A Beginning from an End

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Summary

Following (presumably) V7 and the Atlas Arc, the team moves on the Vacuo. Some alone time between the first true friends in the series rips open old wounds and creates new beginnings in more ways than one.
Digging up Memories

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! This is my first fanfiction ever! Feel free to leave critiques and comments below! Also, check out my profile to see what I'm open to for recommendations.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey, pilot! Look out!” screamed a bloodied and bruised Jaune Arc.

Currently he was knelt in the back of a bullhead with one of the engines taken out, kamikazed by several of the Lancers which were encircling the vehicle. They were drawn to the inexperienced pilot’s overwhelming fear, and that combined with Jaune’s immediate distress having rushed an unconscious Ruby Rose to the vehicle made for a dinner bell to negativity-deprived Grimm.

“I can’t pull up,” the pilot screamed, throttling hard on the controls to no effect, “brace for impact!”

“So why are you sticking my sister with vomit boy again?” Yang Xiao Long herself spoke, “I mean, it’s not like I didn’t hear you the first time but I wanna get it nice and clear this time for your insanity case.”

She was met with a sigh by the newly reinstated heiress Weiss Schnee as they sat and watched a military broadcast, Relic of Creation in tow from their conquests in Atlas.

“I really don’t feel the need to,” Weiss spoke definitively, “convince me.”

“Because if you don’t, I’ll tell my sis about that one time at you were still in the bathroom when – “

“Okay!” a bright red blush was now streaked across the Scnhee’s face, accenting her blue and white gown. But just as quickly as it came, it went as she regained her trained composure.

“Well,” she said with a slight hint of nerves slowly receding in her voice, “We need pairs for the scouting mission into Vacuo, right?”

“Yeah, I got that part Ice Queen,” Yang spoke with a smirk and a rapid twirling of her mechanical finger.

“-anyway, I was thinking for what teams would make the best compositions. As you know, I’d go with Ruby, but the Atlas military… Ironwood specifically, is only agreeing to let the sole owner to the Schnee fortune, with a relic attached to my hip, go on a mission into Grimm infested Vacuo outlands with an armored convoy, so me having a partner would be useless considering the backup I’ll be having. It would be useless trying to convince Ren or Nora to separate from the other for obvious reasons even if I wanted to, Oscar and Qrow have already partnered up as to ensure that the Relic of Knowledge is in good hands for the journey, and unless you want me to propose that you and Blake don’t travel together,” she was interrupted by reddened glare from Yang, arms crossed,
“Yeah I didn’t think so.”

“But then I got to thinking,” Weiss suddenly shifted into a much more focused tone, garnering Yang’s calm once more, “we’ve never had the opportunity to combine Jaune’s semblance and Ruby’s eyes. Think about it, you saw what she did to that Leviathan off of Argus. She almost took something down that a combined Atlas military regiment couldn’t until she helped. Now imagine that power but with a boost to her aura using Jaune’s semblance.”

Yang went wide-eyed at the proposition, and sat forward with her elbows on her legs, leaning into Weiss’ personal space.

“But wait, doesn’t her weird power thing work off of something totally independent from aura? How do you know it will even do anything?”

Weiss pushed back against Yang’s head with her index and middle finger, giving her comfortable room to breathe.

“The thing is, I don’t. Think about it this way though, the ability to amplify another person’s aura with their own is a huge benefit to someone like Ruby who acts first and thinks later. Jaune’s gotten almost as good as we are at fighting Grimm over the past few years and he’ll be more than capable against a dozen or so,” Weiss smiled and put her hand on Yang’s shoulder affirmingly, “Combine that with your sister and their combined semblances, and that dozen can easily skyrocket to hundreds, silver eyes enhanced or not.”

The thought gave Yang an ease of mind. This isn’t anything more than training for them at this rate, she assured herself.

“You’re right,” she returned the smile, “my baby sis can easily tear through Grimm, silver eyes or not.”

Weiss stood up and motioned for Yang to follow, turning off the TV.

“Come on, let’s tell everyone the plan and drop at our assigned spots. We’ll clear out a few kilometers of space in either direction and meet up for evac in 3 hours, then you can see her again.”

“Yeah!” Yang smashed her metallic knuckles into her original palm, “Let’s kick some Grimm ass!”

The mission started out hopeful. Jaune and Ruby had deployed at their assigned drop and given a rendezvous location for the bullhead in a few hours as per planned.

After tearing through Grimm including Beowulfs, Ursas, Borbatusks and a Goliath far into the double-digits, the pair had come to rest for a few minutes in a clearing on a set of fallen trees, a brief moment of calm allowing the two to collect themselves.

“Wow Jaune!” Ruby spoke, “You’ve really improved a lot since Beacon. You’re only 5 Grimm behind me today!”

“You’ve been keeping track?” Jaune panted out, both surprised at that as well of her excess of breath
compared to him.

“Well duh, I thought everyone kept track out on missions?”

“Honestly sounds like fun, takes your mind off of the dirty work at least,” Jaune chuckled through labored breath and sweat streaking down his face.

_Seriously, he thought. This girl is on another level. Managing her aura, weapon, semblance and all without her silver eyes so far? Thank the gods she’s on our side._

Somewhere in the middle of his thought process, she’d whipped out Crescent Rose and taken a sharpening stone from her bag to the blade to maintenance it. He only noticed because she had just tossed one to him as well. He didn’t even process it for a moment, just looking down at the piece of scratched stone in his hand for a moment.

Ruby giggled.

“It’s okay, I figured you’d forget something to sharpen Crocea Mors with everything going on so I brought my spare,” Ruby explained, “Your sword is made out of the same metal as my baby so I didn’t even need to worry about getting a different grit for the stone.”

Jaune paused for a moment, smiling and taking his sword out of the sheath before a thought came to his mind.

“How did you know what type of metal my sword is made out of Ruby?” he questioned, “I mean, I’m not complaining but I’m just curious.”

Ruby stopped sharpening her scythe for a moment and seemed to trip over her own words as she began to explain herself, a slight red hue appearing on her cheeks.

“Oh, uh, that…” she said, “well you know how I used to be a huge weapons nerd back in Beacon?” she awaited Jaune’s hesitant nod of acknowledgment before continuing, “Well after you met me when I blew up in the courtyard and we showed each other our weapons, I remembered seeing something similar to Crocea Mors on that statue in the courtyard. I got curious and looked it up in the school library and found out your great-great grandpa pretty much made the Steel-Blackrock hybrid as popular as it is today!”

A heartfelt smile crept its way onto Jaune’s face.

“Wow… and you remembered all that from all those years ago?”

“Oh,” she began to speak having calmed down again, “I wouldn’t have remembered if I didn’t want to use that as a starting point in us training together back in Beacon.”

Jaune let out a chuckle.

“That’s weird, why didn’t you ever end up asking me? I definitely could’ve used the help.”

“Oh,” her head sagged and her figure shrunk in on itself as she began to reply, “no reason…”

Jaune paused for a moment as an inquisitive face turned into one of realization, and then frustration before dropping the stone and turning on his heels before heading into the forest, sword brandished.

_Everyone’s treating me like a fucking kid when it comes to Pyrrha. Even Ruby’s afraid to say her name around me._
Ruby realized her mistake and made for pursuit.

“Jaune, wait! I didn’t mean it like that!”

He ignored her, instead marching headlong into the uncleared sector of their grid. Unbeknownst to him, his anger was beginning to draw the attention of what would have been an uninterested lancer nesting site.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, that was an interesting first chapter for me and the fic. Anyways I hope you enjoyed and I'll see you all again soon. Later!
Igniting the Tinder

Chapter Notes

Wow, guys, I loved the support on the last one so much I just had to stay up late and pump this one out. As they say "shit gets real" in this chapter...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Jaune,” the young huntress pleaded, “please calm down, just let me explain! You’re gonna get yourself hurt if you keep this up!”

Even though he’d just cut through a small pack of Beowolves, Jaune was getting reckless. With his back to Ruby, she couldn’t even reason to him face to face. Maybe he just needs to vent, she thought. If I let him let out his anger on- oh crap, anger!

“Jaune! You’re gonna attract more with your anger, this area hasn’t even been cleared yet!”

“Good,” spoke Jaune, a bitter sting in his words, “let them come.”

Tears began to well in her eyes remembering why he’s even acting this way; the fall of Beacon. If I was just faster then Pyrrha wouldn’t be dead, and he wouldn’t be like this. They’re both my friends and I let them down. Jaune, Nora, Ren, and Pyrrha...

Wettened eyes turned into waterfalls as she leaned up against a tree, slipping down it and clutching Crescent Rose. She was too caught up in her own emotions to immediately aid Jaune as he now faced down a single Beringel, which had emerged from the tree line, shattering several small growths as it did so.

“Listen to me, please! You can’t fight that thing on your own!”

Through clouded vision, Ruby got back up and morphed her scythe to a rifle and aimed down her sights. Jaune turned his torso to her and screamed, his voice cracking violently.

“If you lift a fucking finger to help, I’m gonna throw down my weapons and run at the next Deathstalker I see!”

He was crying more than she was.

Her blood ran cold at the proclamation. Did he seriously just threaten to kill himself by Grimm if she aided him?

“Please!” she screamed back, “Just let me explain myself after we fight it toget-”

“Shut up and let me prove that I don’t need to be babied,” his voice hardened.

What? She was dazed for a moment. Tears stopped flowing as she tried to process what she was hearing.

Hesitantly, she lowered her weapon and watched.
By the time he turned back around to face the gorilla Grimm, it was already in his face, swinging at his face. He brought his shield up to block the hit, using his aura to absorb the force of the blow. White light echoed down his body from the point of impact to his heels.

*It's alright, I used my aura to unlock yours, but the energy that protects you now is your own. You have a lot of it.*

Pyrrha’s voice echoed through his mind as he redirected his aura into his shield arm and amplified it, converting the potential force into kinetic as he shoved the massive creature slightly off the ground and back into one of the trees resting behind it.

The old bark splintered under the Beringel’s mass, but it quickly recovered, fueled by the rage visibly pouring from the human engaging it. That shield was stopping it from eating, so it wanted the pesky barrier gone. Letting out a bone-chilling roar, the gorilla rebounded off the tree, absolutely shattering its interior support under the overwhelming force. As it charged at Jaune, the tree began to fall forward and form a shadow on the battlefield.

The Beringel rapidly approached Jaune in what felt like slow motion, the tree’s distance to the ground only slightly behind the range between their imminent clash. Just as the mass was almost horizontal, it got caught up on another tree, the emerald leaves from the collective brush being shaken loose initiating the second phase of the fight.

Ruby could barely make out anything going on for a few brief moments, the falling greenery creating a natural smokescreen to the arena while she could hear swings, cuts, and clashes. When she could see clearly again, the two were perpendicular to her. The Grimm was attempting to rip Jaune’s shield away from him as he anchored himself into the ground with his sword via a tree root.

Before Ruby could decide whether to go against what Jaune told her to do and help, he suddenly released his sword from the root, subsequently letting the monster fling him 270 degrees into the stump of the fallen tree, to which it was still barely attached. His aura flickered and appeared to go out as he smashed against the bark, his shield flying off to the side while he gripped his sword for dear life.

Seeing the huntsman defenseless, the gorilla decided to charge at him, going in for the kill.

