees so quick. One hand went under Ruby’s stomach to reach around and over and hold her by the top of her ass. Her other pressed against Ruby’s hip on this side, holding her still. Ruby continued to kick, but that didn’t mean much as the man pushed against her harder and harder.

Down by Ruby’s legs, Yang had a front-row seat to the huge cock slowly disappearing into Ruby’s ass. She felt Ruby’s stomach clench and unclench against her arm, felt Ruby tremble and shake and quiver all the way down her body. Felt the struggles cease, the fight leave her, felt Ruby’s legs tense as she pushed down against the ground, trying in some futile way to lessen the pain.

And the man had only worked half his shaft inside her. Yang stood and made her way around, trusting that he could hold Ruby now that she was impaled on him. Crouching by the man’s hip, Yang watched with wide eyes as his thick girth stretched her sister, disappearing slowly into a passage that seemed far too small for it.

“Whoah.”

It took another three minutes at least for him to work his full length in. He had to push and shimmy his way through, forcing the last few inches in by pulling Ruby’s cheeks apart to force her to relax. Or to unclench. Yang doubted Ruby was relaxed at all with that monster stuffed into her. Yang reached under Ruby’s sore pussy to rub her stomach, eyes growing wide as she felt the bulge inside her sister.

When the man began to fuck her properly, Yang felt that too. She felt it in how his thrusts shook
Ruby’s body and drove it forward. Saw it in how Ruby’s knees trembled, and her feet pushed down. Her ass jigged with each thrust, then would stretch out as he drew back, almost like she didn’t want to let go of him. He was as rough, if not rougher, than he had been with her cunt, and she knew Ruby must have been crushing him because his face was pinched between pleasure and pain.

He began to pick up his pace, grunting and gasping as he thrust in and out of Ruby’s ass. Yang leaned back against the wall between Ruby and Weiss, wishing she could be on the other side holding Ruby’s face, watching her expressions as this guy took her.

“I’m gonna cum,” the man growled. “Where? Where do you want it?”

“Inside.” Yang replied.

“Obviously. Which?”

Yang’s head spun. “Her cunt. In her cunt.”

The man nodded and pulled painfully out of Ruby, the sudden absence of his cock leaving Ruby’s ass gaping open and sore. He spat into it, nailing the shot perfectly. Yang watched as his spittle dribbled into her asshole and out of sight. Laughing, he lined himself up with her pussy once more and pushed into her. This time, there was little resistance from Ruby.

It didn’t bother him. Or Yang. He thrust in and out of her quickly, slaming his balls into her clit as he hammered away, forgoing any rhythm now and just humping at her, squeezing her ass with his hands as he did.

He grunted suddenly, pushing in and holding there, pushing his body so hard up against Ruby that her ass was squashed into his pelvis and her feet lifted off the floor. She hung there, suspended and trapped between him and the wall as the faunus blasted his cum inside her. “Ah. Ahhh.” He pulled Ruby’s hips back onto him. “That’s it. Take it all inside, you little slut.”

Ruby did.

What else could she do?

When the man pulled away, Ruby’s entire body fell, her feet touching the floor but then giving way, sliding back as her knees bent and she hung there, limp. Yang might have thought her unconscious but for the little movements that suggested Ruby was trying to find her footing but couldn’t. Several fat globs of semen dropped out of Ruby and splashed on the floor.

Without really thinking about it, Yang reached over and used two fingers to plug Ruby’s sex. She could feel the warm seed against her hand. It was hot. Very hot. Her other hand was still on Weiss, and she’d slipped two fingers into her teammate without realising it. They were going away wildly and had been for a minute or so, ever since Ruby had started to be taken anal. Both girls looked absolutely spent, their cheeks red and cum leaking from them.

The plan had been to let it end there.


An avalanche of men hit her. Or rather, it hit Ruby and Weiss. Yang was safe between them, like a survivor hiding between two walls in the middle of a storm. Someone appeared behind Ruby and dragged her ass up, forcing her back onto weak feat as they manoeuvred their cock against Ruby’s pussy, Yang’s fingers being forced apart in a V-Shape and the shaft sliding between them. A little
cum came out, but the hole was quickly plugged, and Yang was able to feel every thrust of the man into her sister.

On the other side of her, someone had been inspired by Ruby’s ordeal to score a first from Weiss, dragging her hips down so that her knees were bent, and they could thrust up into her ass. One of Weiss’ legs was picked up and held to the side, giving the cameraman still recording a perfect view of the action, and letting Yang see it too on the other side.

Both came quickly, one filling Ruby’s already-full sex and the other Weiss’ ass. They stepped back and were replaced so quickly that the cum hadn’t had the time to dribble out. These ones reversed the process, taking Ruby’s ass and Weiss’ pussy respectively. They fucked them so hard and fast that semen sloshed out of their other holes and down their legs despite Yang’s best efforts. The one in Ruby pulled out but not all the way, using his fingers to keep her ass open as he jerked himself and came onto and in her hole. The white liquid pooled on the edges and some slid inside to disappear. Biting her lip excitedly, Yang used her finger to nudge another bit of slime in, watching as it reached the lip of Ruby’s anus and then slid inside.

Cameras kept flashing and people kept coming. Inside, outside, on Weiss’ legs and on Ruby’s stockings. There was no rest for either of them, no recourse, and Yang laughed as she stood between them both, rubbing up against the wall and imagining what the two must be feeling barely on the other wise, barely a foot of brick and plaster separating them.

Cum flowed over her hand and fingers as the current men drew out. Neither of the girls could really fit anymore in, but Yang tried anyway, giggling as hot seed washed over her hands. Weiss had completely sagged now, held up only by the wall itself with her feet limp on the floor, her toes submerged in a puddle of cum under her.

Ruby was no better – or maybe even worse. At least Weiss’ pale skin helped hide the cum that caked her legs, but Ruby still had her stockings from the thighs down, and those did nothing for her. One enterprising soul was jerking off into Ruby’s boot, the only one she was still wearing. Yang watched as he came, shooting a rope of cum onto Ruby’s ankle and then lifting her foot so it would slide down. She wondered what it must feel like to have hot and sticky cum stuck in your shoe, nestling between your toes.

She didn’t have the time to wonder. New men took the spot and the girls were being fucked anew. Those that had already cum were recovering and looked ready for round two. They made to offer money to her, but Yang waved them away and stepped out from between the girls on shaky legs.

“Enjoy them for the rest of the night, boys. I think I’ve made enough for tonight.”

It would have been nice to stay and watch, but she was going to collapse at this rate. Yang wanted nothing more than to find a quiet corner to bring herself to release in. She’d have done it here, but, well, it didn’t feel like a very safe idea.

Mr Blue met her halfway.

“Satisfied, dear customer?”

“Huh? Oh, hell yeah. This is just what I asked for. I’m surprised you could pull it off.”

“We have contacts with very unique Semblances,” was all he would say.

“Yeah well, you’ve got my five-star review. Can I trust you to handle the rest?”

“Of course. The two will be enjoyed for the rest of the night and then found in a hotel together the
coming morning, stinking of alcohol and with several witnesses having seen them talk to and flirt with several men.”

Yang laughed. “Nice. I bet you’re wondering why I did this, though. Why I’d pay to have my own sister and my teammate put through this?”

He held up a hand. “It is not my place to question the customer, only to make their wishes a reality.”

“And if I want to tell you?”

“Then you may. You are still the customer for now.”

Yang nodded. She was, technically, since she’d paid quite a bit for this. Sold her bike for it. Course, with the money she’d made, she was on the way to a better one. Maybe this could be a good way to earn some extra pocket money. Selling Ruby and Weiss off for cash. Hm. Maybe Blake would be worth some, too.

“It’s nothing too crazy,” Yang said with a shrug. “Those two are always being a pain in the ass, but I can put up with that. But last weekend, they crossed the line.” Yang held up a lock of her golden hair. “You see this? Those uneven ends? Those two broke one of Weiss’ dust vials and singed my hair.” Yang’s eyes turned red for a brief moment. “Can you believe it!?”

“I’m sure I can,” Mr Blue replied. “So this was to punish them?”

“Yeah.” Yang looked back. “Yeah, it was. Teach ’em to be more careful.” With a last grin, Yang whistled to catch the men’s attention. “Oi! Why don’t you boys check that door off to the side? There’s a nice surprise in there for you.”

The men looked to the door, several at the back of the queue breaking off for it.

Mr Blue let out a polite laugh. “Very well. Why don’t you retire for the evening, dear customer? I shall clean up here, and see the videos forwarded to you when they are complete.”

“Weiss and Ruby gasped brokenly as they hung in place, arms limp against the walls and their bodies spent. Ruby began to groan again as someone took her from behind, and Weiss barely had a second to prepare herself before she did the same, rearing up with a hoarse cry as someone was shoved into her ass once more. Her hands pushed back on the wall as her body jerked, her legs shaking as some horrible fiend t-took her.

Again. S-So many times. Weiss cried out and sagged again, arms swinging under her.

Ruby cried out as someone came into her, then panted for breath and began to moan again when the cock in her pussy was replaced with a new one, not even a minute of rest between the moments where they were used.

The door ahead of them clicked open.

Ruby and Weiss looked up, hope on their faces for a brief moment, before it was replaced with horror of the highest regard. Seven men bowled into the room, completely naked and with their dicks
on full display, already glistening, evidence that these were but some of the men who had used them.

“No!” Weiss cried, trying to fight back the first to reach her. “No, no. D-Don’t you know who I am? Sto-Mmf!” Her cries were cut off as the man forced his length into her mouth. “Mmmmm!” she screamed, biting down hard.

Aura protected him. Prevented her biting through him.

Terrified, Weiss glanced to the right, watching as a far more compliant, or maybe just broken, Ruby stood with her mouth open and tongue extended, taking a man’s load as he jerked off into her mouth, groaning and shooting several ropes of white into her.

“Don’t swallow,” another said, lining up behind him. “Take mine, too.” He pushed his dick into Ruby, forcing her to deepthroat him with a mouth already full of another person’s cum.

Weiss was soon made to do the same, choking as one man fucked her face, another took her on the other side of a wall, and a third and fourth forced her to jerk them off, a fifth wrapping his filthy cock in her soft ponytail and using it as a masturbation aid. Weiss cried out as they came at once, covering her body, insides and her tongue with their vile cum.

All the while, the camera blinked and recorded it all.
“Oh wow.”

Nora turned the accessories over in her hands. Thin silver bands with delicate jewellery chains connecting them to five rings. Two of them, one for each hand like skeletal gloves of silvery metal. When worn, the bands would wrap around the wrist with a ring for each finger and thumb, the chains connecting over the top of one’s hand. Nora looked over them and the unwrapped present in her lap toward her teammate.

“Is this really okay?” she asked. “They look so expensive! And the occasion; it’s not even my birthday.”

“I wanted it to be a surprise. Try them on.”

Nora bit her lip. “Are you sure?”

“Of course. I wouldn’t have bought them otherwise.”

Her worries assuaged, Nora was quick to fit the bands on and, with Pyrrha’s help, work her fingers through the hoops. She sat and admired them, opening and closing her hands to test the range of motion. It really was like wearing a pair of gloves, except that it was just the stitching and the stitching was metal.

“They’re so pretty.” Bringing her hand up before her face, she turned them around to look at the chains, missing Pyrrha’s smirk as she did. “I’d be worried about breaking them in a fight.”
“That won’t happen.”

“Hm?”

“Oh, nothing.” Pyrrha waved a hand and Nora yelped as her own was drawn to the side. Her eyes widened as Pyrrha used her Semblance to control the metallic bracelet, dragging Nora’s hand in front of her face and making her wave. “Hello,” Pyrrha replied, waving back.

A moment later, Nora had control again. She giggled, seeing the funny side. “Pyrrha! You scared me!”

“Sorry.” Pyrrha didn’t sound sorry. Didn’t look it either with her self-satisfied smile. “I just wanted to play a little prank on you. Here, as an apology.” She reached under her bed and drew out another box wrapped in the same material as the first.

“More?” Nora asked, hands over her mouth. “B-But this is too much already.”

“Nonsense. I thought we could spend some time together since Jaune and Ren are out on a training mission. It’s just the two of us after all, we should do some bonding between teammates.”

“But I didn’t get you anything,” Nora said miserably.

“Don’t worry. I’m sure I can think of a way for you to repay me.” Pyrrha nudged the box over to her. “Go on. Open it.”

No one had to tell her twice! Nora snatched the box and put it in her lap, pushing the first aside. Keeping the metal finger-bracers on, she tore open the packaging and broke the seal on the lid, pushing it off. Inside, several bundles of crinkly white packaging were wrapped around two rather heavy objects. Curious, Nora pulled them apart to see three solid metal bands. They were thicker than the ones on her wrists – two that looked like they would fit on her feet while the third was quite obviously a choker. Or more like a collar. There was even a little tag on it, which Nora picked up and read.

“Slut?”

“Do you like it?” Pyrrha asked with a wide grin. “Put it on. I want to see you in it.”

Nora’s stomach fell. Indecision warred with the desire not to react badly to what was probably a heartfelt gift, albeit one with a rather flat tone. “Um. I don’t think this is quite right. Did they make a mistake when they engraved it?”

Rather than answer, Pyrrha raised a hand and activated her Semblance again. Nora found her own working against her, the rings on her fingers moving independently to control hers – making her pick up the choker and bring it up to her neck.

“Pyrrha!” Nora yelped, leaning her head back. “I can do it myself! No, wait-”

“Don’t be silly, Nora. Try it on.” Pyrrha used both Nora’s own hands and the metal choker itself, opening the latch on it with her Semblance and making it adhere to her skin. Nora struggled but couldn’t fight her own hands, which closed the clasp behind her neck. It locked with a click, sealing around her throat. Not tight enough to hurt, but heavy and cool enough that she could feel it. “There. It looks perfect on you, Nora.”

“I – I don’t know. And can I have my hands back, please? I’m not comfortable with this…”
“Not until you have them all on.” Pyrrha rose and walked over, taking the anklets from the box. Nora’s hands came down to hold her legs in place, helping Pyrrha unclasp and seal them around her ankles, removing Nora’s socks to do so. “There,” she said, “You look good in those.”

Giggling, Pyrrha twirled her finger.

Nora found her feet moving under her, dragging her to her feet along with her wrists. Her body wasn’t supported but since she was being tugged from all four limbs at once, and her neck, it didn’t matter. Her body followed, suspended between then metal bands in an upright position.

“Pyrrha! This is going too far!”

“What do you mean? It’s just a prank, Nora.”

“It’s not funneeh-eck-”

The choker tightened around her throat, cutting her off. Nora’s eyes bulged. There wasn’t enough air in her lungs and her face turned pale before Pyrrha, with a flick of her hand, released her. Nora sagged and would have collapsed if not for her hands and feet holding her in place. She gasped for breath, shaking and looking at Pyrrha with startled blue eyes.

“P-Pyrrha…?”

“Hm? You shouldn’t talk, Nora. It sounds like you’re short of breath.” Walking toward her, that smile in place the whole time, Pyrrha placed her hands on Nora’s hips and leaned in to read the tag on the collar. “Slut, huh? It suits you. But maybe it would suit you more without these.” Pyrrha gripped the underside of Nora’s pink pyjama top and tugged it up. Nora’s hands rose of their own accord, stretching straight up so that Pyrrha could slide her top off.

“What are-ack-ah…”

“Ah, ah, ah,” Pyrrha said, poking Nora’s nose gently. “Didn’t I say not to talk?”

Her top removed, Pyrrha looked down at Nora’s bountiful breasts clad in a thin white bra. Her stomach was flat and soft with a little dimple leading into her bellybutton. Pyrrha trailed a finger down it to the hem of the pink shorts Nora would wear around the dorm. She undid the knot holding them tight. Nora’s hips fought her, swaying from side to side, the only part of her she could move.

It was easy for Pyrrha to ignore it, swaying with Nora and laughing as she did. The tie undone, Pyrrha tugged the shorts down, exposing Nora’s cute little panties, a pale pink colour with a love heart on the front. Using her Semblance, she made Nora raise her feet and step out of them.

