Summer Antics
by CyanideSins

Summary

The summer heat is on! Refreshment is sought at the pool at the Rose house, with Ruby, her bestie Weiss and her half-sister Yang and her friend Blake and Jaune, as Ruby's best friend in attendance! A tale with a slice of humour, a squeeze of teasing and a generous dose of summer-day enjoyment! Modern-day setting!
Because someone kept on chatting to me about the summer season and because I actually got inspired by a long discussion on swimming, a modern-day AU one-shot with modern-day antics of Mr Arc and team RWBY set in America! I will probably mangle all-American concepts, but hey! I’m trying to refine my style a bit more! Progress! Excelsior!

You are now entering the twilight zone, please do take a ticket on your left.

School was out for summer. From the heat of the land, the unwashed masses headed for the beach, the pool or something similar, yet in the forested region near a small city called Vale, somewhere in the heartland, a single young man trudged after his best friend, who was animatedly chatting with her half-sister. The bags that he carried were enough, as the girl animatedly spoke to her sister about how great it'd be to relax at the pool.

Alright, you can do this!

For young mister Jaune Arc, there was an opportunity here. Ruby Rose, his aforementioned best friend was a happy and cheerful girl who was a little younger than him but not in any way less valid. Her obsession with guns and rifles was a little strange, but her father apparently was an outdoorsman who enjoyed to hunt, having a day job as a teacher in one of the neighbouring states.

"Weiss and Blake will be at mom's house soon too! Jaune, are you alright? You're not carrying too much, are you?" The question was asked and he felt his body groan a little. Three heavy bags, one containing his own swimwear and the other two containing Yang's… whatever it was, the blonde girl who happened to be the daughter of Ruby's father and another woman who apparently used to be in some sort of legal trouble.

The divorce between her mother and father had been swift and with the no-fault clause. Her mother and father had simply grown apart, after Yang's mother had been released from prison for whatever dangerous thing she'd been put in there. That his father loved that woman more than Summer Rose, Ruby's mother, was just bad luck. Ruby had once told him that her mother and her father's new remarried wife had been best friends, once upon a time.

"I'm fine…" That he was left carrying the bags was already enough for him, being able to see Yang's rump bob and bounce with every step that she took, the beautiful, and that was not a statement made lightly, teenager looking like she'd just stepped off a photoshoot. "What's IN these bags, Yang? They weigh a ton!"

Already he was sweating by just holding them, Yang giving a mysterious smile and wagging her finger at him. "Curious about that, eh? Does vomit man want to have a peek and add another title to his collection?" The tease was enough, as she half-turned, her profile showing her breasts pushed up by the top, a sheen of sweat on her skin, as she inhaled deeply.

"No, I'm just…" Ruby smacked Yang for the comment.

"Bad sister! You know that you can't tease Jaune! I think she put some exercise equipment in there. She's going to be staying at mom's house for a while, after all." Whatever was happening with the women in the household was none of his business.

He was here to swim, to banish the heat around him and to feel the coolness of the water tickle
against his skin, rather than to be the man who'd be suffering in the orchards, plucking apples and hoping that the ice water didn't evaporate.

"Perhaps he likes to be teased, Ruby?" Yang teased, grinning at him. "Imagining this hot body in a swimsuit, loverboy?" She winked whilst she struck a pose, the effect not quite lost on him, as she smirked, a faint grin on her lips as he reacted as she had expected.

"Yang! Stop teasing the guy! Don't believe her, Jaune! She's just trying to mess with you!" The path up towards the house was enough for him to worry about. Whatever had inspired the builder of the villa to build it in the forest was beyond him. The pool was large, luckily.

"I know, Ruby…I know." His voice sounded whiny, to his own ears. As he saw the house appear in the distance, he noticed the grass already reaching the length where it'd need to be trimmed a bit. He watched Ruby and Yang continue up the path as he set the bags down, the heat making his head swim a little, the sun bearing down on him.

"Come on, Jaune! Mom's probably got something cool set aside for us!" The woman was a saint, according to him and the majority of the people who knew her. Always ready to lend a helping hand and given a generous settlement through some legal thing that had gone on a few years before, the woman had been a pillar of the community, inspiring Ruby to take up training to enter the armed forces, just like her mother had been.

"Coming…" He said, as he lifted the bags and walked, the shorts feeling a little clammy, as he felt the weight on his arms.

*These things are heavy…*

He set them down in the hallway, Yang bending over and brushing against him, the smell of her shampoo making his nose tingle, as she opened up one of the bags. "Thanks for carrying my bags, Jaune."

"Are those…" The weights that had been stashed in the bags were definitely something that you shouldn't transport in a simple bag, Yang grinning.

"A girl's gotta work to keep her figure, Jaune… Perhaps you'll figure that out if Weiss gives you her attention, hmmm?" The tease was out of his presence, as he panted slightly from the exertion.

"Jaune?" Summer Rose's voice came from his left, the woman wearing a white dress, the slippers that she wore looking like the average pair that you'd find at any dollar store, the look on her face pleading. "Do you think you could mow the lawn for me? I'm willing to pay, if you…" The gesture of pity was enough, yet he rubbed the bridge of his nose.

*She's Ruby's mom, I'm sure that I can help out a little…*

"Sure thing, Miss Rose." The woman smiled and patted his shoulder.

"Thank you so much. The maintenance man has his work-prescribed holiday, so I couldn't quite get the lawn mowing done." The woman smiled encouragingly. "I'll make you something refreshing for after you're done. The lawnmower is in the shed. You know how to find it, right?"

Ruby would be happy when he helped her mother. The woman worked really hard, despite being able to retire comfortably with the settlement, so it wasn't a wasted effort.

*Think of it as an investment… Weiss and Blake haven't arrived yet.*
The thought of the award-winning singer and current recent graduate from the local secondary education made him feel a little warmer on the inside, not in a manner of actual heat, yet of the fervour that welled inside him. To him, Weiss Schnee was a goddess. Her elegance, her poise and her manner of bearing were intense and attractive and as a member of 'team RWBY', as they'd been called during the line-up during their first year, she was wonderful.

The advancement of Ruby a few grades higher having put her as the de facto leader due to the grades and the way that the education had formulated the 'power team' that Ruby led in debates, all had conspired to put him in contact with his snow goddess.

She knew about his affections, of course. He had been trying to ask her out for nearly a year, enough time for the two of them to get familiar with them and her cool scorn to fill his mind from time to time.

He pushed open the door to the shed, spotting the old-style lawnmower standing against the wall, the blades of the push-mower looking sharp and still usable.

Alright, if they could do it back in dad's day, so can I work it.

Pushing the contraption of mowing out of the shed and onto the front lawn, he allowed himself a moment to look up at the sky, a soft sigh escaping his lip. This'd take some time out of his day, but Ruby's mom had asked him and he wasn't able to imagine Yang being able to do something like this.

As he started to push, he could see the stretch of grass that he had already trimmed covered in the cut grass, the smell of it in his nose. Pulling off the shirt and hanging it over one of the clotheslines that hung mid-lawn, he allowed himself a moment to gather himself before starting on the taming of the grass.

"Jaune, Jaune! Check this out! Isn't this cute on me?" The excitable voice of Ruby was enough to draw him from his musings, spotting her standing there wearing a cute red and black rose-accented swimsuit, the cleavage that she showed definitely showing Yang's influence on things.

He leaned against the lawnmower to hide his reaction to the sight of his cute as a button friend standing there dressed in a swimsuit, taking a deep breath. "You look... good." That was all he could muster, as he felt the tension build up a little. Ruby was a great friend, they got along wonderfully, but this... Oof.

Ruby smiled at him, twirling around and then posing. "Mom's got a similar one, so... I got one too! Ooh, I wonder what Weiss thinks of this!" He could try to imagine Miss Rose in a similar swimsuit and it wasn't very conductive to his blood flow issues. With the heat bearing down on him, she continued to smile as he wiped off some sweat from his forehead. "I'm going in the pool. Thanks a bunch for helping mom out!" Yang undoubtedly was in the pool already, knowing that she'd have to get her time in whenever she could get her exercise done.

He was nearly done with the front lawn when the car arrived, driven by a sunglasses-wearing Blake Belladonna, the White Fang company logo stamped on it, parking it right below some of the trees. Weiss sat next to her, the cat ears on Blake's head speaking plainly of her Faunus heritage. The Faunus girl looked at him and nodded in his direction, a bag pulled out, the bikini with her own personal little crest showed off that gorgeous form.

The two-time champion in the art of track and field, or rather, as Ruby had once explained it to him – "Running really really fast away from people' and a history of dating shady men, the girl was in prime form, muscles below the flesh hinting at the power that she contained. Himself, with an
abdomen that was only trained a little with the exercises that he did together with Ruby and Yang (the latter more grudgingly allowing him in her domain).

"Hey, Arc." Blake greeted, passing him by. Her nose crinkled a little at the smell of his sweat, the olfactory senses that Faunus had being far more developed than human senses, but still enough to block out unpleasant senses without over stimulating the owner of the nose.

"Is Yang there yet?" He stopped with the motions, his head feeling heavy at the sensations inside his head, the feeling of weight there enough to make him feel a little dizzy.

"Yeah, she's out there. Probably at the pool." He felt himself sway a little, Blake dismissing him out of hand. He could never get a read on how she thought or felt, even with how her expression changed. He had met her mother once, at a rally that Ruby also had attended as a champion and the woman was expressive and without a single doubt as to her daughter's skills in the art of running.

His vision grew a little dizzy when he finished the front lawn, looking at the clipped grass that laid there on the lawn.

*I'd better get a rake to rake it all in.*

The shade in the shed was enough to cool him a little as he looked at the tools that were available, selecting a leaf rake and pulling it out, before starting to rake together the leaves, the motions slow, whilst his body glistened with the sweat of his labour.

"I see you're keeping busy, Arc." The cool voice of Weiss reached his ears, turning his head to see the car already departing, the butler of her family returning to the mansion that her family owned. The cool beauty had a small bag at her side, as she looked at him imperiously. "Assist me with my bag and I shan't comment on your smell." The offer was probably as good as he'd get, taking the bag and then walking with it towards the house, the rake set against the metal pole that kept the clothesline up.

"Ruby, I have arrived." The cool voice that Weiss used when speaking was a little warmer, as Ruby appeared, her hair wet and her eyes shining. Silver eyes looked at Weiss with excitement, whilst Weiss suddenly received a hug from her. "You can let go, you dolt." The singer mumbled, though Ruby didn't seem to let go, nor did Weiss push her away.

*They are good friends, despite their struggles.*

They departed, and he could spot Summer Rose half-bent over a table, her fingers typing something idly on a small calculator, her severe look enough to make most people worry, yet there was a tiredness to her features. She looked at him, her eyes giving him a Ruby-esque look as her gaze was drawn to his face once more.

"Are you done with the front lawn?" She asked as she leaned back, a hand rubbing her temple on the right, her fingers brushing against the sore spots.

"Yeah, I'm using the rake to gather the clippings so they can be disposed of." Her silver eyes looked at him as she leaned forward, a smile on her face.

"Wonderful." She said, her eyes glinting with delight, rubbing her hands together. "Do have a drink! There's some lemonade in the fridge, do you think you can do the lawn at the back of the house as well?" He smiled, as she adjusted something on the calculator, her attention sliding from him to it.

"Thanks, Miss Rose." The smile on her face was enough as thanks for him, the woman genuinely
meaning well.

He had only met Ruby's dad once, a warm man who had the best of intentions towards everyone and was a kind soul that would hardly hurt a fly, dismissing the woman from his mind as he went for the fridge and poured himself a glass full of near-frozen lemonade.

*Ahh, what a relief.*

He raked together the grass and put it into the bin for compost and the other stuff that generally went in there, his eyes on the metal lawnmower, the blades still looking as dangerous as ever.

*Time to do the back.*

Spotting the girls at the poolside took a moment for him to adjust, as he witnessed Weiss stretching, her modest chest filling her white bikini out really well, as her pale flesh was slathered by Ruby with some sunscreen, seeing Ruby's hands move over Weiss her smaller body giving him a definite case of swelling in a certain region.

Blake was stretched out in a pool chair, her breasts proudly pointing up, the bikini top that she wore enough, as Ruby waved at him. "Finish me off, you dolt! You know I burn easily!" An irritated tone, even with Ruby apologetically smiling at her friend and then continued the show.

He moved a little slower, the lawnmower creaking audibly, a small radio switched on with the latest numbers from the summer stations. Ren and the Sloths came on, the famous zen singer starting on a ballad about his darling valkyrie, a woman who was out of his reach forever due to their differing origins, the sight of Weiss baking in the sun making him wish to help her get some sunscreen on as well.

He'd run his hands over that small form, making sure that she'd feel good and perhaps, let him apply it to her bared front. It was something that wasn't out of the ordinary as he worked, the job given to him by Summer Rose having disturbed his plans to get some cool relaxation, even with how the heat was bearing down on him.

Yang pulled herself out of the pool, two large round globes captured by a very small amount of fabric that strained, the grin on her face that was bright and cheerful enough to light up a small room, as she shook her upper body.

He stared, as she gave him a wink and then licked her lips, the feeling of a certain physiological response starting up. "Looking doesn't cost you anything, blondie. You wish you had a body as hot as mine."

Ruby's head turned to him, lounging on the pool chair with Weiss, the latter currently thumbing through her phone in search of something, a cool gaze directed at him. He felt awkward, as he'd been caught staring, the wet spots on the hot tiles of the swimming pool enough. "Ladies, drinks!"

Summer Rose spoke up and he turned back his attention towards the clipping of the grass, continuing his duty, as Yang made a comment that made Blake laugh. He spotted the usually silent Blake looking at Yang, a grin on her face with that spirit, her body angled to her friend as she gave a hug. "You're such a kidder, you beast."

Yang did a little muscle flex, Blake lingering just a bit. "But that's why you're the girl that's my tag-team partner, Blake! Without you, I'd never be able to get a hand on things." The comment was enough to make Blake shake her head and escape her grip, turning around, flashing that derriere of delight, the bikini bottom that she wore hugging those buttocks, bending over slightly to grab a
There'd been hot fantasies before, but this... This was hot, even for him. "Did you bring your swim shorts, Jaune?" Ruby asked, suddenly at his side. The way that she stood gave him a perfect view of her cleavage, showing once more just how the girl was developing. If it wasn't that his heart was set on Weiss, he would have dared to hope for a girlfriend like Ruby. Short, sweet and with that nice personality.

"Yes, I put them in my bag." Ruby smiled, sweetly. The tightness in his shorts increased, as she turned around and almost seemed to bounce away.

Think calm thoughts... This is the girl who geeked out about a western movie's portrayal of gunfights...

"So, what do you think of the summer holidays, girls?" Summer spoke up, the conversation joined by the other three girls, Yang's bold voice adding her two cents immediately. "It's cool, I don't have to work and we've got the pussy squad here!"

"Yang! Don't call me 'the pussy squad!' You know that that was a thing!" Blake added, her voice more amused than genuinely upset, Ruby returning with his bag and setting it at the door to the house, as Weiss huffed something.

"It was more akin to 'runaway pussy' if you ask for my opinion." He felt like a fifth wheel at this point, even with the lawnmower continuing, the heat pressing onto his body, feeling the warmth seep into him.

A cold shower.

A glance to the side showed Yang adjusting her top a little, a glimpse of a nipple making that shower extra frosty indeed, Weiss grabbing the cool glass of lemonade and bringing it to her lips. As she drank, he followed the moisture that dripped down one of those pale hands, as her swallowing motions did interesting things.

Pushing the lawnmower away, he wondered briefly why Summer didn't have one of those motorized ones, before dismissing the thought and getting the rake. The sooner he was done, the quicker he could get into the water.

As he hung the rake into the shed's loop, he felt the stickiness of his skin, glad that he'd decided to get the shirt off, mentally counting to ten as he focused himself on thoughts that were cool and frosty. "Jaune?" Ruby's voice reached his ear, the girl standing at his side, the startled motion nearly making him jab her in the side with his arm.

"You're a bit tense, aren't you?" She poked him in the side playfully, shaking her head lightly as he frowned at her. "Mom asked whether you'd like to stay for the barbecue as well. I don't know, but I think Weiss may be warming up to the thought of suffering the commoners for a bit longer."

Her grin was infectious, as he high-fived her, her eyes bright and cheerful. She was a little ray of sunshine, even if she was a little odd about things sometimes. "Of course. Mom and dad said that I'd need to be home around eleven at the latest."

Her arm wrapped around his own, pushing his elbow against her chest, an innocent gesture, but with the sexy girls that were laid out on the pool, it was almost a sentence for him. The sweat clung to his skin, the sweat soaking his shorts, a low groan coming from his mouth. "I'm dirty, Ruby."
She smiled, grinning at him. "You should see Weiss when she stubs her toe. She's like 'curses, befouled world! How dare thee hurt mine foot!'" The wink she gave was enough, as she let go, seemingly not willing to touch sweaty boy flesh some more. "But you can hop into the shower if it makes you feel a bit better. Mom said that we have to take a quick shower before we get into the pool, anyways."

Navigating through the Rose home, he found the bathroom, ditching the shorts and underwear for a quick trip under the shower. The cold water hit his body, making him feel the refreshed feeling of that coolness as he quickly ran his fingers over his body, rubbing a sponge over his flesh, before he towelled off, making his feet dry and keeping the rest comfortably wet, as he joined them at the pool.

He was in the water in a moment, enjoying the coolness of it, just floating for a bit as the heat no longer bore down on him. He wondered how long he would have to enjoy something, a shadow suddenly falling over him. "Are you joining us for the barbecue?" Summer asked, the sunglasses that she wore still on, his gaze drawn to Ruby, who was talking to Weiss about something at the poolside chairs and Blake and Yang currently engaged in what seemed to be a tug-of-war with a large inflatable fish in the water, the waves that those two made giving plenty of impressions to him.

"Y-yes, Miss Rose." The woman smiled, nodding at him before she smiled.

"I guess it's time to get the barbecue out. Girls!" The woman called for the attention of the other girls, Yang's head turning to her mother's direction and Blake yanking the inflatable fish out of her grasp. "We're barbecuing! Who wants to be the grill master for tonight, hmm?"

"Jaune can do it." Ruby said, pointing at him, Yang and Blake giving a nod.

"It is what he is decent at, I suppose." Weiss said, in a tone that showed a grudging acceptance of that fact. He remembered faintly the time that the barbecue nearly exploded and knew that Summer Rose should not be allowed near open fires.

"No ash rain today, then."

"I guess I could..." The rest of the girls seemed to pick up where they'd left off at, as the conversations shifted, was worth it. He felt someone suddenly yank on his hips, feeling someone press up against him, manly female hands holding him steady there.

"Soo... Going to bring us some sausages, loverboy?" Yang's teasing voice was enough, as her imposing floatation flesh devices pressed against his back. "Making us all hot and bothered with your skills at managing a grill, hmm?"

"Yang..." He said, plaintively. He turned around, to come face-to-face with Yang, whose cocky grin was there, her eyes looking into his own.

"Or... are you hoping to see Xiao-Long it'd take to get this hot body in your barbecue, hmmm?" The wink that she gave was flirtatious, even with how she turned around, showing her behind to him as she swam over to Blake once more.

He spotted Weiss entering the water, swimming over to her and just floating there, watching her. She stepped in elegantly, Ruby following right behind her. "Jaune! Let's play with the ball!"

The large ball that Ruby had in her hands was garishly coloured, Yang snorting something. "Play with Jaune's ball, yeah! Didn't know you had it in you, sis!" Ruby coloured a little, as her head
turned to her sister.

"At least I'm not trying to hit on Blake, Yang! Don't think I don't see the yearning looks you two give each other!" The spluttering was enough revenge for her, as Weiss flushed, looking at Ruby with a look.

"With him?" She pointed at him. That hurt just a little if he had to admit it privately. It was not something that he could just dismiss out of hand, with how she'd directly pointed at him.

Ruby, bless her heart, seemed not to mind. "Of course! He'd love to play with you!" Weiss gave him her best 'do not make jokes with me' look, before she was tossed the ball, moving with the elegance that she held naturally, a palm pushing the ball back into his corner.

"Jaune! Look! Kitty!" He turned to Yang only to find Blake holding her hands over her chest and Yang moving away from her, an embarrassed "YANG!" emerging from Blake's mouth.

"D-don't look at her, Jaune. Yang's..." Ruby said, but his gaze was already diverted. The ball hit him in the head but he barely noticed it.

Oof...

He returned to the game, whilst Blake raced after Yang, a stern "YANG XIAO-LONG!" from Summer putting an end to the bikini top heist, the older woman getting comfortable in one of the chairs with a book again.

He pulled himself out of the pool after an hour or so, Blake and Yang having made up after a brief wrestling match in the water, one which had been won by Yang, who had made Blake cry uncle for a bit, the entertainment that those two young women of varying status enjoyed being not up to speed with Ruby's own forms. Ruby, as sweet as she was, enjoyed to talk a lot, and Weiss bore the brunt of that.

As he pulled on an apron that looked relatively fire-resilient, a stitched – 'Do not hurt the cook, Raven!' – on the front with a stylized bird on its side with a comically enlarged pitchfork next to it, he looked at the barbecue. The smell of charcoal and briquettes was enough for him to get into the cooking mood as he ignited the small lighting blocks, used to it thanks to the family barbecues at his own place. Ruby was a frequently seen guest at the family barbecue, with the majority of his sisters in attendance, or most of them. Saphron and her wife Terra had moved away to Argus, Illinois, so it was less that they saw those two pop around.

"Ensure that the meat it grilled to perfection!" Weiss directed, her finger poking his chest, whilst she coughed a little at the smoke. Ruby and Blake were currently entangled in a discussion about which manga would be the best to read, Yang lounging on one of the chairs and leaving herself open to the sun, which was slowly starting to disappear down the trees.

The expanse of the land that'd been cleared for the house had been enough to give the Rose family a decent back yard but it didn't stop the light from fading slowly. The large trees were imposing, but he knew that it would just be a trip back on the bus to his home. Ruby walked the half a kilometre stretch with ease, so it wasn't that important. The bus stop would be there, and it'd be a twenty-minute trip either way.

"Maybe Blake can give me a ride back?"

Blake had a car, paid for by her father though, but she had one and a driver's license. The evening was still an hour or so away, he figured, as he put the iron grill-plate above the coals, starting up a
few sausages after testing the heat that came from the barbecue.

"Want a beer?" Summer asked, her voice questioning, seeing the girls perk up a little.

"Mom! We're not in Germany! We can't drink beer at eighteen here! And I'm sixteen!" The woman grinned, popping the can open and taking a sip and giving a long 'oof!' as she did so. The woman smirked at Ruby, who seemed to be exasperated.

"So? I'm your mom, if I tell you to hop, I better hear a 'how high, ma'am?' out of your mouth, sweetheart. But of course... I was just joking. I've gotten some of your special strawberry Pepsi in the cooler for you, darling." The meat sizzled and the sausages popped, the smell of cooking meat good enough.

"Hmm... I want your sausages." The voice of Yang invaded his ear again, the womanly curves of the busty blonde beauty brushing against him, as she patted his shoulder. "Give me your biggest sausage, Jaune."

He gave a soft 'eh-heh-heh' as she pressed against him, Weiss hissing something in German. "Yang! Stop trying to get benefits! I have ordered a sausage from him first." The image of Weiss Schnee, with her lovely lips, and a sausage going between them was something that was enough to make most young men shudder. He wondered briefly whether this was retribution for hitting on her so often, or calling her his Snow Angel...

"You snooze you lose, Weissey! Hey Jaune... I want my sausage with extra hot spicy sauce. Little snowflake probably wants it with some vanilla-sauce like... ketchup." The hot air from the barbecue must be enough, even with the feeling of heat warmed his body, the feel of Yang against him lasting for an instant longer, before she pulled away and grinned at Weiss. "See? Working as intended, man-slave!"

"Hey! He's not a man-slave!" The support from Ruby was appreciated, she appeared to have donned a short top in the brief period that he'd tended to the barbecue, an adorable print of 'Reaper of S'mores' on the front. "He's just Jaune and he's a good guy! He's my friend!"

Go Ruby!

"Is my sausage ready?" The thoughts came again, as Weiss spoke with that tone of voice of 'Bow before me, peasant' that was hot and kind of scary too. He put a sausage on one of the paper plates, handing it to her. She frowned at him, before nodding. "Good." She turned around without further ado, as she seated herself. He put a sausage on the plate, handing it to Yang, who dunked the bottle of hot and spicy barbecue sauce over the sausage, Ruby grimacing.

"Where's my sausage, Jaune?!" She cried out suddenly, her voice a bit high-pitched, as Yang grinned and nudged Blake.

"Is there fish?" Blake asked, and Jaune checked the wrapped tuna filets that were stacked to a side of the barbecue, left to grill in their own juice, his hand rising up with five fingers showing.

"Five more minutes." The Faunus nodded, her head turning to Yang and making a disgusted sound, whilst he fixed Ruby with a plate, the Pepsi can that she had in her other hand opened up, the sweet smell of strawberries coming from it.

His stomach rumbled, as he put another sausage on a plate for Summer, serving Blake her tuna filet, which netted him a 'Humph' from the beautiful girl. Handing the plate to Summer, who seemed to be engrossed in the book that she was reading, he went back to the barbecue, scarfing
down his own sausage before getting to flip some burgers. Those cooked a little faster than the sausages, so he was safe for now, the music of the top 30 of the most popular songs as background music.

This was familiar, this was safe... and he got to look at the girl he liked. He felt a little used, but it wasn't like it didn't happen at home. Being the 'man' of the house, it was often that he was requested to help with 'man tasks' by his father.

"Sooo... Is that a burger on the grill, or are you trying to put your gherkins on my patty?" Yang said, Blake, Weiss and Ruby rolling their eyes synchronously, as he wordlessly put a burger onto her plate, the pat to his shoulder feeling like a dismissal.

For all her teasing and her beauty, Yang never did anything more to show that she was interested. To even suggest that he go for Ruby was to invite Yang Xiao-Long's wrath, the protectiveness about Ruby one of her major flaws. Smashing a football player through a cafeteria table had been the first of many detentions, even if he had been kind of a dick to Ruby.

Once the food had all been eaten and he'd doused the barbecue, he went to find the girls again. The clock had struck seven and he had not been informed about what else was on the schedule. "Jaune! We're going to watch Lubricant!" The excited voice of Ruby was enough to forewarn him that this was going to be another romance movie night... Like he'd suffered before.

"Perhaps I should go..." He said, knowing that if he caught one of the buses back to his section of town, he'd be home by eight. The pouty look on Ruby's face was enough to stall such thoughts.

"But it's such a nice movie! Weiss likes it!" The final word had been spoken and nearly five minutes later, he was acutely aware that the girls had all changed their clothing. Adorable white pyjamas adorned Weiss as she sat there, the silken clothing probably more expensive than all the clothing of his dresser. He sat down in one of the chairs, awkwardly. The girls had commanded the couch, with no room for him to sit.

He'd like to sit with Weiss and be able to wrap his arm around her shoulder, but that seemed to be a fairytale now.

As if she'd allow it...

As the movie started, the popcorn was done, and he was bid to retrieve it by the glorious empress Weiss Schnee. As far as movies went, it was alright in his book. Lots of singing, 50's outfits and some guy who waxed poetically about a car.

I don't see why my sisters love this movie so much...

He glanced outside whilst the girls continued their impressive rendition of one of the songs, Weiss, being trained to sing since she was young, able to do an impressive solo performance of the female parts. "Come on, a duet! Do a Newt-Green with a Revolting! You can take Jaune, he's eh... Jaune!"

That she didn't seem to find anything to say about him that was positive was a bit of a downer, yet he looked hopefully at her. Weiss's face told him enough, the grimace on her face telling in its expression. "He does not have the skill."

Damn, that's a smack to the face...

It wasn't like he felt... sad. She had better skills. There was just a moment when his heart felt like it'd been pushed into a lego anthill with crawling little ice-cube ants.
"Ah well! He's my friend! Let's sing, Jaune!" Ruby was in good cheer, as always, and the singing commenced, to the displeasure of Weiss. Of course, during the time that he sang, he paid attention to Yang and Blake. Blake wore a conservative kimono-like garb, hiding most of that delightful body from sight whilst Yang worked with a single sport top and a set of shorts that went to her upper thighs, a challenging grin on her face, as if she hadn't been all emotional before when the guy asked to go out with the girl again.

"You've got to go, right?" Ruby asked, his eyes glancing at the clock in the living room. It was nearly ten now, so he should be getting towards the bus stop, to see whether he could catch the quarter past bus that'd come by the bus stop.

"Yeah... It was fun." He smiled at her, even though his heart felt a little pained by the dismissal from his crush. Today had been torment on his senses, and he was still wearing his swim shorts. "I should probably get changed to something that doesn't look like I've been at the pool for the whole day." She grinned at him. "I'll keep Weiss occupied! You can do it, Jaune!" The excitement in her voice, even if the whisper had been more on speaking level volume than anything conspiratorial, was unfaked.

*I am so happy that you're my friend.*

He didn't see Yang or Blake after he returned from the bathroom, dressed in his shorts once more with the swimshorts tucked in the plastic bag that he kept in his own bag, together with his towel. "Where did Yang and Blake go?"

Ruby looked away from Weiss, who was in the process of laying the final domino in place, a look of perfection on her face as she did so, shrugging. "She said that she was tired so Yang went to make her bed. She sleeps over sometimes when it's late and she doesn't feel like driving."

*Damn, that's one ride back to the city down.*

"Do you need a ride?" The saviour of puppies and long trips back home spoke up, Summer Rose entering the living room, wearing casual clothing and being currently shoeless. "I'll give you one. The least I could do for the grill master of the day." Ruby snorted at the reference to the drill masters that Summer occasionally referred to when trying to explain things, though he didn't know who 'Pound-Town Port' and 'Bartholomew the Brute' were. All he got from her when he asked was laughter and the shake of a head and an 'I'll tell you when you've been to boot camp, blondie'.

"Aww, you don't have to. I can get home by myself, Miss Rose." The woman grabbed a pair of sneakers from a small cupboard and then put them on, her feet clad now, where they'd been barefoot before.

"No, I insist. Your mother would have a fit if Ruby insisted that she go home. Little Joan isn't going home alone tonight." The nickname for him at age seven, when his older sisters had stuck him in a dress and called him Joan, was something that the woman hadn't forgotten yet. He'd been best friends with Ruby since age 13, so it was now five years. The woman had been around the house more than enough to know the general layout of the house, Ruby often forgetting the time when they were playing a game of Grimm Annihilator.

"Hey..." He said, complainingly. The woman grinned. "Thanks."

The woman's fingers plucked the key from the peg, looking back at Ruby. "Tell Yang that if she's messed up the shower again, I will revoke her privileges for the car." The stern tone of voice was enough to tell the girl off, whilst Ruby sighed deeply.
"I know, mom... You don't have to tell us three times..." The woman smiled at her daughter, ruffling her hair.

"I will. She's like her mother, a bird-brain. If she didn't have Blake, she'd be wondering where her clothes went after she did another of those near-naked runs around the house." The image of Yang bouncing a little was a good inspirational one, as the woman motioned for him to follow.

"Alright, private Arc. Get in the car and keep your trap shut." The drill sergeant tone of voice made him march, the bag plucked up and a look given at Weiss, who waved at him in obvious goodbye and dismissal.

The car was one of the two in the garage, a convertible from the seventies or something, a large beast of a car that looked like it'd been well-maintained. It was a stark white colour, with a stylized Rose on the hood. "Alright, Jaune... get in. Time to fire up Oiled Thunder." The look on the woman's face was excited, the same look that Ruby got about her rifles and guns.

"She's a beauty, maintained properly, given the best treatment in the books... Damn, if I could, I would marry this car." She said, whilst the engine rumbled to life, the radio station flickering on and the car giving an experimental rumble, as he got in. His bag was placed on the back seat, as the woman looked at the darkening sky, the headlights blazing, as she pushed the ignition. It wasn't the regular SUV that she regularly drove in, he noticed, as it had been parked a little away.

"Original rims too. Cost a ton of money... But for my baby, this is the best of the best. Don't tell Ruby though..." The woman's silver eyes were a little far-off in their look. "But I got her a nice serviceable rifle. She'll get it at seventeen because she'll need to defend herself. If she's going to make the choice to live together with her partner, she's going to need a thing to defend herself."

Since when is Ruby dating? Is it that Oscar Pine boy who was partnered with her for that project of mentoring?

The kid looked like he was Ruby's age, so it might be possible. He'd need to have a talk with her. "That's... nice." Summer Rose made a snorting sound before she shook her head, turning a sharp left, making him rock to the side. They'd gotten onto the main road.

"Let me show you what this baby can do, Arc." She said, pushing the pedal down and the car accelerated. For someone who knew that a car was metal and went fast, it wasn't very impressive, yet the look of amusement on Summer Rose's face, that energetic personality that was also found in Ruby, shone through.

I can see where she's got it from.

They sped down the road towards the city, Summer's head turning to check the rear-view mirror for a moment, the woman turning on a side road. "Let me show you the sights of the place a bit, since we've got some time." The woman said as the car accelerated again. The road that she used winded upward, his mental geography telling him that it was going the direction of Beacon lake, where there was a nice swimming spot and several parking spaces, as well as a shortcut to the section of town that he needed to be at. Cutting through this spot would make sure that he'd be home in time, rather than be stuck in traffic perhaps, suffering the ire of his parents.

The lake was still as they pushed up to the parking spot, the woman parking the car broadly, the headlights turned off, a grin on her face as the full moon illuminated her face. "Hey... Eh, aren't you going to be-"

He froze, as her finger touched his lips. A look in her eyes, as she turned to the lake. "See the
stillness of it?" She said, looking at it for what must be a minute. "It's perfectly quiet here." There were only a few sounds of crickets, a moment where there was a stillness in the air that brought out the beauty of the place.

"Here, let me adjust your seat a little." The woman said, a clicking sound and his butt feeling how the seat was slid back. "Comfy?" She asked, as he looked up at the stars.

"Yeah... I mean... What's the time?" He asked, feeling a little awkward. He was supposed to be home at eleven, and she'd taken him to go sight-seeing at a quiet place at night.

A soft laugh, as fabric seemed to be moving. A hand brushed over his cheek as something darkened his face. "Twenty minutes past ten, Jaune." The cloth that covered his vision he pulled off, turning to look at her, the moon casting her in a ghostly pale light. The pale skin lit up, as the silver eyes looked at him. A swimsuit, hardly more than three to four strips of cloth, covered her body.

She hadn't been swimming... but she wore a swimsuit anyways.

"Summer nights can get awfully hot, can't they? My daughters don't know what they're giving up..." She said, her silver eyes looking at him. Summer Rose, age 39, was still able to make an impression.

"I like a man who's able to do work around the house, Jaune." A hand pressed him down, surprising strength used to keep him there.

"A man who's handy with cooking..." Her hand seized a hold on his shorts. A tug later and he felt cool summer night air on his privates.

"But... I'm still a little sweaty." He mumbled. He was caught aback, the soft snicker from the older woman who was now taking a hold of his Mini-Arc.

"Oh sweetie... When a girl's in the mood and giving you hints, you don't say no. You just let them rock your world."

As the fingers gently brushed over the head and peeled the foreskin back, she took a deep breath before blowing over it, the hardening shaft enough to make her give a crude chuckle. "So... Is this the first time that a girl’s touched your little sword, Mister Arc?"

A soft groan came from his mouth, as her fingers slipped below the crown and tugged it up, the sensation of the strong and thin fingers pushing along the head, working to make him hard. “Ahh... Yesss...”

A deep groan came from his mouth, as she bent her head, the feeling of the lips pressing against the head of his manhood, the warmth enough, his gaze directed to the starry sky above them, as Summer’s lips slid down over the head and a tongue batted over the head. “Tash-tye.” Her mouth distorted the sound, as her tongue slid over the sensitive head, his head looking down at her.

Silver eyes locked with his own as her head slowly bobbed, the eyes never fading from sight, or blinking. He could have imagined Ruby in her place once upon a time, yet it truly was Summer, whose tongue and lips and sucking mouth were working to feed his pleasure centre with delightful stimulus, the lips popping off his head, the saliva coating it.

“Am I the first to suck you off, Jaune?” Her voice sounded so like Ruby’s that the dirty question was like a mixture of sinful pleasure. “Aww... I bet this is your first time... Don’t worry...” Her hand patted the head of his cock, as her lips pressed a soft kiss against it. “You can cum in my
mouth. No graduating from your virginity yet... I haven’t brought along any condoms, so...” The thought of having sex with this woman made him even harder, the woman giving a cruel grin.

“Close your eyes, Jaune. Juuuust imagine...” His eyes closed, as her fingers started to grip the base tightly. “Imagine that cute girlfriend of Ruby’s with her lips around your dick...” There was a hot breath on his cock, as a tongue licked over the underside of it.

“Fuck, Tai loved it when Raven and I did that during our first double date.” The dad of Ruby, his mind idly filtered in, as the tongue brushed under the sensitive head. “Come on, sweetheart... Imagine that it’s miss prissy German who’s sucking on you... Who’s giving you the attention.”

The tension in his lower body was rising, as he tried to imagine Weiss doing something like this, in a car. The feeling of the burn in his lower body was like a warm bath, as Summer’s fingers did a little tapping at the base, a soft groan coming from his mouth. “Or are you fonder of my little girl, hmmm? Imagining Ruby’s lips on your dick... oh my...”

The response was a throbbing of his cock, Summer’s voice was like a little purr. “Or perhaps Yang... Those big bowling balls on her chest...” The response was more vivid now, as Yang had indeed featured a few times in his fantasies. “That’s it, sweetheart. Come on... or are you more the type who wants to get a Faunus in the sack, hmm?” Her voice was urging him on, his hips raising.

“Ah, Miss Ro-“ The motions stopped and he ached, as he opened his eyes spotting her there, leaning still, her eyes looking at her with confusion, her hands still busy as one supported her and the other was wrapped around the base of his manhood.

“Call me Summer...” She said with a grin, as he laid back and her hand cradled his balls.

“Or... Would you rather think about me, hmmm?” It was a loaded question, but he knew the answer. Weiss would probably never ever think about him in such a fashion, even if she was starting to warm up. Ruby was a risky road, with Yang and Blake... utterly out of his league.

“Summer, please...” The smile on her face, as she dove down, her eyes locking with his as her lips wrapped around his manhood and she started to really suck. “Ah... Summer...”

The groan that came from his mouth was needy, desperate almost as he felt her twist her tongue, her eyes looking up at him, whilst her tongue’s tip dove down the urethra, the sensation enough to make him almost black out, the grip on the car’s seat tightening, as he felt stars erupt in his mind.

A low groan erupted from his mouth at the sensation that filled him, as she sucked, her mouth moving as he felt like his life was being sucked out straight through the lower parts, a sensual groan-moan coming from his mouth as he moaned a low ‘Summer!’.

Her heavy breathing was enough, as she looked at him with heavily lidded eyes. “Aah...” Her tongue was coated in his own spunk, her mouth opened to show him the load that she had received from him. Her tongue waggled a little, the mouth closing and then the swallow, before she grinned at him.

“Now...” She got out of the seat, opening the car door and stepping out, almost gingerly. The sneakers had been a good choice for footwear, as they had purchase on the ground. “I’m gonna get on this hood and you’re going to lick me, blondie.” A grin on her face, as she spread her legs, the swimsuit pushed aside.

He got up slowly, jerking his shorts up again, feeling the dampness of his groin as he did, his breathing heavy, as sweat gathered on his body. He walked to the front, where Summer was
already pumping fingers into her down to the knuckle, the woman’s legs spread in an M-like figure on the hood.

A glistening mound stood there, with a slight dusting of reddish-black pubic hair above it. “Dessert’s served... and I’ve had mine.” He laid his hands on her thighs, diving into her groin, a soft sound from her throat as she felt his tongue slide into her, a soft grunt coming from her lips.

“Yeah... Easy, easy... Remember that there’s a nub at the top where the nerves are... Yeah...” He just did what he thought was best. His tongue slid into her depths without even checking, the pleasure that the woman was already feeling like a good guide, as her hands grabbed his head, the sticky fingers mussing up the blonde hair.

“Fuck... It’s been nearly five years...” The woman groaned, as his chin bumped against her. “Yes... A bit deeper. Come on, eat me out like Weiss eats my daughter out when they think I’m asleep.”

The language wasn’t as sensual as he’d thought it would be, but the information about Weiss and Ruby... oof, that was a bombshell. “Don’t stop, blondie. I swallowed, so now you’re going to make me drip.”

His head was forced into her groin, as his tongue licked over her pussy, the taste salty and a little erotic, somewhat. He wasn’t sure what it should taste like, but to Summer, it was good. Encouraging little moans, a low sensual groan from her, and encouragements. “You know why they keep you around, Jaune?”

Her voice was soft, as Summer’s legs closed a little. “Because you’re Ruby’s friend and Ruby’s girlfriend doesn’t want to upset Ruby.” There was another hiss, as the woman produced more liquid from her groin, as a set of soft moans erupted from Summer’s mouth.

“Fuck... I’m close, sweetheart... I’m so close...” The juices flowed, as her legs tightened, a soft shudder coming from the woman as a keening sound came from her mouth, a loud “Oh, fuck YES!” coming from her lips, the echo sounding louder thanks to the quiet around the lake.

A sweaty Summer Rose laid there on the hood, panting, her eyes heavy-lidded, as he looked up at her. Juices coated most of his face from the nose down, the smell of it invading his nose, a wry grin on her lips. “My... Someone’s been busy.”

“Is it true that Ruby and Weiss are together?” He asked, Summer giving a faint nod.

“They don’t want to hurt you, but they’re not sure whether they should be coming out of the closet. Yang and Blake are together too, but those actually do date guys on the side. Before you ask: She’s not interested.” That dampened his spirits a little, his look at her giving her an idea about what he thought. “That’s because I’m showing an interest and I’m not letting Raven Mcbird-fuck steal my man again.”

She got up, grinning a little as she took a step towards the water. “Come in the water, Jaune. Let’s cool off a bit during the hot summer night.” He followed after her. He’d try to squash the feeling of hurt inside him that his crush and his best friend were dating and hadn’t wanted to tell him.

As she turned around in the water, Summer Rose smiled at him, swimming backwards with flowing motions, like a mermaid. “Y’know what, Jaune?”

“Oh, those summer nights?” He sang back at her, a snicker coming from her, as she shook her head, amused by the reference to the musical.

“No, but I’ll say that you’re right on your way...” The confidence in her voice was enough, as she
licked her lips. Her hair was plastered against her face, a look in her eyes that made her look like Ruby’s hotter older sister.

“Race you to the other shore!” She challenged, starting with a head start. He followed right after her, though he couldn’t keep up. She was the ex-military one, after all. She was super-mom, according to Ruby.

Nearly two hours later did the car roll up to the driveway, Summer Rose's hair slightly damp as they'd gone for a quick swim, the older woman having kept it to merely a bit of exploration. It had been an experience worth remembering as her touch to his body sent him ablaze, the dress put back on after the scandalous swimsuit had been unveiled. It showed through the white dress a little, but Summer did not mind in the slightest.

She was the one ringing the doorbell, as she grinned at him, a look on her face that said 'trust me', as the door was opened by a bleary-eyed man, whose eyes narrowed. "I told you to be home at eleven at the latest, son. What's your excuse now? Staring at the pretty ladies for long enough?" The man's voice was gruff and annoyed, as he stepped aside to let them in.

"Sorry for my son's little indiscretion. We were a little concerned." The man said, Jaune spotting his mother in the kitchen, still awake and in a nightgown, standing up as Summer entered in her dress.

"Ah, thank you for bringing him home. I trust it wasn't a bother? Do you want money for gas?" The woman asked the tightness of his father's features meant another argument in the near future. Summer smiled, her eyes glinting a little.

"Well, I'd like to apologize first" Summer Rose was apologetic in her tone as she glanced at him. "Ever since my maintenance man decided that he'd need to have his summer break, there's a need to have a bit of a strong man around the house... So, I had to borrow your son for a few tasks." His father's face softened a little.

Perhaps there won't be a lecture on working hard and earning a good living wage...

"Well, at least you're good for something, rather than dreaming about scoring it big in the armed forces..." The man was ex-Marines, his leg shot up during a mission in a dusty place named Vacuo, Texas. Apparently some sort of fuck-up that had made him be released on medical grounds.

"He's available for more things, if you need help, right, Jaune?" His mother's tone promised an argument if he responded in the negative to it, and he nodded.

"My lawn needs to be mowed again, my bush needs some trimming and I'd really like it if he's able to help me plant a few seeds in the garden... I so love to have a few big root vegetables to eat when it's nice out there... and my Ruby just loves the attention from her bestie." The innuendo, as she looked at him with those silver eyes barely hiding any sort of nebulous intention aside from what she was planning on doing to him, made his pants feel tight, as his mother and father, unaware of the fact that Summer Rose'd given him the first blowjob of his life nearly two hours ago, nodded.

"He'd love to help. See? He's on his way to becoming a farmer, just like your brother, Jack." The man gave him a look, as he stared at him for a while.

"You better not do something like seducing that poor girl whilst you're there, Jaune. I know how you teens work! Saphron's girlfriend got pregnant thanks to one bad decision! You're going to keep Miss Rose happy." The man turned to Summer, whose smile grew a little forced with that look he
"Be sure to teach him some discipline, sergeant Rose." Summer grinned, broadly.

"Don't worry, I'll make a real man out of him." She saluted, and his dad grinned.

"Semper fi, Marine. That's what we were taught back in the Marines and that's how we're gonna die." The man's finger poked his chest and he looked at Summer.

"Oh, I won't let him die. I'll let him do a few drills with me though." Summer winked, as she grinned. "Better buy him some shoes and some fresh underwear... because drill sergeant Rose is on the case!" His dad actually looked proud, whilst his mother just gave a look of 'what is going on?' to the proud little posturing of his dad and Summer.

"You hear that, Jaune? She's going to make you into someone worthy of respect! You better give her your all!" The image of Summer getting his all made him flush red, as Summer grinned.

"Give me your all, Jaune! Down the trails and up the mountain! I will make you better, faster and stronger! Oh, and you can do my roses too." She paused, as she tilted her head. "The ones next to the shed, not the one near the pool garden. Those are Ruby's."

He didn't know what she meant with that, but it was all good to him. It was still somewhat surprising that she'd done... that. That they'd done... that.

"Now, I've got to go. The girls will be having a lesbian orgy now that momma Rose is away... So I've got to scare em straight." With what she'd unveiled during their little impromptu stop at the lake, it was very likely that she would indeed walk in on her daughter, or daughters, making out with their partner. She'd spoken about Yang and Blake's polygamous relationship, after all. That Weiss and Ruby were dating...

As she licked her lips, she winked at him.

Somehow, the thought of Ruby and Weiss dating no longer seemed to be as heavy as it had been before.

Those summer nights were darn hot, after all.

This is your Cyanide Sins person, currently being nearly half-roasted in the house... Enjoy this little trial of a modern-day fic. Any mentions of Grease are entirely intentional, and I think that this is going to be just a one-shot, so yeah... Enjoy it, and other stuff.

Trying to iron out a few of the kinks in my writing style with this thing, because I’ve noticed some tics that I’ve got in my writing and I’m trying to correct them.

Leave a comment! I like to read that stuff.
Drill Instructor Rose on the case.

Enjoy a second chapter!

“Jaune…” Summer’s voice filtered into his ear even as he pushed his head into the pillow some more. “Come on, Jaune… Wake up.” The voice was soft, gentle, even as he felt someone tug at the covers.

“WAKE THE FUCK UP, MAGGOT!” The sound of Summer’s voice, raised to an ear-piercing height was enough to startle him awake, turning his head to see Summer standing there in his bedroom, wearing an exercise outfit. He would not deny that his eyes went to the tight top, the toned stomach and those hips that had been bucking at him only the day before. His mother stood at her side, a smirk on her face as she looked at him with the expression that only a mother could have at her son being shouted at by some drill instructor.

“Get out of bed or I’ll chase you through the city in your underwear.” The natural phenomenon that happened to most men was still in effect, as she tore the covers off. “That little stick there between your legs is up, so why aren’t you? Get your ass into a nice comfortable set of pants, we’re going to run! Your mother was nice enough to let me be the one to take over the regimen of making you into a man, so time is wasting, boy!”

She grabbed a hold of his arm and he did an unmanly ‘aahh!’ as she straight-up jerked him out of bed, holding him up. ‘Holy shit, she’s strong.’

“Now, don’t mangle him too much, Summer. He needs to be able to help you around the house still.” His mother said, like some traitor who would not even dare to help her flesh and blood.

“Oh, we’ll start off light. A five mile run to warm his muscles up, before some light crunches and a bit of extra. Thanks for packing his bag for him, he’s going to be a sweaty, stinky boy when he’s done with that.” Summer’s easy smile, even as she winked at him, causing his male phenomenon to give a little twitch, to the faint horror in his mind, his mother not noticing, yet Summer doing so. “I’ll deliver this little scrub back home around ten. You’re going to see him walk into that door a man, I promise you.”

His mother laughed, like a traitorous Benedict Arnold, shaking her head. “Thank you for doing this for him. Jack’s been looking for a reason to get Jaune shaped up.” Summer snorted, shaking her head.

“I needed to get some personal training up again. It’s going to be a lot of work to get these babies back into style again.” The look she gave him, as her hands rubbed over her toned stomach, was enough. “What’re you doing, standing there and looking at me like I am the god-damn owner of your ballsack, maggot? Get dressed! If you aren’t done in five minutes, I’ll have you eating ass until your breath smells like last night’s dinner!”
The verbal barrage of insults and taunts was to spur him on, as he got dressed quickly. A smack against his ass and a ‘Work faster, scrub!’ spurred him on even more than before, as he got himself dressed in a very light set of jogging pants, a top that’d been bought a few years ago with the bunny rabbit logo on it as well as a fresh towel.

“Doable, Arc. Your ass is mine for the rest of the day! Ma’am, I’ll bring him home with sweat on his balls and a satisfied feeling of being a bitch for a woman who’s able to spit fire at him.” The verbal torrent of abuse and crude remarks seemed to be something of a thing with the military, even as his mother winced a little.

“I’d like him back clean, please…” She said, even as one of his sisters peeked into the room.

“Holy shit, you’re actually getting out of bed before six.” The time he hadn’t noticed, but the lack of sleep certainly had been. “And getting reamed out by Miss Rose.”

“That’s right. This little candy-ass bitch is going to learn what it’s like to meet my friend PAIN.” Her gaze turned to him. “And it won’t be some sweet-ass on the backseat of the car head that you’ll be getting from me, Arc. Your ass is mine and I’m going to make you wish that you’d gotten laid before I took that boy-cherry of yours by force! You should be happy that I’m not Yang’s mother, because if that bird fuck got her hands on you, you’d be pumping babies in her ovaries like it’s a ten hour shift at the gas station! Now march, bitch!” She smacked his ass and told him to hurry on.

“Do you really have to use such terms around my son, Summer?” He heard his mother ask, as Summer’s light laugh came from behind him.

“It’s all part of shaping a kid into a man. Ask your husband what he did when he was in Basic. We had this guy in charge of us, a really soft-spoken guy, but when he went off on you, it was like ‘You shit-fucking mud baby! How dare you go and do that shit to us! Do you like smelling of piss, you cock-sucking son of a motherfucking incest baby!’? Ahh, Bob Rose, you will be missed. Heard he’s a painter now, too.”

“That’s… colourful.” His mother said, politely. Summer’s impression was at her regular voice level, but it did not diminish the feeling of being pressured. It was not enough for Summer to just coax him, but also to demean him.

“Yeah. When my best friend Raven and I went through basic, we were like ‘hell naw, motherfucker!’ and he was very soft-spoken about it. Gotta break the kids down if you want them to be good defenders of the best fucking country in the whole wide world! I’m gonna break him in and make sure that he’s the best man that a woman can get.” He could imagine Summer doing that, even as the feeling of her touching him, of her lips wrapped around his manhood, came to him. Excitement filled him, even as his father gave a wave at him.

“You should do what she tells you. I’d wish you luck, but with how she’s getting excited about it… You’ve got hell in front of you, Jaune.” His father grinned, patting him on the shoulder. “At least you’ve got a fine driller with ya. She’s got the guts, and she’s a beauty. Not like the guy I had for my Basic… Now there was a guy who used fuck for every second word…”

“Come on, Jaune. It’s already six and your ass should’ve been out in the woods for two hours. Consider yourself lucky that I’ve let you sleep two more hours, dreaming of my daughters in their swimsuit!” A smack to the ass, even as Summer grabbed his head in a head-lock. “Pour some stuff down his throat-hole and we’ll see about his skills at running away from a woman.”

A bowl of oatmeal and some fruity bits and pieces in it was poured down his throat by a merciless
Summer, whose grin was enough to tell him that this was going to suck really badly for him.

As he was pushed towards the car, nearly twenty minutes post-waking, he watched the SUV, the car looking well-worn, several of the neighbours watching as he was nearly thrown into it, with Summer slamming the door shut.

“Alright, Jaune… Time for you to get sweating… And I won’t be letting up on you. I was taught to be the best of the best, and none of the sissies that had decided that they’d be Marines and flunk out and went into the air force or something was up to my mettle… So I’m going to break you down and build you up.” The engine rumbled to life, even as she looked a little distant, her gaze at the skies. “Tomorrow at four, I’m going to own that ass of yours… But first, we’ve got to work out.”

“Summer, eh… About last night.” Embarrassment filled him, as she smiled, a smile that was gentle and without the hardness of her drill instructor mode.

“I enjoyed it, Jaune. Let’s just put it down as an experiment… I do want you to be a good fit for a girl.” It was that she was staring at the road, as the car started and moved, her eyes distant and perhaps a little forlorn. “I shouldn’t have… But I did. No use crying about spilled fuel.” The snicker that came from her mouth was almost a regretful one, as she exhaled slowly. “No… There’d be little crying about that.” There was a pregnant pause, as they sped up a little, Summer pushing the pedal and the car moving along, slightly above the speed limit as they moved.

“We’ve got three hours to do our little jog and dance, Jaune. I don’t expect you to go and be a superstar bitch-breaker in three hours, but try to keep up.” Her body did as she said, starting to go at a modest pace. He could feel his breathing pick up at the first three-hundred yards, Summer keeping perfect pace in front of him, turning her head a little. Her hair was a little longer than Ruby’s, the sunlight shining on it making it glow almost with the red of the tips, her silver eyes looking at him.

“Come on, you can do it faster… I said that I’d make a man out of you, so come on… Get in front and make that cute butt wobble!” She let him pass and then felt her hand smacking his ass. His speed increased a little, as she easily matched the pace. “Come on, you little blonde runt! I like my men strong! Be able to challenge a bitch to a wrestling match and punch her lights out like a REAL son of America would do.”

As sweat soaked his shirt and his pants felt uncomfortably sticky, he let his gaze drift to Summer, who was only sweating lightly, the hair sticking to her face and the top, a white one, clinging to her breasts. She wasn’t as busty as Yang was, yet the woman clearly had some good genetics behind her, as she smirked, leaning against the car for an instant. “If you’re able to do fifty crunches and push-ups, perhaps I’ll give you a little reward.” The hint was accompanied by a light lifting of her top, showing a pale orb of flesh, a nipple peeking out at him. “Ah… Only if you do them. The best rewards go to the ones who are strong, Jaune… Laws of the jungle.”

He strained, as the push-ups were slow and his body ached. Her eyes were on him, even as he settled to do his crunches, the muscles in his gut tightening, though he was sure that she was going easy on him. He’d heard the horror stories from his father, about the day-long marches on the exercising ground.

“That’s a good boy…” She said, as she sat down next to him. A water bottle was in her hands, held out to him. “Your reward, Jaune. Cool water to drink…” Her head turned, the somewhat abandoned road that she’d parked at still there, and her hand lifted her top. “And some good advice, because you’re a good boy for keeping up with the warm-up.”
He grabbed a hold of the water bottle, his eyes looking at the breasts that showed clearly, Summer’s skin pale, even as she moved closer. “Summer, I…”

She placed a finger to his lips. “I told you, my daughters don’t know what they’re giving up on. A man who’s able to help around the house… Fuck, if I wasn’t so old, I’d take a good shot at you myself.” Her eyes were warm, as her breasts stood there. “Now, I want you to take a hold of them… give them a little squeeze.”

He set the bottle down after taking a sip, the coolness of the water enough, as his hands laid on the woman’s breasts, her eyes meeting his own with a wicked smile blossoming on her face. “That’s it, good boy. Girls like it when their breasts are handled by a man. Nice big hands…”

A springy sensation. A light sensation that was enough to pull at his mind the encounter of before. He glanced at her face, as her eyes looked at him with an expression that seemed both excited and somewhat sad. “Nipples are very sensitive. Just… put your fingertips on the flesh and then pull upwards, as if you’re trying to lift a cloth off something, seize the nipple and… tug.”

He followed her sensation, a low moan coming from her lips, as the sweat-slicked face showed her pleasure. “Good boy… Now, do that again, thirty times. Consider it a reward.” It was daring, sensual and utterly morally wrong, yet he was weak, his hands tugging. Her fingers brushed over his groin, pushing against that which lay there.

“Had a nice dream, Jaune… Dreaming about me?” The soft voice, intermittently moaning, asked, as he felt the hands move over his groin. “Dreaming about me sucking on you, making you moan like a little bitch in Basic, hmmm?” The fingers were drifting over the underside, as her fingers did not invade the jogging pants, just stroking over the outline.

“That’s enough, Jaune…” Her fingers stopped, as his manhood ached, a low sound in his throat of disappointment, even as she smiled. “By the way…” She pulled her top back on, hiding the breasts from view. Hard pointy tips were visible within the fabric, as she smirked.

“The girls were having a bit of a party for two, together. They’ll be surprised to see you pop up again, heh.” The sadistic little chuckle seemed to be a trait that had not passed down to Ruby, as Summer got up, pointing at the bottle. “Hydrate yourself, Jaune.” The words were strict, as she yawned. “You’ll need to, because I need your help with some additional stuff around the house. A good man’s good at most things, so I’m going to make use of you… You’ll get a few dollars for it though.” She winked, as she patted his shoulder.

“Shower first, though… No smelly men around my girl-fort.” She leaned over and kissed his cheek. “Good for sticking with the program, Arc. You’ll make one of my girls happy one day.”

“But what about you?” He asked, and she stiffened, a smile on her face that didn’t convince him in the slightest.

“I’ll be okay.” Her eyes were not looking at him, as she took a deep breath. “I’ll be… I’ll be happy if one of my daughters gives me a grandchild. Raven’s fucked up, and now I’m…”

There was more below the surface. He’d known her for a while now, but she’d never really opened up about her past, never really been more than the mom of one of his best friends. As she started the car, he glimpsed something different about her. The teasing tone and the way that she’d instructed him in a titty grab, it had all been to prepare him for Ruby? Was this going to be training for the job of being Ruby’s boyfriend? “Ruby and Weiss…”

If he didn’t know that Ruby was with Weiss, he might’ve gone for the suggestion. An older
woman taking an interest… It was like those pornographic movies that got passed around. “Don’t worry. She’ll come around to liking you. She’s… she’s just bad with words.”

Summer sounded as if she could barely believe it, but she held to the story. As they rolled up the driveway to the Summer residence, he could spot some activity, the muscles in his legs protesting a little as he stepped out of the car. “Alright, Arc… Get yourself to the kitchen. I’ll put this one in the garage and join you. There’s a few trees that need to be cleared away and I don’t want you to be getting that done whilst you’re still working on a mostly empty stomach.”

He walked into the house, hearing the sounds of Ruby or Yang in the kitchen. Entering, he spotted Yang, currently only wearing a very thin top that showed the majority of her tit, only held up by the nipples, a set of underwear or a very scandalous thong to cover her groin. “Morning, Yang.” He said, getting to see her startle at his voice. As she turned around, the carton of milk that was in her hand was raised reflexively, as she looked at him.

“What’re you doing here?” She asked, her voice a little bit hushed, as her eyes looked him over, mainly at the sweaty shirt. “Vomiting already at the thought of some good ol’ fashioned hard labour?”

“Your mom took me out for some training, Yang. Five miles of running with her smacking my ass if I slacked off, and a nice warm-up of crunches and push-ups afterward.” The look on Yang’s face was not one of pity, if he had expected it to be. She grinned.

“Going to be the man who’s going to replace our dad in her life? My… You seem confident, Vomit boy…” There was a look that he sent her, as he went for a glass of water, getting himself even more hydrated. Summer didn’t join them yet, even as Yang fixed herself a sandwich.

“Afraid that you’re going to have to call me Daddy, Yang? I’m sorry, but I don’t think Summer’s into me like that.” The thought of Summer calling him Daddy was one that made him feel thankful for his current way of leaning against the table.

“As if. Mom prefers her men to have scruff, not some small sprigs of hair like you.” Summer appeared, running a towel through her hair, a dress on, with not much visible below it.

“Well, I don’t mind trying out a new flavour… Do you mind if I marry you, Jaune?” Summer said, hugging his arm into her chest. “Thank you for the suggestion, Yang. Let’s plan the wedding when Daddy Arc is gone, alright?” The tease was enough to make Yang groan.

“Mom, too early for this. I know that dad and you split, but please… Don’t hit on Ruby’s friends, even if you are joking. Ruby’d not take well to that.” Summer snorted, a crude sound, as she shook her head.

“Good morning to you too, Private Xiao-Long. You’re joining us tomorrow at four in the morning for that comment.” The way that Yang’s face turned dark as displeasure flashed onto it meant that there wasn’t much anticipation for the training session.

“No, I’ll pass. Blake said that she’d like to go out cruising with her car tonight, and I’m pretty sure that Ruby and Weiss are…” She cast a glance at her mother, then at him. “Going out to the movies.”

He would have offered to come along, on his own buck, if he had heard such a thing when he hadn’t had his mind blown (and his manhood) in Summer’s fancy car, nearly twelve hours ago. It was clear that Yang had anticipated such a thing, even as she sighed.
“Nice for them. I’m going to be in bed early, this evening, so yeah… She’ll have to tell me how it went.” The look on Yang’s face was one of surprise, as she looked at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Decided to give up on being Weiss’ eternal stalker, lover boy?” Yang said, even as Jaune got an idea. He walked over to Summer and wrapped an arm around her.

“Mommy and daddy are going to go out on a date tonight. Don’t wait up on us.” He felt Summer stiffen, even as she looked at him. Yang gagged in disgust.

“Jeez, don’t just go and blurt it out like that. You’d almost think that you two were serious…” Yang shook her head as Blake came meandering out of the direction of the stairs that led up.

“You smell. Bathe.” She said to him, her fierce golden eyes looking at him for a moment before they turned to Yang. “Where is the milk?”

“Right here, pussycat! Xiao-Long did you have to wait, huh?” The answer Blake gave was cut off, as Ruby appeared.

“Good morning- Jaune! Ohmigod, what are you doing here?” The pajama pants and the very loose shirt that had the Schnee emblem on it was clearly an indication that Ruby had decided to wear Weiss’ clothing, Weiss nowhere in sight. There was a hint of breasts visible through the loose shirt, showing that Ruby hadn’t opted for a bra today.


“He just appeared.” Summer coughed a little, as she was still being half-held by him, and he let her go.

“Remember the training runs that we did when you were younger, Ruby?” The look on her face was tender, motherly… a contrast to the look that she’d had last night, when she’d been moaning and desiring him. “His father asked me to take him through the course… make him a bit more manly.” Ruby’s face showed excitement.

“Does that mean that we’re getting more Jaune around the house? That’s GREAT! My male bestie and my female bestie!” Summer cleared her throat, giving her daughter a look that was strict.

“What?”

“You’re going to help him with some of the trees, Ruby. Yang and Blake have their little ‘date’ to go on tonight.” The Faunus girl gave Summer a look that was definitely disagreeing with that terminology, even as Yang hugged her from behind.

“Yang! No! Let go! Let me go, Yang! Stop!” Hands were groping the Faunus girl’s chest, as Yang rubbed, squeezed and gave a few pinches. Jaune averted his eyes after a moment, deciding to look at Summer.

“I guess I need a shower now, huh?” Summer smirked, before she looked at Ruby with a look, making a half-gesture with her hand that he didn’t quite recognize, the girl looking a little put out.

“Please do. I’ll tell Ruby about which trees need to be felled.” It was obviously going to be a conversation about girl talk, or something like it. Seven sisters told him a lot about when girls needed to have words with each other, even if it was a mother that engaged in such a talk with her daughter.

As he opened the shower door, he felt the heat of the previous occupant left behind there, the wet
confines of the shower showing the signs of Summer’s quick shower. Hanging his jogging pants on the peg and then laying his towel out for the towelling off, he washed quickly, feeling the warmth seep into his muscles and clean him up. He was done in five minutes, stepping out into the cooler air and then towelling off, a soft sigh escaping his throat at the thought of being married to Summer.

Yang had teased about him being her new daddy, but he knew that it would likely never work out between him and Summer.

‘She’s nearly forty, she’s had a life that’s been shifted and moved, I’m not even eighteen yet…’

As he walked down the stairs, he caught sight of Weiss, blearily looking into the mirror. If he had still been ignorant, he might’ve greeted her, tried out some confident pick-up line… but now it didn’t matter. She’d chosen Ruby, his best friend.

“Jaune!” Ruby’s excited voice was enough to startle Weiss out of her thoughts, as she looked in Ruby’s direction, then at him. She seemed to freeze up for an instant, never quite relaxing. ‘A pretty girl… but not into me.’

It hurt. Ruby hadn’t told him that she and Weiss were dating… and she’d kept him around, probably because she thought it would be ‘just like always’. How Weiss could stomach him was a good question, even as he moved downstairs again. “So, let me just get you the chainsaw…”

The garage was still as he had seen it yesterday. Ruby rummaged around in a few boxes, pulling out a dust-covered chainsaw. “There! Looks a bit dusty, but still a-okay!” He looked at the car. “Say, do you get to ride in that one often?” He asked, as Ruby looked at the direction that he was pointing.

“That one? No, that’s mom’s special car. She says that it’s only time to ride that if you’re serious about someone or something. It’s a car for real women, and no lily-livered birds are going to take a dump on it… eh, whatever that means. I wouldn’t touch it, if I was you… She’s very particular about it remaining in mint condition.”

‘I ate your mom out on the hood of that car, Ruby… I’m pretty sure that she’s particular about the car for that… Hell, she gave me head in the passenger seat before that happened.’

“So…” He hefted the chainsaw, deciding to grab the bull by the horns, before it could wreck the china shop.

“You and Weiss, together. When did that happen, huh?” Ruby flushed a bright red colour, before paling rapidly, her eyes cast down. It was her standard ‘I hate this’ pose, one that he knew well from being scolded with her a few times.

“I didn’t… I didn’t mean to exclude you. You’re my best guy friend, but Weiss…” The softness of her exhale was audible, as she looked up at him. “She makes me feel complete. You’re… I’m sorry.” She looked down, as she took a deep breath.

“You’re my best friend and I don’t want to exclude you. You’re… Jaune.” A snappy comeback died on his lips, as she looked up. “I don’t want to, but Weiss wouldn’t…” The sigh that came from his own mouth was enough.

He had wanted to shout at her for stabbing him in the back. It was July, not March. He wasn’t Julius Ceasar but she’d shivved him in the side anyways… and she’d hid that little fact from him.

“I see… So you can be with Weiss but you don’t think that it’s right to inform me that the girl I’ve
been crushing on for a year is your girlfriend.”

It came out a little snarkier than intended, even as he rubbed his forehead. “It’s okay…” He said, as he saw her eyes tear up. He laid a hand on her shoulder. “This doesn’t change a thing… I can… I can deal with it. Your mom is going to drill me every day of the week, or so I think… So you’ll be seeing me pop up more.”

Ruby smiled, one of those silly little smiles that her mother had given her by virtue of similar face. “If I’d have to like a boy, you’d be the best choice, Jaune.” She said. He would have taken it as an incentive beforehand, but now… Now he felt a little different. “Hey… eh… Do you want to try to k-“ The clearing of a throat behind Ruby was enough to startle her, Summer Rose standing there.

“I didn’t tell you to go flirt with Jaune, Ruby. Off you go, he’s got some other things to do before I’m sending him home.” The redness of Ruby’s cheeks was enough, as she turned her head to her mom, a whine from her loud and clear.

As he followed after Ruby, a hand grabbed his ass. “You’re going to be helping me with my attic tonight. Some boxes need to be pulled out from there.” Summer’s voice spoke behind him, as her hand gave a firm grope to that ass.

“Don’t work him too hard, mom. I need him to be my friend, not some sort of zombie… It’s nice to see you willing to go work out with him, though.” Ruby, walking ahead of him, didn’t notice a thing, as Summer matched his step, her fingers brushing over his bum, letting her have a squeeze and fondle.

“But what if I’m planning some devious plan to turn him into your perfect boyfriend, huh? How about you just realize ‘damn, this is the man who’ll make me his wife’?” The tone in Summer’s voice was oddly hopeful, even as Ruby’s laughter, innocent and with less burden than before, came from her mouth.

“We just had a talk about me, Mom. He knows that I’m with Weiss, thanks to you.” Summer made a huffy sound.

“My vanilla ice-cream was not intended for that purpose! You used half of it! When Yang made that Weiss cream joke, it was not intended as a how-to guide for your girlfriend!” There obviously had been something going on between Weiss and Ruby, going by Summer’s words, the pitch of Summer’s voice showing that she didn’t find it AS horrible as she made it sound.

“These trees. Make sure that they don’t hit anything important, and put them into chunks that can be put in the hearth.” The woman smirked, as she tapped his nose. “Be quick about it and I’ll have some cold lemonade for you. Ruby? Go and see whether your sister’s available to lug the wood to the storage.” Ruby was gone before Summer had even finished, leaving him to rev the chainsaw a little, looking at how the blades spun.

“Alright, time to get some work done.” He muttered to himself, even as Summer smirked.

“That’s the spirit, man-slave! Work for your glorious empress!” The thought of Summer as an empress wasn’t wrong, even as he spotted Weiss looking out of the window, at him with a disdainful look on her face. It was no doubt something that would push a wedge between the two of them, yet he didn’t find himself caring that much anymore.

As he cut the first tree into sections after toppling it towards the forest-side, he heard Yang approach, even as he got down to making smaller log sizes. “Guess you’ve got wood for me, eh?” Yang said, as she pulled along a small cart that’d been repurposed for the purpose of ferrying
wood, if the woodchips that covered the bottom of the cart’s space were an indication.

“Don’t talk badly to your dad, Yang.” He shot back at her, a teasing grin on Yang’s face, as she started to load up the wood on the trolley.

“Bet you wish you could get with a hottie like Summer, right?” She teased, even as she started to load him up. “With a bit of work, you might be up to my standards. Weiss is just waiting for you, lover boy, she just needs to see you being able to work it…”

The words ran hollow, as he knew the truth. If Weiss indeed was a lesbian, it would be impossible for him to even get close to her. With the current wave of LGBTQ acceptance throughout the country, it wasn’t even impossible for two women to get married. Terra and Saphron were married and happy, and they even had a little kid together.

“Yeah, and you’re going to be my wingman.” He said back, sarcastically. “Yang Xiao-Long, pussy eater supreme.” His eyes went wide, as he realized that he’d just said that. Yang shook her head, sighing.

“Blake and me are close, yeah, but we’re not… like, exclusive. I mean, you’re one of the few guys available to mess around with, but Ruby’s your friend and… yeah…” The indifferent shrug that she gave hurt more.

“Daddy tells you to shut up and work it, Yang.” He grumbled at her, reminded of the fact that Yang had been one of the more active members of the society in school, as she punched his shoulder. It didn’t even hurt that much, as she snorted.

“Dad said the same thing, but I’m still here and still fabulous, Arc-ey. We’re not going to be your Bettie and Veronica.” He continued, the roar of the engine of the chainsaw a welcome interruption, as he felled the trees, whilst Yang moved the cart. It was a tacit understanding that he gained, as Yang remained surface-level with her teasing and taunting, not like Ruby, who didn’t seem to be able to assert herself.

“I’m sorry, Jaune… I mean, I don’t want you to hurt, and… When mom interrupted, I was going to…” She didn’t seem to want to say the words that were on her lips. It was ‘I don’t want to hurt you’ and ‘I kept it a secret so that you wouldn’t hurt’, and that hurt like a bitch.

It wasn’t that she’d kept the secret. People dated who they wanted, and if someone didn’t like you… well, they didn’t like you. That was simple. She’d lied to him, told him that it’d be nice to stick around for Weiss… and she’d ignored him. She’d gone back on her friendship, just for a girl…

“We’re leaving! See you later, Rube, Weissey, Mom! Don’t abuse Jaune too much, he’s too little of a real man for your raw womanly potential! I’ll bring back Blake around eleven or so.” He glanced at the other members that currently were situated around the living room table, as he wore a simple robe that’d been a bathrobe once upon a time, Weiss playing something on her phone, light music coming from the screen as she tapped madly with her finger, Ruby trying to distract herself by reading her girlfriend manga… or whatever it was.

Summer was at the kitchen sink, washing some dishes. “Have a good day, sweetheart! I’ll be asleep when you’re back, so don’t worry!” It was a casual way of saying goodbye, but he didn’t notice it much. Blake gave him a look that was half-torn between disgust and minor apathy, even as she followed after her girlfriend/partner.

“We should be heading out too, Miss Rose. Our movie starts at seven, so we are going for
something light to eat.” Weiss Schnee, ever so elegantly, said, as she looked at the mother of her girlfriend, then at him. She was expecting him to suggest that they’d go to the movies together, in some sort of hanger-on manner that would be barely considered appropriate, but he held his silence.

A fake sniffle came from Summer. “But my food! I will have to eat alone! Jaune! Stay for dinner!” The dramatic tone that she used was enough, as she leaned against the table, giving Ruby a look and a little twist of the head.

“You kids go and have fun, and I’ll pick you up from the cinema at nine-ish, alright? I’ll make do with this fine gentleman…” Summer’s way of saying ‘this fine gentleman’ held an ironic twist to it, as she patted his head and leaned against him. Cinnamon-like scent invaded his nostrils, as her breasts laid against his neck.

“and bring him home after he’s had his dessert. We’re eating hot potatoes with cream, so it’s going to be popping!” The little fist-pump that she did was to sell the performance, even as she nearly skipped back to the sink, pulling out a dish and then starting to polish it with a dishcloth.

“Joy…” The comment dripped with a lack of enthusiasm from Weiss, who looked at Ruby, whose expression was a little guilty. She smiled at him, even as she patted his shoulder.

“I’ll see you tomorrow! Have fun with mom tomorrow morning!” Summer started to laugh, a burst of hyena-like laughter that made her sound a little unhinged.

“He’ll be cursing my name when he’s done with tomorrow’s schedule… Oh yes…” The shark-like grin on Summer Rose’s beautiful face was enough, as her hand placed the dish onto the stack in the upper cupboard. “But he can clean the pool too! That’s going to be the best idea yet, considering SOMEONE decided to throw a pack of baking mix into the pool!” Ruby eeped, as Weiss flushed a little. “The cookies were baked! We just… eh, decided to wash it off, together?” Summer’s lips were a thin line, as she rubbed her head. “Just… Get out, and call me when the movie is done, sweetheart. I’ll make sure that Jaune gets home safe and sound.”

As Weiss and Ruby left, he could feel the tension in the air, as Summer looked at the dishes, then at the door, the sound of the two girls moving being like a fading echo. “They don’t mean to-“

“Don’t say a word, Jaune.” Summer’s voice sounded a little tender, as she turned away. “She’s still growing, she’s still… sixteen. You’re going to be an adult soon enough… Know how the world works.” A sigh came from her lips as she shook her head. “Seriously, that girl takes after her father and mother so much that it’s like watching a mini-me walk around, minus the whole baldness thing. Where’s the chuckling evil dude when you need him, eh?”

“Still… You’re doing a great job. She’s a great girl.” Summer smiled faintly, the sadness clearing away.

“Yeah… I better make those potatoes, eh? I’ve got to feed my little conscript in the art of becoming a man.” There was a light sound in her breath, as her face showed clearly the stress that she felt. He got up, walking up to her and then wrapping his arms around her, to offer her support.

“Please…” She put her hands against his chest, trying to pull herself out of his embrace. She didn’t put much force into the push, even as she looked up. “Just… please… please let me go.” Her voice pleaded, yet he didn’t feel like she needed to be let go.

After a minute, he let go of her, and she turned around. He was idly aware that she was emotional,
even as he walked over to the pantry, pulling out the bag of potatoes and counting out several. “I’ll get to washing these. Do we have sour cream?”

Summer didn’t respond, having sat down. A look on her face, as morose as it could be, not the woman who’d cussed him out earlier during the time with his dad, or the woman who had been warm and friendly… but someone contemplative. She sighed very deeply, as she looked down at the table.

He made do with the ingredients, salting the food slightly, adding some spices to the mix. The small tub of sour cream that he’d found in the refrigerator was enough to work with, as he set the potatoes on the fire in the pot, letting them cook a little. ‘That’s done…’

He rubbed her shoulders, the woman still a little down, easing some of her stress. The muscles were tense, and he’d done it often enough for his sisters to know the spots where things were usually all tied up. “Tai…” She mumbled softly, as her head laid back, his hands on her shoulders, noticing who it was as she looked up. “No, Jaune…”

Her breathing quickened a little, as she looked at him. “Fuck…” Her eyes were a little hazy, red from the earlier moment of weariness and sadness, as she inhaled deeply. “The food needs to be cooked, doesn’t it? Sorry, I zoned out for a bit.” There was a soft sound she made, a half-sob, if he pegged it right.

“I’ve already put the potatoes on. Boil ‘em till they’re nice and edible and then dip them in cream.” The smile on her lips was enough, as she got up from her seat, walking into the living room without saying anything. He continued with the cooking, glad in a way that he’d been able to remember the cooking lessons his sisters and he had been given by his mother.

“Jaune?” He smelled her over the smell of the spices from the spice rack, feeling a set of hands brush around his waist, as a smaller body pressed against his back, her arms wrapped around him. “Thank you.”

It was a compliment for him, as she pressed her nose against his back, her hands brushing over his hips. “I was going to pop your cherry tonight, Jaune.” The thrill of that announcement was something that filled him with anticipation, even as she sighed. “But I still haven’t gotten condoms and I am not going to go back on pills… You should just go and…”

The angry sound in her voice was there, as she made a hissing sound. “Things were easy back in training. Not when you’re in the shittiest hole in the desert and some asshole with a gun is trying to shoot you like it’s the fair and you’re going to be in deep shit when you stick your head out. Seriously, that one sucked balls. You could just go up to the cute guy and go ‘let’s crawl in a hole together’, skip off to your bestie and ask her how good it felt being with the stud of the whole team.” The anger in her voice was like a live viper.

“And here I am, thinking about the stuff, and not being the cool mom that you need.” The look on her face was there, as she bit her lower lip, a thing that Ruby did as well. “I’m sorry, but… not today, okay?”

He could only give an understanding nod of his head. “It’s… it’s okay. Last night was pretty wonderful, and I’ve touched your breasts.” A watery smile on her lips, as she shook her head.

“What I’m doing is wrong, but… But I don’t want my daughters to end up like me. Tai’s gone back to Raven, so…” He felt for the woman, as she turned away, seemingly trying to keep together for his sake as much as her own. He laid a hand on her shoulder, even as her lip quivered a little. “I’m a fucking mess. You should be balls-deep in some little twit like Weiss, not… Not helping a fuck-
up like me. Sure, they gave me the little pins and the accolades for bravery and such when I decided to go and be a fucking hero, but it should’ve been me who’d…”

“You’re here, and you’re a wonderful mom to Ruby and Yang. Don’t worry…” She smiled, even as the alarm rang, the sound of the potatoes being done, even as she sat down.

“Making me a meal and being a guiding light, eh? Guess there’s a good chance of you becoming a good dad.” The woman sighed, as she turned her head to the window, as he pulled out a few of the potatoes, having cut them into little wedges in order to cook them.

Spooning some sour cream into the plate, then adding some of the potato wedges and then spearing one and dipping it into the sour cream, he enjoyed the flavour. Summer’s face had a bittersweet expression on it as she took a bite, the expression on her face showing.

“Hey, I’ve got a bit of a surprise for you for dessert.” She smiled, eating slowly. He nodded his head. He’d had to grow up pretty quickly, what with being the only guy in a household full of girls. His father, blessed though he was with the fortitude of dealing with that many women, had imparted the wisdoms of life early on.

As he cleared the pot away, he nodded, an expression on his face that was hard to read, as Summer took him by the hand and guided him to the living room couch, sitting him down. “Back when I was deployed, there were a few opportunities.” Her fingers grabbed his pants, pulling them down. He felt her breath tickle through his pubes.

“They didn’t call me Summer the hummer for nothing, Jaune.”

Her mouth opened and he could feel her warm breath tickle over his hardening manhood, tickling over the flesh, as her tongue slid over the head. In comparison to the last time, she seemed to go at a quicker pace, as he grew to full mast in her mouth, her head kept in that position, even as a low hum started in her throat. The vibrations of her mouth were enough to make his hand grip her head, her eyes looking up at him.

“Hmmm…” A low pleasurable moan came from her, as her head rose off his cock. “Enjoy this, sweetheart…” She sank down again, wrapping her lips around his erection, her tongue caressing below the sensitive head, the foreskin pulled back already, as she started to slowly bob.

“Summer…” He groaned, even as the hum increased in pitch, her teeth making the vibrations travel through her lips. With her lips around the head, the feeling was exotic, as a gasp came from his mouth, a low groan that came from her lips enough, as the tension in his balls started up. She pulled off, licking her lips.

“You’ll be much better after I’ve had practice with getting you to the edge and keeping you there, Arc.” Her lips slid around the head, as the tongue teased over the urethra, the sensitive spot making his eyes roll back in pleasure, the hand on her head pushing her down, her neck muscles pushing her head up. The tongue’s tip batted across the sensitive slit, his eyes fluttering lightly at the sensation. His butt felt almost numb, as her hands grabbed his hips, her head working its way forward.

His eyes looked at her face as she pushed her head down, a sensation that was enough to torment him, as a low humming moan came through that mouth, the pleasure making him nearly come, until her lips suddenly slid off his cock. “That’s enough, Jaune… Wouldn’t want to blow right away, huh?”

The sensation that shot through him as her head slid down was one of relief, as he moaned a low
‘Summer!’ to her, the sensation of her working his shaft like she’d been born to do so bringing a slow pump of his hips.

“That’s it, Jaune...” Her mouth left his cock, as she looked at the head, nosing it with her nose. “Think of it as a reward... A nice little blowjob, to repay you for a job well done... and I’ll get you some pocket money for the work you’re doing for me too.”

She returned, her head giving jerky little bobs, as the humming increased, the pitch altering every second, as the vibrations rocked through his cock, the sensation enough to make him lose it.

She swallowed every drop, her throat swallowing audibly, as she gulped it all down, pulling off his cock and then licking over the head. “That’s a good boy... I better tell Ruby some of the tricks... She’d need to use it to keep a good man like you.” Her eyes were a little distant, even as her gaze slipped towards the clock.

“Time to get going, Jaune... It’s nearly eight, and the girls will be around nine... Save your strength for tomorrow, buddy... Let’s see whether we can put some hair on your chest... Oh, and do bring some swimwear. You’ll be cleaning the pool.”

There was a disappointment in him, even as she pulled his pants up for him, a feeling of that post-orgasm high, even as she flushed a little red, as if realizing that she’d probably be breaking every law on friend code and what-not.

The trip back in the SUV was quiet, even as Summer looked at the meters, mumbling to herself something about needing to get some more gas on the way back. As she put the car into the driveway in reverse, she took a deep breath.

“See you tomorrow, Private Arc. Four in the morning, stat.” He grinned. “Don’t you dare grin at your drill instructor, boy! That’s another mile we’re adding to your training tomorrow.”

He passed by his mother on the way in, hearing the car start once more and Summer driving off, a soft sigh coming from his lips at the feeling that he got.

It wasn’t always the best... But this summer was turning out better than the others.

“So... How was the work with Sergeant Rose, son?” His father asked, and he grinned.

“Hard but rewarding... But she’s told me to get up at four, so I better get to it.” The nod from his dad was all the acknowledgement that he needed. He was going to be an amazing member of society, he just knew it.

This summer was going to be great.

Yeah... I know a lot more about the Marines than I did before. Oo-rah. In this chapter, we’ve got some Yang, we’ve got some Ruby and we’ve had a lot of Summer... So yeah. No sex. Just some head. Build-up, people!
Private Training

Chapter Summary

Conversation between roses and Arcs. Pool cleaning.

Another chapter because I thought people might appreciate it.

His alarm clock buzzed before he woke up at five minutes to four, his eyes opening with a start as he patted the off button, getting out of bed. Walking towards the kitchen down the stairs after getting dressed and ready with the bag, he already heard the sound of a car pulling up, undoubtedly with the drill sergeant called Summer Rose inside.

'Lucky break for me… I woke up early.'

A bleary-eyed look was all that he gave her as he poured some of the cereal in the bowl and then added some milk to it and mixed it, the woman tapping him on the shoulder. "That's a good little private… Come here for your morning shock-up, hmmmm?" He caught sight of Summer wearing something different, the short top that she'd worn before now replaced with a top that said 'Bad-ass Bitch' in bold green letterings, a set of shorts that looked to be tight and a set of sneakers that looked just damn right for kicking someone's ass.

"Or…"She leaned against him, her arms wrapping around him. "Do you have some sort of feelings for my little girl, hm?" He wondered, as she rubbed herself against him, a soft hiss coming from his throat. "Should I prepare the wedding bells?"

"I'm sure that won't be necessary." He said, as she straightened out, her body popping lightly as his mother came down, her eyes looking still somewhat sleepy.

"It's four in the morning… You're taking him out for a run?" Summer grinned, as she strode up, a nod.

"Gotta get bright and early, or else there'll just be some flabby meat on his bones… And I want a fit young man cleaning my pool." His mother's eyes cleared up a little as she looked at him, a low snort coming from her mouth as she went for the fridge, opening it up and pouring herself a glass of orange juice.

"If you make him into a man, all the power to you." The woman said, before she turned her head. "No funny business, though. I don't want to hear about some sort of weird rumours about the two of you."

Summer seemed to bounce a little, a grin on her face. "Aww, but it'll be fun to let a man tackle me to the ground! Everyone loves mud wrestling!" His mother's face was lacking in amusement, as Summer winked conspiratorially at him. "I'll just wear my sexy bikini as a reward for him and slip him a fifty. You know teenagers… Always thinking with their lower body."

His mother winced, giving him a look. "No funny business around Miss Rose and her daughters… If I catch one whiff of you having done something improper…" The woman warned, and her
warning was as good as gold.

"Oh, I don't know… perhaps it'll be me tying his little reedy frame to the bed and making sure that he makes my daughters real women, heh." The grin on Summer's face was enough as his mother sniffed with distaste. "No, I am not going to tie him to my bed…" The woman immediately deflected. "No promises about not tying him to a chair and force-feeding him my food, though."

His mother's expression was tired, as she rubbed at her eyes, sighing. "As long as he returns safe and sound, that's okay with me." He gave her a hurt look, to which she gave him a half-hearted glare.

"I can trust her to keep you on the straight and narrow. Anyone who's able to get you out of bed at four in the morning is worth keeping around." That she had such an evaluation of him might have been because he enjoyed sleeping in, or that the habit of 'getting out of bed just in time' might be getting a little too used.

"Thank you for not swearing, Summer." Ruby's mom smirked, giving his mother a wink.

"It's not for everyone. I'll let the maggot get himself turning into a damn fine fly when I'm through with him." He groaned, knowing that this day would be tougher than yesterday. "Aww, don't you groan at me, Jaune. You're going to have fun! I'll pay you for the cleaning."

The trip in the car was mostly silent as Summer focused on her driving, his eyes watching her expression carefully as she drove towards the stretch of forest that was even further, a long trail being where she parked the car, the key put in a zipper-locked pouch. "So…"

The woman got out, looking at him with a severe look. "We're going to be doing a few crunches and a light run. Nothing too strenuous, since you're going to be feeling like hell tomorrow." The sunlight was still a fading glow in the distance, the brightening of the sky above enough for the eyes to adjust a little. He felt a thrill as she leaned up, her arms pressing around his hips, lifting him up easily.

"That's the strength I'm going to put in you, Jaune." The voice of the woman was direct as she shunted him to the side, her arms letting go of him with her chest pressing against him. There was an odd look on her face, as she suddenly leaned forward and laid her head against his chest. She seemed to listen to his heartbeat for a moment before she looked up. "That's a good and solid ticker… Now, let's get to work."

She worked him hard. As the sun rose and the morning spun into being, he was panting and wheezing, the run that they went on having at least three to four miles as a start, the fresh smell of the forest contrasting with how the smell of bodies that'd been exercising had went. If this was light exercise, it was at the very least something that Summer stood behind.

"Alright, you piss-soaked maggot! Thirty push-ups and don't you dare thing I won't count them!" He dropped to the position and then started, feeling the weight of Summer's bag on his back, the experience making him firm his back a little, even as he did a push-up. The weight that she added was more than expected, even as she crouched in front of him.

"That's the spirit, Jaune…" Her encouragement was different from the drill instructor, as she let her voice go softer. "One…"

Sweat dripped from his brow onto the dirt, her body on his, the smell of her body and her shampoo and whatever she had that made her smell like a girl in his nose. He felt his body react, knowing that she'd done things with him that he could've only dreamed of. "Five…"
Her voice was soft and encouraging. "You can do it, you little bitch. Show me that you've got some balls!"

Ten push-ups with her weight on top of his back was barely doable, even though he'd gotten the perfect view of her there, her little crouch showing her best attributes. The silver eyes that had been a unique family trait seemed to shine a little as he worked through another set of five, his whole body quivering. "That's it, you little dicked bastard… Come on! Fifteen more and I'll let you get something of a reward." He wondered what that might be, remembering the moment yesterday when she'd allowed him a handful of her breasts, to squeeze and to feel.

"Do it…" As he reached twenty, she brushed a hand through his sweaty hair, combing it back. "Another ten, sweetheart… A man who's worthy of my little Ruby isn't a quitter."

He wanted to ask whether he would be worthy of her, since she'd done things with him, but the sight of Ruby being with Weiss brought another pall to his heart, his face falling. Another five and he quivered. "Come on, you little bitch… Is this the guy who groped my tits yesterday? Is this the guy who was the man of the house yesterday, mowing down trees and bossing Raven's little crotch-dropping around? Come on, give me another five and show me what you've got! Be a man!"

He fought through the muscle-strain and the pain as he did another five push-ups, Summer leaning back a little, her face looking still a little damp as she did, her eyes looking at him with amusement. "Good boy… Here, have a present from me." A bottle with cool water was held out in front of him as she'd somehow prepared it, the look on her face warm. For a moment, he looked at the bottle before he got up.

"Now… easy… Don't drink too much." The water went down like a godsent, the pleasure of the coolness sliding down his throat being something that sent the burn in his muscles down to manageable levels.

"Do you ever think about the future?" He asked, to which Summer's expression seemed to change gently. "I mean… I think I'm pretty blessed with such a pretty and sexy woman teaching me how to be a bit more in shape, but…"

"I wanted a family." She said, her voice a little distant as she turned away. "A big family, with six or seven kids." He couldn't get a bead on her expression, as she took a deep breath. "I wanted to…" She swallowed audibly. "I wanted to live with my bestie for the rest of our days, but she and I…"

She turned her gaze back. "You must think it silly, but we both liked the same guy. We were in the same squad and well… He knocked Raven up first and after she bolted like the cowardly bird she is, we sort of got together…" He'd heard something of the sort

"He comes to visit sometimes and he pays the alimony… I mean, I'm no slouch with finances. Uncle Sam paid for these muscles and the best mind of our team to be in tip-top shape!" She flexed, as her gaze turned to the heavens. "But… It's probably silly to think about it at your age. You don't know what you'll see when you're getting shot at in a desert and…" A far-off look in the eyes, one that his father had on some days.

"It's okay." He said. He knew that she must've seen some stuff during her time in the Marines. "I want to have a wife, a nice little house and a few adorable kids."

She smiled at him, taking a deep breath, the look in her eyes a little dewy as she did. "Keep on hanging on to that dream, Jaune." The sharp turn of her head to the side and the small quiver of her shoulders told him that she was emotional. "It's a lot more difficult in the real world…"
He drank some more water, taking small sips and feeling his body hydrate a little more. Summer seemed to cheer up, giving him a sly grin. "So… Now that baby's had his bottle… Do you need to do some burps? Give me ten burpees, buddy."

She demonstrated for him, the motion fluid, the dirt that covered her hands rubbed off on her thighs. "And if you do them well enough… let's say that we can let you get some more lessons on how to make a woman happy." He moved faster than he'd expected, going through those motions even though his body protested.

She looked at him and then glanced at her watch. The display showed that it was nearly seven, time for most sane people to be up and at their morning breakfast or something of the sort. "Jaune…" She started, sitting herself down on the hood of the car, the outfit that she wore clinging to the skin. "The most important thing for a woman is to have someone to depend on, when the world's turned against you."

She patted the spot next to her, and he sat down, as she looked at him. The sweat had made a long streak of damp fabric there, her breasts pushing up the fabric a little. "We're not all strong and tough, at least not all the time." She paused, swallowing. He didn't know what to say, as she looked at him.

"You're a great guy for Ruby. She looks up to you, though her girlfriend isn't too fond of you." That definitely smarted a bit as he watched her, her eyes looking down. "And… Not to be rude but… there's also something that I should just say…"

"Ruby is my best friend. That she's… that she's together with the girl I had a crush on isn't… it isn't my place to be feeling upset about it. Love is love." She stiffened, as she took a deep breath, as if trying to muster the courage to speak.

"It's wrong, Jaune. It's wrong that she's teasing you with things that could be there, just because she can't bear to lose you." The admission of that was like a shock. "You may be denser than a septic tank in the desert, but I'm not. She's letting go a little fucking diamond ring for some tart who might be separating from her for her career."

Weiss had always been about her career, even whilst partnered with Ruby. "She cares for you, you little moron." Summer's eyes were heated, as she looked at him with an expression that was beyond the pale. "And when the Kraut decides it's time to stop being the gay little runt that she is, she'll shatter my little girl."

"Weiss would never-" Summer's eyes were fierce as her hands slammed him down on the hood, the woman straddling him in a flash.

"She will. She's just concerned with getting her rocks off, before ditching her partner. I've seen it with my best friend and I've seen it in her eyes… The moment that it'd be advantageous, little miss Kraut will be getting her ass bent over a couch and screaming for the dick that'll be landing her a better contract or a movie role." He wasn't able to say a thing, even as Summer looked at him, her hands gripping his shirt. "And you know what'll happen then? My little baby girl will be crushed. She'll seek solace with other girls, get addicted and then I'll get the message that she's been found with heroin in her system, drowned in her own fucking vomit…" The silver eyes looked sad and afraid.

"I won't let her do that, Jaune. If I can't make you into a man who's able to make her… make her…" The tears were coming, even as her body's energy seemed to sag, her body rocking slowly side-to-side, her gaze locked with his own. "I just don't want anything to happen to my baby. Yang can take care of herself, and I promised Raven that I'd take care of her as if she were my own baby,
"It's okay." He tried to go in for a hug, her arms resting on his own. The comfort that he felt around Ruby and her mother was something that'd been rare. It had been a moment of release, even as Summer's eyes stared deep into his own, and she pressed him down against the hood of the car, her arms holding him as they wrapped around him.

Her tongue slid deep into his mouth in a frenzied, passionate kiss, her breathing deep, the smell of sweat and her shampoo stronger, as their lips remained locked. She looked surprised suddenly, her body moving back as a shudder ran through her. Her breathing deep and almost gasping, as she shuddered, getting off him and taking a few steps back. "I shouldn't…"

"It's okay, it's… it's okay." He said, trying to calm her down. She didn't seem ready to calm down immediately, as she looked at him, fingers pressed against her lips as if coming to terms. "Let's just… relax, alright?"

She looked doubtful, even as he idly noticed that her nipples had started to poke against the fabric. An idle observation, yet telling of her need. "Yes…" She swallowed heavily, as she shook her head seemingly to clear the cobwebs. "We should get back to my place."

It was awkward, no matter how you turned it. The look on her face was melancholic and distant, the trip back kept in perfect silence with only the engine sounds audible.

When the car turned into the garage, he caught sight of Yang already going through the moves of her practice, the body that'd been honed through a mix of boxing classes and other things to build the muscles up to perfection moving with swift and delicate motions to deliver punches and jabs.

"Hey mom, hey Jaune… Come to join me for some practice? I need a good target to hit." Summer seemed to be back to her normal state, even with her eyes still a little saddened.

"You can talk with Jaune for a bit whilst I get breakfast started, sweetheart. He's been a good boy, so he deserves to talk to a beauty." Yang grinned a confident grin, even as she sauntered up to him with a sway to the hips.

"Soo… What'd mom drill you on, huh? The average 'run for a few miles, get your ass beat into the ground' drill, or just something a little bit more exciting?" The tone she used was casual even as the sweat beaded on her brow, her hair bound back with a single hairtie, her eyes looking him over. "Yeah… that looks average. Not enough dirt on your body for the special drill."

"Well… I can say that it's nice to be able to move," He said, even as Ruby appeared up from the window. "Good morning, Juliet! I'm not going to be singing you a serenade today, Ruby." The girl smiled, even as she leaned forward, showing a pyjama shirt that had been half-opened, exposing her creamy skin.