“Jaune, no!” She tried desperately to activate her silver eyes and fossilize the creature, but she was unfocused and unable to bring herself to do it. She thought to activate her semblance and rush it from behind, but even then, it might be too late. *There’s nothing I can do…*

Suddenly, Jaune’s head whipped up as he channeled his aura into his leg, stunning the attacking Grimm under the suspended log.

Rolling out to the side, he used his remaining strength to bring his sword up and smack the wood attaching the stump to the log once, twice, and a third time using his aura-infused swing. The third swing brought the log down, crushing the Beringel under its weight. Black smoke began to disperse, originating from the body which barely supported to the tree from falling all the way to the ground.

Jaune exhaled, the relief and pleasure of beating an uncommon Grimm for the first time in his life washing over him. He turned to Ruby.

“There, now we can-” he cut himself off as the sight of what he’d done replaced his relief with horror.

In his vision, across the clearing from him was an unconscious Ruby Rose, her head bloodied from
the tree falling further after he cut it from the base it was suspended by.

“Ruby, hang on!”

The boy rushed over, picking up his shield on the way there and yanking her from under the stump.

“Oh, gods no,” he pleaded, “I’m so sorry Ruby, I don’t know what I was thinking, please wake up, please…”

Tears began to flow again as he checked her breathing…

She wasn’t.

Immediately flashing back to Professor Goodwitch’s first aid training for combat classes, he began rehearsing her CPR guidelines in her head, administering it as he went along.

*Lying on a firm surface, remove obstructions from the patient. And yes, students, this includes padded combat clothing. If you think this is uncouth for young men and women training to be the best to do without consent, consider the alternative of burying your partner because you didn’t want to violate their personal privacy for a few moments. Shit, she was right, Ruby’s clothes are padded to absorb blunt impacts better.*

Luckily for Jaune, not only was she wearing her standard black and red corset which was easy enough to remove, but she was wearing a sports bra, so he didn’t see much underneath. Nevertheless, he did blush for a moment seeing his longtime friend like this before regaining control of his hormones.

*Place a hand on the center of the patient’s chest and interlock your fingers, as so.*

Check.

*Give 30 compressions at a rate of 100 compressions per minute.*

He checked for breathing. Nothing.

*And class, I know some of you are shy to romance given your age and may perceive this next step as such, but keep in mind there is nothing romantic about a life or death situation. Move onto the patient’s head. Tilt their head and lift their chin to open the airway. And finally, let their mouth fall open slightly before pinching their nostrils shut and applying mouth to mouth.*

*My second kiss, and it’s to attempt to save a life I might’ve just gotten killed…*

He slowly lowered his head until he paused for just a second, just under an inch between them. He could smell strawberries on her. His lips pressed against hers.

*Blow until you can see their chest rise.*

He leaned his head to the side to watch and see if her bust rose. It did, and it was sizeable enough for his hormones to kick in again before he internally screamed at himself.

*Get your shit together, Arc! You almost killed her and you’re ogling at her chest?!*

He got his mind back on track and continued, slapping himself in the face as he got up.

*Check for breathing, and if there is no response, continue until the patient resumes breathing or paramedics arrive. While performing chest compressions, attempt to call out for nearby hel-*
“Somebody!! Anybody, please?! My goddamn friend is dying, please, anyone!”

Jaune Arc received no response as he began to break down in tears continuing the process.

*Compress, breathe, check, compress, breathe, check, compress, breathe, check, compress, breathe, check, compress, breathe, check, compress, breathe, check, compress, breathe,-*

It went on for what felt like forever, all the while he screamed his throat out, his voice cracking under the overwhelming fear and regret that was amassing in him.

A previously unaware Lancer nest smelt him out from about a half a kilometer away like flies to fruit. They began to emerge.

“No, no, Ruby listen. You will not die on me you hear me?” he pleaded with her, “I’m so sorry, I’m such a dumbass. I should’ve never done what I did.”

Only one course of action remained for him at this point. Transfer his remaining aura into her. He didn’t want to do it in the event of encountering more Grimm, but it was his only option.

He kissed her one last time, he thought. This time both blowing and feeling a drain on his body, he drained his aura into her as he applied mouth to mouth. He kept it up until he ran out of air and held his lips to hers, aching to breathe but making sure she does before him.

He slowly pulled away, inhaling through his nose and looking to her chest. He stared for only a few moments, but they felt like minutes to the young Arc. Suddenly, a cough.

*She’s coughing, she’s breathing, I saved her, holy shit!*

Not only had her breathing been fixed, but the gash on her head was mostly closed, allowing for only a small cut to continue existing.

Without thinking, he pulled her into an embrace.

“Rubes I’m so sorry, it’ll never happen again I promise. I’ll listen to everything you have to say, okay? I’m calling in the evac on my scroll now,” he said as her head rolled back in his arms, “Ruby?”

*Shit, she’s still unconscious. I’ll have to carry her to the evac. At least she’s stable.*

Jaune pulled her corset back up and re-fastened it before placing Crescent Rose on top of her and sheathing his sword. He immediately picked her up and began walking to the evac site.

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He was about a minute out when he heard a mass of insect wings flapping behind him.

“Oh, no.”
“Hey, Yang!” Blake announced while checking her scroll over the smoking corpse of a Manticore, “Jaune and Ruby just called for an early evac, we should call in ours and check on them.”

“Shit, I had a feeling tall, blond and scrawny would have problems,” Yang replied sheathing Ember Celica and walking over to Blake, “Did she say why she called it?”

“Yang, the notification says Jaune called the evac.”

“Oh,”

“-shit!” Jaune yelled, running at his fastest with an unconscious huntress and two weapons in tow.

The Lancers were gaining ground and fast, but he could see the bullhead up about twenty seconds away with the pilot in the back, medical gear at the ready.

“Hey, pilot!” Jaune desperately called, successfully getting the pilot’s attention, “Start the engines now!”

“Oh, dear gods,” the pilot mumbled before frantically hopping into the cockpit and flicking all the lights to green.

Had it not been for the heavy foliage, the flying Grimm would’ve already caught up to him, but all the trees in the way made it so their ranged attacks were useless, and their flight worked against them.

In the final stretch, Jaune sprinted faster than he thought he could, pretty much throwing the pair onboard the ship and closing the door just as it began to take off.

“How the hell did you attract a whole swarm?” the pilot demanded, “The nearest nesting was two miles from your zone! Hell, I picked you up outside your zone!”

Jaune paused for a moment.

“… I screwed-” he was interrupted by a loud bang and a hard jerk to the left of the bullhead, making Jaune skim along the floor of the airship, crashing into one of the doors and cutting open his arm on a loose piece of machinery.

The pilot began to panic.

“Fuck, they crashed into one of the engines and took it out like birds!”

“Hey, pilot! Look out!” screamed a bloodied and bruised Jaune Arc.

There was a large cliff ahead that the ship was veering toward. The pilot couldn’t avoid it given the state of the engine and completely ripped off the wing of the vehicle. At this point most of the
Lancers had crashed into the ship, killing themselves in the process and even further damaging it.

“I can’t pull up,” the pilot screamed, throttling hard on the controls to no effect, “brace for impact!”

Jaune saw a flash of white light and blacked out.

Chapter End Notes

A bit longer than the last, but I believe all the details were necessary to convey the message I was trying to go for here. Regardless, I hope you enjoyed and leave criticism down in the comments. I always love to hear improvements and recommendations. Next chapter may come soon if I get enough feedback on this one ;)}
Even more support on the last one! I think you guys might like this story.

I just had to pump out this next chapter as soon as I could with how things were going. If I keep getting feedback this whole fanfic thing might become a regular hobby of mine :P

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I'm a failure.

Nope.

Nope?

Nope. You're a leader now, Jaune. You're not allowed to be a failure.

But, what if I'm a failure at being a leader?

Mmm... nope.

Jaune woke up in a daze. The world felt like it was spinning around him as his memories began flooding back. I screwed up royally, Jaune finished his thought from earlier, I need to get Ruby and the pilot out of here.

Locating Ruby fast enough, he took a sigh of relief to find that she wasn’t any more injured than she was before the crash. It made sense considering they weren’t far off the ground when they crashed, but even so it was relieving. Not only was she not injured, but she almost looked conscious, breathing heavily and pressed up against the wall. Her eyes were closed but she was moving her hands, almost in an attempt to find purchase against the bullhead.

Jaune attempted to prop himself up on one arm, only to feel a searing pain as he pushed down on it, causing him to collapse back onto the bullhead’s cold floor. He pulled the arm out from under him again only to realize the severity of the wound he received earlier. What felt like a small scrape up the back end of his forearm was pooling blood below him.

Without thinking, more first aid training kicked in as he quickly sat up and dug his good hand into his belt pouch, retrieving a small medical kit. It contained stitches, bandage wrapping, medical scissors and a small amount of rubbing alcohol.

“Fuck me…” he mumbled, the realization dawning on him.

He set up his arm on a small box next to him, removing the armor which failed to protect him from the wound in the first place, and used the scissors to cut off his sleeve to his elbow. The cloth is blood-soaked. If I leave it, the sleeve could cause an infection.

Using the freshly ripped off cloth, he wiped the blood from his arm, involuntarily drawing out more by pressing too hard against a vein and causing him to yelp in pain.
Now comes the fun part... He unlidded the rubbing alcohol and readied the container above his arm. He took a deep breath and began pouring.

“AAARRRGGGGH! SHIT!” Jaune felt like his arm was on fire as the small bottle drained, hopefully disinfecting the wound. Tears began to well up in his eyes again, but he fought them down, afraid that if they hit the wound the salty liquid would sting even more.

Resting for a moment and catching his breath, he took in his surroundings to look for the pilot as well, only to be met by a state of confusion when he began looking to all four sides of him to locate the front of the ship and couldn’t seem to find it.

He then felt a warm drop of something hit his forehead. Slowly looking up as realization once again dawned on him.

Oh, there’s the front of the ship, he then saw an arm dangling, and the pilot...

Jaune just sat there for a moment, his arm profusely bleeding, Ruby barely conscious, and a thick red substance dripping onto his forehead as he stared.

There was the pilot; motionless. A rod-like piece of the engine had flown through the ship’s dashboard and gored out his entire torso. His entrails were hanging off the seat and poised to fall right on Jaune given the right circumstances. His head was rotated 180 degrees and his visor was cracked, giving Jaune a clear view of a bright green eye, almost identical to Pyrrha’s iris color.

He ripped his view away from the corpse and got back to his arm. He couldn’t even begin to process what he just saw but had no choice but to ignore it for now given the circumstances.

He then readied the stitching needle and took another deep breath in before pressing in the point and screaming.

If the needle was a nightmare, the string following suit was hell. He felt a sense of relief as the knot at the end of the string pressed into his skin meaning that the first stitch was done, but then a sense of impending regret that he would have to do it again another eight to ten times.

About four stitches in, the pain was getting to be too much for him, and he stopped.

“I’m sorry Ruby, I’m so sorry,” he began pleading, “I’m the one who got us into this mess and now I can’t even get us out.”

“It’s okay, Jaune.”

He went wide-eyed and slowly tilted his head to the right, only to find a smiling Ruby Rose who’d found her way over to his side.

“You’re awake,” Jaune said, surprised, “I didn’t think you’d ever wake up fully.”

“Yeah, well I couldn’t just leave my best friend here to cry over a little boo-boo,” she giggled, still smiling.

Jaune began to mumble something, still sniffling.
“I don’t deserve that title, I almost got both of us killed.”