Nora’s face burned with colour, but her eyes were filled with nothing but innocent confusion.


“I said we were going to have a little bonding exercise today,” Pyrrha said, standing again in front of Nora, fully clothed while the other girl was suspended in her underwear. “I’ll explain how it’s going to happen. We’re going to go for a little walk around campus together.”

Nora’s eyes bulged. She opened her mouth but nothing other than strangled sounds came out.

“Shhh,” Pyrrha said, pressing a finger to her lips. “Don’t worry, I’m getting there. We’re going to walk around campus and you’re going to show off my gifts to everyone. Everyone is going to see you like this and think it was your idea to do this. They’re going to think you’re a dirty little slut who
likes people to see her in her underwear.” Seeing the abject terror in Nora’s eyes made Pyrrha shiver. “We’ll also stop to let people play with you and they might even decide to rape you. Of course, they won’t know they’re doing that to you.”

Tears prickled at the edges of Nora’s eyes. So wide, so bright, so full of anger, fear and confusion. It was obvious she couldn’t believe the words she was hearing and that, in a small part of her mind, she still expected it all to be a poorly planned joke. One Pyrrha would be springing at any moment.

Poor Nora. So naïve.

“It’s all going to be recorded as well,” she said, clapping her hands together. “And we’ll upload it to the internet so everyone can see.”

Nora shook her head desperately.

Pyrrha ignored her. “And whatever happens, you’re not going to say a word. Okay? If you do, I’ll tighten the collar so you can’t breathe.”

“I’ll scream,” Nora threatened.

“Will you?” Pyrrha tightened it. Just enough to make breathing difficult but possible. “I’m not sure that would be a good idea, Nora. I mean, what would the teachers think if they saw you doing this? You’d almost certainly be expelled!”

Nora’s eyes filled with tears.

“But if you’re nice and quiet and don’t cause a fuss, then maybe the teachers won’t notice. Plus, if you scream then everyone will come to see what it is!” Nora’s eyes widened as she realised what that would lead to; quite possibly every student in Beacon seeing her humiliation. “If I were you, I’d probably try and stay quiet. But that’s just me. You can scream if you like.”

Pyrrha released the choker.

Nora’s lips were sealed shut.

“That’s better.” With a wave of her hand, Pyrrha had Nora taking a long step toward the door. Knowing what was to come, Nora thrashed and fought frantically, tugging her arms and legs back and throwing her weight behind her. Anything she could do to escape.

It was meaningless. Her body followed her hands and legs, while the collar choked her whenever she tried to say so much as a word. With tears running down her cheeks, Nora watched the door approach as if it were her doom.

With a smile on her face, Pyrrha opened it.

The news spread quickly. Few could believe it at first but snaps on scrolls and others chiming in to say they’d heard about it from a friend of a friend who they trusted soon had people rushing down the halls to check for themselves. Somewhere between Oobleck’s classroom and the library, people crowded into the halls and jockeyed for position, those at the front staring wide eyed as Pyrrha Nikos chased an almost completely naked Nora Valkyrie through the halls.
Nora moved confidently, swaying her hips from side to side and pausing to spin occasionally on one heel, arms linked above her head. Her face was red, flushed no doubt from exertion and her bountiful assets bounced up and down with every step. Clad as she was in nothing but her bra and panties, her large ass and tits shook and jostled wildly.

“Nora!” Pyrrha cried, one hand outstretched as she tried and failed to keep up. “Slow down. What are you doing? I can’t believe this! Y-You’re walking around Beacon without any clothes on!”

Dancing out of her reach, Nora posed before the assembled men and women watching her, bending forward to show off her cleavage and also her shapely rear to those behind. One of her hands came and spanked her left butt cheek, pulling it aside slightly so that her underwear rode into her crack. Her other hand came up to play with her breasts, rolling the large mounds in her hand and teasing the top of her bra down just far enough to show a glimpse of her areole.

Her face was red and her eyes wide as she did. Her mouth would open occasionally but no words would come forth and sometimes she would gasp or make a strangled sound. If anyone noticed, they assumed it some lingering embarrassment over what she was doing. It was hard to pay attention to that with Nora’s posing, however.

“Nora! Oh my God you’re just showing your body off to all these people.”

Nora moved away from Pyrrha’s hand again, almost drawn away. She moved close to one group of men and her behind swayed out to rub against someone’s crotch. Nora’s eyes widened and she jerked away, but it must just have been a part of the act for she turned and moved closer again, planting her feet on either side of the man’s and leaning her neck back, grinding her behind into him.

“Holy shit,” the man whispered, reaching around tentatively to grasp her stomach. “Is this for real?”

“Nora!” Pyrrha lunged in. “Excuse me please, don’t touch he-”

Nora’s hand flashed forward and slapped Pyrrha’s away.

“Nora? You… You want this?” Wide blue eyes stared back. Lips moved. “You actually want them to touch you?” Pyrrha asked, amazement in her tone as she planted a seed that had many men standing taller. “Wow, I… I can’t believe it. I always thought you and Ren – but you did always say you were just friends.”

Running one hand through the hair of the man fondling her stomach, Nora stepped away and to the nearest wall. She stood with her face to it, stretching her legs back so that her behind stuck out. It wiggled invitingly.

The first to move was someone Pyrrha recognised as an older student. Everyone wanted to but no one dared, but his patience faded first. Swallowing, he stepped forward and reached out a hand, ready to yank it back if she or anyone made so much as a sound. Pyrrha was careful not to, watching and using her Semblance to hold Nora in place and keep her face hidden against the wall, all so those tears couldn’t be seen.

When the man’s hand brushed against Nora’s bottom, it shivered. But it did not pull away. Spectators watched with bated breath as the man stepped forward, stroking his hand around the contour of Nora’s ass and down one thigh. Rather than draw away, one of Nora’s feet came up and rubbed sensuously against his leg.

It was all they needed. People crowded in suddenly, fighting for space – some looking like they might actually fight for it. Pyrrha feared weapons would be drawn for a second but Nora let out a
panicked mewl and that caught their attention for *all* the wrong reasons. Hands closed in on her, grasping and groping at any bit of exposed flesh they could reach. They stroked, grasped, tweaked and poked at her. Some couldn’t even see her, just pushing their hands through as mass of male bodies and feeling around with that instead.

Pyrrha had a spectacular view however, able to see Nora with her hands against the wall, face pushed against it and held there by her collar. Nora’s breasts hung below but did not go ignored. There were at least *six* hands on them, two having claimed the front of them while more groped at her cleavage, the side or even her under boob.

Nora trembled under the assault. She had no idea how they didn’t realise just how frightened she was! Her head was pinned against the wall and the people were crowding around her. Faces she didn’t recognise – and worse, some she did – leered and gazed at her body, hands roaming up and over her stomach, fingers tugging at her bellybutton, her thighs, some even rubbing between her legs and over her panties.

“Nnh-” she groaned, trying to speak but unable to. The collar was so tight. She could only just breathe as it was. When someone pushed their fingers against her panties, straight up into her slit, Nora tried to shake them off by moving her hips from side to side. That proved a mistake when they took it as invitation and began to rain spanks down upon her, shaking and slapping her skin until it turned an ugly shade of red.

“Look at this babe,” one of them said. “I can’t believe she’d just expose herself like this.”

“Can’t you? You seen how she’s always bouncing around? Absolute slut, I tell you.”

“Think she’s a virgin?”

“No fucking way. I’d like to check, though.”

Nora’s eyes widened and her heart skipped a beat. She tried to scream but couldn’t find the necessary air for it. Worse, someone reached around to insert two fingers into her mouth. They pushed against her tongue and she gasped around them, trying to keep her tongue away to no avail.

“Someone get pictures!” someone called.

“Fuck that. I’m recording the whole thing!”

Slut, whore, bitch. The words flowed off their tongues and each was a dagger to her heart. Nora would have cried if the tears hadn’t already been spent. Instead, she closed her eyes and shook under their hands, slobbering around the digits pinning her tongue down and her mouth open.

“Is that Nora!?” a familiar voice yelled.

Ruby? Team RWBY? Nora tried to see past the mass of bodies but all she could make out were leering faces and hungry eyes. She could hear them just fine, however. Hear Pyrrha lying to them in that faux-nervous voice.

“I’m as surprised as you. Nora – she just decided she wanted to go out like this. I tried to stop her, I really did. I don’t know what to do.”

“She wanted this?” Blake asked.

“If that’s the case there’s nothing to do,” Yang said, dashing Nora’s hopes. “I guess different people like different thi-” Yang cut off with a yelp. “Oi Ruby, where are you going? Damn it. I’ll go get
her.” Footsteps echoed away as Yang ran off after Ruby. Nora heard Weiss mutter something about people with no propriety or sense of self-respect and wander away.

Nora sobbed.

“I think Nora’s trying to tell you all something!” Pyrrha said, stepping in and warding the hands away. The men moved back reluctantly, each getting in their final gropes before they did and slapping Nora’s ass and tits.

Was she saved? Nora stood panting against the wall, unable to speak or move. Her eyes darted to Pyrrha’s, questions coming to her mind as she saw the vindictive pleasure in the eyes of a woman she’d trusted like a sister. Why? Nora silently asked her. What did I do? There was no answer. Letting her head fall, Nora waited and prayed that whatever she’d done, Pyrrha would decide this was enough. She was already humiliated. She would never live this down. What more did Pyrrha want?

“What is it, Nora? What are you trying to say?”

Nothing. Obviously. Nora tried to say that but choked as the collar tightened. The sound was masked by Pyrrha asking the question again. Suddenly, Nora’s hands were moving without her control. Her neck was held to the wall, leaving her face pinned there, but her hands bent back behind her and worked on the clasp of her bra.

No. No, Pyrrha couldn’t do this. No!

Nora struggled and thrashed. Her hips swung left and right, and her fingers fought against an invisible force, pulling on the chains attached to the rings – which had looked so delicate before but now felt like they were made of solid steel several inches thick. She couldn’t fight it. Pyrrha controlled each finger individually, making Nora unhook her bra and slowly remove it. The material fell with a flutter to the floor beneath her. Nora stared at it, dumbfounded.

She wasn’t given the time to comprehend. Her legs moved away, and her arms followed, making her spin on her heel and show her bare breasts to everyone there. Nora stared with wide eyes as cameras flashed, scrolls recorded and people cheered, watching as her boobs swayed from side to side. Her hands came up to cup and jostle them for the audience. Then, before she could think to do anything, she turned away and made her way down the corridor.

Against her will, she crooked a finger, inviting them to follow.

In a blur, Nora found herself in the men’s changing rooms and making her way past the washroom part of it, followed by so many men who crowded in behind her. Her feet carried her to a toilet stall and brought her down into a kneeling position. She couldn’t push up because of the collar, which remained locked in place roughly three feet off the floor despite her best efforts to stand. Her hands, also not under her control, locked onto either side of the cubicle holding her in place.

Trapped on her knees in front of them all and with her breasts on full display, Nora tried to cry.

The collar tightened and she choked a little instead, mouth opening.

“Nora!” Pyrrha gasped. “Are you – Are you asking for what I think you’re asking for!?”
Past the lack of oxygen, she wasn’t sure what Pyrrha meant, even if she knew it wouldn’t matter because Pyrrha would make her do whatever she wanted. As if to confirm that, one of her hands moved, fingers and thumb twisting until she was holding them in a rough circular motion before her mouth and jerking it back and forth.

Nora’s eyes grew wide. That couldn’t mean what she thought it meant.

“Fuck,” a man yelled. “This girl really is a slut.” He strode forward, reaching down. The sound of his zipper tolled like a bell, Nora’s heart hammering in her chest as he pushed his trousers down and his boxers with them.

His – His penis stood up in front of her. It was the first one she’d ever seen in real life and she tried to look away. It looked horrid. Thick and long with hair around the base and a little stickiness on the end telling of his arousal. She could smell it already, a heady mixture of musk and sweat and hair. She tried to pull her head away.

The collar tugged her closer. It also tightened, making it hard to close her mouth.

“Looks like she wants it bad.”

“Stick it in. I bet she sucks like a vacuum cleaner.”

“Heh.” The man took his length in hand and began to guide it towards her terrified face. “Don’t mind if I do.”

“Wait.” Pyrrha stepped forward, eyes filled with so much concern it hurt. “Are you sure you want this, Nora? Don’t you think you’ve gone far enough already? You can stop. You’ve made your point.” Pyrrha dropped onto one knee in front of Nora. Her face couldn’t be seen by those watching or recording the spectacle, but Nora had a full view to Pyrrha’s concern vanishing. To it being replaced with lidded eyes and a slow, sensual smile. “Just say the word and I’ll make it stop. They’ll all leave you alone. Just say you want to stop.”

“Ah-” Nora choked. “Ah – Ack- Ah…”

Pyrrha’s finger twitched, moving Nora’s hand up before everyone, before the men, the cameras and even the few girls who had come to watch. In front of them all, Nora made a motion as if to stroke someone’s cock, then pointed at her own mouth.

Tears ran down her cheeks.

“Shit, she wants it so bad she’s almost crying!”

“And she’s begging like a baby. All `ah ah ah`. It’d be cruller not to give it to her.”

“I guess you’re all right,” Pyrrha said, standing and stepping back, still looking down on Nora, still smiling, still holding her in place and silent. “Just remember, Nora, you wanted this. I won’t stop it if it’s what you really want. I’d never force a teammate to do something they didn’t want to.”

Pyrrha stepped aside.

And the man from before stepped forward. He moved quickly, shimmying forth with his trousers around his ankles. Nora had a moment to panic, to decide whether to try and scream, pull back so much she injured herself or just bite down and risk choking herself into unconsciousness. All those options passed through her head, but she didn’t have a chance to settle on one before the thick, hairy thing was pushed past her open lips and into her mouth.
Foul. Horrible. Nora gagged and choked on the nasty thing more than she had on the collar. It touched the top of her mouth, then angled down as the man gripped her head between both hands. When the tip pushed into her tongue, she tasted its saltiness. Its slimy-soft texture. The man’s sweat. She gagged around it again, feeling her stomach retch.

No one noticed. They couldn’t see her face past the man’s buttocks, and he was looking up at the ceiling, gasping with pleasure as he held her head and swung his hips back and forth, fucking her face in short, frantic thrusts. “God,” he moaned. “Her mouth is so hot. I can feel her tongue all over me. That’s it, babe. Lick it. Suck on me.”

Nora was, but only because she needed to breathe. Every moment brought more horror as scroll cameras flashed and people laughed and pointed. The sounds of zippers being drawn down echoed all around her, followed by the slapping sound of a hairy pair of balls impacting against her chin, and the wet choking noise of her spit slopping down her lips.

“Oh shit, I’m cumming! Fuck!”

Cumming-? Nora’s eyes widened but she was choking a second later, cheeks bulging as something hot and sticky was blasted directly into her mouth. She swallowed some without thinking, a reflexive desire not to suffocate. It tasted like hot shame and she would have been sick if not for the fact the man was holding her face into his crotch, pulling her in so hard that her nose was buried in his pubic hair and his dick tickled the back of her mouth. The next shot of his cum was pumped directly into her throat. That was kinder than the semen that swished around in her mouth, pooling on her tongue.

“Ugh.” The man thrust again, a weak and clumsy one. “Oh, that was amazing.” He rubbed her head. “You’re good at this. Man, I want to come and see you again sometime.”

“That’s it?” someone laughed. “Dude, you didn’t last three minutes. Talk about a quick shot.”

“Fuck you, man. She’s that good.”

“Yeah? I’ll be the judge of that.”

No sooner had the man drawn his smelly cock out of her mouth did Nora find the tip of another pushing against her lips. She tried to shake her head, but he had hold of her and wouldn’t take no for an answer. She tried to spit out the cum of the first but the second she opened her mouth, he pushed in, trapping all the seed before inside. He was bigger than the first, too, all but sealing her mouth shut with his girth.