'Oof…'

She'd probably be able to work as Summer's body double if she grew up a little more. "Jaune! Good morning!" He felt a pat on his chest by Yang, who grinned at him. 'Come on, dodge' she mouthed at him, as he dodged a few telegraphed punches. "I'm coming down! Weiss just went for her shower so… Gimme a moment!" The knowledge that Weiss was taking a shower and the images that it brought to his mind were not something that enticed him now as Yang swung her fist in a round-about punch, his body dodging back to give her no chance to hit him, his eyes watching carefully for her next swing.
"Come on, Arc… Are you a man? If you dodge five of them, perhaps I'll let you get a feel of some titties."

The taunt was there, obviously to inspire him or to damn him… You never really knew with Yang one way or the other. She had her teasing moments and was confident in her skills. The first jab that she gave he dodged, his protesting muscles allowing him to be out of range, even as her knuckles brushed against his chest with the next punch, the next three landing on his hips and in his stomach area.

She obviously had restrained her strength as she did because he only felt the wind being knocked out of him and a minor burn on his chest where she'd tapped him, but it was better than a full power Yang punch. She'd thrashed a club once… which wasn't something that she'd let people forget about.

"That's it… No titties for you, buster." The grin that she had was confident and a little dismissive as she patted him on the shoulder, strutting to the house even as Ruby emerged, still clad in her pyjamas. Summer might comment on it, as she looked adorable with her little rose-print pyjama pants, but it was not something that seemed to be a problem.

"Mom's making pancakes! Ooh!" The excitable cheer in the girl's voice was a bright ray of sunshine even as she bounced. "Sooo… how was day two of the Summer Sweat Service?" The image that such terminology called up was entirely different from how Ruby had intended, even as he smiled.

"She's a hard drill instructor… Never let me rest, or let me have the time to myself to focus." That she'd had her tongue down his mouth was something that he wasn't going to tell Ruby. "She's… She's pretty cool." Ruby smiled, as she usually did, her head tilting to the side as she practically seemed to hop back and forth on both feet.

He entered the Rose home with Ruby currently chatting his ear off about the movie that she'd seen with him, her excitement clearly visible on her face as she told about the glorious car chase. He could see Weiss already seated, eating her pancake with a sleepy look on her face.

"Shower first, young man. No filthy men at my table." Summer somehow didn't change, the woman smelling of sweat and exercise as she flipped a pancake a few times. He gave an embarrassed sound as she told him what to do, before pointing to the towel that'd been hung over a chair. "You've got ten minutes to get squeaky-clean. Then Ruby is going to help you clean the pool, because she's in need of some more exercise."

The groan that Ruby gave was enough to show that the girl didn't want to, even as she sat down in front of her pancake, currently looking like it'd been buried under an avalanche of strawberries.

He stepped into the shower after shedding his clothing, the bag that carried his spare shirt and the swimming shorts that he'd brought with him sat at the tiled floor. He looked at his expression in the mirror before he flexed a little, stepping into the shower that was still somewhat damp.

Thinking back to the kiss that Summer had given him out of the blue, he felt himself respond, the feeling of warmth from the water enough, as he braced himself. The pleasant feelings inside of him were confusing, even as he tried to focus on anything rather than the feeling of her lips, the knowledge that she'd sucked his cock with those lips…

He stepped out of the shower and towelled off slowly, making sure that his body remained perfectly clean, the swimming shorts that he'd opted to wear today feeling a little tighter on him. He knew that he might just have to endure the trials ahead of him today.
The pancake was nice and fluffy, three of them on a stack in front of him. He was briefly reminded of his friend Nora, who craved pancakes a lot, a leftover from her youth apparently, as her boyfriend Ren would comment on frequently. Summer was off into the shower, getting herself ready for… whatever it was.

"Sooo… We've got to get the vacuum out and clean the water… Sure, there's plenty to be said about that but we can do it!" Ruby's little pep-talk was amusing, as she smiled, her bright silver eyes holding a lust for life and fun. The cute rose-print bikini that she usually wore for swimming really made her look cute. "Soooooo…"

As he stood at the edge of a pool with what was essentially a scrubbing brush on a stick, he wondered what Ruby was going to do. As she balanced herself holding a large vacuum-like apparatus in hand, she grinned at him. "Alright… I'll do the vacuuming after you've brushed the sides. Remember: Cleaning fluid on the brush, not in the pool. Mom would be a little upset if we did that, but… thanks."

He felt awkward as she thanked him, her eyes going to the pool and then at him. Her cheeks turned a little rosy as he started to scrub the side, the foamy suds starting to push through the pool's water, though it supposedly was the stuff that kept the water clean. He could see the brush scrub over the tiles at the edge, moving slowly.

"I'll be going out for some groceries. Jaune? You're the man of the house… So keep the vagabonds that try to steal my little Ruby away out of the home, alright?" The woman smiled as she stood at the door opening, Ruby turning redder in the face. "I expect a clean pool when I return! I want to be able to skinny-dip without feeling the grimy little powder of a cookie explosion on my skin, Ruby Rose!"

Ruby turned red at the thought, and he didn't comment on it as Summer disappeared. "It was one time… but… It was true what they said about cookie dough. Ouch, ouch, ouch…" He blinked owlishly as he realized what she'd just said. "I mean… eh… Nothing."

"Suuuure." He responded, even as Ruby nodded. "I heard nothing. Ruby Rose, demolisher of cookies, did not eat cookie dough."

She turned a little red, even with his motions of scrubbing continuing. "Do you think mom's happy?" She asked suddenly, her voice sounding a little more introspective and serious. "Training with you, that is. She's been more animated than before… She doesn't talk about the past so very much…"

"It's like…" The sigh that Ruby did was sad, as she ran a hand through her short hair. "It's like when dad talks about him and mom together." The soft smile on her face was bitter, even as he continued to scrub.

"Hey, Jaune… Help me put this away for a bit. I can't reach the shelf where the chlorine is kept…" She held up the vacuum, even as the pool had been emptied of the random leaves and other debris that'd gotten into the water, the dirty filter having been cleaned with the aid of the hose. He helped her as she opened the door up to the shed, pointing towards the spots where the tools were to be kept for pool-cleaning. He could see a box with 'POOL PILLS' scrawled on it in bright green marker, taking out one of the packets and then checking the contents, a plastic-wrapped tablet that looked like the stuff you'd put in your dishwasher.

"Thanks. Hey, close your eyes for a bit, Jaune…" He did as she asked. He felt her hug him, just like her mother had hugged him earlier, and then felt her push up.
Lips pressed against his own in a feather-light kiss, even as he opened his eyes and looked at her, her face red and flushed. "Thank you." She said in a soft tone, as she swallowed audibly. "I'm... I like you and I like Weiss, but..." She looked away, as she flushed. "Thank you for being my friend. Thank you for not... for not thinking I'm just some little kid."

Conflict warred inside him, even as she let go and took a few steps away. "Yang probably would be... a bit pissed, really. She's not... well, she's not someone who likes two people. I really love Weiss, but... But you're someone I like-like as well." He felt conflicted, even as she turned her gaze down. "I just... I just wanted you to know, eh... yeah?"

He felt a little stunned as he looked at her, her expression flushed as she turned away. "I mean... Kissing girls is nice, but kissing boys is... nice too?" The hesitation in her voice was visceral as she looked at him, a dubious look in her eyes.

"I think... I think I'm going to go. Thank you for helping me out with the pool and for... and for making mom just a bit happier. She's not... She's not been too happy and we've tried to... But perhaps training someone and being able to shout at them is good for her? I don't know, I just want... I want her to be happy too. She deserves to laugh and smile and be happy."

He was confused, even as Ruby smiled at him once again. "She's a good woman." He said, even though confusion warred in his mind, unsure how to take this kiss from Ruby and the earlier kiss from Summer. "She's... She's someone who sees something in me, something that she's trying to pull out."

"And she's going to kick your ass if you don't help her with the groceries, buster." Summer's voice intruded, as the woman entered with two grocery bags under her arms, giving Ruby a look. "Get that thing in the pool and then cover it up. We'll do a test of the water tonight when it's cool."

Ruby was off, even as he took one of the grocery bags, carrying it towards the kitchen. "Thank you for helping out a bit." She said, her voice sounding thankful as she set the grocery bag onto the kitchen table, Yang and Blake looking up from their spot on the couch, Weiss currently engaged with a mobile game on her phone, her eyes barely glancing up.

"Three more bags, Jaune... You can do it." He would, as she smacked his ass playfully, turning to put some of the cleaning supplies in the cupboard where they belonged.

He did as she asked, assisting her with some of the higher cabinets, taking care to put everything where it belonged. "Tomorrow's your trial by fire, Jaune... I'm going to get you something nice to work on, with the rest of the day off by the pool." The tone was serious, as she looked at him. "At six, though. You deserve two more hours of rest."

As they ate their evening meal – Fresh-grilled pork cutlets with some cauliflower and corn with mashed potatoes, he took notice of how Ruby was giving him little looks, whilst Weiss was disinterestedly staring at her food as if she expected it to run away screaming. Yang and Blake were currently occupied with having a moment of their own, Yang doing imposing posturing whilst Blake merely smiled indulgently.

"So, I'll be delivering you home, unmolested by the women of the house..." Summer said, even with her amused expression clearly hinting to him that it might not be molestation inside the house that she intended, when Blake spoke up.

"I'll take him. I've got to get home to mom and dad anyways, so it's no problem." He looked at her and shrugged. To deny the offer would be seen as unduly suspicious, so he smiled gratefully at her.
"Thanks a lot." The cool look that he received was enough of an acknowledgement, even as Summer pulled out her wallet and then pulled two twenty dollar bills and a single ten dollar bill out.

"Here's your legally issued bribe to keep the fact that we're all hot and sexy women out of the general population's notice." He looked at the bills and then tucked them in his pocket, hoping that he wouldn't forget about them. "And do buy a girl something nice with that, you hear? Us ladies don't mind a bouquet of flowers. Ruby likes her roses."

"Mom!" Ruby said, turning red. "You can't just-" Her mother seemed to not be bothered by her daughter's outburst.

"Yang likes tulips… and Blake is partial to catnip, or so I've heard." The death glare that Blake sent to Yang was met with a cheeky grin and a wink.

"I know ya love me, babe… So what if mom knows that you purr like a kitty when you see them, hmm?" Blake batted at her girlfriend/friend/whatever they were, her smile breaking out.

"I quite enjoy tulips as well as marigolds." Blake added, even as Yang started to wrestle with her.

"No wrestling at the table! I remember the food fight!" Summer's voice cut through, sharp and like the tone that she used. "Chocolate syrup does not go there!"

Yang flushed, as did Blake. Summer looked ill-amused. "And neither does cookie dough go there either! You're going to get an infection if you do something like that!"

He wasn't sure that he wanted to know by this point.

As he sat in the car next to Blake, he idly wondered what was going to happen tomorrow. The weather forecast started up.

'L ooks like it's going to be hot…'

"You're home." Blake said, her voice lacking emotion, the door's lock clicking a little as she halted the car. He grabbed his bag and got out, looking at her for a moment before giving a wave, the light little sniff of disdain and the use of some sort of spray on the seat where he'd sat making him feel a little bit affronted, yet he shrugged it off. It wasn't his problem if she didn't like him.

"Hey there, little brother." The grin on his sister's face was enough to warn him that there was going to be some annoying questions asked. "Who's the girl… and why did she drive you home, hmmm? Are we going to be seeing babies in our future anytime soon?"

"Oh god, please… I get enough about that from Saph and Terra…" He pushed past his sister, whose grin seemed to broaden.

"So there is something going on!" He didn't humour her as he walked towards his bedroom, pulling the bills out and putting them into his little saving bin, shaped like the mascot of the cereal, Pumpkin Pete.

"Tell! What's her name! Did you two have sex?" A groan came, as he looked at her. "No, wait… You had sex! Oh gods, I've got to tell the others!"

"We didn't do anything. She's Ruby's sister's girlfriend, not mine." His sister's face fell, even as her hand ran through her hair. The blonde had a blue streak running through it. "Now leave me be. You've got some stuff to do, don't you?"
"Sure, sure… We'll get to hear it from your lame mouth anyways whenever a girl shows an interest… Geez."

He watched the door shut and then sighed. He'd been kissed by a mother and a daughter today…

'Whatever do I do now?'

Tomorrow would tell, though. Summer had hinted at a hard day for him.

Enjoy.
Stressing a point

Chapter Summary

Summer's run gets interrupted and she gives our blonde a hand with a hard issue... and Ruby! Ruby Rose goes!

He woke up to the sound of the alarm clock. The ringing sound was enough to wake up him fully, as the worries of the world slid away and he felt the burning inside his muscles increase. He could feel the strain as he opened his eyes and got up, feeling his muscles protest fiercely against the resistance that he felt. It was a slow burn at first, with the sensation washing over him like a wave of irritation.

'This sucks.'

He got out of bed, getting his comfortable workout shorts on, since there was no reason not to do that, packing a fresh set of jeans and his swimming shorts. Summer had said that they were going to be training harder, even though the muscle aches were still continuing.

He poured himself a bowl of oatmeal this time, adding some fruit to it and milk, mixing it all together. A soft check to the sky confirmed that it was already time for Summer to come around. A thrill went through him, the sensation making him feel even more nervous, as he imagined the things that she would have in store, as well as remembering that time that she'd blown his mind.

It was an older woman. An older woman who was teaching him the ins and outs of a woman's body, seemingly to make sure that Ruby had someone who could be depended on. She'd been his best friend for a while, yet girls tended to stick together.

If he had been gay or something, he would probably have fit in much better, yet it was unfortunately not the case. Yang had her exercise and her training, Blake was one of the fittest women in the school, Weiss had her career, yet they all gathered around Ruby. It was hard to sometimes get in-between that, even if his fancying of Weiss had been more about the way that she appeared like an ethereal princess.

The door rattled, as Summer made her appearance known. Half a bowl of oatmeal was left, yet he walked to the door nevertheless. Summer stood there, dressed in yet another outfit. They only washed twice a week, as far as he knew from Ruby, so it was logical that she wouldn't want to be walking around in an outfit that'd been sweated in. "Good morning, Jaune."

Summer's voice was warm as he stepped aside to let her in. He could smell something in the air, something lighter and flowery. Not deodorant, yet more like perfume. "Ready to get running?"

"I've got some oatmeal left... I'll just scarf that down and be at your service." A smack to his butt followed his statement, as she gave a light giggle, her eyes closing for a moment.

"Alright... let's get me settled in too. A cup of coffee might be enough to soothe the frazzled nerves a bit..." She was warm, as she joined him at the kitchen table, seated right beside him. The
spoon dipped into the oatmeal, and her hands put the package of instant coffee into the cup, adding the hot water. "Still better than some of the stuff we had to eat back in…" She paused, a look in her eyes that he couldn't quite identify. "Well, it wasn't a good place for kids like you."

A smile, not as wonderful, even as his mother decided to join them, yawning a little as she emerged, wearing her housecoat. "Not working like a trooper, Jaune? My, you're going soft on him, Summer."

Summer's smile brightened a little as she looked at his mother, a grin teasing along her lips. "Oh, he's been plenty hard with me, though he gets soft whenever I let him relax a bit. It was definitely innuendo, his mother's lips thinning, as Summer patted his shoulder. "He's going for the first examination. Hard run! Lifts! He'll be left screaming for blood and mercy when I'm done."

The woman couldn't appreciate it. The look continued, even as Summer sighed. "Did he tell you that Ruby confessed to him?" His mother gave him a look, one that was like 'I did not hear that news yet' with a raised eyebrow, the topic deflected. "I've got to give him a bit of punishment for that… Leading my poor girl on with his sexy bum! You've got eight kids! I don't want to have nine grandchildren when this lil' trooper's with my girl."

"Jaune…" His mother's voice threatened, in that motherly voice. It sounded more like a growl from some ancient creature like a dragon as she looked at him. "You will use protection, right?" He couldn't imagine Ruby not using it… Or Summer. The woman smirked deviously at his mother, patting his shoulder.

"I've gotten some condoms for that eventuality. Ever loyal doesn't mean being stupid. If he's putting his sledgehammer anywhere near a rosebush, I want it to never hurt a tender flower." The woman looked at Summer, her gaze intense.

"I'm watching you, Summer Rose." The woman said, Summer grinning back cheekily.

"Your husband might not like you checking me out… But you know what? Whatever happens in Vacuo…" His mother made a face, even as his father joined them downstairs. The man's face took in the situation, sighing a little.

"Honey, there's no need to be concerned. Marines take care of their own. If she said she'll train him, she'll train him. You don't have to believe those ghost stories about us being emotionless killers… I mean… Jaune isn't a stupid boy." His mother laughed a laugh which was a slight hint less emotionally charged.

"A woman alone with my only son… You always told the girls to stay far away from being alone with a boy…" Summer looked offended at that comment.

"I'm not some lame bird-fuck who shoots at the wrong time. I'm pretty damn sure that I'd be able to keep my hands off a kid who hasn't even grown hair on his balls!" His mother and father looked at her. "What? He doesn't even have a beard! How masculine is that?"

The wince wasn't hidden, as his father sighed deeply. "Jaune is just a little late bloomer… I'm sure he'll get a wonderful beard… or else I'll have to thump my wife a few more times later on." His mother looked at her husband and shook her head.

"With your luck, he'll get a new sibling in nine months. I know that they called you 'No-Pullout-Game Joe' with your squad…" The teasing between his parents was there, even as he sighed. He felt Summer's hand pinch his bottom, as she smiled.
"I'll make him a better son. You can trust me on that." The hand explored his rump, her eyes light, even as the gloomy sensation inside him slowly fell away. His mother and father looked at her, their little 'argument' forgotten.

"Yeah, make him into something better than the flyboys…" His father said, his mother's expression dim in her enthusiasm.

"I'll make him swim laps in the pool too. He'll be doing sea and land stuff… Probably. If he drowns, I'll make sure to bring him back half-dead." Summer didn't sound like she was joking, though her eyes glinted with amused intent in them.

As he got into the car after fifteen minutes, he finally voiced his questions. "Was that… really necessary?" He asked, referring to Summer's little dialogue with his mother. He'd remained silent as he didn't quite know what to do, but the nagging feeling inside him didn't stop.

"Not really. I'm…" She looked a little lost, her grip on the steering wheel whitening a little. "It's tough, you know. Ever since you've been in my life…"

A deep sigh came from her lips, and she looked at the fuel gauge. "I'll have to get some gas first. Let's see whether the pump is still open." She wasn't going to elaborate, it seemed. The gas station was open at six thirty in the morning, luckily, Summer fueling the car up with some gasoline and paying through her debit card.

'At least she's responsible…'

They pulled over to the side on the forest road that they used for their practice, the same as the first time that she'd had her hands on him in the exercise manner. Summer looked a little out of it, her eyes a little dull, even as she directed her gaze to him. "Run along the track, Jaune. I'll time you. Two miles, decent pace. Consider it a warm-up."

He did as she asked. His trainers were on his feet, the soil below him was still cool and damp with the dew, yet he was off, moving through the forested surroundings. He easily made the path through the forest with no difficulty, coming to the spot where they had turned around and then turning around, the way back feeling like it was coming home.

He could hear Summer angrily speaking, her voice sounding almost like a fury. "… at this time, you lazy bird fuck?! Don't you know how much Yang misses you? She looks at that picture every night, you sleazy disease-ridden maggot-cunt!"

As he came closer, he could see her gesticulating with a hand, a phone in her hands that looked like one of those really old Nokia models. "And let me tell you, when I get my hands on you, it's going to be Rose-grilled fucking turkey, you little bandit slag!"

He didn't approach much further, as Summer noticed him. "Alright, go and buzz off, bird… And don't fucking call me again… Tai is…" She shook herself, pressing the button on the phone. Tucking it away into her pocket, she smiled at him. "Back from your run, Jaune? Now… hands against the hood of the car…"

She demonstrated. A push-up, against the hood of the car. Easy enough. He followed after her, and she moved, a soft exhale, as her hands went to his hips. "There… Now… do it."

Her fingers slid over his rump, as her head laid against his back as he moved, the touch thrilling in a way, even as her fingers made their way forwards, rubbing over his groin.

"Hmmm…" She mumbled, her lips pressed against his back. She seemed to be lost in thought, as
her hands groped over his groin. It was a gentle stroking pull and kneading motion, his manhood hardening, as her fingers hooked in his shorts and pulled them down. "I've got you, baby…"

Her hand wrapped around his manhood, a slow jerk with the hand, as he did a push-up, her breathing hot along his back. "Come on… No bird is going to take you away from me…" Her words were funny, as he didn't really know of many predatory birds, her nose brushing up and down is back. "That's the spirit, sweetie… Up and down… Just like we did back there."

She wasn't gentle, as her hand continued. A slow pace that worked up to a faster one, his hips thrusting against her hand, guttural sounds coming from his throat as sweat built up on his forehead. "That's great… Come on, sweetheart… Give it to me…"

He came, the tension in his balls enough to do so, strands of seed splattering against the front of the car and into the dirt. "Aww, such a naughty blonde…"

"Your mother hates me for what I'm doing to you, honey." Her words were soft, as her fingers raised up, coated in the slimy globs of seed. "She's going to see a man walk in through that door…"

He turned around, Summer's eyes looking at him with a half-dazed look. "And it's just going to be when we… When we…" She blinked, clarity returning to those eyes. A haze of something that he couldn't quite understand was in those eyes, as her hand rose up and she sniffed her fingers, her tongue sliding over a fingertip, tasting…

"Summer?" He asked, the sweat still soaking his shirt. She snapped to attention, as her finger wiped his seed off on her shorts.

"Alright… Now that you've had a bit of a cooling down…" She was off, a little bit in attitude as well as her enthusiasm. "Give me some squats." It was half-hearted, as if she realized something. She rummaged in the car, doing something out of his sight, a sound of a bottle being uncorked and drank, even as a satisfied 'ahh' came from her lips.

"Did you like that, Jaune?" Her voice was heady, even as the smell of Summer invaded his nostrils as she leaned against him. "Does it feel good?"

"Yes…" He was no longer hard, yet her touch made him feel good. It was wonderful to feel her touch him. The members of Ruby's little band of babes never would have been bold enough to do what Summer was doing for him… What she was doing to him.

It was hot. Summer was hot. She was a milf who knew what she wanted, and he couldn't do anything about it. "Do you dream of Ruby when you're in your bed?" The question was off, as her voice sounded breathy.

"Or do you dream of me, hmm?"

There was a need in the woman's voice for something that was positive, he could tell. Summer sounded fragile for a moment, as she pressed against him.

"Summer, I…"

She slipped in front of him. Her face was like an older Ruby, with the signs of aging. Silver eyes, her red hair cut short. The smell of her deodorant or perfume in the air. "It's okay…" Those eyes were not focusing on him. "It's okay, sweetheart…"

She pressed a finger against his lips, as she leaned closer, her own lips parting. "It's going to be okay… Raven isn't going to lay a finger on you, no… She's not going to steal you away…" Her
finger was pulled away, as she kissed his lips, a kiss that was light and feathery, as her hands brushed over his shoulders, as she pressed against him. "No…"

"You're going to be…" She paused, as if thinking about what she was going to say. "No…" She suddenly stood up, shaking her head. "That's not right, that's not right, think…"

"Summer?"

He asked, calling out to her. Her eyes looked at him, as her lips formed a bitter smile.

"You should be thinking about a good girl like Ruby… Not some… broken woman." He didn't think she was broken. Ruby was a great girl. Summer was great as well. "I'm… I'm sorry." She mumbled.

The words had been spoken by his partner Pyrrha a few times, though the girl had gone on to become an athlete, even starring in a few commercials. It was only for Ruby that he hung around with the members of her team of intrepid explorers. "It's okay… I mean… no harm done, right?" He smiled, trying to hope that she'd kiss him again.

"No… No harm done. You're…"She paused, looking at his face for the longest of time. "You're a good boy… A nice boy, a boy that Ruby likes. I shouldn't…"

"You're training me." She looked very doubtful, even with her eyes on him. "You're… nice." She smiled before she leaned forward again and kissed him.

"I'm supposed to be nice, sweetheart. Now… Let's get on a run, shall we?" It was sweet, yet he had the nagging feeling that there was something that she wasn't fully telling him. She was affectionate, she did things, but…

"Jaune?" Her voice cut through his thoughts as he jogged, her fit body bouncing with every step. "Do you think… Do you think I'm too strict on my girls? Just be honest." A question that hung in the air. Did he think he was too strict for them?

Ruby was free as a bird, free to do what she wanted and not worry about anything more than a scolding. Yang never had been restrained, nor had she been told to keep mum about things, so it did not look like it was the wrong choice to say that she was doing alright.

"Don't you think that you should ask this to your ex-husband, Summer?" Her breathing was heavier due to the run they were on, the ground below his feet crunching as they continued. "He's got a say in this too… and."

He felt her grab a hold of him, leaping onto his back. The sudden weight of a woman who weighed between 60 and 70 kilograms added to his back made him stumble. "I'm asking you, silly…" She whispered in his ear, as he fought to keep standing.

"Summer, please…" He called out, and she slid down.

"I'm asking you because I want your opinion." Her voice was commanding, a little bossy and dedicated, as her silver eyes met his own. She was dedicated to the thought now, and she did not seem to be getting herself any less worked up.

"I think you're doing fine. Ruby is my best friend, she's great. That she's dating Weiss is… a bit saddening, but we're good! She's still a friend. Yang is a tease, but she's a good girl… probably. If she'd calm down a little, she might be a better friend, but she and Blake have that thing going on." Summer's serious expression was there, as she stood slightly shorter than he did.
"And… and me?" The question was spoken tenderly, as her tongue flicked over her lips. A blush was on her cheeks.

"What… what about me? What do you… what do you think about me?"

"You're Ruby's mom. That makes you one of the best moms in the world." A stiffening of her shoulders, a firmer look in those eyes as her lips pressed together slightly tighter. "I… I like that you're doing… things with me. I'm…" He paused then, as he watched her.

A look in those eyes that warned him of something, as she took a deep breath before exhaling slowly. "I'm happy?" The smile on her face was like the sun rising, as she took a moment to gather herself.

"Alright… let's get back to the car and we can get home." This wasn't exactly the harsh test that he was expecting. He noticed that her hands were quivering for some reason, as she smoothed her shorts a little, the motion an afterthought for her, as she exhaled.

"Did I say something wrong? Summer?" Her eyes turned to him and for a moment, he felt like a deer being stalked by a mountain lion. There was a look in those eyes that was calm, cold and with a moment of decisiveness, even as she shook her head.

"It's fine, blondie." The name slipped out and he wondered, even as she shook her head. "I just need some more time…" The woman mumbled, starting on her jog back. Her steps felt angry, even as her body was in motion. He caught up with her then, as they got closer to the car once again.

"Remember the time when we all went out for drinks together?" She mumbled to him, a conflicted expression on her face. "That was fun, wasn't it? Just the four of us…" He did remember it. Ruby, Yang and him and Summer had fun. Weiss and Blake had been busy with other stuff, so they'd not gone.

"It was fun. Yang always said that it was like a double date, but Ruby denied it." Summer's head turned, even as she smiled at him fondly.

"Yeah… It was fun. Especially when we dunked her in the pit when she had a few too many." He wasn't sure when that had happened. Maybe when he'd been at the toilet for a bit?

'Wait, who is she talking about?'

"Hey… Want to make out for a bit in the car?" Her question was distracting him from that line of thought, as she laid a hand on his side, rubbing over it. "It's still early though…" He wouldn't exactly say no, but he glanced at the watch that she wore. It was nearly eight now, and they'd regularly stop at nine.

"I'm not sure we should." Summer smiled, leaning close and kissing his cheek.

"You should stop shaving for a bit… You know that I like it when there's a bit of scruff… But not when you're in bed with me. Smooth-shaven men only." The thought of being in bed with Summer was exciting, even with her being a little off.

"Won't Ruby… notice?" He asked, Summer giving a light shake of her head.

"She sleeps like a rock in cement, darling. You could fire a cannon next to her and she'd roll over and complain about a bug. If she's down, she's down, and her little white girlfriend isn't going to be distracting her." He wondered about that, as Summer's hand grabbed his own, squeezing it.
"I want us to be special again, darling. Just like…" She smiled, looking at the car. "Just like when we went out in the car and I got that nice little…" She trailed off, as her hands groped over his groin once more. "I want it… But…" she bit her lower lip. "But I've got to make breakfast for the girls. Raven never had this problem, she just went at it like she was some sort of baby-eating coyote…"

As she got into the car and started it up, he was left sitting at the passenger seat. Summer's face showed little in the way of thought as she drove towards the home again.

After a generous breakfast, he got a few chores to do. Summer required assistance with something and Ruby came to join him. Ruby looked at him with a fondness in her eyes, as she helped him clear away some of the boxes from the attic.

"This is mom's picture with Yang's mom." A photograph that showed two young woman, both dark-haired and wearing a set of bikini's that looked rather different in appearance, the American flag wrapped around Summer's shoulders whilst the flag of Texas hung over the other woman's shoulders. In blocky letters was written – 'Summer and Raven, besties' on the back, the woman who seemed to be Yang's mother looking like the spitting image of her.

"Mom misses Raven a lot… Though you didn't hear that from me." Ruby said, as she looked at him with a sad gaze. "She's… She's not super with losing people. When dad left, I…" The girl's eyes looked at him with a look, as a sad smile came to her lips. "He still visits, though. His wife is nice."

He supposed that Raven would be nice to the girl that was her best friend's daughter by the man that she loved, but that didn't mean that Summer should be all alone. He felt sorry for the woman. "So… Jaune… I mean…"

Ruby looked at him. "I'm… sorry. I mean, I'm not sorry, but I kissed you and it felt good and you gave me tingles and Weiss was like 'you love him more than you love me' and we had a bit of a fight and I wonder if you'd like to go see a movie with me?"

He blinked, looking at her with a surprised look. "Wait… Wait, what?" Ruby blushed, as her gaze slid away. "I mean, Weiss would…"

Summer had been paranoid about the girl, but to hear Ruby say it, Ruby wincing a little more at the words that he used. "She's… She's pretty gay, yeah. Big sis is into both, but she doesn't want to muscle in on… Well, there's a reason for things. Blake just doesn't like humans much." He wondered how Blake and Yang got together, if Blake didn't like humans too much.

"Well, if-" Ruby came closer, the shirt that she wore a little see-through with how close he was to her. She smelled like strawberries, unlike her mother, who smelled more like the summer breeze with some sort of herbs.

"If you'd like… we can…" Her eyes looked away. "We can make mom drive us and… It'd be fun?" Her smile was soft and hopeful, and he wondered whether Weiss had spoken the harsh words or whether she'd just left. He hadn't seen her at breakfast, so it was likely that she'd left.

"And… And if you'd want to do things… Weiss liked it when I used my tongue, and I've been wondering about a boy's… thingy." She looked adorable, even as she looked down. "I mean, you're my best friend, and I know you were hung up on Weiss, so it's not like it matters, and I wanted to have everyone get along well… Mom likes you too and I'm just…"
She floundered, and he felt that if he approached her in the same way that he did with Summer, she would be giving herself to him. "Ruby… Ruby?" He called her name, even as she babbled along, her little speech about getting everyone happy together stopping.

"It's okay… It's fine." He smiled, trying to find the words that would comfort her, keep her happier. It was hard to think of the words now, as he remembered how his mother had jerked him off, how her hand had been stroking over his manhood. The idle wondering of whether Ruby's hand would be just as soft and gentle was enough for him.

"I just don't want you to think I'm weird. I like both of you. I can't stop liking you just because you think X-ray and Vav needs a second arc and that Weiss just gets all huffy when I talk to you. I mean, the sex is great, when she's down there and she's tickling those spots I just feel all like wazoo wazaaahh and then it's just an easy burn when I-" She stopped, her eyes wide, knowing that she'd spoken too much.

"Please don't tell her I said that. She's going to be so mad with me… not that she isn't mad already, of course. She was… Well…" The door opened and Summer came in, looking at the two of them.

"Doing a bit of canoodling in the attic, hmm?" The wry smile on her lips showed her feelings on the subject as Ruby turned red. "Oh… That picture…" The smile on her lips was more gentle as she looked at the picture that he had in his hand.

"We went for the bikini's because Raven was all 'We should do something like that, because we're going to die for our country and all that… She got me the other version as a gift after boot camp." Her smile was a little fainter as she looked at the picture, at the expression of the twenty-year old Summer Rose, or maybe the eighteen year old one, it was undoubtedly an emotional moment.

"Mom… Can you drive us to the cinema tonight? I'd like to see a movie with him, just something to… deal with things." Summer knew more than he knew, apparently. Wherever Weiss had gone to, it was clearly not here.

"Sure thing, honey. Jaune… You go take a shower, after you stash these boxes below, alright? I've got to have a chat with my daughter for a moment."

She fixed Ruby with a look that seemed to make the guilty glance that Ruby gave him being rather intense.

He waited at the door for a moment, listening to the voices. "Where did you get the idea to ask him out, Ruby? What were you thinking?!!" Summer's voice, irritatedly snapping at her daughter. Ruby's muted voice leaving little to the imagination.

"I don't know, mom… I just thought that, with you and dad…" He didn't stick around any more, knowing that this was a conversation between mother and daughter. Ruby and Summer needed to have this chat and he wasn't the man who was going to intrude on it.

As he lay in the pool nearly fifty minutes later after taking care of the boxes, he felt the coolness of the water, Yang stretched out over one of the pool chairs in a very thin-looking yellow bikini. He let his eyes rest on those firm mammaries of hers as they stood there like mountains, comparing Summer's more modest breasts to Yang's and finding that the latter still towered above Summer.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer, Arc." Yang mumbled, her sunglasses raised and a smile on her lips as she looked at him.

"You look a lot like your mom." Yang nodded, as she exhaled softly.
"You've seen the picture mom keeps at her bedside table?" He hadn't, shaking his head. "Well, that's one of the last pictures that mom has of her, save for when they were young. I never really met mom. She left when I was young and..." A grimace, some obvious hurt.

"And Summer is my mom now. That's all that matters." They were the words of someone who had made it in the world, who had cast away the shackles of her family and who was free. "Also... What's so hot about you, eh? Weiss stormed off in a huff after telling Ruby to go and be with you..."

He got out of the pool, leaving Yang to look at him critically. His bare upper chest stood out clearly, his shorts were reasonably arranged and he noticed her gaze linger at his hips for a little while before slipping down.

"Eh, five out of ten. Not quite the hot beefcake that I'd be wanting to take to bed." Yang's assessment was brutal, and he winced at it.

"I would dare hope not."

Summer's voice came from his right, as he turned, feeling her push him back into the water. Standing there in a sundress was Summer, having used her bare foot to push him back into the cool water. He surfaced again, water dripping down his face.

"Aww, mom, do you really have to ruin my fun? He gets funny when he's in a huff." Summer's lips thinned, as she looked at her adopted daughter of sorts.

"Yang Xiao-Long, as your mother's best friend and ass-kicker, I will not tolerate you teasing a young man. Ruby has found quite a friend in him." It was obvious by the look on Yang's face that the reproach from her adoptive mother had an effect on her, as she turned her gaze to the side.

"Alright, sorry... I'll try not to tease him too much." A grin came to Summer's face, even with Yang's head turning to her mom again.

"Right. Now, Ruby and Jaune will be going on a date to the cinema tonight... Do you think you can drive them and pick them up? I have to make a few calls about something tonight to someone." The look that Yang gave to her mom was one of concern, leaning forward a little.

"It's not..." Summer shook her head quickly. Too quickly for Jaune's liking, as the woman stretched.

"Alright... I'll get the kids to their little wishy-washy movie... They're probably too scared to go to something like the Grimm Terminator or something..." The cocky grin on Yang's face was similar to the one on his older sisters' face when they were up to no good, Summer handing her a glass of lemonade.

"Make sure that there's no backseat stuff going on... You know that I don't like to find stains in my car, Yang." The nod and the light shake of the head from Yang hinted at more, even as the blonde stretched a little. Her chest did interesting motions as she did.

That evening, after a dinner of spinach with some grilled bell peppers and some pilaf rice and sauce made out of curry if he remembered right, he sat in the car next to Yang, being the tallest passenger, as Yang drove casually.

"It's going to be so much fun, Yang. Why don't you join us?" The blonde snickered, shaking her head lightly as she kept her hands on the steering wheel.
"Not into the type of movies that you dorks watch, Ruby. No offense though, they're not my style." Yang dismissed it. "Go on and have your little date… And Jaune?"

He looked at the blonde, as she gave him a serious look. "If I find out that she's been coerced to take a sip from your milkshake, you can kiss your straw goodbye." Yang's eyes blazed with that sisterly protectiveness, even as Ruby gave a clueless look.

He knew what Yang was referring to, frowning at the blonde. "I swear, it's not going to be like that." Summer had said that she wanted him to be perfect for her little girls, so… he supposed that he'd take things slower with Ruby? To see how things would go and where was another challenge.

As they sat in the dark theater waiting for the movie to start, she grabbed a handful of his popcorn and plopped them into her mouth one-by-one. She chewed slowly on the popcorn, watching carefully the announcements of the trailers. He compared Summer and Ruby, feeling slightly more at ease around Ruby than with Summer.

"So… Ruby?" Her gaze met his, a shy smile on her lips. "Are you… okay? I mean, with Weiss leaving…" He felt a little like the rebound guy for her… this was too quick, too swift. Ruby must be hurting on the inside.

"It's… it's okay. But… but can we kiss, just for a bit? I'd like to… I'd like to kiss again." She asked, as she leaned forward. Having kissed her mother before, he placed a soft kiss against her lips, mimicking Summer's own feather-light kiss.

Her kiss was clumsy and her tongue pressed against his lips, trying to worm its way in. His hand wrapped around her shoulder, and he pulled her closer, trying to make her feel at ease. It didn't feel… right, for some reason.

"That was amazing…" Ruby murmured, even as her eyes looked at him, her cheeks almost luminous with a blush. She was really much like her mother, as he could see the shirt peak with her nipples, as she inhaled deeply. "I mean… Weiss does it for me too, but this… just… woah."

He wondered who she liked more. Weiss would probably appear once she cooled off. Weiss was the type of girl who reflected on her actions a lot, even if she was in the right. "Let's watch the movie." He suggested, her small hand in his own. It was less calloused than Summer's, as he could feel her fingers brush over his own.

As they exited the theater after nearly one and a half hours of hand-holding, he found the sudden hand on his shoulder to be a rather startling experience. "A-ha! Kissy kissy in the dark!" Yang's voice was amused and a little peeved, as if the thought was something that she hadn't thought of. Ruby turned red once again, breathing in deeply.

"So what? Did you want to have some kissy-kissy as well?" He threw back. Summer would've said something worse, he'd imagine. Something more about an action best done between lovers. Yang looked at him, pressing her lips together.

"Listen here, Jaune Arc… If my sister starts crying and I find out that you've put your paws on her, I'll make you a burger patty made out of your balls." The threat was the standard fare, as Ruby whined at her older sister. "No, this is the standard package… I take your balls and feed em to you. Weiss left Ruby for a bit, and now she's just tender, so… Don't abuse my sister's good faith."

Yang's eyes were sharp and calm, with a caring to them that he rarely saw. It was only when Blake wasn't here that this more serious Yang came out.

"I won't do anything that she doesn't want. Your mom showed me her gun collection… and well,
she was going to use my balls for clay dove shooting if I hurt either of you." That had been a novel experience. The woman had been so friendly, and then you just saw the gun collection in the special room in the house that'd been locked for most of the time.

"She's right to it. Hurt our little Ruby and suffer. Weissey knows that she'd better come groveling back like a repenting girlfriend, so here's the tacs… You stay safe, those hands don't touch my little sister, and you keep em. I only got one little sis." The blonde made an imposing sight, the leather jacket that she wore with the golden-yellow top below it as imposing as it was.

As he laid in his bed later that night, he wondered a little about whether it would be something between him and Ruby.

Silver eyes looked back at his mind, as Summer and Ruby blurred together. Summer hadn't given him a time when to be ready at.. but he put his clock at five in the morning either way. A good routine was a good routine, after all.

His mom had looked happier when Ruby had came in with him and said that they'd gone to the movies. He didn't really know why, but his mom had been worried.

Parents always worried, though.

It was going to be fine.

Another chapter. You're only getting Jaune's perspective for this story! Next time… Summer's enticement.
He got up at the sound of his alarm clock, feeling heavier than he had before. It was a roving sensation through his stomach, as he felt it rumble, his eyes closing again, before he got up. Dressing himself was easier once he'd fully woke, but he went through the motions.

He was aware that his mother was seated at the dinner table already, looking a little tired, but not too out of shape. She had a frown on her face, with perhaps a smattering of concern in her eyes.

"Jaune, we need to talk."

He got himself a bowl of cereal and added a generous helping of milk to it. He set it down, as he realized that his alarm had gone off too early. It was still around five thirty, about half an hour before he was going to get picked up by Summer.

"What's the matter, mom?"

The look she gave him was tense, as if she were debating on what to say. "Are you and Summer's daughter really dating?" He frowned, not sure how to take it. "What I mean, honey… She isn't lying, is she?"

"Who, Summer?" His mother's nod confirmed the subject of who the 'she' was, as he stirred the cereal with the spoon. "No… I mean, Ruby did kiss me last night." His mother seemed to be relieved, as she gave him a look.

"That's… okay, I guess. How did it feel?" She asked, looking a little less sure.

"I know that you've got some issues, I went to the classes on how to deal with… well, you."

'You're not saying it, mom… It's got a name and I don't like the way you're tiptoeing around it.'

It was typical, but he was used to it. Summer saw him for what he was… Just a young man. "And it's important when you're in love to be clear… I don't want…" She sighed, rubbing her forehead and being deep in thought about what she wanted to say. "I don't want you to be hurt, sweetie. I love you, just as much as your dad does."

He never really spoke about it with his friends. Ruby could probably understand a little, but he knew that she was smart, but not socially apt. It was such a crude term in the current day but it fit. He'd never want to use it, though it was just something different about him.

It was how he was. It didn't make him anything else than just Jaune Arc, a young man who was...
about to have a brutal training session with a woman who looked at him as if he wasn't just a socially inept fool. Weiss did. It was pretty clear how she felt.

"It'll be fine, mom. The horror stories you've heard about parents sending their children off to their girlfriend or boyfriend and never returning are just horror stories." She cared for him in her own way, though he didn't always see it like that.

It felt a little off at times, though he knew that the rest of his family didn't think like he did.

'Sometimes, it's just best to keep your mouth shut.'

"I just worry. Your father occasionally has those moments where he's… a bit different." She smiled, hopping off her seat and then wrapping him in a hug. Due to Ruby's affectionate nature, he'd gotten over the instinctive flinch, but it still was a little different when his mother did it. "Honey, we love you. Summer Rose… She's a nice woman, but a young man with a divorced mother of two…"

He didn't care about Summer's divorced status. She looked at him like a woman should look at a man, according to the books that he'd read, the movies that'd been watched. It was a look of craving and yearning, with touches to her breasts, her mouth around his manhood and… weird feelings in his stomach.

"She's Ruby's mom, mom."

As if that made all the sense. To him, it did. To him, she was Ruby's mom and Summer at the same time. The worry on his mother's face didn't lessen, even when the door opened up. His mother must've informed Summer where the key had been hidden outside.

"Good morning, Miss Arc, and young maggot in training… Ready to go for a bit of a run after I've refreshed myself a glass of water?"

Summer's tone was lighter than yesterday, as she walked past them, taking a glass out of the overhead cupboard and then downing them. She'd been around often enough when returning Ruby, it seemed. "Mind if I borrow a few paracetamols? I sort of fell out of bed." His mother's sigh and the release from her clutches followed by the woman handing her a few pills. Summer's hands moved deliberately, another glass of water filled and then downed, together with the pills.

His mother hugged him again, as he heard Summer swallow once more, the crinkle of the plastic strip of pills enough, as the woman walked to the trashbin and threw in the emptied pill strip. "Gotta keep myself in shape, and with a busted head, that's not great." The smile on Summer's face was warmer now, as her eyes looked at him.

"I'll make him a man, you can trust me. Now that he's on the road to dating my little girl, I've got fewer worries." He sighed, as he didn't really know how to feel about that. Ruby was safe, Ruby was secure, but…. Did he really love her?

"That's good… So, young man… Are you going to make Ruby happy?"

His mother's eyes flashed with a hint of concern, as he hesitated.

'Am I?'

He wondered about that. Could he make Summer happy? He doubted that, fully. "Maybe? If she wants to. I mean, I think she's great, but… " He wasn't convinced that Ruby really loved him. What if he was just a diversion whilst Weiss got her bearings?
"Summer, a word… Jaune, go to the car. I'll have to talk about something with your trainer here…"

His mom was getting one of those thoughts in her mind. She'd always been careful, even when his dad said that things would toughen him up. His sisters loved him, in their own ways.

He walked to the car, following his mother's order. It had been an order because his mom had looked stern and serious. He wasn't the greatest at finding out about some things, he knew, yet his mother had always been able to send him to bed if he'd been different.

Summer joined him nearly ten minutes later, her expression a little muted, yet with a brightening smile on her face as she looked at him. "I'm not supposed to make you feel too stressed, Jaune. Your mother was… well, she was just like mothers. I'd give the boy that fucked my little Yang an earful too if he came around. Though I think it's more a cat that I should hit with the spray bottle…"

As they rode towards the forested part that'd become their impromptu running track, Summer was quiet, contemplative. He might not notice such a thing normally, but it was something that he'd found due to his closeness to her. Her silver eyes were losing focus at times, yet she pulled over at the spot where she parked the car before.

"Mom didn't say that you should quit, right?"

Summer looked at the steering wheel for a minute, seemingly barely hearing the question, her expression wistful, as she breathed in deep. "She's… She's uncomfortable. I understand how she feels." Those eyes met his own and he felt the stirring in his pants, that hardness rising, as Summer's eyes locked onto his own. They looked away, some emotion in them that he couldn't quite decipher.

"Jaune, you're the nicest young man that I could wish for with Ruby, but…" The woman sighed. "But we should get going." There was a hesitation that had been breached, as she got out. The light blue top and the shorts that'd been the same as three days before looked perfect, as she did a few stretches, which he accompanied her in.

"We're doing a five mile now… You should be able to handle that much, loverboy."

The smile on Summer's face was enough to bring her youthful womanliness out, as she started with getting ahead. The sight of her butt bouncing with every step was another incentive, as he felt himself improving already. She was just here to train him…

After they made their way back to the car, Summer sat him down in the grass, leaving him to do some stretches whilst she watched, her eyes observant. There was a loneliness in her that he felt, much in the same way as Ruby had seemed so lonely when he'd first ran into her.

"Alright, now that you're limbered up…" She came closer, putting her hands on his wrists, as if to guide them and freezing up. Her eyes looked at him and her face came close. A shudder went through her, as he stiffened in his shorts."Hah… ah…"

Her breathing deepened and her whole body shuddered, her tongue licking over her lips. "We should… just… let me get those arms all flexible." It wasn't something that she seemed to have planned, as she let go and then pulled his arms back, feeling a knee against his back. "Just… let me…"

He felt her tug, a low popping of some of his joints, as well as a burning sensation in his shoulders. The knee let go and he felt his arms be released, as her hands wrapped around his waist. Something reminded him about... Scapular... something? Her head laid against his back again.
"Was the date… nice?"

"It was fun." He said, her voice sounding dead. "Ruby is fun, but…" Her hands slid a little lower, rubbing over his groin. "But, Summer…"

"Hmmhmmm?" Her fingers were already busy with the button, as she stopped. "Are you… okay? With me?"

Her hands stopped and she suddenly moved back, as if flinching away. "Of course, Jaune." Her voice was surprised as if she’d not realized that she’d think of it in any different way. "You’re perfect for my little Ruby." He turned around, seeing that she was looking at her hands.

"It's not… It's not the thing, is it?" Her bittersweet smile was painful to see, as she looked at him, his manhood erect against his underwear and shorts. "I know mom probably told you about it, and…"

"Jaune, no matter what you may be wired as… I've done enough wiring myself to know that you're a good boy, a good… a good man." Her voice was understanding and kind, as she came closer, her hands brushing over his chest, rubbing over his nipples. "I'm… I'm so happy for you to love my little Ruby. I'm so afraid…" Her voice was a soft whisper, her fingers sliding over his side. "So afraid that she's going to be broken…" The plea in her voice, the eyes that were moist, and he leaned down, in order to kiss it alright.

She moved away, as she looked at him with conflicted eyes. "No… No kissing. Not… Not now." Her eyes were fearful, for some reason. Her eyes never really strayed to his face. "Let's…" She exhaled deeply.

"Let's get another run going, shall we? Clear our head a little." There was a firmness in her voice that had been absent, as she started to jog… before starting to sprint. He trailed behind her, her steps almost as if she were fleeing from him. He accepted it. She was training him.

Sweat soaked their bodies as they returned, having opted for the hilly path, Summer's stamina greater than his own, yet the woman seemingly tense. As he pulled the shirt off and then squeezed it, a few droplets dripped onto the ground.

Someone pushed him against the car, Summer's eyes caught for an instant, as her body rubbed against his own. Her nipples were hard and rubbing against her flesh, as her fingers slid over his body. Her tongue slid over the sweaty skin, as she held a firm grip on him. The saliva continued, until she reached the abdomen, sliding up again and licking over one of his nipples.

"Hmmmhmmm…" A low, sultry moan, as she bit her lower lip.

"Tonight, Jaune… I'll… I'll make Ruby and Yang go out…"

There was a need in those eyes, as her hands slid down, cupping his manhood. "And then… Then I'm going to make you perfect for…." He supposed that she'd say Ruby, but she hesitated.

"You'll be great, no matter what."

It was a simple need, as he brushed his hand through her hair, the wet strands sticking to her heated flesh. He felt tingly, as her head moved up and she kissed him again, her legs planted on either side of his hips as she near-damn crawled atop him. "We shouldn't… Ach…" Her body was so warm, as she pulled away, shaking her head.

"You can do this, Summ… remember, it isn't over until it's over… You won't get the… No…” The shaking of her head stopped, before she firmed herself up. "Arc… Come on…” She seemed to lose
that energy, her eyes dulling a little more. "I need to get home… This headache…" The woman rubbed her head, getting into the car again.

"Are you okay?" He asked once he got into the passenger seat, her eyes glancing to the rear-view mirror for an instant, as she adjusted it a little with a hand.

"It's okay, hon. I'm… I'm super."

She giggled a little, though he found it a little off. It wasn't like the giggles of his sisters when they'd gotten him into a dress, or the giggles that the girls in his class made when he'd boned up another attempt to get Weiss to date him.

"Do you need help with something?"

He asked, the look in Summer's eyes changing little, still somewhat morose and saddened.

"No, I… I'm okay. It's okay, Jaune. Today is just… It's enough, alright? I'll give you… I'll make sure that you have a good time tonight."

The smile on her lips was almost shy in nature, as she fired up the engine, the engine rumbling into activity. A thrill went through him.

He could feel excitement bubble, as he noticed the phone that Raven had called on yesterday lie in the small compartment at the front. He picked it up whilst Summer drove, checking out the model. Grey and with a screen that was cracked, the battery seemingly drained. 'Do they still have chargers for this thing?' He wondered. A charger was laid in the back of the glove compartment, seemingly modified to charge in the car.

He turned it around and saw the note that'd been taped with tape to the back – R. Branwen, Team STRQ.- The handwriting wasn't Summer's, it was way too scratchy for that, the pen bolder than Summer's touch.

"Do you need this charged?" He asked Summer, a jumpy response as the woman noticed the phone, her eyes dilating for a brief moment. Her focus returned after a moment.

"Put that back, please… It's… it's not yours." The request was easily done. He put it back where he'd found it, knowing that it was her property.

'It should be charged, though…'

As they arrived at the Rose home, he caught sight of Yang going through her training routine, her muscles in action already as she did a few jabs and thrusts with her hands, going through the motions as fluidly as she could. At the sight of them, Yang grinned, strutting over to them.

"Hey there, Vomit fella… Gotten real sweaty with my mom, haven't you?" The look on Yang's face was teasing, even with Summer giving her daughter a look of minor displeasure. "What's with the sour face, mom? Your little cute son in law not good enough for you?"

Yang was a tease. He didn't always get what she was hinting at, but she was a good young woman who cared. "What, are you interested in running your fingers over his chest and riding him, daughter of mine?" Summer's comment was definitely a bridge too far, as Yang's eyebrows rose.

"Mom, no… No. I don't do that with guys. They can look all they want but… This body's exclusive!" Summer snorted. It wasn't a pleasant sound.
"And then you'll have six cats and live out in the woods like your mother does..." The snide comment was enough, as Summer's face changed to something a little more approachable. "Take a shower first, Jaune... I've got to talk with my little sunny dragon..."

He did as she asked. He came upon Ruby as he ascended the stairs, the girl giving him a smile. "Hey Jaune... I've spoken with Weiss. She's not... she's not mad at me. She never really can be... Things are going to be okay." The hopeful look in her eyes was enough, as she leaned closer.

If she was her mother, he'd be expecting a kiss by now, but he knew that Ruby wasn't like that. "You smell... Hit the shower, you silly goof. Let's play some Mario Kombat afterwards, okay?"

He smiled at that, as he entered the bathroom, entering the stall. Hearing the door open after he'd turned the knobs on, he paid it little mind.

The door opened. "I've put a towel on the rack for you..." Summer's smile was soft, as her hand smacked against his rump. "Just... Relax a little. Get the sweat off." Her voice was tempered, as she exhaled softly, trying to keep herself under the control that she so prized.

"Of course, Summer." She was the mom of his best friend. A woman who cared for her daughters and didn't want to do anything to hurt them.

"That's a good man."

Her voice was grateful, even after he'd gotten himself a fresh set of underpants on after exiting the shower, still remaining in his mind as that pleasant moment when Summer had said such kind things.

"Alright, Jaune..."

Yang's voice was in his ear the moment that he came out of the bathroom, seeing the sporty girl stand there with her yellow top, her face looking serious and strict. "Mom said that you've got the day off, but that you have to spend it with me for a bit. Something about 'toughening you up a bit'. Means that I've got a new best buddy, yay."

"But Ruby said that we should play some Mario Kombat..." He mumbled, Yang's face stiffening lightly in that smile.

"We're going to exercise for a bit. Don't worry... I won't take it out on you like Cardin did." The frown on Yang's face was enough to make him remember the time that Yang had just beat the guy senseless when he'd tried to bully Ruby. One strike, right to the face. One Cardin down. It had been a sensation of victory, of revenge.

As Yang led him towards her private domain, he saw the sandbag hang from the ceiling, next to a badly made up bed and several of the girliest things that he'd seen.

'Bright pink skirts...'

"Those are Blake's, in case you were wondering." Yang said, her voice not too happy with his gaze lingering at the skirts.

"Now... Get the gloves on. Mom's given me about an hour or two to work your upper body muscles, and I'm not going to do a bad job."

Yang was an able instructor, as he was given a crash course on how to throw a punch, her voice coaching him through the motions, watching with her gaze strict as she saw every punch land.
"That's better…"

"Alright… If you keep improving like that, perhaps I might teach you a bit more about how to have fun with some bags, eh?" The teasing wink was enough, as he got at what she was referring to.

"Don't you have Blake?"

He asked, Yang's head nodding, the top that she wore raised lightly, the straps adjusted as she did.

"Doesn't mean that I can't have some fun. Blake's nice, but she's… very picky. Ruby is too, now that I think of it. Don't take it to mean that I'm like, madly in love with you, that's more Ruby's gig, but I'm not… y'know? A girl's got needs and you're the guy who's helping around the home… Took a bit for me to get used to how you are but, I mean, after what they did when you… No offence, but..." She floundered at the end, uncertain of what to say to make it up. It had started off well with the sentence that started as a flirt, but then it'd crashed and burned.

He winced at the memory. It had been supposed to be a speech. He'd prepared everything and then everything had gone wrong. The words that they'd shouted at him had left him to flounder, never quite finishing it. It'd been one of the moments that'd made him retreat further into his safe space, with only Pyrrha remaining there to support him.

Pyrrha was so nice. She said that she could understand, to not let it bother him too much. She liked him, just the way that he was.

She might just be toying with him, but that was okay. Ruby wasn't a bad girl. Summer liked him too… "It's… I don't judge you for that. It's okay. Blake can't understand, because she doesn't have a sister who's…" Yang tried to smile, as she tried to make excuses.

"We are who we are, Yang. We're just two people who geek out about stuff, who aren't great at social stuff. I'm just the dumb one, Ruby is the smart one. We both went to the classes. She because she had trouble adjusting, me because I had to." He knew that very well. His grades had suffered, but Ruby was smart enough to coax him through some of the problems. Ruby had advanced a few grades.

"Hey, bud… Don't put yourself down, alright? Mom's a bit happier with you around the house… It helps that she's no longer…" A shadow passed over Yang's face, as she sighed. He couldn't quite determine the melancholic emotion on her face.

"Your mom cares for you much, you know?"

He said, knowing that Summer had said so multiple times. Summer cared for Ruby and for Yang so much that it was her task, in her mind it seemed, to ensure that he was prepared for them. It made sense, yet it felt awkward.

"Yeah, ever since my biological mom…" He nodded. He could understand that. Summer had shouted at the woman yesterday, and the woman sounded like a real piece of work. "Ah well… Just don't go sticking your little pogo stick in my sister yet, buster. She's just getting over the break-up."

"Yang, I don't think she's that much into me."

It had felt different… Ruby had been nice, pleasant. Her kiss was nice, but it lacked a certain spark.

"You'd be surprised, Jaune. Love isn't rational. It's passionate and fierce and it hurts like a bitch."
Yang rolled her shoulders, as her eyes went down. "See these? Lumps of fat. Not great for stuff, but they make me look killer in a bikini. Ruby doesn't have these. Mom doesn't have these… But I do. I learned to fight to protect myself, dad was real on point with that."

She had a very nice full chest. Yang was beautiful, nobody would ever deny that.

"It's not that I don't… hell, I trust you. You're the type of shy dude who'd blush and stutter for a while before a girl gave him a handie…" The look on her face was exasperated, her fingers threading through her loose blonde locks. "But don't do that to my little sister, yet. If she wants to, that's okay, but…"

Yang rotated her arm, giving a punch to the sandbag, which rocked. "Force yourself on her and I'll be using your balls for practice and I'll not go easy." It was the big sister instinct, he guessed. His sisters had been in and out of love, and they'd all had their fair share of horror stories about the guys that they had dated. He'd heard more about what some guys liked than during the health classes that they'd given to him in the second year of high school.

"I'll make sure that she's okay. I'm… Yeah, you know me. The goofy guy who always tries to help his friends." Yang looked at him before throwing him a towel.

"Rub yourself off and put it in the hamper. The deodorant's on the left shelf, dad left some. You wouldn't want to smell like strawberries, right?" He smiled, knowing that she meant well. He wiped his upper body off, the feeling of being active making him feel better about his life. It was "Hush, or you'll be calling me dad." Yang shook her head, barking a soft laugh as she imagined that.

"When pigs fly, Arc. Now piss off, I need to get changed and get a shower. Mom told me to get you fitter and in shape because she needed a bit of a rest."

Yang was a good young woman. A bit high-energy, but she'd played a few games on the console with him and Ruby from time to time.

"Aye aye, Yang." He sighed, knowing that he'd overspent his welcome with Yang. He knocked on Ruby's door after he'd put on some deodorant, his shirt back on, thankfully dry still.

"Ruby?" He knocked again, hearing someone stumble a little, before the door opened up. Happy silver eyes met his own as she smiled at him broadly, her glinting eyes lifting his mood.

"Jaune! Do get in!" He caught sight of a bag that had the Schnee brand label on the side, half-opened with a few white bra's tucked within. It must be Weiss' bag, if the looks of it was like that.

"Mom told me that she'll be up with a few drinks in a bit. Yang really put you through some moves, didn't she?" Ruby's eyes were bright and happy, as she smiled. He liked that about her. She was normal, to him. A bright little sunny girl, who never judged. He never judged her either.

The gaming console was already set up, with a controller set to the side. "Sit down… oh… Can I sit in your lap?" Her voice was light, her cheeks blushing. She looked comfortable, as he sat down.

"Sure." She sat down without another sound, her butt pressing against him. "It's nice… Weiss said that she wasn't mad… I mean, I told her about our little time at the movie… She's going to come back." Her happy voice was soothing, as his arm wrapped around her waist. She smelled a little like Summer, undoubtedly because they used the same shampoo.

"She could never stay angry with you for long, Ruby."
Ruby's little hum was the only sound she made as she got herself comfortable. He hardened against her butt, her head turning, as a shy smile came to her lips.

"She's… She's a sweet girl. She accepts me... But..." Ruby sighed, leaning forwards a little. That rump of hers slid up and down his groin, stimulating it with sinful seductiveness.

"I just want us all to get along. You, Weiss and me... Blake and big sis..." The shy smile on her lips, as she turned around. "Kiss?"

He wondered whether he should, as she turned around and then brushed her lips against his own. The door opened, the click of the grip, and Ruby's head turned around, her hair brushing over his cheeks.

It wasn't much of a kiss, yet Summer stood there, holding a tray with some cookies and two glasses of milk. "Milk and cookies, for the brave little soldiers." The woman smiled, setting the cookies down. "I'll be downstairs, doing some paperwork. If you kids need something..." Her eyes seemed to grow dull, a soft smile on her lips as she looked at him... or at Ruby. It was hard to tell.

"Just give me a shout. Yang will be busy trying to look 'swole' or something, so she's going to be busy." Summer's eyes lingered on him, her hand ruffling her daughter's hair, as those eyes looked at him. "Hmm..."

"Thanks mom!" Ruby's chipper smile was enough, as she took a glass and then sipped it. "Weiss is coming back tomorrow! We've made up." The little wince that Summer made was definitely not intended to be shown to her daughter.

"That's... That's nice, Ruby. Are you... together with Jaune as well?" Ruby looked at him and smiled, before she looked thoughtful.

"Hmm... I'll think about it. He's my bestie and she's my bestie... We'll make it work!" The words hardly registered, as she'd kissed him. He watched Summer's sympathetic twist of the lips. He felt a little numb.

"That's good. Friends should be... friends. Tai... Your father had a way about him that just made all of us into the best of friends. Until Raven left us..." Ruby's smile didn't flag.

"Everything's fine. Jaune's getting better under your training, isn't he? He'll be happy to help." He smiled at Summer. She looked like she needed a smile. He got one back, one that was warmer than the one before.

"Everyone who needs a hand can depend on an Arc."

The saying that his father had drilled into his sisters' head and a double helping for him, came to mind. Summer smiled at him.

"We're having Chinese for dinner tonight. I'm sure that we'll have a great time."

Summer's eyes were on him the whole time. Her promise to him, about... things. Intimate things. She wanted it to be perfect.

"Of course, mom." Ruby said, before she nudged him. "Come on, Jaune! I want to be Pepperoni today! You can be Pistachio!" The names of the characters were based on some of the Noontendo games that'd came out earlier, but Ruby's choice for Pepperoni was pretty much based on her like for the long cloak that the character wore.
As they gamed, he started to forget, as Ruby's excited little sounds took over and he looked at the screen. Yang joined, nearly an hour later, taking a third controller with her, the three-way melee continuing on the screen. For a 2d fighter, it was still an interesting combat scheme.

Ruby had moved out of his lap when Yang had knocked on the door and hadn't sat down in it again. It was their little thing, the kissing. Yang adding her own 'That's so unfair!' at times when her character was thrown out of the combat ring just added the tension.


Summer came around with another tray of sandwiches, as they started on their third game of Remnant Versus Earth: Strategy Incorporated. Summer's blouse was a little opened, the bra below visible, undoubtedly due to the heat of the land. "I'll be out to the store for a bit. I need to pick up some more painkillers." The look on Yang's face was a little tense as her mom said that, even as Summer smiled sweetly at him. "Don't do things to the boy that I wouldn't do, Yang…"

"Mom!" Summer laughed at Yang's embarrassed tone, the girl flushing a little more at the insinuation. "I'll watch over them, no problem."

"Your mother would be proud of you for being such a good sister." Yang's face was a little tense as she took a deep breath, Summer giving the three of them a little wave. "I must be off… You kids better leave the house standing when I return."

"I need to go to the bathroom for a moment." Yang mumbled, getting up and walking to the door. He heard the bathroom door open and shut, as Summer left the house. Ruby turned to him and then leaned closer.

"It's going to be just perfect, Jaune."

Words that her mother had used, as Ruby's silver eyes looked into his own. Her lips pressed against his own, as she hugged him. Her smaller arms wrapped carefully around him, the feeling different from the emotion that Summer put into it. "We'll all be together again, Weiss is coming back… Blake is coming back too and we've got that little thing…"

"Mom will be happy, and dad…."

Ruby's lips pressed against his own, her arms pulling his head down a little as her tongue slid into his mouth, the feeling of her tongue tracing against his own like an endearment, a low groan coming from his mouth.

She was certainly evoking a response, as her hands brushed through his hair, her eyes closed, as her breathing picked up. She broke the kiss a moment later, licking her lips. "I like you, Jaune. You were my first real friend, one who didn't look at me like I was some sort of kid."

"Ruby, I-" The clearing of a throat came from nearby and he found that Yang had returned.

"That's very touching to hear… But not in the bedroom. I'm the oldest here, so I'm going to be watching you."

Yang's voice was a little like his mom's, but there was an emotional breathiness to it that sounded like she'd had some difficulty with getting the sentence out. He noticed those little quirks of speech.

"Ah, it was just a quick kiss? I kiss you too, Yang!" The image was hot, but not as hot as the thought of kissing Summer again.
"Not like you were trying to just eat his face, Ruby… A peck on the cheek is more than enough for me, but for this big bad boy… I'm watching you, Arc." The big bad sister was out, and he wondered briefly whether this was what she had intended all along, but he didn't dwell for too long on the thoughts.

"If you think that's alright." He mumbled, not sure how to answer that sentence.

"Yeah, I do." She said, her voice not even sounding ashamed of her own thoughts. "I think it's more than normal for a big sister to watch her younger sister's boyfriend to make sure that she isn't going to be getting with a kid. Remember the Malachite twins? Never heard from them again after they'd gotten knocked up." He understood, somewhat. Yang was just trying to protect Ruby from unforeseen consequences. He didn't think that they were dating, though.

Ruby was… It was likely that she was using him in her own way. It was saddening, but he didn't want to lose one of his best friends.

After dinner had been laid out on the table and Summer had given him a look, there was the faint ringing of the phone. "I'll get it." Summer said, her eyes meaningful as she looked at him.

"Yum!" Ruby's excitement was really showing through in her actions as she started to put the spoons into the containers that had spoonable contents, doing the prep work, the containers steaming.

Summer emerged a moment later. "Jaune, sweetie? It's your sister." He blinked, as he got up. Yang looked at him for a moment before patting him on the side, seemingly in encouragement.

'What could… wait, which sister?'

He took the phone, the audible laughter that was being suppressed already cluing him in as to who it would be from his older sisters. "Soooo… How's my little nugget today, huh? Imagine my shock when I came home to find that you've been hanging with Miss Rose and her daughters…"

Someone in the background was starting to complain about her taking too long, his mother taking the phone. "You are to come home at nine. Your father said that we are going out tomorrow." The words brooked no argument, as he looked at the phone, his expression falling. "It's one of the few times where the whole family is back together, Jaune. You've got holiday now, so I'm sure that Summer can miss you for a day." The woman was assured, even with his eyes flickering back and forth. "I'm sorry, Jaune. I know you don't like the surprise, but your father…"

"I got it. Thank you, I'll let them know."

This was unexpected. He took a moment to rearrange his priorities. It wasn't something expected, but…

"See you soon, Jaune."

The words were spoken with love. His mother's voice was warmer when she said those words, recognizing a faint hint where he saw it. He became aware that Summer was standing close by, the phone located in the living room.

"Mom said that we're going out tomorrow, so I can't do the training with you." He saw Summer's face fall for a moment before it firmed up, a broad smile on her face as she came closer, getting into his personal space.
"That's okay." Her voice was a little light, perhaps a touch hurt. "We'll… We'll make tonight special, won't we?" She pressed a light kiss to his lips, her eyes pleading. They looked like they were in pain, and he soothed that pain. He could understand it and not understand it at the same time.

"I'm to be home at nine. Mom said we're going out tomorrow with the whole family."

The look on her face was sad, but she closed her eyes and nuzzled against him.

"I'll wait then. It was like that with Raven as well…" Her head turned away, as she seemed distraught. He thought she was, feeling a sadness from her. "Don't worry… I'm… I'm going to make you a respectable man."

A soft sound, as she breathed in. "Let's have a nice dinner with the girls, dear." Silver eyes focused and were shrouded for an instant as she blinked. "Yes…" Her tongue slid over her lips. "Let's have a nice dinner, all together." The sad smile on her lips didn't comfort him, as she led the way.

"I'll bring him home, mom."

Yang said whilst she pricked one of the dumplings onto her fork. The smell was good, albeit a little too spicy for his nose. "I did it yesterday too, so I might as well go pick up some new eh… stuff. I've got an address for that in town, so…"

"Ah, it's okay, I can do it. Home at nine, as he should be." He glanced at the clock. It was seventeen minutes before the clock would strike eight. Yang's eyes looked at him with that look that said in less words than were needed that she'd want to have a chat. Undoubtedly it was about the kissing.

"I'll do it. I need to tell him off about smooching my little sister anyways…"

That made sense. It was eight when he got into the car, Yang having magicked up a driver's license from somewhere. He was fairly sure that he'd get the lessons himself, if dad could afford it.

"So…" She started, as the car rumbled, Yang's body in motion, her left arm resting on the car door's part, the window open to let the summer heat dissipate. "I don't have anything against you and Ruby, but…" She sounded concerned, as she exhaled. A pack of cigarettes came out, a lighter flicked and the stick ignited, as she slowly blew out the smoke.

"No funny business, please…"

The car moved, as she exhaled. She went below the speed limit, just cruising with the car rumbling. Her eyes were a deep lilac-purple colour, as he wondered briefly about why she smoked. As a health-focused individual, she might wish to keep her lungs intact.

"Why do you smoke?" Yang's head turned, the cigarette between her lips glowing in the dim light of the car.

"Because it's a good stress reliever. I only smoke a pack a month… Not enough to go and impact my breathing, but it's a way to relieve stress when Blake goes on her little bitch-fits… Seriously, I wonder about her sometimes, she's like 'Humans oppress us' and the moment afterwards she is like an affectionate housecat…" That was probably not information that Blake would like him to know. "Sometimes, I wish I could be a bit like you, not to let stuff like those emotions bother you. Would be nice."

"I do feel emotions, Yang."
The was one of the worst misconceptions that he'd heard the most. Just because you were wired just a bit differently because of the way your brain was formed during gestation, did not mean that you were like a robot. His mom had been older when she'd given birth to him, but they all loved him just the same. He preferred not to think about it. Miss Fall had said to him that there was nothing wrong with him, that people preferred not to think about what made people special.

"Yeah, but you don't feel them like we do. That's why Blake gets the heebies around you…" That was true. Blake just didn't like him much, probably because he had asked her once whether the cat ears were fully capable of hearing or not.

"If you say so…"

He mumbled, before he noticed something. Whenever Yang took a drag on her cigarette, her eyes slowly seemed to light up, turning a deeper red colour.

"Summer has a bone to pick with your mom, doesn't she?"

Yang blew out the smoke through her nostrils, letting the smoke curl up. She didn't respond. A look of conflicting emotions came to her face.

"She got a call from your mom yesterday and was pretty out of it for a while afterwards… Did it really hurt when she left?" Yang's eyes left the road and met his, an angry look on her face.

"This conversation ends now." Yang said, her voice and tone deadly calm, a bitter expression on her face. "I know that you've got that whole issue, but this is not a conversation I want to have right now, nor do I want to have it with you."

He supposed that it wasn't something to be talked about. He could take a hint, even though Yang seemed to think that he didn't.

He got out of the car, hearing Yang give a mumbled – "See ya later, Arc." – before she continued, driving off, no doubt to get that fix.

It would all be okay. It wasn't a conversation to have with Yang, after all. He might ask Ruby about it.

Yeah… some things are just not spoken about. Summer's hurting about when Raven left, Yang's hurting about when Raven left…

Messy things, divorces. Hurts more than just the guy you're with. Gave a few more hints about why he perceives the world as he does. It's just not mentioned by name.
An earnest living?

Chapter Summary

Military stuff being mangled. Probably a lot of stuff that's just wrong. Jaune-view.

To all the people who guessed that he has Autism, you win a virtual cookie. Redeem in your mental space for enjoyment. Why Autism? He's not the most socially savvy person at times, which Ruby isn't either. Different forms. It's all Autism under the DSM-V though, as far as I remember.

Jaune woke up at half-past six. The alarm clock hadn't gone off, but he knew that he was awake. For a moment, his mind corrected itself, looking at the alarm clock once more. He wanted to get out of his bed, to exercise with Summer. Summer was a nice woman, being Ruby's mom and understanding.

It was when he was half-way out of his bed that he realized that today was their family day. His dad had said that they'd go somewhere. He was sure that it would be okay.

It was the certainty that he felt, as he got out of bed and walked towards the shower, opening it up to see nobody in it. With seven sisters in the house, the shower had been occupied for a while. Cold water wasn't very pleasant to shower in, experience had taught him.

Turning the knob and enjoying the warmth over his body, letting him know that he was warm and getting cleaner, he just let his body unwind. He thought about the interactions that he'd had with Ruby yesterday.

The kiss had lacked something. It had been nice, but there was no sign of him feeling what he felt when Summer came to kiss him. It was… nice.

The touches she gave him were nice. She was a nice woman, even if she acted a little sad sometimes. She didn't… She didn't think there was something wrong with him. She just gave him the orders to do stuff and he would. Clear. Concise. Ordered.

He glanced down, noticing that he'd grown aroused. It was an odd reaction, even as he leaned back against the shower wall, letting his hand trace over his manhood, feeling the strong urge to take care of business. Ruby was… uncertain. She couldn't be fully certain, because Weiss would get in the way with Ruby.

Ruby... He tried to imagine Ruby doing the same things as Summer had done. To hug him. To kiss him. To make him gasp and groan. It was impossible, after considerable time of thinking. Ruby loved Weiss more than she loved him. She was just trying to keep him around because she wanted a boy to have as a friend. It'd been seen in his sisters.

The times they came home with defeat scrawled on their name, the crying emotional sessions which he watched silently from the kitchen table, the news that Saphron had finally gotten out of the closet she'd hidden in...
He still didn't quite know why gay people hid in closets. He'd asked a few times to Terra, but she'd just given him a look and Saphron wouldn't stop laughing. It had been showing an interest in his sister's partner! He cared for his sister, even though she'd always been somewhat of a goof.

His thoughts returned to Summer. Her silver eyes had a lustre to them, her smiles always were nice to see. It was as if she saw him for who he was, just a teenager growing up into adulthood. She didn't mince words. She was blunt and honest, and whilst she told him what to do, there was always a reward in store, though he knew that he would do things for her without any reward either way.

He wanted to be of use, to not be thought of as less.

His mother didn't understand, not completely. She'd gone through the classes on dealing with someone with his condition, had joined the organisation for parents, but she didn't know what it was like. She'd never been called a retard, or been thrown into a locker.

None of his sisters really had been bullied, but he had... though it was hard to pin down whether he was being bullied or not. He hadn't noticed the scathing apologies of 'Oh, sorry, I bumped into you, nerd' or the looks. He was just... regular Jaune Arc.

He became aware of a knocking on the glass of the shower, and peered out. "Stop zoning out when I call you, Jaune." The voice of his sister Marble came from behind the fogged up glass, as she fixed him with a look.

"Now... Get out of the shower. I need to look good for when we get out. Dad's got the barbecue today and we're invited too, so it'd be a good time for you to go look like you're worth a bit more than spit and gel."

She wasn't mean, she just wasn't a morning person. He stepped out, getting a towel. Marble merely shook her head, muttering something about annoying little brothers, before she dipped in. With seven sisters, there was little about them that he hadn't seen. Marble pushed past him and turned the water a bit higher, a sigh of relief coming from her as he towelled off. The fresh pair of underwear he had laid out specifically on the sink still laid there where he'd left it.

It wasn't a thing he really liked, change. If it wasn't in the place where he'd left it, he would get a little antsy, a little annoyed. Mom called it 'Jaune's spot', and he took it. Always the same seat, the same set of utensils. He had learned that it was okay to eat with other utensils, but still... the ones he ate with were the best. The nicks and scratches told him a story of years eating well.

As he joined his father at the breakfast table, the man's gaze going up from his food for a moment, he noticed that most of his sisters looked fairly tired. Six sisters, though only five were at the table. The twins looked tired for some reason, their differences in style not hiding their similar appearance. They were pretty, as far as his sisters went, but it hadn't been a great deal to him.

"Did you sleep well?"

His mother asked, to which he gave a soft nod.

"Mom, he looks like he's ready to go and pass out... Ease up on our little Jauney."

His older sister Melissa spoke, as she tightened the sash a little on the bathrobe that she habitually wore whilst waiting for her younger sister Marble to get from under the shower.

"It was alright."
The thoughts of Summer didn't stop, as he looked at his plate. A slice of bread laid there. He grabbed the peanut butter jar and his knife, dipping it in. He didn't like butter much, so he didn't use it, avoiding the small section of the peanut butter that had butter on it, the taste of butter cloying and always hitting the back of his throat like some slimy fiend.

"That's good...Do you want some orange juice?"

His mother would take care of him, he knew. She always did want to help, but he was seventeen and eight months now, no longer the child that had been popped out fresh as number 8 of the family's children.

"Yes, please."

The glass was set in front of him, the decoration on it still. She had turned it the way he liked it. That was good.

"We're going to a place north of here called Forever Falls. You'd like it, Jaune."

His mother explained, his father remaining silent, merely observing. His father did that sometimes, as he snapped back to attention when his wife's hand tapped him on the shoulder.

'Does that mean that Summer is just a bit thoughtful?'

He thought back to her behaviour earlier this week. A pretty woman like her shouldn't be sad like that. It wasn't nice. She deserved to smile and feel good. That's what would make Ruby happy too... Even if Ruby didn't like him for who he was.

"Son, there may be some loud noises... Do you need..."

His father tried, but Jaune figured that it would be okay. He smiled at the thought of getting the headphones again. Music usually helped to drown out the buzz of people talking. Some of his father's friends were nice. Some weren't. He met a lot of new friends of his father's at these places.

'Thanks."

"No. I'll be okay. It's a family outing, right?"

The man nodded. That made sense to Jaune.

His sisters usually were only dating for a few weeks before they'd either have things fizzle out or not work out. It was one of the times that he had occasionally commented on things when some Jeremy or Monroe came around.

He didn't understand people, but he could spot when someone wasn't genuine. He just had that feeling about someone and could judge how long they would be together. It was more than just a hunch, but it was something that had been proven right time and time again. It was not something of a fancy, but rather the experiences... though it was hard to do at school. People always lied there, about the simplest of things.

The car trip was hectic, as it always was. Six people in one car, with his older sister Marble driving in the second. For a family outing, it was hardly ideal. Mom had packed several snacks for him, specially wrapped in the foil that didn't make the crinkling sound.

Whilst he was with his family, everything made sense. It was familiar, he felt safe. The excitement of being near Summer, to feel that tinge of something more, something... sweet.
"Did you never finish that game?"

His sister commented, as he looked up from the old handheld game, his sister's eyes somehow looking like they were trying to plead with him. It was ordered, it was nice. He was trying to finish the game even faster. It never hurt to beat the old score.

"I started again. I wanted to see whether I could beat my time and my score."

That made sense. It wasn't as confusing as Ruby and Yang. Weiss and Blake would be with them. They would be alright, he guessed.

"So, no longer around your girlfriend, Jaune?"

Jaune shrugged. Ruby wasn't his girlfriend, not formally. She was just there to take advantage, as his social training sessions had told him. She was the smart one, after all. He was just the guy who had required extra lessons.

"She isn't my girlfriend."

He said, though his older sister gave a low cooing sound.

"Widdle Jaune has got a girlfriend!"

The tease, given by a young woman of twenty years and three months and seventeen days, was not too strong, even as his other sisters, at least those he saw, cracked a smile. "Soon you'll be kissing with her."

"She's not good at that." He said, as he refocused on the game. He didn't quite get what was up with kissing.

"Wooh... My little brother's kissed a girl! He's not gay!"

The snort from his older sister was enough to tell him that it was alright, either way, to be gay. He didn't think he'd ever look at a man with the same eyes as he looked at girls he liked. Weiss had been really pretty.

"Johanna, mind your language."

His mother chided, as she switched gears. His father kept his silence, preparing already for the encounters with the people.

"But he's... Ugh. Sooo... How'd it feel? Good?"

He shrugged once more. It was a kiss. He pressed the A button again, letting the character move on the screen.

"She's not a good kisser. We kissed at the cinema. She sat in my lap whilst we gamed and then her older half-sister came in."

He paused. It wasn't really nice to finish it like that, he figured. Jaune knew that he should at least add some commentary.

"I don't like it when she smokes."

The rest was all irrelevant information, as he knew that they would poke fun at him for having kissed an older woman. Summer was nice. He didn't want to let her be dragged through a round of
"We'd better get you some condoms! Mom!"

He frowned at that. Summer said that she would get some. He trusted her to keep her word.

"Simmer down, dear... I don't think he's going to do that very quickly."

Jaune blinked. That just wasn't true.

"Yang offered. She said she'd consider it, because I don't look half-bad. Apparently it helps that I'm helping out too. Blake and her aren't... serious? How does that work?"

Jaune wondered about that aloud, as his sisters started another round of asking questions that weren't logical. He noticed that his character had died. That wasn't good.

As they drove up to the large parking lot that layd before them, he looked up from his game once more. Two hours had passed without further comment from his sisters, something that he was happy about. He could see the massive trees reaching to the heavens, a banner already hung out, showing that it was the Family barbecue that his father occasionally went to, four to five times a year.

His father looked a little more energetic as he stepped out of the car, the wound on his leg not hurting as much, Jaune guessed. His father was good at some days, bad on others. It had been a dad thing, his mother hand explained.

"Alright, listen up... People here are testy at times, so don't make any sudden noises. Some of us have sensitive ears, and you all know the drill..."

The man started the regular speech. Jaune knew it by heart, even with his sisters already sighing, as the man ran through the whole speech once more.

He saw Saphron and Terra, together with their little baby Adrian. Jaune smiled at them. It was nice to see them, even with their baby being strapped like some prisoner from a cartoon series, looking like it wanted to be everywhere aside from the stroller.

"Dad, mom... Hors d'oeuvres. Jaune."

He never quite understood why his sisters looked so uncomfortable with Terra calling them Hors d'oeuvres. They were like appetizers or something? What could that mean in relation to his sisters?

Saphron smacked her wife playfully, whilst his father looked stone-faced. The man didn't appreciate Terra's little jokes, and neither did he appreciate much the fact that both were together. A warmer look came to the man's face as he knelt in front of the little child, starting to amuse the little boy.

"It's been a while, mom."

Saphron spoke, hugging her mother. The blonde count had risen, even with Terra, who had been Indian or somewhere from that place, getting her hugs in as the sole representative of the non-blonderhood.

It'd been an amusing comment from Marble, and since he was the only boy, it had become Blonderhood rather than Sisterhood. He had chuckled as she'd made it, and thus it was as it had been.
"Jaune?"

He snapped at attention when Saphron addressed him, his gaze going to her face. She smiled kindly at him, just like always. "So... What's new, little brother?"

"In what way?" He asked. She could ask him what was new, but he didn't know whether she wanted to know the results of the latest sports game or not. Saphron's smile was understanding, one of the reasons why he felt somewhat better and more at ease around her. It would be a hard challenge for him to list everything that had been different.

"He's got girls interested in him, Saph! Show him your womanly wiles!"

She smiled at him, wrapping an arm around his shoulder, dragging him along. He didn't mind her touching him. She was family. She was comfortable to be around.

"Sooo..."

Saphron smiled, as she tugged the blue dress slightly to the side to get some better leg motion going. Why his sister wore blue when she was going to the barbecue with all of dad's friends was beyond him. "What's her name?"

"I don't have..."

He wasn't sure. Did Summer count as a girl? No. Summer counted as a woman, so she wasn't a girl. That was important, somehow. "Ruby and I kissed." His sister's excited little sound was happy and content. She didn't know who Ruby was, but she could guess from the time when he'd introduced his friends. It'd been bad luck that Ruby had been out on a trip with her dad for that week of the holiday.

She'd loved it when Nora had gone all cool with her tricks. Terra hadn't, mainly because the wall had received another dent from Nora kicking it. Nora had good leg strength.

"Ooh! A kiss!" She gave him that look that was naughty, as if she were really concerning herself with the thought of such an event. "How'd it feel? Come on, tell biggest sister that you liked it!"

"She's... bland. She just did it, and there was no boom, like you told me to feel for."

Saphron looked a little put out, he saw. The smile didn't look so very happy. He wondered if all older girls had that?

"Summer is nice though. Ruby's mom."

Saphron tilted her head, pursing her lips. "She's going running with me and exercising. She said to dad that she'd make me a man." The look on Saphron's face didn't really change from the somewhat worried look.

"Yang, that is, Ruby's sister, said that she'd have sex with me because I help around the house. I don't really know what to feel about that."

It wasn't probably intended to be serious, but he figured he'd say it at the least.

"Weren't you all hyped about the Weiss girl? Wasn't there something about eyes like sapphires and skin like snow?"

A look of annoyance came on his face, as his sister threw those words back at him.
"She's Ruby's ex-girlfriend." Saphron's eyes went wide. Her mouth formed a little O, as she looked at him with that surprised expression, before she gave a very soft 'A-hah.'

"So, eh... How'd that come around?"

She asked, clearly a touch uncomfortable with the subject. He didn't feel uncomfortable. "You two... like, together?"

"She went with me to the cinema. We kissed. The next day, we kissed again. Weiss comes back today, and she might make up with Ruby." Saphron's eyes turned slightly cooler at the words, as she hugged him a little tighter. She didn't seem to be worried for Ruby, but for him.

"That's shitty." He smiled, shrugging his shoulders. He knew well that there were differences between girls and boys.

"Life is shitty, dad says."

Saphron snorted at that, as it was a dad thing to say. She rubbed his back.

"Let's get back, before Terra starts grazing on our sisters." The amusement in Saphron's tone had been there, though she did sound somewhat concerned that it might happen.

Terra looked perfectly reasonable there, looking somewhat bored. He made sure that he looked presentable, his eyes going to the sky for a moment.

'Alright...'

The people gathered were mostly military. Several of the men had really big beards and sunglasses, whilst others seemed to prefer being smooth-shaven, the hair milimetered, seeming to be cut from the same cloth.

"And this fella, he's a tough bastard, served with me when we were blowing up Hussein and his bunch of merry men. Haven't seen him in years."

The man was a veritable giant, standing tall and silent, the dark skin and the facial tattoos just as imposing. Jaune idly wondered why the man didn't have any hair on his head. His bald head was reflecting the light.

"Good to see you again, Barry."

A smile, showing a set of teeth that'd make the Great White Shark go for a dental exam, was enough. "It's been a while, Jackie. Still together with your lovely [expletive] wife, Pasty?" He could see his mother look uncomfortable, obviously having met the tall man before.

'Mom definitely isn't called Pasty...'

"She's still enough to tide me over. You know me..."

The broad grin on the man's face, as he punched his father in the chest lightly.

"If you can't beat em up, you join em in bed!"

Laughter, he noted. His sisters and mother merely stood there, looking like they wanted to be anyplace else than here. Several of the people who'd arrived here had been somewhat different in temperament.
"Frank! FRANK!"

His dad called, a tall man wearing a simple black shirt seated at one of the tables that'd been set up over there at the field, looking worn-down and tired. Jaune could see several scars visible on the man's arms, the large knife that the man was sharpening with a sharpening stone looking dangerous... He looked like he'd seen death, and much of it.

"Jaune, I want you to meet this man. He's one of the guys who's been with the Corps for a long time."

He looked at the man. Sharp blue eyes met his, a tension in those eyes. They looked at him, before switching to his father. "Good eyes, Jack. Reminds me a little of my own kids..." The man sighed, as he looked at him.

"So, you're the Jaune that Jack the Black's been talking about, right?"

The man smiled, though Jaune could see something in those eyes that frightened him a little.

"Yes. That is the name I have."

The man looked at him for the longest of times, before the smile came back again. "You're eh..." Did he just go out and say 'You're scary' or should he keep his silence?

"Good eyes... You've got a bit of your dad in you."

A smile, more genuine, as he motioned for his dad to come closer. His dad obeyed, though Jaune didn't really know why immediately. He could see the insignia on the man's shoulders... Though what exactly they meant, he wasn't quite up to date on. Higher than dad, at least a rank or so.

"Now, tell me who's teaching you how to walk?" Jaune blinked. "Your way of walking. Your dad's not taught you the proper method?" He'd just been walking, so why would he know?

"Got an Ex-Marine giving him the drills. She's a good one." The man named Frank raised an eyebrow at his father's words. "Deployed during that little stint in the sand. She's still got it." The man nodded, before turning his attention back to Jaune.

"Then we'll leave it to her."

The man dismissed the topic, motioning for his dad to come over. "Kid, take a seat." The man pointed at the spot in front of him. Jaune got that feeling that death was watching over him, as his dad got onto the spot next to him.

"You're like... sixteen? Seventeen?"

The man asked, and his father answered for him.

"Seventeen and a half."

The man nodded, seemingly tallying that up in his head.

"That's old enough for a good head start, son. When your dad was young like you, he stood a chance to join the ranks of the tough sons of bitches who serve this country. My father didn't agree much with what I decided to do."

The man's eyes were cold and hard, as if a bad memory had come and passed.
"Went to a few sticky places where we were needed. Came back with some bullet holes in me and a whole new appreciation of fighting dirty." A smile, one that didn't look friendly. It looked angry, perhaps a little sad. Jaune didn't like that smile. The knife in the man's hands flickered, sliding back into the sheath.

"Your dad was good, but he wasn't good enough to be one of the lucky bastards who died. Listen to me here, kid... When you're in a place where everything's against you, when the world stops making sense and you're about to face some grimy assholes who're going to be making you into a lead sandwich..."

There was a shiver of something that seemed to course through the man's expression, as the man's blue eyes looked into his own.

"You fight. No matter what, you fight thefuckers who are going to try to kill you. You're the meanest son of a bitch in the room, and you're going to be mean and without mercy. If it's you against the world... You'd better put a damn good fight up."

The advice was sound. His father sighed, as Jaune's attention went to his father.

"Frank, I don't think he'll be joining up. He's not..."

His father wanted to say 'he's not right in the head', just like he'd said before. The man, this 'Frank' looked at him with a look that seemed to be forlorn, a little sad and lost. There was some understanding in those eyes that looked at him, with pity and something that he saw within Summer's eyes as well.

"You understand, don't you?"

It was a question, aimed at him. The man looked at him with eyes that seemed to understand the issue at hand, the deliberation that had to be made. A logical progression of events.

"I think I do, sir."

He said, though he could see the man's eyes clearing up. There was no more forlorn gaze, as they looked at his father.

"Keep a good hold on this kid, Jack. You might have a pack of girls, but..."

The man groaned, as he looked up to the skies, as if asking for some sort of guidance. "Guard your boy well. He's got the stubbornness."

"How are Maria and the kids?"

His father guessed, after nearly half a minute had passed. The man gave a sound in the back of his throat, one of those little half-grunts.

"We're going on a picnic to the park..."

The man paused, as he looked straight at him, pulling out a wallet. "Kid, go fetch me a Pepsi. Make it a diet one, the machine's at the parking lot." Tossing the wallet at him, the man looked unconcerned with the fact that he'd just tossed his money at him.

"I trust you, kid."

The man's words were important. He looked at the man's eyes, seeing himself reflected. This man
could somewhat understand him.

He walked to the vending machine, not hurrying, but trying to use the advice that he'd gotten from the man named Frank. He saw more of the men and women who wore the same type of clothing as his father did. A man who looked scruffy was currently tugging on the sleeve of a blonde man, who was getting a woman out of the car that they'd arrived in.

'Oh, that's Ruby's dad.'

He waited behind a tall man with pepper and salt hair, an eye patch over his eye that gave him a bit of a pirate-like look. The man retrieved his drink, giving him a look.

"All yours, kid."

"Thank you, Sir."

Politeness was never wrong. Dad wouldn't like it if he was disrespectful. The man gave a grin and a ruffle of his hair. It was obvious that he was too young. He opened the wallet. A picture of a driver's license, the face of the man, obviously a few years younger and a name. F. Castiglione. He pulled out the coins and put them into the machine, retrieving the cool drink.

He put the change into the wallet, making sure that he closed it properly. With the can of Pepsi in hand, he made his way back. The man with the eye-patch had taken a seat on one of the benches, smoking a big cigar that looked like it was definitely fancy. It smelled like an ashtray, though.

"Your Pepsi, Sir."

He said, putting it in front of the man. A wry smirk, as the man popped the can open with the lip and then drank. Jaune placed the wallet in front of the man, knowing that the man would want it back.

"Good kid..."

He smiled at the man. He liked the man, he was honest.

"I like you. You make sense."

The words weren't easy to say to a man who was a stranger, but he could understand the man's thinking. It made sense. A simple black and white. On and off. His father looked a little concerned, but then shook his head.

"You shouldn't. I'm the guy who'd make your mom bring out the chainsaw."

A wry tone, as the man spoke such a joke. He wasn't sure whether to laugh. "I don't know, Jack... I really don't know. I'm thinking of just popping the question about splitting up and then going for another tour... Central park's nice this time of year, I just hope that the kids would like it..."

He bid his farewell, walking back to his family. His sisters looked decently amused, several of them already on their phone, talking or doing some silly things, his eyes catching sight of the blonde man and his wife. His eyes followed them for a moment before he sat down next to his sister Marble.

"You've met your father's old squad leader, Jaune?"

His mother asked. He gave her a blank look. "The man you were talking to, Frank. He used to lead
your father when he was still in the Marines.”

"He was nice. He made sense."

The words were sensible. The man made just as much sense as Summer did. They were clear. Honest. They didn't hide their smile behind a fake screen.

His mother looked a little sick though. Saphron wasn't looking too peachy either.

'Perhaps they ate something bad?'

"Honey, Frank isn't a man who's a very happy man..."

His mother cautioned, though he didn't know why. It made perfect sense to him. For one action, a reaction. Truth was better than the lies.

The day continued, with his father drifting from person to person. It was more an Arc outing that occasionally involved them talking, as they knew how much their presence meant to his father. He wasn't sure about himself, though. Jaune thought that his father probably would've liked it better if he'd kept quiet.

As he made his way into the toilets, smelling the strong scent of cleaning agents and stale urine, he caught sight of the man who'd been tugging on Ruby's dad's sleeve, standing near one of the urinals. The smell of alcohol around the man was almost like a visible wall, as he went for the urinal that was two away from the man, doing his business. The flushing sound was audible, as the man staggered out. The click-tap of something dropping to the ground made him look around, spotting a phone that'd fallen onto the ground.

Indecision warred inside him. Should he go and call out to the man about his phone dropping, or should he collect it and hand it to the man? What would his dad do?

'Probably shout at the drunken man to pick his phone up.'

He slid his zipper up, making sure that he was presentable once more before washing his hands three times. He didn't like to be gross. Clean hands saved lives, and washing three times got all the germs off. Probably. He picked up the phone gingerly, noticing that it was the same make as Summer's phone.

Turning it around, he saw that – Taiyang Xiao-Long - had been written on a piece of note on the back. 'Oh, I guess...'

'A brother of her dad?'

They wouldn't share the same name, then... Strange. He'd better find the man.

He caught sight of the man lurching over to the seat of his brother or cousin or something, sitting himself down and grabbing the long glass of alcohol that'd stood there half-full.

"Eh, sir..." The man looked up at him, his eyes red...

'Oh, wait, they're naturally red...'

"What's the matter, Tai? That little wife of yours made you pissed again, you blonde asshole?"

The man's voice was irritated, as Jaune put a smile on his face, like he'd been taught how to do in classes.
"You dropped your phone, sir..."

He held out the Nokia phone, the battered-looking phone having some life left in it. The man looked at the phone for the longest of times, before he set the beer down. The blonde man who'd been seated at the table with his apparent wife looked faintly amused. His wife, who had been called the 'little wife' by the man, looked less amused.

"Oh, you're not the fucker of my sister... Sorry, I thought..." The man's attention went to the other man.

"Tai, I didn't know you had another kid! Two girls isn't enough, so you had to pork some leggy blonde with nice tits, did ya?"

"Qrow, you're drunk... You'll have to apologize for my partner, he's often left his wits at home..."

The man's voice was just as affable as before, even as the man looked him over again. "Oh, you're one of Ruby's friends, aren't you?" The woman at his side looked at him with a renewed interest, clearly trying to piece together how things like that functioned.

"We're friends, yes. She's a good friend."

He didn't mention that she'd betrayed him. That wasn't a good thing. People got upset if you spoke the truth.

"And... And Summer?"

The man asked, concern in his voice. "How're Summer and my little sunny girl?" He supposed that the man meant Yang.

"Her girlfriend is coming back. Ruby's girlfriend is coming back soon too. Your ex-wife called Summer."