“But you didn’t,” she placed her hand on his shoulder and looked down at his arm.

“It doesn’t matter anyway. We’re both probably die out here now because I was so careless,” he began to well up again, “you might die out here.”

“But we aren’t going to, and you wanna know why that is, Jaune?”

“Why?”

“Because you’re a leader,” she began to raise his wounded arm up, revealing that she’d finished his stitches while they were talking, “you aren’t allowed to be a failure like that.”

The dam finally broke and he began to sob uncontrollably, pulling her into an embrace with his good arm. She replied by wrapping her arms around him over his shoulders, nuzzling her head into his neck. Then she felt a drop of something hit her head and she looked up.

“Oh,” she began to realize, going wide-eyed. “I forgot about the pilot.”

Jaune realized what she had just seen and jerked her head down.

“Don’t look at it, you don’t need to look.”

“It’s okay, I’ve seen people die before.”

_Pyrrha, and that Huntsman we found in the village that the Nuckelavee attacked_, Jaune realized.

“Okay,” he spoke as he slowly let her go.

“You work on wrapping up your arm,” she said, “I’m gonna get something before we leave.”

“Okay,” he did as she said and began unwrapping the packaged bandage.

Ruby started looking around for something to grab hold of, in order to reach the pilot. She saw the net fastened along the side of the door and began to climb. The door was rickety, and she could hear the metal clanking off itself as she ascended. For a crashed ship, it was sturdy compared to how bad she figured it would be. She thanked the gods for that, and the fact that it hadn’t blown up upon impact in the first place.

Reaching the top of the net, she made a small hop to the seat, grabbing hold of the armrest on the side, which was fortunately folded up prior to the ship crashing. She pulled herself through the gap between that and the side of the vehicle and kneeled alongside the corpse. Back when that huntsman died to the Nuckelavee, she was too shocked at the time to get an ID off him to return to his family. She refused to make the same mistake twice.

First, she took the ID which was pinned to his vest off and read it.

1st Lieutenant James Orchard, Vacuo Air Rescue 3rd Fleet… I’ll make sure people know what you did for us, she thought, putting the ID into one of her side pouches.

She continued fishing around on his person until she found a wallet. Inside she found his driver’s license. He was 22 last February, and he lived in a small village near Shade academy. Shuffling around even more after putting the driver’s license in the same pouch as the ID, she found a photo.

There were two people who were clearly his parents and a girl whose hip he was holding, as well as
a dog sitting by his feet. It looked like a poodle mix that was smiling its heart out for whoever the photographer was. She giggled for a moment because the tail that was shaking so fast that the picture blurred it reminded her of Zwei. Of course, she quickly snapped out of it and put that away as well. She left the rest of the wallet on him and grabbed an outdoors survival kit that was strapped under the seat he laid on.

*Thank you, for helping us. I’ll make sure that they at least know.*

She hopped down to Jaune in the back, who had just finished wrapping his arm.

“Got everything you needed up there, Rubes?”

“You, you spoke, presenting the kit she grabbed, “let’s get out of here.”

Together they reached for the emergency release latch that was keeping the door in place.

“Oh let’s pull on the count of three,” Jaune said, his good arm gripping the handle, “one, two, three!”

They both struggled for a moment before the latch shifted to a point where they felt a click, and suddenly they felt a rush of fresh air and the handle yank away from them as the pressurized mechanism sent the door flying away from the wreck, skidding several feet on the ground before eventually grinding to a halt.

Jaune readied his sword to prepare for the Lancers which attacked the bullhead earlier but paused for a moment when he saw them all turned to stone, shattered from presumably hitting the ground at such a height.

Jaune shifted his focus to Ruby as they both stepped away from the wreckage.

“Wait, how did you-”

“I was awake when I started coughing earlier, but I was too exhausted to move or do anything,” she explained as a deep crimson began to form on her friend’s face and she smiled, “I know what you did for me, Jaune.”

“I didn’t want to have to give you mouth to mouth Ruby,” he began to conjure, “I mean it’s not like it was a bad experience or anything but-“

“You kissed me?” Ruby gently ran her fingers along her lips as she stared at Jaune, her face’s hue now matching the shade of her cape, “I thought you just transferred the last of your aura to me…”

“I had to try giving you CPR first. I wasn’t so sure if just aura would work if you weren’t breathing.”

Ruby looked down and shuffled nervously, her blush even more apparent.

“That… that was my first kiss, Jaune.”

“Oh.”

Chapter End Notes
One issue gets "resolved" and another arises. Anyways I hope you guys enjoyed as per usual. I'll catch you all around again in the near future! Next chapter might take a few days. I have to study for finals and all lol (either next chapter or the one after that, depending on how quickly I get things done.
Chapter Notes

Sorry, it's been a minute, followers! I've been studying for finals, and that combined with family matters taking up the rest of my time I haven't been available to work on this. It's up now and it's my longest chapter yet!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As the remainder of teams RWBY and JNPR touched down in their separate bullheads to the military outpost, they were greeted by what looked more like a small city than a traditional F.O.B. It was clear from the moment that Vacuo struck a deal with Atlas that they were planning on taking this seriously, but Blake and Yang still descended upon the base slack-jawed. They saw more rifles in one place than during the fall of Beacon, and more soldiers than during the battle of Haven. Atlas personnel was flooding in and out of a dozen or so small to medium-sized tents, with a sizeable radio tower at the center of the camp. Many were yelling at each other and passing off papers between soldiers, presumably with written comms information on them. The sheer scale was incredible, with several dust-powered machine guns set behind sandbags on the outskirts and small transport vehicles moving in and out, it was clear that there was even more going on both inside and outside of the camp that couldn’t be seen with the naked eye.

However, what caught the attention of the pair above all else was someone familiar to them. She wore a white military coat that exposed her outer arms leading into a red brooch. Her features were identical to Weiss, albeit possessing a more filled out figure.

“Winter!” Yang called out from the bullhead, still descending to the ground. The brawler jumped out a few moments before the bullhead fully landed and marched her way over to the now attentive Atlas Specialist.

“Hello, Miss Xiao Long,” Winter Schnee began, “I’m sorry that once again we meet under stressful circumstances. My men are-“

“Where is my sister?” Yang interrupted the militant, taking a step forward, “I need to see her now.”

The ex-heiress showed restraint when Yang approached, clearly wanting to say more but given the circumstances, she merely let out a sigh and began to explain.

“I take it you haven’t gotten the news?”

There was a pregnant silence in the air, even through the bustling personnel operating around them. At this point, Weiss, Blake, Nora, and Ren had congregated around the pair and were waiting for a response.

“We lost contact with the bullhead that went out to get them three hours ago,” she continued with a firm gaze, scanning across the faces observing her, “what makes the situation worse is that the black box on the ship appears to have stopped transmitting, meaning we have no idea where they are within a forty-kilometer radius in any direction…”

The specialist finished her last word staring down the eyes of Weiss, who seemed shell-shocked by
the news.

She stuttered for a few moments before opening her mouth to speak, only to be interrupted by a crow flying in front of the group, that suddenly transformed into a tall man wearing a red cape and button-up shirt before her eyes.

Qrow Branwen remained silent for a moment, staring down Winter while slowly moving toward her until he was looking down and their faces were inches apart. Neither seemed to blink as the surrounding teenagers watched.

“You said there was No. Fucking. Risk. To this mission.” His breath stank of whiskey, although less than last time she encountered the Huntsman. Instead of pushing him back, Winter stared him down for a moment before continuing.

“There wasn’t supposed to be,” she paused and quickly took in a breath of air, “we did a 3D mapping of the terrain from overhead and checked for any abnormalities before this mission started. There weren’t any Class 4 or higher threats in their zone. Trust me Qrow,” she looked to Weiss, “I have no intention of putting my little sister at risk of losing her partner and friend.”

Weiss seemed to form something of a smile for a moment, “Thank you, Winter.”

“Oh, fine,” Qrow continued, “you didn’t mean for anything to happen to the kids. That’s all well and good but consider the possibility that maybe you fucked something up.”

_I can’t tell him, not now…_ Winter thought while maintaining her static facial expression. Suddenly, a younger yet more mature voice coughed into his hand, stepping into the conversation.

“The longer we sit around and debate amongst ourselves how this happened,” Ozpin, through the lens of Oscar said, “the less time we will have to determine where they are. So, if you two don’t mind, I would like to establish a plan of rescue for Miss Rose and Mr. Arc as soon as possible.”

“You’re still in thin ice, asshole,” Qrow said, backing off from Winter.

“I am well aware of your stance on my presence at the moment, Qrow, however not only have I proven that I am a changed man in Atlas, but this situation stretches far beyond the two of us.”

He wants to mention her silver eyes, Qrow thought, _I can tell it’s on the tip of his shit-stained tongue._

Ozpin could clearly detect this vitriol still, but before he could reassure the man, Winter interjected again, pulling out a holographic map display from her scroll.

“Depending on the region they ended up in for the radius, the threat level could classify anywhere from Class 2 to Class 8, so we need to form teams accordingly and look for them. Valkyrie and Ren, you two along with Belladonna, Xiao Long and Weiss will explore this grid first, then move onto this one.”

Winter directed expanded her map to show a 40 x 40 km quarter-circle containing some forested regions with mountains in the top right labeled “Class 3”, then shifted its view over to the opposite quarter showing an equally sized yet flipped quarter-circle labeled “Class 5”. This one contained primarily planes and desert.

“Qrow, Oscar- or Ozpin, and I will explore these other quarters.”

These quarters were respectively labeled “Class 6” and “Class 7”.


“I thought you said the danger ratings went from two to eight?” Ren spoke up.

“Yes,” Winter let out a sigh, “I did. Those are meant as approximations- both the quarter labeling and other ones, that is. This is the wild we’re talking about here, with scans taken from a mile up. We don’t have an exact mapping of Grimm activity, which means that, under the assumption that uncommon and rare Grimm will hunt in isolation, there may very well be a Nuckelavee or even Wyvern that slipped under our radar.”

No wonder Adam never tried to settle a new Faunus settlement, Blake thought, even Atlas doesn’t really know what the risk is.

“But wait, what about the deal with Vacuo?” Nora spoke.

Winter turned to her before smiling. “In my personal experience, Vacuo is much more agreeable than other Kingdoms. Upon speaking with their head of foreign affairs, they’ve allowed us to put the mission to establish the trade route on the slower shoulders of Atlas forces until we can get our huntsmen back.”

“Just one more question, then!”

Everyone turned to a landing pad positions off the side of where the conversation had taken place, to find Yang Xiao Long with Ember Celica primed standing in front of a bullhead, engines firing up behind her causing her hair to almost levitate behind her as it flapped in the wind.

“Why are we still waiting here?”

“You get your scroll working yet?” Jaune asked, sitting atop the rubble inspecting his shield.

Currently, Ruby was sifting through the debris for more electronic components after her attempts to jerry-rig her scroll to the ship’s antenna and the battery failed. She emerged from the latch she’d stuck her head into and looked at Jaune.

“Nope,” she said, “how’s your aura by the way?”

Jaune took a moment to flip his shield over, inspecting his hands, which had already healed up, for the most part, thanks to his aura. He tried concentrating it into his palms, almost into a small pool in the area. Despite his minor strain and grunting, he could only manage a small flicker of white light before it died out. He sighed and turned to the small reaper.