There was nothing to do but swallow. Eyes closed and body shaking, she did just that – the action creating a sucking sensation that had the new man twitching after just a few seconds. “Oh fuck. You weren’t kidding!”

“See? She’s a natural.”

“Wow,” Pyrrha said, leaning with one hand on the cubicle wall and with a curious expression. “I didn’t realise Nora was so good at this.”

“Bitch obviously gets a lot of practice,” the man fucking her face grunted. “Here it comes, sweetheart.” He grinned suddenly and drew out, taking his shaft in hand and pumping it. Nora tried to fall forward but couldn’t, held in place by her neck. Blearily, she looked up into the man’s crotch just as he came and shot a wad of white toward her. Nora’s eyes closed instinctively.

The first wet splotch splashed across her left eye and brow, then dribbled down her cheek. The second hit her nose and trickled over her lips and mouth. The third was weaker and fell short,
splashing down atop her heaving breasts, moving up and down as she fought for breath. The man stepped back as people cheered and took pictures of Nora sat on her knees with cum covering her face and body.

Pyrrha couldn’t believe her luck.

More men crowded in and started to use her, and Nora was so defeated that she didn’t fight it. When the fucking began, Pyrrha had stopped choking her, not wanting to cause her to pass out and thus end the fun early. Nora either hadn’t noticed or was afraid of the consequences of fighting. Either way, she did nothing to stop the men pushing their cocks into her mouth then fucking her wildly.

More came into her mouth. Two, three, four and then five – with some pinching her nose so make sure she swallowed and some even holding Nora’s head sideways so that those watching and recording could get a proper shot of Nora’s bulging cheeks and the way her throat would bob as she swallowed. Just as many took the chance to pull out and add their own decorations to her, shooting their loads across her face, tits, shoulders and even her legs. Nora’s body was caked with white and thin streams ran through her hair, showing up wonderfully against the vibrant orange.

Though few would think to look for it, Nora’s arms kept twitching as if she wanted to move them. Pyrrha wondered if it was to push the people away, cry or even wipe away the white semen caking her face. One of her eyes had been sealed shut by it. Feeling merciful, Pyrrha used her Semblance to make Nora bring a hand forth and wipe the sticky gunk off her face.

Then, she brought Nora’s hand up to her mouth and pushed those same fingers inside.

“Look at her go!”

“Whoah!”

“Get it on camera! Shit!”

“Oh my,” Pyrrha said, faking her shock as Nora ‘licked’ her fingers clean.

Most of the men looked to have used her already and while they were still hanging around, their shafts were all flaccid and they were just watching or snapping pictures. It was a little frustrating to see that none had decided to go further, but maybe they were too nervous to.

Making Nora stand, Pyrrha forced her to walk into the other half of the changing room, past the lockers and into the communal showers. Everyone followed, eager to see what she would do. Nora had her head down and her breath came out in short gasps, probably sobs. Luckily, the steam from one of the showers helped conceal that as she made Nora reach out and turn it on.

Blowjobs and a show. Nora ran her hands up and down her body, rubbing the sticky cum both into her and off when the water splashed over her skin. Her hair began to stick to her scalp, and she turned, exposing her back and behind to the watching boys. Nora’s pink panties had turned a darker shade and had gone slightly see-through, sticking to her buttocks and stretching out over the crack of her ass.

With a deviant smile, Pyrrha decided they had to go. They were an impediment. Nora’s body hitched as she bent down, still pointing her behind to the audience, and hooked her fingers into the bands of her soaked panties. Slowly, ever so slowly, she dragged them down over her round ass, exposing her skin one inch at a time. Water ran down her crack like a river and collected in the bottom of her underwear, making it bulge down. Eventually, Nora reached the bottom and let go. Her soaked-through panties fell to the tiled floor with a wet splat.
There, on full display to everyone, Nora’s cute little cunt lay on display. Thin and unused with just a touch of pink hinting at the treasure between those luscious lips. Nora had a small patch of nearly trimmed pubic hair above it. It looked like the carpets really did match the drapes. Some of the men made appreciative sounds and a few started to masturbate, trying to stir their flagging ardour to life.

To help them on, Pyrrha had Nora bring one hand up to slap her ass, then dip a finger down and poke it into herself. Nora yelped slightly, a sound which only worked the boys up – but none stepped forward, even with such an obvious invitation.

*What does a girl have to do to get a teammate raped? Seriously…*

The frustration was there but Pyrrha kept it behind a mask of shock. Maybe it was just the people here. The mind was willing, but the flesh was spent. They’d already bust their nut all over Nora’s face and tits.

Well.

In that case, they’d just have to find some more people.

Nora’s humiliation was complete as she was marched into the cafeteria utterly naked and still dripping with water. Her hair was lank and stuck to her shoulders and her body glistened with moisture, light sparkling off her curves as people stopped eating to stare with mouths open. Forks and knives hit the table and chairs scraped back. People at the front stared. Those at the back stood on benches to get a better look.

Any hopes of Pyrrha somehow containing this to just the people who had already seen her were gone. At this rate even the teachers would find out.

Did it even matter? Everyone had to know.

Nora closed her eyes and tried to pretend it was all a nightmare.

“Slut!”

“Whore!”

“Get up on the tables, bitch. Give us a show!”

Even unable to see, she still moved on. It didn’t matter. Pyrrha would move here where she wanted. Nora’s foot rose suddenly, and she lurched and would have fallen if not for the bracers and anklets keeping her up. Her bare foot touched wood, then pushed up as she stepped up onto a bench and then onto one of Beacon’s long dining tables. There, on display for everyone, Nora was made to spread her arms and slowly turn in a circle.

It was a mistake to open her eyes.

A sea of faces watched her. Hundreds of them. Scrolls flashed and more were drawn out to record, while people abandoned their lunch and hurried to the fore, crowding around her table chanting lewd comments and suggestions. Some even reached forward to touch her feet, ankles and run their hands up her shins. Nora wanted to kick out but the bands around her ankles were far too strong.
And there, in the crowd, Pyrrha watched with a small smile.

Her hands came up to cup and play with her breasts, pushing and jiggling them for the sake of an audience that hooted its approval. She wasn’t sure how they couldn’t notice her tears. Or was it just that they didn’t care? Nora stepped along the table, walking past hands that groped and rubbed at her legs until she reached one of the thinner tables their teams would usually eat on. There, the metal bands dragged her down, forcing her into a position where she was laid on her back, one head on one end of the table and her legs over the other.

Hands were all over her immediately. On her legs, her stomach and groping her breasts. They were cruel and rough, squeezing and tweaking whatever they could. Nora tried desperately to draw her legs together, but the anklets pulled her apart, spreading and planting her feet down on the table’s edge so that everyone could see that secret place she’d kept hidden from everyone. The one she’d hoped to save for Ren.

They… They were going to do it. They were actually going to do it.

Finally, Pyrrha thought, watching with a wicked smile. It had taken long enough but laying Nora out flat and spreading her legs seemed the final clue the guys needed. Belts were already being unbuckled and pants were being thrown away.

It had taken long enough, but Nora was finally going to be raped.

About time…

Someone found their way to the front of the crowd and between Nora’s legs. They gripped one of them under her knee and pulled her toward them, dragging Nora’s ass along the table so that her feet dangled down off it and her pelvis was on the edge. He already had his cock in hand, and although it was finally time, Pyrrha forced herself to move and hold him back.


They growled and grumbled about it but no one there was a rapist. At least not in their minds. Pyrrha crawled up onto the table on all fours, biting her lip in excitement – though some might have mistaken it for anxiety – and making her way to Nora’s face.

“Do you really want this, Nora?” she asked loudly. “Do you really want all these people to use your body? In public? They’re going to upload all these videos online, you know. You’ll never be able to escape from that. People are always going to know you as Nora Valkyrie, the slut who spread her legs for every man in Beacon. Are you really okay with that?”

Oh, she was crying. How adorable. The humiliation must have really set in.

Nora tried so hard to speak but Pyrrha’s hand on her shoulder, in what could only have been a concerned touch of a friend, kept her collar constrained. She managed the quietest words, ones that only Pyrrha could hear.

“Why? W-What did I do?”

Pyrrha looked down on her teammate and stroked her cheek. “Nothing. You did nothing.”

“T-Then why…?”

“Because I wanted to.”
Standing, Pyrrha stepped back and shook her head, looking so forlorn and confused. “I – I guess you really do want this.” As if to echo that, Nora’s hand came down to gently wrap around the dick of the man between her legs and guide him forward. Nora’s eyes, so wide and afraid, met Pyrrha’s.

She shook her head, pleading silently.

“Oh, Pyrrha said. “You win.”

Nora dared to hope.

“I won’t stop you if you want to let all these people have fun with your body.”

The look of abject defeat was exquisite. Pyrrha stepped back as the men crowded in again, the one between Nora’s legs needing no more urging to step into her and push the head of his cock against her opening, still wet from the shower. Pyrrha watched closely, counting every second of the man’s thick dick stretching Nora’s lips apart, then the flash of pink as he pushed into her, grunting like he was carrying a heavy weight.

He slammed forward into her, hilting himself fully inside her, only to cry out, “Holy shit! She was a virgin!”

“Wha-?”

“No way. After doing all this?”

“You serious?”

The tiny trickle of red that came from Nora proved it. Her back had arched up off the table as her first time was taken – and so cruelly. Her mouth was wide open, her eyes squinted shut. Just in case, Pyrrha tightened the collar, choking off the scream before it could come.

It wouldn’t do for them to think she didn’t want this after all.

That would ruin all the fun.

“Might be a virgin down there, but not up here,” someone said, hurrying round the table and pulling Nora flat again. Her blue eyes were wide and full of pain as the man dragged her head back over the edge and pushed his dick into her mouth. The angle had her bent over the table, only her hips, core and upper body on it while her head was pinned back over one end and her legs the other.

In unison, the two began to thrust, spit-roasting Nora between them. The wet sounds of their sex echoed around the cafeteria, punctuated by grunts from them, cheers from the audience and Nora’s muffled groans and sloppy gagging sounds. Someone leapt up onto the table and knelt by her to play with her tits and another had the same idea, squatting over Nora’s stomach and sliding his shaft between her breasts, then squashing them together and fucking her tits.

Cameras flashed. Pyrrha watched.

The man in her mouth finished first, grunting and holding her head still, pumping his semen into her mouth. Pyrrha could see Nora’s throat bulge as she was forced to swallow or suffocate, and she could imagine all that hot and sticky fluid filling Nora’s stomach. He pulled out with a spray of spit and cum, leaving Nora gasping for breath.

Two men fought to take their spot, not giving her a chance at all before another man shoved his filthy cock inside and gripped onto her hair, bending her head back painfully and slamming his hips into
her face.

Atop her, the man using her tits came hard and sprayed it over her upper body and neck. Glistening white trails ran down her shoulders and Pyrrha brought Nora’s hands up to make the girl rub it into herself like some kind of lotion. It left a thin sheen that made her skin shine, and which goaded others to crawl up and start to jerk themselves off around her, shooting their loads onto her stomach and chest, adding to the deluge. Like a dutiful little slut, Nora rubbed it all in, paying special attention to her bouncing breasts.

“Cumming,” the man fucking her properly grunted. “Shit, is she on protection?”

He made to pull out and Pyrrha’s eyes widened. That wouldn’t do! Nora’s legs snapped shut around his behind, locking him in place as the anklets clanked together. Nora absolutely wasn’t on protection but that didn’t matter. The man couldn’t break free of Nora’s legs anymore than Nora could of Pyrrha’s Semblance. When he groaned and came, it was inside. He slumped against her, hands planted on her hips as he jerkily thrust a few final times.

When he drew out, Pyrrha was treated to the spectacle of Nora’s pussy covered in cum, a bead of white dribbling down from the bottom and running toward her anus. “You have to try it,” the guy said, stepping away as Nora’s body jerked, still helpless as someone fucked her face over the other side. “Her cunt is tight as a vice. Go on, give it a shot. Slut is gagging for it.”

“I will,” Cardin said, pushing his way to the front, eyes wide. For all his swagger he was obviously a virgin. Not for much longer as he shoved his admittedly impressive dick into Nora. Already stretched and lubricated, Nora’s pussy swallowed him hungrily. “Oh yeah. That’s it.” Cardin spanked Nora’s thigh. “You like that, you little bitch? Always saying how you’ll break out legs; I wonder what it feels like now, knowing you’re spreading your legs for me?”

Pyrrha wondered, too. It would have been great to have Nora more vocal, but that carried risk. Besides, it wasn’t too hard to see the tears running down Nora’s cheeks as the man holding her head hammered away, pinning her tongue to the back of her throat. No one else noticed because they had too much to focus on. Her wildly swaying tits, her tight cunt or her hot little mouth.

“Ah!” The man using her mouth came. So much came forth that it bubbled out past Nora’s lips and dribbled onto the floor. “Ah! Ah!”

“Move over!” He was pushed aside and another came in. Nora opened her mouth to scream – then gagged as her lips were sealed again.

“Mff! Mnf! Nnngh! Mnfflll!”

More cum rained down on Nora, those unable to hold their lust shooting it onto her instead. Nora continued to rub it in, but one of her hands had been taken and was being used to stroke someone to their orgasm. Pyrrha’s fine control let her work each finger, ensuring the man’s aim directly onto Nora’s stomach. The gloopy liquid ran down and pooled in Nora’s bellybutton. There was practically an ocean of it by now. Nora couldn’t physically rub any more of it into her well-oiled body and the rest just washed and slid off her, staining her skin and hair a wonderful shade of off-white.

“Ngh. Ah!” Cardin came hard, rearing in and pushing Nora’s hips up off the table. When he was done, another took his place, sliding into Nora’s sex without a second’s rest. He ploughed away until he was done as well, then a third had their turn. A fourth, a fifth, the people came and went without end, filling Nora up until there was no room left and cum sloshed out of her with each man that left.
The tenth or eleventh fingered her and let more gush out before he took his turn. It took him less than
a minute to cum inside, goaded on by everyone else cheering, laughing and calling Nora names.
Pyrrha didn’t even bother with the control anymore. It wasn’t needed. Nora was pinned down so
thoroughly that she had no hope of escape, and her legs kicked in the air, shaking with every thrust
from both ends of her body. One of her feet was nearby, so Pyrrha reached out to tickle the sole of
her foot. There was little reaction. She supposed Nora was already experiencing sensory overload as
it was.

Somewhere in the mad melee, someone decided to roll Nora over. They dragged her down off the
table and folded her over one of the benches instead, leaving her with her knees on the floor and her
arms and legs hanging over the other end. Gripping her hair, Dove dragged her face up and shoved
his cock inside, while Sky took a spot behind and spat down onto his shaft.

“Think she’s an anal virgin?” he asked out loud. “Only one way to find out!”

Not anymore, she isn’t, Pyrrha thought, watching with amusement as Sky forced his cock one inch at
a time past Nora’s tight sphincter. She might have bucked and screamed but if she did, it was
swallowed by the sounds of laughter and choking coughs.

Working his modest seven inches inside, Sky raised his arms up high like a championship boxer
appealing to the fans. He earned a wave of applause, whistles and jealous insults for his effort.
Bringing his hands back down, he slapped Nora’s ass and started to slam into her properly,
punctuating every thrust with a ringing slap that made her ass ripple. His bravado outweighed his
stamina, however, and he came hard within the space of thirty seconds. Nora’s body twitched as cum
was pumped directly into her ass. Sky pulled out with a rueful laugh and received his fair share of
pats on the back, even as Nora received her own – a fresh wad of cum on her back.

With a new source of entertainment discovered, they went to town on her, fucking her ass or pussy
as they saw fit and cumming in, on or over Nora’s body. Some split between the two, thrusting once
into her cunt and then into her ass and vice versa. Others chose their favourite, while some even
came back for seconds, recovering from early blowjobs to blow a load inside her. The ground
beneath Nora was caked with cum, along with her body.

The fight had well and truly left her. Nora lay slack, hoping that if she let it happen it would
somehow not be as bad, or that they’d lose interest and stop. There wasn’t much luck there. If these
people grew tired, Pyrrha would just take her to find new ones.