The man's eyes closed, as a humourless chuckle came from the man's mouth.

"Tai, dear... Is that the Texan woman?"

The woman asked, as her husband sighed, nodding.

"Summer's regularly chatting with Rae..."

A sigh came from the man's mouth, lengthy and with a sad tone that he perceived.

"Not much for us of team STRQ, right Qrow? We've always been left out in the cold. No calls, no nothing."

He thought the man looked a little sad there. The drunken man, who apparently went by the name of Qrow, spoke up.

"Raven's always been a cold bird... Real hellion when we were younger, though. Look, we got matching tattoos."

The large crow tattoo on the man's arm looked impressive, as a picture was held up. It was faded and tattered, a woman who definitely looked like Yang with dark hair holding up her arm which had a Raven tattoo, the younger version of the drunkard smiling at the camera. Summer and Taiyang stood there with looks on their face that showed how dumb they thought it was. At least, that's what Jaune thought.
"Hey, kid?" The drunkard pulled the picture back into the wallet that it'd been stuck in. "Thanks for getting my phone. It'd be hell to track down where I've been and find the bloody thing again, so... Yeah. If you see Sum, tell her that the Crow owes you a pint. She'll get the message."

"Stop making alcoholics, Qrow. Just because you've got a bit of a problem, it doesn't mean that other kids are going to do the same..." Ruby's dad was sensible, as he looked at his wife, whose face looked a little worried.

"No, I'm not going to go back to them. That part of my life is over, I'm now here with you."

The woman was insecure, even as she flicked her gaze between him and the blonde man. "He looks like you... You haven't been cheating on me, have you?" The man winced, his gaze looking at Jaune with an apologetic look.

"Unless he's somehow magically been made into my oldest daughter's twin, I'm innocent on all charges, Sandy." The frown was enough to make the man raise his hands, as if to ward off an assault. She looked a little annoyed.

"My sisters would complain a bit if Dad wasn't my dad. Mom would too... I'm not his son, Miss Xiao-Long." He didn't know what else to say. Was this social interaction? Did he do right?

"Honey, he looks just like you..." The woman's words were inherent with a certain nervousness, as the man tried to shush his wife. Jaune decided that the better part of valour was getting out of a bad situation.

"I'll buy the kid a drink... No, nothing alcoholic. Trust me... We're men." The arm slung over his shoulder didn't exactly inspire him with confidence, as the drunkard left the two people to have their little quarrel.

"You've got to forgive my buddy Tai... His wife's nice, but the poor girl is so insecure, 'specially after Tai had two gorgeous babes for a wife." Jaune could imagine that. Summer was very pretty and nice.

"Now, kiddo... Take it from me, if you've seen Summer, you know what a hot babe that is. M'niece, Yang, I'm sure you know her..." Jaune nodded, as they swaggered up towards the vending machine, the man plucking out a different wallet, motioning for him to pick a drink out. "She's the real go-getter. She'll go far. Whatever she does... She'll be a star." The look on the man's face, as the money went in and the can dropped.

"Summer... Yeah, Summer was hurt the most when Raven left us. My twin sister, always the serious one." A sigh came from the man, as he held up his phone.

"We got these because it was a four way deal. Tai keeps his in his pocket at all times. Mine's in the back pocket, Summer's always near the left pocket. Kid... Keep your friends close and they'll last you a lifetime. When I lost my wits, there was Summer to pull me out from the muck. She's a great woman, and if you ever need a role model, she's the coldest, hardest, bad-ass bitch there is. A real Marine, not like me. Should've been dead six or seven times if she didn't bail me out." The man swallowed, as he looked up.

"Sure, we've all got our issues. Summer doesn't come to these events no more, Taiyang comes but brings the wife..." The man sighed. "Probably not, anymore. She's a wreck with suspected cheating... Taiyang's been with too many beautiful women... Told him it'd never work out. Sure, she's insulted Yang a few times, but she really took a shine to lil' Ruby."
"Listen, kid... Do what feels alright, okay? Join the Marines, don't join the Marines, be a good guy and things'll come onto the tracks and derail that train. If you love someone, never let em go..."

The man took a swig from a hip flask, the strong smell of alcohol in the air.

"It'll cost you, if you do." The bitter look on the man's face, his hand scrubbing at his cheeks. "But you've got a life ahead of you, Kid. Give Yang a greeting from her dear uncle Qrow, will ya?" The man sauntered off, Jaune watching the argument between the husband and wife duo be deflected by the drunken man plopping down once more on their table, giving the woman a different target.

He wasn't sure what to do now. Should he go towards the safety of family, or should he brave the worries of the day?

"Hey, kid." The tall black man spoke, his shadow looming over him. "You're Jack's son, right?"

The man patted his shoulder, Jaune feeling uncomfortable, as he looked at the big broad man.

"The name's Barracuda, but you can call me Cuda. Your pa helped me out in a tight situation back when he was on the call." There was something threatening about the man, if it could be said to be such a thing.

The man's veneer was amicable, but the hidden threat that he felt was unnerving. "So... I was wondering... Did lil' Jack's son get himself properly kitted out for the kind of job he did with his sweet lil'[racial expletive] croissant of a wife?"

'I'm not sure what he means with 'getting kitted out'.

"I'm... not sure? I'm getting trained up under a-" The hand patted his shoulders again. The huge black man smiled, eyes glinting. A loud laugh, like 'Haw Haw Haw' came from the man's mouth. It wasn't pleasant to the ears.

"Don't be worrying about no lil' mothafuckin' pansies... Just let Barracuda give you the down-low. It's all about the twist. Hold em by the neck, then pull... Real close, so they're clenching up. They get a bit of a gasp coming, right when they're all tense... then poof, best feeling there ever is." The pat on his shoulders rattled his knees, as large fingers, easily the size of sausages, wrapped around his shoulder. "When they resist, just grab em by the hips and just push straight forward. Knocks the wind out of em, and- Oh, hello Cap'n Frank. I was just teaching Jack's lad about how to properly get a good dip in-"

"Zip it, Sharky. Kid, come, your mom wouldn't want you to hang around this degenerate."

The big man didn't comment on the insult, clearly something being understood.

"Don't let the sharks catch ya, Frank. They smell it when you bleed, and 'cuda's going to watch you swim, Frank." The threatening tone was seemingly normal for the man, who nodded, shrugging.

"I'll keep that in mind for when I go fishing, Sharky. Now go bother some other girl or something, the kid's here with his dad and he isn't going to be taking up your bad habits." Jaune felt decidedly uncomfortable as the man's tongue slithered over his lips.

'Oh, that man isn't a good man.'

He'd already seen his mother's response when his father had joked about with the man, the natural proclivity for strong language and the expletives that some of dad's old friends busied, the black man ambling away. Clearly, there was something wrong with the man.

"You shouldn't hang around Barracuda, son. That Faunus' got a few screws loose... Not bad if you
"Nothing to worry about. Just relax. I'll keep an eye on him." There was a finality in that voice, showing that the man would keep his word. Frank nodded at his mom, who gave the man a look of unease, yet gratitude.

"I'm not sure I should take Mister Barracuda's advice."

He said to himself. His sisters looked at him quizzically. He told them what the man had said. His mother turned pale in the face, whilst his sisters looked at the man as one single entity, obviously disturbed.

"No, I would hope that you'd not do that to the girl you love..." Saphron said, diplomatically. "It's not... How do I explain this?"

"I know about sex. I'm not ten, Saphron." The bemused smile on his sister's face was shared by most of his other sisters.

"It's like Marble when she's having sex, but with less smacking about. She gets really loud when she thinks the house is empty."

"Marble Arc..." His mother's somewhat annoyed tone of voice, as she looked at her daughter, who was shrinking back. "I TOLD you to keep an eye on Jaune, but you invited your boyfriend over? Have you lost your m- no, wait, don't answer that, I don't need to know that."

"It was one time!"

An embarrassed Marble said. Jaune corrected her. It was good to correct mistakes. The number made mom look even more hawkish.

"So... a few times? I mean, I wasn't hurting anyone?"

He corrected his sister. It had kept him up for most of the night after the sounds had stopped. The clear rendition of exactly what his sister had been shouting for her then-boyfriend to do to her made Marble pale whilst most of his sisters hid a smile.

"We will have words about this. A deal is a deal, Marble."

The looks of his other sisters, who still had been able to go and hit the clubs in town on those evenings, were as if butter wouldn't have melted in their mouth. Marble pouted a little.

The barbecue was nice. There had been meats of all different varieties, for those who enjoyed such things. Jaune saw mister Barracuda eat what seemed to be a massive lamb rack, the man's mannerisms crude.

"Don't worry about Barry, he's from Florida. They're always a bit uncouth there, honey." His mother's gaze was able to split rocks, or so it looked. There would be an argument in the car, he knew. His mother disapproved of dad's occasional cussing more than she let on.

"I don't see why you're friends with him."

His mother said, pointedly. His father looked tired, as he let his gaze go around. Jaune could see that the man didn't want to talk about things. His mother pressing the man would undoubtedly make them have another argument.
"It's... He helped me out of a tight spot. You've got to remember the friends you've got, honey."
Jaune could understand that. Yang was nice, even if she didn't do things sometimes that he
approved of. She teased, she was bold and upbeat, but she also was caring.

He'd like a wife like that. Summer had said something about training him for that job.

On the trip back, he wondered whether it would be acceptable to call Ruby tomorrow. If things
were going better with Weiss, was he still necessary?

As he crawled into bed, he had resolved himself to call in the morning. Summer might want to
know that he was available again. She made sense. Ruby said that he'd made her somewhat
happier when he was around, so why not?

It wasn't like his friends would be back soon. Nora said that Norway was going to be amazing.

Ruby said that she liked having him around...

He thought of Summer again. He smiled at the thought of the woman. She was warm.

A chapter in which there's no lewd stuff! No teasing! Just a family outing to a barbecue with
dad's friends and other military people.

To the people who recognize some of the brave soldiers that were met in this chapter... Yeah.
I'm a fan of some comics. Barracuda's language was censored, because... well...

He acts differently around his family alone than with his friends, obviously.
Forging the self

Chapter Summary

Summer's back! Ruby's... well, she's around too!

And Weiss! Blake! Yang!

Enjoy the antics in the summer season!

Jaune woke up at six, as had been customary. Whether it was four or six, he snapped awake immediately, awareness roused completely by the time that he had finally rolled over and shut the beep of his alarm clock off.

It might have been a Saturday, but that didn't mean that the routine would be ignored. Summer had given the start, and he would finish it. As he filled his bowl with some oatmeal, he recognized that he'd had time to get himself ready, the shift in the pattern from yesterday's excursion with dad and his friends and his companions being dismissed. It was an odd thing, but it had been done for the family.

His sisters likely would be passed out until mid-morning, at the very least. Mom often had days where she slept in. He could hear the clicking of the lock, the small little sounds that accompanied the door opening up. "Good morning, Summer." The woman came up behind him, the smell that was familiar in his nostrils once more. She smelled like pine and eucalyptus today, on top of that natural scent of hers that was like strawberries and gunpowder.

"Good morning, little maggot."

The almost affectionate tone that she used for him was of course enough, as she embraced him from behind in a warm hug. He didn't feel too bad about that. It was bad when they started to squeeze. Just a light hug, comfortable and tolerant.

She slipped into the seat next to him, her elbow leaning on the counter, a soft smile on her lips as her silver eyes looked at him, a finger drawing a little circle on the table. She looked carefully up at him, her silver eyes warm.

"So... Did you have fun with your family yesterday?"

The question was a touch harder to ask. He looked away for an instant, unsure whether to talk about the advice that he'd been given by the big man. It wasn't something that had been cool or anything, but this was Summer, he wasn't... quite sure whether he could say it like that. Summer might know, but mom and his sisters had looked a little disgusted.

"It was alright."

It had been. She knew better than he did, he supposed. She'd been older than him, so she'd seen more things. With age came wisdom, or so Cinder had said. Cinder had said a lot of things. Sometimes not things that made him feel happy.
"Good, good… Now…"

The woman got up, walking to the refrigerator and opening it up, pulling a carton of milk from there, filling a glass with it after some brief searching. "I drink milk, ha-ha!" The amused tone of voice was much like Ruby. One of those little lines that she did whenever Yang looked particularly underdressed and flaunted what she had. He didn't really mind Yang not wearing much, but it made Ruby feel somewhat bad.

He wondered briefly how Ruby would be now. Weiss had come back and she had commented on it being a good thing. Was it a good thing that Weiss was coming back? He looked at Summer, who drank the glass in one go, her lips leaving a kiss mark on the glass, her eyes meeting his and a smile on her face.

"See something you like, private?"

The amused tone of voice was enough, as he cracked a smile. A little joke from her, undoubtedly to make it worth more to him. She was a good woman.

"I'd say yes, but I'd be legally obliged to say no."

He repeated what Saphron had said to her partner, when she'd been around. He liked Saphron the most of his sisters, though he knew that he loved them all.

"A tricky customer… Oh no, what will this older single woman do next? Next episode on the broad and the beautiful…"

The little flourish with a hand, as she nodded her head with some enthusiasm, his father coming down and spotting Summer there.

"Here to beat up my little tyke and make him into a stud of a man, Rose?"

The woman gave a grin, making the same gesture with the hand that his dad often did to those who were worthy of respect, no words spoken from the woman's side as she did so, her eyes glinting with that warmth that he would reserve for the familiar things in life.

"I'll make sure he'll be saluting you and have a beard growing on his chin, Arc. You'll be seeing him chew the bitches of the house out like a true-born Marine." The man gave a humoured smirk, as he nodded in some moderate acceptance of that image. Beards weren't nice. Shaving was better.

"Your old buds were at the Forever Fall place. Spoke for a bit with your ex-squad." His father looked a touch amused.

"Make him strong, girl."

Summer's expression was thoughtful, her eyes closed, as she hummed to herself something that sounded a bit like one of the tunes that his father occasionally listened to. "I'll make him into the best I can." The words were conviction-laden, as silver eyes looked at him.

"And… Don't worry. I'll make him run the drills so hard that he'll be coughing blood and sweating weakness."

It was an ominous proposition, he found. Knowing that Summer probably didn't seem to joke around, he smiled a little. He had been tested yesterday. Some exercise with Summer would do him good, he reckoned. His father's hand patted his shoulder. There was warmth within that hand, as the man did what he could. He didn't blame his father for being unable to take good care of him.
"Just don't hurt him too much… The wife wouldn't appreciate that too much."

The man patted his other shoulder again. A touch that he wouldn't normally like, but it was better than some of the pokes and prods that he'd had before.

Summer's eyes looked into his, a watery smile on her lips. "I'll make sure that he's careful with his exercises. Mind if I keep him around for the night?" She was asking permission, for him. His father sighed, as he settled himself in the seat that Summer had vacated.

"Sure, it's the weekend... Let the kids have their fun, watch some movies or something..."

He wondered if Summer was going to do something with him again. She looked a little better today.

"I'll make sure to get something nice and artery-clogging for them. My daughters would love to have him around. I wouldn't mind a manly touch around the house either. Gotta have a strong man to hide behind whenever the enemy's at the gates, right?"

She winked at him, a soft little smile on her lips. He knew that she was genuine. She wasn't like Cinder, who had said that women always lied. Miss Salem had been right with some of her lessons in social etiquette, he supposed.

That things had gone so badly must have been the fault of himself. It wasn't that he was... bad, but they'd...

"Why the gloomy face, huh? C'mon, put a smile on those lips and let's get going, 'strong man'."

Summer's voice pulled him out of his memories. He smiled at her. Summer made sense, just as Mister Frank had. They could understand what it was like.

They didn't judge him for things. Summer was Summer and she was good. "Sure... I guess I'll have to pack some extra stuff... Should I just pack a bottle of shampoo?" The raised eyebrow from his dad was enough, as he clarified. Clarifying made a lot more sense.

"I shower whenever we come back from a run. Blake doesn't like my smell. She sprays the car when I've been in there." The excuse was valid, to him. Blake was a Faunus. He didn't know many Faunus, so who was to say that they didn't like the smell of him? They must have different senses.

"Ah... She's that Faunus girl, isn't she?" The man guessed, to which he nodded. His father was correct.

"She's got her... issues."

Summer said, as she leaned against the counter. The top that she wore was tighter around her breasts, with a single cut at the top to expose the upper part of her bra, her tongue sliding over her lips. "But I'll make sure that she doesn't take too much offense, Jaune... I'm going to keep my little Padawan safe. She's currently rooming with Yang again."

"As long as you don't cut down the younglings, Summer." He said. She smiled, showing her teeth.

"I'm an evil predator woman, muahahaha!"

She made a dramatic gesture, his father cracking a smile at her antics. Jaunec saw much of Ruby reflected in Summer... or perhaps it was Summer who was reflected in Ruby.
"Here to defile your innocent body with the harsh labour of work! Work! Yes!"

His mother entered, an ill-amused look on her face. "Keep your daughter in check, Summer. I don't want to have my little boy be hurt because the girl couldn't keep herself under control. You remember, don't you?"

Summer's expression firmed, as she turned around and then rinsed the glass, her back turned, whilst she spoke. He saw her raise the glass to her lips, at least, seeing the arm rise, an audible swallow and an 'ahh' as she tossed something with her other hand, hitting the bin's open space in one go.

"I'll make sure to keep her tits contained, boss lady." The crude terminology didn't sit well with his mom, who frowned.

"She does wear a bra. Even whilst exercising." He commented, as Summer regarded him with an amused expression as she turned around. Her tongue was making a little circle around her lips, as she strode forwards, her hand touching his shoulder.

"Sure she does, sweetie... I'll make sure that you get a good session with her to bulk you up a bit. We're going to make you a man who's going to be making a lot of women very happy when you move to college." Summer was caring, as she let her fingers touch the space where his dad's hand had laid.

"We've got to be off... I'll bring him back home on Sunday, it'll just be a night out with the girls... Probably going to watch some movies, have a lot of complaining about straining muscles and the like... Yeah, funsies!"

His mother seemed ready to make it into a protest, so he started to move towards the door. His father held up a hand to forestall an argument, as his mother looked right and ready to get into one.

"I'll return him when he's a bit more manly. Work in progress, see you later!"

As they got into the car, Summer looked at him for a moment, the key turning in the ignition, as the engine rumbled to life. He could see the stars still out, her eyes looking at him with that expression. "Are you... okay?" She asked, turning the wheel to get herself out onto the road, the well-trimmed lawns looking dewy and misty in the morning.

"I'm fine."

He said, as she regarded him, the early-morning hour not having many people on the road. She seemed to muse for a moment, as he wondered whether he should make a comment to her about what he'd heard yesterday. His sisters had been too curious.

"If something's the matter..." Her voice sounded sad, as she exhaled thunderously. Her fingers tapped a small little beat onto the steering wheel, as they made a turn to the right.

"You can talk to me."

She understood. She knew well that the man named Barracuda probably had said something that was a bad thing. She was like Mister Frank.

"Thank you."

She smiled at him, a smile that made his heart beat a little faster. It wasn't the same smile as he had seen on the face of Ruby, but something different. He felt the stirring in his pants, as she focused back on the road, mumbling something to herself that he didn't quite catch.
"Yang was... nice."

He said, trying to make things better for the girl. Summer shouldn't be angry with Yang, mom might've said something about restraining Yang, and that wasn't good. Restraints were for when you were a retard. He didn't think that he was one, but Cinder had...

Miss Salem said that it was normal to think a little differently, after all. She'd been helpful, but Cinder was just... not nice. He didn't much like that, especially when she had laughed at him. That had hurt.

"She's nice, indeed." Summer said, her expression turning sad again, as if she knew something that he didn't. Probably a lot more, now that he thought about it. "We're... You're going to go and run to walk up a bit..." Her voice was a little distant, as she looked at the signboard, noticing that they'd gotten halfway there.

"And I'm going to have to send a little message to my girls to get something up for breakfast..."

She parked the car, going with him through some of the stretches. Her eyes were a little distant, as she seemed to merely shuffle through the motions, sending him out on a run. He did as he was asked, as she hadn't seemed to wish to change the schedule. It felt easier to run now that she had given him the order.

She was a little sad. It was not a look he liked to see on her. Whilst he moved, he kept that look in his mind, vowing that he'd do something to make her happier. She didn't deserve to be sad whilst he was around. She was Ruby's mom, and she was nice.

He saw her standing there, her eyes closed, breathing in and out, the phone to her ear. There was a slump to her shoulders, and her eyes closed, as her finger shifted a little over the phone, straightening it out.

"Summer?"

Her eyes snapped open and she looked at him, her tongue sliding over her lips. Her body moved, as she almost skipped to him, her arms wrapping around him with a happy sound coming from her throat.

"... mmer, I know that it's not the best time with things blowing up as they have." A woman's voice, much the same as Yang's, spoke from the phone, a soft groan coming from Summer's mouth, her body pressing up against him. Her hands grabbed a hold of him, as something hit the ground behind him.

"... No, you're going to never let me go."
She mumbled, as she slid down, her arms grabbing a hold of his shorts. "No... Not going to let you go, because I need you to..." Her breathing was against his shorts, as she seemed to freeze up.

The voice of the woman seemed to call for her, as she seemed to realize that she was ignoring her phone call. It was bad manners, he knew, to ignore someone you were on the phone with. "Silly calling at this time, of course... But Summer... I am so sorry." The woman let go of him, grabbing the phone and looking at it. He watched, as she placed it against her ear.

"It's okay... It's okay, you crazy bird fuck... We're... We're fine... Yes, yes..." The smile on Summer's face was beautiful, as she seemed to perk up. "We're fine." The words seemed to be as much for herself, and he could hear the woman's response.

"Thank you for doing this, for me... I'll have them register it and you can." Summer pressed the button, a low beep shutting the call off. Her eyes went for him, the forested path on which they'd parked being still abandoned, though he knew that people might be taking a long walk there in the afternoons.

"That was... that was my bestie." She mumbled, shaking her head a few times. She looked really sad.

"I've... She calls me sometimes. Can't do a single thing on her own, not like her brother."

Summer's sigh was deep, as she tucked the phone back in her pocket. It was the pocket where neither Taiyang nor Qrow had their phone, so he supposed it must've been some sort of ritual for the members of that squad.

"Your husband was there. Mister Branwen said that I should get a pint from the old crow."

Summer looked a little sad, clearly still affected by the divorce. He guessed that the split hadn't been fully amicable, even with the way that Ruby had spoken about how she knew that mom would bounce back again, just as she'd always done.

"Ah... Then I guess we should get you something to drink." Her eyes twinkled, as she got herself up to her full, and rather unimposing height. "Mister Arc..."

Her hands slid over his body, pulling the shirt up. "It has been a day since you've last been under my guidance..." Her nose bumped against his chest. "And already, you're asking questions..." Her tongue slid over his skin, tracing a trail over his flesh.

"I like you." The words made her freeze up, as she stopped. His hand brushed over her head.

"You're nice. You're warm. You understand me."

A whimper came from her throat, as she breathed out. "No, no... No, it's not... You're not supposed to..." He didn't understand why she would say that.

"Summer, I l-" Her hand shot up, pressing a finger against his lips. Her eyes looked up at him. They looked sad, perhaps a touch scared.

"No... No, this is... This is training too, yes..." Her smile was a little off, as her hand slid down, grabbing a hold of him. "It's going to be okay... Just... let me." Her fingers kneaded over his groin, letting him feel the pleasant sensation, his manhood already hard.

"Let me take care of you, and you can... and you can make Ruby okay... It's... It's better this wa-"

His hand grabbed a hold of her hair and he raised her head, the look in her eyes somehow tender
and weak. Not a look that he liked.

He bent down and kissed her on the lips. That was what was better. Kiss the sadness away. She whimpered softly, like a scared child would. He'd heard it before, from his own throat. It was a moment where his tongue pushed into her mouth, and she was kissing him. Forcing him down to the ground with a burst of strength, she crawled atop him, her lips locking with him.

Her nipples poked against the fabric of her top, her eyes looking into his. "It's... It's all for them. You're..." her breathing was heavy, her kiss continuing, as her hands roved over his exposed skin. His shirt was gone now, and he felt the dirt against his back. "You're going to be... better, yes..." A panting moan came from her lips.

"Summer, I like-" She shook, her head shaking.

"Hush, hush... No, don't speak... Let me... let me do this for you, sweetheart... Let me... yes..." Summer's agile fingers pulled his shorts down, her breathing heavier, as her body scooted back a bit.

Her eyes locked with his, as her fingers grabbed a firm hold of his erect manhood. "You like this, yes?" Her voice was soft, as she encouraged him, her head slipping down, tongue wrapping around the head and then curling, a low moan coming from her lips at the feeling, the tension in his balls increasing, her fingers squeezing them.

She didn't speak much more, the sensation of her head moving, her tongue curling, her eyes locked with him, all making him feel better. It had been a while, and she was eager. Her hot breath gusted through his pubic hair, as a low moan rippled vibrations through his crotch. She could feel the tension in his balls increase. She was getting him off, and he loved it.

She looked so happy, her eyes meeting with his own as she worked her head up and down, her fingers squeezing and grabbing his balls, letting her tongue slide over his crown and then trace down that shaft. "That feels good, Summer..."

A low moan came from his mouth as she bit on his cock, a soft smile on her lips. "I know what my man likes..." Her voice was sultry, her eyes shrouded with that base desire that he faintly identified as lust. He could feel himself pulse and throb, her hand squeezing the base and working up slowly. "Good... Good men."

She slid her fingers up and down, her nose bumping against the head of his cock. She inhaled deeply, as her lips pressed against the underside of his shaft with a gentle smacking sound.

"You're so good to me... so kind."

She was not even trying hard to hide the little jolt that went through her, those silver eyes looking at him with a look that Ruby could never equal. His manhood was hard, as Summer's mouth opened and she slid down to the base, keeping her eyes trained on him. A soft growl came from her throat, as she pulled up, slimy saliva and bubbles clinging to his shaft.

"You're... You're going to be the best." Her voice was soft, as her head slid down. Quick, needy pumps, his hand brushing through her hair. She liked that, as her motions increased in pace. A low moan vibrated his manhood.

"You're already making me feel like the best, Summer."
A true statement, as she shivered, as if she was cold. "I like you."

He came, a slow burning in his groin that washed up, hot spunk splattering against the roof of her mouth. A dreamy look came to her silvery eyes, her nostrils flaring a few times before she pulled off, tongue cleaning his cock up with a diligence that he could feel increase the tension in his balls.

"You're... fabulous."

As she pushed his shorts up after tucking him properly back into his underwear, her gaze met his again. Her cheeks were flushed as her tongue licked over her lips, the woman's gaze sliding up once more after she had affirmed that he was once more presentable, save for the bare upper body.

"What did you say, sweetheart?"

She asked, her silver eyes warm as they looked at her. He smiled at her.

"You're fabulous. You're... You're wonderful. That's how you say it, right?"

He tried to remember what the proper way was to compliment a person you liked. They'd... well, she had said that it was a good compliment.

She just looked. Something faded out of those eyes and there was no connection anymore, just a dull look. Her hand had frozen mid-adjustment of her hair, a lock teasing over her ear, slowly dropping again due to gravity. Her pupils slowly dilated, a tremor running over her lip.

"Summer?"

There was no response forthcoming, as he tried to get her attention. She looked bad, in a not good way. There was a response as he called her name, a smile on her lips.

"Yes, darling?" Her voice was lighter, happier, with a warmth that made his stomach flutter. "Ah..." She looked around as if she'd realized where they were. "I must've dozed off a moment. Raven would've had a fit if she saw me."

Her smile was warm, kissing his cheek. "You are wonderful too, darling." He thought for a moment that he should ask her to let him get up, her tongue trailing over his cheek. "We should... We should get to bed when we're home... Maybe hop into the shower, if Yang doesn't mind. Ruby will still be asleep, knowing that lazy girl. She's such an adorable child."

He wasn't against showering with her. That would be nice. Warm. Hot. "Summer, what about Blake? You've said that she's come around again earlier this morning?" She frowned at him. She looked sad again, before her eyes widened, slightly.

"Oh... Yes... Weiss and Blake."

Summer said the names as if trying to remind herself that they were around too, as if she had forgotten for a moment that they were in her house. He did that too with some people, especially when he was focusing on something else, and with names it was off at times. It had taken him a few tries to get the pronunciation for 'Weiss' right. "I guess it'll just be... a solo shower." The softness in her eyes as she looked at him.

"You make me happy."

Emotion, as her head turned away. A deep breath inhaled, as the woman seemed to process that. A shake of the shoulders, as the woman bit her lower lip.
"This is for Ruby and Yang, I won't..."

She mumbled, to herself as if to confirm it. He rubbed over her shoulder, like his mother did when he needed a moment to collect himself. She shivered at the touch, her head turning. Silver eyes looked at him. "This is..."

She closed her mouth, her gaze dropping down. Droplets fell from her chin. "This is enough, Jaune."

"But..." She placed a finger to his lips, her eyes looking into his own.

"Hush... I'm..." She was sad. Tears were coming from her eyes. He didn't understand. "I shouldn't..."

She was doubting things. It wasn't a good look on her, he thought. "You're someone who doesn't judge me." It was simple. She didn't think he was weird. She just thought of him like she thought of her daughter. Ruby might not... be with him, but she was still someone who was able to crack a smile and a dirty joke every now and then. He didn't always get them, but Ruby was precious to her.

"Perhaps..."

She got up, trying to gather her thoughts. He went for his shirt, which'd fallen into the dirt. Shaking it once or twice, he cleared it of the dirt, the faint afterburn of Summer's little exercise regimen and her pleasure still there.

He knew that Ruby liked a hug every now and then. He hugged Summer just the same way that she'd hugged him, from behind. A moan came from her lips. "Jaune... No." He let go. She didn't turn to him, taking a few steps forward, shaky. She leaned against the car for a minute, not facing him. Droplets of water fell onto the car, as she shivered. "We should get back to my home. Ruby would be happy to see you. I'm...

She turned to him, her eyes a little watery. "I think I need to take a break."

"And, eh... the sex?"

He asked. She'd made a promise. Something in her eyes was powerful, as she exhaled. A bitter smile was on her lips, as she swallowed audibly, as if trying to return herself to the promise.

"Later tonight, sweetheart. I'll... I'll need to prepare, first."

Summer kept her promises. She always came through, no matter what. She could be trusted.

"Jaune... Jaune?"

Her voice sounded hesitant, as she spoke it the second time. "Can you... Hold me for a bit?" He did, holding her. She rubbed her face against his neck, mumbling something that barely made any sense. It was just a low whine, as she continued to move her head there in the crook of his neck.

"I still like you, Summer."

For some reason, that didn't comfort her as much as he thought. She just started to hold him tighter. Her mumbling started to increase in volume, the soft whispers of 'masters of our enemy, we are the saviours of my life, slowly trailing into the familiar ending. 'so be it, until victory is America's and there is no enemy, but peace!' was uttered with more conviction, as she swallowed heavily.
"I... I needed that hug. Thank you. You're..."

The woman's cheeks flushed, as she seemed to realize that she'd embarrassed herself. He did that too, sadly. He embarrassed himself enough, especially with Cinder's advice. Miss Salem had been nice enough to rectify some of the things, but that presentation had been horrible.

"You are just as important to me as Ruby is." It was true. Ruby was his friend, regardless of how much it hurt to see the girl he liked be with her as her girlfriend. Friendship did not change, because Ruby would be Ruby at the end of the day.

Her lips pressed against his own in a kiss that was almost chaste, as her hands rubbed over his back. His shirt still hadn't been worn. She looked at him and smiled bitterly. "I'll cancel training for today, and... and you get three hours with Yang. She'll work you over good, after you've had a shower... Sticky boys can't be around my baby girls... No, no..." There was a look in her eyes that spoke greater truths than her lips could ever do. They looked at him without judgement. Acceptance was in her eyes, as he went in for a kiss. She shuddered. He tightened the hug a little. She shouldn't be feeling bad.

"Jaune, I really... I need to rest."

She said, and he accepted that. She was enough for him, just to see her smile.

"Let's... let's get in the car, I'll kick Yang out of bed and you can get exercising, alright?" Summer sounded less confident, as her tongue licked over her lips. "Ruby likes you and..."

She stopped mid-sentence, closing her eyes. "And Yang doesn't know what she wants. She should stick to one thing, not... not..." The lamentation in the woman's voice was there as she laid her head in her neck, looking up to the bright blue sky.

"I like them." Yang was fun, when she was around. She was always concerned about Ruby, which was good. Ruby didn't need to be hurt. Sometimes, Yang made no sense, but that was generally how his sisters acted, so he attributed it to a sisterly thing. Sisters were a class on their own.

As they entered the Rose household thirty minutes later, a silent guardian sat there at the table, a set of golden eyes looking at him with a stare that followed him around. Feline ears twitched, their angling towards him some sort of instinctive defence, as he wondered once more how many nerve endings there were in her ears.

"Slept well?"

Summer asked, grabbing a glass and starting to fill it with water. She was fiddling with something in her other hand. He avoided hearing Blake's response as he walked to the upstairs, deciding to head for the shower. The sound of water was absent, so he figured that he'd have the liberty of the shower, knocking once. There was no response, and he found the bathroom to be unoccupied. A fresh set of underwear and a towel were placed on the sink, as he grabbed the shampoo that had been set there. He quickly showered, making sure that he was sparkly clean, before he dried the shower out and then wandered downstairs. Blake and Summer were seated at the breakfast table, Summer buttering up a slice of bread, a big jam pot set beside her.

"Nice shower?"

The woman asked, as Blake stared at him with a look on her face that he couldn't identify. He met that gaze, as he always did. Her lips pressed tightly together.
"It was warm."

That it had been. He felt happier whilst he was clean. Being dirty was gross and should never be done. Personal hygiene was important.

"Good moooniiiiing!"

Ruby's chipper voice was there as she and Weiss joined them at the breakfast table, Weiss looking at him with a look and a firming of her lips pressed together, her eyes locked at his face. There was something in that look of hers, a distaste or a displeasure that he didn't seem to have noticed.

'Well, that's pretty obvious now that I know that she's a lesbian.'

Saphron didn't like men, so she became gay and married a woman. That was the simple fact of the matter. If Weiss didn't like men, she wouldn't like him. She was like Saphron. Probably a good friend, but nothing more than that. Logical to his reasoning.

"Good morning, Ruby." The cheerful hug netted him a glare from Weiss, whose expression soured even more, Ruby's hug lasting for a moment as she mimicked her mother's style of hugging. Summer's hugs were nicer.

"We got back together! I hope you don't mind."

He did. She looked so happy to be with Weiss again that it went against the urge to scream at her. She wouldn't respond well to that. He didn't like screaming. Yang might get upset. He didn't want to make people upset with him.

"No, not at all. Did you sleep well?" He asked, though her eyes dimmed a little.

"But I still like you, Jaune!" The glare from Weiss increased in strength. Ruby just continued onwards, as if she were missing the glare entirely.

"We're buddies!"

He supposed they were. What else could they be? She was his friend, she was a good girl and a smarter girl than he was. She had went up several grades, after all. He wasn't like his older sister, who had managed to get a scholarship for... someplace that he didn't really remember the name of. She was smarter than Ruby. Theoretical physicals? He hadn't paid much attention to when she'd explained it to him. He had been absorbed in a game.

"That doesn't change, Ruby."

He smiled. Blake scoffed softly, turning her head away. He didn't know what her issue was, though he banished that thought from his mind.

"Go up, rouse my wayward blonde daughter from her sleep, Blake."

Summer said, pushing one of the jam-covered slices of bread to him.

"Eat up, little man. Show me who the real tiger of the Arc household is."

She looked like she'd gotten over her sadness, which was a good thing. Seeing other people sad always made him feel responsible.

"You're the one who's always making people around you sad, Jaune... Take it from me... They don't care about you. You're a freak, someone who can never empathize with them... Noooo. When
you're my age, everyone is going to laugh at you and point.”

He closed his eyes, trying to banish the phantom voice of the unpleasant talk that he'd had. It had been a bad match-up, his parents had told him, the system not quite designed. Miss Salem had apologized to his parents personally after Cinder had been... Well, he supposed that it had all ended well. His sisters had looked a little upset. His father had said that he shouldn't have been a wimp. He hadn't liked hearing that.

Yang emerged, wearing a fluffy set of slippers and a pink pyjama. A bleary look was on her face as she settled herself down, her eyes going to him before she recognized him, a blink and then a glare. "Not a word, Arc." She mumbled, as she tightened the pyjama a little. Her generous assets were contained once more within the pink shroud of destiny, as she turned to her mother.

"Mom, I-" Summer looked at her. "I just woke up. You can't just shove it on me again, mom." The look of those silver eyes intensified, as Yang sighed. "Alright, I need to do some of my own training too... Blake, you up for getting a third in our little gig?"

Blake's lips were pressed tightly together, as she looked at him. That stare was met with his stare, before the girl looked away. It was a sign of her care, he would imagine. She must be looking at him because she disliked him, or else she wouldn't make that face.

"If you want to." The Faunus admitted, her gaze turned away. "For you..." The rest went unsaid, as Blake sighed deeply.

"Let's get at it, then..."

He did as Yang instructed. The punches and the shifting from defence to offence and the sparring against her with a set of sparring pads whilst Blake watched, occasionally taking the lead and adding to it. Her glare got worse, the more he was around Yang. Yang smiled encouragingly at her, before she shook her shoulders, her hair loose. It looked pretty, if you liked blondes. He had plenty of blondes at home, so he wasn't sure whether he did. Yang was nice enough, even if she didn't make perfect sense.

"Alright, mama Yang's going to get a shower... Blake, you want to join me?"

The stern look that Yang gave him was enough to warn him that he wouldn't be warmly received if he did something such as peeking. Yang hadn't needed to tell him. Girls were scary when you had one shower and they all needed to do their best to get clean in the morning.

"I'll stay here... keep an eye on him." She did that a lot. Staring at him. It had gotten worse the more that he'd started to hang around Ruby at Summer's home. There was something in those eyes that he didn't quite understand.

"Don't maul the guy, kitty... We need him intact. If you want to jump his bones, do wait for me." The look that Blake sent at Yang was fierce as the Faunus hissed lightly, Yang's amused laugh enough.

"Rawr, kitty... Keep some of that fire for when we're out on a date, Blakey."

The blonde left, and his gaze returned to Blake. She met his gaze, unflinchingly. Like an animal, she didn't even blink, before she did. He blinked as well, and he saw her in motion.

"Stop that."

Her voice was pinched, her undercurrent of anger almost visible within it. There was something in
those eyes that did not stop, that would not give in to the situation, as he tilted his head. "Stop it!"
The hiss was angry, as she looked at him. Her golden eyes were almost catlike, her ears pointed straight up. The cat ears, not the human ones. Important distinction, for some. It didn't matter much personally to him whether someone had a tail or not. People were people, regardless of what they looked like.

"Why?"

Her irritated sigh was a sign that he was treading on grounds that were dangerous, so he asked anyways:

"Do you hate me?"

"You're not normal. You don't... You don't act like the other humans do. They will stop, but you... You won't stop!" The angry words came out, and he watched her, as she looked at him, before she pressed him against the wall, the 'thud' sound fairly loud.

"You're not stopping! Stop looking at me... Stop... stop... stopit..."

She took a deep breath, shuddering. Her eyes blazed as they met his and then she was planting her lips against him, a kiss that was passionate and frenzied, as she continued to meet his gaze. She pulled away. "You two... Stop it... You can't stop looking... Why do you always... ah..."

"I would suggest that you do not rape a young man in my household, Blake." The voice of Summer came from the side, as he realized that Summer had entered the room.

"There are some bounds of propriety, and I would rather not have my dear daughter's heart break when she finds you eying her boy..." There was something dangerous in that voice, as he realized that Summer's eyes were colder and distant, not much heat in them, yet with a wave of cool anger simmering in their depths.

"He always does it! His scent sends my blood into flame. He can't stop... You can't understand..." There was something in her voice that was helpless, as Summer looked at the teenage Faunus catgirl.

"I smell really bad, don't I?" It might have been the wrong thing to say, as Blake exhaled with a hiss.

"No. You smell like Yang. Strong. Unbending. It's... It's... ach. Fuck..." The cuss wasn't usual for her, as she shook her head. "I love her, but... fuck."

"She's not enough for you, is she?" Summer's voice was deadly and soft, as the woman pulled Blake away. Blake flinched at the grip, as her skin turned paler around Summer's iron-like grip.

"Stay away from him for a bit, Blake..." The words were laden with a tone of 'You shan't do this' deep inside it. It was the same tone that his mother had taken when she'd heard about the little thing with Cinder. It was one of the times when she'd shouted loud enough to make his ears hurt.

"I'll... I'll go and talk to Yang."

Blake drooped off, before Summer tapped his shoulder. He was a little confused. Blake was supposed to dislike him, not... like him?

"Are you okay?"
The question that was asked was simple, yet he knew that it was more intricate than she'd let on. Summer was concerned for him. That made her even better. He could hear Blake's opening of one of the doors, as Yang's voice was heard inquiring about who it was that dared to enter the bathroom of the great Yang Xiao-Long.

"I'm... I'm..." He was confused. Did that mean that Blake liked him as Summer and Ruby liked him? Was this just some sort of biological quirk?

"It's okay..." She said, as she leaned in. With his back still against the wall, it was a closeness, as she leaned against him. "I'll make sure that she won't do that again."There was a tone of certainty in the woman's voice, as she looked at him. "Got to make sure that the man of the house isn't stolen by the cat, right?"

Her smile was brittle, as he saw something in her eyes, something that defied explanation. Pain, sadness and something else, as she leaned up and pecked his cheek lightly. "I won't let her steal you from m... my Ruby." She sounded convinced, even though he was sure that Ruby might have something to say about it as well.

"It'll be okay. Ruby is a big girl."

Summer nodded, as she pulled away, taking a deep sigh.

"She is. So is Yang. She's gotten so big, darling... Sometimes, when I see her, it's like looking at... It's like..."

She floundered, seemingly lost. "It's like..." There were tears.

Jaune put his hand on her back, rubbing over it. "It's okay." Her words did not temper him, as she pulled away. "It's okay, it's... It's okay. Just like... Just like when we were..." She mumbled, closing her eyes and seemingly feeling a little sad again.

She was not okay. It wasn't okay and he wanted to help her. She turned, looking at him with a bright smile on her lips. "I'm going to give you the night of your life... I've got... I'm... I'm going to make you love it, sweetheart." Her kiss was passionate, as her hands stroked over his stomach.

"See you later, darling." She kissed his lips lightly, before she parted, her fingers giving a little wave.

He felt confused. He felt uncertain. He didn't like that feeling one bit, so he went for Ruby's room. Knocking once, he waited for the girl to come, the door opening up and the bright and cheery smile of one of his best friends warmed his heart. The confusion faded a little.

He felt better. Summer was... She was just a little sad. She'd feel better soon and then she'd make sense again. Blake made no sense at all, but that might just be a Faunus thing. Saphron had said something about them being hell to date, but that might have been a figure of speech. He wasn't sure whether to imagine Blake as some sort of cat demon.

"Sooooo... We were thinking, another game of Monster Mashers VI!"

Ruby's cheerful tone was at odds with Weiss' look, Ruby catching on. "Oh? Not Monster Mashers VI, Weiss?" The girl adjusted her look slightly.

"It might be... amusing."

The smile on Ruby's face was bright, just as Summer's was when she was in her good mood. He
hoped that Summer wouldn't be too upset with him. He didn't want to make her upset, just like his mom had gotten upset when she'd heard.

"Don't take that to mean that I like you, Arc."

The defensive tone was enough, as the cool blue eyes of Weiss Schnee met him.

"It's logical that you don't."

The statement was true. Weiss' eyes blinked. She looked askance at Ruby, who blushed.

"He knows, Weiss. He's my male bestie."

The girl flushed, as she fixed him with a look.

"Not a word, Arc. Not one word, or else gott im himmel won't be able to put you together. I'll make what Fall did a pleasant memory in comparison." Her words were angry. He could understand that emotion.

"You're a lesbian. That means you don't like men. That's okay." The look on her face did not change. "My sister is like you too. Not so blonde, but she's married to a woman named Terra. Marble wouldn't stop making the jokes for a week. We got over it soon." It was natural to make jokes. Marble just made extremely bad ones. He still loved her as a sister, though.

"Good. As long as you know that if you blab, I know who to blame." Ruby looked pleadingly at him.

"Let's not fight, guys... Peace is good. Peace is fine..."

Weiss smiled, affectionately nudging her girlfriend. Jaune supposed that it was like that, yes. A girlfriend. Something that he'd never be able to get, probably. Weiss had been... nice to think about. She'd smiled nicely.

"You actually think that you're something impressive, Jaune? Take it from me, you're nothing. A freak whose mind is wired with spaghetti string, unable to really know what it's like to be human. A woman who'd like you has to be sick in the head, just like you."

It was true. He'd heard it before, but she hadn't laid it out so blatantly. It was what it was, and it was embarrassing. It was what it was, even though word of his status had spread.

'At least Ruby and the rest didn't treat me badly. They are nice. Ren and Nora never cared. Pyrrha wasn't even ruffled one bit.'

Summer had understood. Summer always understood, because she felt like him. There was something about her that just pulled at him, something that he felt like... home. She could be trusted. She was a little sad, sometimes a little lost in thought... But she was trusted.

She wanted what was best for her daughters. He could trust her words, right?

Bring the popcorn for the next chapter!
The preparations that are made

Chapter Summary

Yang has a chat with Jaune about Blake. Movie time! Summer's seduction!

Chapter 8: The preparations that are made.

Another wonderful chapter for you wonderful people who leave a review. More stuff! It starts with a Yang...

It was a slow moment, seated on the couch and watching Weiss and Ruby interact. With Summer currently bustling in the kitchen, humming something loudly in the background, his gaze rested on Ruby, who was animatedly chatting with Weiss.

Weiss didn't know, or at least, didn't fully know. That was good. It wouldn't be nice if Weiss knew. They'd make fun of him. It had been... tough. Cinder had said that it would be and he believed her.

"Jaune, think I can borrow you for a bit?"

The question came from Yang, and he rose. She was a bit shorter than him and probably a little bit less able to get some of the bigger things. He wasn't the handiest around the house, but he could reach many things.

"Sure."

He liked helping. Yang was friendly, if you didn't annoy her. Blake looked at him with a look, her eyes perhaps a little angry? She had kissed him, after all. Did that mean that she was angry or that she was upset?

'Is Yang going to blame me for kissing Blake?'

Miss Salem had said that girls acted weird sometimes, but that it was completely understandable in some situations. The sessions had been discontinued due to the summer holidays, the woman's pale hair and face having been quietly hopeful the last time that she'd seen him.

Following Yang to the shed, he was aware that Summer's car had been freshly washed, the paint on it glistening, Yang leaning against the car without a care. "About what Blake did... I'm sorry." The apology was usual for people. People always were sorry, but that didn't mean that they always mean things.

"Everyone lies, Jaune... Everyone, except me. You can trust me, right? We're friends... Now... Close your eyes..."

"It's okay." He said with a smile. Yang's face seemed to go strange, as she turned her head away. "She didn't hurt me."

"No, she... She..."
Yang sighed deeply, running a hand through her hair. "She's such a willful girl, I occasionally wonder whether she'll run away from me. We've been through a lot and… Well…" There was a look in her eyes that he'd seen in Summer's as well. "She shouldn't have kissed you. It's a… pheromone thing, or something."

He could understand that. It was something like cats would do. "She can't help it. I don't mind, really."

"You can't help who you are, Jaune. Now… Don't you fucking CRY, Jaune… Men don't cry, isn't that what they've always… Oh… Here, let me help you up."

"You… You should. It's not… It's not okay. She said that she kissed you."

There was some emotion in her voice that showed her hurting, her pain. It was a rough emotion that he understood well. Everything was pain for the people around him, because he didn't understand them.

"She was passionate. Ruby doesn't quite kiss like that."

He would have continued to mention Summer, but the look in Yang's eyes changed.

"She told me that she feels for you… and I'm… Don't hurt my little sister, Jaune. I know you don't mean to, but…"

The resignation on Yang's face was real, letting him see the face that she kept hidden from the world whenever she was out and about.

"She's with Weiss." That was the fact. "I was nothing but some entertainment for her. That's logical."

'Who would ever look at me like that? She was right, after all.'

Yang's face looked conflicted. "It's not… You're a good guy, but… I mean, no disrespect to you but…" It was a dismissal. He knew that. "She's always been the quiet girl and Weiss…"

Saphron had explained to him very simply. If you were a lesbian, you didn't like men. That's what it was, after all. Lesbian. Homosexual. Liking the same gender, sexually and emotionally. Yang was probably interested in both, but there had been no clue.

"I just want her to be happy. Mom is… She's a bit better when you come around too. I think she misses being in contact with dad. When my mom left…"

Summer gave nice hugs and looked a little happier when he did. "I saw your father yesterday. He was there with Mister Branwen." The look on Yang's face brightened a little at the mention.

"How was his wife? She's usually a nervous wreck because I look so good and she can't handle Ruby well… I always have to mind Ruby when she's around."

That sounded reasonable. His sisters occasionally had tried to interact with him. Saphron was best, because she didn't judge.

"She looked a little nervous. I returned Mister Branwen's phone, though your father's name was on it."

It had confused him a little. Yang shrugged. It seemed that it wasn't something to be really
concerned about, or at the least, not something that Yang would be concerned about.

"They do that, I guess. Old people do that."

The melancholic look settled on her features again, as Yang gave a bittersweet smile. "So... What's so special about the kissing?"

He shrugged. He didn't really know that. Summer kissed the best. She was warm and understanding and she got him in ways that he didn't imagine. "Maybe it's a thing with women?" He suggested, as Yang rolled her shoulder lightly, a soft sigh coming from her lips.

"Maybe. I don't want you thinking that it means anything, but I am a bit curious now." He looked unsurprised. If she wanted a kiss, he could kiss.

"Do you want to kiss?"

He asked. Asking was polite and it showed your intent clearly. Summer needed a kiss sometimes when she was sad. Yang gave him one of the looks that came standard to her, as she put a hand on her hip. His eyes noticed that her chest did a little wobble.

"Well, since my Blake's been abuzz... Don't mind if I do."

She got into his personal space immediately, her eyes looking into his, a smirk on her face, as her lips came closer. Imitating what Summer and he had done, his arm wrapped around her, a soft squeaking sound coming from her, as he kissed her straight on the lips.

She pushed against him, the kiss broken after an instant, her eyes looking at him with a look. "Woah... That's some passion there, robot boy..." He frowned. That nickname he didn't like. Vomit boy wasn't nice either.

"Can't say that Blake was wrong though... That's some energy you've got there... and you can let go of me now, by the way." His hand hadn't left her back, the grin on Yang's face easier.

"My... I do remember making an offer..."

He frowned. Summer had said that she'd wanted to have sex with him. He trusted Summer more than he trusted Yang. She'd fooled him once, and he wouldn't be fooled twice.

"How do I know you're sincere?"

He inquired, his eyes meeting hers with that same stare that Blake apparently found irresistible. Yang's lip curled up slightly, as she leaned against him.

"Simple, if I win... You get to watch this gorgeous body from a distance... And if you win, you get to join in." The smirk on her face was a little off, as she let her eyes roll over his body, like a slow waltzing pace. "Blakey's been in a mood... So I guess I better indulge her." There was something in Yang's tone, a fear that she didn't voice.

"I'm not doing this for Blake." He said, as he watched Yang's expression. "Your mom got mad at Blake for kissing me."

Yang winced. "She... didn't tell me that." The girl had lied to her partner and lover, so it would stand to reason that it wouldn't be a good match. Liars were the worst.

You could never tell whether someone told the truth, once they had been caught in a lie. There was
just such dishonesty...

"She lied to you, Jaune. I am sorry for partnering you with her. I just wanted you to be safe, not... that. That was wrong, Jaune. Very wrong."

Miss Salem had been honest. She'd been able to understand him, at least somewhat. It hadn't been nice. Cinder had told the truth as well. Truth always hurt.

"It's okay. I don't have to interfere with your relationship. It's water under the bridge."

Yang looked sad now, as if he'd said something wrong. She bit her lower lip and then turned herself away, just as everyone else did.

"It's... How do I explain this... It's not okay. She's a great girl but... but it's been tough since Adam beat her into the hospital for her to trust me. That she's fond of you... That's great." She sounded as if she wanted to say something more, yet her eyes looked so sad.

So he turned her head and kissed her. She trembled a little after his lips parted from hers, as she looked at him, her eyes downcast. "Feel better." He said, trying for a smile. There was a look on her face that was just as lost as her mom's.

"It's not... It's not like that. It's... Jaune, you simple little moron."

The smile on her lips was enough, as she went for a hug. It felt nice, being hugged by her. "Don't kiss girls on the lips where a cheek kiss would do, you silly." He wanted to argue that he wasn't a simple person or silly, but she was already in motion.

"No, I mean... You're going to play a game with me. If I win, you get to watch. Blake kicks on your gaze, so I'm not going to deny her... I mean, most guys like girls fooling around, don't they?"

He shrugged. He didn't much know about that. Lesbian sex involved a lot of screaming of 'oh yeah' and Saphron being all excited. The walls were rather thin, after all.

"And... Well, we're not against guys... I guess we can fit in some head for you... Wouldn't you like to be one of the first guys to get the Xiao-Long Dong experience, huh?"

Her grin was cheeky, yet those eyes were still cautious. She was a good friend though. She cared for his friend, which made her a good person, just like Blake and Weiss and Ruby.

"Do you have experience?"

He asked, as a curiosity. She blanched. That much clued him in as to whether it had been the truth or not. Her mother was much more honest, he thought. Summer didn't lie.

"Nothing that some hands-on stuff won't fix, Jaune. I'll have your dick polished to a fine shine, yep!"

She was exaggerating. It was visible in the nervous twitch that was in her eyes. She was afraid of something, he could tell. He hugged her. She stiffened.

"You don't have to." He told her. She didn't have to. Nobody had to. Nobody would want to. Summer was teaching him how to be a good man for her daughters. Summer was right. Yang and Ruby might be hurt.

"I'm..." The blonde in his embrace stiffened some more. "I'm just trying to..."
She felt a little like Summer. "You don't have to. It's okay." A bittersweet smile came to her lips.
"Y'know, that's the kindest thing a guy's said to me today." Logic dictated him to point it out.
"I am the first guy that you've seen today." That was the truth. She grinned, as her mood seemed to
lift.
"Yep, and I know you'll keep your hands off my sister too. Little miss Schnee seems in a huff." He
nodded. Weiss certainly was someone who didn't mince her words, even if Ruby didn't notice.
"She's a lesbian. She doesn't like men." Yang grinned, poking his side. He noticed that he was still
hugging her.
"More men for me... So, lover-boy... Are we going to be hugging here for a while or are we going
to have like hot wild monkey sex on the car hood?" There was a soft teasing to her tone, one of her
major tells that she wasn't fully serious.
"Be sure to use a condom... I have no aspirations of becoming a grandmother yet." Summer's tone
was light as she seemed to be located behind him, Yang stiffening a little as she heard her mom
speak up.
"Hey, I've got to get the goods whilst I can get them, right?" She sounded nervous, her eyes looking
everywhere but at him. A hand squeezed his butt.
"This fine butt won't lie, but you've got to stop lying, Yang."
He moved away from Yang, rubbing his bottom, a smile on Summer's face. It was clear to him that
Summer was just teasing him. That pinch had hurt a little, but Summer seemed to be happier now.
"Alright, alright... I was just teasing you, Jaune."
She admitted, an easier smile on her lips now that she had admitted it to him. It was nothing too
important, he knew, something that would need repeating every once in a while... But it wasn't too
bad.
"It's okay. I'm used to it."
Yang didn't smile as he said that, as Summer tapped his shoulder. He looked at her.
"Lunch is done, honeys... You will take a shower before bed, Yang Xiao-Long."
The words were there to caution the blonde, who looked at her mother with a spark of impishness
in her eyes.
"With or without the hot blonde hunk, huh?"
Yang was far more teasing than usual, probably because she'd just been kissed. Summer acted a
little livelier when he kissed her, and he liked that in her.
"Preferably after he's done with his shower, yes... He'll be staying over tonight, remember?"
Summer took the tease in stride, as her eyes looked at her daughter with the gaze that his mother
occasionally gave to one of his sisters when she'd been bad.
"Sure thing, mom... Spoil my fun, will you?"
Yang pulled away, and Summer watched her as she left, looking at him with her silver-eyed gaze.
"If I wanted to spoil your fun, I'd have put you in a chastity belt, Yang."

Summer said, Yang's snort of amused laughter enough to say that she'd not taken the comment to heart. Summer shook her head, slight amusement in her expression.

"She didn't do anything bad to you, did she?"

There was a hint of concern in her voice. He trusted her. She looked at him without scorn of thoughts that didn't fit.

"No. She was a bit concerned about Blake. She wants to play a game and if I win, I can do stuff with the two of them." It was honesty, honesty to the very core, which drove him.

Summer's expression didn't change. There was no look of relief on her face that her daughter was taking an initiative, only a dull look. "Is that... wrong?" He ventured to guess aloud. Summer's eyes seemed to find him once more, a smile on her face that looked closer to a grimace.

"No, sweetie... No, that's okay. That's... That's..." She turned away. She inhaled sharply and then exhaled.

"It's fine. Make her happy too."

She wasn't happy. He could see it from the way that she stood. He knew it, and he touched her side. She turned around, a flash of silver, and she pressed him against the car, her lips against him, her hands clawing at his shirt.

The passion exploded, and then dimmed, as horror filled her eyes. She broke the kiss, looking at her hands, shaking and quivering for a few seconds. He looked at her. "Summer?" She flinched away, as if struck. Those eyes looked at him and a strangled noise came from her throat.

"I... I should check up on the girls."

There was something of desperation laced through her voice, as he took a step, but she nearly bolted. He wondered about whether it was him.

He'd done something bad again. Just like always. She'd ran, because he was a freak.

He sat down, his face blank once more of the emotions that he felt. Summer didn't meet his eyes, busy with cutting Ruby's food into little squares, shoving the plate to her daughter whilst Yang and Blake were busy talking, Ruby's enthusiastic recital of something that she'd watched uninterrupted by Weiss, who merely looked at him with that hooded gaze.

Summer looked at him, before she pulled back. An odd look was in her eyes, as if she wanted to say something. "... make the best out of the best, of course. I'm not going to go like Blake and say 'that's so booooring..." Ruby continued on, Weiss turning her gaze to her girlfriend once more and smiling.

It was a genuine smile, a smile that she loved Ruby, something that she would never do for him. She was in love with Ruby, not with him. "I liked it, you know... I just thought that the dance part was boring." Blake commented, looking at Ruby with those eyes that were a little distant. Her eyes met his and she looked down. Yang squeezed her girlfriend's side, making the Faunus hiss.

"Yang!"

"What? Caught the eye of a cute boy, huh?"
The teasing was on, as Weiss made a disgusted sound. Ruby just continued on, undisturbed by the comment, Blake looking at her girlfriend and making a foul face.

"Not. A. Word, Yang."

The blonde winked at him, as she draped her arms around her girlfriend, pulling her close.

"Blakey here's got a love for blondes, Jaune... Care to give her a spin in the bedroom, really bang that cat till she meows?"

The crudeness was understandable, even as he pressed his lips together. He could see that she was just trying to get Blake riled up. Her offer hadn't been serious, he knew. Why would she offer something like that?

"Yang! No! Stop!"

He looked at Yang and looked her in the eyes. Lavender-lilac coloured eyes looked back at him with a challenge in them, as if it were a gaze that he had to meet.

Golden eyes stared at him, as he smelled the cigarettes that she preferred, the feeling of her fingers sliding over his skin, her voice a breathy whisper in his ear, even as she pressed him down.

"Who would care for you, Jaune... Nobody. Once your parents die and your sisters marry off... It'll be you alone."

He noticed that she'd moved her gaze away and that his hand was gripping his thigh really tightly. "Well... Someone likes what he sees."Yang tried to make light of it, but she seemed unnerved. He probably did something wrong, undoubtedly. It was true what she'd said, after all.

"Do you want a sandwich, Jaune?"

Summer asked, her voice soft as she spoke, holding out a sandwich that'd been worked on. It hadn't been cut into little slices for him to munch on, a smile given to her.

"So, what's on the agenda for tonight, girls? Some romantic movie?"

She asked, as Ruby stopped talking and excitedly made a few suggestions. He smiled at her. Ruby liked movies. Weiss looked at him with a look that said that she didn't approve of his look.

"Maybe something a bit action-comedy? Mister strongman over there looks like he'd enjoy a buddy cop movie."

Those types of movies were alright. The jokes didn't always go over well with people, he found, but it was more or less a thought that he had at times.

"Titanic!"

He blinked once as he heard that title. That was a movie that he'd seen multiple times. His sisters just started crying when the guy drowned. He didn't quite understand why. People died when they stopped to live. He knew that, and they didn't like it when he pointed that out.

"Titanic it is... Any objections, Mister Man of the House?"

Summer's voice sounded amused, as he shook his head. "Splendid! Now... Eat up. That sandwich is going to walk away on its own accord if you don't eat it."
She sounded happier now, as her eyes looked at him with a look that made him feel better.

That evening, they had all gathered around the couch, the movie starting up once Ruby had gotten another bag of microwaved popcorn, Summer nestling herself up against him. She was sat between him and Ruby, her arm wrapped around their shoulders, a smile on her lips as the movie started.

It was soothing in an odd manner as Summer brushed with her fingers over his back, his eyes closing, the low lighting of the living room giving the screen more of a glare than it had been. He let his eyes go around, letting his eyes feast on the people who were there. Yang and Blake were giving each other looks that were definitely not for the people outside of a relationship, the golden eyes of Blake much reminiscent of Cinder's.

He closed his eyes. It was already the case that he knew what was going to be said at every point of the movie. Allowing his mind to wander a little, he pulled Summer just a touch closer. Her hand wrapped a little tighter around him, as she leaned over, her head against his chest.

As the movie proceeded he caught sight of the hands starting to wander. He'd never really paid much attention to the others whilst he had been Weiss-watching, but Weiss was almost regal in her nature, Ruby's hand locked with her girlfriend's, staring at the movie with wide eyes and smiling at some of the scenes. Summer's other hand started to trace little patterns on his chest, before she slowly slid down.

His hand brushed over her head, a soft sigh coming from her lips. He continued to half-watch, every scene perfectly happening as it was supposed to happen, the feeling of Summer's head against his chest enough, the woman having dozed off.

At the final point of the movie, it was a slow groan that drew his attention, Summer's head lifted up and looking at him, one of the prettiest smiles on her face as she mouthed words. She laid her head down again, dozing off once more, her hands gripping him, the woman curling up against him.

It felt right to him. She needed comfort and stability, just as he did. As Yang pushed the lights back up to the full volume, her eyes looked somewhat amused at the sight of her adoptive mother hugging him. "Looks like you've caught a rose, Jaune..." Her grin was broad and amused, her nudge to Blake enough, the Faunus looking at the two of them.

"Yeah, mom sleeps around this time. We've got to be quiet. It is nearly ten, after all..." It was not surprising. Even he kept a good schedule, to see that Summer did the same was just a relief. She was a nice woman, after all. Nice women enjoyed their sleep at the pre-ordained time.

"Do I wake her up?"

He asked Yang, who shrugged.

"Give her a kiss, sleeping beauty always got woken up by a kiss."

Ruby added, and Jaune lightly pulled Summer's head up, giving her lips a gentle kiss.

Summer's eyes opened wide, an emotion in them, before she calmed and pulled herself up. "Hello there, beautiful prince... I guess I'm the princess now, eh?"

The smile on her lips was soft, as she got up. "My, that makes me want to know what you'd do to this sleeping beauty if she didn't wake up, hmmm?"

"Mom, that's gross! He's seventeen!"
Yang's voice cut through Summer and there was a dark emotion in those eyes, as the eyes narrowed.

"So are you, Yang. You're old and wise enough to know when I'm joking, right?"

There was an irritation in the woman's voice, as she got up fully and stretched. "Now... Do we see another movie? Does anyone need another drink?" He didn't mind another movie. Summer looked like she wanted to do some more sleeping. She looked tired, a bit crabby and slightly ill-tempered.

"I'll have some pepsi!"

Ruby said with her enthusiastic little chirp, Weiss giving her a smile that he interpreted as fond and Yang grinned.

"Give us a beer, mom!"

Summer's snort was enough of an answer, but the woman didn't comment on it.

"I'd like some tea, if you don't mind..."

Blake said, her voice soft, her gaze not looking at Summer, clearly distracted by something.

"I'd like some tea as well, Miss Rose."

"I'd like a Pepsi as well."

He said, Summer smiling at him as he said, reaching forward to ruffle his hair.

"That's a good boy! Mimicking my daughter!"

Her amusement seemed short-lived, as she fixed Yang with a look. "Select a movie that's nice. Not that weird raunchy stuff that you and Blake were 'watching' together when I came home." Yang flushed.

"Mom! Ruby and Weiss were in bed already, not doing anything different than that!"

There was a story to be told there, he knew. Summer sighed, as she walked off to the pantry to fetch them their drinks, his eyes watching her butt move slowly.

"Sooooo... Got thoughts about my mom, huh?"

He heard Yang say in a teasing tone of voice, as he turned his head to look at her, the big shark-like grin on her face making her look like she'd gotten a role as the shark from Jaws.

"I do not have thoughts about your mother."

He had plans with her mother. They were different from thoughts, he knew. Summer had already said she would do the sex with him. That was a promise. Not a thought. Important distinction.

"Oh, but you were looking."

He looked at her, not quite understanding what was too wrong with that.

"You were offering a threesome with your girlfriend and me too. Should I just not look?"
Blake's eyes looked at Yang and she hissed like a cat on a hot tin roof.

"Yang!"

The cocky grin on Yang's face was a sure sign that she didn't take it too highly.

"What? You said to me that you'd want him to extinguish the fire in your pussy, pussycat... So I figured I'd get some fun out of the deal."

The look of ill-ease and annoyance on Blake's face was there, her cat ears twitching a few times as she took a few deep breaths.

"Yes, but... Your mom caught me and I-"

Yang looked her girlfriend in the eyes.

"Consent, that's important. Saphron always said that everything is consensual, unless your girlfriend wants you to choke her out and make her call you mommy. She didn't like that much, but she said so to big sis." The conversation had stuck with him. Marble hadn't been too happy with that news, especially with Terra calling them 'appetizers'.

"That is important, yes. But that isn't eh..."

Yang turned her head to Blake, who shrugged. "No, I don't think that's going to happen." Blake gave her girlfriend a look, Yang making some sort of facial expression that made no sense to him.

"It's okay."

He knew it well. Nobody would really see him for who he was. Some people did. Most didn't. Even his father did not see him as he was, always trying to get him interested in things that he didn't like.

"S-so... What shall we watch? Any suggestions?" There was a raised hand. Ruby's. "Yes, Ruby?"

"Grease 2!"

He smiled softly. Summer and Ruby both liked Grease. Weiss and Yang looked like they wanted something else.

"If that's okay with you guys?"

He shook his head. He didn't want to watch another Grease movie. "How about the original Ghostbusters?" He suggested. That was always a nice one to watch. The scenes were more interesting.

"Well, someone's going to be busting something later, heh... Sure, we can watch that one." Yang patted his back enthusiastically.

"Behave, Yang..." Blake cautioned, her voice lighter, as she grabbed a hold of Yang's side and gave her a tug away. "You'll turn straight if this keeps up."

"Pffft, as if you'd mind when blondie here keeps looking at you. Who was it who kissed him, eh?"

Blake looked embarrassed if he gauged the reaction right. Weiss looked a touch less comfortable, giving him the evil eye and pulling Ruby closer. Ruby was nosing her girlfriend's cheek. A small stab of something that might be pain went through him. He thought it might be jealousy, but it
could just be loss.

He wasn't supposed to feel much. He wasn't supposed to...

He hated cigarettes. She always smoked. She always made sure to smoke when she was around. She'd light one up and then smile, her golden eyes observing him. She never looked nice, like she was supposed to be.

"Aww, can't the little Jaune handle a bit of smoke? Tough luck, boy... It's just one of the things that normal people do... Now... Sit."

"Drink?" Summer's voice called him out of his thoughts, seeing the can in front of him. It was still cool, condensation on its metal surface. "Don't zone out, sweetie... You'll miss the movie." She smiled at him. That was a nice smile.

"Thank you, Summer."

He used her name, as he should. She smiled a little more. She handed the next can to Yang.

"Heineken? Mom! I'm not even 18 yet!"

The mocking laugh from Summer stopped any further complaints.

"As if your girlfriend couldn't get her hands on some beer... Drink up, fire-fly. You wanted beer, you got beer."

The smirk on Summer's lips was broader, as her gaze rested on her daughter, challenging her. Yang smirked, even with the tea being passed to Weiss and Blake, a few cubes of sugar added, as Summer went to the movie player, pulling the movie out and then inserting it into the player, her eyes amused as she got herself on the couch with him, planting herself in his lap, leaning against him.

"I've got my best seat in the house... Right Jaune?"

The smile on her face was teasing, as she leaned against him. His arms wrapped around her, pulling her a touch closer. He saw Ruby smile and giggle, whilst Weiss merely looked sour-faced. Weiss didn't speak to him much. She was too absorbed by Ruby's pace, by the way that Ruby made her smile.

"Now mom... Don't steal our man."

Summer's head turned to fix Yang with a look that he didn't catch. "I mean... Sure. Take your seat." The smile on Summer's face was enough as she hopped off his lap, sitting herself next to him. She was warm, leaning against him with a smile on her face. It made her look pretty.

"Good girl... You're just like your mother, yielding when she was met with the Rose Stare! Superpower, just like that British bear... Yeah." The smile on Summer's face was wonderful, her eyes glowing lightly, as the movie started.

Once it was finished, he watched as Weiss and Ruby got up, Ruby half-asleep already. Weiss had to drag the girl up the stairs with a fond smile. He noticed how she only smiled when she was around Ruby, like the other things in the world did not matter.

'Nobody would smile at me like that... Summer is just doing it for Yang and Ruby.'
"Where does he sleep, mom?"

Yang asked, pointing at him. She looked a little out of it, as Blake looked at him with eyes that seemed never to meet with him. Her girlfriend's teasing was just natural and par the course for Yang, he knew... But it would not be something to dwell on.

"Let me get a blanket for him and set him up on the couch... You two should hop in the shower quickly. I want clean girls in bed, even if you do get dirty later on."

There was a hint of steel in the woman's tone of voice, yet Yang ignored it, giving him a wink. She smirked at him and then licked her lips, noticeably.

"We'll sell you the shower water later, Jaune..."

With another flirtatious wink, she was off, dragging Blake behind her, his face looking a little tenser than before. Summer looked at him with a look, as they were left alone for a bit.

"Did you... did you have fun?" Her voice was softly questioning him, her eyes looking at him.

"I did." She smiled, a radiant smile that looked perhaps a little tender, like her daughter did when she had some sort of difficulty. "Did you sleep well?" Her eyes looked at him with a hint of amusement sparkling in their silver depths.

"Of course, darling." The wistful tone was there, as she came closer.

"You should shower before bed... Yang probably will make enough noise to wake the dead if you're a bit loud. Raven's always a naughty bird, isn't she?" There was a warm smile on her lips, as her eyes looked up at him. "I'll get... I'll get the..."

She blinked, a frown coming to her face as if she realized something, before the eyes widened. "I'll get you a blanket. I'm..." She pulled away, her tongue tracing over her lips. She shivered. She didn't feel cold.

"Go and get a shower after Yang... and her girlfriend. She's... She's going to see what a wonderful man you are."

He doubted that, honestly. He wasn't sure whether there would be anything between Yang and him. He was broken, not able to fit in.

As he did as she asked, he waited in front of the bathroom, hearing the soft murmured conversation. Blake opened the door in her Yukata, startled by his sudden appearance. "Summer said that I should take a shower after you two are done." There was something in her eyes that made him feel uneasy. She leaned forward, taking a deep sniff of his scent.

"I won't do anything to you, I swear."

She said, her voice soft. "I'm... I'm sorry. I'm not... I'm not sure." He understood her. She must have been weak for a moment. Men didn't cry. But he wasn't a man. Neither was she.

"It is fine. I make mistakes too."

She looked a little bad. It was not sadness, but something else. Yang looked at him over Blake's shoulder, wearing only a thin nightshirt and the bright yellow bra below it. It suited her, though the thoughts did not come.
"My... Chatting my girlfriend up, you naughty boy? Mama Yang's going to take offence."

He regarded her with a flat stare, as he had been told to give someone. People liked it when you looked them in the eyes.

"The shower's all yours. Don't use my shampoo."

He went for the bottle of men's shampoo that'd stood mostly full on the small side-table, knowing that the fancy german stuff was Weiss' and the rose-petal blush red strawberry-scented shampoo was Ruby's. Blake seemed to use something that was specifically for Faunus hair, or so the label said.

A quick shower, before he stepped down. Mister Xiao-Long's pyjama's had been perfect for him. The man was slightly broader in the shoulders, but they fit him well. He caught sight of something on the floor in front of Summer's room, picking it up.

'Hmm... I think she lost this.'

He held the small thing on his hand, watching Summer stand there, the bed on the couch already made, a nightgown on that exposed most of her body. "Hello there, good-looking..." Her voice was low, as she prowled to him, a southern drawl coming from her lips. Her nipples peaked against her nightgown, the body that was fit and lithe standing there like she was waiting for something, her eyes half-closed in what he assumed to be a seductive manner.

"Coming my way, or are we going to be riding a rodeo together, hmm?"

Her voice was more confident, as her body pressed against him, his hand moving away, in order not to drop it. She pushed him down onto the couch, her hands rubbing over his chest. There was a look in her eyes, even as he noticed their moistness, the look in them hungry, as if she was a fine diner at a restaurant that served just the right steak.

"I'm going to make you feel like a cow that's just been milked, sweetheart... Yee-haw..."

The lighting was dim, even as he held up his hand. He'd better show her, before he would drop it. He didn't like it when things got dirty. Cleanliness was important. Always being clean was important too.

"Summer?"

He asked her softly, her gaze lifting up, her hands already on the pyjama pants, rubbing over the bulge that laid there. She looked at what he had in his hand, the colour draining from her face. She started to shiver and shake, as if she was really cold. He held it a little closer to her face, only to see the eyes fill with tears.

"Did you drop this?"

She nodded. She looked really really sad right now. Kind of when Miss Salem heard about what Cinder had done. He didn't like it when she was sad. He rubbed over her shoulder, trying to make her less sad. Should he hug her? He liked to hug.

"I'm sorry... I just... Can't. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

She whispered softly, her voice breaking lightly before she moved away from him, stumbling back, catching herself and leaving him sat down there, her fingers having snatched the thing out of his hand and then half-bolting to the stairs, turning her head around, mismatched eyes looking at him, a
deep wine-red and a bright silver colour meeting his eyes, before she fled. Her steps were graceful, as he knew that he would be alone again.

'Just what a retard deserves.'

He turned off the lights before he crawled into the makeshift bed on the couch.

It had just been a coloured contact lens. She probably had dropped it when she exited her room. Why had she fled?

Well... This is certainly interesting to write. I hope everyone is enjoying the story, even if there's not so much focus on the hot and heavy parts. That'll be coming later. That was not a pun.
Jaune woke up slowly as the fog lifted from his mind, the clock in the corner of the room already showing that it was nearly six in the morning. He laid there for a moment longer, hearing the sound of someone coming down the stairs, Summer coming down as if nothing ever happened, her smile enough for him, as her silver eyes glistened once more with that daring of the morning.

'I've done something bad, just like she said.'

The woman swaggered forward, her fingers brushing through her hair. "I'm sorry." She whispered, her voice like an apology, as her body settled against his own. He didn't care for that. He felt better already now that she hadn't been afraid of his weirdness… or disgusted.

"It's fine."

He said, knowing that she felt the same as he did. She was someone who knew the stakes of the world, her hands brushing through his hair, as she moved into his lap, her lips against his own.

A tender kiss, as her fingers slid down. There was a smell on her, some sort of coppery smell, the look on her face tender, as silver eyes looked at him. He had seen wine-red and silver stare at him… Which wasn't weird. Yang's eyes turned a deep red when she was angry, after all. She simply was the mom of Yang and Ruby.

He reacted, her fingers brushing over his groin, her tongue licking over her lips. She looked so fragile, as her fingers brushed over his groin, her touch making his manhood twitch. "I'm sorry…" Her voice was soft, as she nosed against him.

"I'll make it better. I'll… I'll make you love it."

He was sure that she would. Her fingers slid into the pyjama's, grabbing a hold of his manhood. A creak from the stairs and she was up again, her body straightened, the nervous energy around her gone. He could see someone coming down, Yang looking drowsy and tired, a smile on her lips as she beheld her mother, who already was half-way to the middle of the room.

"Good morning, exercise nuts… So… Had good dreams?"

She smiled at him in a way that he didn't really get. It was a light raising of the lips, a small glint in those eyes that was perhaps a bit like what Cinder would've done, but Cinder hadn't been good. Miss Salem had said that it was reprehensible, but Cinder hadn't lied to him, after all.

"I dreamt of all of you."

Her eyebrows shot up, Summer turning to him, having turned around. "I like you." Yang flushed a
little, her laugh somewhat more snappish than before. It was simply the facts as they were.

"Oho? Is the Robot boy going to be flirting, hmmm? Do I need to prepare the condoms?"

The tone probably was when she was teasing, he knew. It was her thing. She was rarely serious, but Blake was… different.

"There's a box in the medicine cupboard."

Summer said, and Yang gave her a look that was like 'Eww', or at least according to the picture that Miss Salem had held up during his social recognition training.

"Mom… I'm not going to…"

He supposed she wouldn't. Who would with a retard? Cinder was right, and it'd been his just desserts.

He closed his legs, turning his gaze away.

"Now, Jaune… Sit… Real men don't cry… No, no, no… But you're not much of a man, are you? Ah… No crying. That's a good retard… Ooh, did that hurt?"

"Jaune?"

He startled a little, drawn from the memory. He looked at Summer, who gave him that warm look. "Do you want to go running with us now?" He smiled. That made sense. He liked it when things made sense.

"Let me get dressed."

He started to undress, Yang looking like she'd have something to say about that, but he didn't care. Why would she care?

"Hmm… Not bad, Arc."

Yang said, Summer looking really happy at him. "If that's what you're packing, Mama Yang's gotta see wh- Oh, shit, I didn't mean it like that mom!" He shrugged, as Summer's gaze turned to her daughter. He sensed an argument coming.

"Please don't fight."

His words calmed down Summer immediately. She had looked angry. Yang looked at him and gave him a nod, as he turned around to get the shirt that he'd put in the bag.

"Nice wood you got there, Jaune."

It was a biological phenomenon. It was nothing that he could help. It was biology and it made sense. You got bigger when you were happy to see someone and when you were waking up too. It was simple, understandable and real.

"Oh. Okay."

He wasn't sure what he should say, Yang getting a smack to her shoulder from her mother.

"No, you say it like 'Hey pardner… Let me ride that bucking bronco for a bit.' That's when you show an interest, back in Texas."
The southern accent slipped through the sentence like a dolphin did through the water on the nature channel on the TV, Summer's nudge to her daughter's side making Yang give her mother a look.

"Your pick-up lines need work, mom. Still… he's seventeen! I'm seventeen!" Summer's smile was warmer as she hugged her daughter.

"Seventeen's the time to make ladies scream."

He supposed that made sense. "No, no, Jaune, get yourself dressed. No need to show us that." He'd been about to show them. "We'll go for a jog and afterwards, you two can hop into the shower together and she can show you all about how she'd ride that bucking bronco, Jaune."

Yang snorted. "I've got a girlfriend, mom. Blake might be the type to do such a thing." He doubted it. Blake was just someone who followed her feelings. He probably was doing something wrong around her, if she got such feelings. He wasn't really worth that much.

"Still… Off we go, sweetie. Time for us to sweat a bit and you to join us."

He was not sure whether Summer would give him good feelings again or whether Yang would interrupt. Summer was a little sad sometimes but that wasn't something he minded.

"Yeah… let me get my top on."

The nightgown that she wore was the same that he'd seen in her bedroom. Yang wore pink. Not surprising, as she was a good-looking girl. He had to admit that, at the least. Ruby was a good friend but she did not have that special thing that Yang had about her, like the warm sun that her name had been based off.

"It's okay."

Summer whispered in his ear, once Yang got up the stairs. "We're going to be... Let's have sex, later. I promised and… and I've only failed one promise before. Summer Rose…" There was a wistful tone to her voice.

"Summer Rose always gets people out of the fire." There was a softness to the woman's tone, as a far-off look entered those eyes. Her hands grabbed a hold of his groin, as her palms pressed against his groin.

"It's going to be fine."

They went on a run from the house, Yang in the lead with him in the middle, the pace set being moderate for the two of them. Yang's eyes looked back at him a few times and she threw him a wink, her fingers sliding through her hair, currently done-up in a ponytail. It was not something that she did often, as she preferred her hair loose, but she looked nice.

"Come on, maggot! Chase after my little bitch like she's offering pussy and making you scream!"

He did as she asked, Yang increasing the pace she set a little, Summer's encouragements all horrible slurs, but it was what people did at times. He'd been called names for most of his early days.

"Jaune, can you tell me what they said?"

The voice of his psychologist had been light and friendly at the start, though he knew that she was just acting. She wasn't at fault. She had been nicer, after he'd started to talk. There was a sadness in
the woman's eyes, even as she apologized.

"Try to see whether you can connect. I'm sure that it's not that bad. Cinder had some glowing recommendations. It might just be a bad fit for the first few meetings."

Cinder always smoked during the time she spent with him. Miss Salem had been understanding, explaining that it was an addiction to some. He didn't like it when Cinder smoked, though he was understanding of others.

As they jogged back to the house, Yang sidled up to him, a smile on her face. The lilac eyes looked into his own for a moment, as she brushed against him.

"Y'know, you smell really strongly of sweat…"

He knew. "So do you. We've been exercising." He could feel a hand pinch his bottom and Yang yelped.

"Mom!"

Summer Rose's face was amused, as her voice came from behind the pair of them.

"Less flirting, more jogging! You can hop in the shower together, if it really is what you want."

He didn't really want to. Yang sounded like she was just trying to get his hopes up.

"Want to go swimming with us in the Emerald lake? Mom said that we're going up to the lake today and…" He saw her smile, as her hand brushed over his side. "And I appreciate what you're looking like. Ruby would too, and Weiss…"

"I'll have to call mom and let her know that I'll stay another night. She doesn't mind."

He knew that she might, but Yang had been nice enough to ask whether he'd like to stay. Summer wouldn't mind it anyways, because she was nice.

"We're taking the special car, Yang. Make sure that you've got your girlfriend under control… " Summer warned, Yang giving a grin.

"I'll be right there with her, mom. This Yang's a clam-jam, yup."

The term was strange to him, as he tried to imagine what a clam would need music for. Summer urged them on to make it into a sprint, his gaze turning back to her to see the half-smile on her face, as her eyes looked at him. It was a kind smile, one that looked like his mom's when she was particularly nice.

Yang got into the shower first, her laughter warm and friendly, as she had turned around, the sweat on her skin glistening in the morning light, running a finger over his cheek. "I'll take a shower first… and then you can. Dirty Yang's gotta have to get clean." The wink that he supposed was flirtatious was just a wink. He shrugged, as the door closed. It was nearly nine in the morning, so he figured that he might as well call his mom.

Grabbing the phone, he dialled the familiar number, mentally counting every number so that he didn't make a mistake, the phone answered after the third beep, his mother's voice coming from the speaker.

"Hello mom."
He could hear a sigh of relief, as his mother seemed to be happy for something or perhaps something else? It was hard to know if you didn't see people's face.

"Yang offered to take me with them to the lake. Can I stay another night?"

"Honey, Jaune's on the phone and asks whether he can stay another night with Miss Rose."

His mother asked his father, who gave his characteristic grump sound, as he thought about the matter.

"Tell him to fondle those hooters!"

The sound of a smack to the head was audible, as his mother sighed deeply. "It's fine, it's fine… Don't hit me!" He'd said that too. It never worked against the bullies. They would always find something to hate and dislike.

"Sure you can… Say, can you put Miss Rose on the line for a moment?" He looked around. Summer was nowhere to be seen.

"She's not here."

He wasn't sure whether to go find her or not. Mom said that she wanted to talk to Summer, so it must be something important.

"Alright, sweetie… I'm just concerned. I don't want you to have another incident."

He closed his eyes. Bad memories. So much shouting. They didn't believe him even though he told the truth. It'd been six hours and nineteen minutes and seventeen seconds until mom had come together with dad. All the shouting. The questions. They never believed him, just because Cinder had said that nobody believed a retard.

"It's fine, mom."

He knew, even as he remembered. He hadn't told, though. They hadn't asked. They had asked many questions, but they hadn't asked. Neither had mom asked. Cinder said that they wouldn't ask, because he was just not functional in this society.

Miss Salem had tried, though. She'd been nice, nicer than the professionalism that she'd shown before. She looked sad sometimes.

"I know, honey, but I don't want you to hurt."

Retards didn't hurt. Nothing really hurt much anymore. He'd just have to keep smiling. Nobody really cared.

"Aww, did the little Jaune hurt? Now, SIT. SIT… That's it, that's it… I'm your friend and this is what you deserve, Jaune. Tell me about Ruby… There, there… Grit your TEETH, you little-! Boys don't CRY, DO they?!

"Jaune? Jaune? Are you okay?"

He was aware that the phone was creaking as he gripped it tightly. His fingernails had dug into his flesh. It was a numbness that he felt. It hadn't been pleasant.

"Fine. Just… Just a bit tired, mom. We went on a run together. Summer, Yang and me."
The worried sound that came from the phone was just mom being mom. He spotted Summer entering the room, wearing a light blue dress, her hair wet from the shower. Summer smiled at him, her eyes glistening with a happy look.

"Mom wants to talk to you."

The look changed to concern, or at least, what he could imagine as being concerned. It wasn't a nice look on Summer's face, he knew. He gave her the phone, Summer immediately starting to talk.

"Good morning to you too, Mrs Arc!"

The chipper tone was at odds with her expression, as a sad look and a happy look alternated. "No, not a problem, no, I'll bring him home tomorrow. My little girl said that she'd be more than happy to take him along, so… Yes, he can lend some of the shorts of my husband, I know…"

Summer was comforting his mama, he knew. It was something that he could see in her manner of standing, as Summer shifted a little on the spot. "No, I think Blake has an eye on him too. My little Yang was flirty earlier today, so you don't have to worry… I don't know what happened, but Ruby was in a state that day and…"

His mother said something that he couldn't hear, and Summer's smile turned really sad. "And I know, Miss Arc. I know your worries. I promise…" Her eyes looked at him as if she'd been whipped or kicked, something in her eyes. "I'll make sure that the kids remain kids… Just for a bit longer. Back when I was with my friend in basic, we said that we'd be the best forever… Then she got a tattoo. Horrid thing, and her brother was a moron as well. I won't let anyone, no… No, not at all."

He could imagine his mother already asking the questions that were hard to answer. Blake descended the stairs with soft feet, her eyes looking at him directly. He met her gaze, as they'd told him to do during social classes. Cinder had not wanted him to look at her, but Miss Salem had stressed the importance of it. He trusted Miss Salem more than Cinder, even though Cinder spoke the honest truth.

A shudder went through Blake's body, as she came closer. He wondered if she was going to kiss him again, or whether she would be able to remain contained for now. "You… smell." Her voice was soft, as her eyes never really moved from him, more specifically, somewhere around his navel, as she brushed against him, her nose pressing against the nape of his neck.

"You should… shower. Yang will be done soon."

Her hands slid down, a tremor going through him as she touched him there. Her eyes were closed and a soft sound came from her mouth, before she was suddenly hoisted back. "Hands OFF, Blake! Go and get something to eat." Summer hissed at Blake, who seemed to be aware of what she'd done, dashing away. He looked at Summer and smiled softly.

"It's okay."

Blake was just curious. She wasn't like he was, so she could be excused. Retards didn't get rights, after all. Blake was a pretty girl. She was with Yang.

"It's not okay, Jaune." He shrugged. It wasn't uncomfortable.

"Yes, yes, I'm back, sorry, my daughter's girlfriend just decided to commit adultery to my Yang."

The look on Summer's face was a little mystified, as she turned her head. "No, I don't think it'll
happen again… It must be the season for that, or something. Faunus always have their weird habits, after all."

"I'll deliver him home tomorrow and we're going to have fun swimming today." The words were better and cheerier than before, as Yang descended the stairs.

"Helloooo there! The shower's all yours, Jaune. Come and wash that sweaty body off before I get needy!"

Summer winced, as he looked at Yang and gave another shrug. If she was needy, she could find Blake. She was too pretty to be involved with him, anyways.

"Thank you."

He said, passing her by. She smirked and smacked his rear. He barely flinched.

"That's the spirit, Jauney boy… We'll get you into something nice and sexy later on and we can be doing Baymatch together!"

He gave her a look. "The show with the beach and the dates?"

"Why would you date me?" He asked, not understanding her one bit. She sighed, smiling lightly.

"I guess… Ah well, I guess there's a difference between you and Ruby. Don't worry about it."

She smiled at him encouragingly. Her smile was nicer than it had been before. He hugged her out of instinct.

"Eww, smelly boy! You're going to make Blake attack me, get off, Jaune." Her voice was amused, as he did as she asked, her hand brushing through his hair.

"Get a shower, bud. You need it."

He was sure that he would. Ruby had never complained, but Weiss had. He'd made sure to be extra clean when he knew she would be around. Thirty scrubs and extra washings. That was now not necessary anymore.

As he showered and cleaned himself, he let his mind wonder for a moment. The door to the bathroom opened and he heard someone get in. "I'll leave the swim shorts here, Jaune." Her voice was muted, with how the shadowy shape of Summer through the glass seemed to be almost distant. "And…" The shower door opened, as she looked at him with tender eyes, heedless of the spray of water that came from the nozzle.

"your mother wants you home tomorrow at eight. I'll… I'll sleep with you tonight."

A hesitant smile, as her eyes looked at him. They were silver and nice. He wondered for a moment how it would feel. "This is…" He responded, standing erect there, her eyes looking down at the result of her presence.

"Oh, Jaune… You sweet man." He smiled at her. She stepped back, her eyes widening a little. "You should… You should save it for Yang. It's… She's…" Hesitation in her eyes, as she looked at him. "She'll be good for you. I'm…" Summer sighed, as she closed the door. He didn't see her expression.

"I'm going to make sure that you'll be the best boy for my girls."
Her voice sounded sad, as if it was a sad thing to her that he would be with her girls. That wasn't so unusual.

"Did she look sad? Oh, you silly little retard... of course she would. She's sad because you exist, Jaune... Now... That's a good little retard... Come on... Don't cry now... Don't you dare fucking cry, you failed abortion. Boys don't cry... Do they? Now... give me a smile, you know... That's what humans do..."

He noticed that the spray was still hitting him and that his manhood was flaccid now. He looked down at it. It hadn't been a pleasant thought. He was supposed to think happy thoughts. Cinder wasn't a happy thought.

He emerged from the shower after having washed every little part of the body that had been dirty. He knew that they would look at him weirdly if he didn't make himself presentable. Everyone was weirdly looking at him.

Ruby never had. She was his best friend and she cared for him. Yang was nice, even if she didn't seem to be okay at times. She was good at some games. Blake was nice too, because she didn't dislike him that much and somewhat liked him? She looked a bit like Cinder, but she was a Faunus.

In the car, he sat next to Ruby, who was seated with Weiss in her lap, Yang up front with Summer, the pretty black sundress that Summer wore today showing clearly that she was ready to be out for an outing.

Weiss didn't like to look at him, he knew. It was obvious now from his own assessment that she loved Ruby and that Ruby loved Weiss. Ruby tried to involve him at times, but she failed. The benign smile on Weiss' face and the frown on her face, whenever he spoke up in comparison to Ruby's reaction, was a clear sign to him that she did not like him.

Blake was leaning against him, her fingers lightly tapping on his shoulder, her eyes looking away from him. The very stern telling-off that Yang had given her had been audible, as Summer had stood there like some sort of guardian gargoyle. Blake had said that she would behave, as it was just her instincts acting up.

That made sense. He'd been born broken and he couldn't be fixed. That was the truth. Sometimes people were just born broken and couldn't be fixed. That's how Cinder had described it a few times, before she told him to sit on the chair.

He hated her cigarettes. She didn't like to stop smoking, and she was always there... always smoking, always commenting.

"We've arrived."

Blake's voice came from his left and he realized that he'd zoned out once more. He got out, Summer giving him a look. Those eyes of hers were soft and with kindness, her fingers brushing over her side. It was clear that she enjoyed his presence if her eyes were so warm and friendly.

"Alright kids, I'll get the parasol out and you can pick a spot..."

He spotted the lake glistening there, watching the tranquillity of the place. Thanks to the surrounding area being mostly cleared for the use of the people, the place was neat, the sand looking fine. Several people already had pitched their little spots, with others having their own place already prepared. One of the small changing rooms looked to be unoccupied, as Yang
sauntered to it, Blake in hand. He had no doubt that they were going to change there.

"Help me with the cooler, Jaune."

Summer asked, and he followed after her, the hot morning already making the heat even less bearable. It was the burden of the man to carry stuff, or so his sisters had told him.

"Mom! Over here is a nice spot."

Ruby smiled at him, Summer setting the parasol down and then unfurling it, the shade that it granted her being something that she desired, the dress lifted up and a bikini showing.

"Ahh… That's the spot." He smiled at her. Her choice of bikini might not be politically correct in this time, but it did suit her. She looked properly patriotic to him. His sister Marble wore a really tiny stars and stripe bikini to the beach once, but this one was more filling. She certainly filled it out well enough, the growing tan on her skin showing the mark of the sun on her flesh.

"Go and swim. I'll remain here for a bit, after the other girls have gotten dressed."

Ruby smiled, her sundress looking as wonderful as it did, his own gaze watching Summer for a moment, as Ruby and Weiss went to the changing stall.

"So, gorgeous… Are you going to swim too, or are you keeping dear ol' Summer happy here?"

There was a question in the woman's voice, the towel spread over the sand to keep it from getting into places where it shouldn't.

"I'll go swim. That's why we got here, right?"

He was sure that Blake and Yang might like a bit of competition. It'd be good for his health. He liked to swim. Summer's face looked a little sad, but she smiled soon after, her fingers brushing over her shoulder, where the tattoo sat.

"Do put some sunscreen on me, sweetheart…"

Her voice was soft, as she handed him the bottle and laid on her back. A pale back stood there for him, her bikini top loosened up. "Put your white stuff on my skin, Jaune…" Her voice was a little throaty as she spoke, her back laid there for him, as he squirted some of the sunscreen on her back. She shuddered, as he started to massage it into the flesh, her skin glistening. Her breathing turned into heavier pants, as she seemed to enjoy his touch.

"Just a bit higher, sweetheart… Come on…"

Her voice murmured, the neck standing there. His fingers massaged the flesh a little, as his sisters had coached him, her body shuddering as he kneaded her neck.

"And the shoulders… Come…"

She smelled nice. She smelled good.

Brushing over the tattoo of a raven, he massaged the skin around it, the fading dark ink already showing signs of being old, the italicized 'Raven' below it shimmering under the coating of sunscreen. There were scars on the woman's body, scars that signified the life that the woman had led in the Marines, the fights that she had been in. He started to go down, his hands reaching to the front. She shuddered, as they gripped her breasts, rubbing the sunscreen into the flesh as well.
It had been a touch that was bad, but the soft moan that came from the woman's lips was light, as her nipples had hardened.

"Just… Just the back, sweetie…"

She didn't want him to just do her back. He complied regardless, as his hands slid down over her fine buttocks, touching over the pale skin, rubbing more sunscreen onto her flesh, starting on her thighs. She twitched a little, a low groan coming from her mouth.

"Lathering my mom up for a bit of action, Jaune?"

Yang's voice barely phased him as he finished making sure that Summer was well-covered, Summer looking at her daughter with a look that he couldn't see.

"At least he's putting his hands on me, rather than your cold hands, Yang. You're just like your mother, always complaining about the cold." Yang grinned, nudging his side.

"C'mon, loverboy… Don't jump my mom yet. She's off the market."

He knew she was. She was Ruby's mom. She was just helping him, as Cinder had tried to help. It was not good help, but Summer wanted to make him feel good.

"Oh, I don't know about that… Are you on the market now, daughter of mine?"

Blake looked like she winced, her eyes looking to the side. She looked a little sad too.

"How about we do a bit of a race to the island, eh? Ought to be good cardio, and if you win… say, we can get a kiss working for you? Blake? You up for a little match?"

Blake's eyes glinted, as she opened her mouth to speak.

"You'll put on sunscreen first, Yang Xiao-Long. I don't want you to look like miss Kitty does."

Blake's healthy tan was enough for most people, as Yang grinned at her mother, her eyes aglow with that amusement.

"Only if your boy toy puts it on this smoking hot body."

Blake looked like she wanted to say something too, but Yang cut her off with a simple look, laying beside her mother. They looked fairly similar, aside from the hair. Summer's red highlights were something that really stood out, but then again, Summer and Ruby looked very much alike as well, save for their curves.

"That's the spirit, Jaune…"

His hands moved over Yang's body, making the white sheen glisten, as Yang's eyes closed and she moaned erotically. Blake was practically leaning over him, her eyes watching as her girlfriend was given her sunscreen.

"C'mon, you can do better… Rub me."