“I’d give it anywhere between five to ten percent capacity right now. It would already be up to twenty or so if it wasn’t for my arm, though.” Jaune presented his bloodied forearm, which seemed to have mostly dried up through the bandages at this point. “I’d be able to tell more accurately if my scroll wasn’t busted, also.”

“Well,” Ruby began, walking over to him with a bright smile on her face, “the sun is going down, and unless you have any better ideas, I’d say this is as good a place as any to set up for the night before we move out in the morning.”
Jaune continued to look at his arms, palms facing him while aura continually sparked to in front of him. Refusing to meet her in the eyes, he clenched his fists and spoke.

“Okay, but I need to do one thing before I can sleep here during the night. You mind keeping guard for a bit while I do it?”

Her smile faded, just a bit. “Okay, Jaune. Do your thing.”

The huntsman let out a small grunt and got up, dropping his weapon to the ground and walking toward the wreckage before clambering inside the bullhead.

Ruby stood patiently as he requested but peeked back occasionally to see him climb up the interior of the ship, which had been pressed up against the side of a cliff making it stand almost vertical against the ground. She didn’t need to look for much longer as she was suddenly able to hear flesh thumping against the base of the ship, followed by the familiar grunting of Jaune as he landed beside the mass and picked it up, carrying it behind the ship.

Jaune… He was taking the body around the back so they wouldn’t have to see it. That mangled, bloody corpse of 1st Lieutenant James Orchard. I would’ve helped if you asked.

“There, it’s done. Let’s start setting up a fire and unpacking rations.”

Ruby turned around to see something that would make her gasp in horror for a moment. There was her friend Jaune Arc standing beside the wreck, with bits of the pilot’s entrails stuck to nicks in his chest armor and blood-streaked all the way down to his knees. It also covered his hands and forearms, dripping from his fingertips. All the while he held the most forced smile she’d seen in her life.

“Jaune…” she sighed out, approaching him again, “You need to wash that off. It’ll infect your wounds.”

“Oh what? This?” he glanced over the remains of the pilot stuck to him as if they were just some food that had been spilled on his outfit during dinner, “It’s fine. It’ll come out.”

“No, I- Jaune let me just-” she began reaching her hand toward his arm before he yanked it away.

“It’s fine, Ruby. It’s not a big deal,” His smile continued as bright as could be, contradicting his body language marginally, “it probably belongs there anyways.”

Now I get it.

“Jaune, he didn’t die because of you.”

His eyes darted to hers, suddenly glaring. Regardless, she continued.

“He was just doing his job.”

“Oh yeah, and I was just doing my job by calling him in outside the safe zone?” His smile began to fade as he started backing up, “was Weiss just doing her job when she took Cinder’s spear for me?” the dam began to break, and he paused for a moment, looking to the sky.

“Was Pyrrha just doing her job when-?!?” Suddenly Ruby was pressed up against his chest plate, a trail of roses in her wake having cleared the gap in the blink of an eye.

“Yes, they were! I would’ve died if you didn’t call in the ship, who knows who would’ve died if
Cinder didn’t switch her target to Weiss, and you would’ve died if Pyrrha didn’t send you off in that locker!” She felt his warm tears wetting her hair, before tilting her head up to see Jaune silently staring at her, his tears now dripping onto her blood-smeared face.

“I’m a huntress, Jaune, and so was Pyrrha! Either of us would’ve done the exact same thing on that night, and if you were in her position you would’ve done the Exact. Same. Thing!”

“I wouldn’t have kissed her!”

Ruby just stood there, open-mouthed with her eyes wide. “…What?”

His arms refused to return the hug as he began to speak.

“Pyrrha kissed me right before she sent me away. I’m pretty sure it was meant to double up as a distraction and a confession of how she felt about me.” The young man was choking on his words, his voice seeming to crack at varying degrees of intensity throughout the speech. What made it worse for him was Ruby’s gradual build into waterworks as well. “She loved me, and because of that she felt that the only way to protect me and let me know at the same time was to distract me with a kiss.”

“Jaune… I-”

“That’s why this blood belongs on me. Pyrrha is dead, both you and Weiss were almost killed, and now this pilot-” he was about to finish his thought, however before he could, Ruby shoved something against his chest, stepping back a foot.

“What is this?”

“It’s the I.D., license, and a picture of 1st Lieutenant James Orchard, the pilot who saved us,” she paused as his face warped into an ugly thing, realization hitting him as he stared at the man’s face, “I was gonna return that to his family when we get back to Vacuo, but you made me realize that you need that job a lot more than I do right now.”

He slowly looked up from the pieces of paper in his hand before yanking the huntress in for a hug, to which she let out a slight yelp before absentmindedly reciprocating and breaking out in a small blush.

“His eyes.”

The blush disappeared. “What?”

“His eyes reminded me of Pyrrha’s. I don’t know though, maybe this whole situation combined with that just tipped me overboard. I’m sorry for lashing out, you’re the last person who deserves this right now.”

She wiped the last tears from her eyes before she chuckled and replied. “And you know what you need? A bath.”

“Yeah,” he let out a laugh in return, “you’re probably right. Get a fire going and I’ll find something to change into. I’m pretty sure I saw a lake nearby when the bullhead was coming down.”

The petite reaper couldn’t help but break out into a grin seeing her friend’s typical leadership instincts kick back in. Phew, I got him back for now. It’s crazy to think how much has been on his mind all this time, though. Although, her memory of what he said earlier that day flashed through her mind.

“Shut up and let me prove that I don’t need to be babied!”
I’ll need to talk to him about that too, won’t I? The girl was already picking out dry logs and twigs as the site for a fire during her thought process. He still doesn’t know what I meant earlier when I said I wanted to help with his training. Well, since he was so oblivious to Pyrrha’s feelings for him it would only make sense that he couldn’t figure out that-

“Hey, Ruby! I found something to wear after I get out of the lake.”

The girl turned around only for her entire head to turn a deeper shade of red than her hair dye.

Jaune was standing there with nothing but a thick tarp wrapped around his waist and his armor laid on top of blue cloth he’d folded on top of his hands. His muscles were well defined and massive even for his towering height, and oddly enough the blood on him added a sort of dangerous appeal that Ruby couldn’t even begin to complain about. That combined with the setting sun behind her bouncing off of the sweat streaking down his abs made him look like a male model starring in an action movie.

-I’ve always had a huge crush on him too...

Chapter End Notes

The (͜ʖ͡ʖ) plot (͡° ͜ʖ ͡°) thickens (✧≖ ʖ ≖ ≖)


Hey everyone! So sorry for the late upload! I decided to take a few days off to relax after I finished my semester at college but I'm back now. Enjoy the chapter btw! This is the work of a good week of gradual adding onto the chapter so forgive me for minor tone shifts. I hope you enjoy regardless!

Over two hundred meters above the ground, Nora, Ren, Blake, Weiss, and Yang felt a wall of humid air hit them as the bullhead doors opened on them. They took a moment to survey the landscape before dropping, taking in a shrinking view of the forest to their Northwest which connected to a jagged mountain vista in the direct North. The view was interrupted by the Atlas pilot yelling over the scream of the engines.

“We’re over the drop zone!” a militant female voice called out, “Deploy, now!”

All respective young men and women jumped without hesitation. They could all collectively feel the residual force of the engines pushing on them as they passed the bulk of the ship. Looking off to her left, Yang saw Qrow, Winter, and Oscar diving parallel to them about a half a mile wide from their drop.

As per instructions, they would drop at the bottom of the radius in the same spot, split up, meet halfway, split up again, and meet at the north peak if neither team found them on their run.

She sent a nervous Oscar a wink and a nod before she turned her focus back into her landing strategy, hoping he could even see her message. She meant business on this mission and wasn’t playing like during initiation, so she aimed her gauntlets below her, firing Ember Celica directly down to slow her descent before finding a firm tree branch to grab onto with her metal arm. Now at an acceptable velocity, she grabbed hold and swung herself about 270 degrees, shifting her vertical momentum to horizontal and bashing through a few twigs, finding her footing with a hard slide into an open clearing.

Weiss wasn’t too far behind with the use of some newly acquired gravity dust thanks to Maria’s recommendation. She made for a much more direct approach, aiming for a spot next to Yang and, combining the dust with her glyphs, slowed her fall to seem like she’d hopped down an extra step when she touched down. She landed atop a rock next to her teammate and her heels harmlessly clacked against the stone.

Blake’s approach was a hybrid of the two, using the ribbon on Gambol Shroud to latch onto a tree and swinging herself upward. She was propelled back into the air where she performed a flip to shift her momentum, finishing in a kneeled stance in the now-forming line of huntresses, having used her aura to absorb a small portion of the fall.

Ren’s mastery over his aura combined with his semblance allowing him even more control given the circumstances had him effortlessly slide down a slope within the tree line, using the force to leap back into the air and land in the line, skidding to a harmless stop.
Nora just landed, simply put. She fell from the sky and took the brunt of the impact with her hammer, absolutely destroying the ground around her when she landed in what can only be described as a superhero landing.

*Huh, it’s easy to forget that she has aura almost on par with me and Jaune,* Yang thought.

“Nora!”

Nora turned to see her childhood friend and boyfriend covered in dirt and picking bits of rock and dirt out of his hair.

“Oh, oopsie!” she giggled and tried to hide her massive hammer behind her back, assuming a playfully bashful pose, “Sorry, Renny.”

Weiss ignored the exchange, stepping forward and hopping on top of a small mound facing the group in the meantime.

“Okay, we all know the details of the plan so I’m going to keep this short,” Weiss called.

Everyone turned their attention to the heiress, suddenly adopting more rigid expressions.

“We have been assigned to the southeast and northwest quadrants in the circle designated for search, which have been designated as Class 3 and Class 5 danger levels, respectively. We will move together as we expand along the outer rim of the circle as we detach, one by one over the course of 4 days. Then we will slowly expand in toward the center of the radius over the course of two days, slowly rejoining one another. We should meet up with team SOB in 6 days total, assuming everything goes to plan. Should you find yourselves in a dire circumstance that needs the assistance of more than your nearby allies, press your emergency digital flare, and the rest of us should find you shortly. If the majority of us press this at once, a small armed military detachment will come to help us. And finally, the Atlas military has secured both relics back at base due to the increased risk level, so we won’t have any get out of jail free cards. Watch your backs out there, team WYBRN!”

The rest of the team nodded in unison before sprinting off along the perimeter.

*Keep my sister safe, Vomit Boy…* Yang thought as she led the charge into the treeline.

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Even though the sun was already setting and the stars above were just becoming visible around the broken moon, Jaune couldn’t care less. Being ass-naked in a cool lake with water that was probably clearer than what he drank at school seemed to take the immediate stress of the situation right off of him. The only thing that made him somewhat attached to reality was the knowledge that Ruby Rose was facing opposite him, guarding the shoreline atop a rock with Crescent Rose in hand, fiddling with it nervously.

Ignoring her for a second, he took a minute to stand up and let the water rest at his waist. His crotch and rear were still covered by the liquid blanket, but his top was exposed to the cool twilight breeze. Oddly enough for Jaune, he didn’t seem to mind the breeze hitting his wet top as droplets of cold water fell from his hair and disturbed his temperature, much rather he looked up at the sky and saw a familiar constellation.
“Didn’t your parents or sisters ever show you the constellations, Jaune?” Pyrrha spoke, laid down on the rooftop aside Jaune where they frequented their training sessions.