The streets of Vale, maybe?

“There she is!” a high-pitched voice screamed. “Stop her!”

Miss Goodwitch’s voice boomed out. “What is the meaning of this!?"

The crowds parted, people dragging up their trousers quickly and backing away, afraid to be caught
near – or worse, in – Nora as Glynda stormed forward, teeth bared in a fearsome snarl. Beside her,
Ruby ran, angry tears in her eyes.

What was she doing here? And why was Miss Goodwitch here!?

“There they are!” Ruby yelled, pointing to Nora. She darted forward and tossed her cloak over Nora,
covering her naked body. One of her hands dangled underneath and Ruby tore off the metallic
gloves.

Pyrrha’s heart lurched.
“It’s Pyrrha!” Ruby yelled, whirling on her. Pyrrha took a step back as all eyes focused on her. “Pyrrha was using her Semblance to control these and make Nora do what she wanted!”

“N-No, I-” How? How was this happening? It wasn’t supposed to happen like this. With everyone looking at her, she took a nervous step back and then another. The guys, those who had been fucking Nora, suddenly looked a whole lot more nervous, realising that they might have just raped a fellow huntress.

“Is this true, Miss Nikos?” Glynda Goodwitch stared her down. “Did you forcibly control your teammate and force her to commit such a heinous act?”

“No…” The protest was weak, even to her ears. More a frantic protest that this couldn’t be possible than an actual denial. “No. No, it’s… it’s not…This can’t be-”

“It is!” Ruby yelled. “We can ask Nora. She’ll tell us it wasn’t her.”

Nora? Oh God, no. Nora was moving, shuffling up with Ruby’s cloak wrapped around her. Worse, while she could still control the anklets and the choker, her hands were free. At that very moment, Nora tore off the collar around her neck and kicked off the anklets. Pyrrha was too shocked to try and stop her, too afraid.

This was it. She was done for.

“Miss Valkyrie. What say you?”

Nora looked up, tear tracks down her cheeks and body shaking. She trembled where she stood, lips quivering as one hand moved slowly, jerkily, to Ruby’s cloak.

And threw it away.

Ruby’s mouth fell open.

Pyrrha’s did, too.

Without missing a beat, Nora moved back and sat on the edge of the nearest table, laid flat and brought one hand to her sopping, overflowing cunt and began to finger herself wildly. Cum pumped out, dispelled by her fingers to dribble on the floor as Nora wetly fingered herself, her other hand played with her breasts while her head shook back and forth.

Had she broken-? Had she gone mad? No, Pyrrha could still see the reluctance. The humiliation.

And then she saw it, from the corner of her eye. Something that no one was focusing on, given that everyone’s gaze was on Nora. Miss Goodwitch had her signature weapon in hand.

It was pointed at Nora.

“Miss Valkyrie, how dare you!” the teacher hissed. She stepped forward and snatched the girl by her hair. “My office. Now! You will be expelled for this if I have my way!” She hauled Nora off the table, Nora’s eyes wide and her head shaking, a look of abject confusion on her face as her hands continued to finger herself.

As she was dragged away, Nora looked to Ruby and her for help, a silent plea that went ignored by Pyrrha and missed by Ruby.
“Oh my God, Pyrrha. I’m so sorry!” Ruby wailed suddenly, colliding with Pyrrha in a desperate hug. “I – I thought. I can’t believe what I thought. Please, you have to forgive me. I just… I just couldn’t believe Nora would do something like that!”

“Y-Yeah.” Pyrrha placed her hands on the girl’s shoulder and fought the urge to growl. How close had Ruby just come to getting her in trouble? If it wasn’t for Miss Goodwitch doing what she did, it might be her facing expulsion. “Yeah, I never expected it of Nora, either. I guess it’s hard to really know what a person is like. Someone who seems to normal can be a reckless slut. Or someone who acts friendly can be the cruellest person alive.”

Those in the cafeteria had begun to calm down now that the threat was over – and with Nora having ‘proven’ her willingness and exonerating Pyrrha at the same time, the worried looks her way had ended. Now, people were looking over the videos and pictures on their scrolls, laughing or boasting about how good it felt.

“Can you forgive me?” Ruby asked. “For what I said, can you forgive me?”

“Of course,” Pyrrha lied through gritted teeth. “Of course, Ruby. There’s nothing to forgive.”

Pyrrha sat in the common room watching a video of Nora choking around a cock while someone ploughed her pussy. The number under it, the views, had reached over one million and looked to be climbing. Given that the video was on numerous sites, its reach would only travel further and further. She idly wondered if Ren and Jaune would see it and how shocked they might be.

“You heard the news?” Yang asked, drawing out a seat and sitting opposite her. “Nora’s been expelled. Goodwitch told her Beacon doesn’t stand for the things she did and that her tenure here has been ended, effective immediately.”

“Oh dear. That’s awful.”

Pyrrha and Yang looked up at one another then burst into laughter. The scroll came down, video continuing while they talked over the top. On it, Nora was being covered in cum and the comments below it were wonderful. So many people insulting and belittling her.

“I should really thank you for this, Yang. If you hadn’t told me about the Blue Dream Corporation. I still can’t believe they were able to get Miss Goodwitch involved in this! Do you think it’s blackmail…?”

“Considering how Miss Goodwitch dragged Team CRDL to explain? I doubt it.” When Pyrrha looked confused, Yang added, “According to rumour, Goodwitch had them demonstrate what happened in the cafeteria on her desk. The whole of Team CRDL fucked Nora in front of Goodwitch and filled her up, before Miss Goodwitch said how Nora was ‘obviously a corruptive influence’ and expelled her.”

Pyrrha’s hand covered her mouth. “No way. I wish I could have seen it!”

“Yeah. And you know what’s even better?”
“What?”

“What?”

“Nora was kicked out of Beacon immediately. Not even allowed to go back to your dorm.”

“Nora was kicked out of Beacon immediately. Not even allowed to go back to your dorm.”

“You mean-?” Pyrrha’s eyes grew wide.

“Yep. Already news from Vale on how a naked girl is running through the streets trying to cover herself.” Yang laughed and Pyrrha did the same, the two bent over the table. “Can you imagine it? What’s she going to do? Isn’t she an orphan?”

“And homeless now,” Pyrrha giggled. “I wonder if she’ll move in with some hobos. I bet they’ll be happy to have her.”

“Oh, I bet they’ll be happy to have a chance at that ass. Ah.” Yang wiped a tear away. “That was great. I’ve got to ask, though. Did she do something to piss you off? Get too close to Jaune? Anything I need to watch out for?”

“No. And you’re fine.”

“Then why?”

“No reason. I guess I was bored. As for Nora…” Pyrrha shrugged. “She was there.”

“Ha.” Yang accepted it, and really there was nothing more. Nora had just been unlucky. “I’m sorry about Ruby by the way. Tried to keep her out the way but she can be such a little goody-two-shoes.”

“Hm.” Pyrrha frowned. “Someone should put her in her place.”

“Not a bad idea.” Yang raised her scroll, showing the number of the Blue Dream Corporation. “I’ve got a free period. Want to work on doing just that? I think a certain team leader has overstepped her bounds.”

Pyrrha leaned forward.

“I couldn’t agree more~”
“Aaand I’m done,” Yang said, slurring slightly as she wobbled to her feet, putting the cards down. The other guys at the table, many of them older than her, complained and told her to play a few more rounds, with one even often to buy her a drink. “Sorry boys,” she teased. “I know when I’m done, and I also know when a bunch of guys are trying to charm me out of my clothes.”

They had the good grace to laugh, blush, stammer but not push the issue or get aggressive. It was better than most, who saw her as a dumb blonde to be taken advantage of, or a prude or tease for looking hot and not wanting to dance.

Despite what most would have thought, Yang was a fairly responsible drunk.

Not so responsible as to not get drunk, but responsible enough to know when enough was enough. Tipsy but not off her face, she drew her jacket on over her shoulders and blew a kiss to the guys she was leaving behind.

“Maybe next time, fellas. This girl has to get back to Beacon.”

“Come again?” one asked. “Next week?”

“Maybe.” She winked. “We’ll see~”

Stumbling her way out the bar and pausing at the door to let the cold evening air wash over her, Yang left the other party-goers behind. It was eleven at night and what was, for many of them, pre-drinks for a real night out. Being a Saturday, Yang was well within her rights to join in on that but didn’t fancy going out alone.

_Not like convincing Blake or Weiss to come out will ever work. Weiss would freak at a place like this and Blake would be a total killjoy._

Ruby was a no go, obviously. At least for a couple of years.
Maybe Pyrrha and Nora could be convinced, or all of Team JNPR for a huge night out. It would be fun to get Jaune and Pyrrha drunk and see if that let them admit their feelings. Not to mention she had the feeling Nora would be epic fun on a night out.

“Next time,” Yang mumbled, making her way to the taxi rank. “Best talk to Nora first. She can convince the others.”

A few people cat-called and invited her to spend the night with them – partying, not sex, though she imagined a lot of the guys had that on their minds. Yang laughed and waved back, knowing it was easier to say no with a smile than an insult. Plus, who could blame them? She knew she was hot. Hot, but not interested in making any dumb decision right at the start of her career.

It was quieter at the taxi rank, the people waiting either sober like her or so drunk they had to call the night early, in which case they were often crouched or sat on the floor, nursing their heads, eating takeout or with one supporting another, far drunker, friend. The queue was big and the amount of taxis low. Checking her scroll, Yang winced. At this rate, she wasn’t going to get back until gone twelve.

Blake was a notoriously light sleeper. If she woke her partner up, there was a good chance Blake’s complaints would wake Weiss up! And then there’d be hell to pay.

“Shit. Just my luck…” Yang dithered with the idea of jogging to the Bullhead take-off spot. It was a long walk, especially in heels, but if she went barefoot, then she could probably make it.

“Hey!” someone called out from a car window on the other side of the road. Yang looked over, realising the guy was waving to her. “You lookin’ for a taxi, miss?”

Yang looked the vehicle over, relaxing when she saw both the ‘Taxi’ sign on top and the registered Vale-badge on the side, certifying it as a part of the taxi service. Technically, they were supposed to always wait in the taxi ranks and take any customer regardless of fare or state. Technically, Yang wasn’t supposed to get back to Beacon later than twelve. With a quick look to make sure no one was going to call her out on her bullshit, Yang hurried across the road.

“You free?”

“Wouldn’t have called you over if I wasn’t,” the man said, pressing the button to unlock the back doors. Yang clambered in before anyone could notice, closing the door behind her. There was a glass screen separating her and the driver. “Some asshole dodged on fare,” the man said, “So I need to make it up. Where you headed?”

“Beacon transport,” she said, referring to the station where one could take Bullheads to the school. Knowing what he wanted to see, Yang took out more than enough lien to cover the cost and put it in the slot between him and her. “And here you go, so you know I won’t cut on you.”

“Ah. You’re a star!” He took the money and pocketed it. “Buckle up, lass. We’ll be there soon.”

The taxi took off a moment later, pulling out of the layby and onto the road. So late at night, the traffic was at a minimum, mostly just other taxis, some police cars and a whole load of pedestrians walking around the streets where most of Vale’s night life congregated. Yang leaned her head back on the headrest and let out a little sigh. It was nice to have a little luck every now and then. She’d be back in Beacon before the hour was out.

Hisssss…

Yang’s brow drew down as she heard the quiet noise. Her nose twitched a second later, smelling
something that was… odd. Off. Her eyes creaked open – snapping open a second later as panic raced through her. The back compartment of the taxi was filling up with some yellow gas.

“Hey!” she yelled, coughing and smashing a hand into the window. “What the – hack – what’s going o-on! Stop the car! Stop-” Through the smoke, Yang heard the driver turn the radio up, drowning at her cries. “Shit,” she hissed, trying the door. It was locked. “Fucker!”

Yang coughed and gasped, bringing up one fist to slam into the window. If she could break it and drain the gas, she could get out. Her fist, aura enhanced, should have smashed through the glass with ease. Instead, it bounced off.

It’s reinforced, Yang thought sleepily, feeling her body shut down. Son of a… bitch…

Her head fell forward, body asleep on the seat, seatbelt holding her up.

In the front, the driver whistled along to the radio and pulled off the main road.

“Rise and shine, my dear.”

The voice was masculine, low and cultured. A slow drawl that spoke of no emotion and which wouldn’t have been lost on the radio or TV. Yang grunted, feeling a finger under her chin. A wave of dizziness assailed her, but she fought past it, cracking one eye open and then the other. She was in a room. In a room on a chair.

Testing her hands, she found them tied behind her.

Shit.

“Ah, you are awake. That’s good. The gas is harmless but there’s always a chance someone will injure themselves as they fall unconscious. It wouldn’t do for us to have damaged you during transit.”

Yang found the speaker quickly, a non-descript man in a business suit a deep blue in colour. Everything about him was normal. Normal brown eyes, normal mouth, normal nose, clean-shaven, neither attractive nor ugly. The word `average` seemed designed for him.

“W-Who are you?” she croaked.

“Sore throat? It’s to be expected. I am Mr Blue, CEO of the Blue Dream Corporation.” With a smile, he presented a card. On seeing her unable to take it, he slid it into her pocket. “Here, my card. Perhaps you’ll be a customer of ours one day.”

“Customer-?”

“Like Miss Neo.”

Neo-? Yang’s eyes shifted to the left and right, quickly zeroing in on the small girl also in the room. As slight as Ruby was, her multi-coloured eyes and hair sparked dangerous memories in Yang. The girl grinned, pleased to be recognised.

“You-?” Yang hissed. “The girl from the train! You were working with Torchwick!”
Neo waved.

“What’s going on here?” Yang demanded. “Who are you? Why am I here? What are you planning
to do to me!?"

“I am planning nothing,” Mr Blue said. “My work is done. My company works to enable the wishes
of those who desire them, to bring happiness and pleasure to our customers. Miss Neo is one such
customer, and one who wished us to find and bring you to her.” He smiled. “This, we have done.
What happens from here on our is the customer’s desire.”

Yang stared at him. “So that’s it? You’re glorified kidnappers!?”

“If that is what the customer desires, yes.” Stepping back, the man nodded to the little girl that barely
reached up to his chest. “Miss Neo, I will leave her to you. Your payment has been processed
without issue. Please feel free to call on our services again.”

With his words said, the man tipped his hat and made his way to the door, letting himself out of what
looked to be a rather small apartment. The door clicked shut after him and Yang’s view of it was
replaced with a petite face stretched with a wide, almost friendly smile.

She swallowed. “A-Are you going to kill me?” Yang hated that her voice stuttered. “If you’re after
answers, I’ve got none for you.”

Neo giggled silently and shook her head.

“You’re not going to kill me?”

Another shake. Yang wasn’t sure if she should hide her relief or not, but it must have been obvious.
Her entire body slumped on the chair, tension slipping from her shoulders. This was still bad – really
bad – but with the immediate fear of Neo finishing what she’d started in Mountain Glenn gone, she
could at least stop wondering if these were the last few seconds of her life.

“Then what do you want with me? I’m just a student at Beacon. There’s nothing I could do for you
that you’d want.”

Rather than answer, if she even could speak, Neo stepped to the side and around Yang, out of her
sight. There was something primally unnerving about the girl being behind her, but the panic
subsided when Neo came back into sight on her other side, circling her. She did so again, looking
Yang up and down as she did. Rather than her usual combat clothes, Yang had gone out in her night
outfit, a jacket of light tan and black, along with a short black skirt, belt and thigh-high tights. They
were the same clothes she’d worn when her and her team had gone out to fight Torchwick in his big-
ass robot. Warmer for a night out.

Not much protection at the moment.

“You realise my team is going to notice I’m missing,” Yang said, watching Neo as she circled
around her for the third time, considering Yang with a coquettish smile. “When I don’t turn up
tomorrow morning, they’re going to sound the alarm. Beacon will be out in force, and with
Torchwick in jail, you’ve not got anyone to back you. How do you think that’ll end?”