Her voice was a throatier purr, as she raised her body. If one had to compare breast sizes, Yang was a clear winner. His hands did just the same as what he'd done to Summer. A squeak came from Yang's mouth, though she silenced it.

"H-hey… That's…"
He squeezed. Another squeak came from her. "Not... Oh, that's how you wanna play it, right?" Her butt raised and bumped against his groin.

"C'mon... Touch mama Yang. Make my girlfriend look like she's missing out."

It was a flirting technique, he supposed. He let go of her breasts, but Yang's behind kept on bumping against his groin, her body on all fours, even as Yang stretched lightly like a cat would.

"Yang..."

Blake warned, her voice soft and dangerous.

"Got it, kitty... Sorry, Blake only access."

There was a cheeky grin on her face, which confirmed to him that she'd just been teasing. Summer hadn't lied. She hadn't lied to him once.

He knew that she would never lie to him. She felt the same as him, after all. Something inside her was just like him.

They got into the water after he'd made sure to get his shorts on, the fit a little awkward, as Mister Xiao-Long had broader hips than he had. It was strange, but with the cord pulled tight, he knew that he'd keep it up. The others shouldn't see him naked, that was embarrassing.

They started at the shore, looking towards the island in the middle of the lake, something that had been made years before in order to give birds a save haven or something, Yang grinning broadly, the bright yellow bikini that she wore looking like it needed a size-up.

"Remember, if you beat the two of us, you're getting a kiss."

He didn't care about the kiss. Yang was nice to try and spend time with him, and he liked that about her. She'd been there for Ruby too when Cinder had been around too.

He saw Blake bob her head, her body moving faster than before, leaping into the water, starting the race already. He followed after her, as Yang remained there.

"Hey! I didn't say we could start yet! Hold up, guys!"

He was sure that there would be something more said if they had the time, but Blake was getting ahead of him. He continued to swim as fast as he could, just as he'd been taught back when he'd still been under the supervision of his big sisters.

He chanced a look behind him to see Yang there, her blonde head bobbing above the water's surface, Blake ahead of them. Comparing the two of them made it obvious that Yang definitely focused on her upper body, whilst Blake's lower body definition was much more adept at such things as swimming. He saw Blake get out of the water, pulling herself up to her full height and then shaking, turning herself to him, her fingers brushing over her hair and straightening her ears out, tilting her head to the side and shuddering.

He reached the island's shore, getting up from the water and looking at her. Her gaze was amber and gold, her tongue sliding over her lips.

"Do I get a kiss now, Jaune?"

He glanced at Yang, who was still about a quarter of the way behind them, his eyes looking at the
fierce look on her face, the grin that stretched her face as she put some power behind the strokes that she made.

"I guess you did win… But we need to wait for Yang."

He said, as he looked at Yang, who was making steady progress at the speed of… Yang.

She rose from the water, grinning cockily at the two of them, licking her own lips as she sauntered up to her girlfriend, her eyes meeting his own for an instant before she kissed Blake straight on the lips. A soft shuddering exhale came from Blake's mouth as she kissed her girlfriend back passionately.

"Latecomer's kiss…"

That made sense, somewhat. Blake looked at him, before motioning him to come closer. "We've had a talk… and…" She swallowed, as Yang glanced back at the shoreline.

"Let's go a bit more out of sight."

Yang said, and Blake tugged him by the arm, into the brushes. With the trees and the foliage growing, they'd gotten out of sight, a nice and sunny spot.

"Y'see… Mom caught you and Blake kissing."

He nodded. He wasn't sure where things were going. She had kissed him as well. Weiss was the only one who hadn't, yet. Not that she was ever going to kiss him, but it had been hoped once upon a time.

"And… And Blake and I had a chat. It's not fair that you get… y'know, shafted like this. I know you've got the same stuff that Ruby has, and when she feels like this, I can't…"

Yang turned her gaze away, her hair plastered to her face. She looked sad, just like her mom did as she sighed.

"I'll be… just having a taste, Yang. Thank you."

Yang smiled at her girlfriend as she spoke, a sad type of smile that Summer had at times. Summer was okay, so this was going to be okay too. Yang looked happy.

"I promise… I won't… not more than that. I love you."

It was sweet. She loved someone else. He… he didn't really deserve love. Cinder had said as much. "I like you too." Blake's eyes looked at him with surprise, Yang looking at her with a bittersweet expression.

"See? He likes you too… Just… Just remember… Just… that. Okay? No…"

Blake nodded. She looked guilty for some reason, as her ears flattened on her head.

"I promise, Yang. I swear on my mom's ribbon."

A strange expression, but it made Yang look a little happier. "Adam is over, and… And I don't think Jaune would ever do… something like that. It's just… It's just feelings."

He smiled at her and Blake's eyes dulled for a moment. "I'll… I'll make sure that it feels good, Jaune. Don't… Don't worry. If it's not good, then… then you won't have to bother. Yang'll be…"
Yang'll be enough, and I'll…" The girl's head turned down, as Yang laid a supportive hand on her shoulder.

"I swear, Yang, this is the last time… If I don't… If I don't, please… forgive me."

Uncertainty, doubt and more things came from Blake, even though he didn't know what she wanted. Was this going to be like Cinder? Was this like Ruby and at the cinema?

Yang looked away, smiling but not smiling. She looked a little like Summer did. "It's okay… whatever it is. I want to help." Yang looked at him, her eyes looking a little damp. Her hair was still wet from the water, as her finger brushed over her eyebrow, seemingly getting some of the water out.

"Thanks, Jaune. She's… She's better at explaining, I'll just… You'll come find me, right?"

She looked nervous, uneasy and a little sad. Blake smiled at her girlfriend.

"Of course… Your mom would not approve, but…"

Yang looked sad. "Thank you for understanding. You… You're the little sun that makes me shadow a bit less." Yang smiled softly, though it didn't really reach her eyes.

"I'll get a tan… Top off, tits out… You just… do things. I'll… I'll wait."

She was gone, and he thought that he could hear a sigh come from her, as Blake turned to him, her hand brushing over his shoulders.

"I'm sorry, I'm just…"

Her tongue traced over his neck, tasting his skin. Her hands didn't stop, as they went down, grabbing the front of his swimshorts. She kneaded, her eyes heavy. They were golden-yellow in colour, her tongue licking over her lips.

"You smell so good…"

Her teeth nipped against his skin, as he felt her hands slide up, slowly undoing the pants. He could hear someone give a sound, much like a pained wheeze, catching sight of golden hair for an instant, Yang not having been out of earshot perhaps.

'That's not good…'

Blake's fingers got into his shorts, tearing them down. The Faunus girl slid down, kissing over the bare skin, her moans louder in the stillness of the island. Kisses against his stomach tickled, as her hands seized a hold of his groin, squeezing and massaging slowly, a tender moan coming with every squeeze, as her gaze went down.

"So big… So manly…"

A guttural and needy sound, as her nose brushed against the head of his cock, her eyes looking at him, her ears peaked, her mouth opening, as her tongue slid over his head.

"The smell of a man… Yessss….. Look at me, Jaune."

He did, his eyes meeting hers. He hardened, his cock pushing against her lips. The blunt head looked an angry purplish-red in comparison to Blake's tanned skin, as the Faunus girl pressed her face against it. "So warm… Hmmm…” Her tongue slid down, caressing his balls. Her golden eyes
widened a little, as her mouth plopped loose.

"A man…"

Her heavy breathing was a sign of her enjoyment, even as he watched her fingers slide over his thighs.

"This is what she can't give me… A strong man's cock…"

There was a look in her eyes that was like a deep need had erupted inside her mind, her gaze looking right into his own, her breathing heavier now that her lips had spoken those words.

"Why?"

He asked, curiously watching how her nose bumped up and down against the cock. She didn't answer, merely pulling the head between her lips. Her low moan was encouraging, as his hands grabbed her head. She went stiff, before she relaxed. He gently guided her down, her mouth like a hot warm cavern in which his cock was sliding.

She sucked, stronger than Summer did, her head moving with swift bobs, her eyes never leaving his. He blinked a few times, but stared at the way that she continued to suck and squeeze his manhood, a hand at the base, her other hand grabbing his balls. A twinge of pain hit, as he was reminded of other golden eyes, as he watched her carefully.

She seemed to love it, if the look of dreamy comprehension in her eyes was enough, his eyes looking into Blake's still as he felt the need to come well up. Blake comprehended that motion, as her head seemed to move towards the base, taking it in in one go, her hands squeezing his balls gently. He felt her nails dig into the flesh as he came, her eyes looking at him, her mouth plopping open, the last few dregs shooting into her mouth, on her tongue, showing the gooey mess that he'd made in her mouth.

She closed her mouth, before she glanced down. Something seemed to interest her, though it was just something natural. He wasn't any different from anyone else, he had been told.

"Oh, you've got your tribals too? That's… nice. My cousin Sienna has them too. She's got the marks all over her body." He didn't know what she was talking about, until she cradled his balls and raised them up.

"It's not eh… That."

Blake's head tilted to the side, as her tongue slid over her lips, some of the remnants of his release remaining there. She looked curious, like the cat from the saying. "I don't like needles…"

"Ah… I'll ask Yang about it. I didn't know humans got markings too."

Blake dismissed it, looking at him. "I'm… I'm not bad, I swear." She mumbled, her body rising once more, after she pulled his shorts up again. He could've done it himself, but Blake looked relieved.

"It was something that I deserved."

Blake looked wistful for a moment, letting go of the shorts. They fell down once more, and she sighed. She wasn't feeling pity, he hoped. He deserved none.

"My ex stabbed me too… Mom had to take me to the hospital… She was about ready to take a
sledgehammer to his face too. Dad probably would have killed him, I didn't want that. He'd been... nice. We were going to..."

A soft sigh came from her. "These feelings… I pleaded with Yang to make this happen, because… because I know my body. It wants someone strong, someone who's able to… do things. I'm sorry, but…" She looked at him with doubt in her expression.

He told her exactly what she needed to hear. "It's okay. I don't have… like, high hopes. It felt good." She smiled softly, as she laid her head back.

"I'm a very loyal cat, am I not? My girlfriend's away, and I just sucked a guy's dick… Fuck…"

She looked better though. There was less tension in her body, even as she swallowed. "I'll… It's between us three, alright? People wouldn't… wouldn't understand. Hell, Yang doesn't even understand fully and I… I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

He wasn't worth much. At least he would make her happy for a bit. Summer was happier when he was around as well. That much was true at least. She looked at him before she stood on her tiptoes and then kissed his cheek.

"You're too nice… Too dependable. I'm… I felt bad for you, what with she did. I'm sorry, we should've said something and Yang shouldn't have…" He smiled, patting her on the head. She was able to apologize, which was good. He didn't want her to be upset with him.

"It's okay. It's what I deserved. Cinder was right, after all." Blake gave him a sad smile, before she sighed. She slowly got up to her feet again, her nipples poking against her bikini top. She hadn't tugged that down, or away... so he didn't think there was going to be sex. That was good. Summer said that she would make him better for Ruby and Yang. They were important.

"I guess I'll go find Yang… Still, I hope that you finish the tribals. They look a little raw…"

They always did. They didn't really get noticed quickly due to the colour of his pubic hair. It had taken a few months to grow the hair back.

"I'll wait here."

He said, looking at Blake as she moved as swiftly as a shadow. He waited for nearly five minutes, having kept his shorts on once more, Yang returning with Blake. Yang looked a little worse than before, her eyes a little red, but she smiled at him.

"Hey there, Jauney... Did you like my little kitten?"

Her voice was teasing, but her eyes were a little sad. He supposed that it might be due to Blake's urges.

"She was nice."

Blake smiled at him, kissing her girlfriend's cheek. Yang looked uncertain and a little sick, but her gaze was on him then.

"He tastes nice. Strong. He's not so bad, Yang."

Yang looked worse after Blake said that, her Faunus ears twitching a little. "You shouldn't judge
him, he's a strong man. He'll make us happy." The words weren't uncertain, a smile on his lips.

"I'll tell you more when we're back."

Blake sort of was happy... so that meant that things were better. Ruby didn't like to lose people and neither did he like to see people unhappy.

As he swam back to the shore, he watched Yang and Blake keep a pace, the latter looking somewhat guilty, as he did the backstroke like he'd been taught, just watching the sky above him, aware that he was nearing the shore by the difference in sounds that came from around him. As he emerged, he looked at Weiss and Ruby, currently engaged in a game of tag. Weiss looked much less burdened by whatever was on her mind as she laughed, Ruby engaging in the game more than she would with him.

He saw Blake and Yang emerge from the water, Yang looking at him with a smile that was a little more watery than before, as she nudged Blake and said something that was too low for him to hear. The two of them walked along the shoreline before he went back to Summer.

He was thirsty. He needed something to drink. Blake was a good girlfriend for Yang. She had apologized, because she couldn't help it. Cinder probably would've disliked Blake too. Cinder hadn't been nice, but she'd told him enough.

It was the strong who created destiny and the weak who were ground below the heels of the strong.

Well, this story is an interesting thing to write. Teenage shenani-Yangs. Next chapter... Summer's going to get to fulfil her promise!
He sat down next to Summer, feeling the warmth of the sun radiate down on his legs. The woman was laid out, her dark hair looking like it required another brushing, the set of sunglasses that she had donned in the interim enough for her to gain some shade, her eyes looking at him with a devious glint in them, as her hand reached out and brushed over his side.

The touch wasn't unpleasant, but he remembered Blake. Blake had been... affectionate? But Yang had been sad and that was because of him. "Can I have a drink?" He asked, Summer getting up, her eyes behind the sunglasses focused on him.

"Of course, sweetheart... Soda?" He nodded, as she leaned to the cooler, giving him a wonderful side-along picture of her body, the muscles that moved below the skin like a beautiful concert. Not like the muscles that Yang had or Blake's athletic body, but a body that had been forged through service, her body shivering for a moment as she reached into the cool depths of the cooler.

"It's not the brand you like, but..." He smiled. She had tried at least to accommodate him. She knew what he liked and she made sure that she had some, the fizzy drink popped open, the fizz soothing to his ears as it popped and hissed. He drank some of it, feeling a new wave of energy fill him. He could see Ruby and Weiss play along, water droplets cascading off Ruby's form, Summer sitting down next to him again.

"Do you like Ruby?"

Her voice was soft, questioning. Since there was nobody else with them, he knew that she wouldn't judge, nor that there would be any issues from people getting sad. She got sad too.

"She's my best friend."

Her voice was absent, as he watched his friend play with her girlfriend, a look on Summer's face that was like the mask had slipped off.

"Just a... best friend?"

Her voice sounded hollow, as she took a deep breath. He laid a hand on her thigh, patting it to comfort her. She startled, but allowed it.

"And... And Yang?"

Yang was sad. Was he supposed to tell about how Yang's girlfriend made him feel good? He had a feeling that Summer would be upset, so he wasn't sure... This might be private stuff that Yang wouldn't want her mother to know.

"Meet Cinder, Jaune. She's going to be your friend."

He knew that some things were to be kept private. He remembered that meeting, the woman dressed in a simple set of fashionable clothing in a dark blue style, her golden eyes looking at him as if she was happy. Miss Salem had smiled and said that it would be okay.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Jaune. You look... nice."
He'd worn his fancy clothing. He had wanted to make a good impression on the woman who was to be his buddy. Her eyes had shone with an interest, a like. She'd smiled really prettily at him, as she'd taken him in the car to a nice place.

"So... Tell me a little, Miss Salem didn't really... go in-depth. What's a handsome young man like you doing with a woman like me?"

It had been nice, to see someone look at him with an interest. She had been... pleasant, for the first three meetings. It had been pleasant. She had liked looking in his eyes and asking about his family.

"Yang is nice, but..."

She was sad. That wasn't a good thing, and he wouldn't shame her privacy by telling her mother about what she'd allowed her girlfriend to do. Summer didn't much like Blake, he thought.

"Listen up, retard... I don't care. You looked good, you looked... suitable, but all I get is a 'I don't understand'! Don't you know how blessed you are with your looks? How... Argh!"

Cinder had changed too, after six meetings. She had been more physical. He didn't mind the touches, she said that she had been friendly and that this was a thing that friends did.

An arm wrapped around his shoulder and he felt Summer's head lay against his shoulder, her expression looking forlornly at the water, where Ruby and Weiss were currently engaged in a battle of 'catch the beauty', if he'd remembered Saphron's words well enough.

"I'm..."

Summer spoke up, her voice heavy. "I'm not a good woman." An admission of guilt, where he saw none.

"I don't care."

The words came out suddenly. He knew that she would care, that she would...

No, she wasn't like Cinder. She cared differently. Cinder had told him of his place in the world, of what he was good for.

"Open your MOUTH, Jaune! There... There... This'll make you feel good for a bit... Now... hold still... Come on, stand up... That's it, look at the camera..."

He pulled Summer closer, smelling the scent of her hair. It was a light fragrance that let him worry less. It wasn't cigarette smoke. Cinder had always smoked. She had told him that it kept the smell of retard out of the room.

He was just bad. He was...

Yang stomped up to them, her face looking a little messy, as if she'd been crying. No doubt thanks to him. Something was wrong with him, that was why Blake had been doing those things. She'd commented about the... thing.

"There, there... Don't you CRY, Jaune... Come, now... That's a good little retard... You don't even understand, do you? Now... TAKE your PUNISHMENT! This is what we do to your kind."

He closed his eyes. He could still remember it. He wanted to curl in on himself, make himself small, like he should. She'd said that it would be punishment for his existence, for the sadness he
caused his parents and sisters by living.

"Hey mom... Jaune."

He didn't notice Blake anywhere around, Yang's eyes a little restless, as they found him. "Can I get a hug, mom?" She looked a little less sad now, and Summer got up, the body of the woman in motion, hugging her daughter without a care about how she looked.

"What's the matter, sweetie?"

Summer asked, her voice soft and understanding. Miss Salem had understood, even if she had told him that things were going to be fine. Ren and Nora wouldn't understand, even Pyrrha wouldn't. Pyrrha hadn't liked Cinder much, probably due to the way that she smoked. He wasn't supposed to show the marks to them.

It had been punishment. He'd upset his family too. They hadn't been happy to see him. So many questions, so many questions, all the questions repeating and repeating, no matter what he said.

"I'm... I'm sort of mad at Blake."

Yang muttered. He could understand. Yang looked at him over her mother's shoulder, a look in her eyes that was... pitying? He didn't quite understand.

"We had a fight, she's..."

A deep sigh came from Yang, as she shrugged her shoulders, getting out of her mother's embrace and looking at him with a look, as if she was going to say something. "You're..." She sighed deeply.

"You're a good guy, Jaune."

He didn't think so. He'd hurt Yang and he'd made Blake hurt too. He was not a good guy, he was not even a good human. "Thank you." He wasn't too certain that he would need to say thank you, but it was something that people said to those that they were familiar with, after all. He was not going to be rude.

"Think we can... take a walk, Jaune?"

Summer looked a little happier, perking up a little, happy that Yang was showing an interest in her daughter, the pleasure inside her eyes something that made him wonder whether there was more to the request.

"I want to finish this drink. It'll lose the fizz if its left too long."

Yang laughed, smiling at him with a smile meant for humans. It seemed to be so normal, but he knew that she would just humour him. She was going to hurt him too. He could bear it. At most, he'd just limp a little more.

"Just like my little sis... Sure, finish your drink."

Her eyes were less guarded, less worried somehow, but he could see that she wasn't happy. Summer wasn't happy too, but she looked better when he did things with her, when she needed it.

As he walked along the shore with her, he caught the troubled expression on her face, the sand between his feet itchy, his eyes watching the expression carefully for any sign that she was going
to be upset with him. He didn't want her to be upset, even as she moved with delicate steps.

"I'm not mad at you."

He heard her say, his eyes glancing at her. She smiled, or at least tried to smile. "You've... You've taken the edge off her. She's... she's different from us humans." He didn't show his inner thoughts on his face.

'I'm different from you humans too. I'm just someone who should've been drowned at birth.'

"But... Jaune... She told me that you have..." She looked away, her sentence halted. It took a moment for her to speak up again, more hesitantly.

"That you smell... good." Her voice cracked, and she looked messed up. "I'm doing something wrong... She doesn't like me, and she wants me to be her girlfriend, but... I love her."

It was understandable. He smiled. The truth always came out, Cinder said. The strong lived and the weak were ground below the boots of the strong. "I like her, but she isn't interested in me for me." He knew that much.

"You like too many people, Jaune."

Yang said, giving a smile that made her look really pretty, a hand brushing through her hair. "I'm... I'm not sure... I don't want to deny her, but... But what she did was shitty to you as well."

He laughed. It was a simple 'ha-hah' that was as he felt. "It's fine." He said, giving her his best smile, just like he'd practiced. It was the smile of someone who was happy, according to Miss Salem. "I'm... I'm fine."

He didn't feel fine. Yang grabbed his hand, and she pulled him closer to her. Her lilac eyes turned angrier and redder, something that some people seemed to have when they felt strong emotions.

"You're not. I know you've got a problem with processing stuff, and I'm..."

He looked her in the eyes. It wasn't supposed to be like that, but it stopped her short. She looked at him and suddenly seemed to realize something. "Oh... Jaune... Why... Why do you like us? We've been shitty to you, tolerating you more because of Ruby than..."

'Because you still see me as human, even though I'm not.'

The answer was something that he should never voice. Miss Salem had looked really sad for a moment. It had been a nice hug, as the woman had said that things would be okay, that she wasn't going to let anyone do anything to him again. Miss Salem understood too. She saw the void inside, that hopeless darkness that came ever closer.

Summer had that too, whenever he looked her in the eyes. That hopelessness, that bleakness and knowing that you were barely there, that understanding of that feeling and that moment when you were unable to do anything.

"Because you were nice to me. You're nice to Ruby and she's nice." Yang's eyes looked confused. "Cinder was right. I'm not like you." He voiced it, opposed to thinking it. Yang's eyes blazed with anger.

"That bitch has nothing to say about you. She might've... Alright, I would've thought worse of you if I didn't know..." She looked sad again. It was something that might be guilt, but Cinder had said
that she was going to make sure that he'd be taken care of. That's what happened to defects.

"She didn't like Ruby much."

He said, as his gaze turned away. It'd been dislike at first sight.

"See? That's what you get when you breed retards together... Bad genes. You don't really think that she would keep you around for your 'friendship', right? Don't kid yourself, Jaune... I'm the friend you need... I know what's right for you..."

Ruby didn't know and she would never know. He wanted to make sure that she wouldn't know, because she was his friend. She didn't deserve to be spoiled by the reality of this world.

"No, that was fairly obvious, Jaune. I knew you were with us that night, so..."

He sighed. "Are you two breaking up?" He asked, her eyes difficult to glean information from as he changed the subject, not willing to go back to that dark place.

"No, we're... You're a really great guy, despite your handicap."

He smiled, though he didn't feel it one bit. She was the girl who had been more or less teased and stayed in the background with her girlfriend, not really someone who would do things with him. She was his best friend's sister, and she was... difficult to know.

"We'll get through this... And... And thank you for not being a horny boy who'd want to fuck my girlfriend." He smiled at her, more genuine.

'Nobody would want to have my children.'

It was what had been said, what had been whispered behind his back whenever he'd been with his mother at the appointments at the hospital. It wasn't said aloud, but there were worries that it had been because he had been born with autism. It didn't hurt him, but he saw his mother shudder under the weight. His father had just denied it. There was nothing wrong with him or his son, and Jaune knew that it was perhaps denial of reality or merely that his father saw something that he didn't...

"I'm not going to hurt you. I'd be sad if you were hurt."

The smile on Yang's face was sad too, as she wrapped an arm around him.

"That feeling's good... But I'm a taken girl, y'know."

Her words were strange, though it seemed more like a defensive manoeuvre than anything else for her, as her eyes widened and she took a step away. "I don't mean it like... that, I want my... I want her to be happy." He nodded in understanding.

"Weiss and Ruby are off in their little world, Blake's ran off to god knows where..." Yang sounded a little out of it, as she looked at him. "You're there, mom's there..." A deep sigh came from her lips, as she looked at the side. "Y'know, sometimes I just wonder if life's making any sense for you."

"It does."

He smiled at her. It was nice and structured, and he knew that Summer liked having him around. She was better than Cinder and she didn't smoke.

"If Blake tries to do something again and I'm not there..."
Her voice was hesitant, as she seemed to be sad. He pulled her in for a hug, to which she didn't resist. "Jaune, listen, I'm..."

He kissed her. Summer quietened down when she was kissed, so Yang would do so as well. She froze up, her lips like plump cherries against his own, a startled sound coming from her mouth, as he kissed her, breaking the kiss. She pushed him away, her eyes looking wild and confused.

"Do you feel better?"

She looked weirded out, touching her lips and looking at him, her eyes holding a strange mix of happiness and sadness. "That's... That's... No, I... Yes?" She sighed, his hand brushing over her shoulder, trying to offer what comfort he could.

"Stop it."

Her voice was weak, and he did. She had told him to, after all.

"I'm... I don't know what to feel. I feel worried for you, I feel worried for Blake, I..."

She looked lost and helpless, just like he had. He smiled. "Don't worry. All will be okay."

"How can you... You don't even know what it's like to love someone so much and- Oh, no, I didn't mean it like that, I'm sorry." She looked sad, as she'd said the truth. He smiled. Just like he had to.

'No, you're right. '

"Cinder said that too. I was unworthy of love."

Yang's eyes widened, as he nodded. It made sense.

"She was wrong, Jaune. You're worthy of love, even if you're not... men-no, that's wrong, that's... I'm sorry." He nodded, understanding her placating words. They were always to placate and delay, to hide the truth.

"You're a wonderful girl. I'm happy we are... friends?"

He tilted his head, pursing his lips in thought. She was Yang, so she would know better than him.

"You're more than a friend, Jaune. You're..."

She sighed, turning away. "You should forget what that woman said. If I didn't have Blake..." There was a wistful tone in her voice. "You're dependable, a bit like my dad... And... And you're like Ruby."

He smiled. Yang was such a nice person. "I like you too." He knew that he was not worthy of such a wonderful girl, but Summer had said that she would gladly help him experience sex.

"What did Cinder say?"

His brow furrowed. He didn't like thinking about it, Yang's expression a little cool, as if she was thinking... or getting angry.

He mimicked her pronunciation of the word. The word Liebe meant love, right? It was German, since Cinder was from... Europe, thereabouts. She spoke German, French and English, having studied at the University of Vienna, if he remembered it correctly.
"That sounds... Hm."

Yang made a face. "I'll ask Weiss about it. She's the German of our little team, after all." He smiled, knowing that Yang was still okay with him.

"You were born with looks, with strength and yet weak in mind, Jaune. Why would I even care for you, huh? SIT. SPREAD. This is retribution for the mistake of you being born. I don't like touching retards."

She had been honest, at least. He punished himself a few times for his failure of being human, because he knew that it was right. Cinder had been right, as nobody looked at him fondly after... well... Things.

"Does that feel good? DOES THAT FEEL GOOD, HUH? How's that... A little... Oh, what do we have here? DID I TELL YOU TO FEEL GOOD?!"

It had been punishment. He didn't like when she did it, but it had been right. She had been his buddy and she had known the right things. She knew how to interact with people. Miss Salem had thought that he lied.

"Oh... that's just the weakness burning out of your system, Jaune... There, there... Big boys don't cry. Bite DOWN. SHUT UP. Oh... does that hurt? Here, let me finish it. Just a little more..."

He hated her smoking. She always smoked when she gave him his just punishment. Her name meant 'Like', at least, in the way that she had explained to him. Cinder hadn't lied to him.

"Jaune?" Yang sounded a little sad, as she looked at him. He noticed that his hand had dug another mark onto his thigh, as he turned away. He'd shown weakness.

"Are you alright?" Her voice sounded like the others. His mother had been concerned, after Cinder had done what she had done. It had been his problem, his mistakes. It was all true.

"I'm fine." He said, his smile on his face again. Yang looked a little sick, as her eyes looked into his.

"You don't just... You don't look like that when you're fine, Jaune."

He knew that he should probably keep his face neutral. It wasn't like someone would care. "You don't look so... sad." He smiled, more like the smile that he felt on the inside. She looked sadder.

"I'm not... I'm not good with dealing with things that I can't punch."

He smiled at her, more genuine than before. Cinder hadn't liked that. Yang had been popular, Cinder had seen as much. Ruby was just the cheap abortion that couldn't be erased, whilst Yang shone. He didn't think that it was true what Cinder had said. Ruby was nice. She was able to know the world as he knew it, but he was the one who had been born wrong. Ruby was able to love someone.

"It's okay. I need some time to think about things."

The simplest excuse. Nobody cared. Nobody would care. Summer, maybe. Summer cared, at least somewhat. Blake was... understanding, on some level. She had felt the same, maybe.

"Blake really loves you. I can see it in her eyes. She's... She's felt pain."
Yang's eyes looked at him, a sullen look, as her gaze slid away. "And she'll be good for you. Better than me. I don't need your pity."

He left her there, walking back along the beach, following the steps that he had made, the water having washed away several of them. He could see Ruby bouncing up to him, a smile on her lips that seemed to be indomitable.

"Hey Jaune! Want to play with me and Weiss?"

He could see the look in Weiss' eyes. It was just like Cinder's, disapproving and cold. He'd never put the two of them together, but he could understand where they were coming from. "No, I'm going to sit with your mom." Ruby smiled, as he felt the stare change somewhat.

"It IS your fault that she's sad, Jaune... Why would she ever be with some low-quality man like you, hmm? Oh... Did that hurt those non-existent feelings of yours? Does the little baby need a lollipop? You just don't LEARN, do you? SIT. SPREAD. Oh, that that hurt? Well, I better do it again!"

"Ah, okay! Enjoy! Mom's smiling more when you're around."

It was a thing that he'd live for... Someone who understood. Someone who could get him. It was all so hard some days.

He sat down next to Summer, the woman staring into the distance, her eyes light, her arm wrapping around him by her own volition.

"Are you okay?"

He wasn't sure who asked, as the question hung in the air. She didn't answer, and neither did he. He could feel something inside her, some sort of frenzied energy, as he laid his head against her shoulder, as she had done to him.

He saw Yang and Blake walk together, Yang gesturing, making a motion in his direction. He gave a little wave, even as Summer brushed a hand over his head. It was comforting. She never was someone who would do him ill.

On the trip back, he could feel nothing but the wind rushing through his hair, his eyes closed as he listened to the sound of the engine, the motor running like it should, his mind a hundred miles away, almost.

"And... almost done... Oh, are you crying? Big boys don't cry... But you're not a human, are you? There... All done, so that anyone who sees you knows what you are. They'll know that you're worthless. Nobody would ever love you... Aww, did that strike a nerve? Good retards are never seen..."

The shock of the brakes jolted him, the others getting out of the car, already talking about things. Weiss and Ruby were getting ready to go to the lake another time, the feeling of love between the two of them something that he could almost see. Ruby wanted him to stay around. She liked his presence.

Sometimes, one had to make a decision. He knew that he was bad, and that he wasn't much to look at. Cinder had said that his body was perhaps a decent thing, but that the mind was sick and twisted, like something that you found on the road.
"She... She did that? Oh... Oh... Please, please, I..."

He'd told his psychologist after the fuss had died down during their session. It had been mandatory. His mother had brought him to the place and had waited for him. That had been nice.

"No, that's... That's wrong, Jaune. You are worthy of..."

Miss Salem had looked disturbed, weak and tired. She'd actually cried. A woman who had been professional had actually cried, as he told her the words.

She'd grabbed a big bottle of an amber liquid and poured the drink into the mug,downing it in one go. She'd looked so sick and sad that he'd almost hugged her, because she'd hugged him.

"I'm... I'm legally obligated to tell the authorities, Jaune... I'm... Alright... I'll seal it in the file and we'll talk about it later. It's..."

He'd asked. She had looked really sad. More of the bottle was drunk and the woman had pulled out some papers. They'd been forms, important ones that his mother had to sign, as well as his father.

"I want to see you after the summer, Jaune. Please, do... Don't do what she said. It was a bad match and... And I'm here as your psychologist, not... But... Don't ever think..."

It had taken time, but he hadn't wanted to deal with it ever again. Mom had been really sad when she'd picked him up. It'd just be more embarrassment. Cinder had said that nobody would believe him. She'd always been right. They'd asked so many questions.

But it would've hurt Ruby too. He liked Ruby. He didn't want her to hurt.

He sat at the dinner table, looking at the food, his mind replaying a few of the conversations that he'd had today. Blake had been withdrawn, and he wondered if he'd upset her by enjoying her presence. She had been... open. But she had been nice. He just wanted to...

"It's easy. A simple step and then a rush before it ends with a crunch. It'd make everyone stop hurting and it'd make the hurt inside you disappear."

His mother had told him that it was a bad thing to do. If you hit a car, you'd make people sad.

"Trying to murder the meatball, Jaune?"

Summer's voice came from the opposite side of the table, her eyes light as he stabbed at the meatball with his fork again. He'd barely eaten anything off his plate, watching the meatball roll around.

"It's just trying to escape."

He said, trying to make light of it, even as he knew that Ruby was...

He looked in her direction. She was absorbed with Weiss, talking about some weird little thought she had in her mind. Weiss was humouring her, whilst Blake looked at him with a gaze that was saddened.

"Do finish your plate, sweetheart."

Summer said so, and so he ate it. It was cold spaghetti, but it didn't matter. It had been made with love, a dash of special spice and much... or so Summer had said when she'd served it, her eyes
looking brightly at him and the others, like a mother should.

"Thank you, Summer."

Her voice made him cheer up slightly. He just felt so tired.

"You need your strength for tomorrow, honey. I'm going to wring you out."

Her lips smiled, as her eyes met his own with a glint of amusement in them. They were warm and friendly, looking into his own as he did, her body angling lightly to pat her daughter on the head, Ruby giving a happy smile.

"Thank you."

He said, as he finished the spaghetti, putting his fork and knife in the position where it should, Weiss giving him a look.

"Can we... talk for a bit, after the dishes are done?"

Blake's soft voice came from the side, Yang's hand on her girlfriend's shoulder. It was a sign that they'd probably made up again, which was good. Yang deserved someone who loved her.

He was guided into Yang's room, the pink stuff shoved aside and a seat set before the bed, as Blake took a seat on the bed, together with Yang. He was sure that they wouldn't want to do some sex stuff, because Yang and Blake were in love.

"Jaune... I was thinking about what you said and..."

Yang's voice was light, as she nudged Blake.

"I'm sorry. My hormones are telling me to find a strong man and..." It was not an apology. It was a lie. He wasn't a strong man. Strong men did not have that mental retardation that he had. "Well, have sex with them. My... My ex and I were..." It was a sad smile on her lips. "intimate too. He didn't like it that I wanted to do track and... We didn't part very well."

It was a sad smile on her face, as Yang looked at her girlfriend with a look of understanding.

"You've told me this already and... I thought you were..." Blake winced, as she took a deep sigh.

"I'm sorry. I... I guess I need to tell you one of these days... But I wanted him to know that..."

Her voice sounded so weary and tired that it was good enough for him to know that Blake was sad that he existed too. "It's not something that I can change, I'll... It's like a craving, an instinct." Yang looked sad. He felt sad too.

"I guess it's true. You can't help how you feel and I can't feel."

He had heard it enough. He couldn't process emotions like normal people could. He couldn't empathize with people.

"it's not... I like you, and I love Yang but... I want us to..."

He got up. This conversation was over. Who would ever like him for who he was? Blake certainly didn't. Yang didn't. Ruby did, but she was with Weiss. Weiss and Cinder were just the same in their distaste...

"Have a good talk. I'll be downstairs."
He turned away. He was feeling a little weak.

"Crying again? Don't you KNOW? Oh... Head up straight, Jaune... That's it... Sniffle sniffle, like the little mindless beast that you are. We should have just ended that little strand of weakness... Smell the ashes? That's all of your hope, going up to the sky... leaving you with nothing."

He descended the stairs. His hand wiped at his cheeks, coming away wet. It was just weakness leaving the body. He did what should happen to weaklings. It hurt. Not so much, but it hurt less than when she did it.

Summer stood at the bottom of the stairs, looking at him. Her silver eyes just looked at him, before a smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "Don't hurt yourself, sweetie." Her voice was light, as she ascended the stairs, meeting him half-way.

"I don't want you to hurt."

He knew that he was safe, as she wrapped her arms around him, guiding him down the stairs, leading him towards the couch. He saw that nobody else was downstairs, the feeling of being alone with her increasing the comfort. It felt better, even though he knew that she felt what he felt on the inside. She pushed him down, straddling his lap, her eyes looking into his own with that hint of understanding.

"You'll be the best man for my little Ruby... She's... She's just a little confused. Yang and Blake are... together, yes. The cat will cheat on her sooner rather than later..."

Her hand brushed through his hair, as she pushed his head against her chest. It was a comfort that he felt, a lingering brush that made him feel so warm and safe.

"I'm not going to let you..."

Her words were soft, as her hand pushed his head up, her lips against his own. "do that to yourself again. Don't hurt yourself." Her lips moved, as she kissed him. She was nice. Her eyes were a deep silver colour, as she held him, her fingers stroking through his hair.

"No matter what..."

She exhaled, laying against him, keeping him aware. She was very similar to Ruby in stature, even as she pulled herself up, seating herself next to him.

"You're the best boy for my girls."

Her words seemed to be hollow... He could understand her better now. The best boy for her girls... but for her, there was nothing. There was nothing but the care for the smile of the girls, a feeling of being unworthy.

She turned the TV on, watching the news. It barely seemed to register in her eyes, as the newscaster spoke about a great tragedy that had happened in a shootout, her eyes merely gazing at the screen, her gaze never stopping, a look on her face, as the newscaster spoke of the injured and those who had left their lives.

It was silence between the two of them, as she guided him up to her bedroom once the clock had hit eleven. It was a moment of solace, a moment of care, a moment of standing there before that door, as she slowly clicked the door open, the key turning in the lock. She always locked the door.

"One moment. Go to the bathroom and freshen up a little, sweetie... I need to prepare."Her voice
was soft, hushed, as she closed her eyes and then stepped through the portal, the door closing softly, leaving him standing there.

He did as she had suggested. He went to the bathroom, his body feeling some sort of excitement go through it. He washed his hands three times, as that was only proper...

He stood before that door again, the door opening a crack and seeing crimson eyes look at him. It was a look that was daring and bold, confident and perhaps a touch impish, as she pulled him in. A heavy perfume, as red eyes looked at him, a smile on her face. She looked more like Yang now, the age-lines on her face not as masked by makeup, as her eyes locked with his own. The door shut behind him, and her lips were on his.

He saw the bed, bold and broad in the room, the glints of light reflected against the small reflective surfaces, a large cloth draped over something that looked to have stripes, a singular frame set upon it, a side-table sat against the wall as some sort of bedside table, upon it a single LED clock blinking with the hour. Already, the bed had been opened, the side for them to enter.

She kissed him with a passion that he couldn't believe, her hands sliding up and down over his body, tracing over his groin with deft fingers, her gaze searing and heated. "A man..." Her voice was heavy with the thickness of emotion, as her lips found his again. The thin black night-gown that she wore outlined her breasts perfectly, the night-gown scanty and silk-like against her skin, a set of underwear that was almost see-through.

"Don't worry... I've got the place well enough set up..." Her voice was breathy, husky, as her hands groped over his groin.

It was pleasant. Her eyes saw him, red as they were, the brightness of that colour almost like blood. It was not like the false gold and promises of Cinder, nor was it the animalistic colour of Blake or the cold snowy blue of Weiss.

It saw who he was, and it was alright.

Her fingers slid over his pants, pulling them down and letting her digits stroke over the underwear, her breathy moan loud in the silent room. The light had dimmed and he could see the large bed stand there in the middle of the room, the wall decorated with small objects that reflected the light, her eyes glinting in the darkness, as her tongue traced over his ear.

"It's going to be the best..."

Her voice was tender, as her hand dipped into his underwear, grabbing a hold of his cock, tracing with her fingers over the surface, stroking over the flesh softly. She breathed in and out, rapidly, her tongue sliding over the earlobe down to his skin.

"You're going to be the best, she'll love it..."

A pull, and the underwear and his pants hit the ground, her breathing louder, rushed, as her hand stroked over his hardening shaft. A warring sense of disconnection, as her lips pressed against his ear.

"I almost want to skip the condom, sweetie... It's going to be fine, it's going to be alright... I'm... I'm here, yes."

Her voice wasn't the southern tone that she'd put on, as he pushed her a little, her fingers leaving his cock. "That's a good man... Yes... Yes, direct me. Tell me... Tell me what to do. Order me, give me..."Those red eyes looked at him, as her knees hit the floor, her nose brushing against the head of
his erect cock, her hot breath tickling along the shaft, a desperate moan coming from her lips.

"It's been so long, sweetie... Come on..."

A soft guttural sound, as her lips wrapped around his manhood, his hands grabbing her head, as he drove his hips forward, her hands laid on his hips as she pushed her head towards the base, her eyes never leaving him. Carmine red gazed at him, as she did an interesting swallow, the sensation enough, the tenderness of his cockhead enough to make him feel like he had to let go. She plopped off with a soft 'ahh', her eyes looking up at him.

"That's a good hard cock... Yes, yes... Summer would like that, yes..."Her voice changed in pitch, lower, as her eyes gained a flash of a frenzied energy.

"On the bed, darling..."

Her voice was lower in pitch, more sultry and seductive, rather than the rather higher pitch of Summer, as the woman directed him to the bed.

"That's a good boy..."

He spread his legs for her, as her fingers deftly unwrapped a condom wrapper, the latex sheath wrapping around it. A look on her face, as her fingers slid it down over the shaft, the spongy head looking comical, as her eyes looked at him. "The... sex, yes." Her voice was light again, as she looked at him, a tender and gentle gaze at him. Her night-gown was pulled off, her nipples peaked and hard, pointing outward. Her breasts were larger than Ruby's but smaller than Yang's, her body looking like the finely aged amalgamation of the two, scars visible on her flesh. It was a softness that he noticed, as her underwear slid down.

"It's... it's going to be okay."

He tried to smile, as she tried to smile, her body leaning against his, her hands on his shoulders. He could smell the scent of a strange perfume, mingling with something that was almost like a different brand, her body against his, her flesh against him.

"Look at me, sweetie... Look at me."

He looked down, the head of his manhood pressing against her sex. Labia pressed against the latex-covered cock, as she slowly sank down, a deep groan coming from her, as her arms wrapped around him, the heat and tightness wrapped around him, a stark exhale, as she froze up.

"That's it... that's the spot, it's been so long..."

Her body laid against him, as her lips found his again, kissing him. Slowly she moved, her sex milking his shaft. Long strokes did she use with her hips on his manhood, her eyes filling his vision, her body sliding down on his shaft, her juices coating the fabric.

"That's it, come when you want to. Fill me up... Think of my babies."

He couldn't think of Yang or of Ruby right now, as his mouth pressed against her. He was to say those words, those damnable words that he'd probably never say to anyone again, as she twisted her hips, an undulating wave of pleasure sliding down from the base and then up again, her eyes gazing into his.

It was a soft shudder that announced his orgasm, his mouth trying to wrench free, as he felt the rush coming. Seed splattered into the reservoir of the condom, Summer's voice soft, as she broke
the kiss.

"That's it... That's it. You're a man now. The man of the household..."

A soft shudder, as she pulled herself off, looking at the condom, the juices that coated it enough, a hand going down to her pussy lips. "Did that feel good?" Her voice was breathy and needy, her eyes looking at him with some worth, as if he was worth more than just a failure.

"It was great."

Her smile didn't flag, her hands pulling another condom out, as she threw it on the side of the bed.

"You're going to be great, sweetie. Yang will love it."

Her voice was light, as her hand pulled the condom off, tying it off and throwing it into the trash bin at the corner of the room, where it landed with a wet splat sound. Her head went down, tongue tracing over that shaft of his, as he felt the sensation slide up and down again, the soft exhale that followed. Her breath tickling through his pubic hair as her tongue slid over his manhood.

"Summer, I am-"

He stopped. She was just teaching him... He was just... there.

"That's a good boy, nice and hard... Yang'll love that stamina."

Her voice was tense, her eyes looking at him with what seemed to be panic in them, as she slid the next condom over. She was atop him, pressing him flat against the bed, her pussy wrapping around it.

"Sometimes, girls like it rough... if she wants it rough, you're going to give it to her rough. Jerk her hair back, press her against the bed..."

Her breathing was louder, as her hips slammed against him, loud quivers, as the impossibly tight sensation around his aching cock was enough, his mouth trying to find time to protest, but Summer's lips claimed his own before he could utter a sound, a beastly sound coming from her throat, as if she were an animal trying to savage him.

She stiffened as a keening sound came from her throat, a low 'oh, oh... ah...' that hummed deep in her throat, her body slackening against him, her hands limp as she laid on top of him. He thrust up, a soft gasping groan coming from her lips.

"That's it, honey... When they come, they'll be sensitive... I'm sensitive..." Her body was warm, sweaty and comfortable against his own. She smiled, as he started to move, her body shifting a little to better accommodate him.

It was a slow rhythm that he settled into, her eyes closing. A hand swiped at her face, running a hand through her short hair, her eyes looking into his own. Her moans were soft, as her lips were ran over by a delicate tongue.

She felt him as he groaned, her name moaned loudly, the woman's soft gurgle loud in his ears, as she clenched down on him again. He felt his breathing pick up as that high rocketed through his nervous system, her body bursting with a sudden flare of energy, as she shivered again. "I love you, I love you, I love you... Don't leave me." Her voice had that desperate quality to it that he'd had as well. It had been needed, and it had been something fierce and powerful, as he felt his orgasm come.
His mouth gave a hoarse groan as he came again, the warmth and pleasant feelings around him making him sink into that torpor of pleasure, as she laid atop him, her body there, sliding off him.

"Hush... Sleep... it'll... It'll be fine in the morning, sweetie."

He felt at peace as he turned around, hearing her move behind him. He was asleep, curling up in the bed, feeling a set of arms wrap around him and a head lay against his shoulder, a soft whisper in his ear of "I love you."

He woke to the fragments of a clearing sky peering through the window, stirring on his biological rhythm. He felt sore, as he realized that he had been sleeping on a different bed than his own, and that this wasn't the living room in the Rose household. He turned around, meeting stark silver eyes.

"Hey S-GLGK!"

She was on top of him now, a swift movement that he'd not expected, her smaller form on top of him, her arms in a vise-like grip, those eyes cold and merciless, just like the eyes of mister Frank, the fingers around his neck in a strong grip. He tried to say something, as his hands tried to pry at those hands that held his throat in the grip, Summer's face looking strange, as those eyes were so pained and lost and sad.

'This is what a failed product deserves.'

It was a realisation, even as he could hear her whisper something, a buzz in his ears, as he blacked out. He spluttered, as his face started to turn red, the grip that she had on his neck not slacking, before her eyes seemed to recognize him. Her hands were off his neck as if they'd been holding a hot iron, or a burning cigarette and she stumbled back, falling off the bed with a thumping sound, crawling away.

"No-no, no, no... I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Her voice whimpered, like he had once when Cinder had punished him. He'd learned to dull the pain. She always smoked.

"Summm-GHah..."

He coughed, feeling the air invade his oxygen-deprived lungs, taking deep breaths. She was hugging her knees, her eyes looking at him, silver and terrified.

"Arr yu al-igh?"

Her teeth chattered, her eyes were unfocused as she seemed to be off in a far-gone place, rocking in place as she looked at her hands, hands that'd been around his neck a moment before she'd come back to the world.

"I'm so sorry, Jaune, I'm so sorry... So sorry..."

He looked around the bedroom, aware that with the light of the morning, he'd have better clarity. A picture had fallen over on what seemed to be some sort of memorial, a wood carving of a raven half-tipped over, as Summer started to giggle, the tears streaking down her face.

He got up, aware that he was still naked. Things had to be straightened out. The picture was raised once more and he looked at the happily smiling face that beamed back at him. A card stood at the side, bold black letters speaking of the name of the woman.
Raven Xiao-Long-Branwen.

Loving wife to Taiyang Xiao-Long, mother of Yang Cockatiel Xiao-Long, sister to Qrow Branwen, best friend to Summer Rose, godmother to Ruby Rose.

May you rest in quiet repose after serving your country. You did your duty.

He wondered briefly whether Yang actually went by that second name or whether she was ignorant of it, as he moved closer to her. He just knelt next to her, wrapping her in a hug.

"It's okay."

It would be. She was just a little sad.

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry..." She was still crying. He felt a little sad too.

The mystery of who's who is solved... And Cinder Fall is... well, quite true to form.
He sat on the couch, watching the early-morning television. It was nearly six in the morning and Summer had disappeared into her room after pushing him out, telling him to go do something. They weren't going to train today, he supposed. To breathe hurt and he knew that he had been close to dying. He wasn't afraid. Not many people liked him, and Cinder had told him what happened to his kind.

He caught sight of Yang moving downstairs, her eyes red-rimmed. She looked a little puffy-eyed, as she ran a hand through her hair, looking at him in the darkness. "Morning… Mom and you aren't out exercising?" A yawn came from her lips as she looked at the news, the sound of someone moving upstairs telling of more people waking up… or perhaps Summer.

She'd told him to go downstairs, told him that he should get comfortable, that they'd talk. Yang wasn't supposed to be up, but… Well, it didn't really matter, did it?

"No. She told me to sit here."

His voice was still raspy and scratchy, the feeling in his throat being like it'd been stuffed with iron wool. Yang smiled softly, the lurid pink robe that she wore opened partially to show some of her underwear.

"You're a n-" She stopped mid-sentence, a gasp coming from her mouth.

"Jaune… your throat…"

He turned his gaze to her, to see her eyes looking at his neck. He shrugged. It was as it had been.

"What happened to you?"

Her voice was with little inflexion, save for something that he thought meant sad. It was hard sometimes, judging the emotions of others.

"Did… Did you do that to yourself? Was it something that… It was us, wasn't it?"

She exhaled, looking really sad, the footsteps that sounded, as he saw Summer descend the stairs, her silver eyes looking at him with a look. The long white robe that she wore was fluffy, tied at the waist. There was fear in those eyes, even as he shook his head.

"No. Summer was…"

He wasn't sure what to phrase it as. Was it a nightmare? Was it just him? He occasionally woke up, remembering when Cinder had given him his just rewards.
"She had a bad dream. She didn't recognize me."

The look in Yang's eyes was sympathetic, as she laid a hand on his shoulder.

"She's... She's got those moments. It's not... bad. I'm sorry, Jaune."

Her voice sounded sorry, as her eyes were sad.

"I'm sorry too." Summer said, her voice sounding sad.

"I'm so sorry, Jaune."

Yang was up in a moment, hugging her mother. It was nice to see, Summer stiffening, her posture rigid.

"It's okay mom... I'm not... I'm okay, Ruby is okay, and we're all going to be fine." Summer looked at him with sad eyes. "It wasn't your fault, dad said that there was nothing that you could've done..."

"No, sweetie, I..." The woman floundered, as Yang softly shushed, as if she were the mother. "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry. I didn't want to, but I... I thought..."

"It's okay... it's okay, mom. Raven wouldn't have wanted you to feel sad." The woman started to cry. He felt bad for her. It was his fault, after all.

"It's... It's going to be fine. I don't hold it against you... what you did. And Jaune doesn't either, right? It was just a mistake. Mistakes happen."

Yang's eyes met his. They were sad and they asked him to confirm. It was his fault. He knew that. There was a look in Yang's eyes, one of realization.

"No, I never would think that you are wrong, Summer."

She was someone who made sense. She hadn't left permanent marks. That was good. "Mistakes... happen, yes. It was all a mistake, I should-" Yang stiffened, her hands going a bit lower, the hug lasting just a touch longer, Summer starting to look a little restless.

"Mom... Just... take a seat, alright."

Yang's voice was a little shriller, sounding like she was a little emotional.

"It's going to be okay... I'm going to get your pills."

The blonde's hands rubbed over the woman's back, gently pulling the robe a little more closed.

"Sit with Jaune and... relax."

Yang's hands slid into the robe that Summer wore, a click of something audible, and she ducked back swiftly, before her mother could move.

'Oh. That's a Glock. Dad keeps his in the gun safe. Proper safety is important.'

It was a model that he'd seen, as Summer just froze up, her hand going to her side, where he could see a holster. She hadn't been wearing one before, or elsewhere... She looked really really sad now.

"Give it back."
The flat tone sounded a little like the one that he made when he was upset. Yang looked at her mother, her hands wielding it. "Give it back, Yang. I need to… I need to put it away." She was breathing in and out, as the tears dripped down her chin.

"I need to… I need to…"

A giggle, high-pitched and scared. She was feeling really sad, even as Yang aimed at her mother, keeping her there.

"I need to join your mom. You're so big now… I did…"

He got up, wrapping his arms around her and pulled her along, her body coming with him without a protest.

"It's going to be fine, mom… It's just… It's fine. It's okay."

Yang's words didn't seem to have an effect, as he looked at the sad silver eyes that cried, her laughter louder now. He didn't like it. It wasn't Summer.

"Can you… keep her occupied? I'll get her medication and…"

He pulled Summer closer, kissing her. Her body seemed to startle and shock, as he caught sight of the blonde, Summer's arms wrapping around him like as if she were drowning and starving for attention at the same time, her tongue invading his mouth in a kiss.

She didn't let up, kissing him fully on the mouth, even as he struggled to breathe, his aching lungs still not very great, the desperation in Summer's manners enough.

"See? Only retards will ever love a retard… Someone who loves you has to be sick… That's why Ruby likes you… You're both sick in the head."

Summer's body was different. She might need medication, but she wasn't broken like he was. She wasn't a person who just didn't understand, as he felt her hands grope over his chest, touching and squeezing, holding him tightly, perhaps a bit too tightly, as she swayed softly.

"Mom… I've got your medication…"

Yang's voice came from the side, as Summer broke the kiss, the glass of water that Yang held out for her with a pill in hand, Summer looking at it for a moment and then smiling softly.

"I like him."

Her voice was soft, as she smiled.

"He's nice, Raven. You always know that I like the blonde guys most… He'll be better than your dorky brother."

Yang's smile stiffened, as she straightened her shoulders. "That's what we get stuff for, Sum." The accent was heavy, Summer smiling brightly. "Take yer meds, Summer." Summer smiled, a warmer smile, even whilst her face looked grave and sad, her smile still remained.

"Besties!" A sad smile on Yang's face, as she looked at Summer and handed her the pill. Summer smiled at her, before Yang spoke.

"Besties."
The mournful tone of her voice, as Summer took the pill and washed it down. "Now... Let's get you to the bedroom, Summer. Yang'll be awake soon..." The smile on Summer's face was warmer, as she got up.

"Good night, big boy... I'll make sure that you get that threesome Rae promised you after we're back from deployment. Gotta watch out for people who make us all go boom, heh."

It was a sad smile on Yang's face that turned radiant, but fake, when her mother looked at her.

"I'll make something for Yang... Go and rest up, bestie."

The kiss to her cheek made Yang's shoulders quake, her eyes looking sad too. Summer slowly departed, humming a soft tune, and once she had strode up the stairs, Yang turned to him.

"I'm sorry that you had to see that."

Her voice was brittle, as her eyes went up to the stairs, the blonde slumping down on the couch, which creaked below her weight with the additional suddenness of it.

"She's been... better. It's been going so well..."

"It's okay." He said, his eyes looking at the television again. "She's nice."

"She could've... She could've killed you. She's not... She's not okay."

Yang's voice sounded tender, as she sighed explosively.

"She's..." The other teen started, before she trailed off. "She's always been mom, but sometimes she's... she's acting like my mom." He didn't understand fully, but he nodded anyways.

"It's dissociative stress something or the other. It's been going so well thus far, and it was... Oh, this is just such a mess." He laid an arm around her, looking at her with eyes that tried to understand her.

"She's just like me."

A soft smile on his lips. He could understand her, he felt like he could. Summer understood him. She wasn't stupid, nor was she silly. She was just Summer. That's all that mattered to him.

"I wish it was that easy. Sometimes, I just wish I could..."

Yang sighed, leaning forward. "It's not okay, you know? Mom is sick... Ruby doesn't know, and... and I don't think she'd be able to handle it. Blake... yeah... She doesn't know either. Mom is... normal, most of the time."

There was understandable shame in it. He knew that very well. "Nobody likes to talk about people who are weird." Talking hurt a little, but he saw that she would need it. Cinder's words came to his mind, remembering the way that she'd talked before her first punishment of him.

"Who would ever mention you, Jaune? You're just a failure of nature's grand design... Blessed with looks and some talent... But that mind of yours is like a punctured sewer pipe."

"I'm sorry, alright. Blake told me about... her stuff, and... And how she felt about you. You're... You smell good. I smell good." There was a pause, as Yang looked up.

"Do you even know what love is like?"
He smiled, sadly. "I'm not worthy of love." He added. Cinder had said that often enough. Yang's eyes looked at him, as her eyes seemed to look him over.

"You keep saying that, but... I don't believe it."

Her voice was light, as he was pulled closer. "You're a nice guy, Jaune. Sure, not always do we get along perfectly, and my girlfriend's got a mad lust for your dick, but... You're okay. I don't believe any of it."

He knew that he had been bad, and Cinder had said it so. The questions, all of the questions, they wouldn't stop asking questions, doubting him. He was telling the truth, always.

"It's true."

Yang looked at him, her eyes looking a touch teary. "Is it? Do you really think yourself as unworthy of love?" Her voice was soft, and he closed his eyes. She was getting emotional. That wasn't great.

"Do you love me?"

Her face looked pensive for a moment. She had to think about it. That was okay.

"Well, no... But I did think about you for a few times, and it isn't... It isn't out of the question that Blake would want..."

The doubt in the other teen's voice was enough. It confirmed to him that what Cinder had said was true.

"Oh, you're going to never find a woman who would want you, Jaune... No, no... NO! SIT STILL! I AM NOT YET... oh, we'll have to get a napkin... There's blood... Wouldn't want that, Jaune... I'm your friend. Now... let me- there, there... Big boys don't cry... But retards do... There, it's stopped bleeding and... Oh, does the little retard cry? Suck it up, big boy. Touching you makes me sick."

"It's okay." He tried to make it better. Yang gave a sad smile. She wasn't happy.

"You smell. Did you not even shower or something?"

Her eyes looked at him, as she tugged at him. He wondered if he should tell her about the sex. Probably not. It would make her sad again.

"No." It was true. He hadn't showered yet today. Yang smiled, shaking her head.

"Such a silly boy... Ruby can't know that mom nearly..."

Her hand was on her side, patting it, and he wondered whether she was referring to the gun.

"She wouldn't take it well."

He could understand that. Ruby had been delicate, even if she was smarter than he was. Ruby was the best student, in his opinion. She could just smile and do things that he had issues with.

"Does she do that more often?"

Yang shook her head. "Dad and her tried for a few years, but dad moved on. Mom... tried. I saw her outside, just talking to herself, the shotgun resting against the chair." There was a sadness in her voice, as she pulled herself close. "I'm going to hug you, Jaune." She said, announcing her
"It's okay." He said, as he wasn't sure whether something else would be appropriate. He could get a hug, yes. "You're a nice sister to Ruby."

"She talked to me as if I was mom. It was… nice, I suppose. Ruby was still asleep, so… Mom and I just talked. That was the first time that she didn't recognize me. It's not okay, but…" He rubbed over her shoulder to give comfort. That would work, just as it'd worked with Summer.

"Dad's new wife hates me. She might say that she doesn't, but she's jealous and insecure. She treats Ruby as if she's dirty and I just… I don't like that." He smiled softly. That was familiar. He knew that thought well.

"I know that it's silly, but…" A sigh, coming from deep inside her. "But Jaune, I never believed any of it, alright? You were here, and… And… Mom was mad when she heard about it. Like, real mad." He nodded, understanding. She'd be mad too, but his mom had been…

"Maybe it is a mistake? Did you do that, Jaune? Did you do it?"

Not as understanding. He had answered a yes, as it had been the truth. Cinder had said that retards shouldn't lie. She had been his friend, though he didn't think she was a good one. She always smoked. He hated smoke.

"Why would she be mad? I'm just me. Cinder was going to be Ruby's friend too, and I wouldn't want that. So, I didn't go."

Ruby would lose her light. Ruby wasn't as stupid as he was. Cinder had said that it was a good thing too that he was able to take that much, like any dumb brute should. They hadn't believed him. They hadn't believed him and he'd told the truth. He didn't like lying, he didn't like lies.

Yang's eyes turned wide, as her mouth fell open. "What? But…" He nodded.

"I told Summer, since she is Ruby's mom." Yang's eyes looked disturbed, but then…

"But…" He smiled. Yang seemed to understand, just a little.

"It's not important. She left, didn't she?"

He hated her cigarettes. She never stopped to smoke. She never stopped to smoke and she always blew the smoke in his face.

"Spread! There, there… Oh… I'm SORRY… let me give you a re-do!"

"Jaune… Jaune? Please… let go."

He was digging his fingernails in her arm. He shuddered. He wasn't being a nice person.

"Just… stay calm. We don't have to talk about this… No, no, that's not going to be the subject. Say… Did you… Did you like what Blake did with you yesterday?" Her voice was soft, as her eyes looked sympathetic.

He nodded. "She was… nice. It felt good too. She needed it, I think." Yang sighed softly, as she turned her gaze away.

"I almost broke up with her. She told me about… A bad thing." A deep breath, as she seemed to try to gather herself
"And what she wants from you. You're... You're solid. Dependable. She makes me happy and... and she wants you to make her happy too." He couldn't imagine it. It must be some trick, as Yang looked at him.

"Jaune, she's... She's been mostly around Faunus, but... She sees a man as more than just... being a bit different."

He could imagine it to be so. Blake was sensible, even if she had to spray the car after he had been in it. It made sense, with her natural urges. "I'm... I'm not okay, but if it makes her happy, I..."

He could see it in her eyes. "It's okay, you deserve her. You deserve happiness." The words had been said more than once in the movies, so they would fit here.

"But... It's not nice for you to be treated like..."

He knew what she meant. It was not something that he could be bothered about. What rights did he have?

"I'm probably going to die alone."

He said it. It was a thought that he had since he'd met Cinder. She certainly said it, when the pain came and she blew the smoke in his face.

"At least I'll be of some use."

The soft sound of her exhaling, as he looked at her sad face.

"Ruby will live her life, happy and safe. As long as I am able to help, it'll be fine."

She just stared at him, her eyes blinking more than a few times, her mouth opening and closing, a sound as if she wanted to say something emerging, as her eyes looked at him.

"I should get something ready for breakfast. Ruby might like to have something nice. Do you want pancakes?" He was better at doing simple stuff. It didn't require much thought.

"Yes... Sure. I'll... I've got to talk with Blake. I need to think and..."

She was sad. He patted her shoulder. She looked up at him. "You're Ruby's friend. You're..." A deep, explosive sigh, as her head lowered once more. "I don't even know anymore."

"It's fine. Acceptance is the first thing before the end comes." It was something that she'd said to him when she comforted him after he'd been weak.

"Oh... There, there... Accepting your place in the order of things is the first thing for retards... Acceptance is always before your end, Jaune... Trust me."

"That's... dark."

He tried to smile but she looked a little sad and afraid. "You're different, but... you know, just go and make some pancakes. I'll bring Blake down and... and we'll have breakfast, if mom's up again as well."

She was right, after all. Yang was going to be better than him. He'd heard that some colleges were already scouting her for something to do with her talent at boxing. Blake would be going to whatever college Yang went to, because she loved her.
He started to work on making some pancake batter, Nora having told him the proper measurements by heart. She'd been nice, even though it had taken some time for her to adjust to him again after the presentation. He hoped that her holiday was going well, that she didn't bother her boyfriend too much.

As he poured the batter into the hot frying pan, he watched it sizzle. The oil had been measured perfectly according to his recollection of the recipe, for the perfect pancake. He felt a hand touch his side, as he smelled the perfume that Summer wore. "Good morning, sweetheart." Her voice was lighter, her eyes looking a little red.

"How's my big strong Marine today, hmm?"

He wanted to say that it was incorrect, but she kissed him suddenly. "Good man… Cooking for the kids…" The look on her face was a little odd as her eyes went to the picture.

"Wait… How old are Yang and Ruby again?"

He gave their ages. Silver eyes widened, as a blank look settled on her face, before they narrowed once more.

"It's… It's okay, I'm just a little silly, darling. I…"

She looked at him as if she was seeing him for the first time, her eyes looking at him. "Oh, Jaune." Her voice was hurt, he could tell. Her eyes were on his neck. He smiled at her, trying to make her happy again. "I'm sorry." She said in a breathless voice, her head turning around, as he tried to make sense of things. "I…"

"It's okay."

He smiled. He liked her. Retards didn't love, they were forbidden to love. He liked her a whole lot. A whole great lot. Retards didn't love, but he supposed that it might be something like that feeling.

"No, it's not. I could have broken your neck, sweetheart. It's easy, I know I…"

She trembled. It wasn't a nice look on her face.

"She was all over me… just… boom. I remember… I remember shouting. I remember screaming."

She trembled once more. Those silver eyes didn't see him. "I remember Qrow telling me to get down, but Raven was splattered all over me. I told her to go, I gave the order and…"

"It's okay." He said once more. It was going to be okay. "It's fine. Sit down, Summer." She looked at him for a time before she sat down, looking at her.

"I did something bad to you."

She said, her voice soft. "Something really bad. But…" A deep exhale, as she looked at him. He became aware that the pancake was burning, as he flipped it.

"I couldn't bring her home."

It was a tone that he'd used himself as well, when Miss Salem had said that she was going to inform the authorities. Cinder had been a friend, but she had been honest with him. Miss Salem had just looked sad, but it was out of her hands now.

"You're here. Ruby loves you. Yang loves you too."
That was obvious. He knew that his mother and father loved him. They would die, though. Everyone had to die, retard just went faster.

"This is for the best... After all..." "Here, press the button. That's it... Now... Rose, Rose... Ruby Rose... There. Now... Time to... Oh, what's your password, Jaune? I'm going to change it..."

It was just numbers. They didn't mean anything. Not to him, at least. Cinder had smiled at him really prettily, as if he'd done something wrong, before she'd blown the smoke in his face. She'd been right. He didn't like the pictures much.

"ve you." He was drawn from his memories as he flipped the pancake, looking at the small stack that was growing on the plate. Summer had said something and was looking at him, smiling at her. "I really don't."

"What?" She sadly smiled at him. He noticed that Yang and Blake were coming down. Yang had a heavier tread than Blake, whilst Ruby and Weiss usually were fairly light.

"I don't deserve someone like you."

Her voice was soft, as her fingers tugged on her robe, the fluffy material parting to reveal a little more skin, her fingers drumming on the table.

Yang looked at her mother, before she pulled the gun from her fluffy pink robe, handing it to her. "You shouldn't leave this laying out of the safe, mom." A smile that was fake was on her lips, as Summer looked at it, a tension on her body as she looked at the weapon, before she pulled it to her, the gun put into the holster in her coat.

"I must've forgotten... Ah, I was going to practice today."

She smiled, but he saw the indecision in her eyes. She was a little lost, but that was okay. She was still a better person. She was a mom and she was nice.

"What... What happened to your neck?"

Blake said, her voice unnerved. She was looking at him, her eyes directed to his neck, or so he would imaging.

"Mom thought he was an intruder."

Yang said, though she didn't meet her girlfriend's eyes, or look at her. "Instinct kicked in." There was a soft touch of sadness to her voice.

"It wasn't very nice."

He liked to breathe, but Summer didn't look so very good. Her hand was rubbing over the table, still trembling a little. "I'm okay."

"I'm sorry, sweetie." Summer said, her voice soft. Blake made a sympathetic sound.

"I'm sorry too, Jaune. I'll try to... stop."

The look on her face was like Summer's. Sadness. He didn't like that she was sad.

"Sit down. Have a pancake. Do you want me to make you one with banana?" Blake looked at him, about to say something but failing at it.
"How can you be so… normal?"

He almost laughed. He wasn't normal. This was just god's punishment for being born wrong. "I sucked your dick! I was about to fuck you but-" Yang turned around sharply. He thought he saw tears in her eyes. That wasn't good.

"Oh shit, I didn't mean it like that, Yang! Yang, please-"

The door slammed shut, as Yang fled. Summer looked at Blake with a look that was dangerous in its intensity. Cinder had looked like that too, when he'd bled.

"This is so wrong. This is so wr-"

He moved, before the motion could be completed. His hand was on her arm, keeping her hand away from the weapon. He didn't want anyone to hurt.

"Go after her, cat. Clean up your mess." Summer's voice was cold, colder than he'd heard it. "Come on, move." Blake's eyes went wide, as Summer's hand tried to reach. She was gone in less than a second. He grabbed the hand and Summer trembled.

"She hurt my baby. Just like I said she would…"

She moaned, laying her head down. He turned his gaze to the frying pan, taking a deep breath as he patted her back. Blake and Yang were gone. He should make some pancakes and hope that they were back before they got cold.

"Good morning, mom!"

Ruby's bright and cheery voice reached a high note as Weiss emerged together with Ruby in the kitchen, Ruby as bright and sunny as the weather outside. Weiss regarded him coolly, as he wondered briefly whether Ruby would sit down before she'd give her mother a hug. Summer looked like she needed it.

He moved back to the frying pan and then started to flip the pancake that was still being prepared, Ruby settling into her seat, drumming her fingers on the table.

"Jaune! I dreamt of you! You and Weiss and me were playing games!"

He didn't respond, having turned to put the finished pancake on the plate. "Here, I'll put some on her plate." Summer was there at his side, easily picking the plate up and placing a pancake in front of Ruby. A smile on the girl's face he could see, as she chirped a happy thank you, whilst Weiss merely gave a huff.

The door opened once more and a morose Yang joined them, out of breath, Blake looking a little sad too. That wasn't good. "I've got one more ready, before the batter is used up." He was sure that they'd like the pancakes. Pancakes made everything better, according to Nora.

'Except me. I'm just the thing that makes everyone worse.'

It was logical. His sisters never could keep up with him. He wasn't on their level, nor did he think they would ever get to his. Who could relate to a retard? At least they were normal, or so Cinder had said. They'd not make sick babies like he would.

"Aww… Look at that… That's pathetic. A real man, strong and proud, would be able to answer the question. Right? Answer me, Jaune. What are you?"
The answer was simple. He wasn't worth love. She kept using the word. It meant what it meant, right? He'd tried to use the internet to find it, but it might not show. That showed just how he was.

"Mispronouncing... No, no... Oh, did that HURT? Here, let me try again. You're just not able to understand... Proper hygiene is important..."

He never liked Cinder's corrections. She'd told him to do it every time he was bad but it hurt. She kept on smoking. He didn't like the smoke. Like she had said, nobody believed a retard.

"It's pronounced as 'Pfannenkuchen' in German, Ruby. Not Pantalkitchen."

Weiss smiled at her girlfriend, before she noticed him looking at her. The angry look that she gave him was noticed, even as Ruby hummed her little tune.

"But it's such a silly word, Weiss! Pantalkitchen is nice! Right Jaune?"

The look increased in strength, as Weiss glared. He didn't like it, but she did that sometimes. He didn't mean to be such a fuck-up, but it was what it was. She'd been nice, before things had happened.

"It's pancakes." He said, not really sure whether he should ape her. "Not Pfannentoot." Weiss' lips pressed thinly together, as he rubbed a hand over Ruby's head. The look that she gave him was not nice, but it hadn't been this fierce before.

"See!? He agrees! Right Jaune? Let's all have fun today!"

He caught Blake and Yang looking at him, as if wondering about something. Blake looked nervous, Yang looked a touch upset still, but they were waiting.

"I've got to do some work around the house, Ruby."

He was sure that there would be something to do. It was all for the benefit of Summer and Ruby and Yang, after all. A good man helped out people, dad had always said.

"Aww, but that's fine! We can go to the movies! Just the five of us, all on a date! We'll be great together."

The hope in her voice was greater than he'd give her credit for, as her silver eyes looked at him, as he glanced at Summer. The woman was looking at him sadly, as he watched her slice the pancake into little slices, pricking a few onto her fork. He sighed, knowing that Summer was a little sad again.

"I've got to go home today, Ruby."

His mom and dad would like to see him again, he hoped. It wasn't too bad, he supposed. Mom was concerned a lot more, whilst dad didn't really think much about things.

"Aww, that's too bad... But I liked the lake! Weiss and I played a lot! We even kissed a bit!"

Weiss flushed, but there was no jibe from Blake or from Yang. Both of them looked rather subdued, he noticed. It must be because he'd made them feel bad. He always made people feel worse whenever he came around. "Do you want to try kissing Weiss and me?"

'No.'

He caught the look in Weiss' eyes, as her mouth fell open. "I'll die before I let a rapist kiss me."
Inhale.

Exhale.

Inhale.

Exhale.

Inhale.

Exhale.

"But…"

They hadn't believed him. Cinder had said that they wouldn't and it'd been true. She'd hurt him, but
she said that they would know what a reject he was, and they'd put him away where people like
him belonged.

"You're a sick boy, Jaune Arc. You might've fooled Ruby, but I know a sick bastard when I see
one."

Yang's mouth had fallen open, shock showing on her face, as Ruby looked at her girlfriend, a
quizzical look on her face.

"He's not bad, he's Jaune! You'll see, Weiss! He's nice!"

Weiss made a snarling sound, much like a cat. Her blue eyes were angry, as she wrapped an arm
around Ruby, looking at him with a look that was not nice.

"Stay away from her, you scum! You Americans may have that whole freedom of Sprache, but I
don't trust you around my girlfriend!"

He walked to the door. He wanted to go home. He heard someone scream as something hit the
ground. He saw as he turned the doorknob, that Weiss had been floored, Yang shouting something
that his ears didn't hear. His gaze met Summer's for a moment and he saw the scared look in her
eyes. He moved through the door, the door shutting behind him.

Someone was laughing and his cheeks were wet. Why was someone laughing? Why did it hurt? He
never wanted to hurt anyone. Everything hurt. He started to walk down the path. He wanted to go
home. He wanted to leave.

He kept hearing the laughter. Why was everyone laughing at him? It'd hurt. It'd hurt so much. It'd
all been true, after all.

It was about forty minutes to get back to the city. He didn't want to be here anymore. Someone was
laughing and crying. That was getting annoying. His eyes were wet. It wasn't raining. No.

He'd never do anything to hurt anyone. He just wanted to be accepted.

"Goodbye, Jaune… This is where all the defects go…"

A puff of smoke in his face, as her finger brushed below his chin, the simple amusement in her
golden eyes as she drew the cigarette up, before pressing it down. He didn't cry out. It was just on
the palm. It would fade.

"I'll finally be happy... Just because you will be gone. Nobody is ever going to want a criminal,
Jaune..."

She had smiled at him, as she placed her foot down. He'd whimpered, but her heel ground and then
she kicked again, a smile on her lips. It hurt less. She hadn't been happy when he'd started to get
used to the pain.

"It's a shame, Jaune... Lusting after a woman who simply wanted to help... Oh, nobody will love
you. Everyone will hate you... And it'll remain with you forever. Just like you deserve, Jaune...
There's a registry for that type of person, Jaune... and you'll be on it. I've got to admire you
Americans..."

She had looked pretty as she enjoyed herself, even as her foot slammed down. He'd barely flinched,
as the pain was less. It'd grown less, even as the blood came out. Her shoes had been rough. She'd
never broken the skin, but it hurt to pee sometimes. The kicks hurt.

"If you want to ruin someone... Oh... Don't worry... I'm sure that your friend Ruby will
understand... She's a sweet girl... I want to make her hate you, just to see what face you'll make..."

He felt numb. Ruby would hate him. It was a bad thing that he'd done to Cinder, apparently. They'd
asked, they'd said he'd done it. He said that he hadn't, but they'd said he did. Nobody looked at him
nicely anymore in school either. Not after the presentation. Ruby still liked him and Nora and
Pyrrha had said that it was just not important, because they knew him.

Someone wrapped their arms around him, arresting his trudging. He noticed that it was Blake by
virtue of her smaller stature, taking a hold of him.

"Please, stay?"

A pleading tone, as he remembered the word. He smiled softly, stopped. "I'm not bad." He said,
Blake giving a soft sound.

"No, you're not bad. Come... Come back with us. Ruby is sad."

That wasn't good. Ruby shouldn't be sad. She was his friend, just as Weiss was his friend, Yang
was his friend and Blake was his friend. They should all be happy.

"I don't want to bother you."

He said, even as Blake hugged him tighter. He could see Summer half-way down the path, Yang
looking sad... or worried? He didn't quite understand. Why would they be worried about him?

"You're not a bother."

He sighed. He was. He'd made them upset again. He was, according to people, a rapist. They'd
tagged his locker with it in bright yellow. His bag had been thrown in a ditch, his books ruined. His
sisters hadn't heard of it, mom had forbidden it to be spoken about. He obeyed, because she was his
mom.

"I'm always a bother, haven't you heard?"

She must have. Nobody was nice... and no matter how much he tried, it had always been bad. His
chest hurt when he saw Summer and he liked her. He thought that he'd liked Weiss.

"No, you're not."

He smiled at her. There hadn't been laughter since she'd hugged him. That was good. He didn't like laughter around him. Cinder laughed when he cried. She'd spoken the truth.

"It's okay." He heard her say and he wondered about it.

He didn't feel okay. Weiss hated him, as she should. Just like Cinder had said that it was. He'd been born wrong and should have been drowned after his defect came out.

It hurt. It hurt much.

Summer hugged him and he felt a little better, as she nosed gently against his cheek. Her breath was warm, as she pulled him and Blake along.

"The pancakes are getting cold, sweetheart…"

It was an escape. He'd take that escape.

He slowly walked up the path, Yang looking at him with her eyes worried. "You were with us, I believe you. There's no way that you could've… Done that. She doesn't know. She was in Germany back then when it happened."

It was an excuse. Weiss knew what he was. Just useless flesh with a warped and twisted mind. What good was he for this world?

He wondered briefly whether Summer would let him borrow her pistol.

It would be what he deserved.

*Acceptance before the end.*

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That was… dark. Writing an autistic perspective isn't easy. There'll be better times coming soon... Things are out in the open now.
Warning: Contains questionable subjects and/or abuse. Reader discretion is advised, and this is official disclaimer and stuff: This is a work of fiction. Any likeness to real people is solely coincidental, and there is no Steven Seagal.

Weiss was still unconscious when he sat down. They looked worried. He didn't like it when people were worried. It was his fault, wasn't it?

A puff of smoke, as golden eyes ran over him. A boot pressed down and he whimpered. A smile on her face, as she pressed her boot down. It hurt. She didn't like him, but she was his friend.

He had to be her friend too, right?

It was all his fault. Cinder had been right, everyone hurt because of him. Miss Salem had said that she wanted to see him later, but he didn't know whether he would make that. He wanted to go home, he didn't feel safe here anymore. Weiss hated him, just as Cinder had said. He'd just disobeyed her once, and she'd been unhappy with that.

"Are you okay?"

Ruby asked, looking at him with a half-frown on her face. He tried to smile but he didn't have the energy. He noticed that Blake and Yang were giving him worried looks, Summer just sitting there in a dazed state. Her fingers were being wrung, yet she wasn't paying attention, her mouth forming words that he could identify as 'I'm sorry', having said so often enough.

Being sorry never helped. It just made the pain worse. They were all going to laugh at him. They were all going to say nasty things to him and make him feel bad. Yang had been nice, but she wouldn't want to be his friend anymore. Blake was a little strange, but she was a friend too! Ruby always, but Weiss… Weiss wasn't so nice anymore.

She felt like Cinder. There was a difference, of course. Cinder hadn't been German. She spoke it, but she hadn't been German. Weiss and Cinder were different people. He knew that much, even if he was a stupid excuse for wasted human flesh.

He wondered whether Weiss would kick him too. It didn't hurt so very much, he could block the pain out, but it wasn't nice. He didn't think she'd like to see him naked. Cinder had liked to touch him, the first time they'd met at her house. That had faded as she knew the truth.

"Such strong arms… Do you exercise, Jaune?"

The golden eyes were like a light in the half-lit room, the afternoon sun shining through the light. He'd been told to strip to his underwear, as a special type of friendship bonding. She'd said it would make them closer. She was happy with him, or so she'd said.

"Just some sports. Mom said that I should be careful."

Her fingers slid over his skin, taking careful notice of the muscles, as they slid down. She smelled nice. A perfume that was pleasant, her chest clad in a set of dark lace, her eyes roving over him. She looked like some of the women in the movies that his sisters liked to watch later in the evening, but with a touch of that elegance in her that was real. The chair was comfortable, as she brushed herself against him.
"Oh, I would... A strong man such as you... Such beautiful blue eyes and blonde hair..."

A hiss in his ear, as her fingers slid down, her chest bumping against him. People did that, sometimes. They never meant to knock him over, but she was nice. It was soft and round.

"A good man, of fine looks and grace..."

She kissed his neck, even as her fingers slid down, her soft exhale, as her hands remained. She had very soft hands, always manicured to perfection, as a woman of her standing apparently wanted. His sister had said that a woman's hands were important.

"You know what I mean, don't you?"

Her hands stopped at his waist, as her fingers squeezed and touched, over the sensitive flesh, her golden eyes meeting his own. "It was by chance... And to have such a good young man..." It was pleasant as she touched him and he asked why she thought that. She must know what was wrong with him, after all.

"No, I was just informed that a teenager might need someone older and wiser to help out. It was part of my, well, never mind that. What is it?"

Her voice sounded disappointed for some reason, so he told her about his condition. Miss Salem had said that it didn't make him any different, and he believed her. Cinder was his friend. She made him feel nice.

The naked disgust on her face after he'd finished the first sentence and the raw anger that she showed made him wonder if he'd been wrong to say anything. She pushed him away, storming to the nearest sink, her language shifting to some harsh and guttural language, as she started to wash her hands using a lot of soap. She was going to ruin her nail polish with that amount of soap, he knew.

She turned back and her face no longer showed that nice look on her face, as her lips curled into a smile that he had quickly learned to associate with another education.

"I'm going to show you what people like you deserve, Jaune... Trust me."

He had smiled at her. He'd felt good. She'd been nice to him and she'd massaged his groin. That had felt nice.

"Jaune? Are you okay?"

Ruby asked again and he could see Summer shock herself aware, her attention coming back. Something in those eyes had changed, as she smiled at her daughter.

"I'm okay. Are we still friends?"

He asked, needing to know the answer. Ruby smiled brightly, as her fingers brushed through Weiss' hair, the girl having been made comfortable on the couch. Yang had apparently punched her out in a single blow. He figured that it'd been a Muhammed Ali. She'd talked about that man once.

"Of course. Weiss just didn't understand. You're Jaune. Everything will be fine, right?"

She smiled at him and her mother made a face, trying to say something, yet he was quicker to speak.
"You're nice."

She was. She was one of his best friends. Pyrrha had not been as warm before Ren had spoken to her, but she had made an effort. It hurt a little, but he wouldn't want to lose Ruby. She was so nice.

"You're nice too! I want us all to be happy together! Weiss will come to see that soon! All I need to do is to make her see what a wonderful person you are!"

The optimism that she showed was like a bright light in the darkness, as Yang and Blake looked at each other with a look, after Ruby had said that.

He supposed that he should ask them too. He felt a little better now that he knew that she was still his friend.

"Are we still friends, Blake?"

The girl nodded once, looking sad at him. Those eyes seemed to care. Who would care for a defect? Yang looked at him too with those sad eyes and Summer merely looked at him, not speaking. She was gone again, off someplace where she couldn't be reached. He saw that too from time to time.

"Jaune, please…"

Yang was the one who spoke, looking at him. A soft expression on his face. "You're not someone who'd do anything bad to anyone here." He shook his head. That just wasn't true. He'd upset Weiss. "No, you're wrong. You're not doing anything bad, Jaune. Weiss was simply not told, and she'd went off with her thoughts in the wrong way. She had no right to say that."

"Weiss is not good at admitting when she's wrong. She told me herself, Jaune."

Ruby added, Yang giving her a look. The feelings inside him welled up again. He felt his heartbeat pound, as he looked at Yang and at Blake and then to Ruby and Summer. Summer was still gone, as she looked ahead of her, unblinking.

"You're my friend. That makes you a good person, Jaune."

The smile on her face was precious, without any sort of restraint. It was a smile he'd rather see continue. Cinder would have ruined her smile, just as she'd said.

"We're your friends, Jaune. We may not be… well, we might not have been so close before, but we're still friends."

Yang spoke, as she nudged Blake, who looked at him with a strange look on her face.

He felt so tired. He wanted to rest, he wanted to sleep, to take a nap. Everything was so draining on him right now. The slow walk back to the house, as he was held by Blake, telling him that he wasn't a bother, the wiping of his cheeks, the sniffs that had come. He'd been a bother. They'd been bothered by him being weak. He should have just taken Summer's gun and put an end to it. She was able to do things better than he could, she was an adult.

'No matter what…'

It never mattered. He was a mistake. She kept on blowing the cigarette smoke in his face, as her golden eyes stared at him, telling him of his duty to the world. The world that she would show the truth about him and his status of being a defect.
They'd all responded as Cinder had said so. It had been a secret, it had been something that she had known. They had not worried about his words, constantly asking the same questions. Did he do it to her. Was it good to fuck a hot woman, did he do it because she was smoking hot?

Cinder had told him. He didn't understand why they would ask him that, but he answered to the negative anyways. No, he did not press her down. No, he did not put his penis in her vagina because she was good-looking. Yes, she was good-looking. Yes, he might have had some thoughts about her. She was his friend.

They kept on asking and asking the same questions. When Summer had rang, they had been quick to let him go, but mom was concerned still. Mom was a lot more concerned, even though she didn't believe him fully. He could see it in her eyes, even as the police officers were apologetic to his mother. Dad wasn't there.

Everyone made fun of him. The bad word was scrawled over his locker with paint and they looked at him. It made him feel sad. He just wanted to be a good person, not a bad person. Nobody believed him, except Ruby. Yang and Blake were around the house too, that night, but people found out either way.

It was unpleasant. The pictures hadn't been nice either. It was not good.

"There... Now... Stand. Pose..."

The finger hovered over the button, as he stood there, posing in the bathroom. She smiled at him, as he did as she asked.

"Good boy... How does it feel, hmm?"

It was somewhat pleasant. She'd said that the pill would make him feel good. All it did was make his groin hurt, as he stood at attention there. That meant he was happy, or at least, that's what the gist of that feeling was. Another snap, and a push on the button.

"There, sent... Now, tonight at eight, Jaune... Let's have the best party, shall we? Tell your mother and father that you're going to visit me."

He got his phone back, the picture of himself naked in the bathroom of his parents' house, the house mostly empty due to the people being out for work or school. He saw the look of disgust on her face, as he noticed that it'd been sent to her with a 'I love you Cinder' as the words below it.

Retards didn't love. That was the truth of the world. Retards should be kept away from normal people. He nodded to her. She smiled and patted his cheek.

"I'll make sure to let Ruby know what fun you two can have together, I'll even visit her personally. You're going to get what you deserve, Jaune."

"Can I lie down for a moment? I feel tired."

He saw Blake and Yang look at each other and Yang gave him a smile that was kinder than what a retard deserved. He wasn't bad. He wasn't a bad person, but it was the rules. She'd dislike him soon enough.

"Let's get you settled in on the couch, shall we?"

Her words were soft and he laid down nearly five minutes later, feeling tired. He was out like a light after a minute, as he just felt so tired. Maybe he'd die in his sleep. Old people did that a lot.
would make life easier on people.

Not many people would be sad if a retard died, after all.

He became aware again when he noticed someone stroking through his hair. His eyes opened up and he saw Summer looking down at him with a tense expression. Her eyes were doubtful, as she let her fingers brush through her hair.

"Jaune... Are you okay?"

He got up, noticing Blake and Yang there as well. There was no sign of Weiss or Ruby. He hoped that they were okay. They probably were feeling bad because of him. He should have kept his emotions bottled up rather than to explode, like retards and bad people did.

"I'm alive."

It was true. He wasn't okay, he wasn't someone who was cared for. Blake looked a little haunted, as she turned away.

"Can you... can you come with me and Yang for a moment? I'd... I'd like to check something."

She looked serious. Yang looked at her mother with a look that was somewhat sadder than before. He hoped that Summer would break his neck. That's what he deserved for scaring them all. He didn't want to make them sad, but it was his destiny, wasn't it?

She kept on smoking. She kept on talking and talking and talking and smoking and talking and smoking, the ashes hurting and-

He was aware of the arms that'd wrapped around him, a soft voice whispering in his ear that it was going to be okay. Yang was hugging him, Blake looking uncertain, Summer's eyes looking at him seriously, as Yang stroked over his back. It was nothing that he deserved as a retard, but he knew that there would be acceptance in death. That was what happened to people who were wrong.

"Come... Come up to my room."

She hesitated for a moment as she looked at her daughter.

"Yang... It's... I want you to come to my room, the two of you and him."

A look of surprise on Yang's face, as she looked at her mother. Wasn't it normal for Yang to be in her mother's room from time to time?

Mom and dad had their room adjacent to Saphron's old room, currently occupied by the twins. They liked to come around and bother him sometimes for silly things, because he was taller than they were. He liked helping them. They were his family and they were safe. They didn't hate him like the other people did.

He felt the roughness in his throat as he cleared it, ascending the stairs behind Summer. She was a good woman. She understood him, at least in some capacity. It was her who had made him feel something that was better than like. Love wasn't for retards, after all.

As Summer pushed open the door, he caught sight of the bed, having been made up. Yang looked uneasy, entering the bedroom of her mother. She looked at the picture of her mother that had been set on the small altar. Red contact lenses were kept in solution next to it. Blake looked a little
unnerved.

"Please… sit down, Blake, Yang. On the bed."

Summer looked sad again, as she closed the door. Yang's eyes were solely on the portrait of her mother, still looking as beautiful as she had been before she'd died. She must've seen something of a picture, undoubtedly.

"You told me that my middle name was Christina, mom… What kind of name is Cockatiel?"

Yang mumbled, and he shrugged. It wasn't a bad name. It beat being called Constance. That was one of his sisters' middle names and she always went by Connie because she hated it.

"Cockatiel is the name your mother gave you… She was one hell of a woman."

The softness of Summer's voice was light, as the door was locked and shut.

"Jaune… Yang asked me about the… tribals."

It had been the mark of what he was. He nodded, understanding where that would lead. He trusted Summer. She felt like he felt. She understood about being different.

"Can we… can we see them? Only if you want to, of course."

It was not a question that he'd leave unanswered if Summer asked. He nodded again. Cinder had said that it was enough to mark him as he was, worthless and unworthy of love.

"There… almost done… That's a good retard… Aww, just… SPREAD. That's a good boy, keep those legs open. There… Wouldn't want to mess up, now would we? Oops… that's a few more hairs… To think that I'd…"

Summer kneaded his shoulders for a moment before sitting down next to Yang. He started to undo his pants. He trusted Summer, and he trusted Yang. He trusted Blake as well, because she wanted to feel good. He just wanted them all to like him. No matter what… He didn't want them to be sad.

His hand grabbed and lifted his manhood up, showing them. Yang's face turned ashen, and he remembered the word Cinder had used.

"It's… two S? No… Double L?"

Blake's eyes looked at him with a curious glint in them as she spoke with a hint of curiosity in her voice, as she leaned closer, sniffing his scent. She looked somewhat happy.

It was Summer who looked at him with a look that his mother sometimes got when she was upset. Silver eyes looked into his own with that directness in her eyes, her lips pressed tightly together.

"Who branded you, Jaune? Which sick fuck burned letters into your balls?"

He gave her a sad smile. They'd seen his mark of shame. The two letters that told the world of what he was. A retard. Not worthy of love.

"She said I wasn't worthy of love."

Summer's eyes widened, as she reached forth and lightly, pulled, looking at the marks. Her hands were a little cold, but she looked at the LL that had been burnt into the scrotum, one on each testicle. A sign of what he was.
"There... That's a good retard... Now everyone is going to know what you truly are... A defect mongrel, a retard who can't know what it's like to be a part of the glorious song of human genius..."

She'd done each letter over a day. Every puff of smoke in his face, as her eyes looked into his own, golden shimmer in those depths that had made her look so pretty. She had said those two words again.

"Lebensunwertes Leben. That's what she called it. It's true, isn't it?"

He smiled. He knew that. Cinder had said it a lot, when she was marking him.

Yang didn't understand the term, as her face turned thoughtful, whilst Blake looked similarly unable to understand. Summer's eyes looked at him, her mouth falling open in shock. It seemed that she knew German. Good. Miss Salem hadn't wanted to tell him what it meant because it was apparently bad. He didn't know what it was spelled like, just that it was Cinder's favourite term for him. He wasn't allowed to tell anyone else, because it was between them, but Summer could be trusted.

Her mouth moved but no sound came out. There was anger in those eyes, as her face went through several different phases of anger. He knew that she was angry with him. She'd be angry with him for not being able to love, to be a retard. Cinder always smoked when she told him. She hadn't smoked in the beginning. He didn't like when she smoked.

"Smell that smoke, Jaune? That's what happens to people like you... All into ashes, all burnt like the useless waste that your kind is... You have the blessings of God with your looks and your strength, but the feeble mind of a retard..."

Another puff, as she exhaled. A curtain of smoke, curling through her hair, her eyes like golden pools of mirth and a cruel amusement on her face.

"Lebensunwertig leben... That's what you are. That's what we started... And that's what we'll end. Don't worry, Jaune... When you're gone, nobody will mourn you. You're just a mistake on the proudest of people...A sickness in a proud and pure people.”

Another kick and he whimpered. He wasn't to tell anyone. She'd promised to keep his secrets and he would keep hers. She was his friend.

She looked positively livid, if that was the word to use. "You are NOT unworthy of life, Jaune. Please, don't even think that. Don't EVER think that." Miss Salem had said that too. She'd looked really sad, but there had been nothing that she could do about it. The die had been cast, according to Cinder. The police would put him away and he'd be dealt with like refuse should be dealt with. The restraining order told him not to be within 300 yards of her.

"Mom, what does it mean? Why would he?"

Summer looked at her daughter, looking at him and then hugging him and pulling him down with her, just holding him. It was nice to feel her arms around him. It made him feel a little less pained.

"It's not a nice term to know. It's..."

She paused. He spoke for her. Sometimes it was good to explain to people.

"It's what happens to people like me. Retards deserve to be burnt to ashes. We're a mistake on the pure people of God."
Blake turned paler than before, as she looked saddened by his words. He'd messed up again. He'd made her sad again.

"It's a term used by the Nazi's… Jaune, honey… You're not unworthy of life. Whoever said th-

Summer turned quiet, as she lost her current state of anger, her eyes turning distant. She must be remembering something. People did that.

"It was Fall, wasn't it?"

Her voice was light, as the look on her face changed. Something in those eyes had changed, as something seemed to be there. She quivered, but then straightened out. "I… see."

"I'm just a mistake."

He smiled. They knew now. They'd dislike him too. Summer hugged him tighter.

"No, sweetie… I love you. You're never a mistake."

There was a shock that ran through her, as she took a deep breath. "I love you and I care for you." The words were warm and meant, as Yang hugged him as well. It was a warm hug, as Blake joined in too.

It was nice. Summer had said that she loved him. She shouldn't though. He was just a retard. His affliction wasn't something that could be gone with a little syringe injection. "You're okay, Jaune. You're fine as you are." Yang's voice was softer, as she hugged him. It was nice. This was good.

"You're the boy I want to marry my daughter, Jaune."

Summer said softly. Yang made a surprised sound. He liked Summer though. Summer was someone who understood. "I'm no good. Raven always was better at some things than me and…"

She paused, as he looked at her.

"And I'm not healthy. I nearly killed you after we had sex and-"

He was aware of Yang quivering, but the hug didn't fade. Heavier breaths were being taken by Yang. It was okay. People didn't love people that were like him.

"And… I did a bad thing. I should never have gotten involved, but I just wanted her to be happy. Raven would have wanted her to be as happy as she was when she started to date Taiyang. I shouldn't have ever... But she was okay. She understood. He'll make you happy, Yang."

He spoke up, trying to explain. Proper explanations might be listened to. He trusted Summer.

"Retards can't make people happy."

It was logical. People didn't get happy to see retards. Retards always were treated badly. They were 'special' and nobody liked them. They lied when they said they were happy and washed their hands after touching. He still looked normal, but he was rotten on the inside.

"No, sweetie… No. Don't think like that. She was wrong."

Summer was not right. It was true. Cinder had marked him. Nobody had cared, after all. He was just the scum that raped a woman to people. He'd never be allowed to be happy because it just wasn't allowed for him.
"She was so wrong because she couldn't see what a wonderful boy you are… What a wonderful man you are. Yang is happy with you, Blake is happy with you and Ruby likes you too."

Yang squeezed closer, as he felt the darkness slowly dissipate around him, a gentle shake of her hand making him look down at her. She smiled at him and then kissed him on the lips.

"I like you."

It was nice. Blake squeezed a little harder.

"He's nice, isn't he? Are we going to have a threesome now?"

It was enough to make Yang's head swerve, as Summer gave a hiss at the Faunus girl. "What? He likes us. He makes us feel good. Sex. It's good family bonding!" He looked at her with a weird look. He didn't want to have sex with his family. That was gross and unsanitary! His sisters were not going to ever say yes to that. Plus, Saphron was gay. She didn't like men.

"Silly cat."