“No,” the huntsman in training giggled before continuing, “my dad was always busy on missions and my mom was busy raising eight kids. My sisters seemed busy with school, work, boys, girls, you name it. I was pretty much on my own for recreation.”

Pyrrha leaned her head to the side and looked at Jaune, who was still fascinated by the night sky which he’d now become familiarized with when he raised his arm up and pointed at something. “What’s that one? You didn’t mention it.”

Pyrrha looked where his finger was pointing and tried to figure out what he was referring to by leaning her head into his shoulder and following his finger.

As soon as she did, she broke out into laughter.

If Jaune could’ve dipped his head down in embarrassment he would have. “What’s so funny, Pyr?”

“You’re talking about the one shaped like a pot, right?”

“Yeah…”

“That’s the Big Dipper, silly!” she let out the last of her giggles before continuing, wiping away a tear, “I’m sorry for laughing, it’s just that’s the one everyone knows.”

“Oh, really? So, you’re gonna tell me the small one attached to it is called the Little Dipper now, right?”

She broke into a charming fit of laughter again. “Pyrrha…”

He recognized that same constellation and could hear her laughter ring in his head until it slowly faded. He cracked a smile as a different kind of warmth enveloped the upper half of his body.

*The Big Dipper and Little Dipper, got it Pyrrha…*

Turning his attention back to the diminutive girl on the shoreline, he figured he’d make conversation by calling out.

“Hey, Ruby!” he yelled, which caused Ruby to let out a yelp as her small figure bounced on the rock.

She replied in a frantic tone, “What is it?”
“Didn’t mean to startle you. I was just looking at the sky and was wondering if you knew any constellations.”

She looked up as well and pondered for a moment, making an audible hum, “Not really, aside from the Little Dipper and the Big Dipper, why?”

He chuckled again, “No reason.”

He raised his arm up and pointed, once again forgetting about the situation he was in, “See the one I’m pointing at?”

He paused for a moment, staring at the sky clueless while Ruby instinctively turned around to get a full-frontal view of her friend from the waist up.

“Yeah,” she said, hoping that he’d keep looking up for a bit longer.

“That one just below the Big Dipper is Hercules. I read a lot of stories about him when I was younger and…” Jaune’s words faded into obscurity while she focused all of her attention on her ability to see.

The blood was gone from earlier but in its place was splotches of water that still wet his muscles. The moonlight seemed to shine off the right side of his body, and the water wetting down his normally messy blonde hair added an almost angelic appearance to him. All of that combined with the knowledge that the only thing separating her from seeing the rest was a thin veil of lake water lead into by the V-shaped obliques surrounding his abs had her subconsciously rubbing her thighs.

“-uby? Ruby? Ruby?!” Jaune had been calling out to her for a minute now, only his increasing volume making her snap out of her trance, with yet another blush overtaking her.

“Huh?! Yeah?” she attempted to recover.

“You spaced out there for a second! You okay?”

She almost fell off of the boulder waving her hands in front of her face in an attempt to cover up her embarrassment, “Me? Oh yeah, totally okay! Just waiting for you to be done with your bath so I can have my turn is all!” She finished with a nervous giggle, desperately waiting for another response.

*Please don’t stop being clueless now! Pleasepleaseplease-

“Whatever,” he said.

Ruby stifled a sigh of relief, *oh thank god.*

“Well,” Jaune continued, “I’m mostly cleaned up here so if you don’t mind turning around, I’ll get out and dry off so you can have a bath too!”

“Got it!” she yelled back as she spun around on the rocky surface.

As Jaune exited the water, the lake’s height relative to his body shrunk. The cool night breeze hit his groin as he slowly rose up and approached the shoreline. Finally, out of his trance, he began to shiver, wrapping his arms around himself as he began jogging for his towel. Unbeknownst to him, Ruby’s imagination was running wild at what may have been below the lake’s surface.

After a few moments, Ruby heard Jaune call out to her.

“Okay! You can have your turn; I’m dressed now.”
She stood up and slowly turned around, getting ready to jerk her head back around just in case he wasn’t really dressed. To her equal parts relief and disappointment, he was fully dressed. A large blue cloth fully encased his form, however, it wasn’t loose-hanging on account of his armor holding it to his body. His bronze-trimmed armor pieces contrasted against the blue of the cloth and allowed him to wear it more like something she remembered from a long time ago.

“Wow Jaune,” she giggled, “just can’t seem to escape that old Pumpkin Pete onesie you used to sleep in, huh?”

He smirked, catching on surprisingly quick for himself, “Used to? When we get back to the base, I’m slapping that thing on and sleeping for a week.”

She had to laugh at that joke. “Wait, that was a joke, right?”

He adopted a confused expression, “What joke?”

“Nothing at all, Jaune.”

“Okay?” he questioned, grabbing his sword and the sharpening stone Ruby gave him, sitting on the same rock she was, facing opposite her.

Taking the cue, she walked over to a tree along the shoreline and began undressing, all the while hanging her clothes on its branches. She began with her cape, daintily tossing it onto the tree before doing the same with her belt, bracers, boots, stockings, and sleeves. She then looked one last time to make sure that Jaune wasn’t facing her before moving onto her corset and skirt. Taking them off, she was left in nothing but an unflattering grey bra-underwear combination. Standing for what seemed like hours in the moonlight, she didn’t make any effort to conceal her exposed skin as she stared down the back of the blonde knight.

For a moment there was nothing but the sound of her breathing and him sharpening Crocea Mors amongst the dense forest as she undid her bra strap and let it fall to the ground, her breasts bouncing to their natural state when they were freed, followed by her panties sliding down her slender legs next to them. Her heart began to race as she took a step forward along the dirt, a blush slowly forming across her pale cheeks. One step timed with the grating of the sharpening stone turned into two, then three, then a number more until she was only two steps behind Jaune, who was still none the wiser.

So focused. I wonder what he’s thinking about, Ruby thought as she nervously ran her fingers over her abs, he probably blames himself for this whole thing, she paused for a moment, even though it’s kinda his fault.

She began to reach her hand to his shoulder, moving her other arm to cover her chest.

Maybe he needs a distraction, I can be that.

Her hand got closer.

Maybe he needs a new Pyrrha, I can be that.

An inch away, she stopped her hand.

Why am I doing this now?

Midway through a grind of the sword, Jaune saw a few rose petals glide past his head in the breeze, causing him to pause for a moment. Forgetting about the circumstances for a moment, he spun
around to check if his friend was alright.

As quickly as he did, he blushed profusely, seeing his friend out in the lake, completely nude and facing away from him; her hips concealed just below the water line and running wet hands through her hair. Very small yet firm muscles were apparent on the Huntress’ petite frame and he could see the sides of her breasts barely sticking out around her lateral muscles.

He jerked his head away and shook it off before going back to work on his weapon.

*Wow, Ruby really is pretty, huh?*

Meanwhile, Ruby was tracing her index and middle fingers over her bottom lip, letting it go with a small flick and answering her own question

*I want a redo of my first kiss…*

Chapter End Notes

What's gonna happen to our protagonists next? Will there be angst? Will team WYBRN (Wyvern) reunite with the party? What will come of team SOB’s growing tension? Will there be the eventual smut I put in the tags? Will I actually be able to handle all of these coinciding plot lines? Find out next time on Total Drama Isl- wait, wrong show.
Hey everyone! I know it's been a while since I uploaded. I apologize for that. I've been rather consumed with health-related issues within my family, but I'm back now with a ten-plus page chapter, aaaaannnndd... SMUT?!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Ruby! Jaune!” yelled Oscar jumping across a small mound. The rescue operation had commenced about twelve to fourteen hours ago and he was still with Qrow, who was currently in bird form and soaring above the treeline, the pair having left Winter behind immediately after the drop. The sun had set a few minutes ago and they were relying on the scattered moon to guide his path through the dense forest. To their surprise there was barely any Grimm along the search perimeter, only having to cut down five Beowolves and a small Ursa pack along the way.

Momentarily swapping his gaze to the avian shapeshifter above him, he failed to notice the Beowulf round a large tree in front of him. He slammed chest-first into the beast and fell back on his rear, barely keeping a grip on his cane. His flustered expressed was quickly replaced by one of panic as the quadruped lunged at him, attempting to take a bite out of the fallen boy. He quickly rolled backward into a kneeling position, then opened his weapon before counter-lunging at the beast. He smacked the Grimm upside the head to daze it before leaping onto its back and shoving his weapon into its mouth horizontally, before grabbing the handle and yanking hard counter-clockwise, snapping its neck with a resounding pop.

He flipped from the beast and took a knee on its side, catching his breath for a moment.

Well done, Oscar. That was rather efficient of you, Ozpin said within the boy’s mind.

“Thanks for the moral support,” Oscar panted out with a strong tone of sarcasm under his breath.

Ozpin replied with a chuckle, well if I recall, it was you who insisted on me taking my hands off the wheel, so to speak, for a while and let you learn.

“Yeah I did, but all I’m saying is that you find funny times to let me handle things,” Oscar spoke, this time more gathered.

I don’t follow. Is there something I did wrong?

“Oh, I don’t know, how about the dozens of times now that Qrow’s gone into a drunken rage and threatened me while you sit back and watch. You haven’t even explained to your star pupil why you kept that you can’t kill Salem from him for all this time.”

Oscar… I wish I could, but that-

“Is sensitive information? Or is it dangerous for it to be in the wrong hands?” he began to raise his tone as his frustration rose, “Or maybe you just don’t wanna be outed as a damn coward who threw countless lives at your problem until you couldn’t anymore?!”

Oscar-
“No! You know what? Salem is your problem to deal with because you made your deal with the God of Light, but after you fucked it up you felt that throwing other people at the issue was more convenient, right? That’s why Ruby’s mom died. That’s why Weiss almost died, why Qrow doesn’t have a reason to live anymore, and why Jaune lost the love of his life, because you’re a coward who’s gonna throw my life away in some conflict as well and move onto the next poor son of a bitch!” he screamed into the dark with his voice cracking and tears beginning to flow.

*I don’t know what to say, because you*

“Call him out.”

“Huh?” questioned Oscar, looking into the shade of the trees as Qrow emerged.

“You’re right. He is a coward, and since it’s just the three of us out here, I think it’s a perfect time for a confidential briefing,” Qrow spoke as he took a swig from his flask.

“Ozpin, you have to come out, please,” Oscar begged to himself.

*I’m not sure if I have it in me…*

“If you don’t come out, I’ll make you come out,” Oscar said with gritted teeth, making Qrow raise his eyebrows in response and Ozpin feel a growing sense of worry.

“You can do that, kid?” said Qrow.

“I’ve never tried it before, but I know the feeling that comes over me right before he takes over, so if I can replicate that, maybe I can.”

*Oscar, please don’t do this, I can’t!*

“I don’t care!” Oscar yelled as he fell to his knees and slammed his fists into the ground, beginning to tense up as his aura flared. Sparks of green emanated from the boy and he imaged the sense of an invisible forcing yanking him from his limbs and torso, forcing him to leave his form and observe from the back of his own mind. He began to concentrate and use his senses to locate the extra set of eyes he’d felt on himself since Ozpin entered his body and pictured himself yanking that same figure into the place of his limbs. The entity was strong, very strong.

This went on for what felt like hours. Oscar was covered in sweat, aura stilled sparking across his form but much more diminished.

“Oscar, stop!”

“Screw you, Ozpin! I’m not giving up!”

“Kid, look at me!”

Oscar opened his eyes to see Qrow knelt over him shaking him violently.