Neo feigned a frightened motion and then laughed, no sound escaping her as she did. It was like
being mocked by a mine. Growling, Yang struggled in place, trying to break the hold on her wrists
and realising that her boots were also tied down, one to each leg of the metal chair.

“What’s your goal here? What’s the point of this?”
Moving away from her, Neo picked something up from a kitchen side and came back. She placed it down on the floor a small way away — a metal trip that she extended and twisted into place, locking the extendable parts shut with little knobs. She tested it to see if it would fall and, satisfied it wouldn’t, brought forth a small silver camera. A rather typical family-friendly one that someone might use to record their kids playing outside.

It was pointing directly at Yang.

“A ransom?” she hissed. “You want to make some half-arsed ransom video for Roman Torchwick? They’ll never agree to that! He’s a killer. I’m just some student. And my dad isn’t even rich!”

Neo shook her finger in a `no` motion and came closer, turning the camera on as she walked by it. Posing in front of Yang, she waved at the screen and then came back to Yang’s side. Her hand touched Yang’s face, brushing some of her hair aside so that the camera could get a proper look at her. Yang glared at the screen, defiant.

Suddenly, she was falling, aided by a little push from Neo. “Whoah!”

The chair and Yang slammed down. Her aura took the brunt of the damage, even as her head cracked down onto the floor. Dazed, she lay there, unsure what was going on as she was trapped on her back, legs up and still tied to the chair, eyes looking up toward the ceiling fan spinning lazily above. That view was quickly replaced with a smirking Neo, who stepped over her so that her heels touched down on either side of Yang’s stomach.

“W-What was the point of that?” Yang hissed through gritted teeth.

Raising her eyebrows up and down, Neo unbuckled her belt and drew it aside, tossing it away. She popped the top three buttons of her trousers and pushed them down.

“What are you-!” Yang’s words cut off with a strangled gasp.

The girl had a cock.

An absolutely huge cock.

Easily ten inches long and almost as thick as her hand, it was hairless and straight, with veins bulging up the side. The shock of it, not only on a girl but one so small, stunned Yang into silence. She could only stare on, uncomprehending, and with her mouth wide open.

That was all the invitation Neo required.

“Mpfh!” Yang choked, eyes bulging as four inches of Neo’s girth forced its way past her lips. She bit down hard, trying to make the girl pull it out. Her teeth scraped on the skin but didn’t pierce it. Aura, she realised, a moment before Neo slapped her thigh with enough force to make Yang yelp around the shaft.

Grinning cruelly down on her, Neo lowered herself down further, pushing another inch into Yang’s mouth and then another. Six inches and Yang was already gagging, her mouth full to the point that she could only just breathe around it. The tip was pushing up against the roof of her mouth, while her tongue was pinned down, forced to sample the girl’s bitter taste.

A hand came down to grip her head and pull it forward a little, Yang’s eyes watering as Neo forced yet more of herself inside, pushing past Yang’s mouth entirely and into her throat, touching the back of her neck. A coughing, hacking sound escaped her, spittle bubbling around the edge of her lips. Desperately, Yang tried to shake her head, to beg the woman no.
In answer, Neo shifted her and the chair around, moving them sideways on the floor and pointing to the side. Yang followed her finger, whimpering as she saw the camera still recording, the little red light above it flashing every few seconds.

Neo stood up a little, drawing the huge thing out of her throat. Yang coughed around it, spluttering for air and trying to pull her head back to little avail. She was stuck on her back, head already on the floor with nowhere else to retreat to.

“Please-” Yang begged, forming the words around the filthy thing since it was still teasing her lips. “Please do-mmpphhh!”

Squatting down again, Neo pushed her dick deep into Yang’s mouth and held it there, gripping her hair to keep her head still as Yang bucked and thrashed. The chair and the bindings kept her in place, helpless to do anything as Neo pushed down until her balls tickled Yang’s chin, then held the position as she slowly suffocated.

Only when she was about to pass out did Neo pull off her.

“Hahhh!” Yang gasped, struggling for air. “No more! No mo-rrmphh!”

More. So much more. This time, Neo moved quickly, thrusting in and out of her mouth and making sure Yang’s lips were sealed around her. The girl was biting her bottom lip, sticking it out and chewing down as she pumped in and out of Yang, using her like a toy. One hand remained atop her head, tangled in her hair, but the other trailed behind, squeezing and groping between Yang’s legs, up under her skirt.

Yang whined around the phallus, trying to breathe through her nose and not taste any more than she had to. Her attempts to keep her tongue back failed as her mouth was just so full that she couldn’t help but feel it press up against the bottom of Neo’s monstrous shaft. That pleased the monster on top of her, who made a silent crooning shape with her lips and began to thrust in harder and harder, moving in erratic thrusts and she squatted and stood, fucking Yang’s face with reckless abandon.

Her wet mouth and choking must have been pleasurable to Neo, because her face burned a bright pink. For Yang, it was nothing but a desperate battle to draw breath. Her eyes watered and her body shook, stomach convulsing as Neo pushed her cock all the way back and opened her mouth, gasping silently into the air.

Something hot and wet splashed onto her tongue.

Yang’s eyes grew wide as the cum rushed out of the woman’s cock, filling her mouth so much her cheeks bulged. It was bitter and slimy with the consistency of syrup and none of the taste. Yang gagged and tried to spit it out past Neo’s shaft, only to falter as the girl pushed down even harder, kneeling on either side of Yang’s face and thrusting down hard, pushing Yang’s nose directly into her belly and squashing her balls against Yang’s chin.

I – I can’t breathe…

It kept coming, filling her mouth in sharp bursts with so much semen that it pooled at the back of her throat and cut off her ability to breathe at all. Her eyes filled with tears and she tried to push past it, to hold on. Her lungs burned.

Neo pushed down harder, dragging her head up into her.

She wasn’t going to stop.
With a muffled sob, Yang swallowed. She swallowed and swallowed, forcing it down with great big
gulps that had the slimy gunk dragged down her throat. Even as more came, Neo cumming like a
hydrant, Yang continued to swallow. She had to, otherwise she’d drown on the stuff. Desperately
hoping it might get her off, Yang sucked as hard as she could, emptying her mouth and draining the
last few ounces from the diminutive girl.

Neo, for her part, rubbed her head and pushed her hips forward, enjoying the sensation and slowly
thrusting into Yang’s mouth, ignorant or just uncaring of how Yang’s legs were straining and how
she mumbled and screamed into Neo’s balls, trying to convey as best she could that she couldn’t
breathe. That she was suffocating.

That her vision was turning black…

The fist in her hair tightened, dragging her in harder, squashing Yang’s nose into Neo’s pubic mound
and pushing her cock firmly into Yang’s throat. At the last, horror dawned on her and Yang’s eyes
looked up, up past her tears and hazy eyelashes.

Neo was smiling down on her, watching with twisted amusement as Yang suffocated.

The world faded to black.

Yang gasped and hacked her away awake as water splashed over and ran down her face. It rushed
up her nose, making her snort and cough. The reason why became apparent when she opened her
eyes and found the world to be upside down. Or more precisely, she was upside down. In front of
her, Neo stood entirely naked with an empty plastic mop bucket in hand. Water was dripping down
Yang’s face and onto the floor.

Neo waved happily at her.

“How-Where-?” Yang coughed again, clearing her lungs of the last drops of water. As she was doing
so, Neo moved to the camera, leaning down to wave in the lens again, then aiming it at Yang and
making it look her up and down.

She was suspended from the ceiling by her feet. Somehow just tied up and hung from something, her
ankles tied together along with her knees, then her waist. Her arms were tied to her sides, with
several more bands of rope binding her in place at her elbow and shoulders. The only part of her she
could move was her head.

Her clothes were also gone. She was stark naked.

“Y-You bitch,” Yang wheezed. “I’ll k-kick your ass w-when I get out of this…”

It was an empty threat. Both she and Neo knew it. At her best, she hadn’t been able to beat Neo,
with the only reason she survived being someone saving her. That same someone apparently had no
interest in doing so now, evidenced by Neo putting the camera back down and walking towards her
unstopped, holding and stroking her monstrous cock with one hand.

“No,” Yang said, shaking her head. She swayed from the rope, swinging back and forth with her
hair falling in a golden curtain beneath her. “No! I don’t want it! Stop!”
Neo caught her by either side of her head and stopped her momentum. The way she was hung, her head was precisely at waist height for the small girl, perfectly positioned for Neo to push her dick forward.

Yang sealed her lips shut.

The head of Neo’s cock pushed against them, teasing and sliding over her lips as Yang struggled upside down, body wriggling helplessly. Neo could have worked her fingers into her mouth or held her nose until she gave up but didn’t. The resistance was part of the game for her. She pushed and pushed instead, eventually working the tip of her cock past Yang’s lips and against her teeth.

Still, she pushed. Harder and harder. While any normal person would have been in agony, Neo’s aura made her cock akin to a battering ram, a rod of hardened skin-like steel that wouldn’t bend or break. Instead, it was Yang who was breaking, teeth aching as she realised that Neo would push all the way through, breaking her jaw if she had to.

There was nothing she could do.

Yang opened her mouth.

Neo rammed in up to her stomach almost immediately. Upside down, this time Yang’s nose and eyes weren’t buried in her stomach but her balls, the sacks of skin brushing against her face and the smell of Neo’s cock filling her nostrils. Rather than thrust into her face, Neo used her head and pushed her back, swinging Yang like a pendulum hung from the ceiling. As she reached the end of her arch, not even clearing Neo’s cock, she came swinging back down, forced to deepthroat it as she crashed back down onto Neo’s balls.

Her eyes watered. Her throat contracted, choking.

That brought a shiver to Neo, whose dick twitching in her mouth for a moment, and who gripped onto her hair tighter, rolling her hips to make her head push up into Yang’s tongue, pinning it to the bottom – or currently the roof – of her mouth.

“Mrpl. Ak. Cfff…” Spittle dripped from Yang’s lips and trailed down – or up – her face, sliding past her nose and over her closed eyes.

Pushing her again, Neo granted her a brief second to catch her breath, a second spent swinging back until her momentum halted. Coming back in again, she held onto what oxygen she could, closing her eyes as the huge shaft spread her lips wide once more, punching into her mouth and grinding along her tongue and teeth.

It was apparently heaven to Neo, who shuddered and held Yang there, keeping her nose squashed into her balls as she thrust a few quick times and held. There was no cum. Neo continued to hold her there, forehead pressing against Yang’s bare stomach as she looked down, watching Yang’s throat convulse and flex, feeling every choke that wracked her body and made her stomach twitch.

Yang’s vision faded again. Her mouth was filled with spit. Again… Not again…

And then she was off, able to breathe again. Neo pushed her back, keeping her at arm’s length as she coughed and spat and gasped for breath all at the same time. Spitting out some saliva that tasted of the girl, Yang glared at her.

Neo smiled cheekily back and winked. Then dragged her back down again.

Closing her eyes, Yang tried not to pass out as Neo held her there again, first for ten seconds and
then twenty, periodically giving a few sharp thrusts and then holding still. As Yang’s feet twisted and kicked above, it became clear that Neo was choking her on purpose, depriving her of oxygen and driving her to the edge of unconsciousness. Yang moaned again, eyes rolling up as consciousness faded.

And Neo would push her back and hold her there, leaving her to hack, cough and hang there, hair wet with her own spit and eyes sealed shut, lips parted wide and bruised from the brutal fucking.

“P-Please,” Yang whispered, all defiance gone. “Please no more…”

Neo tilted her head to the side and tapped her pursed lips, considering.

Then, with a bright smile, she hauled Yang back onto her cock again. It was different this time. Rougher. Neo hammered into her, both swinging and dragging Yang back and also thrusting her hips back and forth, plunging her full length in and out of Yang’s mouth so hard she could feel her throat bruise and feel the saliva building up, unable to escape as every bit was forced back into her mouth and left to pool there, upside down on the roof of her mouth.

Plunging in and out, Neo pressed her face into Yang’s stomach, kissing around her bellybutton and chasing her skin every time a choke wracked her body and made her diaphragm contract. Neo laughed silently, pressing her face into that soft skin and pulling Yang back so hard she was swung forward instead of back, dragging her up until she was bent forward, caught under Neo’s balls and with her head trapped between the girl’s thighs.

With one final thrust, Neo held for a second, then came.

It was a rush like the first, one granted without sound as a mute Neo gasped silently into Yang’s stomach. The only noise was Yang’s frantic choking and desperate attempts to swallow – an act made all the harder by how she was trapped upside down. The first few mouthfuls went down easily enough – and thanks to her nose being in Neo’s balls, she could still breathe though it – but more and more came until there was no room and she couldn’t swallow fast enough.

White burst from her lips, spilling from the seal she reluctantly made around Neo’s cock.

Neo pulled out suddenly, letting a torrent of white spill from Yang’s mouth and onto the floor. Released, Yang swung back, carried by momentum alone and turning a lazy circle from the ceiling. More semen in her mouth rushed out, pooling over her lips and nose, some even dribbling past and into her nostrils and more over her eyes, clenched shut.

A spasm took her. Maybe it was being upside down, maybe it was the dizziness or just the rush of semen pumped into her. Whatever the case, it rushed back up, or down, her throat and spilled out in a wave of white. Not vomit exactly but spewed up and regurgitated seed that poured out her mouth and down over her own face to splash down on the floor.

Watching it all, Neo stood by the camera, picking it up off its tripod and zooming in on Yang, walking a slow circle around her as she hung there, face stained white and sobbing quietly. The tears washed away the semen over her eyes, allowing her to open them and look to Neo pleadingly.


A slow and luxurious smile spread over the girl’s tiny face.
This was the life, Neo decided.

Licking at her ice-cream with the TV in front of her and sat on her comfortable sofa, Neo leaned back and let out a happy little sigh. Scooping some more ice-cream from the tub, she put it down on the `plate` in front of her.

Yang’s legs on either side of her head twitched at the ice-cold treat that ran over her pussy, droplets running down her folds and lips and over her stomach. The scoop itself sat directly atop her sex, cold seeping down into her as Neo gave it, and Yang, a little lick.

The girl herself mumbled around Neo’s cock, sat as she was upside down, mouth down on Neo’s shaft and hands on the sofa, the rest of her sat upright in a sort of 69 position, except with Neo sat normally and Yang the wrong way up. Her head was down in Neo’s lap, her breasts pushing against Neo’s stomach and Yang’s legs over her shoulders, hanging over the back of the sofa with her pussy and ass directly in Neo’s face.

Neo gave the girl’s ass another sharp slap, causing the skin to ripple and jiggle, and the ice-cream resting on her pussy to jump a little and run down over her crack, making Yang shiver and moan at the sudden drop in temperature.

With a roll of her eyes, Neo licked again. Ice-cream was divine at the best of times, but there was something about eating it off once-defiant, now-broken, opponent that made it all the better. Or maybe it was having her cock sucked at the same time. That was a nice addition.

It was a shame Yang wasn’t sat with her eyes on the TV, since if she had been, she would have been able to see that it was playing the video of Yang being face-fucked in various positions. She could probably hear it, especially her own voice. The footage was gold. Neo pondered releasing it later to the public. She was a criminal anyway, so what would one more crime matter? It would be hilarious to see the girl’s reaction.

Her cock pulsed at the thought, filling Yang’s mouth and throat even more and making her choke a little. Every gag had the blonde’s throat contracting and tightening, lips sealing shut and tongue flicking against Neo’s shaft. It was a love she’d never realised she had before today and Neo shuddered at the sensation, holding Yang’s head down until she started to choke again, convulsing in Neo’s lap and driving her to new heights of ecstasy.

At the last possible moment, she let go. It wouldn’t do for the girl to pass out again, not when she was finally co-operating and lavishing Neo with the attention she so rightfully deserved. After a moment to cough and draw her breath, Yang went back to work, sucking and licking and running her lips up and down Neo’s long shaft.

Yes, this was the life. It was almost a shame that all good things had to come to an end.