Yang smiled, as she looked at him. "What you and mom did… It's not okay." Summer's face showed sadness, as she smiled at him, trying to keep him smiling. She cared. "It's not okay, but we won't tell. It's..." She fell silent for a moment, as her eyes teared up.

"It's okay. Mom… You're going to seek help, right? You're not going to do things to him again, are you?"

Summer shook her head, smiling sadly at him. He liked her. She made him feel happier and better.

"Blake was in a bad relationship. She's not really comfortable around many people but…"

Blake smiled. "You smell nice. You'll make me a good mother." It was a statement that sounded happy, that sounded a little more wistful. "Right?"

"I don't make good babies. I'm autistic. Nobody would want me. It's okay."

Blake watched him before she kissed him. It was a nice kiss. Yang looked at his face with a look in her eyes that was determined.

"Listen, we're going to keep silent about this. Mom, you're going to get help, because this is the final time that this will happen. You can't keep living like this. I'll…" Here the blonde paused, taking a deep breath. "Jaune, will you… God, I can't say it. Blake…" The nudge to Blake, as the Faunus girl looked at him.

"I love her. I love you too."

He knew she must be lying. He wasn't really human, but… then again, neither was she. Both Humans and Faunus died in that war, he remembered. There were many bad things about that time period, but he wasn't too interested in that. Great-granddad had fought in Europe, or so he'd heard.

"So… Date us both?"

He looked at Blake, whilst Yang grimaced. Blake looked at her girlfriend and then back at him. It was a simple solution, but it worked for some. He shook his head.

"I don't want to hurt you."
Summer, on whose lap he was still seated, gave a soft shake of the head.

"It's for the best, Jaune. I'm going to…"

She looked down. He seized her chin and made her look up. He looked into her eyes, and there was an emotion in them, as she smiled.

"I'm going to make things right. No matter what."

Her hand squeezed his own, as she kissed him on the lips. "Don't ever use that word again to refer to yourself, Jaune." She sounded like Miss Salem. Her voice was stricter and those eyes looked clearer.

"Yang, there's five-hundred dollars in the wallet that's laid behind your mother's picture. That's the budget for the week, make sure that you kids keep being fed."

She sounded serious, as her eyes blazed with deep, tense anger. He didn't think she was angry with him, but she looked like she wanted to hurt someone. Yang moved, looking at her mother as she got up, standing to her full height and looking not as impressive. "I love you and Ruby, sweetheart. Make sure that Jaune makes it home safe. Mommy's going to go for a little drive." A smile, as she looked at him.

"I love you, Jaune."

Warmth blossomed in her heart, as he smiled. Summer understood. She was a wonderful woman, after all, way too good for someone like him. He was sick in the head, as he'd always been told. They'd always called him a retard or the other R-word. It wasn't nice, but he had accepted her. Blake looked dubious, as he pulled his pants up. He'd shown them.

"Come with me for a moment, Jaune. I need a man's hands for something on the top shelf in the garage."

The woman's voice was calm, in control. It was the voice that sounded a bit like his father did when he was ready to talk about the time in the army.

"You kids just… enjoy. Talk. If Krauty wakes up, tell her that I don't want her in my house for a week, and after that, not until she's written an apology to Jaune. He is a good young man."

He smiled at her, as she smiled back. He could tell her, now that she understood. She understood him.

As they walked to the garage, he nudged her. She stopped, half-way into the garage, looking at him. "Is something wrong?" He nodded, and she leaned against the wall, her eyes looking at him. She had a warm smile on her lips that didn't really reach her eyes, a little sparkle of something in those eyes, as she looked at him, waiting for him to speak.

"I couldn't let her do that to Ruby. Yang might be upset too. That's why I came. She's my best friend."

He told her, looking her in the eyes. Eye contact was made, Summer's smile slipping.

The warmth was lost from the woman's face, as her eyes turned frigid. Summer Rose looked at him, her eyes looking like two empty pits. She looked very still as she spoke, her tone flat and emotionless. "Do what, Jaune? What would she have done to my little Ruby?"
"Breed the retards. She said it'd make her hate me. Ruby is such a nice smart girl. She's my best friend. I don't want her to hate me."

He hadn't really understood. You bred dogs, but humans? Did those breed? Maybe? He hadn't heard about it yet, so maybe it was an adult thing? Ruby couldn't be hurt though. Ruby was smarter than he was, she always had better grades and never hurt.

"It's simple, retard. Why would someone care when a little girl goes missing... After all, you're her best friend in the world... It would be so easy, if you just behave and bring her... She'll love you... Just as retards do."

A calm smile, as her finger prodded at the mark that she'd put into the flesh.

"And then, the retards breed together... And she'll be the little retard. That'll be fun, won't it? She's dumber than you are, a mistake that should have been aborted."Cinder's smile was beautiful and a little scary, as her eyes looked at him, the gloves that she wore looking to be done.

"Undoubtedly she'd never make the little retard live longer than a month. Too stupid to know the reality of the world, always smiling... She thought I looked cool! Disgusting!" Cinder had met Ruby once and had been called a scary lady.

Summer's eyes closed. She took a deep breath. She exhaled. It felt like him, this morning. Perhaps she heard the laughing too? Someone had been laughing and it sounded like himself. He had sounded scared. That wasn't nice. Retards didn't feel scared, they didn't feel emotions at all.

She opened her eyes. She looked into his for the longest period of time and then smiled. A simple smile, a very simple emotion in her eyes. It wasn't something nice, but there was a deep warmth in them.

"You're the best thing that happened to me in a very long time, Jaune. You may not understand the world as I do, or as my Ruby does, but I want you to know that, no matter what happens, I will love you. It's a strange thing, and I didn't want to admit it to myself but... I love you."

There was a sadness in her eyes, as she pointed at a bag that'd been set on the highest shelf. "Could you get that from there?" A soft plea in her voice, as he noticed the weight of the bag as he set it down.

"I'll be back in a week, at most. Stay safe, Jaune. Love my daughters a lot, alright? No matter what happens... You'll always be a good friend to my daughter. She'll always love you as you are. You're not retarded, you're simply a little different, which is okay."

It was a look in her eyes that he had seen before. The man known as Barry had it in his eyes and Mister Frank, something that was dangerous and scary. Silver eyes did not look at him with warmth, but with an icy cold frosty feeling, as Summer leaned forward and kissed him. "Nobody should feel unworthy to live, Jaune. I'll be back in a week." A cell phone was in her hand as she punched in a few numbers, giving him a smile that never reached her eyes.

"Hey, Tai... I've got some bad news and need to go out of the country for a bit... Do you think you and your wife can come over here to take care of the kids for a week?"

There was a curt tone, as the woman's former husband responded, and he wondered briefly whether it would mean that the exercises would be cut short.

"Thanks. Ruby will like it that her dad's around again... Yeah, thanks. You're a good father to her and Yang."
She got into the car after putting the bag in, the exhaust giving a belch of exhaust fumes, as she backed out of the garage, making sure to fire the car up. "Have a nice week, Jaune." She smiled, winking at him. The warmth had come back to her eyes for an instant.

"You're the man of the house whilst I'm away… Take care of Ruby and my little Yang for me, Jaune."

She drove off, the rumble of the car in the background. He caught Yang at the door, looking at him. A phone rang, and she turned her attention to that. "She's gone for a week." He said, trying to help. Yang looked at him with a look, her head shaking softly.

"It's such a mess…"

She mumbled, her eyes turning away. "But I guess it's summertime, so it's drama time!" She didn't sound happy about that, and he looked at her.

"Jaune, I'm sorry."

He didn't know what she had to be sorry about. She wasn't someone born broken and defect. She was a bright burning sun in the sky, whilst he was just someone who could never fit in. "It's okay." Ruby was better than he was. She was a good and bright girl, who never had someone talk bad things about her.

"It's not. Mom and you… That's abuse."

It didn't feel like abuse. She liked him. She did things that made him feel happy and wanted. "It's... Fuck. This is so messed up."

"That's a word for it, I heard. I should be lucky that someone did that with me."

He liked Summer. He liked Yang. Weiss was not very nice, but perhaps she'd like him again. Ruby was worth bearing Weiss' presence. Ruby would be sad if he left.

"No, my girlfriend would've…"

She looked away, her blonde hair falling in her face, as her fingers ran through it. "I would've, if I'd…"

She gave a deep sigh as she stretched. She was really pretty and nice. He would make sure that she was kept safe. She was Summer's daughter, no matter what the world thought.

"Your mother loves you. With mine, it's always a bother to talk to me."

She hadn't believed him. She had believed that he'd done something to Cinder. She must've known that retards shouldn't touch others badly. Yang looked at him and smiled sadly.

"C'mere, you tall blonde. Give me a hug."

It wasn't certain to him whether she needed it or whether he needed it, the feeling heavy in his mind. Retards didn't really feel things, but it felt nice to hug her. She was different than Ruby, much less in her hug than Summer, but it was nice.

"Summer said that I should be the man of the house whilst she is gone. Your father is coming." Yang looked sad. She swallowed.

"You met with him, at the barbecue, didn't you? He was asking questions about Ruby's girlfriend
over the phone."

Her voice was tiny, as she looked away. "He doesn't much like the fact that she's gay and neither
does mom. Ruby is like you, but... God, this is hard, if dad comes here..."

"It doesn't change what you are. It's okay to be gay."

He smiled. Saphron was gay and she was wonderful. His big sister was amazing and warm. "My
big sister Saphron is gay too."

"It's not-" She looked at him, a look on her face. "It's not like that. His wife hates me. She's been
trying to get pregnant by dad and whenever she and Summer meet, it's always an argument. When
I'm at dad's place, whenever he's around, she's nice but when she's alone with me..." He had seen
the woman. He wasn't her father's son.

"She thought I was your father's illegitimate son."

The quirk of her lips, almost happy, was a good sign. "My dad wouldn't like that." She gave him a
smile, as she squeezed a little harder, finally letting go. The hug had been nice.

"Jaune, he's happy that I'm the normal one."

Jaune nodded at that. Yang was wonderful.

"You're wonderful and sunny. You're someone who lights up a room when you enter."

That was important, he supposed. She made him smile, as her eyes softened.

"You're making it really hard for me to stay with my girlfriend, don't you know..."

The comment was perhaps a touch too soft, as Yang sighed deeply.

"Can I ask you something?"

He wanted to point out that she just had, but he nodded. It was a way of saying things, Miss Salem
had said.

"Can I help you get rid of those choke marks?"

She asked, her eyes looking at him with the question in them. He nodded. Mom might be worried,
and he knew that she'd worry too much about what Summer had done to him. It had been a mistake
and she hadn't been there. Mistakes happened. He was one, after all, but Yang was nice.

"Thank you."

He thanked her, as she smiled at him, giving a sigh.

"I like you."

She smiled softly, laying a hand on his shoulder and giving a squeeze to it. "I like you too, Jaune.
Blake is someone that I love, but I guess..." She looked sadly at him, before she hugged him again.

"Love is confusing."

He knew that. She was nice when she hugged him. It mattered to him that she was happy. He
wrapped his arm around her and she pushed against him, a soft sound in her throat that was lighter
and softer.

"I don't really feel love. Cinder said that-" Yang hissed, as she held him closer.

"Whatever she said, it's not true. You're someone who's been friends with a monster. Mom may need some time to get… whatever it is she is going to get, done, but she'll be back. She has to." The last three words seemed to be almost hesitantly spoken, as her hands rubbed over the back of his neck.

As they sat in the car, parked outside of his home nearly five hours later, he wondered whether it had been alright to tell them about Cinder. He was not worth much anyways, so why should they care so much?

"Jaune? I'd like to ask you something." Her eyes were emotional, as she smiled at him. "Can we…"

She stalled, as she pulled closer. Her jacket made her look nice. It was a nice black jacket with the yellow top underneath it making her look cool. She leaned closer, almost nose to nose.

"Can we date?"

He wasn't sure how to respond to that. "Just for a week… We'll do… Boyfriend and girlfriend stuff, with Blake too. Dad's wife and, well… Dad. They don't like it much that Ruby's into girls. Blake and myself…" He nodded.

"You need a man to be your shield."

He clarified, her nod enough. "It's okay." He said, as he leaned forward and kissed her. Lilac eyes opened wide as he did, as her arms wrapped around him, the hug lasting perhaps a little longer than before, as he felt her tongue probe against his own.

She parted and smiled. It was a nice smile. Her mother smiled like that too when she was happy. She'd said that she'd be happy to see him and Yang do things, like a boyfriend and a girlfriend would.

"How about I go pick you up at eight tomorrow morning and we'll go for a run together, eh?"

He nodded. That would be nice.

"That would be nice."

The smile she had on her face was genuine, he could tell. Ruby smiled like that too when she was happy. Weiss… didn't really smile at him like that. Weiss wasn't a good friend. She was a little like Cinder. He didn't like that. Weiss had smaller breasts too, so there was that.

He waved at her as she pulled away in the car, the bag in his hands, walking up to the door. He rang the doorbell and waited, his mother opening the door. With the hour being as late as it was, she ushered him inside, the smell of home comforting once more.

He was home and he was safe. "Did you have fun at Ruby's house, Jaune?" His mother asked, as she closed the door behind him, his hand grabbing his dirty clothing and tucking it into the hamper for the washing, turning around to find her looking at him with a strange look. "Is that perfume I smell?"

"Oh, Yang wore some today, I think. Or it was Blake."
He didn't know. They smelled pretty alright. Girls liked to smell alright, he knew from his own sisters, so it wasn't a big deal.

"Go and wash up, Jaune. You smell."

He nodded, as he stripped his shirt off. A good shower might be nice to get clean into bed. He'd been dirty.

His older sister looked up from her book for a moment before she made a light wave, not commenting for once as he went for the shower. As the warm water washed over him, he felt warm again. He hoped that Summer was alright. Yang was a little worried.

Well… I can state that Cinder is a bona fide Neo Nazi. Ideologies like that are poisonous and disgusting.

She got off, too. Very lightly. After all, who would trust someone with a mental handicap?

The author does not endorse any kind of supremacist ideology, or support any sort of form of supremacy over another person. This is a work of fiction and meant to entertain/educate people.

My thanks go out to all the autistic people who have commented and said that they can understand where it is coming from. I'm trying, guys and girls!

Leave a review if you'd like! I like seeing your thoughts on the stuff I write.
The short march

Chapter Summary

Yang goes for a run, Ruby wants to have some fun and a date is to be had, because he doesn't want to make people sad.

Waking up in the morning at seven, he slowly rolled out of his comfortable warm nest of sheets, getting up. He looked at himself in the small mirror that stood in the room, the one that on occasion was borrowed by his sisters when they needed to do makeup, even though it was more of a shaving mirror than anything else.

He walked to the bathroom, aware of the sounds around him, hearing the stirrings of several of his sisters. He entered the bathroom and then got the shaving cream out, opting for a shave. He'd not had the opportunity, the stubble already growing somewhat on his chin. It was a necessity, or so he'd been told. He didn't mind shaving.

As he got under the shower for a quick wash, the warmth brought him back to yesterday's events. It had been nice to be around Yang, and if she wanted him to be the man that she could introduce as her boyfriend, he would try to do his best. Ruby was his best friend and she was with Weiss, so perhaps he should just try to do as she did. Yang didn't really strike him as the type to enjoy romantic movies, but he'd have to ask her either way. That's what boyfriends and girlfriends did in the stories and movies.

He got himself dressed in the gear for exercising, looking at his reflection and then giving the smile that he'd practised. It looked professional. The marks on his throat had turned to bruises, purplish-blue in colour.

'Summer has a good grip.'

She was a nice woman. She cared and she understood. It wasn't that she was bad, it was that she'd had a bad moment. Nothing could be done about that. He had bad moments too. Moments when he didn't really like what was going on.

As he sat down at the breakfast table, his older sister Connie looked up from her phone, her eyes catching sight of him and gasping. "Jaune! What happened to your throat?!" Several of her sisters turned their attention to him in unison, the youngest just looking weirded out, as his father looked a little more seriously. He just started to butter the bread very lightly. He wanted a jam sandwich.

"Oh, there was an accident. I had to go to the bathroom."

That was the simplest explanation that he could give. It was the truth. It had been an accident. He had to go to the bathroom, as he'd just woken up. You always went to the bathroom after waking up, or you'd wet yourself.

"Who did that to you, son?" His father asked. Jaune didn't like to lie. He really didn't, but he'd been asked.
“Summer. She didn't recognize me. It was dark inside the house.”

The man's face looked understanding, as he nodded lightly. He understood. It was just a mistake. Summer didn't recognize him and she'd hurt him.

"She apologized. She thought I was an intruder."

The looks were a little more dubious, as his sisters shared a look, though it wasn't sure to him why they would look at each other.

"Reasonable… She's not got a man around the house, so it'd be her who's tasked with defending the house. Is she coming to pick you up for more training? I'd like to have a chat with her."

His father asked and Jaune shook his head slowly. He didn't think Summer was coming back until the end of the week.

"No. She's gone for a week. Mister Xiao-Long, Yang and Ruby's father, is coming to house-sit with his wife."

That was nice. Mister Xiao-Long was a good man. Dad approved of him, probably.

"Ah, that's… good. Taking a break after something like that."

Jaune nodded. It made sense. Summer had been nice enough to keep him alive, although his throat still hurt a little.

"Mister Barracuda said that a good twist usually deals with those things. She didn't twist, so my neck just aches a bit. It hurt quite a bit though. She's a strong woman."

His youngest sister ran to the sink and got sick. Perhaps the yogurt had been bad? He'd have to avoid it. He didn't want to get sick. The others looked a little sick too, but kept their food inside. It wouldn't be nice to die, but if he died, not many would really care. He didn't quite get why they got sick. It was simple facts.

"Jaune, that wasn't eh... exactly what he was referring to."

His father said, as the ringing of a doorbell was heard. Jaune checked the clock. Ten minutes past eight. Yang wasn't as punctual as her mother. That wasn't too bad, he supposed. Summer was too strict, in her own words.

"I should go and exercise. Yang is taking over for her mom."

He was aware that she would probably not be like Summer, but it still was nice of her to offer. He smiled. He grabbed his bag and walked to the door. Yang probably was waiting for him.

Some conversation sprang up between his sisters and his father, but he opened the door. He didn't like the louder noises. He watched Yang stand there, the top that she wore a deep yellow colour that made her hair spring out.

"Hey there, loverboy… C'mere, get in the car, we're going on a drive and we're not going far."

The rhyme was nice, as he smiled at her. The smile she returned was lighter, friendlier and with that little hint of acceptance. She'd seen everything so she was good. Blake was a Faunus, so she was just a bit like him.

As he got into the car, he caught sight of one of the neighbours looking at him, or rather, at Yang,
who gave a cheeky wave, the neighbour looking at him weirdly for a moment. "Jealousy for my good looks, undoubtedly." Yang said, as she squeezed his thigh in an affectionate manner that he just didn't get.

As she turned the key in the ignition, the car roared to life once more, her eyes on the road. "Thank you for wanting to go on a run with me." He said his thanks, as that was only polite for him to do. She was his friend's sister and she was nice to be around.

"These babies need to get their exercise, or they'll just be flab." She flexed her arm a little, looking at him with that bright spark in her eyes. She looked excited.

"But you're pretty anyways. You'd never get fat or look ugly."

He didn't get that about girls. They said something about being ugly, but then they just acted weird when you re-assured them. Girls liked confidence, but they didn't like him very much.

Yang's cheeks looked a little red, as she took a deep breath, focusing on the road once more as they moved. He knew that she must focus. Accidents happened if you didn't have the focus. He was an accident too, probably. Cinder had said as much. Retards were accidents of nature.

"A-Awfully charming, aren't you?"

She sounded a little uncertain. He didn't think he was that charming. He'd never really been called charming before, so it didn't really matter much to him whether she thought he was or he wasn't. The car stopped before the traffic lights, his eyes following a bright red car. Summer might like that make.

"I'm just saying it as I see it. Miss Salem said that people like me can't lie very well. Lying is bad."

Retards shouldn't lie either, but things between friends should be kept between friends. Cinder had said that.

Yang was really quiet for a few moments after that, her eyes looking a little like Summer's as she stared into the distance. He coughed a little, as the lights had turned green.

"The light turned green."

Yang snapped back to attention and she hit the gas pedal, the car moving with a jolt. She seemed to register the jolt faintly, her eyes looking at the road and not at him. She shouldn't look at him. She was driving, after all.

As she parked the car in a different stretch of the woods, she exited slowly, grabbing a stick of deodorant and applying it to the spots where she expected to be sweating. He didn't watch for more than a few seconds as he slowly started on the stretches, loosening himself up a little so there would be no pain in his muscles.

It was important to do, he knew. Summer had stressed it. He turned to look at Yang, who was going through her own routine, moving and twisting. Compared to Summer, there was a slower response, with the movements less practised and fluid.

She noticed him looking and then pushed her chest out. He felt himself react, seeing the flesh bounce a little. Yang had the biggest chest out of the entire household. Retards shouldn't feel happy, but-
"You don't DO that around a woman, Jaune… No, no… Retards aren't allowed to show a woman that… That's bad."

He felt someone touching him and he became aware that Yang was touching him. She looked into his eyes, having called his name. He'd remembered Cinder again. Cinder had hated it when he'd responded to her. Summer had been… she'd been familiar. She'd been known and she understood. She had been Summer.

"Bad memory, Jaune?"

He nodded. She rubbed over his shoulder, as she slid in for a hug. "It's okay. That woman won't hurt you." He hoped she didn't. It hurt to pee sometimes. Cinder had been really mad sometimes when he'd responded to her. It was a biological thing.

"Retards shouldn't be happy near women. We're not allowed."

He said softly, and Yang's hug was stronger, as she pulled him close. It was nice. She was like her mom. She cared. Ruby cared too, she just showed it differently. Weiss…

He'd liked her, once. She didn't smoke, she didn't do the bad things, but she sounded familiar. She'd been a beautiful voice, accented slightly but with her own voice. It'd made him happy to hear her sing, her voice radiant like an angel's.

Cinder's own voice had been beautiful once too, as she'd sang the song to the music player that she'd had in her sitting room. Her own voice had been clear, as she sang the words with reverence, the music having sounded faintly like a march. She'd made him sing with her, something that he'd tried, during the first time when she'd educated him on the importance of the song. Who cared about raising the flag? What was a Hakenkreuz?

He didn't like humming the song though. It'd been the 'song of a brave patriot who had died because of the communists', and he'd liked Wagner a lot better. She'd let him watch Wagner's opera, back when she'd been nicer. They'd driven for a while, gone to an opera house that played it. Miss Salem had signed off on it, saying that it would be nice for him to experience. Cinder had paid for it out of her own pocket.

"Do you hear those beautiful sounds? It's endearing, Jaune… Listening to this, being with you…"

She'd smiled. The nice white dress that she'd worn had been beautiful on her, and he'd said so. She'd blushed a deep crimson at that, a sign that she must like him. It'd been the first act, the moment when he'd seen the first performer on the stage.

She grabbed his hand, caressing over the back of his hand, her hand small and soft. It had been a nice touch, as her eyes looked at the performers from their seat. "I watched this performance a lot in Vienna…"

"Oh?"

He didn't get why you'd watch things again. It wasn't something that could be re-interpreted after the first sighting. She smiled at him, as her hand grabbed his own.

"It's an appreciation for the classics, Jaune. Oh… We're going to have fun together, won't we?"

Her eyes were soft and her dress was like a pale shadow as she gently brushed her lips against his ear.
"You and me, together at my place... Es ist das Schicksal fur mich."

It'd been German, he knew some phrases from dad's old collection of movies, and he watched as the woman on stage started to talk about the Brabant... whatever that was. It was in Europe, probably. Wagner was from Europe. Cinder was from Europe. He thought that Weiss was from Germany, but he didn't know for sure. She'd been assigned to Ruby last week.

"You're my friend, aren't you? We're going to have fun."

He'd noticed that her nipples had hardened, as she inhaled and exhaled deeply. That was a good thing, he supposed, as her fingers stroked over his own.

"Indeed..."

Her tongue slid over her lips as she closed her eyes, leaning back, her fingers starting to caress his hand.

"Watch the performance, Jaune."

Her voice was a throaty, deeper tone, as he did as she asked. Her breathing became a little lower, a soft tremor going through him, as she mumbled something about Gut, Perfekt and something else, as her fingers gripped his hand really tightly. He watched the performance, even as she leaned against him, her lips brushing against his ear. A hot, warm breath came from her, as she shivered, perhaps a little cold. He laid his arm around her shoulder. He was warm, usually.

She twitched and quivered, a deeper, guttural sound coming from her lips as she rocked, her breathing louder, as if she'd been running, which was silly, her lips seizing an earlobe and suckling on it. He kept watching the performance, even as her soft gasp was loud, like an explosion in his ear, her forehead brushing against his own.

She smelled a little differently, a little more sweaty, as she slowly got up.

"I need to go to the bathroom for a moment, Jaune... Do enjoy the play."

His eyes looked worried at her. She was a little flush in the dim lighting, her forehead beaded with sweat. He hoped that she was alright. She was a friend and she shouldn't feel bad.

She joined him after nearly ten minutes. She settled in her seat again, draping her arm around his waist and pulling him closer.

"You said you had sisters, yes?"

He whispered a soft yes, as the performance continued. He opened his phone, showing the picture of the family. Cinder's smile was really pretty as she looked at them.

"You've got good genes... Your sisters are beautiful. Strong characteristic traits, fertility..."

He smiled at that. She'd said what most people had. His sisters were beautiful, to people's eyes. Some people said that he was very handsome too. "Everyone says that. Dad says it's the special Arc charm."

"Hmmm... We're going to have fun next week, Jaune..." Her voice was light. "It is unfortunate that I am currently experiencing a womanly problem, otherwise..." The soft whisper in his ear, as her fingers brushed over his stomach. It tickled a little.
"I'd show you what a man of your stature deserves..."

Yang was holding him, and he noticed that time had passed. They'd been hugging for a while, even with the exercise still to be done. He slowly pulled away from her, her eyes looking at him with a look that was concerned.

"Jaune, listen to me. You are not retarded."

He was, Cinder had said so. They'd all hate him. He was a bad person, simply for being born this way.

"You're simply a little different."

Different people got destroyed. She'd blown the ashes in his face, the smoke in which he'd end up too when the pure people were in power. She'd been right. He shouldn't feel good because Yang was nice and pretty.

"It's okay. You got an erection, that's good. It's flattering for a girl."

Yang tried to smile, but she looked uncertain.

"So, don't worry about it. I'd never get mad at you."

He doubted that. She'd not been very happy with him whilst he'd been out on a date with Ruby. Ruby was more important than him. She was smart, she was able to talk to Weiss without Weiss looking at her like she was something dirty. "I'm dirty." He mumbled, as he looked at her.

He'd had pleasant thoughts about her. She was gorgeous and he'd touched himself to her more than once. Yang smiled at him, the smile making him smile too. It was such a sunny smile, as her eyes looked at him.

"If you're dirty, I'm dirty too! I eat pussy, and she's a Faunus!"

It was a joke, probably referring to Blake's Faunus trait, but he didn't really think he should laugh. Yang did, as she tried to make light of it.

"Come on, the least you could do is crack a smile, mister robot."

He smiled. Yang sighed at the smile. It hadn't been good, he supposed. "Alright, tough crowd..."

"But I'm just me here." Yang sighed deeper, and he'd probably done something bad again.

"I'm sorry."

She nudged him with her knuckles, her eyes looking a bit brighter.

"Let's go for a run, shall we? You won't get to feel sorry when you're watching this hot babe in front of you!"

He nodded. That made sense. "You are warm, not hot. You don't have a fever, do you?" Yang's little toothy grin and the playful punch to his shoulder were just like his sisters' when they'd wanted to let him know that he was a goof. He didn't mind that. He could take the pain.

"Silly boy." She said with amusement in her voice, starting to slowly advance on the path, before picking up speed. He followed after her, watching her buttocks bounce with every step that she took, her body in motion something different than Summer's.
If he had to compare the two of them, Summer definitely made more sense than Yang. Summer was even, streamlined, a singular pace that had been able to keep her straight on the path without fault or change of her own pacing. Yang was wobbling, her body moving as she did. There was little rhyme to her pace, as she picked it up, allowing him to catch up, her pacing different. She'd be tired after a while, he guessed. She wasn't using her feet economically, as Summer had taught her.

"Your feet are off."

She looked at him, her breasts bouncing. He felt the tightness in his pants again, feeling a dash of guilt go through him. Retards weren't supposed to like the sight of normal people, after all. He was lucky that Yang didn't mind, or didn't seem to mind. Yang was different from Summer. Yang was brighter, more vibrant and with better energy. She didn't look so sad.

"Oh? You've been looking at my feet, have you?"

She stopped, the sweat sticking to her skin, her breathing a little heavier as his eyes looked at her. She looked at him with a smirk on her face, coming closer, laying her hands on me.

"And you've been sneaking looks at my tits, haven't you?"

He flinched. She had seen him look. He felt like punishing himself again. It'd been bad to look, but she'd been nice, but he'd-

She was shaking her head. "It's okay to look, Jaune. I don't mind, hell, I've seen what you're packing. Eh, not... y'know, hard. But that's okay! I'm okay, you don't have to show me!" He nodded, slowly pulling his hands up again from his shorts. The shorter blonde smiled at him, as she closed her eyes. "Just looking is okay. I'm not unaware that I'm a hot babe, after all."

"You're beautiful, just like your mother."

He put on his best smile. It was true. Just like Summer, Yang had that inherent beauty. Ruby herself was a looker as well, her smile as bright as the morning sun when she wanted to.

Yang quivered and trembled for a moment, as her head turned away. A smile on her face, he noticed with faint curiosity. "Y'know, you're going to make a girl really happy if you're keeping that up." He smiled at her. She didn't need to know that it'd be impossible for him. He was just someone who was defect, who probably would never find love. Retards didn't love, they just loved to hurt people. That was the truth.

"It's the truth. Summer just looks sad from time to time, but when she gets a hug, she's smiling and happy. Ruby noticed it as well."

Yang's face looked awkward, he guessed. He wasn't sure what expression it was on her face, as her lips pressed together tightly, her head shaking lightly.

"Just because I'm pretty, it doesn't mean that- Bah."

She was flushed red, no doubt from the exercise. He felt a little sticky as well. They'd been running at a pace that was a bit faster than Summer's regular pace.

"Beautiful. Not just pretty."

He corrected her there. She shouldn't put herself down like that, he had said that she was beautiful, so it was so, in his eyes. Her close proximity made him feel warm. It made him feel happier, just like with Summer.
"Damn, it's going to be hard to pretend to be your girlfriend, dude."

He knew that. She'd no doubt have to fight down the disgust too, for being close to a retard. It'd be hard for her to pretend indeed. He smiled at her, encouragingly, just like he'd been coached on. He'd do his best to be the normal boyfriend that she'd want. Anything to make sure that she was happy.

"It'll be okay. What does Blake want to do?"

Yang's features looked serious for a moment. She exhaled slowly.

"Dad's coming tonight with Sandy. We're going out for a date later… Just to make sure that we're having a moment of fun before we… well, we'd be dating, you big lump." Yang loved Blake. Retards didn't love and Blake didn't really seem to know that. There was a tight feeling in his chest. It hurt a little. That just might be the exercise.

"Do you want to set ground rules? My older sisters said that it was pretty important."

He saw her think for a moment, taking a few steps away and looking up before she took a deep breath, running a hand through her hair.

"Let's continue our run for a bit first whilst I think, loverboy."

He could probably never be the man that someone would love. Weiss had been beautiful and he'd hoped that she'd be nice to him too, but Yang had always been distant, somewhat. The gaming was nice, when Ruby asked her to join them, but Yang had always been the presence in the background.

As they ran for another thirty minutes, Yang's pace moderating slowly, her face looking carefree and without worry, he let his mind roam a little. Living with Summer and Yang and Ruby was nice. They'd been a good family, he knew. Yang cared a lot for his best friend. Weiss was gay, but she was okay too. She'd said the bad word but he'd forgiven her already. She was someone he knew and she'd probably not been aware.

She didn't smoke, which helped too. Yang smoked. He wondered whether she'd continue smoking around him. He didn't much like people who smoked much. The car was still waiting for them, Yang's face heated. For a moment, he could see Summer on her knees, giving him that warm sensation. That'd felt really good and nice.

He felt the rush of shame go through him, as he wondered whether Summer was alright. She hadn't looked happy when he'd told her. Summer must be alright though, because she was Ruby's mom and she was super.

"My… That's a bit too early for that sort of stuff, buddy."

Yang's voice was teasing as she patted his butt, a startling feeling, as he felt the guilt go through him. He'd thought of Summer again, whilst with Yang. For a moment, he'd had a bad thought.

"But it's nice to see that I look good enough for you to get a stiffy. Makes a girl feel flattered."

She shouldn't be. He wasn't allowed to feel happy because he was a defected product. He tried to push it down, the touch enough. He hoped that it would, because it was annoying to walk with it.

"Sorry."
She patted his shoulder, winking at him, laying her hands on the car and then doing a slow stretch. Her rear pushed out, as the blonde hair fell down the side, a low groan coming from her. He stared, longer than he'd intended. Summer was nice, Yang was nice, both made him feel something.

"My, am I too beautiful for you?"

She said with a tone that definitely was a teasing one. He'd heard it often enough from his sisters, as they teased him with his bad social skills. Miss Salem had said that he'd just have to learn, that his parents and sisters didn't fully understand.

"Yes."

She blinked at the blunt answer and then smiled.

"Good. Now, do some stretches… I'll help if you need some."

He imitated her, feeling the muscles twitch a little, the warmth from the exercise making him feel a little fluttery. Her hands pressed on his back, the smell of her deodorant mixing with her sweat and that indecipherable feeling of being Yang giving him a tingling sensation.

"Good boy…"

Cinder had not praised him. Yang was nice, she wouldn't hurt him. She smoked, though.

"Are you going to smoke?"

He asked. Yang's eyes showed confusion.

"Well, n-" Her eyes went wide. "No, I'm not going to smoke. Don't ever think that I'd do something like that to you, Jaune."

Her voice sounded a little sad and disturbed. He smiled at her. She wasn't going to mark him as the retards should be marked. That made him happy.

"Thank you."

His simple expression of thanks made her look somewhat saddened, even as she turned her gaze away from him.

"We'll… We'll have to figure something out about Blake. I'm going to go out with her on a date today, we're… We've talked."

He knew that Blake was not going to be leaving him. She liked him for his eyes or something, he wasn't sure exactly why. She cared, in her own Faunus-ey way.

"And… Well." Yang swallowed, before she reached, touching his thigh. "She wants to-, b-but…"

Her hand stroked over his thigh, her eyes looking at him. There was something in those eyes that her mother also had. Care. She didn't seem to mind that he was different.

"I just want her to be happy."

He grabbed her hand and pulled it away. He shook his head. She was forcing herself to touch him. He understood. Nobody wanted to touch a retard there unless they had to. Cinder had said that and it had been true. She had disliked his grossness and his disgusting habits.
"I'll hug. We can kiss. Let's be friends."

She smiled in a manner that was like Ruby, warm and without concern. A weight seemed to fall off her shoulders, as her head turned away.

"Boys don't want me to…"

She didn't finish her sentence, as she looked at him with her lilac eyes dark.

"It's always 'these'."

She grabbed her breasts. He reacted, as she juggled them slowly in the top. His eyes followed the motions. He felt bad about it too, expecting the kick. Cinder had hated it when he reacted. She'd given him an even dirtier look.

"It's always 'I'll be your friend', but then they're just wanting more. It's always an 'oops, my hand slipped' but I've seen them look. I'm not... I'm not some easy girl." He could understand that.

"You are a beautiful girl. Strong. Weiss didn't get up after you hit her."

Yang grimaced at the mention of that. He hadn't caught what had happened to Weiss, as she'd been put in Ruby's room.

"I gave her a concussion. Float like a butterfly, sting like a bumblebee."

A morose look, as she looked down. "I was always taught that I should never hurt people, never hit someone with the full force, but I was just so angry that she'd said that about you, in front of Ruby. It's not okay, Jaune. You were with us."

He didn't understand why. They'd not believed him at the police station. His mother didn't believe him, fully. She'd asked many times if it'd been a mistake. He'd just said that there was no mistake. He hadn't done anything. He'd not made a mistake. He'd said that, to her. Summer had helped him and Ruby had been nice. Ruby didn't know, fully. She was his friend.

"It's okay. Retards aren't supposed to feel l-"

She silenced him by grabbing his mouth and closing it. "You listen to me right here and now, Jaune! You're human, just like me. You've got hot blood running through your veins and you've got a dick in your pants that's reacting to something you see that you like. Don't you ever say that you're not supposed to feel anything. You feel things."

He smiled at her. Hearing those words was nice, but he didn't believe her much. Cinder had said the truth was like that. She'd shown him some of the things that she'd collected over the years. He wasn't like that, but he was not pure. He was the defect out of eight children.

"Sometimes, I wonder."

He said. He did. Pyrrha always smiled at him when he hadn't fully understood something, well, she'd always smiled at him before the presentation. She'd been cooler to him afterwards, not smiling as much. He somewhat missed that. He just wanted to know what was wrong with his friend, but Nora had said to 'give it some time' and that she needed 'some time to put things back together'.

Nora was super. He hoped that Ren would ask her to marry her. That'd be nice, it'd be nice to see Nora smile again. He didn't really get why Nora had looked at him so weirdly for a moment when
Ren had talked to her, but it'd all be okay. She'd apologized and everything had been fine. She'd never stopped being his friend. You didn't abandon friends.

"No, don't wonder about it. You're just like me. Just without the breasts."

He gave a soft laugh at that. He'd already imagined that image and it wouldn't look so nice. Yang's breasts were nice and round.

"They are nice. Cardin said that he'd like to grope them but that you'd been a 'cold bitch' to him."

Cardin wasn't a nice person, in his opinion. At least Cardin had left him alone after the presentation had been done. That had been nice, even though nobody really wanted to talk to him anymore.

"That jerk-off should've just tried to get his hands on Emma rather than to try to mess with the Xiao-Long!"

Yang looked fiercer, as she straightened her shoulders, her chest doing an interesting wobble.

"What I mean is… You're like Ruby."

He wasn't like Ruby. Ruby was a good girl, a smart girl. Much smarter than he was. He was stronger than she was, he was a brute. Good for labour, good for doing other stuff, but Ruby was smart.

"She's smarter."

Yang's eyes were a little distant, as she patted him on the shoulder.

"It's true. She's always scoring higher than me."

It was the truth. Retards weren't smart. Ruby wasn't retarded like he was. Cinder was sure of it, and she'd told him. It had been clear. Ruby was smarter and better than him. He was just a boy, just a retard. Everyone said it. Boys were bad.

He didn't like the word *rapist.* It'd been used too much, everyone whispered it. He didn't like it at all. No girl really wanted to talk to him voluntarily and even the teachers were a little hesitant, thinking the worst of him. He'd seen it in his Math teacher, her eyes never quite leaving him whenever he was around. She'd been one of the people who gave him that look that he deserved for existing as if he was nothing but filth. She'd heard what happened, of course. Nobody had believed him.

"You're silly, Jaune."

Yang said so and perhaps it was so. He wasn't going to comment on her. She wasn't broken like he was. She was a bright and sunny girl, whose smile made him smile too. She was the bright little sun in the sky. "And that's why people can't see you for what you really are."

"You're like the sun in the sky."

He said. She blinked at the sudden words from him.

"You're warm and you make people feel happy. Mom always says that the sun is what makes people come out."

"Silly." She shook her head, opening the door for him after turning the key.
"Get in, Mister Compliments… Time for the two of us to get back home and showered. Ruby wants to see you, or so I heard."

He hoped that Ruby was okay. She was his best friend after all.

He was greeted at the door by Ruby, whose blue summer dress looked nice on her. He smiled, hugging her.

"Ick! Sticky! Jaune, we've got to go and talk! Weiss isn't allowed here for a week!"

He winced. It'd been his fault. If he hadn't been there, Weiss would still be with her. "But that's okay! You go shower first! I'll distract Yang! Big sis!" Yang's smile was soft as Ruby started a barrage of questions, something that brought him some relief, as he walked up the stairs to the bathroom with the comfortable shower. The one on the lower level was often too cold. He didn't like that too much.

As he entered the bathroom and stripped, he became aware of the creak of a door and turned his head, seeing Blake stand there. Her golden eyes looked at him, a smile appearing on her face, her steps soft and elegant like a dancer's, something that he'd managed to get experienced at with his sister's fancy for dancing.

He stopped with the motion, standing there in his underwear. Her ears twitched, the shirt that she wore being enough, as her eyes looked at him, head turning slowly. His gaze met hers and he held his eyes pinned on her.

She shuddered, stepping closer, her fingers touching over his skin.

"Hmmm…"

A low moan came from her lips. He felt her fingers touch, a spike of discomfort coming from him, as her lips pressed against his collarbone, her Faunus trait brushing against his own.

"A good man."

He pushed her away and she stumbled, catching her balance. He was aware that he'd gripped his fist, as his heartbeat raced. Tremors started to go through him, as he felt the twitching come.

"Please, leave."

She looked at him. "But it'll feel good?" Her question was not good, as he remembered the smoke, the touches. She'd hated that, she'd always kicked him, it hurt. "I'm going to make you feel go-"

"Did I tell you to behave? Oh, yes I did… Why were you talking to her, hmm? Didn't I say that things would only get harder if you talk to better people than you?"

A stomp. She'd kicked him. Pain. She'd not been nice but she'd been a friend. She was supposed to help him.

"Good, good… Oh… Now that's not good. Good retards do NOT get good feelings from those who tolerate their existence. Repeat after me: Retards do not love. Retards do not like. Retards should die. I am not worthy of love."

He'd repeated after her. Every time, she hurt. He felt numb, but it was still okay. He'd felt worse pain. She kept on smoking, kept on telling him that he should die for the crime of being born
The Faunus girl nodded, turning around. She didn't leave yet. Why didn't she leave yet? "Blake, please, just…" A sigh came from him, as he felt the pain again. She caught his wrist, her eyes meeting his. She smelled nice, as she shook her head slowly.

"No hitting the baby-maker. I'll go now. Come down for breakfast, Jaune."

He hit himself three times. It wasn't right. It always hurt, but at least it wasn't a boot. Cinder hadn't been good at kicking.

He turned the shower on, the water hot and scalding. He felt like he had to get clean, like he had to wash it all off. He'd liked Yang. He'd reacted to her, even as Summer was someone who he'd reacted to as well. Blake had said the words, she'd said the words and he felt dirty for liking Blake's girlfriend. It wasn't allowed.

His skin was red as the water rained down on his back, the sponge rubbing over the skin, the heat barely phasing him, though the water definitely was hotter than he'd usually put it. He had to wash himself clean, he'd had to make sure that he wasn't dirty, Ruby had said that she'd like to talk to him, Blake had said that he was a good man and Cinder was going to come and make Ruby hate him. He didn't want her to hate him. That wasn't allowed.

He joined them at the table, the fresh shirt that he'd gotten from the bag worn. He had worn the loose shorts that made him feel comfy. It was easier to hide the evidence of being wrong. He looked at Blake, who gave him a little wave with the fingers, a little scratch-wiggle of the hand, as Yang sat at the head of the table, a fresh loaf of bread already half-sliced into pieces. They'd never really bought the pre-sliced bread, he'd noticed, as Yang sliced Ruby's bread for her, Ruby humming lightly to herself.

Ruby liked her bread with no crust and a lot of butter. He didn't really like much butter. It was sticky.

"Did you have a nice shower, Jaune?"

Yang asked and he nodded. He'd been clean. The water at 102 Fahrenheit always made the skin clean. Washing hurt a bit in the sensitive bits, but you never bothered. With flame, things were disinfected. The shower only went to 102, so it was a shame. He couldn't be fully clean. Cinder said he had to scrub till the skin was red to be clean.

"Yes."

He said, simply stating it. It hadn't been enough for him yet. He had to stop being dirty.

Blake gave him a look whilst Ruby noticed him. She had that too, sometimes. She was paying attention one moment and the next she was doing something entirely different. It was kind of cool, even though he at times didn't notice much either, missing parts of the sentences. He usually remembered the gist of it though.

"Sooooo… Weiss got concussed. That means she's not allowed around the house, which is sad. Mom was really upset about something. Why were you laughing?"
He thought for a moment. She didn't mind if he thought about it for a bit, because she let him think on things. She was the smart one, always coming up with her own explanations that made perfect sense.

"Was it funny? I don't think you're a rapist, you're just Jaune."

He noticed the sharp intake of breath from Yang, whilst Blake merely looked at him.

"It's not good to do, though. Mom said that it isn't a happy thing, so were you laughing because you were sad? Mom sometimes laughs but it's nicer, she's got a good laugh. She called Weiss Krauty though. I don't think she tastes like Sauerkraut though... She tastes more like strawberries, unless we're having sex. Then it's just a bit salty."

Yang's face looked uncomfortable, and Jaune wondered briefly what face Weiss would make if she was here. This was not a comfortable topic, but he mustered a smile. Ruby couldn't hate him, she shouldn't hate him or he'd lose his friend.

"I wasn't feeling very happy. The laughter was to make me feel happy again, so I went for a little walk."

She was smarter than he was, she always got better grades. She'd understand. The bright smile that blossomed on her face was happy, as she hugged him.

"You're my bestie! My male bestie and I love you."

He couldn't say the same. He was just a retard, born wrong. He liked her, she was his best friend, next to Ren and Nora and Pyrrha, but to the others, he was just a rapist. Weiss had said so. She'd said it just like Cinder had. She was disgusted with him too, but that might just be because she was gay. Blake sipped some of her drink, orange juice if he'd guessed it right, whilst Yang took a bite from her sandwich.

"Let's have sex tonight! Weiss said it's something you do with someone who's special to you!"

Yang choked on her food, coughing and choking, her eyes watering. She wasn't choking-choking, as the food was swallowed, though she took a very quick drink from the glass of water.

"Ruby, I don't think that's something that Weiss would like..."

Yang said, her voice cautioning. He had to agree. Weiss would probably spread the news on social media or something. Cinder had said that something like that might happen, though she wasn't on any official network.

"Oh. Can I see your penis?"

Yang looked scandalized, as Ruby looked at him with her silver eyes imploringly.

"Because Weiss and I were having a talk... Or is that Weiss and me? I always forget... But yes, I just heard how good sex with a boy feels. She's going to bring toys! She said that we shouldn't borrow Blake's toys, because they are too big for me."

He gave Blake a look, the flat golden stare looking at him with something in those eyes that he didn't really get.

"I'm not sure whether that's a good idea, Ruby. Weiss doesn't like it when you try to talk to me."
He tried to make sure that Ruby wouldn't pry too much, knowing that Weiss would explode if she'd heard that Ruby asked to see his manhood.

"Oh, yes, that's true. Do you think you can show me? I'll keep a secret. I'm just so curious!"

He looked at her and closed his eyes. If he showed her, she'd be silent for a bit, but…

"Your dad is coming tonight, isn't he?"

He changed the subject, deciding that it wouldn't be a good thing to talk about this. Ruby was a good girl, she was his best friend and she was together with Weiss.

"Oh, yes. Hmm…" She tilted her head slightly to the left.

"Perhaps I can just… I dunno, take a quick look? I'd always wanted to see one, and you're my best friend and-" She seemed not to let go of the subject.

'Is it really that important?'

He didn't think it was. Ruby was innocent and she was smarter than he was, so perhaps it would be alright. Blake looked at him, her lips stuck in a pout, Yang looking between him and Ruby, before she sighed deeply.

"Just… show her, Jaune. When we're gone. No sex, alright?"

He didn't think so. You didn't want to breed retards. Ruby was a good girl, she would be smart and loved. She wasn't like he was.

"Aww… But please? Can I see?"

He nodded, Yang giving a soft groan and a 'What a fucking mess' came from her lips, as she looked at Blake. He knew that Yang wanted to be with her girlfriend. He smiled at her, trying to offer her some support. People liked a smile, because you showed positivity.

"When Yang and Blake are gone."

He said. Summer wanted him to make her girls happy. He'd make Ruby happy and he'd make Yang happy. Ruby's beaming smile was like a ray of light through the dark clouds, her eyes twinkling softly with that happiness, her gaze direct at him with those silver eyes. Her mother's eyes were prettier. He'd have to admit that. He liked Summer when she looked at him as if he was someone worth looking at.

"Well, we're heading out… Do play safe and remember: No sex."

Yang looked at him and gave him a look that he recognized as 'Don't hurt my sister'. He wouldn't. Ruby was just curious.

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He was in Ruby's room, standing in front of her bed, ten minutes later. She sat on her bed and her finger tapped against it, her giggles broader. It was for her that he did this. She was such a good friend that he'd not the heart to deny her. Blake and Yang were out, Ruby touching him slightly.

"Does it get bigger? The teacher in health class said that boys get bigger."

He closed his eyes. Thinking about Summer and her warmth, her understanding. Yang and the sight that she'd made this morning. The feeling of Blake's lips around his manhood, sucking and
caressing. Delighted giggling came from her, as her hand touched it. He flinched.

It wasn't a sexual touch, not a bad one. Not like Cinder, who'd touched. He trusted Ruby.

"Big… So this is going inside someone like me?"

Her eyes looked up at him with a question. He'd nearly forgotten that she was two years younger than him.

"No, you're not allowed. Yang said that we shouldn't."

He knew that Ruby would be pressing at him to make sure that she got her way. Ruby had always been better received. She'd always been the smart one, because she was so happy.

He couldn't have made Ruby hate him. Ruby was a bright little spark in the dark, there to make him feel a shred of joy. She was the cute girl that smiled at him and wanted to game with him. She was fun.

"Make it hard again. It went soft. Does it always look so big or is it because of me?"

Her eyes looked at him imploringly, as she squeezed. He hissed in pain. It was always sensitive when someone squeezed really hard.

"Oh, sorry. Did that hurt? Do you want me to kiss it better?"

He shook his head, pulling his pants up. She'd seen enough. He didn't feel comfortable anymore. Ruby was a wonderful girl but at times, she could be too much.

"Aww… But I wanted to taste it, just like the girls in the books. Weiss said that it isn't nice to do to a boy, but you're my friend."

Summer didn't force herself on him. Summer understood and she wanted the best for her daughters.

"Your dad will be here soon, as well as your stepmother."

Ruby frowned, looking away. "She's nice. Dad likes me more though. He's okay with me and Weiss. Are you going to come around again tomorrow?" She was doubtful, as her eyes seemed to grow dull for an instant before they focused on him, a smile on her lips.

"Do you want to kiss for a bit?"

'No.'

He really didn't feel like that for her. She was his friend, yes, she was a wonderful girl that made him feel happy, but kissing her just felt wrong.

"No."

She pouted, her eyes looking at him. "You're no fun. Weiss should stop acting silly and just accept it. I love you both. She's just acting a little silly and she'll start to like you soon enough! I just know it." He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

"And we'll all be happy together when mom comes back. You, me, mom, Weiss, Blake and Yang."

He hoped that Summer would come back. She was nice and she understood. Ruby wasn't too bad, she just had some issues sometimes. He could accept that. He wasn't worthy of understanding,
because he had been born the way he was.

"I wanted to... y'know, have sex. Do you think we can? I won't tell Yang, it's supposed to feel really good for guys and I like your thingy..."

If it'd been before, he might've considered it. Ruby was with Weiss and Weiss made him think of Cinder. Weiss would hate him if he did anything with Ruby. He'd probably hate himself too.

"No, Ruby."

She touched his groin, looking up at him, a stubborn expression on her face, her lip pouting a little.

"Yang said no sex, and there won't be sex."

A little huff, as she turned her head away. "Weiss never refuses me. She likes me and I like her back. Yang isn't very warm to her because Weiss was looking once and- Well, I guess that was not the strawberry themed underwear..."

He didn't really know what she was talking about, as the bright smile came to her face.

"How about a game of Kart Crushers? I call dibs on the first controller!"

Gaming was familiar and it was an excuse. Ruby sat herself down in his lap, letting her butt rest against his groin, the skirt that she'd opted to wear made of some soft fabric. It was about 5 hours later when he heard the door open up below. Because he was aware, he knew that it must be someone coming home.

"Kids! It's me, big ol' Dad!"

The voice of Mister Xiao-Long came from below, as Ruby got up, her butt smacking him in the face. She'd gotten very comfortable, wiggling her butt up and down a little at his groin, whether intentional or not being the question of the hour.

"Dad!"

She was downstairs in a flash, without even a hint of deliberation, burning with that bright energy that attracted him as well. He joined her at a slower pace, the man hugged by his daughter, the slight woman standing a few paces behind the man looking at him, a complicated expression on her face.

"Oh, it's you. How've you been doing?"

The man put Ruby down, who'd started to climb into the man's frame already, his eyes looking into his own. Jaune smelled Chinese food. Good Chinese food, it smelled like. Probably from the place in town. He liked their takeout. The dumplings were nice and spicy.

"I've been fine, Mister Xiao-Long."

He said. It was true. He felt fine. The man's eyes looked at his face, or rather his neck. The man made a motion to his neck, to which Jaune gave a little smile.

"Your ex-wife decided that I was an intruder. She wasn't too happy." The man nodded, brushing a finger over his own cheek.

"Yeah, Summer does that sometimes. Always before dawn, because that's when we were most active."
The man looked uncomfortable, if he'd gotten the right idea about the man's expression.

"Well, sport, time to go to the table. Is your sister home too?"

Ruby shook her head. "Nope! Yang and Blake have gone out for… I think they're to the movies. They'll fix their own dinner."

The confidence in Ruby's voice was infectious, as he smiled. Yang and Blake belonged together. Blake might like him for some weird Faunus reason, but that was biology. You couldn't help biology. Saphron had said that it'd been biology that had made her gay and that lesbians did not like men.

"More grub for us, kids. Sandy, do you think you can set the table? Ruby, go show your stepmom where the plates are kept, sweetheart."

The man looked at his wife and his daughter departing, the signs already there on the older woman's face. There wasn't much like for Ruby, and he remembered what Yang had said.

"Son, Jaune… I'm sorry for what Summer did to you."

The man sounded apologetic, as he looked at him with a look that looked sad to Jaune's eyes. "She's sick, ever since we came back from a really bad deployment."

"Is that why she wears the red contacts?" The man's face showed surprise for a moment, before there was something in those eyes that looked really sad. He didn't like making people sad. He shouldn't have mentioned it. He vowed not to mention it again. That way people wouldn't be sad.

"Oh, maybe. I haven't really spoken to her much after the divorce. I trust her with the kids, I know that it's been tough but… Tell me, how does she act when she wears the contacts?"

There was a note of worry in the man's voice. He sounded a bit like dad when he'd heard about that amendment legislation. He hoped that Ruby's dad would be angry.

Describing how she acted wasn't that hard. "Nice. She speaks with a bit of a southern tone, oh, and she's perhaps a bit like Yang. It's usually after she goes quiet for a bit." The man's expression looked sad, and the man looked like he was ready to say something, when Ruby came up.

"The plates are set! Sandy is putting the cutlery down! Come, bring the food! I'm hungry!"

The older man smiled at his daughter, handing her the bag with the Chinese food. He didn't really care what was for dinner, the man's hand on his shoulder.

"Did she ever hurt you, son? Anything at all, anything that's a little strange, perhaps a little scary?"

The man's tone was soft but his grip was rather painful. He shook his head, Summer hadn't hurt him. She'd been nice and gentle and he liked her kisses.

"She didn't recognize me when she did that. She apologized. Dad has that too sometimes when he wakes up at night."

The man closed his eyes, taking a deep breath and the grip relaxed.

"She never took the loss of my first wife, Raven, well. They were best friends and… well, we ended up in bed after some shared grief, my wife didn't really... eh, that's not important. Ruby was born nine months later and well… She's been a finicky sleeper ever since Raven died."
The man was telling from personal recollection, as his blue eyes looked sad.

"I've been where you've been at a few times, Jaune. Waking up, feeling her hands around my neck and her screaming at me to give her back. She must've forgotten to lock the door to her room, she hates disturbing the kids. She loves them a lot."

It was understandable, he supposed. He didn't like it much when one of his sisters brought home a boyfriend and it'd be thump thump thump through the night. The walls weren't that thick and some of the sounds they made weren't soft.

"It's okay. She said she was going to go out of the country because she had some bad news. She'll be back next week."

The man looked at him and nodded in understanding. The man knew where Summer had went, most likely. Jaune wondered whether he could ask.

"She's gone to visit her best friend. Sometimes, Summer has to go and drive to the cemetery, but since it's in another state, it's hard to get to. She'll be back. She owes Raven too much to quit. She's a Marine."

The man sounded just like his dad, as they walked towards the kitchen table. The food was already on display, the man's wife seated perfectly between him and Ruby, Taiyang taking the head of the table. It was a low rumble that said that his stomach was hungry, as Ruby hungrily dug into the food.

Watching the television with Ruby was nice, as Yang and Blake returned, Yang striding over to her father and giving him a kiss on the cheek. "Missed ya, dad."

"Missed you too, firebomb. How's my oldest daughter today, huh? Been to the movies with your best friend?"

The man's eyes caught Blake's eyes for a moment, a mistrust in those eyes that he could see. When those gazes were looking at you all the time, you recognized it. The man was prejudiced, either because Blake was Yang's girlfriend, or otherwise.

"Yeah, we went to an action flick. Blake's got an appreciation for some movies that're a bit odd, but you know me…"

Her eyes met his and she smirked. He noticed that the wife of the man made a face as Yang sauntered up to him, planting herself in his lap.

"And how's my big strong Jaune today, huh? Enjoyed yourself with my little sis a bit, big boy?"

He wondered whether Yang was going to do something, as her face came closer. He kissed her on the nose, a sign of affection or so he'd gleaned from the romantic movies.

"It was nice. Do you want to go on a date sometime tomorrow?"

He wasn't sure whether the mall was open or not, but they could go. He'd have to act like a good boyfriend, so she would be happy. Boyfriends went on dates and acted clumsy, right?

"Would be lovely, Jaune. Dad? Mind if I borrow the car to bring Blake and Jaune home?"

The man's expression was a little more at ease, as Yang squeezed his side and started to tickle the older man. She was a little relieved, he noticed. It was more in the subtle way that she was
breathing a little more restful than before, rather than the definite touch she was laying on him. The man pushed her away, a look that was good on his face. He thought that meant being fond of someone.

"Sure thing firebomb, take the car. Just remember to fill the gas tank up again before you get back. It's quite the drive from our neck of the woods to here, so just be aware…"

Yang grinned, getting up and then brushing her fingers over his neck, grabbing his cheeks and then pressing a kiss to his upper lip, almost like they were kissing.

Shame went through him. He reacted again. Lilac eyes looked into his own, as Yang's warm breath washed over his face.

"We need to get you some manly cologne, Jaune… You're smelling like my dad."

Her amused laugh was a little bit forced, in his opinion, but she was his friend.

"That's because I don't have my shampoo here. Ruby doesn't like it if I use hers." Her father laughed at the words, as his wife gave him a look.

"But I'll bring some next time." He was sure that there would be some time to shop.

"We'll go shopping for some nice things together, tomorrow! Better bring your wallet, because Yang's gonna make a bang! Dating can be done later, yep!"

She fist-pumped, as her father's new wife spoke up. The woman looked rather hawkish at Yang, it wasn't a nice look.

"Are you sure that it's a wise idea, Yang?" The woman said, looking at her husband.

"Tai, are you sure it's wise to let them go off unescorted? Should we take them and make it a double date?"

The man smiled at his wife. It wasn't a faked smile, but Jaune could feel Yang tensing up. "Perhaps… But who'd look after Ruby then, eh? Yang, if you'd not mind and take her with you two, it might be best for…" The man looked at him and then at her. Yang's smile was radiant as she nodded.

"It'll be great. Fun. Jaune can carry our bags, right?"

He wasn't sure whether he should agree. As Yang pulled him a little closer, she squeezed him a little tighter, her eyes looking a bit sad as she gazed into his own, before letting go and turning to Blake.

"Blake, get your pussycat butt to the car! C'mon, chop-chop!"

He moved after her, trying to suppress the feelings inside him, as he felt the sadness in her increase. He turned and waved goodbye at Ruby, saying so as well, just in case she didn't see. Her father was talking with his wife about something, clearly not too fussed, but Yang was upset. She looked like her mom now, with that look in her eyes.

When they reached the car, a nice Range Rover that'd been marked with a license plate from out of state and a few dents in the side and mud on the wheels, Yang sighed.

"I really hate her. I hate her so much I just wish that she'd die so Dad would be dad again."
Yang’s voice sounded upset and sad, her pretty eyes looking a little empty and without happy feelings. He felt bad for her.

"It's okay, Yang. I didn't take her comments personally the last time I was at your father's place with you."

There was a story that wasn't told, as Yang groaned, opening the car door. A picture of her father was pinned to the rearview mirror in a dangling chain that'd been looped around it, the man and the stepmother to Yang and Ruby looking like she loved him.

"She'd got no right. You're my girlfriend, that doesn't make it right to call you an animal." Yang sounded sad. He gave her a hug either way. She was silent for a moment, as Blake joined in.

"You're not an animal. You're my friend, Blake."

He wanted her to not hurt. She was a Faunus, not an animal. Blake was a bit different, but she was Yang’s girlfriend. He was just someone who didn't understand anything, too simple to really get those things like normal humans did.

"I'll be his animal." Blake smiled, looking at him. "I still want that threesome." Yang blushed red, as she looked away.

"He's good. He's nice. He's making you smile."

Yang sighed, as she got into the car, pulling herself free from their embrace. She seemed to be depressed for some reason, her eyes closed for the time being as she let a slow hiss of air escape her lips. It wasn't nice for her to feel like this, he figured. She was his friend too, even with Ruby being somewhat different.

"See? We can meet up in town in a few days… Mom might like to see him."

A smile on her lips. "I want him." Yang looked a little sad, but Blake seemed not to notice.

"He'll be good for us. Your mom sees it too."

He wondered what Summer might think of such a thing. Yang just looked conflicted, as she started the car, the headlights turning on with a slow rumbling of the car, a soft motion already starting, as the car started to move.

Blake had settled herself in his lap, her head turning around and golden eyes coming to rest on his own.

"I'm sorry. Yang tried to explain but I don't get it…"

He didn't know what she was talking about. He wondered whether it was about him being a bad person and liking Yang.

"Why would you not have me? You have cool tribals. You are fertile and a man. Why not take what you want?"

He looked at her with a look, which was returned in equal force. "I don't understand." He said, Blake smiling at him. She smiled even broader as she nosed against him.

"I want you. I want Yang. You smell good. You feel good. You taste good too, just like Yang. Mama said that happiness is when you are with people you love."
He wasn't sure how accurate that was. Love was for normal people, retards didn't get to have love.

"Oh. I don't think I can make you happy."

He doubted that he could make anyone happy. Yang sighed deeper, as she continued to drive, her eyes on the road. They looked a little wet, but Blake just continued to speak.

"You will. You are a good man." He felt the flicker of whatever it was that felt bad. Ashes and golden eyes drifted in his vision as he could smell the smoke again, as her golden eyes looked into his own.

"A good father. You will make us happy. Yang likes you too. She will see you as a good man too."

He wanted to get away from her. She was going to burn him again, kick him and tell him he was going to die alone. He wanted to get away but she was on top of him, his body pressed there, as the Faunus kept herself there in his lap. It was an awkward fit, but she was there, pressing him down. He whimpered.

"Blake, quit it. He's not comfortable."

Yang's voice was strict, as he turned his head, smiling at her. Yang was nice, she was caring. He reacted, as Blake gave a low hiss.

"A good father…"

Her hand brushed down, and he felt her fingers grip him. Embarrassment and shame flowed through him. "Wonderful children, strong and powerful like their father."

He looked at her, Blake giving him a smile that he'd seen rarely.

"You make me feel good. Thank you for existing."

It was a compliment, he guessed. He wasn't sure whether he should exist. Retards shouldn't be seen or heard. Cinder had shown him the movie about the place where they all ended up. It had been 'educational material'. She'd muted the sound. The people in the train cars hadn't looked very happy.

She just kept on smoking, blowing the smoke in his face, making him watch.

"Don't look away… Do you see them, walking into the showers… That's what will happen to the weak and the unsuited. See? Aww, that's a pity, it ran away… And there, the dog just snaps. Ooh, look at them cry, see? They aren't worthy of respect of anything resembling kindness. Just like a sickness to humanity, always forcing their way into the world and sickening the place. Europe is like this, and now America…"

She'd kicked him, and she'd said that it was his due as lebensunwertes leben. She always made him watch, she made him feel his punishment. She'd always got something new, even with the pictures. Pictures of people like him, strong and powerful, not defect in the mind. A glorious people, fit and pure and uncontaminated by the blight that was Judaism.

It was a religious group, not a species of people. That was just silly. She didn't really like many people, though she hid it well. They went to some places and she'd make nice with others. Her little duty to the community, she'd called it. She'd made him walk with her, before making him repeat the process. Back at her house, she'd go over who they had met.
"Half-breeds and bastards have no place in this world! If I had my say, they will never mix. Half-breeds who defile our pure race with their vile spawn. You saw it look at me like I was something it liked. Disgusting. Whoever mixes with the lower creatures that came from their caves should be shot and the baby aborted. Filth has no place in this world. There will be one pure people and I will be with it!"

"Jaune…. Hey, Jaune?"

Yang was calling him. He hoped that he could leave. Blake was looking at him sadly, having pulled her hands up. "We're at your place. Do you need a moment?" Her voice was concerned. Why would she be concerned for someone who was broken? He wasn't human, right? Blake was a Faunus and even she was attracted to him, or perhaps that was just a wishful fancy of hers. Was it really like this? Was he just someone who was broken and busted like a car that'd been crashed on the edge of the road?

"It's okay." He said, and Yang leaned over, giving him a loose hug. Blake joined after a moment. "It's fine, Yang. I'm fine."

"Jaune, you were mumbling about how sorry you were for being born retarded. That isn't fine, Jaune. If you need to stay here for a bit… Blake, stop touching him, alright?" There was an edge to her voice as she looked at her girlfriend.

He wouldn't be her boyfriend. He was just the handy decoy that had to play the part until Summer returned. He was just the fake, the defect that could pass for the genuine thing. He didn't like it.

"Let's have a nice time out tomorrow… I'll call you when Sandy has made the decision about when we'll be going to have a nice stepmother and stepdaughter moment… Or whatever you call it." He looked at her with a sympathetic look. She was too nice to be saddled with such a burden.

"A funeral in the making?"

He tried to crack a joke, to which she smiled.

"Hush you, before you give me ideas… Go and get some sleep. My boyfriend must suffer through his girlfriend's shopping. We'll get you something nice too, Mister Fit and Faunus-approved."

Blake kissed him on the cheek then.

"I am here. You are better than Adam. You're just as nature created you."

He didn't know what that meant, even as he got out of the car. He looked at Yang, whose face was half-illuminated by the light in the car, which slowly dimmed as she fastened her seatbelt once more.

"Goodnight, Jaune."

He smiled at Yang and said the same back to her. She was a nice girl. He felt bad for liking her. Summer was much like, but Yang was a lot of like too. Yang was nice and friendlier than he'd expected.

He opened the door to the household and saw his older sister in the process of getting her coat on. "Time for the job, Jaune. Go and have a good sleep, alright?" She pinched his cheek, though he didn't comment on it this time. "Goodnight."

He bid her a good night as well, though his tone was more sedate. It was her work, not his. He gave his mother a kiss and his father a hug before he crawled into bed again, trying to find time to sleep.
He hoped that tomorrow would be better.

His dreams were of ashes and golden eyes, filled with mocking laughter.

"Do you see him? Just like you, blonde-haired and blue-eyed... Bang. All because he was a weak-minded retard, like you."

He hadn't liked to see that. She made him watch, because it was his fate in the end. Nobody would love a retard and a retard couldn't love. Ruby made it all worth it, even though she was smarter than he was. Ruby had to be kept safe.

"I'll die before I let that rapist kiss me!"

Weiss was there, telling him that he wasn't worth the air she breathed. She and Cinder were the same. They hated him for something that he couldn't change. He'd tried to be good, he'd tried to be better. He didn't want people to be angry at him, but they always were.

"Why do you like him so much, Ruby? He's such a boy."

Weiss always said those things. She said them to Ruby, who was his friend. The burning cigarette came and he saw the images again, saw people who looked just like him be pushed towards the waiting cell where they'd all go up in ashes after being choked by the poison. She'd made him watch the carts being driven towards where she said the cremations happened.

He awoke, wide-eyed and terrified, the flash of golden and blue eyes still on his mind. He was okay. He wasn't choking, he wasn't burning, he was okay. Probably.

He curled a little tighter into his little nest in the bedcovers as he tried to find a comfortable spot to sleep in. The clock read 1:25 in the morning. Weiss probably would look good in the uniform. She'd said that she would rather die before she'd touch him, just as Cinder had. Cinder hadn't touched him after she knew the truth of his sickness, except to administer his punishment.

They were just the same, now that he thought of it. Summer made him feel a strong like for her. Yang was someone who just lit the room up and he'd felt somewhat comfortable around her. Weiss had been cold and distant, as had Cinder once she'd found out the truth about his retardation.

'Would she hurt me too?'

Ruby might watch. Ruby would see how weak he was. How stupid he was. He couldn't have let Weiss touch Ruby like that... Ruby was his friend, but Weiss... Weiss was different. Weiss had fewer friends than him, at least originally. She'd always been cool, she was a singer. She'd wiped her hand before shaking Ruby's for the first time.

'She's just like Cinder. Part of the pure people. She's like an angel from heaven, cold as ice.'

It made sense. They were from around Germany, where the pure people came from.

They were the same, beautiful and scary.

He didn't want Ruby to watch him as he got what he deserved.

Next chapter... Date with Yang!
Leave a comment if you'd like!
D-Day

Chapter Summary

A date between 'boyfriend' and 'girlfriend'.

He felt himself wake up, the alarm clock already ringing once, the warm bed sheets giving him little solace as he began to crawl out of them. He knew that Yang would want him to be well-groomed for the exercises that they'd do. He belatedly realized that they said that they'd go on a shopping date, so he figured that it might be different.

He walked to the phone. Calling Yang would be important, and it would be secondary. It was half-past seven, so Yang would be awake. Summer said that every good person rose at the crack of dawn or before, so Yang would undoubtedly be awake already.

He stood there in his underwear at the phone downstairs, waiting for the phone to stop the dialling tone, a tired voice answering it after exactly thirty-one seconds. "Xiao l- ah, no, Rose , yeah, what do you want?"

"Hey there, Mister Xiao-Long, is Yang awake yet?"

He wasn't sure whether she would be, given that Summer wasn't around. If dad was away for something, most of his sisters didn't wake up before noon if they didn't have to do their job or whatever. With dad around, it was 'Breakfast or bust'. Whatever that meant he'd never quite gotten, but Saphron had laughed really loudly as he said it, to some of the other's irritation.

"Yang! It's your blonde stud, calling for you! Ain't you a dear peach, getting a call so early in the morning?"

The man sounded in good spirits, as he shouted for Yang, the time that it took for her to appear being almost a minute and a half.

"Hey Jaune, calling to cancel our hot date?"

He frowned, as he shook his head. Realizing that it wouldn't translate through the phone, he spoke up.

"No. I just wanted to know if we were to go and exercise first. Summer said that a proper routine is important."

Summer had said a lot of things that were important. She had been active and caring. She didn't judge him for being awkward and weird and different. Ruby was nice, just like her mother.

"Ah, no, not today! I've got to look pretty for my cute blonde hunk, after all."

She sounded like she was lying. It wasn't nice to lie to people, but it was what was needed. He was after all, the diversion. Yang loved Blake and Blake loved Yang. That was how it should be. Blake was a little strange to him, but she was a different species so it was perhaps normal.

"I will try my best too. You always do, though."
She coughed, perhaps because she'd swallowed some saliva. He did that too, when he was distracted.

"Thank you."

There was no lie there, as far as he could tell. He tried to go over the little list of things that you did when you spoke to someone on the phone, remembering what Miss Salem had said to him about etiquette and the rules. She had been a good lady, someone who seemed not to bother with the lies. She took the time to explain things, especially when he was struggling a little with some things.

"Do you want me to head to the mall by myself, or will you pick me up?"

Yang's voice didn't come from the phone for a moment as she obviously seemed to think a little about what she was going to do.

It wasn't that long a walk. Only twenty minutes or so. "Do you think you can walk there?" She asked, to which he responded with an affirmative. It might be nice to walk for a bit, to get some exercise in. "Good, then we'll see you there at... say, twelve? Sandy's a late riser."

"Your stepmother isn't that bad... But she's used to working nights, Yang."

Her father commented in the background, the man giving a loud sigh for some reason. The man didn't know that Yang and Blake were together and neither did Sandy. He would help Blake and Yang. That was the right thing to do.

He walked back up the stairs, getting a fresh set of underwear and a new shirt to wear, getting a quick shower. He remembered the dream pretty well. The warm water was turned up a lot more, the steam fogging up the mirror. It had not been a pleasant dream to him, knowing that he was going to suffer the fate as many others had before.

It was the fate of the retard to die by the hands of those who held the power, the pure people who had the power in the world. It was different in Europe, he knew. There was Germany, a big country. Weiss was from Germany.

"Jaune?"

He peered out of the shower, his hair plastered to his face, noticing his youngest sister standing there. "Can you turn the shower heat down a bit, I'm trying to brush my teeth." He nodded, turning it to a better heat. The warmth was less, but he still felt dirty.

"Thank you."

He heard, as she started to brush her teeth after the fogged-up mirror had cleared a little, Jaune brushing the sponge over his body after soaping up a little. It was his own personal little grooming ritual, to get clean. He sort of missed the regular soap that they'd used for a few years, it'd smelled nice.

He hoped that they'd get something like it again. He would've liked to forget that he met Cinder. They hadn't believed him. They hadn't believed him and said that he had lied. He didn't lie, that was not a good thing.

"Hey, Jaune?"

His sister spoke from behind the shower curtain, her voice soft. "Did Miss Rose ever do something like that to you before? Dad was upset."
"No. If she had wanted to kill me, it'd have been over with a snap. She's not very tall, but she is probably stronger than me."

He didn't know that for sure though, but Summer had been stronger than he was, so he could believe it.

"Oh. And you're not... upset?"

She sounded a little sad. He didn't really know what to say aside of a simple "No.". Did it matter that she'd hurt him? No. She'd apologized and once you apologized, things would generally be okay unless the person was still hurt.

"Dad is. Upset, I mean. Mom doesn't know yet, she'd freak."

Mom had not believed him when he said he hadn't done anything to Cinder. Cinder was his friend, but she had said that he had done something really bad to her and mom hadn't believed him. She'd said she had, but she'd never looked at him with those warm mom eyes. His sisters didn't know about much. It didn't concern them.

"Mom always gets in a huff, dad says. She'll calm down. It's nothing important. She apologized."

It wasn't something to bother with. If he died, it'd be another retard out of the world. It was what he deserved after all. He smelt the cigarette smoke again for some reason and his eyes stung a little. He shouldn't have used shampoo. That got in the eyes.

He noticed that he still had the bottle in his hands and frowned. "It's not... I mean, we've had a few bad boyfriends but- Nothing like actual throttling."

He thought back to Blake. She'd had a boyfriend, Adam, and she'd said something about it when she was making him feel great to make herself feel better.

"You shouldn't be hurt by anyone."

He said, some resolve in his voice. "You're my sister. You're supposed to be kept safe." It was something that brothers did for their sisters, dad had said.

Her laugh was a little nervous, as she seemed to deliberate on what to say next. She was thoughtful. He liked that. Not the brash energy of the twins. "That's something that dad would say, Jaune. What do you think?"

"I want you to be happy."

He wanted them all to be happy. He didn't know whether he might need to die to make them happy, so they'd be rid of the burden that was a retard, but it was something that he could do, if it would. He would miss Ruby, but it would be okay. Ruby was smarter than he was, after all.

"Jaune, we want you to be happy too."

She tugged the curtain open a little, looking at him with a serious expression. Her glasses were fogging up a little now, as she looked him in the eyes. "If you're not happy, how do you suppose we'll be happy, huh? You're our little brother, even if you don't wear the dresses anymore."

The dresses didn't fit him anymore. He'd grown too big for them and his sisters had stopped wanting to practice on him. They were his sisters so they had to be loved. You loved your family, that's what everyone said.
"I feel happy when I am around you."

He also felt happy when he was around Ruby and her mother, and Yang. Yang a little more, to his shame, than Ruby. Ruby was... not so great. She was asking questions he didn't feel comfortable with. She was his friend, but she was asking things that he didn't want.

"That's... good."

She paused, looking at him. "So, not going for a run with the Rose clan?" She tried to make a joke, as she did at times, her smile trying to make him feel at ease, or so it'd been explained. People smiled to give a better impression of themselves to others. He smiled weirdly, or so he'd been told.

"No, I will be going to the mall. I should ask dad for some money."

He was going to ask for fifty dollars. That would get him a shirt at least and maybe a new set of jeans. He wanted to look good, so that Yang could be happy with his performance.

"Shopping for a date, Jaune?" Her tone was light and teasing, as she showed some interest in her eyes. "Finally convinced the Schnee girl to bend the knee to your suave charms?"

He shook his head, her eyes glinting with interest. "Ooh! It's Ruby!" Another shake of the head, as he closed his eyes. "Or that girl that's her sister, Ying or whatever."

"Yang." He corrected, her eyes shining a little as she got the same smile on her face as Saphron did when she'd gotten some particularly interesting thing to hear.

"She's in a relationship."

He clarified. His sister's face showed some annoyance with that bit of information, but she seemed to let it go after a moment of pouting.

"So, just the guy to bring along for a critical eye on how things look, aren't you?" She pulled back as he scrubbed over his legs.

"Probably. Her girlfriend is meeting her for something in a few days, I believe."

A soft mumble of 'what a damn pity' came from his sister, though he didn't know why it would be a pity. She couldn't be implying that it'd be him and Yang dating, right? Retards didn't date people who looked that good. It was not allowed.

He towelled off and then got himself ready, getting a pair of easy pants on as he walked down. He'd make sure to look better after breakfast, he felt a little hungry.

"The man of the morning!"

His youngest sister announced, drawing ill-amused sounds from some of his other sisters, his father reading the paper. "So, do you think you can pick me up some foundation of this brand?" The cup was held up, the brand visible upon the top. He'd remember it. The number was easy to remember, EL-13853L-2319. Simple numbers that he could remember.

"Yes. Dad, can I have fifty dollars? I'm going to the mall and want to buy something. I'm going with Ruby's sister."

It was allowance that he got, but rarely asked for an advance. A date cost money, but his father looked up from his paper, as the man looked at him for a while before he nodded.
"Take the girl out for something to eat as well."

The man said, his sister obviously having said something about it. His mother looked at him, or precisely, his neck. He felt a little uncomfortable. The feeling was uneasy to the extreme.

"What's this about a date, Jaune?"

She asked, her voice sounding a little strained. He smiled. Mom was a good person, she was mom, but she didn't believe him very well.

"Ruby's older sister wanted to go clothes shopping, her stepmother is coming as well. She needs a guy's eye on stuff."

It was the best explanation that he could give, knowing that she probably wouldn't believe him if he said that it was a prelude to a date.

She hadn't believed him when he'd told the truth. Dad patted him on the back, even with everything having ended as it was. Dad was nicer, but dad didn't like his unnaturalness.

The bills fit in his wallet, the man's warning not to spend all of it on candy having been heeded. It wouldn't be like when Ruby had suggested an epic candy bonanza. They'd been sick for a day or so. Not worthy for a repeat.

He got a set of comfortable jeans that didn't stick too much under the warmth of the sun on, making sure that his hair was combed well. It would be messy after a bit, but it was the idea, or so he'd been taught. Mom had been a little silent, but her eyes had been on his throat, no doubt wanting to know what had caused them. She hadn't asked, but dad had been given a look that would mean words between mom and dad.

He hadn't minded spending some time with dad when he was younger. The man had taken him fishing, to the range to practice (not that he was super-good with rifles,) and learn how to handle them. He had been a little clumsy, but he'd managed to hit. Dad had been proud, somewhat. He'd said that a man needed to know how to fire a gun, because if you had to fight against spooks you'd need to be prepared.

He had asked whether Halloween would be hunting season for ghosts, which had made his father laugh. It'd been stuff that had made him feel connected, even though dad denied that there was anything wrong with him. He was wrong, but dad didn't see that.

He got to the mall in time, the sun warm and pleasant, not as hot as it had been before, waiting around in the parking lot. He saw the car pull up and Yang park it, Sandy sitting at her side, looking a little irritated. Yang was a bundle of energy, getting out of the car and walking to him with a sway to her hips. The short top that she wore unveiled her stomach, showing the abdomen that'd been trained and muscular. The shorts that she wore showed her legs off and her shoes were an easy yellow and black, some brand that he didn't quite recognize.

"Hello there, good-lookin'... Coming my way?"

He supposed that he should, as he smiled. It was all for her benefit.

"Well, yes. Unless you'd like me to go the other way?"

She shook her head, smiling, her hand grabbing his own. Ruby's hand was lighter and smaller than Yang's, Yang's hand a little rougher from the amount of exercise that she did.
"Of course not, silly. Sandy? Let's get to shopping, shall we?"

Yang was uneasy. She was uneasy and it showed. Every little twitch she made was uneasy, as the forced state of happiness was hard on her. He knew how that would feel. Everyone told him to be happy that he’d had a hot woman, but Cinder had only been a woman who hurt. Not that they’d believe him, though.

"Yes, we should."

Yang leaned against him. She smelled nice. He felt himself squeeze her hand a little harder, her smile a little better.

"Someone's going to get lucky later..."

She purred, a happy purr that wasn't fake. He hoped that she would sound like that more often, as she brushed her lips against his cheek. Sandy looking at the two of them with her own look of slight disapproval behind the smile that she had. He could see it in her eyes.

"I am pretty lucky already. I have a beautiful girl with me."

She smiled, as her cheeks tinted pink. The smile was genuine, he knew. She was a wonderful girl but she'd never be his girl. She was with Blake and that was a good thing. She'd just hurt when she was with him.

"Gosh, Jaune."

Her voice was light as she brushed her fingers over his chest. She was making him feel happier, as she looked at him. It felt right, just like with Summer, as her fingers stroked over him, his smile more genuine. She looked at him and froze up for a moment, just looking at her, her cheeks glowing with redness for a moment.

"That's a really sweet thing to say. I hope dad won't mind if I'm going for a nice copy of him."

Sandy gave a sound as if she disagreed, her eyes not looking so very happy about the comments that Yang was giving. They walked into the mall, the temperature changing from the warmth outside towards the cooler inside, a whole breath of fresh and cool air hitting him, mixed with the smells of sweets and other stuff from the nearby stores, the racks on display having an assortment of sweets.

He remembered about his sister's foundation. He shouldn't forget that. "I need to get some foundation. Can we get some? Amber needs some." Yang smiled at him, a smile that was as sweet as sugar and fake.

"Of course, don't you worry. I should get something nice for myself as well. Gotta look good for my man, don't I? First though... Vicky's Puzzle!"

She was looking good already, he knew. He should comment on it. That was nice.

"You always look good."

He said, her smile broadening a little, her eyes glancing at her stepmother.

"Ooh, I'm going to see whether there's something nice that you'll love, Jaune..." He knew that she was just trying her best to act like the girl her father wanted to see. He didn't want her to be sad. He had made her mother sad, so he hoped that she'd feel better too.
The store was one called Victory's Puzzle, the women on the advertisement sheets looking young and pretty and pretty half-naked. It wasn't really something that he paid much attention to. They were nice, but he had seen people who were much more interesting. Why some guys at school had said something about models and this was just mystifying. Ruby had been subject a few times too of the talk, but he'd said that Ruby was a nice girl that didn't have such a look.

"Now, just take a seat there and I'll be right out..."

Yang pointed to a seat, which he took. It was proper to follow orders of a girl when she took you shopping, his sisters had said. He looked at Sandy, who was shopping for herself it seemed, looking at the bra's that had been on display. He hadn't really paid attention to where Yang had went, but he paid attention to the woman as she looked over the articles of clothing.

She noticed and gave him a queer look, his gaze not turning away. He wondered what she thought, aside from the disgust. "Can you stop staring?" She hissed at him. He nodded, and she marched back over to the bra's. It seemed that she was deliberating on something.

'It's the wrong size for her though. A smaller band would give her more support.'

Shopping with Saphron let you go to places where you would learn about all sorts of interesting things. Female pleasure things and the like, even though many of the women had given him a look that was odd until Saphron had said that he was her little brother and 'different'.

Saphron was one of the best sisters that he had, though they were all great. He hoped that Sandy would try a smaller one. She'd get marks with a bigger bra. Yang was large, eclipsing Sandy. He wondered for a moment whether Yang would mind if he helped Sandy with her bra. It would be nice and the woman would be distracted.

'I guess helping isn't a bad thing.'

He got up and walked over, tapping the woman lightly on the shoulder, to which the woman jolted. "You should go for a smaller band. It would make you get marks if you wear the bigger one. It would fit, but you'd feel the pinch all-day. That's not good for your back"

"What do you know, boy?" He didn't like her tone, frowning. She startled a little from the face he made.

"My big sister is good at this. Get a smaller band and it will fit better. You don't have a large cup size, this is two sizes too big for you." It was just advice, but she looked angry at him.

"I don't need to be lectured by a boy who dates my stepdaughter."

He shrugged. He had just tried to help her and it was not going to be something that he'd get in trouble with over this bit of assistance.

"I just wanted to help."

He knew that he was sick in the head. Everyone said it, everyone thought it. She knew it too, because she was upset with him. He hoped that she got along with Ruby well, because Ruby was a bright girl, a smart girl.

"You don't like me much, do you?"

The woman looked at him with a look, his eyes looking down at her. She was shorter than he was, smaller in frame and delicate. She was someone who looked like they would fall down with a stiff
breeze.

"Oh, I don't like to be lectured on stuff that a teenage boy probably knows nothing about."

The answer wasn't what he thought it would be, but the underlying emotion was there. It told him to go away, so he did.

"Oh, okay." He turned and went back to his seat.

Yang emerged, a set of bright red lingerie visible, doing a little pose for him, wagging her eyebrows at him. He reacted immediately, as she arched her back. He felt a little guilty, closing his legs.

"Spread!"

The voice of Cinder made him spread, his eyes looking at Yang, who gave him a soft smile of understanding. Yang understood, probably better than he did, what was going on. She was someone who cared, just like her mother. Ruby didn't really care much about things besides being a good friend, she was smart.

"Like what you see, lover boy?"

Her voice was warm, almost like a pleasant warm shower, leaning forward to show him what she looked like, her breasts captured by the fabric.

'Blake is very lucky.'

"Yes."

He couldn't deny that he had an erection. The sight of her made him feel happy, but he knew that she might kick him if he showed signs of it. Cinder always kicked him if he reacted to her presence. She had been his friend, but friends hurt sometimes.

"Good, I've got a few more waiting for you... One moment."

Her fingers brushed over his cheek, her lips pressing against his cheek in a feather-light kiss. For a moment, he wondered whether he could be the one who would have Yang dress up like this for something like making love. It wasn't possible of course, Yang was a good woman, someone who was great at fighting and being strong.

She emerged after five minutes in a thin-laced black thing, posing. "And this, hmmm? Doesn't it make you feel good, Jaune?" Her voice made him feel good, his smile warm. It felt almost like he was feeling something, but retards didn't love, retards weren't able to love.

"You're more beautiful than your stepmother. She doesn't look as great as you do."

He didn't know why he said that, but comparing Sandy to Yang was like comparing a messy room to an orderly one. It was a simple fact. Comparing the two was easy.

"Don't let her hear that."

Yang mumbled, which he remembered. Sandy wasn't anywhere there, but he could see Yang's look.

"You look really good. It makes me feel good."
He tried to hint, as she looked down, giving a smile at him.

"Good boyfriend."

The kiss to his cheek lasted a little longer, as her lips whispered softly to his ear. "Thank you for coming along. It'd be another day of suffering if you hadn't..." He didn't know what her deal was with Sandy. She was her step-mom and Ruby's step-mom, but it wasn't like she was rude, yet. But he didn't know really what Yang's issue was.

"You smell nice too."

Yang grinned, sauntering back, her rump moving with a sway that had him hypnotized. She was a nice woman, someone that cared a lot for Ruby and her mom. Sandy emerged from one of the changing rooms wearing something a little more conservative, the band size still wrong. 'She should have taken my advice...'

He wasn't going to offer it again. He looked away, waiting for Yang to come out again and when she did, he licked his lips. The new set of underwear that she wore was something that made her breasts look even fuller, a corset-like garment that just made her look sexier than before. It was red and black. He just waited, as she stood in front of the mirror. Sandy looked at her with a look that was not friendly.

He'd seen it in some of his sisters' friends. They were not happy with how good his sister looked in comparison to them. When she'd been gone for a moment, they'd started to talk. When he told his sisters, whoever was the one who had the friend, those friends generally didn't come around anymore.

"So stunned to see me that you've gone mute, robot boy?"

Her voice was in his ears as she leaned against him, aware that she'd been getting closer to him again. He reacted again and he felt her lean against him, smiling at her. "I'd go mute for you if you'd want me to, Yang."

He froze. That hadn't meant to slip out, it had been a thought in his mind, just because she felt good. Yang was with Blake and he shouldn't feel for her what he felt, but she was sensual and arousing, her mother's training for making her girls happy remembered and he felt afraid that she would react, his face showing his shock.

"Hmm, that's a good boy."

Her eyes were understanding and warm, as she kissed his nose. "Mama Yang's got something for you if you behave, Jaune." He hoped that it was forgiveness for having felt something nice. Retards shouldn't feel nice, retards only broke up happy relationships.

"Thank you."

He said, though he knew that he would not be getting anything that was nice like Summer's lessons. He imagined it for a moment, feeling Yang touch him. It would be something wonderful, something magical, but it was for people who were good and alright in the head, not a mistake like him.

"Which one did you like best, Jaune?"
Her voice was like a pleasant lure in his ears, as she stood there. She wasn't the tallest, but he was seated right now. If he had to pick, he'd have to say the black one. Black and white had a good contrast, which he thought would look great on her.

"Black. The colour makes you look like a goddess and it makes your breasts look nice and full."

It was not to be said, but he'd said it. He'd have to punish himself for that slip-up, because retards weren't supposed to think about the pure people. Yang was beautiful.

"Oho, you were looking! Black it is!"

She smiled at him and then looked a little more approachable. "It's okay. I wanted your opinion, you're the boy I date, so I want to know what'd make you feel good. I don't have to buy them." She was deflecting. She knew that she had to play the part of girlfriend and she was trying and he'd failed.

'The black one makes you look wonderful.'

She was too good for him. Blake would love her, even with her Faunus urges. He felt a dash of selfishness, something that he had been told to suppress at all costs, go through him. Retards did not want things, they were told where to go and where to work.

"I like the black one."

He wasn't sure whether it was the right thing to say, but he did it. "The red one makes your hair look a little muted whilst this one just makes you look a little like Cinder." The name slipped from his lips, as Yang nodded, understanding now. Cinder had worn black and red as well, saying that it was the colour of her pure people.

"Let's go for something to eat after this, Jaune."

She said, before she walked into the dressing room again, his eyes glued to her rear. Comparing it to Blake's was actually hard, because Blake had a wonderful set of buttocks, but Yang just made it look easy to strut sensually towards the dressing room.

Twenty minutes later, they were waiting in line, Sandy having picked a spot out already and decided to guard their purchases, the woman busy on her phone, no doubt getting something done. Yang held his arm, her fingers laced with his own. The closeness was good. He didn't feel like he deserved it.

"The best thing about you is your nature, Jaune."

Her voice was soft, as she leaned against him. There were three more people in front of them, her eyes looking at the menu. He knew what he would take. A burger with no cheese and with fries.

"You're someone who can't really see the world as we do yet you're so nice."

He knew that, and she pressed herself a little tighter to him. Her breast touched against his arm, a soft and plump feeling. Warm, comfortable and something that made him feel a tingle. "I'm never going to either. It'll end when I die." He knew that. They would come for him, he knew. Cinder had said so, and they'd start with the weak and the mentally infirm.

They would come to take them all and then put them in the camps. He wondered whether it would be through gunshot or the chamber. He didn't really like to feel pain, so he hoped that it would be
She smiled at him. He smiled back at her reflexively, the look in her eyes warm and longing. He wanted her to smile at him like this more, he wanted to feel like she was his girlfriend for real. Summer and Yang both had that look in their eyes that told him that they understood, more than Ruby.

"Who knows? I'm really happy to be Ruby's friend."

He said, knowing that it would probably be misunderstood. Everyone misunderstood. Ruby was not the dull girl people thought she was.

"I'm happy to be your girlfriend as well."

It was an act, he knew. She would have to act, because Yang loved Blake. Her hand squeezed his own, and she smiled at him with that delightful little smile that made him feel almost human in his motivations, almost like he was really just an average young man instead of something that should have been executed by those who knew better than a retard.

"I'm not saying that it's true love, but..."

She looked away, a smile on her lips. "You've shown me something over the past week that I'd ignored, because... things. Blake sees it. You give her a look and she's all passion and fire." She loved Blake. Yang wasn't a girl that would go back on her promises.

"You're wonderful together."

He said, knowing that she might not like the words that he spoke because they were uncomfortable. He didn't want her to feel uncomfortable, because she was his friend and someone that he liked.

"Hush."

She blushed, looking away and she pulled him closer. His arm was pressed against her breasts, as she leaned up and kissed him. It was a light kiss that made him feel a little breathy, her fingers lacing tighter with his own, as her lips departed from his own.

"You're my boyfriend, don't go thinking about other girls, sweetheart."

She was understanding, indeed. Playing the girlfriend, kissing him and acting shy, it was all like in those movies about dates. The actors would depict shyness and light kisses, whilst getting something. She wouldn't have feelings for him. He would've liked that. He really would've liked that. Retards didn't love, but sometimes women took 'pity' on people like him. Paid pity, doing stuff that no retard should feel. Cinder had told him that well enough, letting him know that it would be something horrible to even get to sleep with a woman.

"Can I... have your order, please?"

Someone called out and Yang gave a soft eep, her head turning around, her smile brighter than before.

"Burger and fries, don't skimp on the ketchup and mayonnaise, and some onion rings, yeah. And for my lovely boyfriend..." She waited for him to speak.
"I would like a burger with no cheese and fries. Oh, and a milkshake with cherry flavour."

He remembered Yang saying that she was more a cherry type of girl when they'd gone out for ice-cream with Summer once, nearly a year ago or so. It had been one of the first times where he'd really felt like he belonged, even with the awkward tension between him and Ruby that had eventually dissolved after the great 'Snickers Debate'.

"My, that's a daring proposal... A cherry milkshake." Yang's voice was light and teasing as she spoke, as he looked at her.

"You like cherries better than strawberries. I remembered that, when we went out for ice-cream. You had a pistachio, cherry and banana ice-cream cone."

He remembered such little things. Not that it mattered much, but Yang had looked nice, even if she was a little distant at times, not quite trusting him. She'd seen him for the retard he'd been, before Cinder had educated him properly in what his role would be.

"You remembered all that? Gee, I should have you rearrange my wardrobe. I forget where my bras are kept."

He remembered how his sisters had organized their underwear. He often did the laundry the quickest in the household, and he always made sure to put the washer on the proper setting in order to make the laundry for his sisters go faster.

They never complained about it, as long as he put it in the proper spot. With seven sisters, one out of the house, one never bothered really to be as polite as possible. He had seen most of his sisters in varying states of undress, but they'd never really paid much attention to him. He was just their 'odd and silent brother' according to one overheard conversation.

He didn't get why that was 'cute', but it must've been some sort of intrigue about the retard in the attic. That's where they kept the retards in history, or so he'd heard. His room wasn't in the attic, but it was on the second floor. It wasn't a good retard room, but it was nice and orderly.

"I can help with that. I'm good with folding laundry, mom says."

She smiled at him, a human smile. A smile that retards shouldn't get, but he felt a little happy inside because of her smiling at him anyways.

Picking the tray up with their order, he guided it towards the table where Sandy sat, disinterested. He watched Yang pick her burger up and take a bite from it, looking into his eyes and her knee brushed against his own, no doubt a little mistake of hers.

"Looking good, lover boy..."

Her knee brushed up and down his own, a pleasant sensation, almost like she was happy to be with him. It was a lie, obviously, but he could imagine for a moment that they were together.

"You look much better."

He said, looking into her eyes. Everything just seemed to lose focus, as he looked into her eyes. There was that wonderful feeling inside him that came like a wellspring rushing up from deep inside him, something that Summer had as well, his gaze not able to be pulled away from her, as he felt the seriously strong like come up.

"Gee, flattery is the way to a girl's heart, y'know?"
Her voice came from a distance, as he felt that tingle shoot through his spine, up and down. It was a strong like, retards didn't love people, there was just something of a strong like, as he looked into those wonderful deep eyes.

She was red in the face, probably from the strong taste of the burgers, his eyes finally drawn away from her as the warmth settled down, her cough drawing his attention from her. "The burger's going to get cold, Jaune." Her voice was muted, almost regretful.

"As much as I'd love to stare in your eyes, there's still food."

He hadn't heard a lie. That was good. He chewed his burger, watching her thoughtfully. He just watched her, her breasts catching crumbs as she ate, slowly. There was another bump of her knee against his own and he felt himself react. He didn't know really why he was reacting so much to her, but with her beauty, it was like a natural thing. He brushed his knee against hers, following her lead. She dropped a fry, her eyes meeting his, as she smiled.