“Wha- Qrow, how long have I…?” he didn’t finish his sentence has his gaze focused away from Qrow and to the several Grimm bodies surrounding him. There were at least five that were still smoking, and he could only imagine that more had already done the same.

“At least half an hour. You were oozing so much negativity that half the damn forest showed up to party,” Qrow exhaled before continuing, “it’s clear that Ozpin doesn’t wanna party just yet. We can try again another time.”
“But don’t you wanna settle this now?! He’s been playing you like a pawn your whole life!”

“Trust me, kid, I’d like nothing more than to drag him outta you right now and deal with him personally, but I think where it stands,” he got up, turning his back to Oscar and looking over his shoulder before finishing, “I just want my fucking niece back.”

With that, Qrow shifted into bird form and darted into the trees yet again, leaving Oscar to himself. He felt a single tear run down his cheek before he began to lose it then and there, sobbing into the dirt.

While Oscar and Qrow were sharing a moment, Winter and Weiss were sitting at the drop site over a roaring campfire, awaiting the signal to move inward on the search area when everyone else was in position.

Weiss held a SDC-branded thermos in her hands, steaming with black Atlassian coffee while Winter chewed away at a military MRE, labeled “Spaghetti and Meatballs” occasionally taking a moment to wipe crumbs from her lips with a handkerchief.

“You know,” Winter began, “you should really learn to stop bringing non-field-tested rations with you. Imagine if that thermos opened on the drop down. Not only would you be short of coffee, but you’d probably have a nasty burn on your back.”

“I know, but I think I’m fully capable of securing a container properly, Winter.”

Winter began stifling a giggle, “just like you can secure a boyfriend properly?”

Weiss’ face lit up like a Christmas tree, “Wha-what?”

“Don’t play dumb, sis. I know all about Neptune. Cute boy to pick, I see you share your taste in men with yours truly,” Winter finished with a smirk, gently pressing her hand up against her bosom.

“Yeah, well it didn’t last, so you know, that…” Weiss turned her head to the side and faced the ground, somewhat dejected.

“Oh honey, don’t tell me you’re upset over your first little crush?”

“No, it’s not that, it’s that I’m thinking about someone else right now,” she finished with a sip of coffee.

“Oh? And who might that be? Another boy? Tell me his name and maybe I can give you some pointers to woo him over.”

Weiss let out a polite laugh and paused a moment, looking into the forest.

“Well, he’s definitely not a guy I wanna date right now, but I do care about him. He’s saved my life a good number of times now, and he even helped me end up with Neptune a few years ago, even when he had the biggest crush on me.”

“He sounds like a keeper to me. I say you should go for it. So, go on, tell me his name.”
“Jaune Arc.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. I honestly have a lot of respect and admiration for him. He got into Beacon of his own accord despite no prior combat training, made friends and managed to keep pace with Pyrrha Nikos, took my belittling rejections constantly and managed to save face all the while before convincing Neptune to accept my proposal,” she paused before her expression saddened and continued, “then he lost Pyrrha, nearly watched me die and unlocked his semblance as a result, and now he’s in this mess. I just hope he’s okay.”

The two sat there in silence for a moment before Winter spoke up.

“I am so proud of you.”

“What?”

Weiss looked up to see a single tear form in Winter’s eye before she wiped it away.

“I knew you’d matured after hearing of what happened between you and father, but seeing it firsthand makes me so proud to be your sister.”

Weiss formed a warm smile and replied, “Winter, thank you so much, that means-”

“Which is why I think you’re ready to see this.”

Weiss looked puzzled for a second before Winter pulled a small laptop from her camping bag with a small memory stick attached to the side. Winter turned the device to Weiss and pressed play.

She began to play a radar image, displaying multiple Grimm signatures surrounding a central point labeled “Vacuo rescue unit No.21677”. An audio log from within the cockpit began to play.

“How the hell did you attract a whole swarm? The nearest nesting was two miles from your zone! Hell, I picked you up outside your zone!”

“… I screwed-”

“Fuck, they crashed into one of the engines and took it out like birds!”

“Hey, pilot! Look out!”

“I can’t pull up, brace for impact!”

Two voices. One of a young man Weiss didn’t recognize, and the other was Jaune.

Winter turned off the device and put it back in her pack, slowly turning to her now frozen in place sister.

“I didn’t tell your friends that the audio logs and proximity radar data were transmitted back to base before the crash. They don’t need to lose hope.”

“Then why did you show me?”

“Because I think you’re mature enough to handle the truth. In fact, I think you’re the only one capable of not falling apart at-”
“That’s why you showed me, but allow me to rephrase my question: Why show anyone?”

Winter audibly sighed before speaking.

“Because I can’t be alone in the truth. They were approximately two hundred feet off the ground and surrounded by a swarm of Lancers when they went down.”

“Are you meaning to tell me…”

“We’re probably out here looking for bodies, Weiss.”

The more petite of the two appeared even smaller as she shrunk in on herself, curling her legs up and wrapping her arms around her knees. She began to weep into her frame.

“Thank you, Winter…”

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“Yang, you need to slow down! You won’t have any energy left for the second part of the search at this rate!” Yang’s Faunus partner, Blake yelled from a good twenty meters behind her.

Yang punched her way clean through another Boarbatusk as she dove into a roll to carry her momentum from the previous blow. As the expansion along the perimeter carried on, Blake noticed her girlfriend becoming more and more anxious. She stopped making jokes and puns shortly after the drop, then about five hours into the trek she’d stopped her smirking and dramatic acrobatics as she traversed the forest, opting for an intent stare ahead and the ruthless destruction of everything that stood in her way.

The thing that really ticked Blake off was that she was allowing her hair to get into her face and let leaves and twigs to cling to it as she carried on.

“Please, I know you’re worried but you’re gonna get yourself hurt!” Blake yelled as she flipped over a sturdy branch, skimming it the blade of Gambol Shroud to maintain her horizontal velocity before rolling off the smooth ground as she regained her sprint.

Yang responded with an explosion of sparks as she threw an Ember Celica-infused right hook into the neck of an Ursa, knocking its head nearly-clean off and continuing her rush into the forest ahead. She’d been easily dismembering her foes until about thirty minutes ago. She was tiring herself out and losing her focus, not to mention her dust round supply probably looked something like a stack of pancakes that Nora managed to get her hands on.

Shit, I don’t really have a choice, do I? Blake thought to herself before using her weapon’s ribbon to catapult herself in front of Yang and face her. She made sure to catch her girlfriend’s eyes, noticing the fear of imminent impact in them. Blake’s plan began to fall into place as Yang attempted a full reverse throttle on her momentum. As the final nail in the coffin, the Faunus threw a clone at the blonde. She didn’t have enough time to process that it wasn’t Blake and tripped up, causing her to go flying over a fallen log and sliding into a nearby clearing.

After a moment of moaning and groaning on the ground, Yang was broadsided by a swift tackle from Blake, who pinned her arms to the ground with a leg.
“What the hell is wrong with you?!” demanded Yang.

Blake didn’t respond, instead sticking a hand into the downed girl’s side pouch, confirming her suspicions.

“Gods, Yang you’re almost out of dust rounds!” Blake screamed, “The mission barely even started!”

“Don’t tell me what to do!” Yang used a single dust round in her robotic arm to knock Blake’s leg away and give herself enough time to bring herself to her knees, “My sister could be dead for all we know and you’re telling me to slow down?”

“What kind of help would a Grimm-mangled corpse be?”

“More than one that didn’t try her hardest to get to her sister and ended up like that anyway!”

A tear began to well in Blake’s eye.

“I don’t want to lose the woman I love…”

Yang paused for a moment, clenching her fists and looking to the side.

“I’m sorry, but she means more to me than anyone else.”

“I know, baby,” Blake said as she began to approach Yang, “but that’s why you have to slow down, so you can see her again.”

Yang looked back up, allowing Blake to close the gap and press a palm to her cheek she was calmed by the action.

To Blake, everything about Yang was perfect, from her perfect features to her golden hair. Even with the mess of twigs and leaves in it, she was a goddess. Her eyes began to lid as their lips got closer together. The red of her lipstick matched perfectly the leaves of the fallen tree behind-

Blake pulled back and looked at the log Yang had fallen over.

“Hey, Yang?”

“What…” Yang said as her eyes became unlidded and her features adopted a confused expression.

“Trees normally die before they fall over right?”

“Yeah…”

“Then why does that tree have fresh leaves still?”

Yang slowly turned around and followed the red leaves to the base of the log.

“I have a better question: Why does the stump have sword marks at the cut?”

“Call it in.”
As the night began to truly take hold, Ruby stepped out of the pond and wrapped a blanket from the Bullhead around her chest.

_Wow, for once my boobs are good for more than just back pain_, Ruby thought to herself with a small grin as her chest held up the blanket without the assist of her arms easily.

Jaune was still working on his sword as she walked up behind him, shrugging off what she did earlier with a small blush and spoke up.

“Hey, Jaune. How’s your sword coming along?” she questioned in her usual inquisitive tone, “Nice and sharp?”

Jaune didn’t turn around but instead replied by momentarily pausing his work and inspecting the weapon.

“Yes, well it turns out that bashing your weapon into a tree trunk tends to make it pretty dull. So a bit of T.L.C. was definitely needed.”

Jaune spun around on his rock.

“What do you think Rubes?” Jaune’s question was interrupted by his own violent coughing and diversion of his eyes, with his face suddenly taking on the color of Ruby’s namesake.

For a few moments he saw her, he got the full treatment short of a nude figure, which she made sure of. Her blanket was just long enough to cover her groin, showing her long and matured legs and her muscular thighs, leading into even more alluring hips, which she’d cocked out to the side while innocently pressing a hand up against one side. Her other arm was being used to ensure that her towel didn’t fall, coincidentally squeezing her ample breasts against her torso, leaving the fatty tissue attached to them to roll slightly over the towel and press against each other. To top it all off, Ruby’s face was still mildly wet with an inquisitive look, giving her a glistening image that was accompanied by messy hair after rubbing the blanket over it.

“Ruby! Put on some clothes!” he yelled, a small scowl appearing on his face.

Seeing this reaction, Ruby let out a small pout, unbeknownst to him as he was still looking away. _But I already started the innocent act_, Ruby thought, _I matter as well carry it through_.

Raising her pitch to her most confused tone possible without sounding grating, she drilled “but I have a towel on. I don’t see the problem.”

“It’s not the towel,” he said, “it’s what’s-”

He cut his sentence short, to the delight of the petite reaper who was now sporting a small smirk. _Jackpot_, Ruby thought.

“What else could you be talking about besides the towel Jaune? I don’t have anything else on me…” she said dragging out the end of her sentence, with a now underlying sultry tone present.

Jaune suddenly got up, moving a hand to shift some of the cloth around his groin when it began to tighten up and walking off.

“Nothing, Rubes. I’m just gonna get a fire going to keep us warm. Do me a favor and get dressed before you head back,” he said quickly.
He waddled off, leaving Ruby standing on the shore in nothing but a towel.

“I didn’t know I’d get that hard of a reaction from him,” she said before pausing, “huh. Yang’s really rubbing off on me,” her towel fell and with no one around, she sighed looking at her developed chest, “in more ways than one.”

Well, he didn’t say how dressed I should get, she said, grabbing her bra and panties.