Neo’s end came as the Yang on the screen started to suffocate, face turning blue and eyes bulging out as her mouth was filled with cum. The fear in the girl’s eyes stoked a fire in Neo and she held down to Yang now as well, pumping up into her and cumming hard, filling her with so much cum that the girl couldn’t contain it all and some burst from her nostrils, staining Neo’s balls. The choking and coughing continued, along with wet gagging and gurgling sounds as semen poured out her nose and mouth and, Neo liked to imagine, filled her stomach to the point it might expand.

Gasping at the same time, Neo smiled and dove into Yang’s pussy, licking up the last traces of ice-cream as the girl’s legs kicked frantically and she struggled to breathe. Feeling her panic straight
through her quivering cunt, Neo held on and on, luxuriating in the way Yang’s struggles slowed, her legs weakened and how her body twitched in Neo’s lap, right on the verge of passing out.

Not this time, sadly. Neo pulled out at the last second and rolled Yang to the side, letting her fall on the couch with a wet gurgle and a stream of semen. Yang coughed and clung to her stomach, expelling the seed from her lungs.

As she did, Neo squatted and shot her last load over the girl’s face and hair, marking her in a way none could misunderstand. Finally knowing her place, Yang lay there, face half-submerged in a puddle of cum and with the same sticky essence covering her hair and shoulders.

It was a good look, Neo decided. Much better than the arrogant brat daring to fight her on the train. Would have been good to keep her, maybe install her in the kitchen so Neo could fuck her mouth at her leisure. But alas, there were plans in place and it wouldn’t work.

Neo tossed the girl’s clothes at her instead.

Yang looked down on them. “W-What?”

Pointing to the side, toward a door, Neo made a motion as if to turn something before her and then pointed up, making little dropping hand motions. She repeated it three times until Yang figured out what she meant.

“A shower?”

Neo nodded.

“Y-You’re letting me have a shower?”

Another nod. The girl really was slow. Then again, she was blonde.

Neo pointed again, waving her cock in silent threat. Bundling her clothes up and gripping them to her chest, Yang Xiao Long fled for the shower.

Yang stepped out of the shower nervously, clothed once more and with her hair still damp. All evidence of what she’d been through was washed away, though there were still signs if one looked closely enough. Nervous movements and a pale face, stiff muscles, a tension that had the normally unflappable girl jumping at shadows.

Neo was in the main room of the apartment waiting for her. She was clothed, which gave Yang some small hope. The little girl, so small and petite, waved for her to come forward. Yang did so anxiously, frightened of angering her any further.


Neo tapped a finger to her lips in apparent thought. The wait was torture and the girl knew it, drawing out the moment with sparkling eyes and a cheeky smile. One that told Yang in no uncertain terms that her freedom depended solely on this girl’s whims alone. Eventually, she nodded, with a roll of the eyes and a negligent wave of one hand.
It wasn’t so much a ‘yes’ as a ‘for now’.

Yang trembled. “Y-You’ll leave me alone. I’ll never see you again?”

Neo shook her head.

“You…” Yang clenched her hands into fists. “I’ll not let this happen again! Never!”

An eyebrow was raised, asking if she could stop it happening again.

Yang wasn’t sure she could. Her knees were shaking.

With a saucy smirk, Neo strode forward, heels clicking on the floor, and crooked a finger toward Yang’s face, calling her forward. Too afraid to say no, Yang leaned down, letting Neo reach up and claim her chin with one hand, then drag her in for a scorching kiss. The girl’s tongue pushed past her lips, claimed her, dominated her.

At any moment, Yang could have pulled away and yet she didn’t.

That, too, was a message. A message that Neo was the one in control and that the leash she held was one born of fear and power. Breaking the kiss, Neo licked her way down Yang’s cheek to her neck, then bit down hard.

“Ah!” Yang yelped and drew back, hand clapping to her neck. There was a mark there. She could feel it. Neo had left her with a love bite that no one was going to miss. It would also explain Yang’s absence from her team, though not in a way she liked. “You don’t own me,” Yang whispered. “You don’t get to make those kinds of decisions! And I’m not coming back here. Never!”

The answer for her defiance was another giggle and a look that said Neo didn’t believe her at all and wouldn’t have cared if she did. That she would bring Yang back the second she wanted her and begin the humiliation all over again.

Neo tossed Yang her scroll. On it, there was a new contact. And a message from it.

‘Next time it won’t just be your mouth. I’ll be all the way inside you. XxX’

Yang looked back, shaking badly. “There won’t be a next time!”

In answer, Neo only smiled and waved the card before her, the card provided to Yang by Mr Blue and the Blue Dream Corporation. Its message was clear and followed Yang even as she fled from the apartment, clutching her scroll to her chest. There would be a next time. As many times as Neo wanted.

Her scroll beeped again, with another message.

‘And here’s a little something to remember me by’

There was a link on the message. Yang clicked it with one thumb and was immediately taken to one of the most well-known porn sites on Remnant. On it, a video with over two hundred thousand views was titled ‘Dumb Blonde pays for her mistake’.

Yang screamed.
The Blue Dream Summer Camp stands as the quintessential experience for shaping the
desires and education of the next generation, sporting a variety of groundbreaking
courses and educational methods guaranteed to turn your son or daughter into exactly
what you want them to be.

This chapter was commissioned and is - in the commissioner's own words -
exceptionally dark. I'm not sure if it's a competition or not, but while it's certainly not the
most violent of my works, and in fact includes no violence at all, it's still dark. Expect
dehumanisation, free use and some pretty terrible parenting from a whole lot of people,
in some cases towards underage people, 15 - 17, no younger than you see in any
RWBY fic, but still... fair warning. For any interested, 15 is also my lower limit on ages
in my works, and was only chosen because Ruby in canon is fifteen.

I'm putting this here so that people can be aware, and won't need to pull the "omg, this is
horrible of you" card at the end. If you read it, you did so knowing what you were
getting into. You chose to read it.

Rather unsurprisingly, the commissioner wished to remain anonymous.

Taiyang stepped off the landed bullhead and onto the grass, holding a hand over his head as his
blond hair whipped around. He took a moment to orient himself, looking over the wooden lodges
and tents that were arrayed around the camp. Some were larger than others and all were marked with
a different colour and nameplate above the doors. Behind that all, chain-link fences surrounded the
facility, preventing any Grimm from getting inside.

Before he could look much longer, a tall woman approached him, blonde of hair and with a bun tied
up with several wisps falling down one side, the woman wore glasses and a white blouse over a tight
black skirt that hugged her hips and reached to mid-thigh. Her legs were clad in black tights.

“Mr Xiao Long,” she greeted, extending a hand and speaking loudly to be heard over the sound of
the bullhead’s engine slowly dying behind him. As it did, she spoke in a more normal voice. “Good
to see you made it okay. We had the pleasure of speaking before.”

“You’re Glynda?” He smiled and took her hand, shaking it. “Please call me Taiyang, or Tai. I’m not
very good at the whole mister and misses thing. You don’t mind if I call you Glynda?”

“Not at all. The children, though. Well, they have to call me Miss Goodwitch. Discipline, as I’m sure you understand.”

“Oh, of course. I’m a teacher in my job.”

“Is that so? Myself as well.” She adjusted her glasses. “This is just my summer work. More of a passion, really. I teach at Beacon. You?”

“Signal.” He laughed. “Small world, huh?”

“Yes.” Glynda laughed as well. “We’ll have to compare notes sometime, but later,” she said. “You didn’t come here to talk about work. Welcome to the Blue Dream Summer Camp. I’m the Camp Director. You’ve come for the full tour, I understand.”

“That’s right. Summer just started and, well, it’s awkward.” He scratched his head. “I have two daughters, but my wife passed away several years ago.”

“I’m sorry for your loss.”

“Thank you. Summer was – well, she was great. I’ve tried to look after them since, and they’ve grown up to be great girls. But Signal is out over summer and I need to go out on hunts to cover the bills. I don’t feel safe leaving the girls at home, not in a cabin in the middle of the woods. It would be okay if they were at school, but having all day off?”

“I understand, Mr – Taiyang,” she corrected with a brief smile. “I understand more than you can imagine, being a teacher and a huntress myself. I’m sure if your wife was still here, you could run shifts looking after them, but raising two children alone? You’ve obviously done a wonderful job as it is. Not to worry. Summer camps have always been a fun and educational way for children to burn off energy.”

“So I heard. A friend told me about this one. I’m just worried,” he admitted. “It feels like I’m getting rid of them, like they’re a burden.”

“Common concerns from parents; it can be hard to let out children go. Summer camp is hardly forever, though. It’s just a way to keep them busy and safe over the free period. We run a very tight ship here. The safety and security of our guests is paramount.” Glynda held out a hand, indicating the chain link fence and towers. “All our staff are at the minimum huntsmen-graduates, capable of dealing with any Grimm. What’s more, our curriculum is one of the most diverse on Remnant.”

“That’s something I’m interested in actually.” He laughed nervously. “If it’s not a little weird of me to say that. It feels weird.”

“Nonsense.” Glynda led him toward one of the main buildings, wooden and painted red with flowers in cases on the outside and several motivational sayings written on it. “Education is important, as you and I both know. It’s not just in teaching children what they should know, but how they should act. There’s nothing worse than seeing a home-schooled child who knows everything but has no idea how to interact socially with their peers. In order to be upstanding members of society, our children need a good grounding in more than just book smarts.”

“That’s something my youngest could definitely use. Ruby is a little shy around people.”

“We can help her with that. It would be difficult to avoid meeting new people here.” Glynda opened the door and stepped inside with him after. The interior of the building led to a long corridor with
rooms on either side. “Our guests sleep in rooms for two,” she said, moving down the hall. “It’s the responsibility of the girls to maintain and clean their own rooms and we do have spot checks every now and then to make sure.”

“Would Ruby and Yang be sleeping together?”

“If you would like them to.”

“What would you suggest?”

“I believe it would be best to wait until they arrive,” Glynda said. “If your youngest is as shy as you say then it may be better to have her bunk with someone else, to help her break out of her shell. It can be easier for a socially awkward child to deal with one new person at a time rather than ten or twenty at once.”

“Hm. Okay. Facing her fears?”

“In a manner of speaking. We practice behavioural therapy here. It’s a core part of our tenets. Are you familiar with it?”

“Something about dogs, right?”

“In a sense.” Glynda seemed troubled by the definition. “That’s the most famous example but it goes further. When you’re raising your child and you praise good behaviour, such as them saying ‘please’ and ‘thank you’, you are conditioning them to do that more often. That’s behavioural therapy. It’s the same for punishment as well, either given by you or anything else. If a child touches a hot stove and burns their hand, they are not only taught not to touch stoves, but when they come to you for help and you lavish them with love and care, they are taught that if they are hurt again, they should come to you. Both valuable lessons.”

“It’s stick and carrot, then?”

“Yes. We prefer the carrot here, of course. Punishments are more often than not loss of liberty or amenities they may otherwise want.” At his confused expression, she said, “Dessert, TV time or video games.”

“Ahh. Grounding.”

“Essentially.” Glynda stopped them before a room with a nameplate on it. “We try to act like a family at all times to our guests. We find that makes it easier for them and us. Of course, our focus will always be education and we have a wide range of courses designated to your specific needs. I take it you’ve seen the flier we provided?”

Taiyang licked his lips. “I may have browsed it.”

“Then you know of our various courses? Have you selected specific ones for your daughters?”

“Actually, that’s kind of what I wanted to come here for,” he admitted. “I’ve pretty much decided to let them come – I mean, I don’t have a choice with bills stacking up – but I wanted to see a little about the courses and get a feel for them. And how an average day might be for the girls here.”

“Say no more, Taiyang.” Glynda smiled. “Come, it’s almost time for the morning bell.”
“The bell rings at 8:00am and all children are expected to be up by 8:30. Hygiene is important and the start of our day here, as you can see.” Glynda indicated the students filing out from the lodges. They were, all of them, naked. Young women and boys of various shapes, sizes and colours filed out and toward an area of the camp set aside with outdoor showers.

There were no cubicles or partitions to divide them.

“This place is co-ed, then?” he asked, eyes fixed on a few beautiful girls who walked by without a care in the world, some saying polite greetings to Glynda as they did.

“Oh, yes. We think it’s foolish to separate the sexes. That only leads to confusion and silly ideologies later down the line. Letting boys and girls better understand one another is a way to teach them that they are not as different as they might think. It also promotes equality between the sexes.”

Taiyang watched as the kids filed into and under the showers, washing water over themselves and between their legs, carefully cleaning while chatting with one another. A lot of the boys were sporting raging erections. Taiyang couldn’t blame them, having one himself.

When Glynda walked toward the showers, he followed. They walked into and through the mist, bodies within touching distance as people jostled and pushed at one another, some laughing and poking fun as they cleaned under their arms and across their breasts using soap and loofahs.

“Shower time is twice a day,” Glynda said, “Mostly because of how hot and sweaty it can be out here. No expense is spared on supplies and everyone is well-stocked with skincare treatments.”

“Some of them look a little nervous,” Taiyang said, spotting a boy and girl who were huddled together and squatting down, hands between their legs and the girl with one arm over her breasts, hiding them from view. They looked positively humiliated and obviously didn’t know where to look or what to do.

“New guests,” Glynda explained, moving over with a sigh. “It almost always happens at first. People are used to the privacy they have at home and don’t realise that concessions must be made.” Raising her voice, she addressed the two. “Mr and Miss Arc, is it?”

“M-M-Miss Goodwitch,” the boy stammered.

“What appears to be the problem, young man?”

“Everyone’s naked!”

“They’re very new here,” Glynda explained to him with a little sigh. She knelt and hooked her arms under the boy’s pulling him up into a standing position. He went bright red as his dick sprung up, exposed to everyone. “Really, Jaune,” Glynda said, reaching down his front to take it. “You need to be less nervous around people. There’s nothing wrong with this. Do you see anyone else acting like this isn’t normal?”

“A-Ahh. Ah!” The boy jerked, lost in the sensation of her hand on him. He couldn’t have been a day over sixteen and this was probably the first time a woman had touched him. Letting him rest against her, Glynda used her other hand to squeeze out some soap and lather it over his chest, cleaning him herself with her blouse pushed against his wet back. Over his shoulder, she looked to him. “I do hate to be a bother, but could you help wash Jaune’s sister?”

He couldn’t agree fast enough. Moving over quickly, he knelt and placed his hands on the girl’s
shoulders. She looked up at him, pretty green eyes set beneath wet hair the colour of spun gold. She was a little older than her brother, maybe even eighteen or nineteen, but still shy and oh, so nubile. “What’s your name?” he asked.

“S-S-Saphron, sir.”

Her voice was so small and she looked so like Yang that his heart melted.

His erection did not.

“Come on, Saphron,” he said, tugging her up with a laugh. Her knees locked together, and her arms tightened around herself, covering her small, pert breasts from view. While he waned nothing more than to pull those away, he focused instead on taking some soap and lathering it onto her shoulders, as he used to his wife’s.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, the girl relaxed under his attention and the warm water. He turned her around and tugged her back into his chest, washing her shoulder and side until her arm slowly fell, at which point he licked his lips and stared at her titties. He wasn’t sure if she’d noticed or not, but he brought a hand up to brush against her nipple.

Saphron jumped and tried to cover herself, but he cupped his hand over her right breast and held on, washing and groping her at the same time while she tried to pull his hand away. A light blush dusted her cheeks and she looked up to him uncertainly.

“Don’t worry,” he said, breathing softly into her ear. “It’s just a bit of showering.”

“Quite right, Miss Arc.” Glynda was squatting before the girl’s brother and using both hands to thoroughly clean the boy’s cock and balls, rubbing one underneath his crotch while the other held his pecker up and her thumb stroked it, rubbing soap in.

The boy, Jaune, was leaning bodily against the shower wall, hands brought up to his mouth with him biting down on one, entire body trembling as pleasure raced through him.

“Hygiene is important, children,” Glynda said. “Taiyang, be sure to clean between her legs as well.”

Taiyang already had a hand snaking down Saphron’s stomach and to his surprise she allowed it, parting her legs slightly and gasping as he cupped her mound. Her back pushed against his chest as she leaned into him. Be it from the fact no one was telling her otherwise, or because other kids were doing the same, Saphron seemed to have decided this was okay.