A shy smile, as if she really liked it. That was impossible, after all, but it was a nice thought. "The milkshake might be getting warm." He said, and she snapped to attention, taking it from his tray. She wrapped her lips around the single straw in it and then sucked, a line of red entering her mouth, her eyes looking with something in them, as she sighed slowly.

'I hope she doesn't get brain-freeze...'

She held it out to him, her eyes aglow with that hint that a tease was coming. "C'mon, sweetheart... Taste it." He tasted it, the coolness making him feel a little cooler on the inside, as he watched her carefully, her eyes looking at him and a smile on her lips.

"Hmmhmm... That's the Xiao-Long manner of kissing."

Sandy coughed and they both seemed to realize that she was still there, the woman looking a little snippy at the two of them, and Yang let him have the milkshake. He knew that the moment had been ruined thanks to him, because he'd bought her the milkshake. It had been something nice, but now someone was upset with him and her.

"Now, we should get you that makeup thing you needed, big boy... Then we're off to the clothes store! Mama needs a few new shirts, yeah!" Her easy laugh was something that made his spirit rise a little, her hand brushing through her hair, a hair-tie pulled through the hair and putting it into a ponytail. She looked like she'd have the issue of hair getting everywhere whilst fitting clothes that his sisters had as well.

"You look fine as you are." He said, making her grin.

"Gotta get working on your skills of getting the mood properly, Jauney boy."

Her wink showed that she wasn't serious, but he doubted it. It wasn't something to think about too much, knowing that he was one of the people who had been born with a broken mind and a decent body.

"Miss Salem said that I had to work on recognizing visual cues. She's in Ibiza now, I think."

She had said that she was going to take a long holiday to think about some things about his case and that it wasn't because of him that she was going away. He trusted her. She was someone who would be honest with him and said that she was behind him the whole way. She cared because she had said so. It had breached her professional ethics, but she had said that she felt strongly for him and that it hadn't been a punishment that he had experienced, but abuse.
He stepped into the strongly-scented shop that had the makeup products with Yang and her stepmother, immediately going for the products that he knew his sister liked. He looked at the products on display, finding the proper serial number's slot to be empty.

'I guess they don't have it...'

He felt a little bad for his sister, but he knew that if it wasn't there, it wasn't there. A light touch to his side and Yang was there. "You need this? Oh, there's a shade just a little brighter that you'd also take."

"But... It should be this one. She wanted this one." He tried, but Yang shook her head. She grabbed the wrong one and held it up.

"See? Just a shade brighter than the one your sister wants, but it's the same brand."

That was true, he guessed. It would be alright, he hoped. He'd pay for it and hope that his sisters would want it. He looked at Yang for a moment before deciding to do something boyfriend-like.

He walked over to the rack with lipsticks, looking at the bright colours. He was sure that she'd like something nice and bright, Yang was like a sun, shining with a joy and zest for life, so she'd need something nice to wear on her date with Blake.

"Looking for something for the sister, robot boy?"

He didn't mind her nicknames much. It could be worse. The R-word was worse, in his opinion. He looked at bright yellow first, before dismissing it. She wouldn't look so nice with yellow lipstick on, it would clash with her beautiful eyes. Blue was out too, because it'd make her look like a Barbie doll. She was too pretty to be some standard model.

"I'll be browsing the perfume section, kids..."

Sandy announced, as she walked off. He barely even noticed it, his fingers sliding over the colours.

'What colour would suit Yang best?'

Ruby enjoyed strawberry red, but Yang was not a yellow girl. Black would not look great. Purple was more Blake's colour than it was Yang's, but he knew that he'd have to go to the other colours...

A deep cherry red he noticed, giving her a look and then smiling and picking it. "Ooh, daring! Someone's going on a hot date."

'You are, and Blake will like it."

He knew that the Faunus girl would. Blake liked Yang and Yang was only pretending. She'd said that she was pretending so he believed her. It hurt a little, because it felt really good being out here with her, but it was all so she would be better and happier. He wanted them to be happy, even if he didn't get to be happy. They were safe and they were nice, even if Weiss was not nice.

"Now, some perfume."

He knew that Yang would like something that was a little more like her. Something nice and breezy, with that hint of summer warmth that she had as well. Several of the testers smelled like chemical waste, or a really bad toilet to him. He looked over the different scents and thought for a moment about what would really make Yang spring out.
He closed his eyes and just went by scent, plucking some of the scents out and smelling them. She was silent as he did so, probably amused by his seriousness or just humouring him.

He looked at the scent that smelled the most like Yang, the price tag making him worry for a moment. There wouldn't be much left after that, but it was for Yang. Dad had given him some money and he'd have to buy a shirt as well. Maybe some jeans.

He'd buy it tomorrow, once he got some more money. It'd still be there, he hoped. It would be a nice gift for her. He remembered the name and the price and the serial number on the tags, every single one.

'You deserve to smell good.'

She smelled nice either way, but it was still something that he wanted to give her. The lipstick would have to do for now. He went to the cashier at the register, the woman looking at him and he tried his best smile. "I'd like these." The woman looked at Yang at his side, smiling.

"The girlfriend's happy with a guy like you, hon."

He nodded. His girlfriend, if he ever got one, would probably be happy. He didn't know whether retards could make other retards into their girlfriends through some measure, but he hoped that he'd find love eventually before they'd kill all of them.

He put the bills on the counter, the cashier giving him his change. The coins felt a little heavier in his hands but it was for a good purpose. He put the foundation in his pocket, together with the lipstick. He'd give the lipstick to her once they were outside. His nose was starting to itch and he wanted to sneeze.

"So, let's get to the department store! I need some new shirts."

He smiled at the eagerness that she showed, watching Sandy's face look a little compressed. He liked Yang's energy. Ruby was a lot of energy and a little focus, whilst Yang was energy and focus, with her attitude a little more evened out than Ruby's.

As they entered the place, he caught sight of the rows and rows of different things, noticing that the escalator was still functioning. Yang's hand had grabbed his own and she was rubbing a finger over his own, her eyes bright and with that sparkle of mischief that would've sent people running.

"How about we go get you some shirts and maybe some new pants too... And we can go and look for a dress for me?"

She smiled, knowing that she would have him accompany her. He was going to be a good boyfriend for her. Even if it was all fake, he enjoyed her presence. She was fun and her mom was fun too, even if both were a little sad at times for different reasons. It was okay though. "That'd be nice."

"Play your cards right and it'll be on your bedroom floor, buddy." Her teasing grin was a sign that it was a joke, probably somewhat crude in nature.

"What cards? I don't really play cards. Dad said that poker was a good game but I never really liked that. I liked solitaire though. I should clean my bedroom floor first, too. I wouldn't want it to get dirty." She smiled at him, a really pretty smile.

"Don't ever change, Jaune."
He wasn't going to. Retards never changed from their stupid state, they never knew how the world worked. He didn't. Dad probably knew, but he'd never really asked.

An hour later and thirteen different shirts later, he had finally gotten a nice set of jeans that Yang approved of, having fussed about how the others fit for a bit, a shirt with a print on it. He wasn't sure why it was that exact thing, but Yang had said that it'd make him look 'cool', so he approved of it. She had better ideas than he did.

He waited for her to emerge from the changing stall in the women's section, Sandy somewhere else, out of sight. The woman had given up after Yang had said that she'd wanted to try on another thing, the dress that she'd picked out looking nice. The curtain rustled and she stepped out. It was a nice white dress.

It fit her, she looked gorgeous in it and without any blemish, his body responding like it should. He liked her and she looked sexy and gorgeous, but he could only look. "So... Did I just stun you with my beauty?" Her voice was like a light brush of something soft, as she stood there in front of him like someone who deserved to be there. "Or should I come out again?"

"You look sexy."

He was honest, voicing his thoughts. He couldn't deny it. The dress was white and she looked good in it. It made her skin, which was slightly tanned from the sunning outside, look like it belonged there.

"Like an angel."

She smiled, showing her teeth, her eyes half-closed. "That's good."

He watched her get back into the changing stall and shuffle a little, the legs below switching a little, his eyes closing to block the sights out for a moment, opening them when he heard the rustling, spotting her coming out. A similar shirt like the one that he'd gotten for himself, the receipt still in the shopping bag. He liked how it looked on her, her chest making it fall a little loosely.

'You look too pretty for someone like me.'

She was too pretty indeed, with her beautiful eyes impish, a smile on her lips. It had been a contrast to how they'd been only a week earlier, but he hoped that it would continue. She leaned closer, looking around for Sandy, her hands grabbing his own.

"Thank you for doing this. Blake doesn't have the patience and wanders off sometimes... It's nice to... y'know?"

Her voice sounded genuine as she spoke, her eyes glowing with that hint of something. He wanted to kiss her. He liked her and it felt good to think about kissing her.

She came closer, taking a deep breath and then exhaling softly, her smile soft, her fingers holding to his own a touch harder than before. It was a delicate moment for him, as he felt the need to kiss her grow even stronger, as he felt a surge of something that was forbidden. She was not her mother, not the silver-eyed beauty who had been gone after hurting him, but she was a pretty woman.

"You look really nice."

He said, and her lips parted softly, a slow exhale, as she smiled. He wanted to kiss her but he wasn't sure whether he should. She was too good for him.
"That's good. Hey, I've got something really scandalous, give me a moment."

Her eyes looked into his own, a bedazzling smile appearing onto her lips as she did, turning around and making it really hard for him to look away.

'I like her a lot.'

She was like Summer, but with less sadness. She was a girl his age and he felt awkward now. He shouldn't like two girls, that was bad. Cheaters always got punished, according to his sisters. He sat down again, trying to keep his thoughts on the present. It was going to be a while without Summer, a week or so, so it would be time spent getting to be Yang's boyfriend. Summer had been teaching him to be a good boyfriend for her daughters...

Yang stepped out of the changing stall with a spring to her steps. "Yee-haw, how's this look, eh? Do we look sufficient enough to be Mae-Sue and Beauregard, kissing cousins?" He didn't exactly know what she was referencing with that, but the flag-print top looked nice. He just stared.

She posed, her generous chest making sure that the cross looked a bit stretched. He just watched. "Come on, you've got to get with the joke! Dixie represent! Yarrhh!"

She moved with a skip to her step, the shorts that she wore making her look like one of those girls from the Dukes of Hazard, but sexier. She was Yang, after all. She'd make a stuffy sweater look nice.

"Or, are you just thinking about the two of us kissing?"

He was doing more than just that. She was beautiful. He said so to her. "You're beautiful."

She smiled, her eyes just losing focus for a bit, taking a very deep breath. She looked a little uncertain, or at least, he thought she looked a little uncertain, he wasn't quite sure.

"I'd rather kiss you as a boyfriend than as a cousin."

She trembled a little after he said that, just like Summer had. Her eyes looked at him and she took another deep breath, exhaling through her nostrils.

"It's going to be hard to make jokes, Jaune."

Her voice was a little breathless, even though she'd breathed in a few times. "Going to be really hard to..." He smiled at her. She was a wonderful big sister to Ruby.

"Blake is happy to have you as a close friend." It was as close to the truth as he could get, as Yang looked away, her cheeks red and her flushed face looking a touch out of it.

"I'm really happy that you're Ruby's big sister. Ruby looks up to you."

Yang mumbled something, as she smiled. "Mom had a print bikini, I figured I'd get a shirt... Just as a bit of pride, from where she's from. You like it, don't you?" He nodded, smiling. She would look good in a jute sack, with holes in it.

"You're pretty in anything, Yang." She turned around, her ponytail flicking against his face from the motion. "You're as pretty as your mother." She took a few quick steps, turning around and looking at him. A smile on her face and her clear laughter.

"That dress is going to land on your floor if you keep it up, boyfriend."
He would have to clean, if that was the case. That should be a good task for when he got home. He wondered what she'd wear aside from the dress. You didn't toss dresses onto the ground that easily.

"I'd have to pick it up and clean it. It's too pretty to be on the floor." He said, the smile on her face broadening a little.

"Oh, if you're such a dear... Let's get these paid and get something nice at the food court. I can do with a sundae..." He pulled the tube of lipstick out, smiling at her as he held it out. This looked like a good moment to give her the gift.

"This is for you."

She blinked, looking at the tube and then smiling. He wanted to imagine for a moment that he really was her boyfriend, rather than pretending to be her boyfriend. To give his girlfriend something that she'd wear, something that suited her, her cheeks looking hot.

"I need to... y'know, get this thing off."

He nodded to her. "So, I'll just be a moment." She was breathing a little deeper. He noticed that her eyes were looking at him as she turned around.

"No peeking."

She smiled and winked, and he sat down. He wouldn't peek. If she said that, he wouldn't. He was curious though why she'd said that. She emerged, wearing her top. The muscles of her abdomen were well-sculpted, he noticed again.

"You didn't peek, aww... Didn't want to see the burning hot Yang in her underwear?"

He wanted to. She was nice and sexy and it was such a nice thing of her to ask him. "You said that I shouldn't." Her smile softened a little, as she sat herself down on his lap. It was awfully sweet and she smelled good.

"Good boy, that's more than what I'd say of..." A sigh came from her lips as she rolled her shoulders. His eyes looked at her face, watching her there.

"Well, no use crying about spilt milk..."

She was a good sister to Ruby and he was happy to know her. "Let's get some new clothes paid up for me! If you're a good boy, we'll cuddle on the way back."

He would be the best boyfriend that he could be, even as they tracked down Sandy standing next to one of the vending machines, the woman's eyes turning a little colder as they saw Yang stand there. He knew that she didn't like Yang very much, even as Yang held her bag, carrying her purchases, Sandy's own purchases looking a little less than Yang's volumes. He grabbed her hand and squeezed, feeling a sudden feeling of happiness.

It felt good, being here with Yang. With Summer it would also feel good, but Yang right now was shining like the sun, like a beacon of light in the darkness that called him home. Her fingers squeezed a little in return, as her hand stroked over his own.

'I would like her to be my girlfriend.'

It would make Summer happy too. Summer was worried that being gay would make Yang be sad.
'I shouldn't forget that it is just pretending.'

Yang liked Blake. She'd never like him too, even if Blake wanted to do things with him. It should be a blessing, something nice for the retard. He wasn't like Yang, he wasn't worthy of her, but he could dream for a little moment, holding her hand.

He smiled at her and he liked to fantasize for a moment, even with them leaving the department store. He almost missed the familiar perfume in that rush of fantasy, but the voice that spoke up definitely made him freeze up.

Familiar and with that little curl of the voice that showed the accent that hadn't been banished yet, his eyes falling onto the dark hair that curled slightly, golden eyes looking at him, looking with that distaste within them that was not to be banished. He idly noticed that the lipstick was red today, her features perfectly made up as always.

"Hello, Jaune."

Cinder Fall looked just as he remembered her. The dark red dress fit her perfectly, as her eyes held that look of disdain perfectly, accusing him and telling him that he was going to be exterminated. The cops would get him again and take him away and there wouldn't be anyone who would come to help him, he'd die.

That's what happened to the retards who didn't have the purity of blood and mind required, after all. Everyone would know. His sisters would hate him and Ruby would hate him. She'd make him get taken away again and say horrible things again.

He ran away, without looking back.

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Cinder Fall, ladies and gentlemen. Guaranteed to scare the living daylights out of Jaune and be pretty and wicked.
His heart was racing. He didn't know what to do. Why had she been there? Why had she been there? Why was she there? Why did she appear?

He felt aimless, uncertain of where to go, aside from going away. It was not going to plan, she was going to get him killed, that's what happened to all the people who were born bad. He wasn't trying to hurt people, he just wanted to live and be of some use. He really didn't want to hurt people.

"Jaune?"

Someone grabbed him from behind, arms wrapping around him, a familiar smell hitting his nostrils. Yang. He felt the urge to pull away, to get away, to make sure that he was safe. Home was safety, home was safety and people who didn't whisper or stare. "Jaune, it's okay. I don't know why you ran, but it's fine."

"I have to get away."

He mumbled the words. They'd said that he couldn't approach her, that he couldn't talk to her, that she shouldn't talk to him because he'd go to jail. It'd been protection from him, even though it had been not true. They'd said that it would be so, so it'd be so.

"Jaune, calm down, please. Hey, it's okay, I'm not mad at you. If it's something I did I'm sorry."

She sounded so understanding. He realized that she was holding him in a grip that her mother also used. He felt safer now, with her warmth there.

"I wasn't supposed to talk to her, or to be near her."

Lilac eyes looked at him, uncomprehending of the topic, thinking she had done something wrong. She hadn't, of course. She was wonderful. Didn't she understand? Didn't she know?

"Cinder."

A coldness in Yang's eyes that he didn't like. It reminded him of her mother, as those eyes darkened a little.

"Wait, that was Cinder?"

She'd probably never met Cinder. Ruby had. That was logical. He had forgotten that Yang and Ruby weren't always together. Stupid him, he had forgotten that. "No wonder you ran."

"I'm not supposed to be around her. Protection order, but mom said that it was to protect her from me."
He thought for a moment whether he should tell her. Yang and Summer were good people, much better than him. Ruby didn't know, nor would she likely remember. She was remarkably forgetful if something didn't really fit with her world. It was nice to just talk and then have to make more smiles happen with her.

"That's okay. As long as we stay out of her reach, you're going to be fine."

Her voice said something else, a tone that sounded as if she was angry. She looked much like her mother at this moment. Her eyes were deepening in their colour, their intensity changing. He found that to be pretty.

"Now we've just…"

Yang's phone was out and in her hand and she was dialling a number. The name on the screen read 'Sandy' as she called. "got to get my stepmom here… Don't worry, I'll wing it with an excuse." She was a good young woman, just like his sisters. They might tease him a lot which he didn't like, but his sisters cared for him in their own way.

He watched Yang's expression, her lips moving but the words not quite registering. She was beautiful and he felt pain in his chest from looking at her too long. He didn't want to feel like this because it was forbidden, but for a moment, he tried to imagine what it would be like to be the boyfriend that she loved.

The pain increased more, as he watched her put the phone back into her pocket, hugging him again. "Don't worry, you're good. Everything's going to be okay. I'm not going to let you drop." He didn't know what that meant, but he hoped that she would keep on hugging him.

"You could've told us that you had to go to the bathroom, boy."

Sandy's face looked at him with a look of disgust, something a touch deeper than before. She didn't like him in the slightest, yet she was open about it with those little twitches that she showed.

He'd seen Cinder. She'd seen him. He was going to go to jail if she reported it. It wouldn't be nice, he wouldn't get to see Yang and Ruby again, or Summer. That wouldn't be good.

"Sorry."

He mumbled. Yang's excuse would work. Yang was strong and understood a little. She was warm. She hugged him a little tighter, her fingers brushing over his back. It felt nice and comfortable.

"Say something next time, Jaune. Can't let my boyfriend make himself messy, or it'll make me look like a bad girlfriend."

He turned his head from her, as Sandy rubbed the bridge of her nose, looking at him with a look that he had seen many times before. Disgust and loathing, a look that had been repeated many times since people had heard about the situation.

Yang's arm around him made it worth it though, the warmth that she gave like a beacon lit with warm flames, as he looked at her. "Sorry." He said again, as she smiled.

"We should get you back home and get the stuff taken care of, Jauney boy… Tomorrow I've got to meet with my friend Blake, so there'll be no more exercise until the day after she returns with her mom in tow. She'd love to meet you, by the way."

Yang smiled at him again, the chest pain returning with that beautiful smile, her eyes glinting with
that way that showed that she was seeing him as…

'Is this how normal people feel?'

She smiled softly and leaned forward, giving him a feather-light peck to the cheek. "Let's get going, loverboy." He was ashamed that he reacted, that he felt the stirrings of those feelings. He liked Yang a lot. She was with Blake though and she was going to be with her real girlfriend.

"Yes. We should go."

He said, voice still flat, as Sandy looked at him. She was the one carrying the bags, he saw, and he offered to take them. She just unloaded all on him, giving him a warning look. She didn't like him. That was normal. Not many people liked him.

"Good, now to give Taiyang a call… I should've called him as soon as I had the time."

The woman mumbled under her breath, her eyes looking at him with suspicious eyes. It was a normal look by now, he had gotten used to it.

Yang's hand was in his own though, smaller than his own. She had this really soft skin on the back of her hand and he brushed a finger over it. The smile on her lips broadened a little, which made his chest feel more pain. He liked her a lot, and she was so pretty.

"You're the prettiest girl I've ever seen."

He could forget about Cinder, about everything else, just looking into Yang's eyes. There was a distance in those eyes of hers that he would never be able to breach, but the knowledge that she was already seeing someone was in the back of his mind. It was forbidden to think about her in any way.

Cinder would do to him whatever she wanted, because he was born wrong. She'd seen him with Ruby. She'd wanted to hurt Ruby and make her hate him.

'No. Ruby must be kept safe.'

She was his friend. She was his friend and she was his friend because she was like him but smarter. "Let's get a picture of the two of us, Jaune." A smile on her lips, as she pulled him into a picture booth, wrapping an arm around him and then putting in the coins for the picture, her beautiful body pressed against him.

He did his best smile, seeing the flash. Yang grinned boldly, pulling him in, another flash registering as he felt her lips press down on his cheek. "This is for fun, Jaune. Something to remember later." She'd be with Blake again when her father would be gone from their household. This was just pretending.

He turned to face her and kissed her on the lips. She froze up and tensed, before she relaxed slowly. The kiss lasted for a short while, as the flash lit up brilliantly. It was a shiver that worked through her body, her eyes gazing at him with a faintly misty quality in them. She looked very nice.

"Just a good memory." He said, even though he mentally kicked himself for being too forward.

You shouldn't kiss people when it's not wanted, and she hadn't wanted this. She was someone else's girlfriend, not his girlfriend but…
She smiled at him, understanding. "Hmmhm… I wonder what Blake would say of that picture, huh? Might get her kitty all heated up, heh." She would be angry, no doubt. Blake had staked her claim on Yang and had said that she wanted his children. It wasn't illogical for Blake to be upset with him too.

"You're a good guy, Jaune."

Her voice was a little sad, as she smiled sadly at him, her eyes looking at him with that expression, her fingers lacing with his own again. It was warm and nice, even as his chest hurt. She looked like her mother, but Summer had never given this feeling.

"A really good guy. That Fall woman…"

A sigh, as Yang's eyes turned down, her teeth visible as she bit down on her lower lip.

"She's wrong."

She pulled him out of the booth with a smile. He smelled her shampoo still. Feelings of like were strong in him, as she turned around and smiled. Her blonde hair was like a halo, almost like an angel. He could believe her to be some kind of guardian angel. She certainly was warm enough for that to be the case.

'I like spending time with you.'

He had to admit that. Yang, if she made an effort to, was like a darling of the world, someone whose life would have a wonderful ending undoubtedly as one of the people who had the purity of spirit, not like him, who was corrupted by the virtue of being born with a broken defect in his head.

She pulled him along without a problem, her smile bright, as her breasts moved with every step, Sandy's eyes disapproving on him and her together. Undoubtedly, Yang resembled her mother to such an extent that she'd be a blonde copy of her, according to the picture that he'd seen of the woman.

Yang was a burning spirit who loved Blake, rather than him. To imagine her as someone who would be willing to date him was but a fancy that would only be a fantasy. Weiss had been a fantasy as well, as the truth of her nature had shown itself. She wasn't interested and he had been dumb enough to believe that she'd warm up to him eventually.

"You're silly, Jaune."

He was. He'd been silly to think that, as Yang pulled him closer, holding the picture of the time when she'd kissed him up. It was nice to see the way that their hair mixed together, their different shades of blonde mingling, the look on his face happy, for some reason. The smile certainly looked happy and there was that little twinkling in his eyes that he hadn't seen before.

'Why did I look happy?'

He wondered about that, as she brushed her fingers over his cheek. "You're staring, Jaune. So surprised that you've gotten a bit of blonde in your life?" It was pretending to be boyfriend and girlfriend, he knew, but Yang was someone who he thought he could trust. She was Ruby's sister. You could trust Ruby, even if you didn't always agree with how she acted.

"I'm honestly still surprised that you'd go out on a date with me."

He said honestly. He was still surprised. He wasn't supposed to feel this good, like it was a dream
that was going to pop and burst. Cinder had come, but he'd gotten away. He was waiting to wake up anytime now, but Yang smiled at him and the distractions all faded away.

"Good, because you're just the dreamy type of guy that I like. Such a strong body with that smart little ticker up in your brain."

He would correct her that there wasn't really much of a clock in his head, as the ticker was more in the heart, he'd heard, but she smiled at he was distracted again.

"Can we just go to the car and get out of this place? His kind isn't really the type I'd like to be around."

The dirty look that Sandy gave him was enough, as he looked at her, understanding where she was going with that. She didn't like Ruby much, even though she was always friendly towards Ruby, because Ruby and her father were really close.

"I don't know what your pro-"

He grabbed Yang's hand and pulled her close. She shut up, and he looked her in the eyes, shaking his head slowly. An argument would just blow up. Yang frowned at him, before she closed her eyes and visibly suppressed her anger. That was good. He didn't want her to shout. She was too pretty to shout.

"Fine. I should be a good girlfriend and listen to my boyfriend."

He wasn't her boyfriend. She was going to meet her real girlfriend tomorrow. He was just the pretender, the one that she had to play around with to make sure that she had a good alibi. She probably didn't even like him that much, knowing that he was weird and freaky.

It was okay. He knew what he was. She was Yang and she was amazing. She looked a little awkward as he smiled at her, his eyes peering into her own. His heart hurt some more. She was so pretty. Prettier than Weiss, prettier than Cinder.

He was let out of the car in front of his home, Yang smiling at him. He grabbed the bags with his new clothes in them and watched them drive off. There was no police there waiting for him, so Cinder must not have gotten in contact with them yet. He hoped that it wouldn't be a bother to his family. His sisters were good sisters, because they loved him, or so his father and mother always said. He trusted his mother and father, even if they occasionally were frustrated with him.

He entered the house through the front door, looking at the schedule to see who was off at work and who wasn't. His sisters had different hours of activity, with some of them sleeping at odd hours, the creak of the door loud in the near-quiet of the afternoon.

"Had a fun date, son?"

His father's voice came from behind him, the cane that he used to walk with at times resting on the wooden floor. He made sure that he arranged the shoes perfectly in order. One had to mind the small details. Straight, located right behind the ones that belonged to Cassy.

"It was nice. I saw Cinder again."

He stalled, unsure how to proceed. His father was waiting for an answer, for a solution to that problem. He always wanted to know how he responded for some reason.
"I ran away from her."

The man gave a soft sound, a sigh that seemed to rumble around and turn into a cough. He looked serious, perhaps a little sad? Concerned?

"Sometimes, the bravest thing you can do is run. I'm glad you're able to get a few joys out of life, even if you're… you."

His father always danced around the word, as if it was going to reach out and bite at him. The man's eyes looked fierce still, as he looked at him. "Let's go to the study, son. We need to have a chat." The man's cane bonked on the wooden floor as he led the way. The study, the room that'd been furnished with several leftover cabinets and held most of the military stuff that dad had collected over the years, was at the end of the hallway.

The man sat down in the comfortable seat, the wooden chair in front of him being reserved for Jaune himself. Jaune sat down after his father motioned him to.

"Son, those marks on your throat worried your mother. I've explained to her that sometimes, it's just a reflex, that it could've been worse but… I'd like to take you to the doctor to see whether there's any damage."

He could understand that. The pain wasn't there anymore, but it was a little annoying. He knew that his father meant well though, because that's just what fathers did. "Okay." The man looked a little off-put by his answer but seemed to get it. "So, the girl…"

"She's nice."

He said, because Yang was nice. She made him feel like he was human, even though he knew that he wasn't on some level. Cinder had told him well. "She's meeting her girlfriend tomorrow." The man gave a soft sigh, shaking his head lightly.

"You've got to stop being so friendly to girls, son. You're going to get taken advantage of one day… Even with that hullabaloo with Fall, you've still got a life ahead of you."

Jaune didn't think he had much ahead of him, but that was just his own interpretation of events.

The trip to the doctor's office was tiresome, even with his father sitting in the car next to him. He knew that the man meant well, but that did not mean that he fully understood what the fuss was about. The marks on his neck were starting to slowly turn purplish-blue now.

In the waiting room, he observed some of the children that played with the toys that'd been there. He wanted to get up and arrange the toys in their proper line but he stopped himself. It wasn't orderly and he should keep his control. Only retards could not control themselves and he wanted to be human, even if he was one.

"Arc?"

The female assistant asked and his father nudged him as he got up, the man following after him. His doctor looked at him with a clinical look, the man's eyes looking him over with a clinical eye, his usual formal manner of behaviour a constant. It was understandable and felt good and orderly.

"Arc, Jaune, aged seventeen. Good physical composition, except for the marks on the throat. It has been some time since I have last seen you, young man."
The man walked to him and motioned for him to sit down on the examination table, a set of fingers tracing over the marks.

"Signs of strangulation, the pattern indicates non-consensual strangulation, or at least with rougher trends than most often seen… Run afoul of some angry womenfolk, young man?"

He didn't think that Summer had been angry with him.

"It was a mistake, she said. Her ex-husband said that she does that at times because of the memories."

He wasn't sure whether he should tell, but the doctor could be trusted, the man nodding.

"Post-Traumatic Stress, with a dash of losing track… Common, these days, what with the servicemen coming back. Yours is going well, Arc?"

His father nodded. Jaune felt some dash of sympathy for the man. It wasn't nice to be choked and he hoped that his mother was okay. Mom didn't need to be choked, she was a good mom.

"No attacks of any kind for the last nine months. My wife was concerned because Jaune came home with these."

A pinch and a squeeze, the doctor making a soft sound, before pulling something out of a pocket and taking a small measurement on his neck, humming something to himself.

"Breathe out through the mouth." He followed the orders, the man looking pensive for a moment, as he looked at his father.

"Aside from some minor hoarseness for the next few days, he'll be right as rain, given some rest. It is hindersome, but not a life-threatening issue. Tell your wife that she has no cause for worry."

It was a good thing, Jaune understood. The doctor looked him over, taking a few more measurements before patting him on the head, like he'd done when he'd been younger. "A fine specimen of a young teen-aged male. Are you doing better now, Jaune?"

"Probably. I don't feel pain much."

The man nodded to that, his father just looking on with that passive look. "She's not a bad woman. Just a little sad sometimes, just like dad." The doctor's fingers brushed over the metal chromed instrument that stood in the corner, a contemplative look on his face.

"Intriguing. Does she on occasion act scared? Skittish? Like she wants to run away but can't because something is keeping her?"

The doctor mused aloud, and Jaune thought back to Summer. Perhaps she did. The doctor was smart, he'd graduated from… some school whose name he didn't quite remember with what had been a mark. Doctor Watts was a good doctor.

"Sometimes. Ruby is like her too at times when she doesn't understand what is going on. They might have the same thing, I don't know. They are both nice though."

The doctor nodded, his clinical manner of tapping onto the metal instrument enough to warn him.

"A teenager with your condition should not worry too much about such things, Jaune. They are your friend and her... mother?"
The man's clinical tone was formal still, as the moustache was brushed through with a finger, the man's eyes a deep colour, as his shrewd mind seemed to come to conclusions. He nodded to confirm that the doctor was correct.

"I shall not say that they are wrong for having such issues, as the human condition is still something we are still learning about… Why, when I was studying at MIT, there was this brilliant student who had come up with the schematics for an android that was almost life-like… But alas, he outshone my genius grafting techniques. It is thus that I am here, rather than there."

A wistful look on the man's face, as his gaze went to Jaune's father for a moment, a thoughtful expression coming to his face as the eyes returned to him once more.

"Could you leave for a moment? I would like to speak with the young man privately for an instant. Some questions that the young man might have might not be spoken about with his father present…"

"If you say so…"

His father left the room, the doctor taking a seat behind his desk again, looking at him. There was a pause, Jaune waiting for the doctor to say something, but Doctor Watts just looked at him with eyes that were calm and analyzing.

"Jaune, do you remember what Miss Salem spoke of?"

He felt a touch of something go through him, the man's face turning serious.

'She told him. She said that she wouldn't tell anyone!'

Fear rushed through his body like something living, a serpent that wrapped around his heart and constricted, the man shaking his head a little, as he spotted the response. The man was really smart and he knew a lot, so seeing his reaction undoubtedly had not gone unnoticed.

"Let me make this clear, Jaune Arc. I am here to help you. The affair with Miss Fall…"

The curling of the upper lip in distaste, as the man's professional status had been called into question. "has borne no fruit. They did not even ask for my testimony, so they do not have the details. The short-sightedness of the system, but alas…"

"I saw her again today. I ran into her at the mall, she came too close. I had to run away. I don't want to go to jail." The man closed his eyes, breathing in deeply. The man's eyes opened again and he looked at him.

"You are a bright child. You've registered in the top percentile, even with your handicap requiring a longer time for testing purposes."

They were just tests. It didn't matter what the tests said, Ruby was still smarter. She got higher grades, he took time to read things and was too slow.

"People will never understand what it is like to be smarter than those around you, to be more intelligent than others. My friend Sherlock was like that, a precocious young man, eager to delve the mysteries of the world." The man got up, walking to the globe he had in the corner of his office.

"I believe you when you say that you have not touched Miss Fall."
The man's words were true, he could tell from the way that the man's face did not even twitch as he spoke, as he turned the globe, stopping at a point in Germany.

"You have no capacity to lie, and if you try to hide the truth, there will be nothing that will convince someone."

There was a softness to the man's eyes that was squashed, the man's fingers brushing over the globe. "The file was sealed, yet I am aware of what happened, Jaune. To help you, I need to understand." The man's voice sounded genuine, the green eyes that watched him holding something in their depth, a quest for knowledge, for something more.

"Can you take your clothes off? I would like to formalize the... marks, record the pattern that Miss Salem described."

The man's voice was softer, as his eyes looked with what might be disgust, or perhaps empathy. The man and himself were fairly flat on the emotional spectrum.

"I didn't want her to make a fuss. It would have hurt my sisters."

He confessed, the doctor giving what might be a smile of pity, if he'd guessed it right. It might also be something else, but it didn't look too happy.

"Once upon a time, there was a boy I knew who also did not want to make a fuss. His fate was... most unkind."

The man's eyes were calm as the camera was picked, a recorder, similar in make as to what Miss Salem used, put on the side.

"Arthur Theodore Watts, session with Jaune Arc, aged seventeen years. Detailing the injuries as stated by Salem Alexandria, report number seventeen-five-zero-one-two-eight-nine-three. Photographic evidence will be in folder seventeen."

The man's voice was smooth and without any sort of flaws, accented faintly with that British tone.

He stood there, as the man looked at him, inspecting him for the damages that had been reported. "Do I just... show?" He didn't want to, really, but the doctor was there to make him feel better. The man nodded.

"Please, in the manner that makes you the most comfortable."

He pulled his member up, showing the man what he had. The doctor's fingers, clad within a set of disposable latex gloves that smelled like cleaning chemicals, clicked the button and a small flash of light came from the camera.

"Patient shows signs of wounding on the external part of the scrotum, in the manner of burns, caused by a cigarette or small burning stick. Patient seems to not exhibit many signs of physical distress, burn wounds having already scarred with minor rawness of the surface due to sweatiness due to the location of the burns. Scars appear to be permanent due to a lack of proper treatment and repetitive marking."

Pictures were snapped, the man's face looking serious, more serious than he had ever seen. There was something in those eyes, as the man treated him with a light touch, making sure that he felt a little discomfort.

"Conclusion: Intentional scarring and burning of the skin with intent to mark and harm, consistent
with the pattern of abuse as reported by Salem Alexandria, case file Arc, Jaune."

The man's fingers grabbed a hold of his member, holding it facing upward. "Size is moderate for the flaccid state, burn marks seem to be mostly on the scrotum. The patient seems unconcerned by the touch of the physician."

He wasn't concerned. A doctor looked at your body and helped you. That was what they did. The man's fingers touched some more and the pain flashed through him, wincing at the touch. "Patient experiences distress when touch is applied to the burnt area. Psychological state unknown." The words were calm and formal, but something in the man's eyes had changed, something that seemed to be intrigue if he recognized the look well enough.

"Examination complete. Wounds inspected and judged."

The man looked at him with a frown on his features. Those eyes still showed interest, intrigue. "I will prescribe you something for the marks in order to smoothen the skin." There was a pause, as the man's inscrutable look continued.

"It is not right for you to be treated like that."

The man's voice was calm, as he turned away. Jaune wondered for a moment whether the man was thinking about something, a balled fist slowly relaxing, the man's smile as made-up as most of the behaviour that he'd seen from others.

"It is what I deserve."

The man didn't speak, walking to the desk and seating himself again, looking at him with a look before he realized something.

"You may get dressed again, Jaune."

The look on the man's face was not pleasant, as he started to type, the recorder having somehow been put on the desk as well.

"I will contact the authorities after making my final concluding report, submitted this Friday after I return from the international congress, which is an appointment I am afraid I cannot delay. Miss Salem might have sealed the file, but I will not let a bright young man like you suffer." The man's voice held more emotion than usual, as those green eyes fixed him with a look.

"What happened to the boy? The one you spoke about."

Jaune asked, the man's eyes closing for an instant as the lengthy exhale made the moustache quiver a little.

"Hospitalisation, after his father brutalized him. It turned a bright young child into a machine with little feeling, thanks to the trauma of the brain."

The man's fingers brushed over the desk, as the man's eyelids opened again.

"Somewhat like you, but with a complete and utter absence of morality, to explain it properly. People are like pawns on a chessboard, toys to play with… it is so easy to pick apart people and see what makes them tick, to see what measures to take to ensure that they work as you want them to work."

There was a pause, as the man smiled. It was the fake smile that would put people at ease. He saw
through it easily. It wasn't genuine, like when people said that he was special. He wasn't special. He was a retard.

"It took therapy for a young man to regain his way after growing up in that way. Therapy and rigid discipline. Still, the adult is someone who lives by strict rules, to make sure that the urges are restrained and locked away. Sometimes, I do wonder if that young boy is still somewhere lost within the mind of the adult, but such curiosities are best left for more philosophical minds."

There was an unspoken moment where the man looked at a picture on the wall, a younger version of himself standing next to a woman who obviously was his mother, looking at him. A picture hung next to it of the doctor wearing a lab coat, still with the stoic look on his face as he held up a single device that had gotten some sort of warning label on it.

"It is not what you deserve, Jaune. You are a bright child, still as curious as you were when I first had you in my practice."

The man's voice was soft in the background, as he looked at that picture of the man with the device in hands. "Even with your autism, you have survived well."

"Doctor, I'm not sure whether that is the right thing to say. I was born with a defect and-" He wanted to say more but the man looked at him, an angry look on his face.

"You were born smart, Jaune. Nobody could understand you. That is not a defect, but a gift. I can ask you a question and receive an answer swiftly, as soon as your mind catches up. You have been sorely wasted on these people. It is a pity that I only saw it later in your teens when I evaluated the tests… The potential, the drive, that focus on the smallest of details."

The doctor's words were better than he deserved. It wasn't something that he could really do anything about, but it was not enough to really do anything. He wasn't smart, like the doctor was. He just could do some things pretty well, but he was stupid too.

Cinder had said as much. He'd seen Doctor Watts seventeen times over the course of his life, his mind told him. The man had never shown much of an interest outside of the various illnesses that he'd been at the practice to before.

The test had been a curiosity at fifteen. The man had let him sit for it in the side-office, checking it out of curiosity, only noting with some amusement that he'd picked one of the wrong forms. It hadn't been until the seventeenth question had been graded that the man's eyes had lit up and the eraser had come out, making some minor alterations.

It was not too difficult at times. He'd seen it before. He wasn't smart, but he knew some things. The man's fingers had tapped a beat on the desk as he calculated, looking at him a few times before taking the test and writing out something for him on a note, telling him that he was to hand this to his school's principal post-haste.

He'd met Ruby at that first class, even though he didn't quite get some of the topics that were being covered. He was used to being stupid, because that's what they'd called him. Not that he was smart, Ruby was smart. She'd been advanced a few grades and was aware of what it meant. She was the smart one, even if she didn't quite get some of the things that he had. She'd never had a problem with handing the work in on time or getting every square filled out.

He liked the direction that people gave him. Not so much after the presentation, though. The public speaking part always ended badly.
"What will you do now?"

The man looked at him with a look, before a short nod was given. A pause lasted for a while, the man's eyes lighting up.

"I will make the file and keep it here, whilst copying it to the hard drive that I keep on my person at most times. I will ensure that appropriate measures are taken… This is not the first time that I have seen someone be abused simply for their brilliance."

The man's eyes drifted to the picture of a young child in the hospital, the picture somewhat faded. A scrawled – 'Happy birthday' – was on an edge, the child's head swaddled in bandages, a young child at the other's side. The green eyes looked tender, as the big cake in front of the child's face, candles already blown out.

"You will not have to fear. Whilst some parts of our legal system are… woefully inadequate, know that I will ensure that you have nothing to fear from Fall. Those weaker in society should be protected, even from the rich who accuse them of heinous things."

Jaune doubted it. They were probably going to take him away. Cinder had held power, even though she had said that she was but a weak woman. "She will get away with it." He said, the man's lips thinning for a moment, as the man's eyes hardened.

"Possibly. The system is unaccustomed to such a thing, at times. Oftentimes, it does not understand what a child needs, choosing to believe the adult."

There was a hint of distaste, as the man looked at him. "If you had been my child…" The man's face turned to face the window.

"Suffice it to say that I would not be so kind to Miss Fall. She is not my patient, but I would not hesitate. Abuse is a terrible thing to happen to a child, a teen…"

The hands were tightly gripping each other behind the man's back, as the man seemed to firm up a little.

"Why aren't you married? Mom said that you had been single ever since you started to work here."

He'd heard his mother mention that a few times, when she had commented on the doctor's visits. Every single one of his sisters was at this practice.

"I cannot have the blessing of children, Mister Arc."

The coolness with which the news was delivered was a sign that the man was a little sad. "It is regrettable but true." He felt bad for him. Retards shouldn't get children too, but the man was convinced that he was smart, just like Ruby. He just knew how to do a few things well. He didn't really care about school very much. People were confusing. Summer made sense. Yang made sense. Ruby was nice and Weiss was… not so nice.

"Miss Salem said that something could be done." The doctor nodded, as he turned around to face him once more. He looked somewhat more emotional, he seemed to understand. He said what Miss Salem had said multiple times.

"She said I was worthy of life."

The man's eyebrow rose, minutely. "Clarify."

The man asked, as he sat down at his desk again. He said the two words and the man's lips thinned in displeasure. The green eyes moved rapidly back
and forth, before the man came to some conclusion.

"Undoubtedly a distasteful ideology, though I can see some scientific merit in it. No, Mister Arc, you are not 'defect' or 'life unworthy of life'. Comparing you to the other animals who roam these streets, begetting children with mere sows who yap and squeal at the bargain bin prices is to do yourself a disservice."

The man's words were irritated at the people, he knew. He felt bad for telling. He shouldn't have told the man, but he knew, he must've known, he must've-

"Hyperventilating, signs of panic… Not so good, Jaune. Calm down. I will not harm you."

The man's hand brushed through his own scalp, scratching at a particular spot. "I will prescribe you some medication and I want you to apply it twice a day, to the injured area. In the morning, after you have showered and in the evening, after you have showered. It might be overstepping my boundaries a touch by stating this, but I have high hopes for you, young man."

The doctor was confident in his ability. He didn't feel so very confident in his ability. He was the stupid one. Cinder had been nice, but she'd said he was a retard and that he wasn't worth living. He didn't want to be stupid.

"Calm down, be at ease. Bah, Miss Alexandria is much better at this than I am. She still has the… requirements."

The man's hand was on his shoulder, offering a tense feeling of stress, as he took deep breaths. The man looked at him with a stern look, or what Jaune thought to be a stern look.

"Mistakes were made. I have not the full breadth of your psychologists' evaluation, but she briefed me on the essentials. Law enforcement is not equipped to deal with unique circumstances such as your situation. Their understanding of Autism is woefully outdated."

The man's voice was calm, rational. He could understand that but also not. Did that mean that Cinder had been wrong?

"I will finish the report and ensure that it gets to the proper authorities. With a signed report and documentation from Miss Alexandria, there will be enough grounds for a reasonable investigation of the events that occurred earlier. Cases such as yours are not rare." He just stared at the man. He blinked once, as the man gave what might be a genuine smile.

"Everything will be okay."

It would not be.

On the trip back home, his father remained silent. Only when they pulled into the driveway did the man speak up.

"Did you have a good talk with Doctor Watts?"

Jaune nodded. It had been a good talk. He might have to do some thinking. It was not wrong to think about things. "We talked for a bit. He said he was going to file an official report of the injuries." The man nodded in confirmation.

The man had asked. That had felt nice. The man had understood, at least a little. Perhaps Cinder had been wrong. Perhaps things were going to be better.
'I should get Yang her gift.'

She was Yang, after all. She deserved the gift.

Returning home, he looked at the clothing, noticing the picture that'd been tucked in the new shirt that'd been in the bag. Yang kissing his cheek, a chaste kiss that nevertheless made him feel a pressure in his chest. He just stared at the picture, aware that it had felt good, that she had kissed him and he had kissed her and she hadn't pushed him away.

'I should get the money for her gift.'

It was a small thing, he thought, to give her something that would make her smell good. As he stripped once more for his evening shower, he let his mind wander to the thoughts of before, remembering what Doctor Watts had said.

Cinder had said that he was dirty, that he was diseased with an affliction of the mind. Looking at himself in the mirror in the shower, he took note of his features, the facial features that were so similar to his father, the blonde hair that fell in his face. He looked like one of the pure people, but…

'Did she lie to me?'

He wondered, as he stepped into the shower. Washing himself with quick and deliberate motions, he made sure to get in bed without hurrying after applying the salve. He would make the world outside of the comfort of his bed feel the burden of his presence in the morning, his eyes looking at the picture of Yang giving him a kiss to the cheek.

A shiver, as he imagined what it would be like. Summer had been energy and passion, the warmth that she'd given him, before she'd choked him, that feeling… would it be like that with Yang as well? Would Yang be as her mother, as the woman who cared so much for her and her daughter that she'd wanted him to know how it felt?

He drifted on that stream of thought, imagining what it would be like to be with Yang. He wondered if she would be passionate and wild, or whether she was more of a hesitant and calm person.

"Spread. You're not allowed to feel good. Retards cannot feel good, they cannot feel love!"

The thought shattered in his mind as he felt the burns again, knew that he'd had a bad thought. Retards should not love, but…

'What if she was wrong? What if she was the bad one, like Miss Salem had said?'

He curled up, carefully making sure that he was comfortable in the bed. His thoughts were disturbed, and he felt that desire inside him. He looked at the picture again. She'd be with her girlfriend, just like Ruby was with Weiss.

He didn't want to think about the stuff with relationships and people. He just needed what was familiar, to not think too much about stuff that was hard and to keep doing as he always had. They always talked about him, talked about his state of being the only boy in a house of girls.

He awoke the next morning not to the ringing of an alarm clock but to the sound of someone cussing, a womanly shriek of righteous indignation and his youngest sister banging on the door to the bathroom, demanding to be let back in because 'her hairdryer was still there!' to the mocking tones of his older sisters, who preferred to share the bathroom to do 'twin stuff'.
It wasn't very useful, he mentally remarked, but he had to apply the stuff to his private bits. He'd been neglectful, but that didn't matter. He rubbed it in, remembering briefly the feeling of how it'd been when Summer had given him pleasure, feeling the warmth sink in.

He had reacted. The dream last night had been pleasant too. It hadn't been bad like last night's dream, but it had been nice. He'd gone on a date with Yang. She'd smiled at him and said that she loved him. He'd felt human for once. It felt good.

He got dressed. The police hadn't come, nor had there been anyone waiting for him. He'd feared that there might be, but there hadn't been anyone. Dad had been concerned, but now it was nothing. Perhaps it had been because he'd ran.

'I'm…'

He paused. Looking at his hand that'd balled into a fist, he slowly relaxed his hand, looking at his fingernails that'd dug into his palms. Blood had gotten under his fingernails. He should wash his hands.

'I'm safe at home. I'm safe at home and nobody can touch me when I'm safe.'

He exhaled and inhaled, exhaled and then inhaled again. He looked at his reflection in the mirror before getting the money bin that he'd kept from when he was younger. It was in the shape of a bunny rabbit, after a cereal brand that'd fallen out of general production.

He got the money out after some tries and then put it in his wallet. He checked the clock and then made sure that he got something for breakfast. It was a silent affair, with most of his sisters still quarreling about the usage of the shower. He would shower when he got back. He went for exercise and showered after that, so it was not too much of a change of the routine.

He spotted Miss Burns' son busy painting the roadside fence, looking like he was labouring under the heat. He hoped that he didn't have to smell the paint for too long. It always irritated his nose.

He stood in front of the shop an hour later, a soft dingling sound as he entered the store, a faint bristling of the air that he felt hard to put into proper feelings, his gaze directed to the perfume section, the sound tapering off as he searched for the proper number, matching it up to the number that he had in his mind. He found the bottle, picked it up and then heard a clearing of the throat behind him.

"Mister Jaune Arc?"

He turned around, holding the gift for the girl that had made him feel warm inside. The sunglasses on the woman's face hid her eyes from sight, the dark blue hair tied back in what seemed to be a loose bun. He recognized the symbol on the outfit. It wasn't a formal uniform, but it looked like the uniforms that he'd seen.

'Police.'

"I need you to come with me for a bit, kid." The woman said, her voice sounding a little weary, as he held up the perfume.

"Well, after you ring that up. Gift for the girlfriend?"

He nodded. Yang wasn't his girlfriend, it was all pretend, but he wanted to make her smile.
"Good, that's a nice scent you've got there. I'm sure that she'll be happy with it."

He knew that. She would love it, if he got out of prison. That's where they were going to take him, probably. The shop assistant looked at him with a look that was mistrustful, but he didn't know enough about it, popping the wallet open and counting out the bills and the coins. Just enough, just as planned.

"The price went up a little, you're still missing ten dollars. The sale was on yesterday."

He blanked. What did he do now? He had counted the money out, he'd made sure that it was there and that it was all correct. He'd tried to make sure that he had the exact amount, because it would be a gift for Yang.

"Here's ten to add to his money." The police officer put down a ten-dollar bill next to his money.

"Make sure to gift-wrap it for this guy here. It's for his girlfriend."

It wasn't standard procedure, he knew. If they'd wanted him in for questioning, they would've handcuffed him again. He didn't like that. He'd not struggled but they'd hurt him.

"Am I under arrest?"

He asked, voice trying not to show the fear that he felt. It felt like he didn't succeed, as it quivered. The policewoman was walking with a slow pace for his benefit, as she pulled something from a pocket, lighting it up and puffing out a smoky ring.

"Nope… But my partner does want to talk to you."

There was a faint smoky scent, even though the menthol in the cigarettes made it smell different. Cinder hadn't really been too nice with her smoking.

They came to a fairly nondescript car with tinted windows, the woman jerking off her uniform's jacket and throwing it into the bac, her long dyed blue hair coming loose. There was a woman seated in the backseat, the window half-opened and smoke curling from the inside, a set of sunglasses visibly looking at her. He thought that he could recognize something about her, but it was just a faint familiarity. She looked like one of the people he might've seen at his father's barbecue.

"Get in. We're going for a drive, whilst my partner speaks with ya."

The woman got behind the wheel, as he got into the car in the backseat. He sat down on the uniform, the woman in the backseat of the car wearing what seemed to be a formal suit of sorts, the white collar popped, her cleavage looking somewhat interesting. A few pictures were in front of her on a small tray that'd been pulled out of the driver's seat's back, a laptop stand that'd been repurposed for that purpose, as the sunglasses gave her more of an intimidating look.

"Sit." He set the gift-wrapped perfume bottle down next to him, the woman lifting it up and looking at it and tilting the packaging for a moment

"Perfume…"

The woman put it close to her nose and sniffed, before she set it down again, a puff of smoke coming from her lips, her fingers covered in a set of gloves.

"Yesterday, the system said that you violated a restraining order by coming into contact with the
recipient of said protective order. Granted, it was in a public place, but given the circumstances...

"Jaune Arc, aged seventeen. Arrested on suspicion of rape of Cinder Fall, birth name Zinder Gefallen. Suspect did not budge on statements during interview of his innocence. Suspect did not alter claims of innocence."

The words were clinical and calm, as the cigarette was extinguished in the ashtray, several stubs already there. The cigarette case that held the cigarettes was marked with different colours, similar to the ones that he had seen on Saphron's rainbow flag. She pulled out another cigarette and lit it, taking a deep drag.

"Jaune Arc, mentally impaired with an Autism spectrum disorder, a kind young man who wishes to help others, according to other statements collected..."

The words were still clinical, as she held up a picture. He recognized the people that had been photographed from a distance, dressed for exercising.

'That's me. That's Yang.'

"You've been an interesting topic of debate, Mister Arc. Melinda, go to the burger joint. I need some raw meat that's grilled to some sort of standard of cow murder..."

There was a grimace on the woman's face, as her fingers brushed through her dark hair. There was an annoyance in her motions, as she seemed to pause for just a moment with that outspoken choice.

"I'm in the business of knowing about people. Mister Arc, you have made... questionable choices."

The woman's fingers traced over the picture, stopping on Yang and tapping her twice.

"The daughter of a former Marine and raised by her godmother. A girl with the future ahead of her still."

He kept silent. She was still speaking. "A girl that has some potential to make it in the boxing ring. Not a sport I personally enjoy, but there is still merit..." The woman picked out a picture from the folder at the side. He blanched as he saw it.

"And then there is you. A young man, sending this image to Miss Fall."

The caption with those three words burned in his mind, as he whimpered, trying to get away but knowing that he couldn't. The car was still moving and you didn't get out of a moving vehicle, that hurt. The woman looked at him with her gaze behind the sunglasses, as she ran a finger over the outline of his body on the picture, tapping it once.

"You are still seventeen. You're not going to be tried as an adult yet."

The woman's voice was grim, but the look on her face was somewhat kinder. "Melinda, get me that damn burger or I'll make you into a damn burger."

Her partner said something back that sounded like 'fucking bitch', but the woman merely looked at him with an unflinching stare. "Consider this a warning, Arc. This isn't my first rodeo with someone who couldn't keep their hands to themselves and let themselves go and touch what isn't theirs to touch. Once is a mistake, twice is a pattern... And it's only out of respect for the captain that I'm doing this little interview rather than let the grunts at it."
He hadn't spoken yet, as the woman's gaze remained fixed. "I didn't do it." He said, the woman looking at him for the longest time and then nodding.

"Then that's the official answer, Arc."

The woman's tone was frosty, even as her fingers pulled something out of a pocket, a small recorder device that he noticed, the woman shutting it off with a clicking sound. They pulled up to the Burger Donald, the woman known as Melinda looking back.

"So, Orange, what you want?"

The woman, now identified as Orange, gave a snort of obvious impatience.

"If it's bloody and smells like the ranchers just beat it to death, it's good. Burger and fries, no damn onion rings this time. Light on the tomato and mayonnaise and tell them to skip the damn mustard this time." The woman had obviously ordered stuff before, as Melinda gave him a look.

"Arc? You want something to munch on whilst the little ray of sunshine's giving you the sixth degree of hell?"

He wondered if he should. He gave a look to the woman, whose features seemed to convey to him a looming threat.

He didn't think that he'd get much of a choice. "Burger, no cheese, with fries, please. And..." He paused. He remembered what he'd had yesterday. "And a cherry milkshake."

He tried to cling to what was familiar, even as the woman sitting beside him gave a low scoff, obviously in distaste. The woman's finger brushed through her hair and he could see that it was a low auburn shade in the light, her pale skin looking a little sallow, the sunglasses reflecting his features for a moment due to the sunlight that fell in from the darkened window.

"We take care of our own, kid. If it's one of our kids, we take care of it too, because we're not turning our back on family. That's what we said we'd do when we signed up to the service and-"

A gritting of the teeth, as the woman looked at a picture, looking at it for a while as she just focused on it.

"When someone falls down, we pick em up, put the gun back in their hand and make sure that they're the meanest, toughest son of a bitch around."

Something that he saw in Summer and in Mister Frank showed in the woman as well. That edge, that attitude that held something that was familiar. The woman's lips curled into a smile, as she looked at the picture for a while longer, but didn't turn it to him.

"Melinda! Where the fuck is that burger? Do they still have to butcher the nearest hippo on legs or something?"

The partner gave a deep sigh, handing over the card to the window, and he noticed that he was getting a few wrapped things shoved at him.

"She's usually better when she's had food. When you're eh... yeah, we never quite introduced ourselves, did we? Best we don't. Kind of hush-hush, our line of work. My name's Melinda though, as Orange has been reminding you constantly."

There was a pause, as the woman known as Melinda gave an apologetic smile, pulling the badge
"Am I going to be put in jail?"

He asked, Melinda shaking her head.

"No, no… Considering the circumstances and who is involved, probably, but Orange pulled a few strings. Your father has been… concerned. We're…” The woman paused, as if trying to find the right words. "friends, yes, I suppose you could call us friends."

"Listen, kid."

A bite out of the burger like some sort of rabid wolf, the woman's look fierce, as ketchup dripped down her chin, making her look more grizzly bear than woman. "If we didn't handle you with the kid gloves, you'd be getting intimate buddies with Bubba and the crew from the back door entrance. They know how to take care of you, a fresh-faced piece of candy ass."

"He's seventeen, Orange! You can't just go and threaten him with that. You need to be kind, you need to be gentle and…"

The partner cut her partner off with a threatening growl. "Eesh, that's what I get for being stuck with your grumpy bitch ass. I should've just taken the other one, but nooooo… I had to pick you."

The blue-haired woman commented as she shook her head.

"If you didn't love me so much, you'd have stuck with being White for ages, Mel."

The sound that Melinda made was not even a laugh as the half-choke and the car suddenly jolting with the pedal being pushed down.

"Go back to your girlfriend, Orange. She'd not be happy to see you flirting with me."

Jaune didn't think he was supposed to hear that comment, as the woman next to him stiffened in her posture, exhaling softly, angrily.

"It is none of your business what I do in my personal life off the job, Melinda."

The woman's voice was strong, as she bit down in the burger. Juices dripped into the napkin that she'd wrapped around it, perhaps the saving grace for her outfit.

"We're just… Here to make sure that no mistakes happen. Consider this your get out of jail free card, Kid." The woman said, her voice a touch lower with a hint of something else through it.

"Fuck, if I didn't owe a damn favour…"

'She's a friend of dad, then.'

That made sense. Dad wouldn't want him to go to jail and be killed. Nobody liked retards in jail. He wasn't sure though whether he counted as one. The talk with Doctor Watts had given him time to think. Yang was… important.

She was dating Blake, but… Blake didn't mind him. She wanted him.

"Are? Front and centre with that attention. I ain't old enough to forget the look in a guy's eyes when he wants some nookie, and I don't 'preciate you looking at me like you want me to give you a good night hug with extra snookums."
He was jolted from his thoughts when the woman rapped her knuckles on his knee.

"What we're getting at, Arc, is that you're to stay put. Your family would be worried and I'm going to say that there's a good chance that there'll be some rough times in the future for you. Kids like you who mess with a woman of good standing of the community tend not to be treated so well…"

The woman was younger than his father, given the lack of grey in her hair. The pictures that she had in her hands were still there, as Melinda coughed to get the woman's attention. The car was moving through traffic, and the woman kept her attention on the road.

"Do we just deliver him in front of his home, or do we… eh, call his family to retrieve him? I've got the number somewhere… I can just make them collect him and we can hit the interstate so we can go to-" The woman known as Orange held up her hand.

"Drive the kid home, of course. We've got this little hitch in our schedule, so we're right back to the job… Consider it a bit of a touch-up of the makeup, we'll declare the food as 'necessary expenses' and we'll be right as rain for when we check in again." The woman was definitely the one calling the shots, her gaze at his burger for an instant before she looked away.

She ran a finger over her lips, checking for ketchup, before she gave him a strict look. His mom looked just as intimidating if one of his sisters messed something up in the kitchen.

"Eat your fries or I'm going to eat em for you."

He drank some of his cherry milkshake and started on the fries.

"She's not that mean when you get used to it. Soooo… How'd you get together with the hot blonde girl, eh?"

He blinked, as the woman had pulled over and was currently munching on something that definitely looked like onion fries.

"Yang? Oh, we're not together. I'm just making sure that her dad doesn't find out that she's gay."

The woman made a sound of concern, running a finger through her hair, her expression more intrigued than before.

"Her dad doesn't like that her little sister is into girls much. So she's just using me to play pretend. I like her a lot though. Her dad wouldn't like it if she dated her girlfriend."

A snort of derision from the woman beside him. "Guys who can't accept that you love who you love are the worst."

The woman had a partner, undoubtedly. If Melinda had said that she was looking at her girlfriend, it must mean that the woman was dating. "And when they just see you grab your best friend by the tits and just plant a fat sucker on her face, they just go 'ooh, we want to join in'. As if!"

"Oh no, my sister is gay and I've never had the urge to ask whether I could join in." The woman barked a laugh, shaking her head, amusement, as she snatched one of his fries. He drank some cherry milkshake, watching the woman.

"Soooo… No girlfriend?"

He wasn't sure whether he should tell anyone else about the situation. He shook his head. Best not to tell anyone. Yang might get in trouble. Not that these two women looked like they would tell
anyone, but they were friends with his dad. Dad had many different friends, including mister Barracuda.

"Who would want me?"

The woman known as Melinda gave a toothy smile. She looked like she was going to say something but her partner cut her off immediately.

"No, not going to happen, Blue. Listen kid, the world out there is big and wide, so you just go out there and do something that makes you feel good. You'll meet someone who makes your heart flutter, who makes you smile and who is the summer to your winter with a slice of fall when she's on her monthly flow. When she smiles, your world is good. When she frowns, you gotta step up. Hardest thing to do is to make em happy because you're out in the world, fighting for what's right and just." The woman sounded a little wistful, as she sighed deeply.

"At least, that's the plan. You just go and do what makes you work best. That's what I did, when I was asked." The woman's body language spoke of sadness, as the phone rang in the car.

Melinda answered, a female voice speaking up with an inquiry as to where they were. The woman sounded on the verge of a thunderous tirade. "Agent Orange is currently entertaining some food and visiting the bathroom, ma'am. I'll brief her on the update and we'll be in the next state by the end of the evening."Jaune knew that it would take shorter than that, but the woman seemed to be mollified by that answer on the other end.

"I'll let her know, ma'am. Of course."

The answers were curt and polite, tinted with that bit of obedience. "As you wish. We'll report in when she's off the can and she'll- Yes, there was an expense charged to the card, and we were- No, I promise you that we'll leave immediately. Of course. I'll inform her immediately." The woman looked at her partner, who was looking more amused with herself than before the phone call.

"The boss wants you to call her when you're off the can, Orange. Gee, you'd think they have it in for you or something."

The toothy grin on the woman's face was enough of a clue for him to say that it probably was the case, as she rolled her shoulders a little, the suit moving slightly with the motion.

"You'd think so, but you've got to break a few eggs before you make an omelette… Arc, we're dropping you off at your home and you can walk to the front door yourself."

Agent Orange, which made him think of a chemical that had been in use during the Vietnam war, said, her sunglasses pulled off and then rubbed with some sort of white cloth that'd been plucked out of a pocket.

She put her sunglasses on before peering over the rim, her eyes a deep brown colour that looked at him with a look that was familiar in its intensity, having seen it before in other people. With the shadows in the car, it was hard to make out the proper expression in those eyes.

"We're not going to be seeing each other again, Arc. Don't mention that you've met with us, don't mention my name or Melly's, keep that mouth shut and we don't have to meet again under less fortunate circumstances."

The woman's voice was implying something bad.

"People start dying when they see me on the job. It ain't pretty. It ain't fair. It's one hell of a ride,
but you do it for the country that you love and the people that you care for." The woman looked at him and then nodded.

"Melly, show him out. The sun's too damn strong these days…"

The partner of Agent Orange had already driven up to the block where he lived, stopping in front of his home. The car rumbled slowly, the exhaust fumes strong in the air, a cloud of fumes making him cough.

"Keep out of trouble, kid."

He had much to think about, as Melinda waved at him, offering him a genial smile. He got out from the car and they drove off, without looking back, the window opening up and the woman throwing out the contents of her ashtray all over Miss Burns' freshly painted fence. It probably wouldn't make the woman very happy.

'So, they were friends of dad.'

He arrived home, the perfume in his pocket and the smell of cigarette smoke clinging to his shirt and pants. His entire routine had been disrupted, but he felt better. A message on his phone, plucking it from the pocket he had it in. It wasn't the most high-tech, but it worked.

**Tomorrow, meeting with Blake and her mom and me. I hope you're alright. Looking forward to seeing you, Jaune.**

Yang's face looked happy from the picture attachment that she'd sent to the message, looking like a beautiful girl should. It was so hard to stop the beating in his chest, as he tucked his phone away. He'd make a good effort. Blake was a nice girl too and he would do his best. If dad's friends had kept Cinder away, he'd make sure that she'd stay away.

For the first time in a while, he felt safer. It might be that Yang had messaged him or that the two women had just delivered him a get out of jail free card through their interference, but he felt somehow less burdened.

'Maybe…'

The two hadn't treated him any differently. Orange had been blunt and direct, whilst Melinda had been somewhat informal and more like a sister, trying to connect to him. They'd gotten the information from somewhere, but they'd not bothered with the subject of him being broken, they'd just said it in clear tones: Don't do it again and you're good.

"Thanks, dad."

He said as he passed by his father. The man looked at him with a questioning look. Jaune remembered the words of the woman. They were never there. They did not get asked to do this. It was all off the books.

"For taking me to see Dr. Watts. It was nice to just, talk, I guess."

The man smiled, even with his mother's worried look, the man giving her a look that seemed to tell more than Jaune could understand.

"You're our big man, Jaune. If you've got a problem, you can always come to find us for help. Back in the Marines, we called it Semper Fi, till the day we die. Pick your partner up, drag them to the safe zone and then go and beat the bastards until they're crying for their momma." The man was
confident, Jaune had to admit that.

He didn't feel that confident yet, but it was better. He was just Jaune Arc. He wasn't like anyone else, but he was probably loved by his family.

And he had forgotten to ask Doctor Watts about the chest pains when he was around Yang.

That wasn't good.

He hoped it wasn't anything serious.

Orange and Blue are... well, they're references to something from the Vietnam war. I try to insert some allusions in the story.

Leave a comment, thank you for reading!
Jaune has a chat with Blake's mom.

**The long-awaited meeting of the older lady!**

He woke up feeling a little disturbed, the beeping of the alarm clock coming after nearly ten minutes of just laying there, processing the dream he'd had that night. He pressed the off button for his alarm clock, checking the time and then arranging his schedule a little. He had a good three hours before he was due to meet with Yang and Blake and Blake's mother.

Thinking about Yang made him smile. She had been really pretty when she'd been with him out shopping. It was nice of her to want to have him pretend to be her boyfriend, but she was Blake's girlfriend, so that was never going to happen. He hoped that they would have fun together in their life together.

Yang had said that she hoped that they'd have fun together whilst they were 'dating'. Imagining her with a smile on her face, saying that to him made him react, feeling that warm pleasant feeling inside him grow stronger. He could almost imagine it, feeling her hold him, touching him as Summer had.

*Was Cinder wrong?*

The question didn't stop bouncing around in his mind. Cinder had said that it was wrong for him to feel something, that he was just an emotionless retard who could not make people happy. He was a failed creation of god, something that had been made into something filthy and degenerate.

His hand rubbed, slowly giving the pleasurable touches. It felt good, thinking about Yang, imagining her soft lips, pressed against his own. His hand sped up, feeling that peak come ever closer, but then reality crashed home and he stopped, his breathing heavy as he remembered that she was seeing someone.

*It's all pretend. She's just having you help her, you can't feel like this. She's Ruby's big sister, and you don't want to hurt her.*

It felt bad. It felt horrible, but she'd been…

He looked at the picture. A deep sigh came from his lips as he looked at her face. It was warm and full of energy, with that little hint of Ruby's own mannerism inside it.

*I guess I was just... It would be nice. She's great.*

A brushing of his fingers through his hair as he tidied himself a little, trying to get himself back under control. It wasn't good to touch yourself to the thought of someone who was so far out of your league that it was like trying to play baseball with spaghetti as the bat.

The shower that he took afterwards was great, the warmth seeping into his flesh again as he let his
hands comb through his hair as he rubbed the shampoo into it, making sure that he looked his best. A smile on his face as he looked into the mirror after he'd put on a fresh set of underwear, he did his best to look what other people called 'friendly', trying to make himself look better, just so that they'd like him.

Blake was a little weird, but she was nice too, just like Yang. Blake's mother might be a bit like Sandy, he hadn't really gotten a good idea of what she was like. As he rubbed his body with the towel, the door to the bathroom opened and his mother entered, a look on her face that was concern, if he guessed it right. She didn't look angry, at least.

"Are you okay, Jaune? You went to Doctor Watts yesterday and I didn't get the chance to talk to you. I'm sorry, things were a little hectic."

She sounded a little concerned, so that might be what the expression meant. He didn't understand why. It had just been a visit to the doctor. He'd had a good talk with the man and he'd learned something.

"Oh, it's okay. Doctor Watts says that there's no damage to my throat."

There was a soft exhale, as his mother ran a hand over the marks, which were starting to fade already, luckily. It was nice to be able to avoid getting looked at because of the bruises.

'I hope Summer is alright…'

It was an idle worry that came to him. Yang wouldn't like it if her mother disappeared suddenly, and neither would he. Summer made sense, and his mother was talking to him and he'd zoned out.

"- that, Jaune. It's not right."

His mother wouldn't understand. It made sense to him. Summer had been scared too. She'd reacted, just as he had.

"It was fine. She didn't twist. Dad said that he hasn't had an attack of that kind for a while at the doctor." He remembered what his father had said, though they hadn't talked very much afterwards.

"What your father has is- it's different. He's a good man, Jaune, not-"

Summer was a good woman too. She was someone who understood him, who could see the world as he did. She felt so like him at times when she was just looking at him that it was like coming home to a friend, and she hopefully was his friend.

"- because I love you. You're my only son, even if you are just a little different from the other boys." She tried to help him. He was sorry that he was such a burden on her.

"It's okay. I like Summer. She's a good mother and good for Ruby. Yang listens to her and looks up to her."

His mother didn't really look so very convinced. It was silly of her. Of course you could trust an adult, because that's what they'd said.

"That isn't the point, Jaune. It's not right, if she's doing that to you."

He didn't really see the problem. She'd stopped and she'd apologized for it, so it was okay. Yang had looked worried but that was normal.
"She apologized. She's a nice person, so it's okay."

A smile on his face, as he knew that Summer would be back soon. He liked it when they could just talk. She was like Ruby, excited energy and that little hint of mystique.

"I'm just, oh very well…"

His mother gave that very same sigh again, as she shook her head, rubbing her temples lightly. "So, what's my biggest boy going to do today?"

It was an attempt at communication, at finding out what he knew. He smiled softly, knowing that she would be happy for him.

"Yang and Blake are taking Blake's mother to town and they want to talk to me. Blake is Yang's girlfriend."

He wasn't sure whether his mother knew. As far as he knew, Yang hadn't met a single member of his family aside of him. He would like it if he'd be able to say that she was his girlfriend.

"Ah… Like Saphron?"

He nodded. Saphron was a lesbian and that meant that she only liked girls and didn't like boys. She'd explained it to him and he'd understood. Terra was a nice woman and they had a baby. "Blake wants me to give her babies though. I don't know about that. She's a Faunus."

He tried another smile, looking in the mirror. "Yang didn't like to hear that, though." His mother's concerned tone he noticed, as he looked at his reflection whilst she spoke. He had to look good at least if he was to meet them. Nobody wanted to see a lousy boyfriend, Saphron had said. He trusted her word, even if she didn't like men.

"Did she do anything with you?"

He blinked. He probably should tell his mother. She was his mother, after all.

"Oh, yes. She gave me a blowjob. That was very nice."

His mother winced, as she looked at him, unsure of what to say. "She's always looking at me and says that I make her want to get my babies." There was a strange look in his mother's eyes, as she looked at him. "What?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all, Jaune. Did you… Did you like what she was doing?"

He got a comb out and tried to comb a bit of order in his hair, making sure that he looked presentable.

"It was nice. She has this really funny tongue that's like a scraper and-" His mother made the universal sign for 'shut up' and so he did.

"I wasn't asking for… that. Where was this Yang girl?"

His mother sounded a little suspicious. He could understand that. It might not sound very great in the eyes of others. Yang was great though.

"Sad. She looked sad when Blake asked me. I think she stuck around for a bit. She didn't look very happy when we came to her again. She's a really nice and pretty girl."

His mother's face didn't seem to be very happy either, as her fingers seemed to run through her hair, the wrinkles on her
face looking more pronounced as she frowned.

"What's her family like?" He wondered about why his mother was asking, but supplied the information that he knew.

"I think her father is a diplomat for Menagerie? I know that he's got a company called the White Fang, but I'm really not sure..."

He didn't know that much, aside from what Ruby had said about the company and the place.

His mother looked a little sad, as she made a little circle over his side. "It's okay, Jaune. If they're doing anything you don't want, you can tell us."

He didn't really want Blake to touch him, but Yang would be unhappy if he denied Blake. It was not going to be so easy to make this world make sense, he supposed.

"No, it's okay. Yang and Blake are good people. Ruby kissed me too, but I didn't really like it. She's too pushy."

His mother smiled at him and hugged him, and he hugged her back in return. She had quite a strong grip on him, he noticed.

"You're too good for people, Jaune. Are you going to meet with them?" He nodded, frowning for a moment. He'd said that, hadn't he?

"Yes. It'd be nice to meet Mrs. Belladonna. I hope she's going to be a nice woman." He really did hope that. Blake was nice even if she wanted his babies. His mother let go of him and then ran a finger through his finely combed hair.

"Well, you'd better look like you're going to impress then, Jaune."

He hoped that they'd be impressed. He was going to put on some cologne too. Nothing too bad, but he wanted to make Yang feel great. She was a very beautiful young woman.

"I'm going to do my best."

Somehow, he felt that he would. His mother was just a little weird at times, but she was still his mother. You didn't give up on your family, because they were all there to support you. That's what Saphron had said. Big sis knew best, or so she'd kept on saying.

He joined his sisters at the table without much fanfare, the news already in the background about the work-up about some shooting in Central Park. A family of four had been victims in a mob-related shooting a few days ago in the weekend on a picnic.

"Shit..."

His father mumbled as he saw the news, his face showing worry. Jaune looked at the news, noticing that there was a news report about the father going missing after the funeral.

'That's mister Frank."

"I better give a call..."

The man didn't waste time. Jaune hoped that mister Frank was alright. It was probably horrible, losing your family like that. The man understood, though. He understood things perfectly.
'I hope he's okay.'

He couldn't imagine losing his sisters or his parents. That would probably make him really sad.

The sun bore down on him as he walked down the familiar path to the heart of town, watching the people on the streets with cautious eyes. You never knew when people were going to act out, after all. It was better to be safe than to be sorry, or so people always said.

"And there we've got him, the man of the hour!"

Yang's voice came from behind him, as he turned around and saw them. Yang's body was clad in the dress that they'd picked out, her eyes bright and shining with that indecipherable joy that made her look even better to him. A flash of shame went through him as he realized that he'd been touching himself to her, that he'd been thinking things about someone else's girlfriend.

Blake wore a dark top that bared her midriff, her abdominal muscles looking as fine as they did, except for where the scar stood, the tanned skin lighter around the mark. The loose pants made her look somewhat more at ease, as her golden eyes looked at him. It wasn't a look that he really liked, her mother at her side, nearly of a height.

Blake's mother was a woman who dressed in a black oriental dress, easily fitting her with that hint of style that his sisters probably would be all gaga about, without even seemingly being affected by the wind that came from their side. Yang's dress fluttered a little, but she looked gorgeous as always.

"My, he is a good-looking fellow…"

The older woman said, her trait being a set of cat ears atop her head, her eyes looking at him with the same gaze that Blake's eyes also seemed to hold, a golden glow in those eyes as she let her tongue slide over her lips.

"He's a man."

Blake said, stating the obvious. Yang looked a little uncomfortable, but he didn't mind that comment from Blake. He was who he was, and perhaps… perhaps there was something between Blake and Yang that was understood.

The gift for Yang in his pocket was already there, as he wondered briefly whether he should just give it to her, without further comment. She didn't look like she had pockets on the dress, so perhaps he could just give it to Blake and she'd keep it?

"He smells good, doesn't he? Right, mom?"

Blake said, grabbing a hold of his arm and tugging him closer. The older woman didn't comment, merely looking at him with that same stare as Blake did, her eyes looking more at his face than at other parts.

"Hm." The sound wasn't approving or disapproving, as Blake pressed herself up against him. "Let's go and sit down, shall we? These old bones need a bit of rest…” The woman was lying, he could see that in her manner of speech and the way that she was standing. He didn't like lies, but he didn't point it out. Sometimes people did those little lies to make sure that people were more comfortable.

"There's a café at the end of the street, it serves some great coffee."
Yang said, suggesting that, the woman's demure smile making her eyes sparkle a little, as Yang looked at him and then seemed about to say something, but kept her silence. It was silly, in his opinion, but sometimes girls just didn't make much sense.

They shuffled into line there, the older woman remaining mostly silent whilst Yang and Blake talked. He kept silent as well, because they didn't address him in the slightest, too busy with talking about something. It hurt just a little, perhaps a light stabbing feeling, Yang's voice sounding a little more hesitant as Blake blustered through some objections.

"My name is Kali."

The woman's voice was soft, as she spoke up. She gave him a 'mom' feeling, as she looked at him. "Those two will be busy talking for a while, so let's just wait in line, right… John? Sorry, I'm-"

He shook his head. "Jaune. My name is Jaune Arc." She smiled, a little nod given to him, as the line moved a little. He moved along, as the woman spoke.

"Nice to meet you, Jaune. My daughter must've been a handful. She's a bright spirit who cares for our people."

There was a soft ringing sound as he heard another enter the establishment, his ears feeling the buzz of people talking. There was a lot of talking all at the same time, but he focused on the woman.

"She's a nice person."

He wasn't sure whether she was still his friend. He hadn't been so very nice to her. The woman smiled softly, understanding him at least a little. She was not someone who seemed to be overly impressed with many things.

"She's my daughter, that makes her a nice person indeed. Not that she'd get kicked out of the daughter club for being not nice, of course."

The woman winked, before she linked her arm with his. It was an intimate gesture, he recognized, something that most older women did with their husbands. He wondered if Summer would do it with him as well, or whether he could do it with Yang. That'd be nice.

The woman leaned a little closer, his ears catching her taking a sniff, her hand patting how own. "The children are quibbling behind us." Her voice held some sort of amused warmth, as he looked at her.

"Aww, at least you could've played along a little. Blake was talking about how you just set her blood aflame with that look of yours." 

There was an odd quality to the woman's voice, as she seemed to look at him a little closer, her golden eyes gazing with a little narrowing, her lips twitching into something that might be a frown. He didn't comment on it as the line proceeded, a light brush of her fingertips against his side and an odd little murmur from her throat.

She ordered a caffè latte, looking oddly smug at her daughter and giving a wink to Yang, who seemed to get the subtext, Blake looking a little abashed. He ordered a cup of coffee, the regular variety. He hadn't had this store's brand, but he didn't want to look too out of place. This was for Yang. He wouldn't cause a fuss or be a bad person. This was important.

As they seated themselves on the chairs in the interior, the ceiling fan giving a low thwumping
sound, he noticed the position of their seating. Blake and her mother were seated opposite of him and Yang, Yang's eyes looking at Blake with that bittersweet expression that she shouldn't be making. She was with Blake.

"Sooo…" Yang started, looking at him and then at Mrs Belladonna. It was obvious that she was going to be searching for something to do, now that they were all together.

"What's the plan?"

Blake smiled, looking at him. It wasn't a look he thought he liked, as she flashed her teeth at him. "Mom wanted to meet him. He's going to give me babies." Yang trembled a little at hearing that whilst looking at her girlfriend's face, whilst Kali's face remained carefully fixed in its expression. Blake kept on looking at him, her eyes holding a glint of something more.

"That may be a bit too soon, kitten."

Kali's voice was light, her hand laying on her daughter's side. "I like him, he's got a good smell, but-"

"He smells good, doesn't he?"

Blake smiled happily, and he could feel Yang getting a little restless. He turned his eyes on her, catching a look in hers that wasn't very happy. He patted her leg, like he'd seen in the movies, trying to offer some comfort. Sometimes, people said unpleasant things.

"No, no, no… That isn't it, you little retard… Come on, say after me-"

Cinder had been direct in her punishment. She hadn't stopped, nor had she said that it was enough. He punished himself frequently when he got too much into his delusions that he was worth something. It was all going to come crashing down eventually, she'd said. He'd be in jail and then he'd die, because nobody liked a retard.

"Mrs Belladonna, I'm… I'm glad that we could meet. I know that I've not been, well… honest."

Yang was always honest, but she had that habit of sometimes being a bit too much. She was a good friend though, knowing perfectly well how to make it through the world without offending people, unlike him.

"About dating my daughter? Oh, I don't mind. Ghira does, but he's just a big pussycat. I can wrestle him to the ground and make him submit. I'm good at that."

There was an odd smile on the woman's lips, showing her teeth, ears twitching lightly at some sort of fond memory. Older people did that at times when thinking about the people they loved very much.

"Ah, that's… great."

Yang sounded hesitant. She looked at him and he looked back at her. Blake made a happy sound in the back of her throat. Her mother looked at her and frowned. Whatever she did, it made her mother give her a sharp look.

"Articulation works and human language is preferred, that's how humans speak, Blake. Don't use our native tongue whilst we are around your friends, kitten."

There was a pause, as Blake seemed to snap herself to the proper manners. He had to do that
sometimes too, if he got too passionate about something. He didn't really like some things in school, so he tried to block those out.

"She's my girlfriend. Do you approve?"

It seemed to be a big thing for Blake. Jaune didn't really know much, as the woman looked at him, then to Yang. A light nod, but the woman did not speak. "Good, she's going to come visit next week. Is dad still angry?"

"No, I do not believe so. You know that your father cannot stay angry for long, but his work… It's been stressful, what with your cousin making the rounds and being a general hellion." There was a wry tone to the woman's voice, her eyes looking at his.

"Mister… no, I suppose we can be just on first-name terms. Jaune? What do you think of my daughter?"

He wondered about that for a while, as he searched his feelings for a moment. His eyes closed, so he didn't really get distracted by things outside of his awareness by sight. Did he feel something for Blake? She had given him an orgasm, using her mouth. It had been pleasant and it had been nice.

Jaune ruminated on Blake, trying to find the right words. He was bad at public speaking, or talking about stuff in general. It wasn't something that he liked, even though some of the theory behind it was sound. He liked the theory parts better, because it all made sense to him.

He wasn't as smart as Ruby was, though. Ruby was always smarter, because she got better grades. She'd always been quicker than he was, but that meant that she simply was less retarded. Cinder was right about people who were born like him being always segregated.

He opened his eyes, finally having found the proper words, noticing that Yang and Blake seemed to have become embroiled in a conversation about something.

"Blake is a nice and warm person who tries to make Yang happy. She's a little strange, but that might be because she's a Faunus. I like her ears. They look really soft."

Mrs. Belladonna smiled at him, not at all offended. Blake looked at him and then at Yang. "See? Good man, good babies." Yang looked a little bitter, as her eyes looked at her girlfriend and then at him. Mrs Belladonna seemed to worry for a moment.

"Blake, there is a little more to it than just that, dear."

Blake looked at her mother with a curious expression on her face, her eyes looking just a little strange, as she hummed something. "Well, and what do you think of Yang, Jaune? It might be presumptuous of me to ask, given that, well…"

The woman smiled with a hint of embarrassment on her face. "Faunus are a little different from you humans." He knew that. Faunus had extra parts. They weren't different from humans aside from that and some weird cultural ideas. It was silly to even think that they were different. They all breathed the same air and had the same food to eat, well, he guessed. Did Faunus graze? He doubted it.

He didn't have to think very hard on Yang. "She's wonderful. Her mom is so proud of her that she nearly glows when she talks of Yang." The woman's little hum was enough, as Yang seemed to look at Blake's face, an expression on it that seemed to want to say something.

"I'm pretending to be her boyfriend so that her father won't get mad. Her little sister Ruby is nice
too. Yang just makes me feel good."

It was not something that described much, but it was something that worked for him. Retards weren't supposed to love, Cinder had said, and it wasn't love what he felt for her, but merely chest pain. That wasn't a good thing.

"Gee, I'm honoured."

Yang mumbled, looking a little red in the face. Her gaze went down to the tabletop, her cup of coffee still barely touched. The cookie that'd been provided with it had been gone though.

"Shopping with you was fun."

Blake looked triumphant for a moment. "See? When can we have sex? He'll feel good, for both of us." There was a wince that Yang made that Blake seemed not to notice, and Mrs Belladonna's eyes were a little tense in their gaze, with her eyes looking at him.

"Girls, why don't you go and have a little chat… I think I need a man's opinion on something I saw in the store half an hour ago. You don't mind, do you, Jaune? I need a man's eye on this."

She looked at him with a look that his mother also used from time to time to tell him to obey. A narrowing of the eyes, even with a smile that looked to be maternal, something that just told him to obey.

"Sure, Mrs Belladonna."

He knew that acceptance was the best option in this case. The coffee had been finished, somehow. He didn't remember drinking much of it, but the fragrance of coffee was near his lips, and the taste seemed to be on his taste buds.

"Enjoy, love birds. Don't be too naughty, Blake. You know that your father doesn't really like involving himself with a scandal…"

Blake looked a little uncomfortable, as she looked away, her Faunus ears flattened.

"Mom… I'm not that bad."

Yang looked sad, as she looked at Blake, but glanced at him. She was with Blake, but he felt sad for her. She was sad, so he hoped that he could make her feel a little better.

'Let's hope that the gift will make her feel happier. I don't like seeing her sad.'

"I bought this for you yesterday. I hope you'll like it."

He said, pulling the gift-wrapped perfume out after getting up. Yang looked at him, and the sadness seemed to fade away for a moment.

"For… me? You bought it for me?" She asked, as she looked at the gift and pointed at herself as he set it in front of her. He nodded. She turned a little redder in the cheeks.

"Oh."

She sounded a little emotional. He hoped that it hadn't been a bad move to pull it out now.

"That's… sweet. Thank you." Blake looked at her girlfriend and seemed to perk up, Yang's eyes looking up at him. He found it to be entrancing, as her eyes seemed to warm up some more. He wanted to give her a kiss, but she was with her girlfriend and her girlfriend's mother.
"See? He'll make us happy. We're going to be happy, Yang."

He felt someone grab his hand, a smaller hand that had longer fingernails.

"Let's go, Jaune. Girls, here's something for you to spend."

Mrs. Belladonna spoke up, having placed something on the table, a bill of some denomination. He didn't know how much it was, as Blake pulled it away immediately, Yang looking at her and seemingly about to say something.

She almost dragged him along, her steps with a stride that was a little faster, walking out of the café and with him towards the park. He didn't comment on why they did that, as the woman directed him to a bench and sat down next to him. She looked at him seriously and took a deep breath.

"Jaune, something is wrong with you, right?"

He blinked. That wasn't a question that he had expected, though being dragged along wasn't something expected either. The woman looked at him, her eyes looking over him with a look that was like some sort of predator, watching him.

"I have autism."

He said, admitting it. It wasn't something that people liked. People didn't like those who were different and they most certainly didn't like those who were 'special'. He'd heard his sister Saphron talk about it a few times, talking about how hard it was for LGBTQ people to find employment, his sister having made a comment about it being not like autism. He hadn't really minded, after all, it was just something that he had, but there'd been some strict talking to his sister not to joke about that sort of thing.

"I see."

The woman said, though it wasn't a disapproving tone. "I don't mind. You are who you are."

He knew that. He was retarded, not stupid. Though he supposed that he might be stupid, given how often Cinder had said so.

"Do you want me to explain it in simple terms about... things? I'm not really familiar with autism, but if you need me to speak slowly, I can?"

He shook his head. "It is a pervasive developmental disorder, thought to be caused by some sort of imbalance in the formation process in the womb of the fetus, ensuring that a delayed development of certain functions is given... though I don't really know the actual chances. They've been changing the definition a few times. I don't like change much."

The woman smiled, patting him softly on the arm. She had a light and friendly touch, as her smile was more maternal, before she spoke up.

"Faunus are, for lack of a better word, animalistic. I'm... I'm actually not sure how to explain it to you, really, given that you may not see the world as I do. It's like watching a movie in black and white and for me, having colour and scent added."

The woman's voice was soft, as she stroked over his arm. It was comforting. It was a little like stroking a cat, but the cat was stroking him. He knew that his oldest sister was allergic to cats, so
they'd never gotten one. Connie was allergic to dogs, so that wasn't good either.

"Blake is like me. She's passionate and warm, but distant, like her father, too."

The woman's voice was softer, as she let her gaze go around the park, the pleasant warmth of the sun soaking into her. She looked more catlike than before.

"What did Blake do to you, Jaune? Did she rape you?"

It was a soft, pleading voice, as the woman looked at him, her eyes looking really sad.

"Please, if you don't want to tell, just nod."

He should tell her the truth. Blake wasn't so bad and her mom was probably just worried about her. Retards shouldn't feel too happy about things, after all. "She just wanted to taste it. So I let her. She talked about her ex, and when Yang came back, she talked about making them happy."

A sharp exhale, something muttered in what seemed to be Chinese or something, before the woman gave a mirthless laugh. "Just a taste, was it?" He supposed it was.

"It wasn't bad. It felt good. Blake said that I'd make them both happy because I was a good man." She had told the truth, or at least, he hadn't detected a lie. People showed signs when they lied, because lying was bad. Cinder had never lied as she spoke her truth, after all.

"Jaune, sweetheart… Blake is not alright. I'm asking you again… Has she ever had sex with you?"

The softness of the woman's voice and the tone was a touch more weary and tired. He didn't like it when people were sad, the older woman looking at him with a very sad look on her face.

"Even if you didn't want it, or if you thought that you want it, it's not okay."

He knew that. He was a retard. Someone like Blake was infinitely better than him.

"No. Summer got her off me before she could do anything. She just said that I kept looking at her and smelled good." He worried now for Blake. Mrs Belladonna looked really sad, looking at him with an expression on her face.

"Has she told her about what happened to her?"

The woman's voice was small, as the woman looked at him with her eyes trying to understand what made him tick, that look brittle in its intensity, as a deep sadness lurked behind those eyes.

'She said that her mother wanted to take a sledgehammer to his face.'

"You wanted to take a sledgehammer to his face? Your husband would have probably killed him?" The woman didn't respond for a few moments.

"She told me that you had to take her to the hospital, and that you got mad enough to do something like that to her ex?"

The woman nodded, letting her fingers run through the short cut of her hair, her eyes fixing him with a look. "Faunus are very particular people, Jaune. We've got instincts, we've got habits that we can't shake."

A sad expression on her face. "My little baby girl was hurt by her ex." A pause, as the look of sadness increased, tears threatening to come from those eyes. He tried to comfort her by laying an
arm around her shoulders.

"She lost her baby. He stabbed her, right in the stomach."

That was sad. The woman didn't stop, as she pulled him a little closer. It was not something that he felt was proper, but the woman seemed to need the warmth he had, or at least the closeness as she talked about it.

"My husband would have killed the boy if he'd known. I would, too. If he hadn't been arrested, I would've…"

There was a look on the woman's face, something that he'd seen on Summer's face too. That look of understanding, that look that Cinder had gotten when she'd talked about how he'd turn into smoke.

"He'll get what he deserves, as soon as he's free."

He could understand that feeling. The woman was angry. Sometimes, people got what they deserved. "Blake hasn't been alright ever since. I thought that, since she'd come back to school, been with someone that she clicks with, things would be better, but-" The woman paused.

"I was so happy for her when she told me that she'd met someone who loved her. I met Yang. She's a nice girl, a very happy girl and supportive of my little Blake. But-" The woman's eyes looked at him with a warning glint in their depths.

"But now there's you."

He was the problem. Just like what someone who was born defect was, a problem that needed to be dealt with. He could understand that.

"You smell like you're capable of protecting the family. You smell like you are someone who knows what is the most important thing in the world, the family. You've got a look in your eyes that tells people that they are the focus of your world for the moment. It's not a bad thing, don't take it as an insult, please."

He didn't. She was explaining things. "It's okay. I'm used to being disliked." The Faunus woman's ears twitched, as she made a difficult expression.

"My daughter got so aroused when she saw you that I could smell it, standing next to her. So aroused that if you'd been in a less public space, you'd be getting intimate with her. That is wrong, Jaune. That is so wrong on so many levels that I don't know how to say it. It's a huge slight against your partner to desire someone and to voice it aloud and it's even worse if you actively try to convince them to let you do such a thing."

The woman hesitated. "And to say that you would be the one that would make them happy… That's the worst thing you can say to your partner. It's about trust and faith in the family that you make. My daughter is sick. She's so sick with pain and grief that she is bad for her partner and for you." He wanted to say something in defiance of those words, but the woman seemed convinced, as she looked at him with imploring eyes.

"I'm not asking you to fully understand. I'm not a good mother, I've let this go on for way too long. She's my daughter and…" The woman's face looked teary, as tears came out.

"And I've let her down. She should've been in therapy, not dating someone immediately afterward. I thought that she was just a little moody, so I indulged her."
He could understand that. If Blake wanted to make Yang happy, then he would help her. "I'll make her happy, if that's what she wants." The woman audibly hissed at him like an angry cat. She looked at him, her golden eyes lit with a fiery energy, more feline than human at this point.

"She doesn't need that. She's trying to get pregnant. She is not ready for the burden of children yet. She's searching for a mate, someone who can be the father to the children that she wants, but she will hurt someone… And is already hurting her girlfriend."

The woman's voice was angry, sad and hurt at the same time, even with her expression barely changing much.

"But it's good that it wasn't rape… That's good. She's not aware of it, but she's leaking. Faunus are looking at her and it isn't right." The woman looked at him and then gave a soft smile. "You're close with Blake's girlfriend, right?"

He hoped he was. He nodded. "We're pretending to be boyfriend and girlfriend. She loves Blake." He knew that.

"Good. That's… That's great. Do you mind if I make a few calls?"

The woman pulled her phone out. It was a new model, he saw. He shook his head. The woman sighed and patted his hand.

The phone call was in a language that was punctuated with several hisses and low yowls, a feline manner of speech that he'd never heard before. German was more angry-sounding than that, but this was something different altogether. The woman looked serious for a moment as she pressed the disconnect button on the touch screen.

"The girl likes you too. When you intervened by giving her that gift, she felt something strong. She's together with Blake, but…" The woman gave a low sound, as she closed her eyes. She didn't look great to his eyes, rather more worn down and tired.

"Blake's going to go away for a few weeks."

He looked at her. That meant that Blake wasn't going to be taken away permanently, right? "Will she be back?" The woman gave a soft nod. There was a look in her eyes that he didn't like. "Good."

He said, trying to keep the conversation going. That was important too.

"I wouldn't want her to be killed or something for being defect in the head like me."

The woman shook her head lightly. "No, not defect. You're different, but I appreciate that. You can't lie. I wish more people had that quality. Blake is just using Yang for her own pleasure. I hate to say that about my daughter, but… She's in dire need of therapy. I'm not going to let my daughter become some sort of monster that she wouldn't like to see in the mirror in thirty years."

There was a wry tone in her voice as the woman looked at him.

"I'm not used to hiding my emotions like Blake and her father. I'm sorry for asking you those questions but I had to know…"

He could understand that. He would ask questions too if he had children, however unlikely that seemed to be. "She keeps on asking whether we are going to have a threesome." He said, Kali's eyes saddening a little.

"She's not mentally right. She needs help, Jaune. You can't give that help. Yang can't give that help. Therapy can, and even then, I'm going to have her enter mandatory sessions. She needs this, or…"
The woman sighed, looking at his face with a light expression of sorrow. "or she'll be a girl who can't ever bond with someone. I believe she loves Yang, but her body tells her to pick you. That isn't a situation I'd like anyone to be in, Jaune."

She got up, looking at him and smiling sadly. "We should join them again. I just had to talk with you for a bit, to find out things. It wouldn't be right if… if she'd done something like that. It wouldn't be right." Softly, the woman brushed her fingers over her outfit, getting rid of specs of dust, her eyes looking warmly at him.

"Now… indulge an old woman for a bit… What do you think about Yang?" He looked at the woman's face, noticing that her eyes had seemed to light up a little. "Doesn't she look delightful? Don't you want her to be your girlfriend?" He wanted that, but he was sure that Yang would not like that.

"She's with Blake."

He said, Kali looking at him and frowning. A slow shake of the head. "No, she's with Blake. They are together, they are happy together." The woman looked at him and smiled sadly.

"Then they are happy together."

The words didn't sound happy, as the woman exhaled through her nose, the age-lines on her face making her look older. "It's such a shame… Such a damn shame." There was something in her voice, as she started to walk back in the direction of the café.

"What would you do to Blake's ex?"

The woman smiled softly, though her eyes were cold. They looked like Summer's when she'd gone away.

"Host a barbecue. Beef only."

There was a flashing of teeth and he could see that look in those eyes again, as the woman's tongue slid over her lips. "Oh… There will be some guests who will just adore the taste." Teeth that looked sharper at the canines than human teeth, as she looked at him.