Ten minutes later, Ruby came back to the crash site. She made sure to give him ample time to set up the fire while she determined how she would go about tonight. All she knew was that she needed to help Jaune stop blaming himself for today, and she wanted a repeat of her first kiss. Whatever else happened was just a bonus at this point.

On the walk back to Jaune, she reminisced on their first interactions all the way back in Beacon. He was her first friend to not treat her like a child, but he was still supportive. He was there when her own sister bailed, she found solidarity in him about being an unprepared team leader, and they shared the loss of Pyrrha together, helping each other all the way. Over the years he’d become a great warrior and an amazing leader even though he didn’t have any experience in being a huntsman beforehand. And sure, he screwed up this one time by getting ahead of himself, but he needed to let it go. In all honesty, he was giving mixed signals as to whether the young pilot’s death was still in the front of his mind, but she needed to make sure.

It’s okay Ruby, she reassured herself, I’m sure he’d do the same for me if I was in a rut, well, maybe not exactly like this.

As she exited the clearing with her clothes and weapon in hand, Ruby gently laid them down behind Jaune, whose back was to her as he sat over a roaring fire against the pitch blackness around them. He seemed intent on staring into the blaze as Ruby silent crept behind him as she did by the lake. It was a bit easier this time, with the consistent crackling of the large fire drowning out any noise she made.

As she approached him, she began to extend her hand outward to his shoulder, just like the lake. Just as she was an inch away from him once again, hesitation gripped her, seemingly holding her hand back from contacting him. Her heart started racing as dozens of questions ran through her mind in countless variations.

What if I’m not good enough for him? He barely took interest in Pyrrha and look at how perfect she was. He’d probably like someone like Yang over me anyway. Curvy and full, not to mention she looks sexy unlike me. I wonder how disgusted he was by me earlier when I pulled that dumb “sexy” pose. He’s probably trying to forget it right now by looking into the-

Realization dawned on her as she traced his teary eyes to an item in his hand.

-the pilot’s ID.

All the doubts she was having suddenly disappeared in an instant. She swung around into his lap and tossed the ID into the dirt. Before he could react to it any more than by letting out a gasp, she closed the gap between them with her semblance and pressed her lips against his, a flurry of rose pedals
appearing with some catching ablaze in the fire, her tits rubbing against his chest plate and her panties grinding into his unarmored groin.

He let out a gasp and a moan as the shock and sensations took hold. The taste of strawberries on her lips was slightly dampened by the lake water, but still ever-present.

“Ruby, wha-”

“Don’t question it, please.”

Jaune tried his hardest to make sense of the situation, but any line of reasoning was interrupted by her tongue invading his mouth. His eyes opened for a second because of the intrusion, but he quickly returned the favor, sharing in the saliva exchange.

Ruby was absolutely loving this. She was certain that his lust had taken control at this point and was fairly confident she couldn’t stop him from going as far as he needed to, that would be if she wanted to stop him. She was fully aware of the risks that came with what they would probably end up doing, but as long as they were careful everything would be fine right? She didn’t have much time to dwell on it as she felt both of the blonde’s hands on her asscheeks, forcing them to grind harder against his pelvis. She moaned a sigh of approval in response as she wrapped her hands around her neck and leaned further into the kiss.

Jaune wasn’t able to process why or how this was happening, but the ever-increasing influence of his primal urges was quickly silencing any rhyme or reason trying to work its way through his head, much rather focusing pumping blood to another area. It seemed like this influence increased tenfold as they fell backward off of the small crate he was sitting on and fell to the ground as she rode him. The pair were basically having sex at this point, with only two small layers of cloth preventing it from happening. At some point during the fall, he could’ve sworn that he felt the tip of his penis enter a warm hole before being yanked back out by the combined elasticity of the fabric separating them. This realization drove him over the edge and brought out a dominant side he didn’t know he had.

Ruby shouldn’t have been surprised by the sudden flip that she received. Her back was now pressed against the cold earth as Jaune yanked her back up for a second to haphazardly place a blanket underneath her so she wouldn’t be exposed to the dirt. She let out a small gasp and giggle at the sudden turn of events until she heard a thunk next to her. It was one of the shoulder plates that he’d just undone. The girl exposed a look of desperation and placed a hand on the knight’s cheek, to which he paused for a moment.

“I want you to fucking take me. Do whatever you want to me. I want it too. Let’s share our first times together.”

Jaune’s heart seemed to stop for a moment. The girl who he’d known since day one of this insane adventure was on the ground underneath him, hair splayed out like a goddess and her cheeks flushed, begging him to ravage her. At any other time, he would question it, but the hormones rushing through him had enough.

That was fucking. It. For Jaune. With a harsh yank, he exposed her perky breasts by almost throwing her sports bra off of her. This caused her to yelp in pain at the small amount of carpet burn induced by the fabric being forcibly ripped from her already sensitive chest. Before she had time to think, he was on her. His towering figuring and sunk down on her body as he began massaging one nipple in one hand and sucking on the other.

The moan she let out was the thing of legends to Jaune. Her naturally high-pitched voice combined
with her sultry tone made for an adorable sexy and cute yell for more. He traced a hand over her abs as he approached her groin. She let out a sound of anticipation as he realized that would be too easy. He moved one hand away from her nipples as he took both of her arms and restrained them above her head.

Her face was confused for a moment until he pressed his frame into her, now holding her in place as his hand slipped past her shaven mons and touched her. He almost pulled back for a second, because he didn’t expect her to be quite this fucking wet. She was so drenched that he took it upon himself to simply remove the panties from the equation all together at this point. She assisted him by raising her rear as far as his figure allowed as they slipped down her legs and she kicked them off.

At this point, his fingers entered. At first, there was a loud yelp from the huntress as she wasn’t expecting the sudden intrusion, but it quickly turned into moans. For a beginner, Jaune was doing a half decent job, exploring areas that she frequently used to please herself and gauging her reactions to go for more suitable ones. Once he found a good spot by rubbing the inside of her pussy just behind the clitoris in a vertical motion, she only began escalating in excitement.

As she approached climax, her whole body began to make small spasms, with her hands trying to find purchase, but being held down by Jaune she couldn’t do much. It was only a matter of time until her moans turned into grunts and incoherent speech at this point. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and her tongue lolled out. Her head tilted back as she began to moan louder and louder until she was so loud that if she was in a city the whole block would be awake. Her moans transcending into what could only be defined as aroused yelling, and she spat out one sentence semi-clearly.

“Jaune, daddy please don’t stop I’m - hnnng!”

He voice was almost musical to Jaune as he stopped servicing her breast to adjust himself, so she was totally locked down on the ground to ride out her orgasm as his finger kept massaging the inside of her violently now. He was looking directly at her face to observe her mid-orgasmic bliss.

He could tell she was making some effort to attempt to remove his hands from her pussy, perhaps because the sensations were too strong for her, but he didn’t stop until she was a drooling mess, or in this case expelled so many rose petals that she couldn’t release anymore. As soon as she began to settle down, Jaune released her and watched her spasm and groan inconsistently on the blanket below, taking off his armor and makeshift robe in the meantime. Eventually, she rode out the rest of her orgasm and was simply lying there in a pool of her own fluids and rose petals.

A drunken gaze met him, staring at his large pecs, leading into washboard abs and a noticeable bulge in his boxers.

“I want that too, daddy…”

She rose to her knees shakily and began crawling over to her conqueror on all fours, shooting him a sultry look all the while, her silver eyes shining in the pale moonlight. She grabbed his waist, directing him to sit on the box he was originally sat on, which he happily obliged with.

“Daddy, huh?” Jaune questioned.

Ruby’s head was pressed against his boxers at this point, gently massaging his member through the cotton fabric as she spoke, “Yeah, I guess it just came out. I hope you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind at all, to be honest, it kinda fits you, babygirl. Let’s just keep those little nicknames between you and me, alright? I’d much rather not get maimed by Yang and Qrow.”
She giggled at his concern but shrugged it off as she began to yank down the cloth. She kept her face in position so she could watch his cock spring up next to her when she released it. She’d never seen one in person, but despite what her immediate family would believe, she knew what porn was and that it was everywhere online. She’d seen enough porn to know what a dick looked like and what it could do, in fact, it’s where she got her ddlg fetish from.

Thankfully Jaune was more than receptive to the treatment and judging by the fact that she’d been pulling down his boxers slowly for a good two seconds and still was only on the shaft, he was deserving of the title *daddy*. It was only after three seconds that she began to get a little bit nervous. He was at least seven inches and going at this point, and she’d never even used a dildo, so she wasn’t sure how deep she could take it. After reaching eight inches with no head visible, she decided to bite the bullet and yank his boxers down all the way. She gasped as ten inches sprung out, reaching past her head with a girth about that of her wrist. She stared for a minute, precum leaking out of the tip before she was ripped back into reality by Jaune’s hand on her head.

“Well?” he spoke, a powerful tone dominant in his voice.

“I don’t know what to say, I…”

“Suck it.”

“What?”

“You heard me, babygirl. Choke on my cock and make me cum down your throat.”

“Yessir…” she mumbled out, her heart racing while she remained in a daze. She got herself into position, her tits dangling between his legs and her arms resting off to the sides.

She placed a gentle kiss at the tip before timidly licking up the shaft. She couldn’t really place the taste like anything she’d experienced before, maybe a little bit salty as she reached the glans, but other than that generally tasteless, with a strong musky scent dominant. Even though she’d just cum, the scent was making her wet again. She started working her hands up the shaft and she began to slobber around the tip, still hesitant to bring her mouth down on it, still earning some groans from Jaune.

Eventually, she worked up the courage, figuring it would be lubed up enough from her saliva to get at least half of it into her mouth. She angled herself so she was looking directly down on it before shooting a glance at her friend, who shuddered at a breath hitting his shaft. She opened her mouth and took the tip with no problem, then began to slide down the bulk of it. The task was made harder by the mild twitching of his cock as she went further down. At about the halfway point she began to gag, so instead, she rose back up before dropping back down to the five-inch mark again. Jaune’s head was tilted back at this point, with his hands weakly massaging her scalp as she serviced him. She took this opportunity to begin roaming his muscles with her free hand.

This went on for what seemed like an instant and hours at the same time to the pair until Jaune spoke up.

“Hey, Ruby.”

“Yuh?” she spoke through the mass in her mouth.

“You said I could do whatever I wanted,” he placed both hands on the back of her head and firmly gripped her, “right?”

His look sent shivers down her spine as her eyes widened, realizing what he was about to do.
Without any more warning, her throat was rammed down the remaining five inches and she started gagging and coughing violently, her hands trying to find purchase against his thighs. Before she could mentally process what he was doing, tears were already streaming down her face and her eyes were staring up at him lovingly.

This action by Jaune made her realize something – she was a fucking masochist. She was already confident that she enjoyed this treatment based on how he held her down earlier, but that was just a combination of pleasure and restraint. This was full-on pain, and she was close to cumming freehanded from it.

She couldn’t breathe, his dick was almost ripping apart her throat and her head was being thrown back and forth without her own volition. At this point, her right hand had worked its way down to her vulva as she started fingering herself to the sensations. Her moans made a hummming sensation on his cock which only urged Jaune on further, but after a few moments of her fingering herself and slipping in and out of consciousness, she felt a rejuvenating sensation.