He wasn’t going to complain. He dipped a finger into her slit on the pretence of cleaning her there and she trembled, breathing hot air onto the arm wrapped around her breasts, keeping her against him. Taiyang began to finger her harder, his cock pushing so hard against his pants he was sure she could feel it against her tight bottom.

“I think that will do for now,” Glynda said, dusting her hand off and standing. The boy looked positively agonised, as did Taiyang. “Mr Arc, Miss Arc, I trust you’ll be able to clean yourselves from here on out? Why don’t you help one another?”

That was just enticing enough of an idea that Taiyang didn’t feel too bad letting the girl go. She stumbled forward and Glynda motion for her to step in front of her brother. Where before she had cowered and covered herself, she now only looked a little nervous.

If no one else was nervous about her being naked, why should she be?
“Use your hand to clean him here,” Glynda said, taking the girl’s and guiding it to the boy’s penis. Wrap it around the shaft. Gently, mind. It’s very sensitive. That’s it. How does that feel, Jaune? Nice?”

“Y-Yeah.” The boy’s voice came out hoarse. “It feels good.”

“Does it?” Saphron asked, looking up curiously.

“Yeah. God, Saphron, it feels so good. C-Can you rub it?”

“Hm.” The girl began to stroke him. “Like this?”

Jaune’s hips began to buck, thrusting into his sister’s hand. Glynda then took his and brought it to Saphron’s kitty, teaching him how to rub her. Soon, the two were leaning against one another and shaking badly, rubbing each other off with their foreheads touching and heated pants mingling in the air between them.

Now that he paid attention, others weren’t much better. Rather than wash themselves alone, some were grouped in twos or threes and washing each other – with several members of the camp staff joining in. One woman, easily twenty-five, had a younger girl perched against a wall, one leg over her shoulder while she `cleaned` the girl’s kitty with her tongue. Another camper was nearby, leaning forward with her hands on the tiled wall as another girl a year older poked a finger in and out of her bum hole.

He could have stayed there forever but Glynda pulled him along. “Come on. Breakfast comes next and we need to help prepare for that.”

“We have strict dietary requirements for all our guests here,” Glynda said. “Nutrition is a key part of any diet and we use only the freshest and most organic ingredients. Our diet plan can be rather strict and not all campers like that, but it really is for the best.”

It certainly looked healthy enough. There was egg and toast for breakfast, but also fruit, porridge and cereal.

Taiyang watched as a girl came next in line and collected a bowl, then used a machine to ration out a generous portion of dry cereal. She moved on to the next stage and added an apple and a banana to her plate, and also helped herself to some diced strawberries for her cereal. Ruby would like that. She loved strawberries.

Finally, the girl came to the last spot in the queue and waited there as a dinner lady unbuttoned her top and produced a rather large and swollen breast. Squeezing it, the woman let out a happy sigh as she shot a stream of breastmilk down into the bowl, slowly filling it. The girl, now wearing a tight sailor top and a short white skirt waited patiently.

“Thank you,” she said once it was done, taking her tray and moving on. Taiyang saw her short skirt ride up, revealing that she wore no underwear beneath.

None of the girls did. Their bare little behinds were all too visible when they sat down.

The next girl came up, a rather petite thing with straight black hair who might have been seventeen
or eighteen. She had porridge and tried to hurry on, skipping the last step. Glynda strode forward with a sigh, catching her by the shoulder. The girl jumped.

“Miltia Malachite,” she said. “I’ve told you about this before.”

The girl grumbled and looked away.

“And what’s this?” Glynda asked, touching the girl’s skirt and dragging it up. Racy black lingerie was beneath. “You know our policy, young woman. Take those off.”

“At least give me another pair!”

“Don’t talk back to me, young lady.”

Looking away, the girl put the tray down and crouching, pushing her panties down and then stepping out of them. She used one hand to hold her skirt down as best she could, but it was far too short and her tight little behind could easily be seen.

“Let this be the last time I warn you, or we’ll have to talk about punishment. Now, bring your tray to Mr Taiyang here.” Turning to him, she said. “A diet needs a solid source of protein. I hate to be a bother, but would you care to offer some?”

He had a feeling he knew what she meant, and he dropped his pants quickly, excitement building when rather than shout out or berate him, Glynda smiled and held the bowl in front of him, letting it hand before and in front of his hard shaft. Taking it in one hand – and still so aroused from the showers – Taiyang gripped it and began to jerk himself off.

It didn’t take him long to cum. One large splatter fell into the porridge, followed by two more smaller spurts and finally a long and oozing drop that fell from the tip of his cock, foreskin pushed forward as he grunted.

“That’s better,” Glynda said, using her finger to stir it a little. Despite her efforts, it was easy to see the thick and gooey essence floating in the porridge. Taking a spoon, Glynda picked up a healthy dose of oats and cum and held it out to the young girl. “Now then, Miss Miltia, open wide.”

“I - I can eat it on my own!”

“And throw it away when I’m not looking? I was not born yesterday, dear. Open your mouth or I will have it opened for you.”

Clearly not an empty threat, the girl did as told, closing her eyes and looking nauseous. The spoon was pushed inside and then upended on her tongue and her lips closed around it. When Glynda drew the spoon out, it was clean and empty.

The girl turned to leave, cheeks bulging.

Glynda stopped her. “Swallow.”

“Mng!”

“Swallow, Miss Miltia.”

Only when her throat bobbed and she opened her mouth, showing her clear tongue, did Glynda let the girl go. Miltia Malachite walked away miserably, head down. Taiyang picked up his own pants and buckled them, pushing his soft penis back into his boxers.
“There are always some stubborn children who act out,” Glynda said, acting like what had just happened wasn’t unusual in the slightest. “I’m sure your girls will be just as difficult at first. It’s hard to adapt to a new diet.”

Imagining Yang or Ruby like that brought a smile to his face. “Yeah. D-Do they get used to it?”

“Oh, but of course.” Glynda pointed to a table further down. On it, several boys had their legs spread and some of the other girls were knelt between them, breakfast ignored as they sucked and guzzled on the boy’s little penises. “After a while, some of them get so into it that they drink it straight from the source. That’s something you might want to be aware of. Of course, I’m sure you can provide for them once they come home.”

“Yes.” Taiyang’s cock twitched again, imagining the looks on his little girls’ faces. “I’m sure I can.”

“After breakfast, it’s time for lessons,” Glynda said. “Those differ based on what it is you want them to learn – the courses I spoke of earlier. If you’ll follow me, I’ll show you some of our more popular options. We really do have quite the varied curriculum.”

“Fellatio lessons come as standard,” Glynda said, showing him a class where a woman in front was teaching several girls – and a few boys – how to go down on someone. Each of them had a plastic dildo strapped to their desk, while the teacher was crouched before an actual man. Smiling, she gestured a young boy to come up and demonstrate on the live model, something the boy was happy to do. “Most of the students here are girls, but we do have clients who want the ‘sissy course’ for their boys. That wouldn’t apply to yourself of course.”

“They all seem rather relaxed about it.”

“Of course. It’s the same with breakfast and the showers. Children only learn that certain things are wrong or taboo because they are taught to see it as unusual. By teaching them that aspects like this are normal, we help break down those barriers. After all, is not intercourse a normal part of human reproduction?”

“I guess it is.” Taiyang had to tear his gaze away as he followed Glynda. "Most people don't like talking about it around their kids, though."

"A foolish sentiment. If people were more open, we'd have less under age pregnancies and children experimenting. It's precisely because our children don't feel comfortable coming to parents with questions that these accidents occur. By being open, we teach them that whatever the question, whatever their feelings on it, there's no embarrassment in being open with your parents. After all, if you can help them then wouldn't you want your girls to come to you for advice rather than risking everything on their own?"

"I would," he said, finding the logic more than sound. Glynda was right; by treating everything so taboo, they were only alienating and demonising the issue. “What other courses are there for girls?”

“Oh, there are plenty. Obedience comes as standard among all courses – boys and girls. Except for dominance courses, that is. There are those who specifically want their children to be uncontrollable or violent.”

“Not me,” he said. “I’d prefer them to be good girls.”
“Docile?” she asked.

“Huh? What's the difference?”

“I’m asking if you would prefer them obedient or docile,” she explained. “Obedient means we will teach them to respect and follow your instructions in all things, as good girls should. Docile takes it further, teaching them that they are to accept almost anything. Come, I believe we have a student in our ‘Humble Course’ right now.”

“Humble…?”

“For particularly proud or problematic campers. It’s not a very common course, but it’s an elective. Something you can take while also focusing on something else.” Glynda came to a door and unlocked it. “Ah, here we go.”

Inside, a short girl was on her knees, surrounded by three grown men. The girl had fair skin and her hair was pure white, falling to the side loose and matted with dried semen. The girl had pale blue eyes and a defiant expression.

“Ma’am,” the three men said, nodding Glynda’s way.

“As you were, gentlemen. I’m showing a customer around.”

Happy to continue, the men began to push and rub themselves over the girl, rubbing their shafts over her head or pulling her nose into their balls. When she pulled back, one gave her a stinging slap. Not enough to hurt, but enough to shock and make her jump. He then continued, this time playing with her small titties.

“This is Miss Weiss Schnee. Her father requested a full humbling and breaking course. Quite the defiant daughter I understand, and Mr Schnee needs an heiress who will follow instructions and not embarrass his family.”

“Breaking-?”

“Breaking of will, not the mind. As I understand it, she wants to be a huntress but that runs counter to her father’s wishes,” Glynda seemed unconcerned, watching as one of the men pushed himself into Weiss’ mouth and dragged her face down his cock. The girl twitched but held still, despite how hard it must have been to take it. “When she first arrived, she was screaming and fighting back at every opportunity. She’s much more docile now, learning her place and not causing any problems. There’s still a way to go, though. Mr Schnee wants her to the point where she would not even dream of arguing with something he says.” Glynda leaned in to whisper, “I believe he wants to marry her off to a business partner twice her age. It’s going to be rather public, so she needs to be submissive enough to accept that.”

The poor girl didn’t hear or was too busy trying not to choke as her eyes watered. One of the men brought her up onto all fours and knelt behind her, pushing himself slowly into her pussy. The girl took him easily, never once complaining. The two men spit-roasted her in front of him.

“Is this behavioural therapy?”

“This is conditioning. It’s a part of it. By repeating an action, we condition her to react in a particular way. In this case, Miss Schnee learns not to fight back and to accept anything and everything done to her.”

Taiyang imagined Ruby in that spot, or Yang. His pants tightened.
“Unlike other girls, Miss Schnee doesn’t get a room of her own. Instead, she sleeps in the common rooms, and everyone is told that they may use her as they wish. It’s not unusual to find her nice and covered in cum in the mornings.”

“Hm. Sounds nice.”

“Oh, it is. Camp staff have access to all the rooms, of course. Part of learning obedience is in knowing that you need to be ready with open mouth or legs at any time of day, with or without warning.”

Imagining his daughters getting a rude awakening in the middle of the night had Taiyang licking his lips. He wondered if they’d be asleep when it began, if they’d wake up to find someone on top of them pumping away, and how many times it would take for that to become so normal that they would just lay there and take it. More than that, he wondered whether he could do the same once they got home. Probably. They’d think it perfectly normal by that point, wouldn't they? Watching the girl being used before him, he found that he couldn't wait for that moment, to have Yang on her knees under the table sucking on his cock while Ruby knelt atop it, holding her small chest to his lips. Taiyang came out of his daydreams in time to hear Glynda continue.

"Miss Schnee just has that taken further, to teach her that she is an object that exists for the pleasure of others.” Glynda looked up from her clipboard. “If you like, we can have the same done with yours.”

“M-Maybe this is something I’ll consider,” he said. “But for now let’s just say normal obedience.” He licked his lips. “But don’t be afraid to use this as punishment if they act out, especially Yang, my eldest. She can be quite a handful.”

“I’ll mark it down.” Glynda did just that on a clipboard. “Typical obedience training focuses more on positive reinforcement and rewarding the girls for good behaviour.”

Glynda brought him to another room to show him an example. In it, the boy from earlier, Jaune, was being taught to lick a woman’s pussy. His sister’s.

Saphron was leaning against a table with her hand in her mouth and legs spread wide open. Far from the embarrassed reluctance she'd shown before, the older girl had one fist pressed into her mouth and was biting down on a knuckle, twitching and moaning as her little brother ate her out. He must have been doing a good job of it too, because she was covered in sweat, half held up by a naked woman stood behind her. Another was on her knees behind Jaune, face close to his as she held a hand on his back, not pushing but offering silent support as Jaune worked his tongue inside his sister.

“That’s it, Jaune,” the woman encouraged. “You’re doing such a good job. Isn’t he, Saphron? You should always be vocal with your thoughts. If someone is pleasing you, be sure to let them know - the last thing you want is for them to think they’re not and stop.”

“I-It feels good,” Saphron whispered around her knuckle. "J - Jaune. It feels so good."  

“Well done, Jaune!” the woman swooped down to hug the blushing boy, who true to Glynda’s words had a rather confused but proud smile on his face. If nothing else, he enjoyed how the woman reached down to fondle him. “I think such good students deserve a reward. Don’t you?”

Taiyang and Glynda moved on, walking by other rooms where people were being taught in a similar fashion. All very hands-on and varying in degrees of reluctance or obedience.

“What are they here for?” Taiyang whispered.
“Mr Arc is here for the `lady-killer course` with a side-elective in incest. He’s nervous now, understandably, but by the end of his time here he should be confident and experienced enough to please any woman. As for Miss Arc, I believe she is in for `submission training`.” Glynda checked her notes. “Oh, and she has an elective in lesbianism and incest.”

“Wow.” Taiyang watched the two be encouraged to make out but was ultimately dragged away by Glynda.

“As people stay here longer, they begin to see such actions as perfectly normal. More, they want to engage in them. That’s important,” she said. “You don’t want Yang or Ruby faking it for the sake of summer camp and then slowly losing those habits when they return.”

“Oh, absolutely not,” he agreed. "And I want them to enjoy their time here."

“In that way, education continues at home as much as it does here. Be sure to give them plenty of opportunities to practice. And be sure to reward them when they do. Smiles and kind words will win more hearts and minds than the back of a hand.”

“I’m glad to hear you say that, actually. I love them, but I worry, you know?”

“Oh, I understand. It’s hard to leave your children to strangers.” She patted his arm, the two of them watching as a smiling girl was taken in all three holes at once by two men and a girl wearing a strap-on. The girl on the table was grunting and choking but held on well, fucked in her mouth, ass and pussy at the same time. “I’d like to assure you that we take great care in the children left in our care.” Glynda ran a hand over the girl’s stomach as she was gangbanged. “All our camp staff are regularly tested, our security is second to none and we take real care with the girls.”

“Ungh.” The man in the girl’s cunt came hard, thrusting into her.

“Also, the girls are kept on birth control,” she said. “Unless you request otherwise. I should warn you that if you do want them off it, they’ll almost certainly return expecting.”

“I don’t think I want that. And I’m glad to see you care so much about the kids.” Taiyang watched as the other man drew out, ejaculating all over the girl while her friend, using a strap on, continued to fuck her mouth.

“Any other courses I should know about?”

“Oh, certainly. Let me show you some of our more niche choices.”

Taiyang was brought to a rather unusual chain linked area that was shorter than the main walls and had a ceiling to it, also made of the same links. It was about four feet tall at best and there was a wooden house that was somewhat squatter than the others attached onto it, with an open door leading in and out, along with a ramp.

Inside, a large grassy area was mostly empty.

“It’s feeding time at the moment,” Glynda said, leading him around the chained off part and up to a side door leading into the building. The interior surprised him, seeing as it was a mostly wooden building with glass-fronted stalls leading into small enclosures. In each, either one, two or sometimes
even three young boys or girls would be sat.

Usually on all fours.

One of them, a girl around sixteen or seventeen, leapt up towards the glass, placing her hands on it and making an excited barking sound.

“Not now, Coco,” Glynda said, walking by.