It wasn't a very pleasant look, but the smile on her lips turned warmer. "Do you want an invitation? It's still a hundred and thirteen days until he's served his sentence…” Those eyes remained like Summer's. He could understand that. The woman was angry, though he didn't get the context of the barbecue. It'd be fall around then, he guessed. Maybe winter?

"If you want me? I know I'm just a friend of Blake's, but-"

She shook her head lightly, smiling more genuinely. It was a warming feeling inside him that he felt, as if she saw him for who he was, for him. The woman didn't see him as something weird, she'd acknowledged him.

"All of her friends are welcome. Vegetarians not, I guess, but I hope you're coming hungry. It's been a while since we've had a Faunus barbecue. Not much opportunity for it, here in the States. Laws are too tight." Her eyes were lighter, as she nudged him with her elbow, a grin on her face that was catty, much like Blake's.

"Do you have that in Menagerie often?"

He inquired, curious. There wasn't very much known about some Faunus customs, because they...
generally kept quiet about such things. Their presence wasn't very high in this part of the world.

"On occasion. It's a way to get together and to banish the bad things away, permanently. It wouldn't make sense to you, because you don't have the senses, but there is a feeling inside us feline Faunus… Well, that isn't that important. I am happy that you are Blake's friend. She needs a good friend like you." A light smile played on her lips, as the woman leaned forward. He could see her cleavage, as she smiled cattily at him.

"Why, I might get ideas if I saw a nice young man like you strolling alone…"

She was teasing, as her eyes showed. "but my husband would object. Family is something that we value highly. A life snuffed out before it has even begun is a taboo. We do not forgive such things. We do not forget."

He could understand that. He was sure that Blake would find someone better than him, though. He wasn't really someone all that important. They returned, Blake looking at him and motioning for him to sit down next to her, Mrs Belladonna giving him an encouraging smile as she sat down next to Yang. He let her talk to them. That was better. He didn't like to lie.

"They didn't have it anymore… Oh well, we'll find something equally nice, won't we?"

Her mask was back in place, ready to be donned, not even halting the brief moment of interruption, as Yang looked at the woman with an uncertain look. He smiled at Yang, as he felt Blake's hand brush over his side. It was a light tracing of her fingers over his side, but her nails slowly scratched over his skin.

"You smell like my mother."

The whisper of Blake in his ear was low, as her hand slid down, grabbing a hold of his groin, her tongue sliding over his cheek, marking him with a trail of saliva. He watched Yang tremble, as the hand moved. Yang's eyes followed the motion, as Mrs Belladonna merely watched. Blake's delicate fingers hooked and groped, the feeling uncomfortable, as he knew that something was wrong with her.

"Blake, please stop that."

He said, his voice a little louder than before, Blake's hand groping. Yang trembled, her face trying to keep on smiling but hurting. He could see it in her eyes, that sad look. She was trying to pretend it was okay and failing at it.

"Good babies… Yes, you'll make us happy. Yang said she'd go first, but I'm…"

His hand grabbed her wrist and he pulled her hand away, looking at her with a look. Her other hand tried to go for there, as she looked at him with her golden eyes questioning.

"No, Blake. No."

He didn't want this, but he would stop her from hurting Yang. Blake could call him anything she wanted, but she couldn't be allowed to hurt Yang.

"You're hurting Yang. I know that I'm just pretending to be her boyfriend for her father's benefit, but she is too nice to hurt."

She didn't understand. He could see it in her eyes. They were looking at him with a look as if she didn't understand fully what was going on. The eyes were unfocused and there was a sweet smell
around her. Her mother looked more serious the more her daughter spoke.

"Do you want a blowjob first? I've been practising. I can make you feel really good."

He saw Yang out of the corner of her eyes, her eyes not happy. She looked really sad, hearing what her girlfriend was telling him. Mrs Belladonna looked on passively, her face not changing in the slightest from that serious face.

"I just want you to make love to me. I don't care that you've raped someone. You can do it to Y-"

'No, I don't think you will finish that sentence.'

His head butt dazed her as his forehead hit hers and rattled her a little, an impulsive action that had to prevent her from saying that. He would not do that to her or to anyone, even if people whispered about it and talked. Even if they did paint it on his locker and they asked those horrible questions.

"No, Blake. No."

Yang was trying to get away, he could see. She felt just how he felt, to hear the girl that she loved say such a thing. Blake didn't understand, looking at him. She was ignoring Yang. That wasn't alright.

"Mama, can you hold him down? I want him. I want to b-"

"No." He wouldn't let her do that, as his hands firmly seized her grip. She kissed him, or rather, tried to kiss him, a clumsy attempt, looking at him with those eyes. He kept himself out of her reach.

"Look at me more. I'll be a good girlfriend, even if you hurt me. I just want your babies. Please?"

She was sick, he could see. Those eyes were like Cinder's, they were hurt and yearning for something that she could not have, not yet. She was running away from reality.

"Is there a problem here?"

One of the employees asked, and he didn't answer, trying to keep a firm hold on Blake. It was harder than he thought, her body twisting slightly, trying to get closer to him.

"My daughter has an… issue. Don't worry, we'll leave. She needs her medication."

The woman's voice was strict, as she reached and grabbed Blake in her neck, in a spot slightly at the base. Blake froze up. "Hormones… Not the best time of the month for us Faunus." It was an excuse that she used, but he knew that it looked bad.

A tall young man manhandling a young Faunus woman? That wasn't appropriate, he knew. "Yes mama." Blake's voice was meek, as the fight seemed to go out of her. "I'm sorry, Jaune." Her voice was soft, as he looked at her and then looked at Yang. She was half-raised from her seat, her eyes looking a little teary.

"Do you need some tissues?"

He asked. He knew that this must hurt for her, because it hurt to see her like this. He felt bad for her. She didn't deserve something like this and he wanted to hug her and tell her it was okay to cry.

'Is this what empathy is like? Do I feel like I care for her?"
"I'm fine, Jaune, I'm-"

She didn't look fine. She looked like she was going to cry. Blake didn't see that.

"Let's get out of here, Jaune, Blake."

Yang said, in an approximation of her regular voice. She led the way, as Kali pushed her daughter forwards, Blake moving without any sort of resistance, her eyes on him the whole time.

They found themselves walking along, Yang's face looking troubled. He walked alongside her, whilst there was a feline hissing in front of them, Mrs. Belladonna moving her daughter along whilst speaking in something that sounded like the feline language, Blake barely saying something in return.

'This isn't good.'

She wasn't looking very well. She looked sad and there wasn't that shine in her eyes that made him want to look into them for hours on end. He grabbed her hand and squeezed it. She started to say something, but instead just squeezed him back harder than before. She looked sad as she did, her eyes looking into his own for a bit.

"I'm not going to do anything with her, I promise. You're her girlfriend."

He said, Yang's face trying to muster a smile but not being able to. The sad eyes just looked at him and she swallowed.

"It hurts." She whispered, his ears picking it up perfectly. "It hurts so much. You may not get it, but..." Her voice trailed off, as she looked at the two Faunus women that walked in front of them, Kali definitely the one who spoke the most.

"It hurt so much to hear her say that."

"Sometimes, people get hurt. She loves you, though." He knew that. Blake was genuine in that part, he knew. She was just not feeling right, that's why she'd want to make Yang do that. He was just a retard, after all. Who'd want to have babies with someone like him?

"Someone who'd like you has to be sick in the head..."

Cinder's voice whispered in his mind once more, as Yang looked at him, a soft look in her eyes, as her hand squeezed his for a moment.

"I wonder if she ever did. She told me that she lost her baby. That jerk stabbed her in the stomach and caused her to lose it. He didn't want it."

He'd been told, but he didn't know whether he should tell. It had been admitted by Mrs. Belladonna, so it was perhaps a secret between him and her?

"I love her."

Yang said, looking at him, stopping. He stopped with her. Her pretty white dress made her look even better than before, a smile on her lips that was bitter.

"I love her so much, but it hurts me so much to hear her talk like that. It's not you who is wrong, Jaune."
He knew that he wasn't wrong. He wouldn't want to sleep with Blake. She wasn't thinking right. She must be sick, because why else would she pick him?

"Cinder said that someone who'd like me has to be sick in the head."

Yang looked at him and then shook her head. She shook her head a few times as if trying to convince him of her being right.

"Jaune, I-"

She wanted to say something but she couldn't. He could see it in her eyes, a look at Blake and then at him. "Please pretend to be my boyfriend for a little longer, please?" Her eyes were begging him, pleading almost.

'You're so pretty. You're warm. I like you.'

"Please?" Her voice was thick with emotion. "I'm not-" She brushed against him with her hips. It was a light touch and she smelled a little of cherries.

"I said I would."

He felt a light kiss against his cheek, her breath escaping her lips, a soft whisper of 'thank you' in his ear, her fingers holding him a little harder. It was really hard not to go for her lips, to kiss her and make her feel better. She was looking at him, her eyes staring for a moment, as a little smile flashed onto her lips.

"Thanks. For the gift too. I'll open it when I get home. You really shouldn't have bought it for me, it was okay with just the lipstick."

She sounded embarrassed, like his sisters when they'd done something silly. He didn't like it when they dolled him up, but Yang looked nice when she was like this.

"A good boyfriend gives his girlfriend a gift because she is the most beautiful girl in the world to him."

He knew that it was perhaps a silly line from a movie, but she was a pretty girl and she was Ruby's sister. Yang went quiet, as her eyes didn't look at him. He didn't mind that. He was an embarrassment anyways.

"H-hey? D-don't get ahead of yourself, okay?"

She sounded a little confused, as if she didn't know what to say. Her cheeks were red, and he wondered if he'd said the wrong thing. Girls didn't like unannounced gifts either. "It's just for a…" She paused, looking into his eyes. He stared back.

"Just for a week."

A sniffle came from her nose. He held up the tissue pack he kept around just in case. She took one and wiped at her eyes. It was good to be prepared. "Best boyfriend ever." He heard her say, as she hooked her arm around his, pulling him closer. She felt a little happier, she looked a little happier.

"Just until Sunday and mom is back…"

She whispered something after that, but he wasn't sure whether she meant to say it aloud. She looked at him with eyes that looked sad and distant.
'And then it ends... She must be happy to be rid of me, so she can stop pretending. I'll make her feel good. I'll be the best boyfriend she can have, even if it costs me all my money.'

She was a good person. Blake was a good person as well, even if she was a little strange. He'd do his best to make Yang smile. She deserved a smile, just like her mother smiled.

"I'll do my best. You are worth happiness."

Yang's eyes kept up with his own, a faint smile on her lips at the thought.

"Thanks, Jaune. Gee, where's my robot boy gone, huh?"

Her voice was lighter, as her smile returned. A pretty smile, as he watched her blossom like a flower in the morning.

"You're going to make me fall in love with you if you keep that up."

There was an odd quality to her voice, a sort of breathy hesitation, as he smiled at her. She smiled a little more, her hand squeezing his own. "Jaune, I'm not-" She paused, looking back at the Faunus, who'd stopped to stare. "We should rejoin them."

"You're someone worth falling in love with."

He'd said it on an impulse. His chest hurt a lot, as she seemed to freeze up a little, her body just stopping, as she inhaled and then let go of his hand as if he'd burned her.

She didn't answer. He'd messed up again. He'd said what he'd thought, what he'd felt. He was just someone stupid, someone who could never be the boyfriend that someone perfect like Yang deserved. He was wrong for liking her more than most, he was wrong to even think that. He'd been the wrong one, hoping beyond hope that Yang would do something more, to feel… more.

'It's all just pretend. She'll be back with Blake again, she'll be the girlfriend for Blake and I'll be still alone. Ruby...'

Ruby was still his friend, but that didn't mean he wanted to do things with her. It had been uncomfortable with her asking to see him. He didn't like that very much, but… Yang, for Yang it was okay. If she asked, he would… Because she was Yang.

"Hey there, lovebirds…"

Mrs. Belladonna spoke up, as Blake looked at him, her ears flattened to her head, looking unsure of herself, Blake stepping forth.

"Yang, I'm... I'm going to go away for a while."

Yang looked stricken, her face looking like a dark cloud had just moved over it. Yang looked at him, her eyes aghast. She was drawing a conclusion, looking at him as if he'd been the incarnation of something bad.

"No, not because of him... Well, because of him."

Blake grimaced, looking at her. "I've got a... problem. It's not you, but if that problem isn't taken care of, I'll- I'll do bad things." Yang looked sad. He grabbed her hand, trying to comfort her. "He's too good for me."

A soft moan came from Yang's mouth, as she looked sad. "No, don't cry. He'll be good for you too."
He's good. He's good, Yang." Yang didn't seem to hear the words, as Mrs Belladonna tapped her daughter on the head.

"What she means to say is that he's someone you can trust, Yang. She loves you, but until she has it sorted out… She can't be around."

Yang hiccupped a little, sadness around her. He tried to give her better feelings but he knew that it wouldn't really work. He wasn't the guy she wanted.

"I love you, Blake."

Yang murmured softly, her voice sounding so hurt. He recognized a hint of Summer in that voice. "We can talk about it, we can work something out."

"It's for the best, Yang. She needs this, or she'll do something else, with someone you don't know. She's got the urges and those need to be squashed, or she'll do something worse. What if she reacts to someone else?"

The horror in Yang's eyes was there, and Jaune frowned at Blake, who whimpered.

"I'm sorry, Yang. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just wanted to… He's such a good man for us." Her words hurt Yang more, he could see it.

"Did you ever love me?"

Yang spoke with some heat in her voice, though the tone changed to a defeated one after a moment. "Was all of it just some biological urge?"

"She loves you."

Jaune said, trying to make things right, Yang turning to look at him and giving him a look that made him feel unpleasant. Her eyes were a flaming red, almost too heated. She looked like she was ready to shout. She did.

"What do you know?! You don't feel things like we do!"

That hurt a little. A little much, because he started to feel some moisture drip down his eyes. It might just be an irritation in the air, maybe the heat.

He put on a smile though he felt like crying on the inside. She was Yang. She was important to him, so he would take the blame. What good was he for such things? She looked disturbed, as if she couldn't understand what she'd just said.

It'd been the truth, though. What did he know? He was just someone who was born with a defect, someone who could never experience the world as they did.

"She looks at you alone and she talks about you more than she does about me. Nobody would really love me, I know that."

He nodded, even though he could feel that sinking feeling of something hurting inside his chest. It was true. People were watching, staring. They always watched. There were droplets on the pavement. He didn't know why. It wasn't raining, but his eyes felt a little wet.

"But she loves you. No matter what, I can see that."
He smiled, though it wasn't a happy smile as far as he knew, gazing at Mrs. Belladonna and her with an understanding look.

"I'll leave. I hope you'll feel better, Blake. I'm sorry for being a bother."

He left. It was better to leave than to make people get even angrier. Yang had said what she thought. She was true to her feelings. What did he know about emotions? He was just someone with a defect, and nobody would ever…

He took a moment to pause after rounding the corner, looking into a window to notice that his eyes were leaking tears. He wiped his hand over his eyes, wiping away the wetness. He put on his best smile and then went home. Yang had gotten her present. That was what was important. He'd call her in the morning and make sure that she'd keep up appearances for her father, even if she hated him.

'I was stupid.'

He really was. His heart ached and hurt and it was like a chainsaw was digging into it. He'd liked Yang, but she was not liking him back.

The ringtone was still to the default tone, as he picked up.

"Jaune? Jaune, can you… come back? I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that, but I was just so hurt and- Please? Please come back? For me?" He looked at his phone and he felt his heart hurt some more. Did she just want him to be her pretend boyfriend? Was she like Cinder too?

'Does anyone see me for who I am, or am I just convenient?'

"Okay."

He said, and turned around, trying to get himself under control again. His hand balled into a fist and the pain of his fingernails pressing against his palm snapped him closer to that state where he could handle things again.

'Do it for her. She smiles and you feel happy… You want her to feel happy, right?'

Yang looked a little distraught, even as Blake looked miserable. She was looking a little red-eyed, her mother giving a very disapproving look at her daughter. Yang looked bad, her eyes a little red again. They were a deeper purple colour now, as she looked at him.

'I'm back.'

He said, though he didn't feel happy. She smiled softly at the way he delivered it. He felt numb on the inside. Yang didn't look at him very happily.

"Welcome back, Jaune."

She sounded sad, as she suddenly hugged him. The world felt right, as she held him strongly. "I'm just… hurt. I'm sorry that I said that to you, you're not the one to blame. I'm sorry."

He could see Mrs. Belladonna give him a thumbs-up and Blake look away, not looking at him. He wrapped his arms around Yang awkwardly, trying to offer her whatever comfort he could. He felt a lot better now for some reason.

'You're wasting your time… I'm not someone you can love.'
"I'll be your boyfriend then. It's just pretending. You're going to be back with Blake when she returns."

He tried to say it as it was, as Yang gave a soft smile. It was enough to make him react, as she looked at him. She glanced back at Blake and then looked at his face again.

"Yeah… We're still together, even if she's gone for… for a bit. She needs to get better, and- And I'm sorry, okay?" He knew that she had meant those words, but he forgave her.

"It's okay. You're too pretty for me to be upset with."

She seemed to like those words, as she smiled. She kissed his cheek very gently, letting go of him. It felt nice. It felt comforting.

"You're so sweet. Let's have a good bit of exercise together tomorrow morning, Jaune. I'll pick you up at eight?"

He knew she would be a little late, but that didn't matter. As long as she tolerated him, he'd be there for her. He was an Arc and an Arc always kept their word.

"It's a date, 'girlfriend'."

She smiled at him. He smiled back at her.

"Sorry Blake, he's going to be with me for a while."

The light-hearted voice of hers was something he wanted to hear, but it was all just fake. She didn't want him. But he could imagine for a moment that it was true.

"I like you."

He mumbled. He didn't know what else to say, as she looked a little sad. He understood. But he still wanted her to know that he liked her.

"I like you too, Jaune."

Her voice was really soft now, as he felt tears come up. He didn't like to cry. Cinder hadn't liked it when he cried, because retards were too stupid to feel emotions. He wanted her to love him.

"Jaune? I'm sorry too. Blake mumbled, joining in that brief hugging moment. "Mom told me that I should apologize, and it's…" She sighed, looking between the two of them. She said something, but it was just cat sounds, a long miao ending the sentence, her mother giving a soft sigh.

"They can work that out whilst you're gone, kitten. You need to get better. You need help. They'd be hurt if you don't." The woman sounded nice. She had sounded like she'd understood. They were Faunus but that didn't matter. They were just like humans, just with kitty ears.

"Jaune? I'm sorry for saying that."

Yang said, her fingers brushing over his side as she grabbed a hold on him. "I'm just not… okay with it."

He mustered a smile. She sounded like her mother. He could forgive her. She'd apologized and hadn't meant it. He'd…

He'd make things right. Ruby was his friend and Yang was… special. Just as her mother was
special too. He would make sure that she had the best fake boyfriend, because she'd just need to be happy. He liked her so much that he'd just pretend.

"I'm keeping my word."

He said, looking her in the eyes. She looked a little taken aback by him, his eyes looking into her own. "I said I would. You love Blake and that is good."

Yang's eyes were widening, as she seemed to be thinking about something. Blake's fingers wrapped around his hand and Yang's, the Faunus girl looking at him and then kissing his cheek and hers. "I like you both."

He didn't know what to think of her now. She was running away, it seemed. "Can I go?" He asked. He didn't feel very comfortable, as Blake and Yang looked at each other, Yang's eyes looking like she was going to cry again. He didn't like it when girls cried.

"I'll… Bring your swimshorts, Jaune. We're going to be getting some nice tanning done." Yang's voice held a small smile, as she brushed a finger through Blake's hair. They were together. He'd never be there with Yang in the same way.

"I hope you get better soon, Blake."

He said, genuinely meaning it. She at least could be fixed. He was stuck with this for life, and he knew that. Cinder might have been right, but he knew that he'd have to be a good person.

"Thank you. Being around you two is good. You're so great. She's like the sun and you are the earth." Her mother sighed, as she shook her head lightly.

"I'm sorry it came to this, Jaune."

The woman cared for her daughter, just as Summer cared for hers. Summer had also cared for her friend Raven. Perhaps it was just time that he accepted that he'd not have anyone to really care for him.

"Yang? I'll see you tomorrow, right?"

He asked, for clarification. It never was a bad thing to ask for clarification. She looked at him and nodded, her blonde hair loose. He noticed that she was looking at him for a moment and stepped away, her eyes looking down.

"See you tomorrow, Jaune."

He could imagine that there was something warm in her tone, but that would just be a wishful fancy. She'd said that he couldn't feel emotions, and that was true…

But he'd make sure that she was alright. He'd said to Summer that he would do his best. He wasn't going to give up even if they hated him.

Blake said something to Yang as he was walking away, the wind rustling through the trees and making him feel like a burden had settled on his shoulders. It was a strange sensation, an awareness that he had gained.

'Cinder was wrong.'

He had cried. He'd felt emotions that were being hurt and he had felt… something.
Yang might be emotional, but she had apologized. He could understand her feelings being a mess after such a thing. Blake was not okay. He hoped she'd get better.

He arrived home around mid-afternoon, his older sister that went by the nickname Connie sitting on the couch with a magazine and a pen in hand. He sat down next to her, watching the news. There was more news about the disappearance of mister Frank. He hoped that the man was okay.

"So, what was the rush to go out today, huh?" His sister was talking to him, as he watched the news. He didn't really feel like talking. He felt a little more upset now. Yang had been emotional, she'd been frayed and stressed, so she didn't mean it, but…

'I'm not sure.'

"Oh. I met some friends."

He could call them friends. That fancy of wanting to be more than friends with Yang was just something that tore at him, so it wasn't needed. His phone beeped and he pulled it out.

Yang: I'm sorry. I'm not honest with you and I probably should be.

He texted her back.

Jaune: It's okay. She loves you.

His sister was looking over his shoulder and read the messages. He didn't like that very much. "Trouble with love, Jaune?"

She didn't really understand him very well, but she made something of an effort at least.

"She just broke up with her girlfriend for a break. Her girlfriend needs therapy."

He wasn't going to tell about the lost baby. That was private. Some people didn't like it when he told private things, so he kept that from them.

"Rough. Guess you're going to be her supporting pillar, aren't you? Little Casanova Arc."

He probably would be. If Yang needed him, he would come. She was his friend's sister, and she was a friend too. No matter what, if they needed him, he would come to help.

'She is so wonderful though.'

"I'd like to help. She is Ruby's sister." A soft sound of what might be pity came from his sister.

"Yeah, Saphron doesn't like the guys hitting on her, so you might best stay away from her, Casanova. How's that thing with her mom going?" He shrugged. Summer was out of state for a bit, he knew.

"She's on a trip to see her friend."

He wasn't sure whether that was the case, but it was logical. Summer had done something to him and felt bad about it, so she went to a place where she felt safe. He hadn't minded it though.

"Cool." He was sure that it would be nice for Summer to get some peace.

He went to bed early, knowing that he'd have to get up at seven to prepare for exercising with
Yang.

It would be a new day and he would be able to see Yang again.

'Even if you dislike me, I said that I'd take care of you.'

His dreams were filled with Yang's words of earlier, continuously repeating. He'd be better. He'd try to make sure that she had the best time.

Well, this sort of breaks up Bumblebee for a while. Kali is not happy that her daughter is following her biological urges and hurting people. Some references to Faunus culture are made… And yes, I did take some inspiration from Australia and Oceania, which is a reference to Menagerie being 'a lot of desert and a lot of bad living'. Faunus are somewhat more animalistic, no matter how they wish to appear. Yes, Kali does genuinely bear Adam serious ill will.

Yang is earnest, but she's got a temper problem. She's quick to burst into anger, even if she'd know better. It's one of her flaws, but she genuinely does mean well.

Blake's behaviour was hinted at before, and Kali just points it out, as the mature adult… Yang doesn't even feature in Blake's train of thought except as an afterthought when Blake's wanting something. It's selfish behaviour, spurred on by the biological urge to replace what has been lost. You see it sometimes in big cats, mourning for one's child that perished.

Blake isn't bad in Summer Antics. She most definitely isn't in her right mind, and I'd like to state that she and Jaune and Yang probably would work really great together in this universe, as she understands somewhat how he thinks, compared to Yang's rather boneheaded comments at times… But right now, it'd just end up in a very messy situation.

Leave a comment if you'd like!
Drilling

Chapter Summary

Yang and Jaune, out exercising, at the pool and having talks.

Adam would be made into beef burgers by Kali. Probably one of the few times when vegans go and eat meat.

Waking up and finding the alarm clock blaring at him made him feel a small dash of something, as he went through the motions, finding a fresh pair of underwear and his exercise clothing, hopping into the shower for a quick shower, knowing that he'd better look great for her.

She was taking him exercising and had said that she'd like him to take his swim shorts. She was Yang and she was a little emotional at times, but she was still his friend. He didn't know about Blake and Weiss anymore, but Ruby was still his friend. Ruby was a little pushy, but she was his friend and that was all that mattered.

He exited the shower and looked at the bottles of deodorant, spraying some on him. It felt important to do so, because Yang was taking him exercising and that made a thought rise in his mind, a dream that had been half-forgotten, a warm feeling that slithered through his body at the thought.

Yang was someone's girlfriend, but it was pretending to be a boyfriend, not real. He couldn't feel love, but he'd like to imagine that the pressing feeling in his chest and a light fluttery feeling was like his heart feeling those butterflies... Or was that his stomach?

"Hey Jaune. Going for your exercise again?"

His youngest sister asked as he came to the table, his father already seated and looking through the morning paper. The man's eyes glinted with the dark look that he occasionally got, the teeth nibbling on his lower lip not making him look much better.

"Yes. I need to be fit. Ruby's mom will be returning home on Sunday."

His father's eyes looked up from the paper and directly at him as he spoke up, as if noticing him at the table.

"Good morning."

The man's low voice rumbled, a look in his eyes, one that made Jaune wonder if he'd done something wrong. The man's eyes looked pensive, as if he was deliberating something. Dad got like that sometimes, when he needed to think.

"Good morning, dad."

He responded. His sisters continued on, the butter passed along from sister to sister as bread was buttered and conversation had. He'd had a light meal when the clock finally struck eight, getting up from his seat.
"Jaune... Have a good day, okay?"

It was odd to hear that from his dad, but the man looked at him with that look that he'd called 'paternal obligation' whenever he'd seen it.

"I will."

He smiled. Yang was worthy of being called his friend, not just because of the feeling that she gave him, but also because she apologized. She was much better than Cinder. He couldn't have let Blake say that to her, because Yang was precious.

"Knock em dead, son. Show that girl why you're the son of a Marine."

A soft grunt came from his lips, as he thought about it. "But she's the daughter of a Marine too."

"You're still better, Jaune. You're my son and there's nothing wrong with you."

The man's words were hopeful, still denying the truth, but it was good to hear something like that. He gave the man something approximating a smile, before he grabbed his bag and carried it to the door.

"See you tonight."

He was met by a chorus of goodbyes and one 'Don't touch a girl if she doesn't want it, Jaune!' from his second oldest sister, ever teasing him about something. He heard the playful fight start up when his sister was immediately teased right back about her own lack of touching boys.

She picked him up after ten minutes, his eyes catching sight of the top that she wore and the redness around her eyes. She had been crying, he noted. He offered his best smile.

"Hey Jaune..."

She trailed off as he got into the car, the smell of Yang in the air. It was probably just her deodorant, but she smelled like lemons and narcissus, her eyes beholding him with a smile on her face that didn't quite reach her eyes.

"Sorry about yesterday, I've not been-"

A deep sigh exploded from her lips, but it was okay, he knew that she was stressed by the situation. Miss Salem had explained to him that people acted differently under stress than in normal situations and that he wasn't at fault, unless he was the one causing stress.

"It's okay. Is Blake okay?"

Yang looked at him as she pushed the pedal down, the jolt of the car starting to move making him rock a little. A complicated look was on her face, her expression never really shifting from that deep concern into something that was more normal. It was after they'd driven for a while that she finally spoke up.

"We're... We're better now."

He thought she was lying. She didn't sound convinced, but she smiled at him. Not a pleasant smile, as her eyes didn't look at him.

"Her mom said that it was best that we do not meet for a while whilst she's in therapy."
He could understand that. It was important that Blake get better. Mrs Belladonna looked serious when she spoke about Blake's issue being important. She was a nice woman who cared for her daughter and her daughter's partner.

"I'm happy for you two."

Yang's eyes looked hollow as she gave a smile that barely seemed there.

"Yes, happy."

As she parked the car on one of the forest trails, she got out her bag and then rummaged around it for a moment, letting her attention slide to that. He went through some of his stretches, making himself warm up a little for the run and the other exercises that they would work on. Yang looked at him for a while, he could feel her eyes on him, as she slowly worked through the warm-up stretches, her eyes looking away before she spoke up. She was probably thinking about things.

"Let's go for a run, Jaune."

Her voice was light and with that usual hint of warmth that she infused it with every time she spoke, her eyes glinting with that zest as she started to jog, waiting for him to catch up. He could see her behind move with every step that she took, every raise of the foot making that fine rump move.

He caught up without difficulty, Yang's body in motion, the sports-bra that she wore keeping her breasts from bouncing too much, the strap visible.

"Come on, robot boy... Let's make it into a bit of a contest. Down the path, fast as we can?"

She sped up, illogically, as if he'd already said so, her pace faster and faster, not stopping with her running for any reason, as he chased after her. If she wanted to test him with speed, he would oblige her. She was not going to get away from him if she wanted to do a little contest.

They chased along each other, Yang in the lead, with him chasing after her. His legs were longer, but he kept the pace, giving her some extra time to move. It was an unwritten rule that you should let girls win, his sisters had told him, as he watched her in motion. Her blonde hair was like a glistening wave of gold as she moved, her body in constant motion, as they reached the end of the path, the path splitting and she stopped.

Sweat glistened on her body and she was breathing heavily, her gaze drawn to him. "Beat ya, robot boy." She smirked at him with that smirk that showed her wonderful self. She stilled for a moment as her gaze remained on his face, her smirk slowly turning to a smile as she pushed her chest out.

"I was going to give you a chance at these babies, Arc... But you blew it! Xiao Long is still faster!"

He didn't comment on it, though her mother was faster than her still. Yang was somewhat slower in her movements than her mother, with less ability to keep the pace going.

"Are you okay, Jaune?"

She asked, her face looking more serious as she righted her form again.

"Yes. Why shouldn't I be?"

It was a silly question for him. If he wasn't okay, he wouldn't be doing this with her. He'd been told to say if he didn't feel okay enough to go to school. The pneumonia that he'd gotten when he'd been
six was bad enough.

A softness in her eyes lingered as she looked at him for a moment. "You didn't have to buy me the perfume or the lipstick, Jaune. It's just..." She looked guilty, or something like that. It wasn't a sad look, as she looked down.

"It's just-"

He hugged her. Her mom looked like that too and a hug had fixed her. She smelled of sweat and the lemon and narcissus scent was slowly fading away, mixing with her scent. She was warm and sweaty, but she seemed to not mind the hug.

"You didn't have to. I would've been fine if you just hadn't bought me those gifts."

'She's just telling me that it's okay not to give her anything.'

Even if it wasn't true, she was still a girlfriend that he had for the week. He lightly shook his head, looking into her eyes. Lilac looked into his own as she breathed in and out, her chest pressing against his own in a way that made him somewhat happy.

"But you're my girlfriend for the week and for your father's eyes. I said that I would be a good boyfriend."

She looked afraid for a moment when he said that, as her fingers brushed over his side, shivering a little. She moved her gaze away.

"Just a good boyfriend, just a pretend boyfriend."

She mumbled, her voice sounding oddly heavy for a moment.

"Just... pretend."

That was sensible, as she inhaled and exhaled a few more times, her gaze not meeting his again.

"You're still together with Blake. Love is something that shouldn't be broken. Weiss and Ruby are together too."

Yang looked at his face again, her breathing through the nose heavier, her lips pressed tightly together. "You're going to pretend, right? It's not real. It's not real, I'm together with Blake and-"

She sounded sad for a moment, as her heartbeat seemed to bump up a notch.

"For as long as you can tolerate me. Your mother just wants you to be happy. She loves you."

Yang's eyes were scared, he could see that. She didn't move away, nor did she push him away. Her breathing was heavy, as she looked away.

"It's just pretend, it's just pretending to be boyfriend and girlfriend. There are no feelings involved, I'm not..."

She sounded torn, and his hand brushed over her back. She sighed, her head laying against his chest.

"It's not real, we're not dating. I'm dating Blake and it's not real, it's no feelings, it's not real."

She understood, as he patted her back. He reacted to her, but he made sure that she didn't notice, trying to keep his legs closed. It would be embarrassing for her, but the closeness with her was
more than enough for him.

"I understand."

She seemed to settle her head on his chest for a long while, as she just held on to him. She looked up at him, her smile lighter and a little mysterious.

"You're a good guy, Jaune."

She mumbled softly, as she lightly pushed him away. "Thanks for... pretending. How about we finish up this bit of exercise and then get back to dad and sis?"

"Whatever you want, Yang."

She flushed a little, looking at him with hesitation in her eyes. It was that conflicted look that made him wonder for a moment whether he'd said something wrong before the smile was back on her face.

"Careful there, buddy... A girl might catch feelings for you if you keep on laying on the charm."

He wondered about that. He didn't really think that he should feel something for Yang, because she was too good for him.

"You shouldn't. You're too good for me." He'd answered without thinking, and she turned to him. Her finger poked into his chest.

"I can decide that for myself, Jaune. If I think you're good for me, I think you're good for me, and you'd better think that Yang Xiao Long knows what's best for her!"

She gave him a heated glare and then seemed to pause, flushing redder in the cheeks. The poke hadn't hurt him.

"If you say so."

It was a fact that she knew what was best for her, he knew. It was simply the truth, something that made the world a little bit clearer. She was together with Blake, and Yang smiled at him.

"Good. Good. How about we... How about we race back? Same rules?"

She tried to insert something of amusement in her voice, her eyes as bright as they always were, a smile on her lips. "Maybe you'll win and you'll get to lay your hands on these babies, Jaune." She laid her hands on her breasts, giving them a jiggle.

'That would be nice. You're still with Blake though.'

As she started, he lagged behind her, keeping a modest pace whilst Yang ran, her body in beautiful motion once more, the look on her face not even shifting from that wonderful expression of challenge and comfort.

"Come on, slowpoke! You'd better do your best if you want to touch me!"

Her taunting was something that was so Yang that it was expected, as she slowed down just a little, her eyes looking at him, her gaze somewhat deeper, somewhat more interested. She was not like Blake. She didn't love him. Blake and Cinder both knew what they had in him. Someone to produce children with and someone who shouldn't exist. They both loved something passionately, something that he'd never be able to get. He was just a retard, but Yang's faith in him...
He smiled back at her and she sped up a little, her cheeks red from the exertion, her body moving swifter as those toned buttocks bobbed a little, her boxer's physique making her look far better than most other girls. Even comparing Blake's quiet beauty to Yang was like making a stick figure resemble the Mona Lisa, because Yang was someone who lit up the room when she entered.

"I win." She said, though she didn't show much happiness with her minute tonal shift of the voice at the last word. She looked at him, taking him in, her knuckles nudging him in the side.

"You totally let me win, Jaune. You're barely sweating."

She was sweating a little more than he was. It was fairly obvious that she did more upper body exercise than leg exercises, knowing how to work those muscles to optimal effect. She was someone who didn't need much more than that, as she was beautiful in her own respect.

"You won fair and square. I was slower."

It was the truth, though he had let her win. The girl rules always applied. She smirked, as she thrust her chest out, looking at him with her eyes and a slow smile.

"Pity prize! You get a touch."

He shook his head. She was Blake's girlfriend, he shouldn't be touching another girl's girlfriend. That wasn't polite and it would make Blake feel a little bad. He looked at her with a strict look and she pouted a little.

"You're no fun, Jaune. Here you've got a hot girl offering you a free grope of her tits and you're being stuffy..."

He would have liked to. Yang had the biggest breasts out of the entire Rose household. Yang's breasts were something that he could fantasize about, knowing how they looked when they wore a bikini.

"But I like that in you. You know boundaries... And this is just pretending."

She looked at him, biting her lower lip and sighing deeper. "Just a few more days and it'll be over..."

"You can be free again." He said, knowing that they'd all go back to normal once Weiss and Blake were back. Summer would return from where she'd gone and there would be normalcy again. Yang didn't respond, and he caught her looking at him, her eyes not moving one millimetre with their gaze.

"Sometimes, a girl wants to be locked away, you know?"

Her voice was soft, as she turned around, putting the key in the car door and turning it, unlocking the car.

"They want to be tied down, held down and rescued by a strong knight."

He could imagine that. Some books had that as a theme. His oldest sister enjoyed those, and he'd read about how the knight received thanks from the princess. She'd been embarrassed when she'd found him reading it, though he had been at the part where the bedroom scene had started to go into the marriage of the two people. It had been a lot of sex.

"You're too pretty to be locked up. I'd free you anytime if it made you smile."
She didn't turn out, but she laughed softly at that. It took perhaps five seconds, but that laugh was like the tinkling of bells.

"Charmer... I didn't expect that I'd be getting flirted with by robot boy today... I should've worn my sexy outfit."

She turned around, the door opening up, her smile warmer than it'd been. He couldn't help but respond.

"You're sexy in anything. That's because you are beautiful. Blake is lucky to have you." Yang looked at him for a moment and her eyes looked really sad.

"Blake can be honest about stuff... I can't. Look at you, always honest. I just..."

She sighed, letting her attention slip to the car again. "I just have to lie a lot. About who I am, about what I enjoy. Dad doesn't understand at all. He's great with Ruby but with me it just..."

"It's okay. You don't have to lie to me. I can handle the truth. I will protect you even if I die."

It was silly, it was stupid, but what value did he have compared to her? She was a beautiful girl, someone who made his days even brighter than before he'd noticed her warmth.

"..."

She didn't respond, but her eyes looked at him. She looked small and fragile, like he'd said something wrong. He'd probably said something wrong, girls never liked to be bullied. He'd probably said it wrong and she'd taken it in the worst way.

"You're special to me. Ruby is my best friend, even if she's trying to make me do things I don't really like, and you're her sister."

Yang didn't respond, looking at him as if he was something alien and strange. He continued anyways, he had to make things right. He didn't want her to dislike him.

"You're someone who makes the day shine brighter and your smile makes my chest hurt. It's warm and accepting, and-"

She looked away, leaning against the car, taking a few deep breaths. He touched her back lightly with his palm, a shuddering exhale.

"It's just pretend, Jaune. I'm pretending to care for you, all for... all for Dad. I'm-" She paused and the reflection of her face showed that she was squinting a little.

"I'm..." She swallowed heavily.

He rubbed over her back, just like his sisters enjoyed. "I'm just pretending to like you. I'm just pretending to like you, because dad would throw a fit if I was... gay."

He knew that. She was just pretending, but that didn't make the pleasant feelings go away. It didn't make him stop caring.

"I'll be a good boyfriend until your father leaves. After that, we'll be just Yang and Jaune." She swallowed again, the soft sigh from her lips.

"But what if I don't want you to?"
She said, seemingly to herself. He frowned. It was something that he'd undoubtedly get. She was disgusted with him, just someone who didn't understand love. He'd make sure to stay away from Ruby's house if she didn't want him around anymore.

"I'll be your boyfriend until your father leaves and your mother returns. I don't go back on my word, Yang. I'm not going to leave you alone."

She froze up for a moment before she moved, nearly stumbling away, her body having pressed against the car for a moment as she'd half-tripped, a few wet droplets on the window that she'd leaned against.

"Just get in the car, Jaune. I need... I need a cigarette."

She said, as she staggered away before remembering that she'd probably had her cigarettes in the car and returning. She plucked them out, as he got in, the smell of sweat and Yang in the air as she stood a slight way's away.

The sunlight lit her features up, the smoke puffs like the signals of the native Americans to their people, or so the book had said, though that apparently was incorrect, his eyes watching her silhouette as she looked up to the heavens.

She extinguished the cigarette on the ground, picking the butt up and then walking to him. Her eyes were still a little red, undoubtedly from the meeting with Blake. It hadn't been a happy meeting, as she got into the car again, smelling of cigarette smoke and sweat. For her, it was bearable. It was Yang.

"Let's go home, Jaune."

Her voice was heavier, as she looked at him, a look in her eyes that was contemplative, broody. Not a look that he liked to see on her face, but it was something different at least.

They arrived at her mother's home without a word spoken, Yang merely looking at the road and not at him, which was fine with him. She smacked his ass when he got out, a smile that was a little warmer than before, obviously an act for the benefit of the father that was within the house.

"Come on Jaune... let's get that shower. You did good today."

He smiled at her, as a boyfriend would do, her eyes lighting up with a spark of joy. He could see the spring in her step, as she acted for his benefit like a good girlfriend should. He wanted it to be real for a moment, but the reality that it was just a pretend-boyfriend situation was like the cool grip on his heart and senses.

They entered through the front door, Sandy standing in the kitchen, preparing something for breakfast. A cool look she gave to him and to Yang, as her father sat at the table, reading something on his phone, his eyes looking at him for a moment.

"Any plans for my daughter today, hm?"

The man said with a smile, looking at him with amusement in his blue eyes, his fingers bumping against the phone's display for a moment, typing something slowly. It was an odd question, but he looked at the man.

"Or are you going to let her decide what you'll be doing today? She'll run away with you, just like her mom used to do when she was..."A sigh, as the man shook his head.
"We're going to get him tanned up and sexy, dad. He's going to be getting the Xiao Long tan, so he'll be dropping these panties like it's a Brand Hopstone concert."

The man's frown wasn't too severe, as he looked at his daughter, shaking his head lightly before laughing.

"That's something your mom would've said, alright. Sometimes I wondered whether there was a lick of sense between Raven and Summer, but then they'd just pull our ass out of the hot griddle and we'd be getting lectured for not watching our six and needing bad-ass bitches to pull us up like sissy boys."

Yang smirked, as she pushed against him, ushering him out. "Boyfriend and I need a shower. If you hear me screaming the anthem and about god, expect that I've found religion." The man gave him a look. That look was universal 'dad' for 'do not touch my daughter or I'll tear your arms off and make you go through life as 'Stumpy Moose' for what'll be left of you'.

"Geez, don't look at my man-toy like that, dad. You're going to make him into you with that look. He's going to go in after me, because I smell worse. The lame brain let me win at the sprinting contest too." She brushed past him, standing on her toes to give him a light kiss to his cheek.

"I'll leave you to get something to eat, Jaune. Keep that nice ass tight for me, soldier boy."

She was gone and he followed her, a little hum from her like a siren's lure. That kiss had been nice, even though it was all fake.

"Take a seat, son."

The man patted the seat next to him, the man's wife looking at him with a look of distaste, the man's blue eyes looking serious. "What are your intentions towards my daughter? Well, daughters, given that Ruby's just about chatting my ear off about how nice a friend you are."

He blinked. He was talking with her dad now about her and Yang was taking a shower. He tried to formulate things in his mind, probably taking a bit too long, the man giving an impatient sound in the back of his throat.

"Ruby is my best friend. She understands me, even though I'm not as smart as she is. She doesn't always make sense, but she's a good friend."

He knew that it was the truth, and he saw it like that. Ruby was someone that should be protected and cherished, even if she didn't always make sense.

"Good, good. She needs a friend like you, I'm-" Sandy made a sound in the background that was a little like a scoff. He could imagine her distaste for the subject. She didn't seem to like Yang very much.

"And Yang? Are you just using her for sex? Be honest, son. I don't like liars."

There was a dangerous tone to the man's voice, something that seemed to be like a threat in its own regard, the man's eyes looking like they held the danger within them that had made Summer distinct.

"I haven't had sex with your daughter."

It was the truth, as he looked into the man's eyes. There was a cold glint in them, the man's eyes not moving. A knife was in his other hand, twisting and turning. He recognized it faintly as
something similar to what his dad had, marked with initials.

"She decides what she wants with her body. I'm lucky to be able to hug and hold her. When she's sad, I will try to make her happy."

The man's eyes were still that same cool focus, different from Mister Frank and Summer. There was something like his own father in those eyes, as the man's lips pushed into a smile. It didn't meet his eyes, as Sandy put a plate in front of him, the knife piercing through the bacon and making a sharp twist, the man's look turning more emotional.

"Good."

The word was spoken with that tone that said that he'd better make it so, or things wouldn't be great. "She's the last thing I've got left of my first wife, and I'm not going to let her be hurt. She was crying last night."

That was not surprising. She'd been hurt by Blake's admission. Yang shouldn't be hurt by Blake, that just wasn't fair. It was okay if he was hurt. He didn't really count as human.

"So you'd better put a smile on that face, or I'm going to take you out on a little trip. One-way only."

The look that had been in Summer's eyes before was there too, that protective instinct. He could see Sandy look at the man, as she laid a hand on his face.

"Hurt my daughters and they're not going to find your body. I know what guys your age think about hot girls like my daughter."

He nodded. Autistic people always had the problem of being interpreted differently by people... It wasn't something that he'd like to talk about, but Ruby was precious. She blurted out things without intending to, but she was getting better. She'd hurt people in the past without meaning to.

"Get the guy something to eat, Sandy. He looks hungry."

The smile and warmth was back, as his wife looked at him, the look on her face still cool. Undoubtedly she'd been kept up by Yang crying too. He was sorry for making things be as messed up.

The egg on bread was just something that he ate to fill his stomach. It didn't have the warmth that Summer gave to her food, as Sandy just put it on his plate. He smelled lemons and something sweet in the air, feeling someone hug him from behind.

"Nice egg sandwich, Jaune? How'd you want to make my eggs in the morning, huh? Scrambled, sunny-side up or fertilized, hmm?"

Her tongue licked along his ear, and he caught sight of Sandy giving a death glare to him, or rather, to Yang, whose teasing tone was soft, her father's laugh enough.

"I'm not sure whether fertilized eggs taste great. Dad said that it was some sort of Filipino dish, but then he started talking about the hookers there trying to get a piece of him and mom got really mad at him for talking about that. He didn't get it, as Yang kissed his cheek again.

"Eat up and hop in the shower. I've made sure that it's nice and warmed up for you... Don't go and stay in too long, honey. I don't like prunes." He nodded. She liked cherries. That was something that he knew well.
"I'll do that, Yang."

He smiled at her, her smile in return making his heart beat a little faster.

He finished his food and then got up, feeling a pinch to his butt. "Nice and tight ass, Jauney... Gotta make this girl happy with your darn sexy looks."

He smiled again, looking at her. "You're much prettier than Weiss." Yang looked amused by that.

"She's cold. She doesn't like me like you like me."

It was a turn of phrase that meant more than he'd intended. Weiss was gay so she didn't like him and probably would never like him. She wasn't going to ever like him in any way and Yang probably didn't either, but he would keep his word.

"Darn straight, I like that cute tush of yours, Jaune. The rest of it meets the Xiao Long board of approval... well, the Yang section at least."

He got into the shower and washed himself, the fresh clothing that he'd brought fitting well. The swimming trunks he put on as well as a shirt. Yang had said that he should be prepared to go and be at the pool, so he did. As he joined them again, he could see Sandy and Yang glaring at each other.

"That's not a nice way to talk to Sandy, Yang. She's still your stepmother." Yang looked angry, as she looked at her father and then turned to him.

"Let's go to the pool, Jaune. My stepmother seems to be of the sensitive sort."

She mumbled something that sounded a little 'and a stupid bitch' under her breath, but he didn't really want to think too much about that.

"I put on my swimming shorts."

He said, as Yang grinned, winking at him.

"Good boy... I'll be right back."

She moved upstairs with two steps at a time, easily managing that and getting up, the sound of the door opening and being shut loud. He went to get himself a little more comfortable outside, checking the grass. It looked like it was time to go and mow the grass once again.

"Do you want me to mow the lawn?" He asked the man, who looked at him and then gave a short nod.

"Grass keeps on growing, son. It'll keep you from my daughter, at least..."

There was some familiarity in his voice, as his father often sounded gruff like that. "You know where Summer keeps the stuff, right?"

He did. He'd done it before, last week. It wasn't something hard to do, he knew.

"Yes. I'll get started."

With his hands pushing the lawnmower, the lawn started to look somewhat neat and orderly again, looking like it needed only a little bit of trimming of the edges later on to look presentable, his eyes
looking at the sight of the cut lawn and smelling the freshly cut grass in the air. He'd stripped down to his swimshorts, which functioned well as a sort of replacement for his shorts. He was going to go swimming.

"Hey there partner, going my way?"

A voice that held a bit of an exaggerated southern tone to it came from behind him and he felt something warm and soft and round press against his back, arms wrapping around his waist, as someone laid their head against him.

"Or am I going to have to ride you like a bull at the rodeo?"

He let go, the lawnmower forgotten, as he saw Yang look at him with a confident grin. She wore a bikini that looked a bit small for her, as the bold blue and red with stars stood out. He recognized it as the Virginia Battle flag, Yang's lips pressing into a smirk, her finger stroking over his chest.

"Or do we have to pretend like we're cousins first, Jaune?"

He shivered, as he looked at her, her challenging look making him feel warm. The heat from the sun was warm enough, but Yang was... something else.

"Mow the lawn, Jaune. Get yourself washed off and then come to the pool."

Her voice was soft, as her eyes looked up at him, and he could see the look in those eyes be warm and comforting, like she cared. His hand fell on her hip and he squeezed it a little, her breathing quickening softly.

"You're gorgeous."

Her eyes widened, as he caught her father looking at them through the window. He rubbed over her hip, stroking over the flesh and she shivered. She pressed herself against him, two nubs pressed against his chest.

"Hey, it's just pretending, Jaune."

She whispered, as he raised his hand a little. She smelled good, and she was close to him. "It's..."

He leaned down low. "Your father is watching." His eyes held the man's position, as she leaned up, pressing a light kiss to his lips.

It felt wonderful. She moved away a little, before her lips pressed against him again, her breathing loud in his ears as she took deep breaths. The man moved away and she pulled away.

"He's gone."

He said at a low tone, but her lips pressed against him again, holding him in a kiss, her tongue pushing into his mouth. He felt the pressure, as he reacted to her, her tongue duelling with his own. She pulled away, and he just stared at her. She gave a hesitant smile, as she looked down.

"Just... Just for the image, okay? He might've come back."

Her eyes looked at him and he smiled. He hoped that she didn't look down. He was harder than he'd ever been, all thanks to that kiss.

He arranged himself out of her view, as he pushed it down. She was marvellous. She was with Blake though and it was pretend, as she'd said. It was just to give them the image that she wasn't
with Blake.

'She's with Blake. She'd never be interested in me because she's into girls.'

"I'll be at the pool when I've gotten the lawn done." He smiled at her and she smiled back, a touch shy in that smile.

"G-good. I'... I'll get the sunscreen. You can rub me up and... and I can rub you up."

He noticed the two nubs poking against the fabric. She must be a little cold. His nipples hardened too when it was cold. He was sweating though. She probably was just feeling a little different.

"Thank you."

She disappeared, a little quicker than before. He watched her, the bikini looking wonderful on her. A toned back and a tight rump, moving in motion. She was like her mother, minus the scars that had made Summer Rose look weathered, but it would be something that he could love.

He continued, because he had a job to do. Yang was too beautiful for someone like him. He was just a dumb retard, not smart like Ruby was. He was just what Cinder had said. Someone would have to be sick to like him as more than a friend.

"Good job, son."

Taiyang Xiao Long said as he sat at the table still, tapping away at his phone, undoubtedly getting more information from someone about something. The man was someone who'd fought for America, so he'd keep in contact. Perhaps he knew where Mister Frank had been? He'd washed up after he'd gotten finished with the mowing of the lawn at the tap outside the house, washing his feet and legs. Cleanliness was important.

"Thank you sir." There was a look in the man's eyes, something that made him look dangerous.

"She cares more for you than you think. She's always had a problem with showing her love for people, just like her mom... But still. Hurt her and I hurt you."

The threat was just something that he'd grown used to. Cinder had hurt him more, and anything else was less. He'd actually cried when Yang had said that he didn't have feelings yesterday. Compared to that, whatever the man would do to him was nothing.

"She's my girlfriend, sir. I'd rather die than hurt her."

Retards should be happy to die for a worthy cause, after all. Dying for a worthy cause and those that you loved was a core tenet of the armed forces.

"Good. Enjoy your time with your girlfriend, kid. She sees something in you, which is great."

He could see the disapproval in the man's voice, as he was watched as he left for the door leading outside to the pool. He could see Yang already draped over one of the chairs, the towel below her already spread out, her blonde hair looking as beautiful as it'd had before, those mountainous curves looking proud as the sunglasses that she wore were tilted in his direction.

He walked slowly, watching her. She laid there like she wanted him to come closer, the glint of her eyes entrancing him, her tongue sliding over her lips slowly, as her gaze seemed to go up and down his body.
"Got you, Jaune!"

He was unbalanced as someone tackled him, falling into the water with a loud splash, thrashing in the water's grip as someone held on to him. He surfaced and saw Ruby there, her hair flattened against her head as she smiled at him broadly.

"Got you, buster! I woke up thanks to you!"

He felt sorry for waking her up. "I'm sorry."

She shook her head, and he caught sight of Yang smiling with some amusement at him and Ruby. Ruby was such a bright girl.

"No, don't be sorry. It's okay, I needed to stop being asleep anyways. Yang kept on making sounds through the night. She's not so very quiet. Mom doesn't. Her room is silent all the time. Do you want to cuddle?"

He blinked a few times, the water droplets falling off his eyebrows and Ruby's smile increasing. "Weiss said that she's going to meet with me tomorrow. We can cuddle today and then we can go out together with the three of us as a date. It'll be fun!"

He somehow didn't think Weiss would imagine it being so very fun. He didn't want to upset her. She'd smell of smoke and ashes and death if she let her opinions on him out. Cinder and Weiss were the same in nature. Not good. Cinder had been... perhaps, wrong, but he was sure that Weiss had not faked her emotions.

"No, Ruby."

He denied her, as Ruby's hands slid down, grabbing a hold of his groin. "I touched myself thinking about you. It was so nice. You're really nice for a boy." He sighed softly, as he shook his head, trying to muster a smile. He didn't like Ruby when she was talking like this, all stupid silly stuff.

"Ruby, it's not okay to do that."

He said, as he looked into her silver eyes. She didn't understand. She didn't even seem to want to understand.

"If it feels good, then why bother denying it. Mom keeps on mumbling about how she should've said something about love, but she wasn't really willing to answer my questions."

He sighed, as he grabbed her hand, moving towards the steps and pulling himself out. Ruby exited, water droplets hitting the ground as he moved towards Yang, who tilted the sunglasses down, looking at him.

"Ooh, looks like you've made my little sister wet, Jaune." A giggle came from Ruby as she grabbed his arm, looking at him for a moment.

"He gives me happy feelings, Yang. We're going to be boyfriend and girlfriend soon. I just have to convince Weiss!"

'No. Not with you.'

He looked at Yang, giving her a smile. She needed the encouragement to be happier. She'd been sad and it'd all been because of him. She'd cried because he'd been stupid and he couldn't understand her feelings at all.
"Well... Until that time's here, I'd like my boyfriend to give me a good rub-up."

Those proud breasts stood there for his eyes to see, as she licked her lips slowly, letting her gaze rest on him for a moment, teasing with an expression. A bottle appeared in her hands suddenly, picked up from somewhere, as his gaze had rested on her expression.

Fingers slid over the bottle, dragging slowly.

"Come on, Jaune... Squirt that white stuff on this gorgeous body."

He'd seen porno's. Imagining Yang like that was... nice. He tried not to react, as he tried to take the bottle. The moment their fingers touched, she let go of it. His other hand caught it, as her fingers wrapped around his hand, taking it.

"Hmm... Good touch, Jaune."

He pulled his hand free, aware that she was probably just teasing him, his hand squirting a glob of the sunscreen in his handpalm, rubbing it together.

"Put it on me, Jaune... I want that goo all over me."

She smelled nice, as he rubbed it against her stomach, slowly caressing those hard abdominal muscles, Yang's breathing a little louder, as he worked slowly over the skin. Ruby was already getting comfortable on her own pool chair, rubbing sunscreen into her skin.

"Bit higher, Jaune."

She said, as he stopped at the base of her breasts. He looked at her and then raised his hand, to go for her neck. She grabbed his hand and then pushed it under her bikini top, letting him feel a round full tit in his palm.

"Now... slowly rub it into the skin."

A soft pant came from her lips, as she looked at him with those eyes that judged him. It was just pretending, she said. He slowly worked the flesh, noticing the hard nipple that pressed against his palm.

"That's a good boyfriend..."

She was flushed, but it was all an act. She couldn't be enjoying this, because he didn't have feelings. The warmth of her flesh was like a warm fire, as she looked at him with eyes that hid secrets and thoughts.

He switched to her other breast, the fabric distorting due to his hand, having added a little more sunscreen to his fingers. The nipple was hard against his palm as he stroked over it, a low guttural sound coming from her throat, her breathing heavier.

"G-Good."

She looked at him, and then he felt a tug. He turned around to see Ruby, sans top. A smaller set, smaller than her mother's, pinkish nipples exposed to the air.

"Do me too!"

Yang's face fell slightly, as she closed her eyes.
"You heard her, Jaune. Do her too."

He massaged the breasts, though with Ruby, there wasn't that near-electric touch, that little hint of something more. The blissful look on Ruby's face was something that was nearly angelic, but he knew that she wasn't a very good friend at this moment. He didn't feel comfortable around her. Weiss didn't deserve to be around him, she didn't like him at all.

That was freeing in its own way to realize. If he could just ignore Weiss, everyone would be happier. Ruby would like to be with Weiss, Yang would like to be with Blake and he would be alone, maybe with Summer.

Ruby slipped her bikini top back down, looking at him with a smile on her face as she went to her pool chair and settled in, humming a light tune.

"Want me to rub you in, Jaune?"

Yang's voice came from close by, her eyes glinting with the light of the sun. She was like the sun, warm and kind. She cared a lot and was defensive of her friends.

"Please."

He said, taking a seat on another chair. It was important to give girls their space, as he sat there. Feeling Yang's hands on his back rubbing the cold lotion into his skin made him feel tingly, as she exhaled slowly.

"I can see why mom keeps you around. You've got quite the muscles below the skin, Jaune."

He was one of the strongest people at his own home. They just had him open up the pickle jars and other stuff, because dad's fingers were a little injured from something, so his grip wasn't as strong with a twisting motion.

"Your mother said that she'd make me into someone who'd be respectable."

He said, attributing the growth to Yang's mother. He had certainly felt the pressure on his muscles, Summer's exercises being tougher than Yang's.

"Yeah... Mom's good with that."

Yang's voice was soft, Sandy striding out of the house on some slippers. Not quite Summer's size, but the look that she gave to him and Yang was one that was disgusted. The comment Yang had made must've struck her harder. "Mom always told me that I was the chief of the house when she wasn't there. Take care of Ruby, make sure things are safe..." There was a wistful tone in her voice, as Yang's voice was barely higher than a whisper, as Sandy sat down, opening up the paper.

"Your mother is smart."

Yang's expression wasn't visible to him, but she chuckled softly.

"She cares for you too, y'know? I think she sees some parts of dad in you. A strong man, protecting us."

He could imagine that. He'd rather die than to let anything happen to his family.

"You're strong too."

He said, and he felt Yang's head brush against the back of his, a soft whistling in his ears.
"Not as strong as I would like."

She said, as her hands continued to move after having fallen silent. "Even I can be weak and girly, Jaune."

He shook his head. "You're stronger than me. You are the prettiest girl in this house."

It was the truth. Summer had that charm around her, but Yang was the prize of the show. She made him feel better than Summer had by sheer presence and he felt guilt go through him at those feelings and sensations, the guilt that seemed to curl and twist inside his belly as well. It wasn't the easy guilt, nor was it the hard guilt that one got when you saw injustice being done... but it was a guilty feeling that he felt because he shouldn't feel like this.

'I think I like you more than like allows."

"Weiss wouldn't like to hear that..." Yang said, her tone wistful.

"My boyfriend making comments about how I'm the prettiest one would make Snow White shriek."

He wasn't her boyfriend, but she acted like a girlfriend. The kiss of earlier played through his mind and he turned his head to look at her. She looked into his eyes with that spark in hers that just made him get thoughts that were un-autistic. He wanted to kiss her, just as he'd kissed Summer. He wanted to look into those eyes for as long as he could, because it just made him feel happy.

"Jaune?"

Her voice spoke his name and the pain in his chest was stronger now, her fingers running a circle over his skin. She smiled, even as her eyes looked at him with a warmth that made the sun feel cold. If this was the feeling of what it was like to have a girlfriend, then he'd want to feel that feeling every day.

"Yang?"

He spoke her name, a shiver going through her body. She looked like she was going to say something, but her eyes never left his. Her hands turned him around and then pulled him closer, her lips pressing against his own suddenly, as the kiss came and he felt stunned by the intensity.

"My boyfriend deserves something for being cute."

She said, though her eyes flickered to Sandy. He could understand that, and he kissed her lightly. Their lips parted entirely too soon as she just breathed in and out. The tube of sunscreen was squirted on his stomach as her fingers brushed up and down over the muscles that were present.

"Now roll onto your front, Jaune..."

She said it with direction, as he gave a low grunting sound to affirm that, and then rolled on his back. He felt her fingers rub over his lower back, rubbing the sunscreen into his skin, straddling his back. She was warm, she felt warm and her fingers massaged his back slowly. It was a feeling that he liked.

"Good boy..."

A cough from the side came and he turned his head.
"Do you kids want a drink?"

The sour-faced woman asked, looking at Yang with a look that his oldest sister had described on another woman as 'cold-faced jealousy', though he wasn't sure why it meant that he'd be chasing after other cats. Since when did men chase cats?

"Gimme a coke, please."

Yang's words were light and on the surface, not giving the woman the attention that she'd get from her. "What do you want, Jaune?"

"I'd like a Pepsi, please."

It was a soft tone of voice that he used. He didn't want to offend someone by being too rude. You'd better speak softly and carry a big gun... Or was it a stick?

"And you, Ruby?" The sweet tone of voice that the woman used didn't fit her expression, even as Ruby's excited little sound made Yang flinch a little. "Pepsi, second mom!" He caught the faux expression on the woman's face, the faked caring and forced cheer and felt happy for a moment that Ruby didn't bother herself with such things. Ruby would be happy all the time thanks to her kindness and her joy for life.

"She's such a dear, isn't she?"

Taiyang spoke up as the man sauntered in, squeezing his new wife's side, the woman flushing a little. Yang's expression wasn't the happiest, as the woman smiled.

"She is a dear, Tai."

There was a softness in the voice that told him that the woman was lying. It was a tone that everyone used when they lied. They could speak words and they'd lie at everything. He'd commented on the politicians more than once, speaking about the democratic presidential candidate, some 'Triumph' guy. At least that man didn't seem to lie too much, though his sister had commented about the guy being mentally unfit to drive. He didn't mind that too much though. At least it was better than that Republican Harmony Clitton. She'd been indicted for giving boys looks that were 'bad', but nothing had come of it.

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When they were in the car on the trip back, Yang spoke up after pulling over after having left the driveway, her white shirt not hiding the bikini that she wore below, not having changed much from her swimming gear, the sun fading slowly in the distance.

"Want to drive a little? I think it's a bit still before you're due home and... I'd like to show you something."

He nodded, a smile on her lips. With the car's engine rumbling like a good engine should, they continued, driving further into the woods, coming to a spacious area that had a wonderful view. The lights of Vale could be seen in the distance, as she parked the car, getting out of the car. He followed after her.

"I like coming here to think. Mom and I used to do this when Ruby was young and still in school... Different classes, due to me being two and a half years older..." She gazed at him and he stared back.

"Funny, I never thought about it until I-"
She paused, looking at him and then looking a little saddened for the moment. He didn't know why she was sad.

"Don't be sad."

He tried to make her cheer up a little, and she looked like she wanted to say something but faltered, sitting down in a comfortable patch of grass, just looking at the distant lights.

"Come on, take a seat. Let's just... Sit."

She leaned against him, her hair brushing against his side, a light fluttering of the heartstrings inside him. Her eyes looked into the distance.

"I never took her here."

She started to speak, as she took a deep breath. "She is a great girl, but... I never took her here."

She'd said it as if it was a sad thing. He watched her and wondered whether it was something he should feel sad about.

"Didn't think it right, not yet. We're..."

She looked at him and then shivered, his arm wrapping tighter around her. Her hand rested on his chest and she breathed in.

"I didn't want to take her here yet. I didn't feel... right."

He could understand that, as he looked into the distance. He brushed his fingers over her back, as she inhaled deeply through her nose. Her breathing was a little louder now, as she seemed to try to get herself under control. Blake had not been nice.

"She was wrong."

He said. His gaze went to the flickering lights in the distance, seeing them pop on and off.

"Who?" Yang asked, and he wondered about that as well. Was he talking about Cinder?

'Cinder was wrong and yet right.'

"Blake. I would never do such a thing to anyone, the least of all you."

He didn't want to look at her. If she looked at him with horror in her eyes, he would shatter and break. He didn't want to feel like that.

"You're someone who makes me happy."

He said it, not even intending to say it. It was a secret, something that he felt inside of him.

"O-Oh. Oh."

She made a strange sound and he didn't look at her. That was probably disgust, pity or something else, as she'd undoubtedly find him disgusting for even voicing such a thought. Retards didn't dare to be happy with the people who were better than them, because that would get them erased from history.

"You're like a flame that makes the day brighter for Ruby. She looks up to you and she likes it
when you pay her attention. I like you because you're making me feel wonderful whenever you're around."

They were alone here. He could say it, he could be brave and say what he thought. He didn't want to look at her, but he should be honest. Honesty was the best thing. She swallowed, heavily.

'No, I don't think that we're friends now. I said things that'd be bad. Cinder said that I'd never find love, that she'd make sure that I die when I go to prison. I don't want to leave you alone, I don't want your sister to be alone, or my family.'

"That's sweet, Jaune."

Rejection, with the quiver of her tone. She sounded like she was going to cry, but he wouldn't look at her. Seeing her cry would make him feel sad, because he'd hurt her. Why had he said that? Why had he been so stupid as to say something like that?

She hugged him, and he didn't look at her, as her head brushed against him.

"It's just pretending. I'm with Blake, I'm with Blake."

He stroked over her hair, her head rubbing against him, and it felt alright. She needed this. He'd messed up again.

"It's just pretending, I'm..."

She started to cry, and he just held her, watching the lights flicker on as the sun slowly sank away and the purplish hues turned to starlight. She'd stopped crying, but he hadn't let go. She felt warm and pleasant in his arms, but this was as far as it would go, he knew. It was just pretending, after all. She'd said that she was just pretending.

'This is okay."

"Why does your stepmother not like Ruby?"

He asked aloud, trying to make her not think about the hard things like acting like his girlfriend would.

"She's... She's not able to get a baby yet. Dad and her have been trying, last I heard, but it hasn't taken yet." There was a pause as she looked up at him, her hair in her face.

"Do you..." She trailed off, her eyes looking into his for the longest period, her eyes trying to connect with him, the faint whisper soft as she stopped mid-sentence, swallowing softly.

"Would you have given Blake a baby?"

She whispered, softly. She sounded like her mother, fragile and yet brittle. "If she'd asked."

'No. That's for something between couples.'

Blake and Yang wouldn't get a baby between them, they were both girls, but with someone to give a donation, it would be achievable. It was not something that he thought about, though he knew that Adrian was a baby.

"If you would be happy with it. She can want a lot, but if it hurts you, I wouldn't let her. She was wrong for suggesting that too. You don't deserve to be treated like that. She's-"
He paused, as he'd overstepped his bounds. He'd talked about a relationship that was not his business.

"Go on, Jaune." Yang's voice was soft, her hand rubbing over his back.

He felt bolder, as she spoke to him with that confidence in her voice.

"It isn't right to look at someone else when you're with someone you love. I don't like it, I don't think she's good for you. She wants more than you can give and she's hurting you. I know I'm not capable of feeling emotions very well but that's wrong."

She just remained very quiet. She seemed to think. He did that too, when he needed to reach a decision. She didn't seem to bright anymore.

"We should head back, before it's too late."

She said, her eyes doubtful as she rolled her shoulders. He felt like he should say something. She deserved better, even if that was a wrong thought.

"I'll be your friend for as long as you want me to be your friend. I'm not going to give up on you."

He said. She looked at him and then closed her eyes. She sighed deeply, and he could see an expression flit across her face in the half-darkness.

"Thank you, Jaune."

The quiet of the place was making their steps awkwardly loud, her body turning towards the car. The rustling of the grass around them was a symphony of sounds as he heard her whisper something, his ears attuned to the silence enough to hear that whisper.

"I'd like to stop pretending..."

She wasn't speaking to him, he knew, but he knew what she meant. She wanted to be with Blake again, this was undoubtedly something that was hard on her. Fighting against love was an impossible battle, because she'd never like him like that.

She whispered something even lower, muffled by the rustling of her feet through the high grass. She was a bright shade of yellow against a dark background, her head turning around in the shadows as she looked at him, a faint smile on her lips that looked very sad, just like her mother's smile at those moments when she needed a hug.

"Get in, Jaune. Time to get you home and me... too." He did as she asked.

She'd never be his girlfriend, and he'd understand perfectly if she just wanted him to stop pretending to be her boyfriend. She hadn't asked him to stop yet, so he would continue. Summer had asked him to keep them safe and sound. He would do that.

She remained silent until she pulled over, the light on the dashboard casting her face in a faint light, as the overhead light flickered on, her hand on his shoulder. "I'll see you tomorrow at eight, Jaune. Let's pick up where we left off. Have..."

She paused, though he didn't know why. She looked sad for a moment, as she looked at him and then seemed to come to a conclusion.

"Have a good night, Jaune."
Her smile lit up her face, as he smiled back at her. She looked conflicted again, complicated emotions that he didn't fully feel.

"Sleep well, Yang. Please don't cry. You're too pretty to cry about someone like me making a mess of your life."

He saw the stunned look on her face, as she undoubtedly had hoped he wouldn't have noticed or heard. He knew that he was just a nuisance, that he was someone who needed to be put down like an animal, but...

Yang shouldn't cry. It wasn't allowed to happen, especially not by him. She should smile and laugh and be happy. He would make sure that Summer came back and saw Ruby and Yang at least somewhat happy. He wasn't the best with those things, but he would try his best to make them smile, even if Ruby asked uncomfortable things.

He entered his house after shutting the door of the car, Yang just looking at him, an expression on her face that he couldn't place, but it was complex and she just looked at him. Entering through the front door he could hear the news on, hearing about the search for Mister Frank, with several hints about mob-related killings in the news anchor's voice.

'Mister Frank was a good man.'

He hoped that the man was alright. Summer would be back soon. Everything would be alright.

Writing an autistic perspective is a challenge. I hope people like it though. Any comments on it would be appreciated, because not every autistic individual is the same. Jaune misses a lot of the social cues that people give, or just misinterprets them. Ruby is decidedly different. I'd like to hear thoughts on how they act and whether it's accurate... or at least, somewhat relatable. I try my best.

Leave a comment if you'd like!
Chapter Summary

Yang and Jaune, running all free. K-I-yeah you see where this is gonna go.

Yang's certainly conflicted now.

He woke up slowly, the low groaning that he made as he remembered the dream he'd had during the night, a memory strangling together with the truth. He turned around, a soft groan as his fingers touched himself, the heated dream of touches and whispers, of golden hair and lavender-like eyes.

It was wrong, he knew, but it felt good. Imagining Yang's touch on him, to feel her touch him in the spots that were pleasant and not feel the sting of pain or the humiliation, moaning her name as he touched and stroked. She was nice, she was wonderful and she was-

A stern knocking on his door, as the annoyed sound of his older sister Marble was heard loudly from behind it.

"Stop moaning! The walls are fucking thin, Jaune! Jerk off when we're all unconscious, we don't need to hear it!"

Shame flushed through him and he stopped. "Sorry, sis." He'd been close, but he'd made too much noise. He'd be careful about that next time. He'd nearly forgotten that Yang was someone else's girlfriend. It was just pretending, after all. He shouldn't be feeling good about her, touching himself to the hot nice dream that he'd had.

'She's not for me. She's with Blake, she's not going to want someone broken like me.'

It was already a blessing from the heavens that she'd let him put on sunscreen. Her breasts had felt nice. It had been a pleasant touch and she'd-

'She said that she wanted to stop pretending. After it's done, we'll just be Yang and Jaune.'

It felt a little bad, but the pain in his chest hurt worse now. It didn't feel right. It didn't feel okay to him. Of course, there were things that he had to consider, like time and place, but...

'Ruby said that we were going to meet up with Weiss... didn't she?'

He wasn't sure what to think about that. He was sure that Weiss wouldn't like that, but if Ruby asked... Ruby was his friend, he should at least try to do as she wanted.

He was downstairs after having a brief shower, having gotten clean exercise clothing from the hamper. Mom had done the laundry, he supposed. It was nice to have clean clothing. He sat down between his twin sisters, who looked like they were still half-asleep. They'd had a long night or something, studying for this and that. He didn't really know what the issue was with them. Most of the things he'd read about in their books weren't that hard.

He'd corrected three parts of the equation that'd been printed in the book because it'd not really
made sense. It was a little annoying, because the answer was incorrect. They hadn't liked it very much, but it'd been the wrong answer and he'd told them so.

"Anything fun on the schedule, Jaune?"

Connie asked, grabbing the jam and spreading it over the slice of bread in front of her, sprinkling a generous amount of sugar over it.

"Hot date, cute girl to bother you?"

He could tell them about what Ruby had planned but he wasn't sure whether he was right to do so. "Exercising with Yang. Maybe going into town with Ruby to meet her girlfriend." The look on his sister's face was warmer than most times, as she tried to make some sort of connection. They all were his sisters, even if he got on best with Saphron.

"And when will you be bringing home a girlfriend, eh? Our little brother needs to realize that he's got a cute lil' skull on his shoulders, so why aren't the girls looking at you?"

There was a sharp look from his mother, which he noticed in time. He was about to say something about Cinder, but his mom had said that it'd be best if he kept silent about it, because it would make his sisters sad. Dad didn't believe any of it, so it was okay, but mom was afraid of what his sisters might think of him.

"Perhaps they need glasses?"

He tried, which drew a grin from some of his sisters, one adjusting her dark blue glasses, giving him a grin.

"We should give him a makeover. Make his hair nice and short and spiky and then send him into the shopping mall... He'll be beating off girls without trying."

He blinked at her, as Constance nudged her.

"Hey, you can't deny that he'd look somewhat better with his hair cut a little shorter. Make him look like he's Sir Pussyslayer of Arc."

His middle sister received a playful smack to her side from the sister on her right.

"No swearing at the table, Carmen..."

He sighed, knowing that they meant well. It was simply that they didn't understand what he needed. They couldn't be blamed for being born whole and pure rather than disturbed and broken in the head.

"Sorry mom, but Jaune's got to bring home a girlfriend one of these days, or he'll be some sad loner loser... I wasn't born hot either, but now I'm hot enough!"

His mother looked very annoyed with Carmen. It wasn't her fault that she liked to joke about her own status, though he wished that she'd bring home someone too. He worried about her sometime.

"You haven't really gotten much luck. Connie has dated fifteen people. You have dated three."

Carmen's lips thinned, as some jeers came from her other sisters. There was something about her that seemed to show her displeasure, her eyes just a bit hurt. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay... they weren't that great."
He knew. She'd been hit once. That hadn't been nice. He'd seen dad get angry. That had been very not-nice.

"But I'm still hot!"

He checked the clock and then guessed that he would be best getting ready for Yang. She was still doing exercises with him, to get him to be a better and healthier person. That was a good thing. He got out of the house with his bag, finding that the car was already parked in the front, Yang looking at him with something in her eyes, pushing open the passenger side door.

"Hey there, big boy... Gotten ready for me?"

She didn't sound very great, but she made an attempt. He smiled at her and she smiled back. She had that lovely smile on her lips again, he noticed.

"Guess you are, Jaune. Let's do a run and..."

She paused, as she looked away. "And talk about stuff, okay?" He didn't mind talking, as Yang started the car. She wasn't going to make the day anything less than wonderful, as she let her gaze rest on the dashboard as the engine rumbled, pulling out of the spot where she'd parked. She smelled good, like lemon and cinnamon today.

They drove to a spot a little further away from their usual spot, Yang parking the car, getting out and then looking at him with a look he couldn't quite identify. He was sure that she would start to talk, but she hadn't spoken a single word. She looked at him a few times, her eyes meeting his own and her lips just starting to move, but no sound coming out.

"Are we going to start running?"

He asked, and she nodded, getting started on her stretches. He did his own, a different type than hers. Summer had said that they'd work better with his body. Yang was built differently from him and she was shorter. Summer was shorter too, and Yang did some of the same stretches that Summer did.

As they ran, he let his mind drift to the pleasant dream of the night. He'd touched himself and he felt bad about that. It had been so warm and comforting, almost real. He'd felt desire, love and something else. He wanted to feel love, but a retard shouldn't love.

'I really want you to be happy.'

They continued to run, far longer than previously was the case. They'd done nearly five miles or so by his internal estimation when Yang tapped him on the shoulder, her face heated and sweaty. Patches of sweat were making her top cling to her upper body, her chest heaving. The sight of it made him react, his body automatically angling itself a little more to guard himself from such shame. Yang wouldn't kick him, but she might not like it. She was Blake's girlfriend.

"Jaune, I'm-"

She sighed deeply, as she looked at him.

"I'm sorry."

She shouldn't be sorry, not in the slightest. She was Yang and she was good for her little sister. He smiled at her, trying for the best smile that he had. She looked a little flustered, her breathing a
"It's okay. We went a little longer than we do usually."

A lot longer, actually, but he knew that softening things a little made girls feel better. His sisters had said that you never should call a girl who gained a lot of weight fat, but that she'd just gained a little... Though it was a lie. Fat people were fat.

"That's not it, you silly- Oh, I don't even know why I'm..."

She looked conflicted, he noticed. She wasn't focusing on him, as she leaned against a tree, her gaze going up to the sky.

"I'm here for you."

He didn't know why he said that. Those were words that you said to someone that you loved, not for someone who was as pretty as Yang and who was with another girl. She was someone who made the world feel a little easier when she was around.

"I know, Jaune."

Her voice was light, as she got an awkward smile on her face, turning around to face him.

"I know."

She knew a lot more than he did. It was good to be around her, because she knew a lot more than he did. "Jaune... If you were normal, and I was your girlfriend."

She hesitated mid-sentence, her eyes looking at him with a sad look that seemed to be deeper than before.

'But I'm not normal and you're not my girlfriend.'

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said it like that." She spoke softly, her voice apologetic. He forgave her. She wasn't someone who should worry about a retard, after all.

"If you were with me... if you were my boyfriend, would you-" She looked tense, as her eyes seemed to ask of him something that he didn't know how to answer properly.

"Would you love me?"

He looked at her and wondered whether this was another test, whether this was just to test his resolve.

"Yes. I can't love people though, it's not allowed, but I would. If I could, that is."

She seemed to look really sad for a moment, as she looked away. He couldn't see her face but her shoulders shook a little.

"Would you... Would you want me to sleep with someone else, if you were my boyfriend?"

He frowned, remembering Blake. That had been bad. Yang hadn't liked that, and he wouldn't want to see her face like that again. Mrs Belladonna had been quick to interfere with her daughter.
"No. You would be mine. I don't want to share someone who I love with anyone. My sisters will get married and the family will grow bigger, but my girlfriend would be mine alone. If you were my girlfriend, I would never share you with anyone else. I'd marry you, eventually. Such a decision shouldn't be rushed."

It was simple. He couldn't deny that the thought of someone who accepted him for how he was being with someone else was disgusting. You didn't do that with someone.

"I... I see."

She seemed to have a bit of a panic attack, her breathing coming really fast, as she trembled all over. He hugged her, trying to make her calm down a little. He felt drops of water hit his arms, as she snifflled. She didn't calm down quickly, but he just held on. She needed this, he guessed.

"That's really nice, Jaune."

Her voice was soft, as he held on to her. She kept shivering, as he held her, a soft sigh coming from her lips.

"You're pure. You don't worry about stuff that bothers you, because you've got a big heart."

He didn't think he was pure. He was corrupted since birth, something that had been born wrong and twisted, a good body but with a sick mind. It didn't matter to him that he was like that, as Yang shifted a little, turning around. With how he'd hugged her, it meant that they were face-to-face now, having leaned down a little.

"I'm not very great as a friend, am I?"

Her voice was soft, her eyes looking into his own. He shook his head, his eyes looking at those delicate features. She was a beauty. She was beautiful, just like her mother.

"You're my friend. Even if you're Blake's girlfriend, I will be your friend."

Honesty was the best thing, as he watched her. Her eyes looked conflicted, as she gave a soft sigh, hugging him with a lot more strength than before. She laid her head on his shoulder, as she tightened that grip a little.

"I'm not... Jaune, I'm not a good friend. I'm not."

She kept on saying that, but it wasn't true. She was better than Weiss or Blake. They didn't see things from another perspective. Weiss had said that she'd never want to be around him and Blake was just bad for dismissing Yang. It hurt to be dismissed, he knew.

"You're someone who burns brightly like the sun. You don't judge me. Your mom said that you were one of the best daughters she has."

He thought that Summer had said that, but he might be misremembering it. He didn't know, he felt fluttery and weak at the same time. She was here with him but she was sad.

"Mom... Mom was right." She mumbled softly. She looked sadder now, as she seemed to shiver.

"I should've listened to her."

He didn't know what she was talking about. It must've been some conversation that he'd missed because he wasn't there, but he knew that Yang would be fabulous and amazing either way.
"She loves you."

He said, Yang pulling away from him. Her lips mouthed something, but he never learned how to lip-read, so his eyes merely watched those eyes of hers. She leaned closer and pressed her lips against his own, a gentle kiss that seemed to make his heart explode with the thumping that it did, as her arms wrapped tightly around him. She broke the kiss and gave a soft smile.

"Thank you, Jaune."

She looked a little happier now, as she sighed deeply.

"I needed that hug. I'm sorry, I-"

She was confused. She was with Blake, after all. "Ruby wants us all to go into town with her." Yang said, sounding tired.

"Do you mind? We don't have to go if you don't want to."

He didn't. As long as Yang was with him, he'd like to think that he was safe. Yang was someone that he liked a lot because she was nice.

"No. As long as you're with me, I will go anywhere."

She turned red in the face, as she looked down to the ground. "Not fair. I'm not your mom. Ruby said that you go shopping with her a lot." She mumbled, shaking her head, her voice a little lighter, as she seemed to be embarrassed. He would probably get embarrassed too if he didn't know that his mother was always able to get the proper things for him. He needed new underwear at times but he never remembered the sizes.

"You're much prettier."

She was. She nudged him with her knuckles softly, her light laugh growing louder.

"Flatterer. There's... Ah hell..."

She sighed, not finishing her sentence.

"Let's just run, Jaune."

They returned to Summer's house after an hour, Yang taking the shower first. He cleaned himself up in the shower, Sandy in the background, on the phone. He could hear Summer's name a few times, as she was obviously talking with someone about something, talking about returning back to Taiyang's house.

'I wonder if Ruby is up yet.'

Ruby was probably still asleep. She liked to sleep in.

"Hey there, loverboy... Come, the shower's all yours."

Yang appeared, a light yellow top worn by her, giving her breasts a nice outline. It was nice to see, and he felt himself respond. She wasn't someone who restrained herself easily, as she left him at the bathroom door, leaving him to prepare himself.

He stepped into the bathroom and shut the door behind him, getting into the shower after grabbing
the sponge. He'd get clean, no matter what. If he was going into town, he would at least look presentable. A shame that he didn't bring the nice clothing... but that mattered not. Yang would be there with him.

'She's nice...'

He felt his body react to her, the thing between his legs growing hard. Touching it wasn't good, but he wanted to. She was such a sexy young woman, she was such a good friend.

He felt desire, a sick and twisted feeling that burned within his guts, that moved around like a live serpent that writhed and coiled inside, like a burning snake that carved its way through his guts. A slowly increasing rumble inside him and he felt the desire slowly taper off, as he just washed himself. He couldn't allow himself to get distracted, to get dissuaded from being the good boyfriend that he had to pretend to be, to allow himself to feel those cravings.

He pushed open the door after he'd gotten the shower tidied up, using his towel to wipe the walls, feeling the warmth of the summer heat on his skin. He spotted Ruby, dressed in the red cloak that she and Summer had as a fashion statement, already seated at the table. Yang was buttering a slice of bread and then put it on a plate on the empty spot, smiling at him.

"Buttered your bread for you, so I figured that'd be the good girlfriend-ey thing to do." Ruby looked at her older sister and frowned. He didn't much like that look on her. It made her look not very nice.

"He's my friend, Yang. Don't steal him from us! Weiss just has to learn how to accept that I love her and him."

There was a moment where he could imagine Weiss' face, as Yang frowned, sighing. He sat down next to her and he laid an arm around her and gave a soft squeeze. She might need that. It wasn't something that he would deny her. Everyone needed a supporting arm at least once in their life. It wasn't going to be a bright day for Yang if he didn't support her.

"Weiss has her own thoughts, Ruby. You can't decide for her who she likes or what she likes."

There was an angry tone to Yang's voice, he guessed, as Yang looked at her younger sister with annoyance in her eyes. It wasn't a good look on Yang's face, as her father frowned at her.

"Don't bully your sister, Yang. She's not going to steal your boyfriend."

The warning tone was something that made Yang flinch a little, as Ruby smiled at her older sister. Sandy's look at her husband wasn't the happiest, as she pressed her lips tightly together. Jaune thought that she didn't like him much.

He squeezed Yang a little harder, just to make her feel better. "She's my girlfriend, Ruby." The man looked at him, as Yang leaned against him, a soft sigh coming from her lips.

"No, she's not. You're our boyfriend. We'll all be happy together, I just know it. You, me, dad, mom, Yang, Weiss and Blake."

He hoped that she wouldn't continue with that. It wasn't a good thing. Blake and Yang weren't really good for each other right now, but they were together. He wasn't really wanted.

"You can't just decide that for us, Ruby."

Yang spoke softly, her eyes looking a little sad. She didn't look so very happy at this moment. Her
father dropped the subject, starting to talk with Sandy about something that they were going to do, the woman's eyes never really leaving Yang, a look that was angry and irritated, though it was masked well.

He knew those eyes. Cinder looked at him like that too. Disgust and displeasure. Yang wasn't really liked much by the woman.

They got into the car after breakfast had been done, Yang looking at Ruby with a look that wasn't very pleasant, undoubtedly about what Ruby had said earlier.

"Where are you meeting Weiss?"

Yang said, her voice sounding a little pinched, her eyes glinting with something that seemed to hold more feelings in it, something that seemed to burn and writhe, her breathing shorter and with more heat to it as if she was trying to suppress her anger. He didn't like to see her angry.

"We'll meet her at the café! She'll be so happy to see that I've brought guests. She's been curious about how you'd feel in bed, Yang, but that's a secret... I guess I wasn't supposed to say that, but who cares? It's Weiss! She's my best friend in the world!"

He watched Yang, tuning Ruby out some more. Yang's expression was dark, her eyes holding dark emotions. It felt a little like with Cinder, when Cinder had first found out the horrible truth of his degeneracy.

"I guess it's a double date then..."

Yang mumbled, her voice sounding really sad. Ruby just chattered on. Yang's head turned around, the car jolting a little as she hit the brakes.

"Don't you ever say that again, Ruby! He isn't your toy! You can't decide for Jaune what he wants. Don't you know how much that would hurt Weiss?"

Ruby had said something, but he hadn't heard what she'd said. Yang shifted gears and the car moved again, but there was something in her eyes, as she gave him a look. It was one that made him feel warm on the inside, even though he was just pretending to be her boyfriend. She was still his friend, still was the cool girl that made him work out hard and haunted his dreams with her wonderful self.

'I wonder what it would be like...'

Ruby skipped ahead of them as Yang lagged behind with him. She looked moody and tired, her eyes looking around with an expression that was sad.

"Hold my hand, Jaune."

He did, and it felt proper. She had a nice, small hand. Some calluses, but nothing that really made it less soft. She gripped his hand tightly, as she leaned closer. "Ruby means well." He said. She was still his friend. Cinder shouldn't get her hands on Ruby, because it would ruin Ruby's purity. He didn't want to see Ruby die. He could die. He wasn't worth that much, but Ruby was someone who made the world brighter.

"She's not... She's not like you, Jaune. She doesn't think, she doesn't know what her words do to people..."
The lamentation was much like that of his mother, when he did something that she didn't quite understand. It was something that brought with it a lot of confusion, mistakes and a lack of explanation.

"I don't lie to people. It's not honest."

She looked stricken, as her gaze turned away. She sighed, a bitter smile coming to her lips.

"I lie a lot. I'm not very honest, and I've been lying to someone for a while now."

There was always that, with her father being against her relationship with Blake. She'd been lying to her father, but it was okay to him. Yang couldn't be sad. She was too nice to be sad.

"It'll be okay. I believe in you. You only lie if it would make someone not hurt."

She stopped, her eyes looking at him, his gaze drawn to her face. She looked at him with eyes that were so sad.

"I think you're one of the most honest people I consider a friend. Except Ren, he's never able to lie. Nora does, a lot. But she has Ren. He keeps her honest. He said he would make her an honest woman."

Yang looked at him, her lips parting as she gazed at him, her eyes never quite fading from his own. "I should stop lying to him." She muttered, seemingly more to herself.

"Your father would understand. He's not bad. He said that he'd take me on a one-way trip out somewhere far away and that he'd deal with me if I had hurt you. They wouldn't find my body."

She winced and looked angry. He hoped that he hadn't said too much. He didn't want to make her upset with her father.

"Damn it, dad...Not again..."

She mumbled, looking sadder than she had before. "I won't let him." She was not going to be able to stop her father. The man had looked serious to him. It wouldn't be a great loss for the world though, he knew what he was.

"Come on, slowpokes! We need to get to Weiss."

Ruby interrupted them, but it was okay. She was Ruby, so it wasn't bad. She was his friend.

They entered the café, finding Weiss seated at one of the tables to the side. Weiss looked a little less cheerful than before, her forehead having a fading bruise on it, pushed to the background with makeup. Cool blue eyes looked at him and he was reminded that she was one of the pure people once more. She would deal with him if he acted too retarded.

The nice white dress she wore was embroidered at the hem, and she showed a little cleavage. It was a good look for her.

"Ruby, why are... why is he here?"

Ruby smiled at her girlfriend, as she sat down in front of Weiss, motioning to the seats. Yang took a seat next to Weiss, her eyes looking at her younger sister.

"Because we're all going to be friends, Weiss. I love you and I love him. We can work out the
details later."

Weiss didn't look so happy, as she gave a baleful look at Yang, as if she blamed her for everything that had happened. That was wrong.

"I said it before, and-

Yang's hand grabbed Weiss's small hand and Yang gave her a stern look. It was a good look. Summer got that look too when she was doing something that she wanted.

"Ruby, go and order something for yourself. We'll keep Weiss company whilst you get the drinks."

He could see Ruby getting up, smiling, Yang sliding a bill over. "Get me a Pepsi, and Jaune too."

Ruby snatched the bill and walked off to the counter, Weiss looking conflicted between the grip that Yang had on her.

"Listen, Schnee... Look at him." A finger pointed at him. She had good nail polish done.

"What do you see?"

There was a softness in Weiss' eyes that hardened when her eyes fell on him.

"A guy who doesn't know what to say, can't lie and makes me feel uncomfortable. What is your problem, Xiao Long? Why did she bring you here with him?"

Yang's face showed dislike. Weiss was just saying what she thought. It was alright. "Weiss, look at him, a good hard look. Look at how he looks to you, as a German." Her voice was light, as Jaune got a bad feeling in his stomach.

"Think back to your history. What would someone see in him, say, around the 40's?"

Weiss looked at him with a look of disgust in her eyes. "A sick individual. Someone who glorifies National Socialism." Her voice was soft, yet it bore hate. Those eyes looked at him with a look as if he was the lowest thing on the world, to be crushed below her heel.

Cinder looked at him like that too, once she knew. She'd said so. Who cared if he went up to ashes?

"He's got autism, Weiss. He was laybensunwerdig leben, though I'm probably mangling that."

A frown on Weiss' face, as she looked at the blonde. He caught sight of Ruby at the counter, ordering their drinks. Ruby was always bright and sunny.

"But he's Aryan in looks, why would th-"

Weiss' eyes changed, something deep in them seemingly shifting, as if she was looking at him for the first time. She looked at him and seemed to tremble, as something seemed to push together in her mind.

"Cinder burned into his skin two letters. L.L. Mom knew what that meant, probably because she'd had to sit through lectures on that stuff. So do you, being German and all that hooah. What did they do to people who weren't mentally alright, Weiss?"

Weiss blinked. She looked a little sad, and now a lot sadder. He didn't quite understand why. She had been honest and clear about what she thought of him. That was honest and he could understand that.
"Oh."

He watched her, as she trembled a little more, those eyes looking at him with what seemed to be
pity. Something else, as she looked at him with that gaze that seemed to try to put the pieces
together for her to get. He helped her with that. That's what a friend did.

"We're all going to go up in ashes. That's what we deserve for being broken in the head. Ruby, me.
All up in smoke. The stupid people go first."

Weiss looked sick, even though he'd not spoken it loudly, he'd tried to convey it the best he could,
Yang turning a little pale as well. Weiss was shaking and trembling, though her eyes didn't move
away. Yang looked sad, as she looked at him, letting go of Weiss' hand.

"I need... the bathroom, Entschuldige mich."

Weiss moved towards the bathroom and the door closed down. She must not be feeling very well,
because she'd looked at him as if he was worth something. That was wrong. He wasn't worth
much, he was just a retard who'd never find love, never find someone who would love him for
how he was.

"Hey, where's Weiss gone off to? Is she sick?"

Ruby asked, Yang not really responding. She just looked at him with a look that was sad and yet
understanding. Weiss returned from the bathroom a few minutes later, looking a little pale, smiling
with a wavering smile on her lips as she saw Ruby. It was a good thing that Ruby and Weiss were
together. He wouldn't want to hurt the two of them.

"Let's... Let's go to the cinema, alright?"

Weiss suggested, looking at Ruby with a questioning look, as if asking for permission. It was clear
to him who was more in control amongst the two. Ruby led whilst Weiss followed.

Ruby started to chat at Weiss, who looked at him a few times. He tried his best not to make her too
angry, hanging back with Yang. Yang was silent whilst they walked, the drinks that they'd had
before still in the back of his mind. Weiss hadn't finished hers and she'd looked at him, but she'd
not spoken to him.

"She's wrong to dislike you. Whatever Fall did... it's wrong."

Yang sounded stern, trying to convince him, but she didn't know what it was like. He would keep
Ruby and Yang safe, no matter what.

"She understands now, I think. You aren't wrong in my eyes."

He hoped so. Yang was someone who was honest and beautiful. He had to say that in comparison
to Yang, every other girl paled. Summer was nice and beautiful, but Yang was better. It fit, and it
didn't feel right that she was with Blake inside him. He felt the desire to take her for himself, even
if it was wrong, even when the girl was with another.

He felt lighter, as he looked at Yang's bright eyes. Yang was someone who was special to him. He
wondered if the chest pain could be love. If it was love, it might explain things a little more. It felt
good, even if it hurt a little.

"You're wonderful."
He repeated, softly. She winced, as she came closer.

"No, I'm not honest with people."

She mumbled, as she looked at him with mysterious eyes.

"I'm lying to someone and... And it hurts."

He shook his head. "It's for the right reasons then. You don't make mistakes, Yang. You're better than me. I make a lot of mistakes." She didn't speak up, letting her eyes go towards Ruby and Weiss, who were chatting. Weiss looked a lot happier now that Ruby was with her again, rather than sad at him for being weird.

"No, you don't make mistakes... It's just like mom said. Just like what she said, it's all coming true... Blake..."

That made no sense, but Yang seemed to be calmer as he wrapped an arm around her waist. She looked at him with a look, even though her dad knew that she was a lesbian, just like Ruby.

"Summer is nice. She didn't mean to hurt me."

He believed that. She apologized, so it was alright. Yang looked at him and then smiled, a smile that was warmer, as she kissed his cheek. It felt good.

"God... You make it so hard sometimes, you silly, silly goof."

Yang said, her voice soft as she spoke, looking at him. She smelled good, like she was happy. That was a good feeling.

"Do you want to stop pretending?"

He looked at her and thought about it. He had said that he would keep pretending, rather than giving up on her. She was Yang and her relationship with Blake was very important to her.

"I want you to be happy with Blake. If I need to pretend to like you, I will do it for you."

She looked complicated for a moment before she laughed. It was a little higher than before. "Oh, I'm sure that you'd do it for me, loverboy." Her eyes were warm and lit up, a sadness in their core that seemed to grow.

"Blake's going to be out of the picture for a while."

He knew that. She was going to get her treatment and be together with Yang again. Yang wanted Blake to be happy, so he would support her during that time. Blake was with Yang, after all.

"I guess you'll have to suffer my presence for a while then."

She looked a little sad, her eyes softly peering into his own as they walked to the cinema and she spoke very softly.

"It's not suffering. You're a fun guy, Jaune."

He liked hearing that. It made him feel warm. Once they'd selected the movie, something that was entirely girlish about a love relationship between a Faunus slave and her human master, they got to their seats after getting some popcorn and sat there to wait for the movie to start. He was sat between Ruby and Yang, with Yang's hand grabbing his own.
Broken Fangs... hmm...