He’s using his semblance to keep me conscious, she thought as her eyes widened and started rolling into the back of her head again, oh fuck yes…

With the realization that she couldn’t pass out dawning on her, she decided to make the punishment even rougher on both of them. Without warning she lunged forward, keeping Jaune’s dick in her mouth but making him lay down lengthwise on the box. Jaune made a move to protest but was quickly silenced as he began flailing his upper body, trying to find purchase under the raw amount of pleasure he was receiving. She was using her semblance.

Her head bobbed up and down all the way several times in under a second, taking his dick all the way to the base every time as he gave out and leaned his head forward, trying to watch her. All he could make out was a mess of black and red hair, with two silver orbs staring him down intently.

“Ruby- I- I can’t!” Jaune screamed as his cock began to pulsate in her mouth. She had an idea of what was coming and somehow picked up the pace, even more, her fingers bringing her close to climax again in the meantime.

Suddenly his hands rammed down on her head holding her in place as he let out a guttural roar and moan. She watched him inquisitively for a second until she felt a massive flood of burning hot liquid rush down her throat and coat her stomach.

This was the tipping point for Ruby, being so full of this salty and bittersweet liquid, she jammed three of her fingers into her pussy and clamped down on them as she came too, releasing her mouth from his member with a pop as clumps of sperm drained from her mouth.

So much, what would it feel like if this went in my womb?

The two lied there for a minute, catching their breaths. Jaune was going to say something until he looked back at Ruby, who was mumbling something herself in-between spitting out cum.

Gonna have to log that one to my memory for prosperity’s sake, Jaune admitted in his mind, looking at the cum-stained and sweaty Ruby Rose clumsily laid against his cock.

“What was that, Ruby?”

“Muu-”

“What?”
She spit out another large glob before trying to talk again.

“More, daddy,” she groaned.

If it were possible for someone to have hearts in their eyes, she would’ve, and honestly, he wasn’t too far behind her in that regard. Rolling over to her, he took a cloth and wiped down her face and chest while she spit out the remainder of his cum in her mouth. He leaned her down against the blanket he fingered her against earlier and pressed his forehead against hers, gently planting a kiss every few seconds while looking into her eyes. He rubbed his cock against Ruby’s slit and began to speak.

“Ruby, I don’t have any condoms, you know that, right?”

“I know, daddy, but I want to experience my first time with you right now…” she said in a diminutive tone, putting up a childish act.

He regained a hint of logic and proposed a question, still peppering kisses against her.

“Ruby, drop the act. Why did you jump on me like that earlier?”

“Would you believe me if I said wanted a redo of my first kiss?”

Jaune let out a chuckle.

“Honestly I wouldn’t doubt it – but are you sure there isn’t anything else this is about.”

“Well, there is…” she paused before changing her tone back to a sultry one and rubbing her entrance against his dick, “but I want to save that for after, I really do want to do this with you, just make sure to pull out in time, okay daddy?”

She finished by sliding her tongue into his mouth again and making out with him for a few moments.

“Okay, babygirl, it’s my first time too. Make sure to tell me if I’m doing anything wrong.”

“I’m sure you’ll do fine…”

With that, she felt the head of his penis start to stretch her entrance. She moaned at the intrusion. About three inches into the shaft, she felt a small pain as it pressed up against something.

No way…

“Ruby is that your-”

“Hymen? Yeah, I’m surprised too. I thought it would’ve been worn down from huntress training at this point.”

“What do you want to do about-”

Jaune was cut off as she grabbed onto his midsection and shoved herself the rest of the way, making him moan in pleasure and herself yelp in pain.

“Ruby!”

“Oh, fuck Jaune!”

The two laid there for a second, adjusting to the sudden pressure on both of their ends. Jaune had a
fix for the problem by channeling his aura into her. He forced the wound to heal to the sides of her birth canal and soon after she began to settle down. She looked up at his long blonde hair draped down over his face, casting a shadow from a combination of the moonlight and the fire. His gentle smile warmed her heart and made her forget what the pair were doing for a second.

“Better, baby?”

“Mhmm…”

“Can I start moving?”

“Mmmyes…”

With her approval, he lifted his pelvis backward until the eight inches that just fit were almost out, making her gasp and moan at the sudden friction. A small amount of blood was on his dick as he pulled it out, but he instead concentrated on the incredible sensation of Ruby’s warm pussy wrapping around him as he plunged back in. Ruby’s tits jumped upward at the motion and she gasped, the loving look quickly returning to her face as he started repeating the motion. She wrapped her arms around his back and her legs around his waist, lying there on the tarp as he took the lead.

These sensations were incredible. It made her wonder why she never experimented with a dildo before, considering how wonderful it felt to be filled, although the feeling was probably amplified by who was causing it.

Here Ruby Rose was, in the wilderness hoping for rescue after a nearly fatal bullhead crash, rutting in the grass with her dorky friend from freshman year of Beacon Academy, his chiseled body pushing in and out of her most sensitive place and she moaned gratuitously and called him daddy intermittently between thrusts. What a strange turn of events. She just wanted to get a redo of her first kiss and now she was having unprotected sex in the wilderness.

Jaune was in love with the girl on the ground in front of him, he’d decided. The way her hair flew back and forth at every thrust and she stared at him with intense eyes and a lustful expression, her toned arms, and thighs locked around him with her abs tensing at every thrust just beneath her perfect bouncing breasts. She was an angel and he absolutely was in love with her. But as much as he was loving her front, he hadn’t gotten the chance to appreciate her rear yet.

With a quick withdrawal from her, leaving her moaning in disappointment at the sudden emptiness, he just as quickly flipped her on her chest and realigned with her needy hole.

“You wanna be filled, huh you little cum-dump? That disappointed that I pulled out so quick?”

“Oh, gods yes daddy, I want you back inside of me, fucking fill me-!”

She interrupted herself with her own scream as he plunged eight inches in again and slamming against her cervix, pressing down one palm on her lower back and yanking her hair back with the other hand. At this point he was thrusting violently – in and out several times every breath he took. His sweat began dripping down onto her back as his pelvis continually slapped against her plump ass, making wet slapping sounds every time.

“Oh-gods-yes-dau-dadd-oh-fuccckkk!” she groaned, and she started losing herself again. She was only brought back into reality by a harsh slap on her ass while the hand that was holding her head rammed it into the blanket.

He continued slapping her, with her ass cheeks gradually becoming as pink as her face.
“I want you to fuck me up against a tree daddy! Pleasepleasepleaseplease!”

“Whatever you want, babygirl.”

He stopped his thrusting and removed himself from her, quickly picking her up by the waist and practically throwing her against the nearest tree, making her face away from him and spread her legs wide while her hands gripped the bark.

“No! Not like this, I wanna be facing you Jaune!”

“Won’t that hurt your back?”

**That’s the point, silly!** She thought, “yes and I don’t care! Just do it!”

“Okay.”

He spun her around to face him, picking her up by the thighs and slamming her back against the bark. Her legs wrapped around his midsection and her arms around the back of his neck, all four appendages locking together with their corresponding limbs behind his back.

She looked him dead in the eye, whispering, “make me yours…” before planting a kiss on his lips.

**Gods, she is so fucking cute…** he thought before slamming his cock back into her. Admittedly this angle made for less access to go deep, but it wasn’t a problem given his size, with the tip of his dick barely kissing the entrance to her womb with every thrust.

Ruby was feeling lost in the sensations attacking her body. The tree bark was painfully scraping her back while Jaune kissed her womb from the front and made out with her up top, his hands gripping her asscheeks the entire time. This went on for minutes with her hands occasionally running through his messy hair in the meantime and their sloppy saliva exchange breaking the silence of the night and overpowering the roar of the fire.

She was close to cumming and she started to feel his dick twitch inside of her too. She started to think.

**He’s so hot, I’m probably hot, and this whole situation is so fucking hot! I wonder what it would feel like if he just came inside of me right now. I’d probably drown in it.**

She started to fantasize about a life with him – Mr. and Mrs. Arc living happily in a small cot outside of Patch with a small family of four. Maybe a pet, or two, or three. He needed someone after Pyrrha, and right now the combination of her hormones, the sensation of raw pleasure building to a peak, and the fact that they were stranded in the woods with little hope of rescue made her come to a conclusion of her own in that moment.

**This whole thing between Ozma and Salem has been going on for thousands of years, right? What difference would a few years of pause make? I’m sure the rest of the group can gather the relics.**

Jaune suddenly felt a shift of weight as he was toppled backward into the grass and Ruby started riding him. He tried lifting her off of him to no avail as she pinned down his arms and stared into his eyes.

“Oh, Rubes, what’re you doing?”

“Just making sure I’m,” she paused between moans, “yours…”
“You are, but- ugh- I’m gonna cum, and I don’t have a condom!”

“I know, and I don’t care!” she declared as she started grinding on him, forcing his cock in and out faster than before.

“What are you saying?!”

“I want you to cum inside of me daddy, I want your babies!”

“Ruby, hold on are you sure about this? We’re still both teenagers!”

She slowed her riding and sat up, leaning forward as to present her bust and maybe sway his decision.

“Jaune, a few days ago I never dreamed in a million years that you’d be interested in me, let alone doing this. I’ve had a crush on you since Beacon and finding out that you were my first kiss woke something up in me. You need to trust me. I want this. I want you and whatever great things and hardships come with you and what you’re about to fill me up with.” She emphasized her last sentence by slamming down hard on his cock, taking all ten inches and making him groan in pleasure.

“I want you, and even if we make it out of this I’m okay with whatever comes of it.”

Jaune paused for a moment while seemingly thinking it over. He suddenly grabbed her asscheeks and slammed her down hard again, making her let out a shriek as the realization nearly brought her to climax again.

“Okay, Ruby. I’m gonna cum inside of you.”

“Oh gods, yes!” she yelled before slamming her lips into his and activating her semblance to thrust faster than she thought possible.

The pair started rutting in earnest with both approaching climax quickly. Ruby’s hair was flying around violently while her ass ground back and forth on his waist. Jaune’s legs were tensing up and trying to find purchase against the dirt as he felt his cock begin to pulse harder. He tried to prolong the pleasure as long as possible but knew that Ruby’s own finish would make him lose control. His hands were alternating in-between squeezing her ass, tits, and running along her thighs. Ruby began to sequel into his mouth as a massive climax approached. With an orgasmic yell, she clenched her eyes shut and arched her back, leaning her hands on Jaune’s legs as she spasmed in pleasure.

“I’m cumming, daddy! Fucking knock me up!”

“Oh fuuuu-!” Jaune screamed as he felt her contract on his cock violently and repeatedly. That was it. the dam broke and he pressed down on her hips, forcing her to take all ten inches as he exploded inside of her. His cum flooded her womb and burst from the entrance of her pussy. She shook atop him as her own orgasm settled down and her eyes became lidded and locked gazes with him.

“Ohhh. So warm…” she said, leaning forward and pressing her tits against his chest. For the next few minutes, the pair lazily made out, covered in a mess of sweat, cum, saliva, and even rose pedals while Jaune still embedded inside of Ruby until he eventually softened up and plopped out. What cum wasn’t trapped in her womb leaked out onto his dick through the massive gaping hole that was now her vagina.

“Hey, Jaune.”
“Huh?”

“If we make it out of this, do you think it’ll be a boy or a girl?”

Jaune started rubbing his eyes and muttered, “I’d much rather not think about that right now, okay babygirl? Let’s just fall asleep like this.”

She giggled before looking down into his eyes again, planting a small peck on his lips.

“Okay, daddy…”

Chapter End Notes

Wow, that's a spicy meatball. Next chapter soon :P

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