“Woof!” Coco replied. “Woof!”

“My God…”

“This is our kennel complex,” Glynda said, gesturing to all the little kennels. “Our `animal` course is much rarer among our clients, but perfect for families who already have too many children, or who have always wanted a pet. Our clients can specify the animal – within reason. We mostly see success with dogs, cats and rabbits. We teach them to not only act like animals, but to think like them too.”

Evidencing the fact, Glynda reached into Coco’s kennel and held her fingers out. The girl hopped up excitedly on her hands and knees and started to lick at the woman’s fingers. Glynda’s other hand came in to rub her hair and the girl looked positively blissful.

In a kennel opposite, a black-haired girl with feline ears stretched and purred, making a mewling sound. Taiyang was surprised by how piercing her eyes were.

“Ah. Blake.” Glynda walked over. “Quite the troublemaker at first. You wouldn’t believe the escape attempts. It took three months to break her in and look at her now.” Glynda pushed a hand in and Blake walked up to it, making a purring sound and rubbing against her. “Her parents had a rather esoteric set of demands, all fulfilled now. She’s almost ready to go home.”


“Well, obedience, adoration, pacifism. The girl was going to join the White Fang, you see.”

“Yikes.”

“I know. Her parents felt immediate action was necessary. Beyond that, they also wanted her broken of something of a phobia of hers. Dogs.”

“A cat faunus afraid of dogs? That seems…”

“Fitting?”

“I was going to say racist.”

“Perhaps, but it was true. She would snarl and swipe at them, embarrassing her parents so much. Naturally, most dogs just saw her as another person and were awfully confused by her aggressive behaviour. We slowly introduced her to canines until she became so much more relaxed around them. Would you like to see?”

Taiyang had a feeling what she meant and licked his lips. “If I can?”

“Sure.” Glynda removed her hand and pressed a few buttons on a pad by Blake’s kennel.

A hole at the back opened and there was a scuffling sound before a dog broke in, a shaggy black lab with a glossy coat and bright eyes. It looked around hungrily and found Blake, the young girl on her
hands and knees, naked. Instantly, it had its snout in her behind and began to lap at her.

To Taiyang’s delight, Blake purred and pushed her bum back, lowering her head and shoulders down submissively.

“The transformation is incredible,” Glynda said. “Truly marvellous. This would never have happened before.”

In the kennel, the dog grew impatient and mounted the girl, pushing its paws over her shoulders and laying down over her back. It was big enough that it all but eclipsed her. Rather than be upset, the girl adjusted her hips and spread her legs a little wider, holding perfectly still with a lazy smile as the dog worked its red dick into position, scraping over her bum and stomach a few times before finding the right spot and stabbing it into her.

“Nyah!” the girl cried, head rising, lips drawn into a happy smile.

The dog went at her like a jackhammer. Sloppy sounds echoed around the kennel, mixed with her feline cries.

“Nyah! Ah! Mwah! Ah!”

The sound set off the other ‘animals’, many of whom woke up from naps and excitedly rushed to their kennel fronts, ‘pawing’ and making excited sounds to grab their attention. “They’re so affectionate,” Taiyang said, unable to stop himself from reaching in to one young pen with two young girls and a young boy. They fought to be stroked by him, jostling one another out the way like puppies. “Hey, hey,” he called, laughing. “You’ll all get some love. Ah, I love puppies.”

“Oh, we teach them to be affectionate,” Glynda said, turning away from Blake, leaving her to be mated, meowing the whole time. “We also house train, teach bite inhibition and much more. These are the ones ready to go home for the most part. Some are still in transitional states, while some girls out there haven’t yet realised this will be their fate. We start slow,” she explained, “First introducing them to animals we want to emulate and encouraging them to play, then moving on to actually making them live in similar conditions.”

“Don’t they rebel about that?”

“Taiyang, the first step to making them think like animals is to treat them like animals. It’s the responsibility of an owner to care for their pets. That means doing what is best for them, not necessarily what they want. The results speak for themselves.”

“I can tell.” Taiyang looked back as the dog came inside Blake, the faunus purring contentedly as it knotted inside her, locking them both in place. “I almost want to take one home.”

Glynda laughed. “That, we can’t do, I’m afraid. But we can give you a puppy of your own, if you ask for one of your girls to be put on the course.”

“I guess.” Taiyang brought his hand out the kennel, wincing as the three within whined mournfully. He felt like the kind of guy who went to a pet shop and got a poor animal all excited, only to leave without it. “I’m sorry,” he said, “But you have wonderful families coming to collect you.”

“They are adorable,” Glynda said. “Be careful or they’ll steal your hearts.”

“Ha. I think they already have.”

“Well, there’s no reason you can’t play with them a little.” Glynda walked up and opened a small
slot in the glass-front kennel. Before he could ask why, she had unbuttoned the top buckle of his trousers. She nodded, motioning for him to use it.

“Can I?”

“Of course. Their families want them well-trained.”

Dropping his trousers, Taiyang excitedly brought out his erect dick and pushed it through the slot, into the kennel. Immediately, the three were at it, licking with absolute excitement. Three small tongues lapping at him at once, all over his cock, drove him to an extreme he’d never visited before and he clutched onto the kennel, legs going weak. He managed to push in further, giving them greater access. The boy, fifteen at best, began to lick at his testes while his two sisters went to work on his dick.

“Oh God, this is incredible. I – I think I’m going to cum!”

“Hm. It is around feeding time. Feel free.”

“Ah! Ah!” Taiyang thrust in as hard as he could. “Ahhh!”

His cock twitched and erupted, covering the faces of the two girls in front of him. They recoiled, shocked, then made excited sounds and dove in, licking and collecting his sperm as it came out, guzzling it all down like he’d offered them the best treat. Whining, the younger brother poked his head underneath, licking up at the bottom of Taiyang’s cock and also licking the sperm that dribbled down his sister’s chins.

“Hahh…” Taiyang groaned, watching all three of them. “Holy shit.”

“S-Sorry about that.” He buckled his pants, embarrassed to have been caught in such a display.

“Do not worry about it.” Glynda let him into her office and took a seat behind her desk, then motioned for him to sit opposite. “I said I’d give you the free tour and all of this is included. I have to say, though, we’re pretty much at the end of it. Meals continue as breakfast did, while we have further ‘lessons’ afterwards.”

“What about punishments?”

“As I said, we tend to try and stick to positive reinforcement where possible. That’s not to say a little punishment isn’t occasionally necessary, but I don’t have anything I can show you. We try to make the punishment fit the crime, as it were. If Miss Miltia had refused to eat her breakfast earlier, we would have forced it down her. If Mr and Miss Arc had refused to shower, we might have made them bathe in a bath of semen.”

His cock twitched tiredly.

“If I had any misbehaving students, I’d show you. But as I said, we run a tight ship. After lessons, the children have free time to themselves from seven until lights out at ten. That is also free time for the camp counsellors, who like to spend time with the kids.”

“Oh, I bet they do.”
“Have you decided what it is you would want for yours, then?”

“I’d like to say I have, but I’m really struggling. It’s not out of doubt – I definitely want them here. I just have no idea what course to put them on.”

“Spoilt for choice?” Glynda laughed. “It’s not unusual. How about I help, then? What is it you need at the moment? What is lacking in your life? You mentioned your wife having passed on, so companionship is obviously one facet. We’ll spend time focusing on incestual training for that purpose.”

Catching on, Taiyang wracked his mind. “Well, I guess I could use more help around the house…”

“Housekeeping.” Glynda jotted it down. “Mundane, but we do it. How about maid training?”

“Oh, that sounds interesting.”

“You have two daughters, yes? Why not split them up for this?” Glynda brought out a leaflet and pushed it over. “You mentioned bills earlier, so why not have a little help on managing the finances? I’d suggest ‘Prostitution 101’ for one of the girls. You could run the business from home.”

Taiyang swallowed. “Whoring out my daughter?”

Yang. Yang instantly came to mind. People would kill for a shot at her.

“Yes. We teach girls the best ways to induce pleasure and keep a man or woman satisfied, and also cover stripping, pole dancing and lap dancing in the course. We also teach make-up, negotiation and various kinks. Not enough to master any, but a versatile skillset. If your eldest were to take this course, I dare say she would be the most proficient whore on Patch.”

“I – I mean, I could, but…” He swallowed again, already sold on the idea and just wanting excuses for his doubts. “She wants to be a huntress.”

“Taiyang, your daughters will want what you want them to want once we are through with them. Not only will your daughter be the best hooker, she will be the most eager hooker to grace the country of Vale. Nothing will satisfy her more than satisfying her clients, whatever their demands. And, of course, she will be only too happy to give you the profits.”

Turn Yang and Ruby away from being huntresses? It was their dream, but… hadn’t that dream taken Summer away? Maybe this would be better. Summer always said she didn’t want them to follow in her footsteps.

Obviously, Summer hadn’t mean this but… well…

“I want it. Book Yang down for that. And obedience and incest. I want her to service me every night.”

“And your youngest?”

Taiyang licked his lips. “Dog. I want her to be a dog.”

“I thought you might.” Glynda smiled. “It’ll be arranged. Would you like her obedient or docile?”

“Docile. I – I want her thoroughly pacified. Like that Schnee girl. And… well…”

“Yes? Feel free to speak your mind. We don’t judge here.”
“You mentioned violent people earlier. Dominant ones.”

“Yes. They’re taught to think themselves above others, above rules.”

“I… I want Ruby to share a room with one of them. A boy. The **worst** you have.”

“Are you sure?” Glynda asked carefully. “Obviously once her training begins, she’ll sleep in the kennels, but that could take weeks. During that time, it’s more than possible her roommate might cause her… problems. Especially our worst. That would be Mr Winchester.”

“Is he big-?” Taiyang asked, breathing heavily.

“Very large for a boy his age.”

“Aggressive?”

“Exceptionally so. Quite the bully.”

“Then he’s perfect.”

“Hm. I should warn you,” she said, leaning forward. “While we do our best to look after all our students and we can ensure there are no lasting injuries, our education programmes can be difficult on some. I…” Glynda sighed and stood. “Perhaps it would be better if I showed you. Please, follow me.”

They didn’t travel far, just three rooms down. Glynda unlocked the door and stepped inside, closing it behind them. In the room was a small white bed. On it, a pretty young girl with brown hair and long rabbit ears lay naked. The girl was fingering herself wildly, shaking and quivering on the bed. When she saw them, her eyes bulged, and she opened her mouth.

“Ah!” she opined. “Ah! Ah!”

It was an unintelligible noise. Like a baby asking for attention.

“This is Miss Scarlatina. Or Velvet. Her parents left her here for submissive training with an emphasis on taking anything done to her. We partnered her with Mr Winchester, the very man you’re asking your youngest to be placed with. I won’t say it is solely his fault this happened – as I said, everyone reacts to their education differently – but his mistreatment of her played a part.”

Taiyang watched the girl, who spread her legs wider and shimmied her way down the bed, trying desperately to reach them while also playing with her pussy and fondling one of her breasts. Her body was covered in sweat.

“What happened to her?”

“Her mind broke. Degrading to the mental intellect of a child, she’s now little more than a bundle of flesh and nerves addicted to sex. A fuck-vegetable for all intents and purposes.” Walking forward, Glynda held a hand over Velvet’s face. The girl licked at her fingers, whining and fingering herself harder and harder. “All she cares for is sex. All she can think about is sex. There’s little that remains of the girl she once was.”

Taiyang swallowed.

“This is what happens if the education is… too much for someone. Or if you try to combine too many different aspects at once. While I’m confident we can transform your youngest into a loving
puppy, if she is placed with Mr Winchester then there is a chance she will become like this.” Glynda took her hand away, wiping it on her sleeve. The girl on the bed whined pitifully. “I only feel it safe to warn you. The risk is of course yours. We’ll have you sign a waiver.”

“I… I…” He looked to the girl, broken and useless, little more than a toy. Her eyes were bright with life but there was no one there. All she cared for was having something inside of her. “I’ve changed my mind,” he whispered. His eyes closed.

“You’d like us to keep your youngest from Mr Winchester?” Glynda asked. “Or is it that you won’t be bringing your girls here at all? We won’t force you.”

“No.” His eyes opened again, feverish and hungry. “No, I’ve changed my mind on the dog. I want this. I want you to turn Ruby into something like this! I… I want her broken. I want her broken and babbling uselessly around my dick. Around any dick. And I want you to video it happening. I want a video of the exact moment it happens.”

Glynda Goodwitch watched Taiyang Xiao Long for a long moment.

And then, she smiled.

“As you wish. We’ll have her thoroughly broken before the summer is out, and her elder sister turned into a professional whore. If nothing else, looking after them in the future will be easier. All that remains is to sign the paperwork.”

“Right. Let’s get that done.” Taiyang hesitated, feeling his cock strain against his pants as the broken girl writhed on the bed. “Actually, do you mind if I…?”

“Yes. Velvet doesn’t seem to mind.”

“By all means. Her parents are unsure if they want her back in this state and we’re waiting on an answer. In the meantime, we’ve just been letting the staff use her as they wish.” Glynda ran her fingers over the girl’s stomach and Velvet reached for them, dragging them up to her mouth to lick on. Glynda paid it no attention, still watching him.

“Use her? Just… whenever they want?”

“Yes. Velvet doesn’t seem to mind.”

“Then I can…?” Taiyang reached for the buckle to his pants.

“I’ll go prepare the paperwork.” Glynda said, stepping away with a calm nod in his direction. “It will take me a good thirty minutes to have everything in order. You can take as long as you wish”

Leaving the room, Glynda slowly closed the door behind her, the final sight being Taiyang dropping his trousers and advancing on the addled girl, who saw him coming, spread her pussy wide and made desperate whining noises.

There was no fear on her face, no distress or grief or anything else.

Only a desire to feel. To feel pleasure.

And if the bite marks covering her neck were anything to go by, people were only too happy to indulge Velvet’s new state of mind.

He wasn’t sure when he’d joined them, only that his trousers were on the floor and he’d hauled his shirt off a moment later and tossed it aside. Velvet saw him coming and made happy sounds, twitching on the bed as though in the midst of an orgasm already. With how wet her sex was, how
inviting, he thought she might have.

Her lips parted for his engorged cock, taking him inside with much more ease than would have been expected of someone her age and size. Seventeen at best, he slipped inside her without a hint of resistance, only a wet and needy moan.

“Ah! Ah!” she gasped, holding her arms out wide, as though she were waiting for a hug.

Sinking down onto the bed, and sinking into her, Taiyang gasped happily as her arms and legs wrapped around him, dragging her soft body up into his chest. Desperately, hungrily, she began to hump him, hanging upside down from his body like a limpet and driving herself onto his cock. The only thing she knew anymore was sex, and the only thing she wanted was more.

Kissing her, he had to smile as her tongue pushed into his mouth – all need and no technique; her mind unable to even comprehend the thought of it. Her hot tongue wailed against his, pushing, writhing and licking. Taiyang bore her gently down into the mattress, feeling oddly gentle with her.

“Don’t worry,” he said, brushing a thumb across her cheek and reaching another down to her firm bottom. “We have all the time in the world.” Pushing into her a little harder, he felt the girl shudder against him, moaning out a random string of gibberish.

Yang hoisted her little backpack onto her shoulders and looked at the camp that was to be her and Ruby’s home for the next month and a half. It looked okay, she guessed. There was a woman coming out to meet them wearing a white blouse and a black skirt. Yang stood a little taller, sighing as she felt Ruby hide behind her, peeking out shyly from around her side.

“Hello again, Taiyang,” the woman said. “And this must be young Yang and Ruby.” She knelt, offering a friendly smile as she looked them up and down. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you. Your father has told me so much about you both.”

“Yeah,” Yang said, sounding bored and upset at being forced to attend camp. “Hey.”


“You as well,” Glynda replied, smiling. “I’ve got a feeling we’re going to be the best of friends.”

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If you'd like to see a particular setting, feel free to comment below. I'll consider the suggestions. If you want to commission one to ensure it's written, feel free to get in touch.
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