It was an interesting movie, he guessed. The dynamics between the slave and her owner just seemed to be different from the other slave, who resisted her imprisonment. He wasn't sure whether she was doing the right thing by resisting someone who had power over you. It was a slavery-era drama, so it was probably something that wasn't too right, but it was an alright movie. It ended on a conflicting note, with the movie finally moving to a place where the slave could be happy with her master. It was enough to make the girls look all teary-eyed, even Yang.

"I've got to go to the bathroom. Yang, I need some help."

He looked at Yang and then watched her apologetic look, as she sighed.

"Sure thing, sis..."

He wasn't quite sure what it was about, but he knew that Ruby had some issues with going to the bathroom in places where she didn't feel secure. He looked at Weiss, who was looking away from him.

She moved out of her seat and he moved with her. It wasn't nice to leave someone alone. Weiss didn't deserve to be alone when her girlfriend was just off to the bathroom. She looked at him, but it didn't make him feel so bad. There was something in her eyes that was sympathetic, perhaps just a little more.

"Is it true that... That Fall did something like that to you?"

She asked, her voice sounding soft, Weiss leaning against one of the pillars. The white dress that she wore with the snowflake earrings made her look like a goddess of ice and snow, as her eyes met his again.

"She said it was what a retard deserves."

He didn't speak up loudly, but Weiss looked at him.

"She wasn't happy. She made me sing the song. She's pure and I am not."

It was a dull, dead tone that he used, as he remembered Cinder's treatment again. Weiss looked guilty, if that was the right emotion.

Her eyes did not glance away from him, her gaze watching him carefully for anything that he might not tell her. She was one of the pure people, her hair as blonde as those who should lead, her eyes as clear as the sky.

"What song?"

Weiss asked, her voice sounding perhaps hesitating, as if she didn't want to ask but curiosity compelled her to. There were some people around, but he didn't really think they were paying attention. He hummed it, the words not really nice, he thought. She looked sadly.

"Oh. That song is banned in Germany. It's... it's a bad song. Very bad. I'm sorry, Jaune."

She might be sorry, but that didn't erase the fact that he had been born wrong, that he'd been born as a retard that made people sad. It wasn't right. It wasn't good to be broken and wrong.

"I'm sorry too. I thought you were like Cinder."
He felt really bad about it too. Weiss' face looked disgusted, and she was still looking at him with those eyes when she straightened herself out, giving him a serious look. She looked really pretty when she did that, but she was gay.

"I might..."

She looked like she was swallowing lemon juice.

"I might have been hasty with judging you. I do not wish you dead. I had thought that, well..."

He could understand her. She hadn't been around. Most of what she had heard had been second-hand. He didn't want to rape her, that was wrong.

"I shouldn't have said that to you. Ruby is- She is the girl I love and- And I don't like boys." He understood that.

"But, you're her friend and- And I'd like to be your friend, because Ruby trusts you."

He trusted Ruby too. She was his friend. Weiss was... perhaps not so good a friend, but they were getting better. Just like in the story about the prodigal son who came back home.

"You're good for Ruby."

He said, but he nodded afterwards to confirm it to her. "I'd like to be just your friend. My sister Saphron is like you too. Her wife is nice."

He didn't mind the teasing, Saphron was amazing. She always brought something nice, even if it was just some really odd thing she saw in a store.

He wasn't going to be the one who would bother with keeping a grudge. If Weiss wanted to be his friend, that was good. Weiss smiled at him softly.

"Fall hurt you... Does it still hurt? Yang said that she burned something into your skin."

He looked at her and closed his eyes. It ached a little at times when he sweated a lot.

"It's between my legs." Weiss looked a little queasy at that. She looked like she regretted that she had asked. "She smoked a lot. She put it out and made two L shapes. Yang cares, she said that she didn't want something like that to happen to Ruby too."

Blue eyes looked at him, and he looked around a little nervously. Weiss had a really intense look in her eyes.

"What was that about Ruby? Did that woman say something about her?"

He wasn't sure whether he should tell. It was his word against Cinder's, it wasn't right.

"I'm not sure I should tell. Summer looked really angry when I told her."

Weiss looked worried, as she came closer. She laid a hand on his arm and her eyes looked really deep and emotional.

"You can tell me, I'm your friend. I'm... I'm her girlfriend, you can tell me, right?"

He looked around, hoping that Yang and Ruby would be back soon. He didn't feel very comfortable, as Weiss looked at him with a strict look.
"Please?"

He leaned closer and whispered it in her ear. She inhaled sharply, as she got out of his personal space, a look on her face that was not good.

"No, that wouldn't... She wouldn't but..."

She looked at him with eyes of mistrust and suspicion. He didn't like that. She looked angry.

"Are you going to do something like that to her, Jaune?"

He shook his head, as Weiss seemed to be relieved by that answer, her fingers tracing over her dress, smoothing it out.

"G-good. Not that I thought you would, but..."

She looked and sounded uncertain, which he could understand. He didn't think he'd ever get to have sex with someone before Summer showed him and even now, it just felt awkward. She might have done something wrong, but he didn't really care. Summer was nice and she felt good to him. He could understand that feeling inside her that kept her going.

"I don't want people to hate me, even if I can't understand them."

Nobody wanted to be hated, he knew. Some people did deserve to be hated. Cinder had hated him and he had deserved it, or so she'd said.

"I guess nobody does."

Weiss said, looking at him with her eyes sad. "I've written that letter, though it seems I must... re-write it a bit." She mumbled something under her breath in German, shaking her head, her smile brightening as she saw Ruby appear once more.

"Weiss! Sorry we're late, Yang had to pee too."

Weiss smiled much more genuinely as she saw her girlfriend. He hoped that Yang would smile some too, as she just looked a little weathered. It wasn't like Yang to be looking sad. She deserved to be happy.

He couldn't make her happy, because Yang was gay, just like her sister. She was with Blake and you didn't force yourself between lesbians. That wasn't good.

"Hey there, boyfriend."

Yang came closer and wrapped her arms around him, kissing his cheek and letting him feel her breasts press against him.

"How's my big bad blonde been, huh? Getting bored with the snoozy Schnee?"

She was just playing with him, just toying with him and trying to pretend. It was okay, of course it was. Summer had said that he'd need to keep them safe and happy. He wouldn't fail at that. "We had a talk. We're friends now. Still." He glanced at Weiss, who was quietly talking to Ruby. Blue eyes met his own and she smiled.

A soft kiss to his cheek, as Yang grabbed him by the hand again and squeezed. "I'm happy." She looked happy too. Maybe just trying to act, but she looked happy to his eyes. He liked looking into those eyes.
"How about we go to get something to eat? It's around four, maybe we can just get something and..."

Yang looked at him with a playful look in her eyes, giving a win, a serious expression appearing on her face suddenly. "Yeah, you look fit enough. You can carry the bags." He blinked, looking at her and she smiled again. "Of course not, silly. We're all going to put in the work, if you're up for it."

"We're going to shop too, Weiss! Food, then shopping! We can get that nice new thing that Yang saw in the stores... Ooh, I hope you don't mind if we go and-"

Ruby was chattering at Weiss, who looked charmed by it, her attention never fading from Ruby, not unlike Yang, who smiled at him.

"Going shopping is okay, right?"

Yang's voice was calm, as Ruby tugged Weiss with her, not giving her much of an option as they walked towards the exit.

"I'm not overstimulating you, am I?"

He shook his head. He smiled at her. She was trying, just like mom. Saphron said that she'd like to help out too, if she lived closer. Terra was just busy a lot.

"No. We can go shopping."

Yang's hand was light as it touched him, and she smiled at him, a beautiful smile that made his heart beat a little faster. It was so nice to see her light up like that, almost as if she was interested in him. He smiled back at her and she seemed to enjoy that, her teeth becoming visible.

"Good, I'm... I'm going to look for something nice."

She winked at him and it became hard to stop his heart from beating so fast, his eyes looking everywhere except at her. It was a slow and steady thump-thump-thump that beat faster and faster.

"You look good in anything, Yang."

She smiled at him and pulled him closer, her eyes having a look in them that made his heart's beat increase, coming closer, as her tongue licked over her lips.

"Oh, don't worry... I'll make sure that it'll be just good enough." She smiled and it looked nearly genuine, if he didn't know she was just acting. He wanted her to look at him like that, but she was with Blake. Weiss and Ruby were back together, and Yang and Blake would be together as well.

He stood outside of the store with apparel, waiting for the girls to come out again. Yang had said that it was time for some girl-shopping, and he wondered how long they would take. He checked his phone, trying to keep track of time. He knew that it would be nice to eat with Yang and Ruby, but he wasn't sure whether their father would really like that. He didn't know whether her stepmother would either, on second thought.

"Jaune! Look! Look!"

Ruby nearly leapt at him, holding something in his face. Silver, he noticed immediately, a wrist-bangle, looking like it had been expensive. He caught sight of Weiss looking happily at Ruby, as Ruby nattered along, Yang emerging from the store and giving him a wink. He smiled back, as Ruby said something about silver and how cool and cute it was.
He tuned her out. Yang was looking better than she had, as she sauntered up.

"Alright, girlies... Time to get something to foodinate our bellies."

Her hand was warm in his own, not leaving it. It felt nice and comfortable, the feeling of her hand in his own. It was just pretending, she'd said so, but he would like to hold on to this feeling for a while. She was a good young woman, eighteen soon, if he didn't forget.

The burgers and fries were for Weiss' platinum card, the pale-haired blonde girl looking at him and giving a little nod to say that it was alright. He felt happy, Yang smiling at him and stealing one of his fries right from his fingers, slowly nibbling on it whilst looking into his eyes. She was acting just like in the movies and series, but it was all pretending. Weiss must need to see something like this to feel better, so Yang was just acting.

As she dropped him off at his front door, she fixed Ruby with a look and got out of the car with him.

"Hey, Jaune? Tomorrow we won't be exercising. Wear something nice, Mister boyfriend."

She smiled at him, her eyes looking into his own, a cocky smirk on her lips that she usually wore when she was being bold.

"Let's go on a date, you hunky blonde..."

There was a burning determination in her eyes, as she stood on her tiptoes and gave him another kiss, her lips against his own. She held the kiss for a little while as she just held on, her smaller stature just feeling right. He kissed her back, knowing that it was just her pretending, for her father's benefit.

It was almost saddening to let go of her, her eyes looking up at him. The light of the streetlight made her eyes look almost moist, her breathing a little heavier, as her top looked like it was a little tight. She swallowed, before she straightened her shoulders.

"Tomorrow at eleven I'll pick you up. I demand my boyfriend look fabulous, and I'll leave the evil stepmom at home."

There was confidence in her voice as she said that, and he couldn't deny that she looked fabulous. "I'll be there, looking like your boyfriend should." He said, trying to reaffirm to her that he would do his best. Summer had said that it would be his job to make sure that Yang was happy and safe. He'd make sure that she was safe and that Ruby was happy too.

"Yeah, because we both know how well Blake treats me, right? I'm hoping you do a better job, Jaune."

A light tone of voice, although her voice sounded a little sad. She was still with Blake. This was just another part of working with her on fooling her father.

'It's not real. She's not really telling me that it'd be...'

"I'll do my best. You're not someone I want to see be hurt."

She smiled. That smile made his day worth it, as she patted his side.

"Hey... Don't worry about Blake anymore. She's..." He could see her hesitate, her eyes sad.
"It's going to be over for us soon. She'll be back after the break and- And all will be over between us."

She looked at him with her eyes yearning, as she rubbed over his side. It was natural. She'd be over the little bit with him. They'd be together again, of course. That's how things went for people like him.

Never loved by someone who was beautiful like Yang, always of use. Summer was wrong to say that Yang and Ruby needed someone like him, one of the first things that she'd been wrong about.

'OOf course it'd be over for us soon. I shouldn't have thought that it'd be more than her trying to make sure that she doesn't get into trouble...'

"Don't look at me with that frown on your face, Jaune. Let's have fun tomorrow."

She smiled and he felt himself smile back at her. She was Yang and it was alright. He'd make sure that he would be the boyfriend that would never be real.

"Let's have fun, Yang."

He felt drained, feeling how his body just slowed down.

"Of course. I'm looking forward to making sure that my boyfriend gets a great date out of it. Wear your new clothing, and we'll be a matching pair."

Her lips formed a smile and he couldn't stop himself, as he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her again. It was sweet of her to try and make him believe it too, like she'd actually want to, and she kissed him back, no doubt to humour him.

'it's not real. Cinder was wrong but there's no way that someone as good as Yang could ever...'

She broke the kiss first, her cheeks red, eyes looking at him. "I'd like to do that some more, boyfriend... Hmm... A girl can get used to this, y'know?"

He felt like he was lost, and she was the one bringing him home. He didn't like to be lost, but at this moment, he just couldn't stop himself. If it was a lie, if it was all something that he couldn't ever get, he'd want to believe it for a moment.

'It's all pretending, it's not going to be real, but... but she's nice and she'll be happy. Her father wouldn't want her to be gay, so I'll just help her pretend."

"I'm going to make you happy, Yang."

He didn't want to do anything else. If she'd ask him to hurt himself, he would. She was worth it.

He liked her. He liked her much more than most other girls. Summer was... Summer was less important than Yang.

"Thanks. Keep some of that love in store for me, sweetheart. I'll be the darling of your mother's eye... And probably the girl who'd make your sisters turn pale with jealousy."

She winked. He didn't look at his sisters like he looked at Yang. That was just creepy and something that a loser would do.

"You're already an angel."
She seemed to grow red in the cheeks, looking away, her fingers toying with a few strands of her hair.

"I... I gotta go. Ruby needs to get home and... And we need to get some sleep. She's got a bed-time, yeah."

Ruby didn't look very sleepy. Yang got into the car and then waved at him, driving off. Ruby had started to talk about something and Yang's cheeks were burning red.

'It's just pretending, she said. She wanted to stop pretending. She's with Blake.'

He didn't think Blake deserved Yang, really. Nobody should want to have their girlfriend say that someone could just do things to them that they didn't want.

He entered his parents' house through the front door. He caught sight of his father seated in his chair, looking through a few magazines. The man looked up, his eyes a little wary for a moment before he smiled.

"Hey there, champ. Been with the girls for a while, huh?"

He looked at his father for the longest while before he realized he was supposed to respond. "Oh. Yeah. We went to the cinema. Weiss forgave me. We're friends again." He wasn't sure whether his father knew. Probably. Dad always knew things. Dads were always watching, always waiting. Dad had basically stalked Terra like a deer on her first five dates with Saphron. Mom hadn't liked it, but Dad had been adamant. The rifle had been left home on the fourth date.

"Say, you're still doing those exercises with Ruby's mother, right?"

The man looked at him and there was that moment where Jaune could see worry in his eyes. He shook his head.

"She's currently visiting her best friend. I don't know where she's buried. Yang took over. We went running."

The man's eyes were on him the whole time, as his mother passed by, giving him a small smile as she brushed a hand through his hair.

"Good run? Nice girl?"

His father asked, sounding a little less strict, the edge of his voice blunting, as he watched his father push the page and glance at the magazine for a moment before he answered in reply.

"We ran a little longer. Ruby took me to the cinema with her girlfriend. We had dinner later. It was nice."

He wondered why his heart hadn't calmed down, as his mother passed by again, carrying something in her arms, laundry, he guessed. "Is everything okay?"

"Don't worry about it, Jaune. Everything will be fine."

His mother's voice spoke as she grabbed the bag he'd had on his shoulder, which he allowed her to take. She was going to do the laundry. A lot of sisters meant a lot of laundry.

"No exercise tomorrow, so it's got time to dry."

He said, trying to be helpful. His mother smiled at him, giving him a hug. It was a little tighter than
usually was the case. She was a little emotional.

"Son, I've heard some bad news... Do you remember Frank? The one from the barbecue?"

Jaune nodded, his mother looking a little worried all of a sudden, his father's face more serious than before.

"Are you sure you want to tell him, honey?" The man looked at him and then nodded, clearly deciding that it would be best to do so.

"Jaune's seventeen, darling. He's a big man now, he can hear some bad news."

The man looked up at him. The magazine was closed and Jaune felt a shiver go through him as his father looked seriously.

"Frank's gone bad, son. He's killed a lot of people, and-"

A look that was like dad's usual when he was trying to find the thread of the conversation, when he'd just lost it for a moment.

"And I want you to know that it happens to good people sometimes, when they're under a lot of stress."

That makes sense. Dad knew what was best. Mister Taiyang was a nice man, but at times not so nice when his daughters were threatened.

"Oh. Is he going to kill you?"

His father looked surprised at the question, but glanced at his mother, before shaking his head.

"Not likely, son. I just want you to... Did Summer ever do... weird things? Things that scared you?"

He couldn't really remember when he had been scared by her. He'd been scared by Mister Frank too, but the man had understood. He knew that his father was just trying to look out for him.

"No. She did not scare me."

It was true. His father looked at his mother with a look that was almost certainly 'I told you so'. He hadn't been scared, but Yang had been scared for her mother. Blake had been scared when Summer had torn her off him.

"And this... Blake girl, your mother said something about you getting a blow from her, what's her situation? Is she frightening to you?"

His father asked silly questions. Blake was together with Yang, and it wasn't going to work out well with him in the mix.

"Oh, she's going into therapy. Her mother said that it was something biological. She's lost a baby because her boyfriend stabbed her. It makes her less... cognizant? Hmm..."

He mused aloud. Mrs Belladonna had been nice. His mother looked a little shocked. "Her mother said that she'll be going into therapy though. She's a nice lady."

"Ohhhkay." The man sounded like he wasn't sure. His mother gave him a strict look. "Well... Just be okay, alright? I don't want to hear about my son getting into trouble thanks to someone who's not fully in their right mind." His mother coughed, and his father groused.
"He's in his right mind, woman. There's nothing wrong with our son! Sure, he's got a few hang-ups socially and hasn't brought home a girl yet, but that's okay! I put eight babies in you, he'll have his time to shine. Eesh."

His dad didn't accept that he had autism. He didn't really like to think about it. It was how he was and dad didn't accept that.

"You know what I mean, Jack! They called me when you were out, and I had to answer all those uncomfortable questions about Jaune!"

This was looking like another argument, and he cleared his throat. His mother and father looked at him, his mother's gaze softening.

"Don't worry, sweetie. We're not mad at you, we're just... Not always getting along super. How about you go and get ready for bed? Do you want me to wake you up at seven?"

He shook his head. "She'll be picking me up at eleven." He knew that Yang would be on time. She was not going to be late.

"Who's picking you up at eleven, sweetheart?"

He watched his mother, not sure whether she was properly understanding that Yang was going to pick him up.

"Ruby's sister, the one who's dating Blake. She said it'll be a date. Her dad doesn't like that she's like Saphron."

His mother sighed, as his father merely grumped something about perfectly fine young gentlemen.

"Just make sure not to hurt her, sweetie. We don't want another incident like with Cinder Fall, okay? Always listen to a girl when she says something, and don't touch her anywhere."

He wouldn't. He knew his place, and his mom was just concerned. She hadn't really believed him. She'd seen that picture.

"I won't. She's a nice girl." His mother frowned a little.

"Ruby is a nice girl too, but she's sixteen... You're nearly eighteen, Jaune. I don't want you to go to a bad place."

She was concerned, he knew. He guessed that she meant that he shouldn't go to jail. That's where he'd die. Cinder had said so. The police would come to take him away and he'd die.

"I'll be good. She's with Blake. She doesn't want to do anything with me."

His mother looked concerned, but his father nodded. "Good. Go for a girl that's within your range. If she doesn't want you, there's more fish in the sea." He nodded. Yang was too beautiful for him, she'd never see him as anything more than just the friend of Ruby.

He crawled into bed an hour later after his mother and father had tried to connect a little more, his mother giving him a hug. His father had given him a pat on the shoulder, though that was as close as it got for him.

'I'll do my best, Yang. I'll make sure that you don't lose that beautiful smile. Blake isn't great, and you might hurt a lot, but you can make it work.'
He wasn't good for her, anyways. He was just broken.

Sometimes, a misunderstanding is created by a simple interpretation of the facts. Yang is falling pretty hard, though. Dragonslayer looms!

As a little clarification on some of the comments: Ruby has autism as well, but her case leaves her less socially apt. Mister Frank/Francis Castiglione/Frank Castle is the Punisher from Marvel Comics.

Leave a comment if you've enjoyed this chapter!
**Dress Uniform**

Chapter Summary

**THE DATE!**

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**A date with Yang! It's totally pretending! Yes! There's no reason why she'd be interested! She's gay! (No, she's really not. Bisexual, yes. Interested? Yes.)**

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His alarm clock buzzed in the background and he woke up. He rubbed his face and his eyes, yawning. He had slept well but he'd had the weirdest dream. She'd liked him in that dream and it had been nice.

He checked the time, noticing that it was nine, getting himself into the shower, most of his sisters already done with it around this time. He wasn't going to hurry himself to get himself done, as haste made waste for most things. Scrubbing at his skin with the sponge and some soap, he let his mind wander to what was going to happen today. Yang's face came to mind.

'**We are going on a date today. It's just pretending.'**

He hoped that it wouldn't be like that, really. Yang was someone that always had the answers, being smart and witty and funny. It wasn't something that she had to think about a lot. Her mother was smart too, and both of them were very nice.

He noticed his response, the heat of the shower enough, as the mental image of Yang popped up, the faintest glimmer of craving burning into a blazing sun. His hand was in motion, imagining that beautiful face, hearing her whisper in his ear that she loved him.

'**Cinder was wrong.'**

He snapped out of it, that thought breaking his concentration as he felt the phantom pain, reminded that it was all just pretending. He sighed, his breathing slowly coming down from that panting, frenzied high, a low moan emerging from his lips.

He knew that it was wrong to think about Yang like this. Girls didn't like it when you had sick and twisted thoughts about them, his sisters had said. He couldn't help it though, knowing that Yang was going to be going out on a 'date' with him.

'**I should be ready...’**

He would need to make sure that he was looking as fine as he could, for Yang. That meant getting some extra care for his face. He really didn't mind shaving that much, it more of an afterthought at most days.

He towelled off and sighed, burning in his mind the feeling of how good it had felt to touch himself to the thought of being with someone amazing like Yang. Her mother was someone who knew a lot more about the world than he did.

'**I hope Mister Frank is alright...’**
The man might have gone bad but he had still been someone who had understood. There was something inside the man that called to him, something that was like a siren's call, a moment of understanding and comprehension that he could understand.

He came down from upstairs, wearing only his jeans, slipping into the seat that he usually sat in. His mother was still in the kitchen whilst his father was somewhere else. He didn't really know what dad did during the daytime. Mom was busy at times too.

"Good morning honey."

She kissed his cheek and ran a hand through his hair, a smile on his face, as best as he could make it. You were supposed to love your family, even if you were broken in the head. A good young man was always there for his family. Miss Salem had said that he was someone who saw the world a little differently than most people.

"Good morning."

She was not giving him her full attention as she brushed past him and then put some bread on his plate, a jar of jam set beside it. He made a small grimace as he saw peanut butter in the jam.

'Marble should really get her knife cleaned before she sticks it in the jam.'

He didn't like peanut butter. It was gross and it clung to the roof of your mouth and made you feel like you were tasting something slimy and sticky.

He avoided the peanut butter and put some jam on his slice of bread after having buttered it. He knew that it would be good for him. He checked the clock and then got up after having put his plate into the dishwasher, his mother giving him a smile.

"Good job."

The praise that he got felt a little strange, but his mother did that from time to time. It wasn't that she meant bad things with it. She tried, where dad did not.

He went to his room and then put on the new shirt after putting on some deodorant. She wanted him to look good, so he would try to do his best. He looked into his mirror and gave his best smile, seeing his face twitch into that proper smile, his eyes trying to convey that emotion the best that he could make it.

'Yang is just pretending and she's with Blake.'

He knew that, but still the feeling of going on a date with Yang was something amazing. He grabbed his wallet, just in case. You never knew whether the other party would have enough money, so it wasn't a bad thought to be prepared.

'I want her to feel good too.'

He was just someone who didn't understand the world. People did not understand, nor did they care for what a simpleton like him thought. He walked down the stairs and met his mother again, whose eyebrows rose as she saw his shirt.

"Ooh, a new shirt? When did you buy that one?"

He nodded. It was the one that he'd bought with Yang. The skull on front of it looked kind of cool even though the fabric was dark. It had been something that he'd bought because Yang said that it
made him look nice.

"I bought it a few days ago when out with Yang. Her girlfriend is out of town for a few weeks, so we're going out again today."

His mother's face showed some worry, as her eyes looked around, indecisiveness showing on her face. She straightened the shirt out a little, her eyes going over him and giving her half-smile once more.

"Be a good young man, Jaune. Remember: Don't touch girls when they don't give you permission."

He nodded. He wanted to touch Yang and he wanted to do more with Yang than merely touching, but mom was right. He was not going to touch Yang without her telling him to touch him. She was someone who made him feel good, even if he was broken.

He was outside at five minutes to eleven, waiting for Yang to come and pick him up. He could see the car coming from the distance, Yang behind the steering wheel. Her eyes looked bright and sunny during the morning, her shirt fitting her well. She looked wonderful.

'You look so pretty.'

She opened the car door for him, giving him a smile. He caught sight of the neighbour looking at him, waving at the man. The older man gave a wave back, going back to goggling at Yang and him. He wasn't sure what that was all about, as he sat down. The smell of cigarette smoke was heavy in the car, three butts of cigarettes visible in the car's ashtray. Yang leaned to him and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"Hey there, soldier. Coming with me for some rough and tumble fun?"

She smiled at him and he did the same. She seemed to like it, as her arm gave him a half-hug, her hand resting on the steering wheel still. She wore nice jeans. They fit her well.

"I'm not a soldier. I'd like to have fun with you though."

She smiled at him and then ran her fingers over his spine, up and then down. It felt good. It felt nice. He liked it when she touched him.

"I know, silly. I'm just joking."

'She's just joking.'

She let the car carry them along, going towards the mall. He was sure that they'd make an awkward fit there, but wherever she took him, it was great. He noticed a bag in the backseat, a large bag that looked a little like the bag of weights that she had him carry earlier.

She pulled into the parking lot and parked the car, getting out of the car with a fluid motion, leaving him to get out as well. He did so a little slower than she did, the car locking with a clicking sound, Yang's smile somewhat warmer. She hadn't stopped being amazing, he knew.

His hand grabbed her own and she smiled at him, a smile that made warmth explode through him, her eyes looking into his and her cheeks slightly dusted with red, her other hand grabbing his own.

"Thank you, Jaune."

He didn't really need the thanks, because he was not someone who should be thanked for his
existence. He was just someone who did not need to live unless he made someone happy.

He hoped that she was happy.

"You don't need to thank me. I'm always going to be there for you and Ruby."

You had to be careful with your friends. Ruby could not be hurt and Yang was special. Yang's eyes looked at him, a smile teasing on her lips.

"Going for the full Rose family package, huh? Am I not enough for you as a girlfriend, hmm?"

It was all pretending. Her father might know that she was gay. He looked into her eyes and he felt something hurt in his chest.

"The world without you is a dark place. You're the sun that lights it up."

It was something that he didn't think about, her eyes looking at him and something in them changing. She seemed to have problems breathing, as she just stared at him, swallowing a few times. He really did mean it.

"I mean it."

He had to tell her that he was serious. She was someone who made him feel almost normal.

"Oh."

A soft utterance, as she seemed to breathe in a little heavier, before she smiled at him, her hand leaving his own and wiping at her eyes. The sun must be a little strong in the morning, because she wiped at her eyes.

"That's..."

She tried to say something but she failed to finish her sentence. He smiled at her and she wiped more furiously at her eyes. She didn't really wear makeup much, but he could see that she'd applied some mascara to her eyes.

"I don't know what to say, Jaune."

He smiled still because she didn't need to say anything. She was someone who was warm and was great. That was all that he needed. Even if she was gay, he would still care for her. The secret little thoughts about how sexy she was had to be hidden. Weiss didn't like him like that. Yang probably didn't either.

"Jaune... Did you feel obligated to go on this date with me?"

She said softly, as they walked. She'd done a very quick brushing of her mascara in the car rear-view mirror, fixing her appearance.

"No. You are someone I really would like to go on a date with as a boyfriend and girlfriend."

It wasn't allowed. People like him weren't supposed to want to touch those who were clean of mind. Yang's smile turned warmer, her body bumping against his. It felt nice. It was so nice to not worry about whether someone would shout at him for touching them.

"Ain't this your lucky day, Jaune? One girlfriend going out with her boyfriend, coming right up."
Jaune smiled at her. He'd like to pretend that it was the case. He would pretend then, as long as she needed it. Her stepmother didn't really like it that much, but he knew that he had to be the best boyfriend. Summer had said that she wanted him to be ready for her girls.

"My girlfriend is the prettiest girl in the world."

He didn't care for the fashion models. He cared for her. His hand grabbed hers and squeezed it, and Yang looked happier. She was just pretending, of course, but he just went with it, giving a kiss to her cheek. She turned her head, her nose bumping against his own.

A moment in time, frozen. Her eyes looked into his own as her lips parted and she kissed him. Her hand laid on his hip and his own hand wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer. It wasn't supposed to be between the two of them, yet there was that yearning and craving inside him. He kissed her back, his eyes closing, and she kissed him.

She breathed heavily as she pulled away. A low moan came from her lips. "Not fair, buster... I wasn't prepared for a kiss."

He looked at her and smiled. She smiled back, goofily. It made her look like Ruby did when she was happy, like her mother. Her biological mother had those look that just looked serious, and had a smile on the picture that he'd seen before that was more restrained and less humour-filled than Summer's.

"But I liked it, Mister Boyfriend... So, let's go to our first spot for getting a good shot! Hungry?"

He could eat something, and he nodded. Eating with her was nice.

"Good. Up for a burger? Something to get our tummy filled before we're heading to the movies. I've heard that there's this big ol' tale being set up, three whole movies with about half an hour break in-between. Supposed to be some sort of modern fairytale retelling."

He smiled, and she smiled at him as well. She showed the beautiful side of herself to him without having to force herself to be like this. He wished he could be like her, able to express himself without being broken.

"That sounds nice."

He liked how she seemed to be trying to make this a real date. She was a lesbian, right? It didn't quite feel like that, but she was with Blake.

"Darn right, Jaune. Now, we'd probably get our belly filled. It's going to be eight hours, oof... But supposedly a lot of fun. It shows the tale of someone who was born with privileges in some magical world of Remnant or something. Still better than Lord of the Rings, I'd reckon."

As they walked to the burger place, she kept looking at him with her eyes, a smile never fading from her lips. It felt nice being with her, her hand in his own. It was nice, the touch that she gave him, her eyes warm.

"Going anywhere with you is a blessing."

She looked a little warm in the face, the smile brilliant and wonderful as it rested on her face. Someone shouting – "HEY, BLONDIE!" – made him look to the side, as she did. A look of irritation came to her face as she recognized the voice, though he did not.

A cat Faunus skated up to them, the roller-skates that she wore looking to be the old-fashioned
type, the cat accessories that hung around the teenager's belt looking to be like those Japanese
cartoons. It wasn't something he really had much interest in, aside from a passing mention or two
from Nora. She was the one who watched a lot of that stuff, Ren merely giving a faint sigh at times
when she was asking him whether he would turn into his final form.

"Ooh, ooh! Who's the hunk?"

He didn't think that he was much of a hunk. He was just Jaune, someone who didn't really deserve
to be with such a beautiful girl. Compared to her, he was just average, in his mind.

"Weren't you with the kitty-bitty? Did you trade her in for this new model?"

Yang wasn't looking very happy right now, a look of annoyance on her face, as the roller-skate
wearing Faunus girl made a little circle around them. A curious expression on her face as she did,
her eyes looking him over a few times.

"We broke up, Neon. That's all thanks to you interfering during the run and bugging us in the
locker room. Thanks a lot for that, kitty."

The aggressive words that Yang busied was something that he didn't really like. Of course Blake
and Yang were still together, Yang was just not really telling the truth. The Faunus girl hummed
lightly, as she looked him over.

"And now he's the replacement, huh? How's it feel, boy-toy?"

He looked at the Faunus, not quite understanding. Yang and Blake were together. Yang hadn't
denied it to him, so she must be pretending to be with him for the fooling of the Faunus girl. He
was just pretending to be her boyfriend after all.

'I trust you, Yang.'

"How does what feel?"

The girl's smile widened and Yang's look of irritation were in his eyes, as the Faunus named Neon
gave a soft laugh.

"Her! Is she a loud one, or is she soft? I bet she's loud!"

He didn't get it. Yang's cheeks flushed and she looked like she was going to shout at the Faunus
girl. He didn't like that. Yang shouldn't shout at anyone, because she was wonderful. He'd say the
truth.

"She completes me. I don't think I'll ever find someone who sees me like she does again. When she
smiles, life makes sense."

Yang looked at him and the Faunus girl just stopped. She looked taken aback. He didn't quite see
Yang's expression, but something in the Faunus girl's eyes changed. It looked like embarrassment,
shame and something else. He knew those feelings. He'd been embarrassed and shameful of his
existence when Cinder told him the rules.

"Better keep a hold on this one, Blondie. It isn't often... Damn. I'm jealous now. Saying it aloud
and serious and... damn."

Yang made a soft sound that he couldn't quite identify. She spoke up after a moment.
"I love you, Jaune."

It was all pretend, but he'd said the truth. She was the Yang to his Yin. It might sound like a cheesy joke, but it was not like that. She might just be pretending to like him, but his heart was doing cartwheels and loops, as he turned to her. She looked at him with a look that he'd not really seen before except when Pyrrha had still been very friendly.

"I love you too."

Retards didn't love. He wanted to love her though. She was someone who was something in this world, someone who was a fighter, who made sure that everyone was safe. She was dating Blake and this was all just pretend, but-

Her lips pressed against his own as she held him. He saw the look in her eyes and his arms wrapped around her just a little tighter. A kiss, slowly building up, as she shivered, broken only by a moment where they needed to breathe.

'I think I love you.'

His heart was doing a marathon, as she looked at him and smiled. She looked warm and friendly. Summer had been right. Blake hadn't been right for Yang, because Yang had never smiled like that when around Blake.

"Eh... I think I'm... Yeah, I think I'm going to go."

The Faunus girl on roller-skates said, as Yang's head turned. The smile that was a little like her mom's was on her face, as she motioned for the Faunus to come closer.

"We're getting a burger, why don't you join us? The more the merrier?"

He didn't mind. If Yang wanted anything, he'd make sure that she got what she wanted.

"Oh, I don't think-"

The Faunus had Yang's arm sling over her shoulder, Yang pulling her closer. He steadied the girl a little so she wouldn't fall with her roller-skates.

"By all means, do come along. We're friends, right?"

The way she said the word made him think that they weren't really friends. The Faunus girl looked more uncomfortable, but if Yang wanted her to join them he wouldn't comment on it.

"Well, I guess a burger would be nice."

They got their food. He had made sure that his order was exactly to his specifications. He didn't like it when they added extra stuff to it. A burger should be as he ordered it. Neon's tray he carried, as Yang sat down in one of the seats, leaving Neon to sit down. He was about to sit down next to Neon, but Yang patted the seat next to her.

'Oh yes, boyfriend. She wants me to pretend to be her boyfriend.'

Neon looked a little awkward still, sipping her soda. She looked between the two of them, and then gave a questioning glance at Yang.

"So... Eh, no longer with the pussycat? How'd that happen?"
Yang's eyes were angry, he could tell. Her arm wrapped around his shoulder and he tried to offer her a comforting smile. She smiled at him after a long moment.

"We broke up a few days ago. This guy, he was the focus of her urge to breed."

Neon winced. It seemed to be something of a Faunus thing, apparently. He didn't know much about Faunus biology.

"Ouch. That sucks. So... Deetz, blondie. What's the Balboa of Beacon doing with hot and hunky over here now?"

Yang gave a smile, dipping one of her fries into the mayonnaise. She looked beautiful as she always did, her hair looking to be freshly combed, her eyes glinting a little as she winked at him.

"Well, there's a big reason why he's the boyfriend. It's a very filling thing, at least... when still not properly pumped up."

Neon looked at him with a look that held some sort of morbid curiosity. There was a smile on her face. It looked like she was interested in something, but that might just be hunger. Girls were weird like that.

"Ooh! Ditched the pussy for a John!"

He coughed. That just wasn't right, and the Faunus girl mangled his name too. He wasn't named John.

"It's Jaune. J-a-u-n-e. It isn't John."

Yang smiled at him, ruffling his hair. He smiled at her. Neon gave a soft little sigh.

"It just started to click together, all over the course of a few weeks. He's... I know you Faunus don't have something like that, but he's so honest. He'll keep his word, compared to Blake who is... Blakey."

He nodded at that. Blake was Blake. His attention turned to Neon. He'd better tell her about his status of being born wrongly. She wouldn't like him very much if he exposed himself, but he would be honest for Yang. She deserved nothing but the best.

"I have Autism. It is a pervasive developmental disorder."

Yang's hand touched his thigh and she smiled at him, her white teeth shining in the light.

"And there is nothing wrong with that, Jaune. You are who you are and I am happy to be the girl you love."

He could believe it. If this feeling was love, then it was something that he felt. He smiled at her and just stared into her eyes.

"I don't ever want to make you feel sad, Yang."

She turned to him, gazing into his eyes for what seemed to be an eternity, but was probably just a few seconds. She never stopped smiling at him and she trembled a little, as her smile broadened, and she leaned forward and kissed him again.

That felt wonderful. Explosions of fireworks in his mind, leaning against her and kissing her, feeling the warmth of her skin and smelling the shampoo in her hair.
'It's just pretending...'

The Faunus girl coughed softly, Yang pulling away and looking at her. The Cat Faunus girl seemed to look at them with eyes that held some sort of sadness too. There was an expression on her face that was much like the one some of his sisters had when they saw some romantic movie.

"That's... Damn. All I get is Flynt making me wake up at six in the morning when he's practising for his trumpet stuff and the occasional serenade. I'm happy for you, blondie."

It was genuine, he could tell. Yang smiled at the Faunus girl, letting her attention stay there with the girl. She didn't seem to be bothered by the thought of something like dating him. She was still Yang though. Yang was with Blake, as far as he knew. She was just pretending.

"Jaune, do you think you could get me some more napkins?"

He got up and walked to the dispenser. He could hear Yang starting to talk a little faster behind him, and returned after half a minute with a few napkins. She hadn't said how many she'd wanted, so he'd gotten two. Neon looked at him and gave a nod that he took as approval.

"Buddy, Jaune, I hope you'll have fun today."

The girl got up, her burger having disappeared in some flash of time. Yang smiled at him and gave a smirk, something teasing undoubtedly, at Neon.

"See ya later, Yang. I hope things go great with you two later. You deserve it."

He hoped it would, too. Yang was too wonderful to ignore. The Faunus girl skated off, giving a look back at the two of them, a light smile on her lips. She must've been some friend of Yang's, but he didn't really know many people outside of his own social bubble.

"I'm honest, Jaune."

She said as he started on his burger, her hand patting his thigh. She smiled at him.

"I meant what I said."

He chewed slowly, not quite sure what she meant. She probably meant that there was nothing wrong with him. She was just telling him that she appreciated him for how he was, rather than anything more. She must be, because she was still together with Blake, right?

'She probably wasn't being honest. She said that she had a problem with being honest...'

He wasn't going to give up on Yang, no matter what she did. She was someone who he felt strongly for, feeling more for her than Ruby made him feel.

"We should get to the movies. Mom loves these kinds of movies. She said that she went to see the Lord of the Bracelet movies when they first came out, to the displeasure of my real mom." He could imagine that, knowing Summer as well as he did.

As they got into the theatre, he spotted a familiar face, standing near one of the popcorn stalls, her hair and in a deep brown colour, the woman's head turning and spotting him. A light nod and then turning back, taking a big bucket of popcorn. The bomber jacket that she wore had this really big patch on it, the woman taking the bucket of popcorn with her into the movie theatre.

'I think they've got days off too...'}
He wouldn't make a comment about it. Yang deserved to have no problems with his own problems. He wondered briefly what movie the woman would be watching. He glanced around and then spotted King Kong 3D, which looked like the type that she'd watch.

He'd ran into one of his former teachers from preschool at the movies once. He hadn't guessed the kind woman to be the type to watch something heavy-action like Grimm Terminator IV, but she'd been very knowledgeable about the previous parts.

'Perhaps a drama or something? Even cops have to watch something nice. Dad likes the westerns more than mom does, but mom always likes those romantic comedies that dad pretends to like.'

Meeting familiar faces was not something that he would let hinder him. If Melinda wanted to watch a movie, he'd let her watch a movie.

"Friend of yours, huh?"

Yang asked and he shrugged. He didn't think the woman was a friend, they were more like acquaintances.

"I met her and her partner before. She's a friend of my dad, I guess."

Yang looked at him and smirked. She looked a little like his sisters when they were teasing him.

"Didn't figure you'd go for the type that looks like she's half-wild, eh? You like girls with some hair on their head."

He didn't like girls with short hair like that very much. Yang's hair was nice and long and well-cared for.

"I like you, Yang. I like you more than I ever liked Weiss."

He could be open with her, the smile on her lips enough. It was sweet to see, more than he'd expected. Warm and kind, she was here whilst pretending to be his girlfriend.

"I like you so damn much, Jaune."

She said, her voice sounding like it was honest. He hoped that she'd keep liking him, even after the week was over. She was someone who he would like to stay friends with, even if he died alone.

"Even after your dad leaves?"

She nudged him with her shoulder. It was a nice touch that made him feel like she was just enjoying the sensation he gave her.

'You are someone who deserves love. I can't give you that.'

Yang looked at him and smiled, looking thoughtful for a moment. It made her look innocent, guileless and beautiful.

"Hmmm... Be a good boyfriend for this date and I'll consider it, silly boy."

He was just silly, he guessed. She'd never love him because she liked Blake. That's what he knew. Summer had said that Blake wasn't good for Yang and it had shown itself when they had been out with Blake's mom. He'd be a good boyfriend for this date, and for any more she'd want him to take her on.
"I'll do my best."

He said and she smiled and kissed his cheek. He felt warm on the inside. They got a soda and something to munch on for during the movie, making their way through the darkened theatre to their seats. Yang sat down first as he set the soda in the beaker stand, Yang leaning over. Her face was shrouded in the shadows of the low lighting, her expression concerned.

"So, we'll have a bit of a break before the movie starts. How're you feeling? Am I- Am I doing alright?"

He looked at her, the screen lighting up. A lion roared from the speakers as someone ran over the screen, chased by tigers. An image of a hot Indian actress came up, with the tagline of *The dance of tigers* scrolling past the screen. He turned his gaze to Yang.

"You're wonderful. It feels as if it's a real date."

She seemed to have an unreadable expression on her face, her eyes looking at him with that deliberation in them. She smiled, grabbing his hand. This should be the reverse, but she did it anyways.

"It is a real date, Jaune. To me, it feels real. Blake never..." A sigh came from her lips. She sounded so tired, so worn-out, his hand brushing over her own.

"Blake never went out with me like this. With you, I want to make sure that I get what-"

She paused, his finger stroking over the back of her hand as he gripped hers.

"I'm not leaving you. I meant what I said."

He didn't lie. He didn't tell any lies, because lying was bad. He would be unwilling to live in this world if she was gone. She saw him as just Jaune. Her mother saw him as just being Jaune.

"Thank you. That... That means more to me than you could ever believe. I... I'll tell you after the first movie. Don't worry, Jaune."

He didn't, because she didn't want him to worry. His hand held hers as the advertisements started to roll.

*A Grimm Tale Volume I: The Exodus*

The first movie was just a lot of travelling. The unfortunate circumstances of the protagonist, meeting with several interesting women. Yang laughed a few times at some parts that were funny, before the story stopped with a 'To be continued in A Grimm Tale Volume II: Out next year!'.

The lights came back on slowly and he looked at her. She smiled and winked, licking her lips slowly.

"Well, that was a thing... I hope they get together. I can't say that I blame her for being reticent though. Being a woman of some class, I really hope that she talks to him."

He hoped so too. The woman was hiding her attraction, hiding how she felt. He didn't hide how he felt. He just couldn't stop himself, knowing that he was broken inside and that it would never be fixed.

"Hey there, kiddo's."
Melinda's voice came from the side, the bomber jacket looking a little weathered and worn, the woman's blue hair definitely having looked better on her. She'd changed a lot of her appearance, probably something work-related. Dad had told him that a good combing and a dash of sleep could make someone look like an entirely different person... Perhaps it was like this?

"Hello. Friend of his?"

Yang spoke, speaking for him rather than to have him talk. It was nice that she took the lead, a short nod from Melinda coming, as she indicated him with a nod of the head.

"Yeah, a friend of the family, more like it. We just got back from- well, no place you'd have heard of. Jaune here's got friends in us, right?"

He didn't really think so, but the woman made a friendly appearance, as if there had been nothing bad between the two of them. He smiled. He'd try to make sure that she wouldn't come across as awkward by denying it.

"You helped me. Is your partner alright?"

Melinda's pained grimace was enough to show that the woman was probably out of commission. A shrug, and he watched as the woman pulled out something from a pocket. A phone, and she checked her messages for a moment, wincing a little at the message that she read.

"She's currently puking her guts out. Really bad takeout Chinese back in Arizona. Not the best stuff, but the chicken was great. Ah, my manners, I always forget that I shouldn't be tardy with them. The name's Melinda. I've got the day off, so I was like 'let's go see a movie'. Stupid assholes and their whole 'going on a murder spree' and having us be recalled right back for a damn manhunt and st-"

The woman's voice stopped before she gave a sheepish giggle. "You didn't hear that from me, kiddo's. I'm with law enforcement. I was never here."

She whistled a jaunty tune before she went for the food section again. The bucket of popcorn had been finished, or at least, he thought so.

"She's a friend of dad. She was at a Marine barbecue, I think."

He wasn't sure, but Agent Orange had said that it had to be kind of hush-hush. He didn't think it mattered much. Yang looked doubtful, but didn't say another word.

"Yeah, dad got a message saying that there'd been a guy who'd gone bad last night. He said that it was not a great sterling example of what Corps discipline does..."

Her eyes looked at him and then she paused for a moment, biting her lower lip. She exhaled and then went for a hug. He wasn't sure whether she needed it, but he wrapped a hand around her anyways.

"I'm... Jaune, I'm serious about you."

He looked at her, as she smiled softly.

"You're someone who I can trust, someone who won't suddenly decide that he wants to go and rent me out like some dirty hooker."

Her eyes were yearning, as he shook his head. He was quite convinced that he'd be a wonderful
boyfriend, if she were single. She wasn't though.

He had to remember that, because she made him feel warm and pleasant.

"You're my friend. I'd rather die than to let someone spoil your smile."

She looked at him and shook her head lightly.

"I'm your girlfriend, Jaune. I'm happy you're just... there for me. It feels really good, trust me on that. It feels great, really."

He smiled at her. She didn't have to pretend, but it was nice to feel like she was serious about it. She should feel good every moment of the day.

"You're someone amazing."

She blushed, before she tugged on his arm. It was nice.

"Let's get food, loverboy. We need to keep our energy up!"

They'd bought tickets for the whole marathon, so it wouldn't be too odd to get back to their seat. They were good together, he hoped.

The next instalment in the series was shorter, dealing with a trip on some ship and hunting down this gigantic monster, with more progression in the romance subplot. Jaune thought it amazing to see how the cinematographer had captured that feeling of oppression, and one of the side-plots featuring a young heroine juggling a depressed girlfriend and a younger sister who looked a little like Ruby was just amazing. Ruby would like a scythe with a sniper rifle attachment, undoubtedly.

He didn't spot Melinda as they emerged from the room where the movie was being shown, Yang's hand warm in his own. They got something salty for their snack for the third movie. The third movie had a happy reunion, though Yang said something about how sweet it was to see that the second love interest made a move.

He didn't think much of it. He didn't really watch Asian stuff.

It was early in the evening as they emerged from the cinema, Yang having headed off to the bathroom for a quick moment of refreshing herself. She mumbled something about needing to make sure that she was properly prepared for things.

He took her to a nice restaurant, just as his treat. It wouldn't break the bank. He'd gotten some more money from his mom, just to make sure that she would be happy. You always had to treat a girl nicely on a date, or else you were a loser. His sisters were in agreement with that statement.

As they sat down at the table and Weiss' song played on the radio, Yang gave a soft little smile. Weiss was still making music, being produced to make the hits that were heard on the radio.

"You know, it's been really nice to see you today. Being with you was..."

She looked at him with that warm expression on her face, her eyes not looking away.

"It was wonderful. It is wonderful, Jaune. You're different from Ruby, you're smart and yet, different. I-" She paused, the server asking whether they would like to order something.

She ordered a coke and he ordered a Pepsi. A simple drink, for a simple dinner. He hoped that they
had a nice pizza here. Her eyes met his and she smiled.

"How about we share a pizza, loverboy? That's the romantic thing to do, right?"

He supposed it would be. That movie about the dogs and the spaghetti was a little lame, but his sisters liked to watch it every once in a while.

"That'd be nice. Can we order one?"

As their server went away with their order, Yang smiled at him, her knee nudging against his own. He moved his away and she pressed against him.

"You're the nicest guy I know, Jaune. A lot of guys just think I've got a nice rack."

She spoke quietly, her expression a little doubtful. He could see the look on her face barely change.

"You barely give it a glance. Even when I let you touch them, they're just..."

He shook his head. "I masturbate to you. You are one of the prettiest girls I know, someone who has a bright and sunny personality. You are sexy and you are not ashamed to show your beautiful body to the world."

She smiled at him and it was genuine. She wasn't disgusted with him doing something like that, even though she was just pretending.

"Silly boy. I think it's flattering, though. Best way to be liked is to have a guy stroke himself off to the thought of you, or so mom said."

He shook his head. "I masturbate to you. You are one of the prettiest girls I know, someone who has a bright and sunny personality. You are sexy and you are not ashamed to show your beautiful body to the world."

He looked at her and she shook her head to head him off from apologizing. He felt bad for saying it like that.

"Don't feel bad, I see that look on your face. It's fine, Jaune. You're allowed to touch yourself to thoughts of me."

He blushed a little. She was blunt and forward, ad he hoped that she wasn't mad. She'd given him permission now, though. He wasn't sure whether she would like that.

"Hell, you're a dreamy fellow yourself. I've given the kitty a bit of a beat-up myself to the thought of you a few times, y'know?"

He wasn't sure whether Blake would be happy to be beaten up... but perhaps it was some sort of game that you played with your girlfriend? He didn't know. Ruby was trying to convince him to have sex with her and Weiss but he wasn't going to do that. Ruby shouldn't be getting with someone as sick as he was.

"Your pizza."

The server set the pizza in front of them. Large slices had been cut into the pizza and Yang smiled at him.

"Just as nice and sunny as I am... Ooh, ooh!"

Her excited voice was nice to listen, as he was offered a pizza slice, Yang's eyes lighting up.

"C'mon, take a bite!"
He did. The heat of the spices and the peppers and whatever sauce they'd used was like napalm to his taste buds, his eyes wide as he coughed, swallowing nevertheless because it would be impolite to spit it out, a grin on her face.

"Super hot pepperoni! A guaranteed killer of the taste buds! Revenge for being the killer of my single status, mister boyfriend."

He smiled at her as she chewed down the pizza slice, humming softly to herself with a tune that didn't really carry that well. She didn't really have the singing prowess that Weiss did, but it was something that was hers so it was nice. Yang was just a ball of nice feelings and happiness for him.

As they walked back to the car, she held his hand again. He wondered whether they would exercise again tomorrow. A shy smile on her lips whilst they walked together. People weren't looking at them as if they saw something odd, they were just looking away from them, not quite seeing how weird he was.

'Is this how it feels to be normal?'

They always watched him because he was weird. His father didn't like that much, but his mother had just said that it was how he was. Being with Yang was wonderful. He wanted to keep doing this, but it had to end. She'd asked him to stay with her for as long as it took for Summer to get back. 

"Mom's car was stolen, she's currently stranded in Texas."

Yang mumbled, her voice sounding a little distant, and he realized that they'd reached the parking lot, her eyes looking at him.

"Sucks for her, but she's hitch-hiking back. We might be getting to see dad stay for a little while longer, he'll stay for... I don't know."

Some police cars came by, Jaune ducking a little out of instinct. He didn't like how the sound they made reminded him of the presentation. He'd been innocent, he'd said that he was innocent and they hadn't believed him. He wanted to be nice, he wanted to be liked.

"It's okay, Jaune. They're not coming for you."

A soft smile rested on her lips as she let her fingers stroke through her hair.

"I..."

She sighed, her face cast in shadow, her gaze looking at him.

"I really liked this date, Jaune."

He did too. It'd been more than he'd ever hoped for. She smiled at him, the skull-print shirt fitting her perfectly. His own shirt had the same skull print on it, though their sizes were different. She had a smaller size, but it made her look even more beautiful.

"I meant it when I said that Blake and I were done."

She smiled, an expression of helplessness on her face as she did, as her cheeks went red.

"So..."
She was acting strange. What did this mean? Her arms laid on his shoulders as she kissed him, the kiss full of passion and something more. It was not the dull kiss that he had gotten from Ruby or whatever it was from Blake. It was... nice.

Yang leaned with her back against the side of the car, someone giving a little whoop, her face moving from his own.

"You're the one that I want."

The song from the movie came from her lips, reminded of Summer and the first time that she'd given him pleasure. He could hear it, as she leaned up to him and looked into her eyes. A low humming of the tune, as she smiled at him.

"I've got chills, they're multiplyin', and I'm losing control."

She smiled at him, letting him sing the next parts, before she did her little part. She was probably going to get dirty, but he didn't care. This wasn't like in the movies, but the song was still fitting. She was what he wanted, even if he couldn't get her.

"I love you, you silly little robot boy."

She said, kissing him on the lips. It was a gentle one, one that made his heart beat faster and faster than before.

Applause came from the side and she jerked away, her cheeks flaming. "Nice performance, guys. Really nice. Now go off and do that stuff elsewhere before you just violate the common decency enough to make it file charges against you two lovebirds."

Some people that looked to be college-aged had gathered to watch, and Yang was blushing like mad. He didn't mind that. She looked better than she had been with Blake.

"Yeah, we should head back home. You guys go and be nosy busy-bodies elsewhere, fellas."

She got into the car after opening it up, the suggestions flying from the drunken people. He wondered what punching a donkey was, but he didn't think he'd ask. He didn't really have a female dog though... It sounded like animal abuse.

'Is Blake with Yang also animal abuse? Faunus do have animal traits...'

"Hey, don't take it to heart. They're just jealous of you having a hot bird like me."

He smiled at her. Whatever people said about him would just slide off, whenever he was around her. She made his day better and he was lucky to be her friend. Yang's kisses were like the sun rising on his world.

"You're not a hot bird. You're Yang."

He corrected anyways. She shouldn't call herself a bird. She was a human.

"Hey, I'm a Cockatiel. That makes me Tweety. I think I got rid of Sylvester."

She winked at him and kissed his cheek. They pulled out of the parking lot, the people ambling along. It was nice, sitting next to her. He watched her as she drove, pulling over to one of the parking spaces in front of the house. She turned off the engine, leaning against the steering wheel for a moment, just languishing there for a moment. The light from the dashboard came, as she
looked at the backseat.

She turned to look at him and smiled sweetly at him, her eyes looking him over. The shirt that she wore moved a little as she breathed in and out.

"Hey..."

She looked at him and he blinked, seeing the look in her eyes change a little. She smiled at him and then stretched slowly. His eyes watched the shirt hike up a little, her toned stomach exposed, as she slowly relaxed.

"How'd you like our date, Jaune?"

She was nervous, he reckoned. There was a hint of that in her eyes as her gaze met his own, the feeling in his stomach doing nervous twists. He had enjoyed it a lot. It had felt like it was normal, like he wasn't some sort of degenerate creature that could not feel love.

"Was it... it was okay, wasn't it?"

She sounded confused, hopeful and a bit afraid. She shouldn't, because he had loved it.

"I loved it. It made me feel like I was... just someone normal, instead of being a retard."

He could be honest with her, because she liked him as a friend. That she was with Blake wasn't a problem, she was his friend. She might not like him like that, but it didn't mean that he should make her feel sad.

"You're not retarded, Jaune. Cinder was wrong to make you believe that. She's wrong, Jaune."

He could feel something inside him twist. If Cinder had been wrong...

'Why did she hurt me?'

He looked into Yang's eyes, imploring eyes that asked him questions he could have never thought of. The worry in those eyes was real, as if he was someone who was worth the attentions from a wonderful girl such as herself.

"It was- It's hard, Jaune. It's hard. You're not a retard. You've never been one. Damn it, I want to throttle that woman for giving you the idea that you were less than any of us. I'm not the smartest, I'm fairly stupid but damn it, you're someone that I love."

She looked afraid for a moment, as he looked at her. She was looking into his eyes and he just didn't understand. Why would she worry about that? She might be fooled into loving him because he was a decent boyfriend-fake, but...

'Am I worth someone like her?'

"You're not stupid."

He said, and she smiled softly, before she took a deep breath. She closed her eyes and looked up, whispering something under her breath.

"No, but you're... You."

Her gaze was laden with those emotions as her expression changed to something that he barely
could imagine. It was a look of care, of concern.

"Don't worry about it, Jaune. Let's wait until mom comes back and we'll have a chat. Mom probably knows how to explain things better than I can, because I fuck up all the time."

She looked at him with a look and he shook his head. She did not fuck up all the time. He was not worth someone like her, but she was someone who made sure that he was happy. That was worth more to him than all the money in the world.

"You never make a mistake. I like you because of that. I-"

He said it anyways, because he knew that she might not believe him. If he had to be wrong, then he'd just be wrong and they could talk about it.

"I love you."

It was wrong, weird and unusual to say, but they were alone here, her eyes taking that queer expression, her tongue licking over her lips. She was busy with just staring at him. He waited for the look of disgust, but she just smiled. She was with Blake and she was not into him, but if this feeling was love, he would better say it.

Her lips parted into a smile that took his breath away. He watched her as she grabbed his shoulders and kissed him. It was amazing. He noticed that time was ticking on the display, minutes passing, just kissing her.

'I love you.'

She broke the kiss, smiling at him. A moment, as she took a deeper breath than before, as she looked into his eyes. A soft smile was playing on her lips.

"Want to show me your room, Jaune?"

He smiled. She was undoubtedly curious about his room. Ruby had been there a lot, but he was sure that she wouldn't really like it. It was just a room. He didn't really have many posters, like Yang had. If she wanted to see his room, he supposed he could get her something. It was still relatively early in the evening, it wasn't even nine yet.

"If you want? It's nothing really special. Just my room."

Her confident smile made his heart beat a little faster. She was like a beautiful prospect wrapped in a fun feeling.

"Sure thing, let me get the car locked up."

He got out of the car, watching as she reached for something, tucking it into a pocket. The keys to the car were in her hands as she locked the car up, and walked with him to the door. He opened it with the key that had been located under the nearest flowerpot and then allowed her entrance to the family home. The sound of the television came from the living room. She winked at him.

"Lead the way, lover boy... Show me what you've got."

He would normally search his mother out to say that he was home and see whether his sisters were around, but he had a guest. He should do what he wanted to make sure that she was happy, and if she wanted to see his room, he would show her his room. He smiled again. He hoped that she'd like his room before she left to go back home.
"The middle stair creaks a little. Avoid that one. Marble gets really crabby when she's woken up. She usually sleeps around this time."

She smiled, avoiding the step, taking care to follow his lead. He opened the door for her and she entered. It was just his room. His bed wasn't really made up yet, and he knew that he probably should do something about that. "Ah, it's messy. Sorry."

"No, it's okay."

She sat herself down on the bed, looking at his room. The walls were decked out with the wallpaper that'd been 'outdated' according to one of his sisters, but the desk was still good, the computer that had been set up on his desk functioning well enough despite it being outdated.

"Do you think you could go down and fetch my bag from the car?"

She smiled sweetly at him, straightening the bedsheets a little. It must be a girl thing to straighten things. Mom said that it was a nice thing to do, a neat room. He wasn't very neat at times. Cleaning day was every weekend on schooldays.

"I'll clean up a bit here."

He saw the car keys and blinked. He guessed that he could. If she needed her bag, he'd get it for her. He watched her start to tidy up a little, taking a moment to look at her body, feeling a flash of desire go through him.

If Cinder was wrong, he would rather love Yang.

He walked with the bag from the car up to the house, opening the door up again, meeting his mother in the hallway. She was looking a little peaky, her eyes going at him and at the bag.

"More laundry?"

She asked dryly, and he didn't really correct her. He didn't know what was in the bag, but if Yang wanted it, she'd undoubtedly have something to do with it.

"I'll put it away myself. Do we still have cans of Pepsi?"

He could at least bring Yang something to drink. You got drinks for guests, or else you were rude. His mother ruffled his hair, smiling softly.

"There's a few in the fridge. Don't drink too much before bed, okay? Everything's going to be just fine."

He knew that it would be fine. Yang was here to see his room and then she'd leave and tomorrow they'd be exercising again, he hoped.

He walked into the living room with two cans of Pepsi in his hands, coming in just in time to see the news, a picture of Mister Frank on the TV screen.

**MANHUNT STILL ONGOING. SUSPECT IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS.**

His sisters were looking at the television, several different stages of annoyance on their face. His father's expression was pensive, looking at the news and then giving a soft sigh. He looked like he had something to say. The television changed channels and a small cheer went up when Say Yes to the Gown came on, the wedding gowns looking interesting. He didn't really care much for the
program, so he went upstairs, picking up Yang's bag as he did.

He opened the door and entered, noticing a few things right off the bat. His bed had been made up and there was a neat stack of folded clothing at the base of the bed, a shirt that was much like his own already folded, laid upon the jeans that Yang had worn today.

She was smiling and topless, the round mounds bouncing a little as she shifted, the underwear that she had on guarding her womanhood from his eyes, and the odd feeling inside him was stronger. His mouth felt dry, the cans of Pepsi in his hand starting to feel heavy.

"Close the door, Jaune."

He did, and she got up. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce. Every step made them bounce, orbs that normally were covered, bounding and bouncing, her eyes looking into his own with a daring glint.

"You know, when a girl wants to go up to your room, she's asking for a certain thing..."

Her lips pressed against his own, a kiss that made him react to her. Her eyes looked into his as she brushed a finger over his chest. It felt good. It felt better than good.

"You're still too dressed, Jaune..."

She stepped towards the bed, a hand pushing the underwear down. He just stood there, looking at her as she stepped out of her underwear. His pants felt very tight.

'She's naked!'

She sat down on the bed, looking at him and then beckoning to him with a finger. He could see her bare body. His body was reacting to her, as arousal flowed through him like a drug.

"Put the drinks down. Put the bag down too, whilst you're at it."

He did, still looking at her. There were emotions going through him but he just felt numb, the whole sensation of his groin throbbing, her body laid back, supported by her elbows, legs half-spread. He could see everything. She was here, in his room. Naked.

'Am I dreaming?'

"Let's make this date end with a Yang, Jaune."

His eyes went back up to her face. She looked uncertain for a moment and doubtful. He decided to ask, because he knew that he should ask for her consent.

"Is it okay to touch you?"

She smiled, getting more upright. Her breasts were like hypnotizing pads, bouncing slowly with the motion. They were nice and round.

"If you don't touch me right now, I'm going to be thinking I'm not sexy enough for you, robot boy."

She winked, smiling at him. That was clear to him. That was her saying that she wanted to be touched.

'Mom was right. Asking first always helps.'
Bow chicka wow wow.

Yes, cliffyanger.

I am pretty darn certain that there is going to be rejoicing in the comments section about this direction the story is taking.

Smut next chapter.

Leave a comment, ladies and gentlemen! I appreciate that!
Well, the Yang is here. She wants it.

Jaune watched her as she changed her manner of seating a little. The smile on her lips was still hesitant, but he joined her on the bed. She moved, and her body moved in interesting ways. She was beautiful in his eyes.

"You're sweet, Jaune."

She smiled at him with that light little smile that came so easy to her, his hands touching her. A shiver ran over her body as he tested the skin with his fingertips, her lilac eyes staring at him, her breasts like the goalposts, as his hands slowly slid up. He looked her in the eyes. She must be thinking to repay him, but…

'What if…'

"What's wrong, Jaune?" She sounded gentle. He didn't want to hurt her, he didn't want to make her feel worth any less than the sun she was.

"If it's scary, we can just…"

He looked into her eyes. He felt the desire inside him, her eyes looking down, hesitant and a little awkward. Just like how he felt.

"No. But…"

She was with Blake, right? She was in a relationship with someone else, not something that he could immediately cast aside. That would be cheating and that wasn't good.

"But what?"

He looked up again, his hands stopping. He wasn't sure. She said to touch her, but he wasn't sure whether it was fully alright.

"Aren't you…"

He feared to say this. He didn't want to hurt her, but she was with Blake. It was all to pretend, and this went beyond pretending.

"Are you worried I'm going to hurt you like Cinder did?"

She sounded gentle, caring. He shook his head. No, he would be able to take the pain, even if she stabbed him. She was Yang.

"Aren't you still with Blake?"
She blinked, before a bitter smile came on her face, as she realized something. She was smarter than she gave herself credit for, smarter than she seemed to acknowledge verbally, but that was good.

"I broke up with her, Jaune. I mean that. And... And I'm serious about you."

His eyes felt a little wet. It wasn't raining indoors, and there wasn't a leaky tap above his room. Was this what crying was?

"Now, don't cry. It's... fine."

He couldn't stop. He was crying because he felt something for her. It was real. He felt things.

"So... today?"

She smiled that beautiful smile again, her hand brushing over his cheek. She looked so beautiful to him. "It was the nicest date anyone's ever taken me on, Jaune. I..." She seemed to inhale sharply for a moment, looking into his eyes. He didn't want to look away, because she had his whole attention.

"Let's stop pretending now, Jaune. We're now official, okay? Boyfriend and girlfriend. I- I-"

She smiled at him and there were tears from her too. She pulled him close, against her. He was mildly concerned that she'd hurt her back, but she wasn't stopping.

"I'm probably going to be the worst girlfriend ever, but- But I'll never leave you, okay?"

He looked into her eyes and gave a small nod. If she never wanted to leave him, he'd be happy.

"Jaune, are you?"

He didn't know what he was, but he knew that his heart was beating faster, as his hands grabbed her head and he kissed her, full-on on the lips. She wasn't resisting, a low moan coming from her mouth as it came from his, mixing together in the space between their locked lips. He was not going to give up this chance.

It felt like hours, when it really was just forty seconds, her eyes looking at him, a smile on her lips. "I'll be with you for as long as you want to keep me around. I know I'm not-" She placed a finger against his lip, shaking her head.

"No, you're just not the most socially aware, Jaune. That's okay. Let me handle things, if you need someone to handle them. You just stay like you are, and-"

She smiled that wonderful smile again.

"And I'll love you, no matter what."

He looked at his... girlfriend. This was his girlfriend. A GIRLFRIEND.

That was almost like a wife, but not really yet. They could still break up. They could still decide to go their separate ways. He wouldn't let that happen. He looked at her and he made that decision. If Yang wanted him to do something, he would do it without any question.

"I'll never let you go."

He repeated the line from that boat movie, because it fit. He didn't want to let go of her as she
smiled, her lips quirking into that delightful smile. She was too pretty for someone like him, but she had said it. They were together.

"Now, my boyfriend is entirely too dressed for this type of thing… Jaune, I want you to know that I want this. I want to give you my first time, with a guy, at least. If you want me to just lay here with you and hold you, that's okay too. We take this as slow as you want to, okay?"

She was wonderful. He got up, smiling at her. "I'll get naked." He didn't care anymore about what people thought. Stripping off the shirt and folding it and setting it beside her own set, but with the shirt on the bottom rather than the jeans on top, he allowed himself a moment to gather himself.

'It's… It's real. She wants to do that with me, even if Cinder said that you'd have to be crazy to love someone like me… It's real.'

He would cherish this moment, these words, for the rest of his life, come what may come. He turned his head to see her on the bed, languidly stretching. She was beautiful. No matter what, he would make sure that she would feel wonderful.

Even if he did not think like regular humans did, he would make her happy.

"So… Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"

Her voice was soft as he approached the bed, her eyes looking down at his groin. She was pulling out something, a pack of condoms. He looked into her eyes, knowing that she was like her mother. She was just as prepared for everything, just as wonderful as her mother was.

"I'm never sad to see you. When you are around, everything feels right. It's just my penis though."

He said with conviction, knowing that she would always want the truth from me. She giggled, which made him smile too.

"Hey, don't go all logical on me, robot boy…"

She got up, her breasts wobbling slowly as her hands grabbed his hips, right at the underwear. She looked at him, her eyes meeting his. A soft smile, a quirk of the lips and fingernails digging lightly into the skin.

"Are you comfortable, Jaune?"

He felt pleasure simply from her touch. She could see him, with how close she was. Her breath was warm, her eyes looking down at him, closing for a moment.

"With you, I don't feel uncomfortable. Cinder just kicked when I got like this."

She smiled softly, her hands slowly tugging the underwear down. The fabric strained lightly, as his penis fought against the downward pull.

"She's wrong. It looks-"

She tugged the underwear down more and he rose, her eyes going cross-eyed for a moment as her nose was flicked by the tip. A look of agog awareness came to her face as she exhaled. Her cheeks turned a deep red as her hands left his underwear. He stepped out of it, just making sure that she had better access.

"Oh… damn. That's…"
She swallowed, looking a little nervous. He knew that it was something to be ashamed of, her hands still on his hips. She looked at him, taking a deep breath. Her nose bumped against it and she giggled softly.

"You've been holding out on me, robot boy… Damn, if the other girls had known…"

He guessed that they would've been disgusted as well. He wasn't someone worthy of someone as divine as Yang. She was someone special. She was pure and wonderful, not even comparable to someone as disgusting as he was.

"If you want to stop, I-"

She looked at him with an alarmed look. That wasn't super-good.

"No! No, this is good. I like it."

He liked that. His manhood throbbed in her hands, which looked surprisingly small compared to his own. It was probably because she was a girl. She came closer, her breath touching the tip, a droplet of pre-cum already growing on the head.

"Damn, I'm…"

She looked at him, giving him a cautious look. "If it hurts, say so, okay? I'm not experienced at this, but I've heard that it feels really good for boys."

He made to say something, but then felt her lips wrap around the head, a soft suckling kiss. He blanked. His hands grabbed her hair, anything to steady himself. Her hands supported herself on his thighs as she gave a slow suckle. It was like lightning went up and down his spine as he felt himself growing even harder.

"Tastes… eh. I'll get used to it, eventually. There's going to be a lot more where that came from, Jaune."

She let her tongue slide over the underside of the head, the sensations making his eyes lose focus. He could feel her tongue, could sense that breath gusting over the sensitive head. A low hum, as he gave a guttural, needy sound, her name on his lips, her tongue slowly rolling up and down.

"That's a good boy… I think you like that, don't you?"

A teasing tone, he noticed on some faint level of awareness. She was divine, her body just…

He just blanked out, feeling how something warm and alive wrapped around his cock. A gagging, choking sound, but it slid lower. He could barely perceive it, her name on his lips, a groaning, moaning and tense sound, even as a 'Glaghsllrrk' sound came from her lips.

"Come on, moan my name more, Jaune… Enjoy me."

A hint of flame in her voice, a hint of heat. He was going to-

His hands jerked and Yang's nose hit his pubes, the fireworks exploding behind his eyelids. He couldn't help it, even as she groaned, gagged and spluttered, the teeth rubbing against the sensitive flesh as he throbbed and exploded, stars shining in his vision as he just felt that release hit him, the pleasurable sensations, as she tried to push him away.

When his orgasm faded, he just felt weak, his grip on her head lost. She pulled away, her cheeks
flushed. A strand of drool and throat-slime hung between his cock and her lips, which she pulled away with a finger. She was breathing heavy.

"Guess you liked that, Jaune."

He did. He felt sorry for forcing her, and was about to say it. She looked at him.

"It was good, okay? It's…" She turned red, as she looked away. "It was…"

The smile on her lips was broader.

"You moaned that you love me. It made me really happy."

He was feeling something that was beyond happy, but he'd hurt her. He'd just forced her down, and he felt bad about that.

"But I hurt you. I shouldn't hurt you."

Her eyes looked at him with a glint in them that was warm and she gave that good smile again. It was a warm and friendly smile that made her light up like a candle in a dark room, like the church they went to during Christmas time.

"No, it's fine. You…"

Her eyes looked at his groin, a kiss given to the head of his cock. She was sweet, he found, because she seemed happy.

"You had an orgasm, Jaune. That's a thing a girl can be proud of, being so hot and wonderful that she's giving her boyfriend an orgasm."

He couldn't help but smile, and Yang smiled goofily back at him. "Plus, I can take a bit of a beating. I'm a tough girl, Jaune. Don't hold back on my accord. I've taken harder punches to the face than you have." There was a softness in her eyes that showed that she trusted him.

"I'd never hurt you."

She smiled brightly again. Her hand started to slowly jerk his cock, her tongue licking over the very sensitive head. She cleaned him up, her eyes looking at him.

"Doesn't taste so bad. I've had worse cough syrup than this."

There was a wink, and he guessed she was joking. Marble complained about it tasting like raw garbage for her ex, but he wasn't sure he should've overheard that.

"Can I return the favour?"

He asked, Yang looking at him and nodding softly. She looked happy, getting onto the bed and spreading her legs.

"Eat my taco like it's tuna breakfast, Jaune." He wasn't sure what that was a reference to, and Yang snorted.

"Sorry, Blake really liked tuna."

She was a cat Faunus, after all. That made some sense. He knelt between her legs, the smell of her body a little sweaty, her skin flushed. He hadn't been touching her much, but she'd been the one to
guide him, so he supposed that it would be right for him to return the favour.

His eyes looked at the hair that grew above the vagina that belonged to the girl that had said she was his girlfriend. He saw the lips push outward, the labia major, if he remembered biology class well enough. She did seem to wait for him, so he lowered his head between her legs. Her hands stroked through his hair, as she spread her legs some more.

"Jaune, okay... Just..."

He wasn't paying attention anymore. He remembered the words that Saphron had told him about doing a good job, half-remembered at the time because she'd been more than a little tipsy. She didn't regularly drink, but when the family barbecue happened, she was known to let go of that desire. Marble drank more than Saphron did, though.

He licked over the outer lips, Yang's body trembling for a moment.

"Jaune, if you don't w-ahh?!

A little shriek, her hands grabbing his head and pushing him closer. He'd pushed his tongue into her, her warmth making him feel warm too. She was like a heated bath, her scent dominating his nostrils, almost indecipherable in its many intricacies but still Yang. No matter if she smelled bad, she was still Yang.

"Yeah, oh... Oh! Ah!"

A soft growl came from her lips as he continued to work, his tongue curling and twisting, just as Saphron had demonstrated, remembering those flushed cheeks and Terra growing progressively redder in the face when Saphron had just given up all restraint and just frenched her... or tried to French her. Connie had been the unfortunate victim as Terra had just ducked out of the way. It was a little like the movie with the kung fu soccer team and the egg. It had been a laugh, even though mom had looked angry at Saphron for a while whilst dad had just laughed his ass off.

"Jaune, oh yes... yes, that's it. That's the spot!"

He was losing track of time and his tongue lingered in one spot. She leaked, and he knew that he might need to change the bed in the morning. She was making a mess, a big wet spot. It wouldn't be comfortable to be like this for her, but she wanted him to feel what it was like, just like her mom had.

"Come on, just clo-ooh."

She dripped. More mess to make, as a low moan came from her lips, turning higher in pitch as he continued along. She was saying something, but he could just focus on this one thing to make her happy, her hands tangling in his hair, something groaned, squeaks and whimpers coming from her lips, as he focused on this one thing. It was like something had just popped and there was no stopping it, as she twitched, her groin bucking against his own.

"Jaune, stop, okay, stop it, alright? I'm..."

She was twitching, and he rose. His face was wet and he definitely needed to air the mattress out. She looked at him, her toes wriggling a little, her legs spread. Wetness coated her pussy lips, her blonde pubic hair matted with juices.

"That was..."
She opened her mouth and her tongue came out, a low 'glahhh' sound coming from her lips as she tried to lift her legs.

"Jesus. And you just didn't stop."

He looked at her. "You needed to feel just as good as I was. I wanted to return the favour." She gave him a long look, swallowing once. She swallowed again, shaking her head.

"I'm so happy with you, Jaune. I'm…" She wiped her eyes and her expression changed slightly.

"I'm sorry."

He didn't understand why she said she was sorry. He didn't really care much, except for that she was someone that had accepted him.

"I love you so damn much, Jaune. It's been but a week or so, but… You're not someone I can just dismiss. I won't. You're someone that cares for me."

He looked at her. That was normal, wasn't it? He cared for her, he cared for Ruby, but Yang was better than Ruby. Ruby was forcing things that he wasn't comfortable with.

"I love you."

She froze up, his hand gently touching her cheek, like he'd seen before in the movies. He wasn't going to give up on this moment, as he kissed her lips. She grimaced a little.

"Like, take a breath mint, dude. I'm tasting myself."

Her voice was teasing, and he got up. He had breath mints somewhere in his room, he thought. Mom had given him a pack before.

"It was a joke, Jaune. But if you do, get me one too. I mean, fresh breath is good."

He came back with the small pack of mints, holding it out for her. The wet spot on his bed was growing bigger, and she was someone who was wonderful. She took the mint and smiled as he took one too.

"Let's have sex now, Jaune. Just… Are you ready to go again?"

He was already growing hard, but he still felt a little tender. He shook his head a little as he did. She gave him that smile and then patted the bed next to her.

"Put that away and then join me, Jaune."

He did as she told him to, sitting next to her. Being naked in bed was just something that felt strange, especially next to a hot girl. She was hot, she was pretty and she was his girlfriend. "Is it fine, Jaune?" She inquired, as her fingers stroked softly over his shaft, her breathing still a little deeper.

"You're wonderful. You love me."

She smiled at him, a warmth in her eyes that he would never like to see fade out. She was so beautiful that it hurt to look at her.

"Who wouldn't love such an adorable lug as you, huh? I mean it, Jaune. I'm your girlfriend and I will stick with you, no matter what. Let's make love, okay?"
The condom package was in her hand and she opened it, holding up the latex sheath for his cock. She looked down at him and then slowly slid it down. She watched it for a moment, as she breathed in and out.

"I guess- I guess this is it. Sex. Do you… Do you want to be on top?"

She looked nervous and she had no right to be. He shook his head. If he was on top, she'd maybe get squished. A smile came to her lips as she understood.

"It's okay if you don't want to be on top, but… Let's try it in the missionary position first, alright? That's how I was made, according to mom. I don't know how she knows that, but- well…"

He watched as she laid on his bed, her head on the pillow. Her hair was laid on the pillow like a golden wave, her eyes looking up at him with that desire in their depths. It was a beautiful vision. He'd have taken a picture if he had a camera, but she might not like that. Pictures were damning, or so his sister said. She'd had some of hers around the internet, which wasn't good.

She spread her legs, the wetness of her vagina looking to make it easy to stick himself in.

"Come on, big boy… Give it to me."

She sounded hesitant still and he watched her, waiting for that permission, her legs parting a little more. It was not the full split that Blake could do, but still she was limbered up. He got between her legs and he looked down at her.

'I want you."

It was a thought that was possessive, that claimed what Yang was. She was Yang, she was beautiful and she wanted to have sex with him.

His manhood pressed against her, a gasping shuddering breath coming from her lips as he pushed himself into her, a low guttural groaning coming from her lips as her arms wrapped around him. Her lips pressed against his own in a kiss as he went slowly. A stiffening of her muscles as her back went rigid and her body then relaxed, feeling the warmth against his balls.

"You're in me, Jaune. G-go on, you can start moving."

He did. She clenched and squeezed on his manhood, shrieks and little giggles coming from her lips. It was *wonderful*. Her legs wrapped around him as she kissed him, peppering them all over his face, lips pressing against his skin as he gave her what she wanted.

At times, she went and shuddered heavily, but that mattered little. She was with him here and he was going to make her come. She deserved an orgasm, even if his first time at giving her oral sex didn't pan out as he should. She hadn't said that she was coming.

That's how it usually happened in porn.

His ejaculation was like an eruption, as he kissed her. Pressing her against the bed, he let her feel him rest atop her, her eyes looking heavy-liddedly at him. She just laid there, panting and gasping. He wasn't sure whether he should do what he had done with Summer or what he had been doing with her.

"That was… woah. Oof. I'm…"

He felt her push him off her and then look down at her groin, her fingers brushing over her pussy.
"That's going to be leaving a burn in the morning, buddy. Oof. That was… *Yeah. Amazing.*"

He smiled at her because she was happy. She slowly rolled the condom off his cock, looking at what he'd shot. It was a little less than average, he reckoned. She made a sound in the back of her throat, looking at him.

"Got a… Nah, I'll treat you *good*, Mister boyfriend. *Six* times, damn… six *fucking* times… I'm a lucky bitch."

He looked at her, not quite understanding why she would be a female dog. She was someone who was more than a dog, after all. She was Yang.

"You're my girlfriend. You're not a bitch."

She chuckled softly at him, which he didn't get. Why was she laughing? "You're not! You're beautiful."

"I was just… Ah, it's starting to drip." Her warm mouth slid over the head and he shuddered. Despite the soreness, he felt himself getting ready again. It was… strange. Was this what love did for you? Was this what love made happen inside your body?

It didn't happen yet, though. He was still limp, but he felt ready to go again, to make her happy again and give her that orgasm that she wanted.

"You know what? Next time, let's do doggy. I've heard about that from mom and it's supposed to hit that spot well with a guy."

There was an eagerness in her voice, much like his own voice when he was passionate about something. She hugged him, her breasts lying against his chest.

"Grab my tits, Jaune. It's time you get to play with these babies."

Her eyes were alight with that happy emotion, and he knew that she was wonderful. Rolling his palms over those large breasts, he felt the burning inside him explode. He kissed her gently on the lips once more, as he let his hands play with them.

Her nipples poked out, pushing them like little buttons, hearing a gasp from her. She was eager to make him happy and he hoped he could do the same. She did not deserve to be sad. That was not allowed in the slightest.

"Let's get you ready for round two, boyfriend."

Her voice lightly dusted with that arousal, she never faded, her gaze warm and friendly. Another condom she placed on him, lovingly moving it and then getting on all fours.

"Do me from behind."

He was getting to like this. Yang liked it too, or she wouldn't offer it to him. He pushed into her and she gasped.

"Fuck… This is different, Jaune just…"

A *loud* moan came from her lips and he groaned her name. "*Yang!*" She shuddered around his manhood, clenching and tensing up. A groan, a tension in her body and she gave a little shriek.
"Start moving, Jaune, please. S-Start m-

A groaning moan ripped itself from her throat as he started to move. He picked up the pace and he did as she asked. Her pleasure was paramount. He would make her get an orgasm. She would be happy, and she would make him know that she was getting her orgasm. Her arm supported her, her fingers splayed out for support.

He moaned her name loudly. He was going to make her feel happy, she was tensing and clenching. A puddle was below her, but that didn't matter. Her voice was growing deeper, more pitched in its feverish manner. That meant she was getting closed. She was just gasping and panting, her utterances of his name coming closer. He would hold on. He had already come two times, and he was now growing slowly number to the pleasure due to the over-use. He could feel that tight clenching hole, and felt himself growing close.

The door opened with some force.

"JAUNE, SHUT THE FUCK UP WITH THAT JERKING OFF! PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO GET SOME FUCKING SLEEP BECAUSE THEY NEED TO Wo-

Marble, his older sister entered with the full fury of someone who'd woken up thanks to him, again, her face most definitely not happy with him. She froze half-way mid-sentence, seemingly just registering that he was with someone. Yang seemed to freeze up as well, just half-gasping, as he continued with the motion. He hit something and he felt himself getting off, a low shudder going through him as he felt the pleasure spark through his body.

Yang made a sound like a strangled cat as she just collapsed, his sister's eyes just following the motion as he felt the pleasure surge around his manhood. At least he had gotten himself up. Yang was trying to get her breath, her cheeks flushed and there being some leaking. She tried to use her hands to get up again but couldn't seem to muster the strength. She made a little puddle. He would clean it in the morning.

"H-hi! I'm Yang, eh… God, Jaune just… Sorry."

He looked at his sister, who still stood there, looking at him as if he'd been doing something special. It wasn't. It was having sex. "We're having sex. I'm not masturbating now. This is Yang. She's my girlfriend." Almost robotically, his sister looked at Yang and then up at him. She blinked a few more times, rubbing her eyes and then staring some more.

"Oh. Eh…"

Marble turned around awkwardly, walking to the door again. "Eh… Yeah. Enjoy. I'll just… sorry for being a bother. Please eh… tone down the volume a little, okay?" The door was shut a little louder than before, and he could hear his sister mumble something about needing a drink.

"She needs to sleep from eight to about four. She works early."

He clarified for Yang, who just looked at him with a mystified look. It was normal that his sisters worked. They had to earn their keep, or so dad had said.

"Guess it's just a cuddle for now, Mister boyfriend…"

She pulled away from him, her hand pulling the condom off and tying it up. He saw the other condom on the side-table, tied off as well. When she had done that, he didn't know. He threw them in the trashbin. That's where trash belonged.
He wrapped his arm around her and she pushed herself against him, still naked. The covers came up as he pulled her even closer. She rested against him. She looked like a doll from those old movies, her nose bumping against his own in a gentle manner. She was his girlfriend and he would not let anything happen to her. She was worth more than anything in the world to him, even Ruby. Ruby was a friend, but Yang was her big sister and his girlfriend.

He slept very well that night. The alarm clock hadn't been set so when the morning sun rose and hit his window with that glare of light, he slowly stirred to life. He looked down, seeing Yang's peacefully sleeping face. He wanted to kiss her. He kissed her after a moment of deliberation. Husbands kissed their wives good morning at the bed in the shows. He wasn't one yet, but if she accepted him...

"Good morning, beautiful."

She whispered softly, her eyes opening, a wince going through her. "Oof, I don't think we'll be exercising much… Mind if we go to the shower though, loverboy? We kind of reek. Or well, I reek and you might smell like me. Gross, as Weiss would put it. Though I'd say you're more Gross than me."

It meant big. He was taller than she was, of course. That was what she meant. He got up, opening the bed up and then stepping out. He got his underwear on again, Yang giving a little smile. There was no blood on the sheets as he could see, which was perhaps normal for virgins? She'd been with Blake though, so that meant that she might have her hymen broken. Or did that mean that girls didn't always bleed?

"Carry me, beautiful."

She said, making a grabby motion. He leaned down and lifted her up. She gave a little wince, a soft mutter of 'damn, that bites' under her breath, holding on to her. She wasn't that heavy, but she was definitely a little heavier than Ruby was. Probably though because of her exercise regimen and general musculature.

"Strong man… Lemme get my underwear first, then we can get to the shower."

She pulled her underwear up, going for the bag. He looked into it, spotting at least three shirts and two sets of jeans. Underwear too. She picked out a nice blue one. The one she'd worn had been nice. Frilly. Girlish.

He opened the door for her, watching how she limped a little, as if she'd pulled a muscle. She leaned against him and he guided her towards the bathroom, knocking on the door once to check if someone was inside. He had glanced at the clock and noticed that it was around the time where most of his sisters were down at the breakfast table.

'I guess she has the shower to herself then.'

"I'll wait outside."

He said, Yang giving him a look, shaking her head. She grabbed his wrist, smiling at him.

"Nope, I need a hand washing. Come on, you're not going to be getting away from me that quickly, buster." He accepted it. Girlfriends and boyfriends did strange stuff for their partners. She was his girlfriend now, so he loved her for all her peculiarities, probably because he was abnormal.

Stepping under the shower with a girl, naked, was something different than he had expected. Yang
smelled nice, as she took the showerhead and washed her body.

"Get the soap, will you? I need to get clean."

He noticed that she hadn't turned the water to the full heat, which was okay. She didn't have to cleanse herself of the dirtiness as he had. He handed her the bar of soap and watched her, grabbing the shampoo and rubbing it into his hair. She would probably need conditioner and shampoo, given that she was a blonde as well. His sisters had the right sorts around at all times, even though they went through a lot of it.

She washed him too, keeping her motions delicate, her body close to him enough to make him feel the warmth wash over his heart. This was love, and she cared for him. He wanted it to not end.

She towelled off with a different towel than he did. His was harder, whilst hers was softer. Mom used different stuff for different types of towels. She deserved nothing but comfort. She smiled at him, her hair still a little damp.

"I love you, Jaune."

She said softly and then grabbed her shirt and pulled it on. It was the same as yesterday, the skull motif standing out, her eyes smiling at him as her face mirrored that warmth. She pulled her pants on and watched him do the same, the shirt worn as well. It hadn't gotten dirty, but she wore a copy of it. It was nice to match.

'You're the sun in my sky.'

He supported her as they descended the stairs, pulling Marble's chair out for Yang and letting her sit down. The chatter continued, several of his sisters giving only a brief look up, before returning to their current occupation.

"Morning Jaune."

His older sister Connie said, before he noticed her look at Marble's usual spot, as he sat himself down in his seat. He grabbed a slice of bread and started to prepare it, aware that Connie had just gotten very quiet. That wasn't much like her. She tended to talk a lot when she was engaged in some discussion about something or the other.

"Hi!"

Yang's bright voice spoke up and there was a sudden very quiet table. He looked up as he reached for the jam. There was peanut butter in the jam again. That wasn't nice. He should tell his sister that it wasn't great to mix flavours and stuff like that. What if someone had a peanut allergy?

"Ah, Hello. And who might eh, you be?"

His mother was delicate in her wording, as he looked at her face, trying to guess at how she felt. Everyone was looking at Yang, his father looking to be pleasantly surprised, giving him a look, the grin not disappearing from the man's face.

"She's Yang, Ruby's big sister. She's my girlfriend."

He could see his sisters giving him a look, and then returning it to Yang, who gave a wave back. His mother seemed to have some time to parse through that. He understood that. He didn't get things the first time either.
"I didn't hear the door open, nor did I-"

His mother seemed to be confused. He'd better clarify that a little.

"Oh, she wanted to see my room last night. We had sex and woke Marble up. Sorry about that."

Yang turned bright red, which wasn't something she should. It was completely normal to have sex, or at least so Saphron had said. Maybe not so handy to say it at the breakfast table, but he would rather not lie to his parents. That was bad.

Expressions varied. His father looked proud, the grin stretching broadly, whilst his mother looked a little distraught. His sisters were in varying states of making funny faces. He remembered about the bed then.

"Oh, we made a mess. Do you think I can use the washing machine?"

His mother just looked a little out of it, nodding once. She was definitely in one of those moments where she needed to gather herself a little to shift gears.

"S-so… Eh… You're Jaune's girlfriend, right?"

Connie asked, having gathered enough of her wits. Yang, still red in the face, nodded. A big smile broke out on her face as she spotted his expression.

"Yeah. I am. He's stuck with me."

Yang smiled at him and he smiled back at her. He liked her, and nobody could stop him from liking her. His mother was just sitting down again, just looking at him, not quite understanding. Her mouth was moving but no sound came out.

"But-"

His father cleared his throat. His father was really smart.

"Well, eh, is your mother… well, Yang?"

He sounded awkward, and Yang looked at the man and blinked a few times. She was as unsure of the subject of discussion as he was.

"She should be. Her car was stolen somewhere though, but-"

His father looked at his girlfriend, Yang looking a little nonplussed. Several of his sisters were starting to sort of rouse themselves from the daze. One of them pulled out her phone and dialled a number, looking giddy and happy, that was good.

"Ah. Okay. There's a dangerous man out there, so I was just-"

The man sounded a little absent, giving him a look. He clarified.

"I don't want Jaune to be hurt again by someone."

Yang gave a soft snort. The sound of Saphron's voice came from his older sister's phone. "Hey, I can barely walk. I don't know what you fed your son when he was growing up, but I'm going to be unable to ride a bike for a day or two. Eesh."

He hoped that she was okay. His sisters gave him a look, weirded out, probably. He looked at
Yang, his father coughing slightly.

"Well, I guess he did a good job. Ain't nothing wrong with him, nope."

Yang nodded. "Damn right. There's nothing wrong with him, and I'll punch anyone's lights out if they go and say something is. He's my boyfriend." He nodded too. That he was. She was his girlfriend and he would fight for her if it was necessary. She wasn't going to be someone that would be forgotten.

"Saphron, it happened! He's got a girlfriend and she's hot!"

The sound of his sister's voice sounded happy for him, which made him smile too. Yang gave a grin.

"Yeah, and he's pretty damn hot too! Blondes gotta stick together!"

There was a shared smile amongst the blonde contingent of sisters at the table, most of them giving him sly looks. There would be some teasing in the future.

"So… How did this all come together? Jaune told me that you were with a girlfriend…"

His mother tried to put it delicately and he could see Yang frown for a brief instant. It was there for a moment and then it was gone.

"It didn't work out. She was not in her right state of mind and tried to rape Jaune because of some fucked up biological urge."

Her eyes looked dark, as she sighed deeply. "Seems to happen a lot, people taking advantage of him. Hell, I even started out as just trying to pretend that he was my boyfriend, but…"

She gave a bitter-looking smile, looking at him straight in the face. "but he gave me the best date ever. He gave me a gift and some perfume a day later. He told me that he thought of me as the sun that shines on his world and that he'd never leave me."

His sisters looked at Yang, and he thought that it was a jealous expression that he could see there. His dad looked like Christmas had come. It was still July, though. That meant that it would be five months later for Christmas.

"That doesn't sound like a good basis for a relationship. What about his autism?"

His mother asked that question and Yang looked at her. There was anger in her eyes.

"I don't care. Compared to what he's been through, I feel like I'm not good enough for him. He loves you all so much that it's painful to see you dismiss him like this. Let him be happy instead of trying to make him feel like he's less, okay?"

His sisters didn't really look very happy with their mother's statement either, Connie giving a little pout. Saphron gave something of a mumble, Connie taking the phone and then starting a quick conversation with Saphron, speaking quickly.

"It's still something that he has, girl. He's not like everyone else, and I don't want you to hurt him."

Yang's eyes were cool as she pressed her lips together tightly. She was being stubborn, but he felt nice. "Sweetheart, how about we're just happy for Jaune, and let sleeping dogs lie, okay?" His father tried to mediate, and Yang simmered down. He held his plate out, the sandwich he'd made
with jam still on it, uneaten.

"Aww, ain't that sweet? He's made me a sandwich. Guess he'll be a good house-husband when I'm punching out people in the ring."

He didn't mind that. He liked it when she was happy. He didn't need much more than that.

She took the sandwich and smiled at him with that wonderful smile again, to which he reciprocated.

"Congratulations! She looks hot! I'm so happy for you!"

Saphron's voice sounded in his ears, imagining Saphron smiling at him. Yang smiled as well, the tension defusing immediately. It was a slow burning inside her but he could see her getting more at ease.

"So, how was he? Good? The sisterhood deserves to know!"

The eldest at the table started to ask questions, Yang giving a bold grin and starting to talk. His father motioned that he should get up, walking with him to the other room. He looked happy, at least. That would probably mean that the talk was going to be nice, rather than a small comment.

"That's quite some girl you've got there, son."

The look on his father's face was proud, as he patted his shoulder, a smile never quite leaving the man's face.

"When things happened with Summer, I feared- But I guess I should've seen it coming. You were trying to sneak into the girl's room for some spank and bang, eh?"

It was a wrong conclusion but he didn't correct his father on it. It wasn't asked for, so he did not.

"Whatever your mother says is hogwash, nonsense. I knew you weren't the type to do anything off, and well... Whatever that Fall woman said, it was all nonsense. I know you, son. You're a guy who would do right by a girl."

His father believed in him, even though he didn't like that he had autism. His father patted his shoulder a few more times, as he grinned.

"So, how was she in bed, huh? Was it great?"

He smiled. It had been wonderful. She had not gotten an orgasm, but he had enjoyed himself. He'd do better next time, and she'd say that she was orgasming, undoubtedly.

"She was amazing. Marble complained about the noise and Yang just sort of collapsed, but it was great. I'll give her an orgasm next time, I hope."

His father gave him a look, that oddly proud paternal look that he had seen a few times before. It was nice, he guessed.

"Good, good. Women aren't that hard to keep. Just make sure to get a good job, provide for them and make sure that you never make them angry before you go to bed." There was some wisdom in that. A good job was important. He knew that. He should perhaps do something with that.

"Doctor Watts said he'd inform Miss Salem of things." His father looked at him and his face
showed confusion.

"About the marks?"

Jaune nodded. His father's eyes looked a little relieved.

"That's good. Does it still hurt?"

Jaune shook his head. It didn't hurt much. It hadn't hurt during sex. Dad always knew things, of course.

"No. The skin is a little raw, but it only hurts when I'm exercising." His father's smile was good, as he gave a smile.

"Do you need some more money for taking your girlfriend out on a date?"

The man asked. Jaune shook his head. He probably wasn't going to go on a date for a bit. Yang said that she had some trouble walking.

They rejoined the rest of the family. Yang was already mostly done with her sandwich. A sandwich laid on his plate, Yang giving a grin.

"Here's the man of the house! Guaranteed to go out with a Yang."

Some of his sisters looked at him with looks that clearly were a little envious. Why, he didn't know. They had always been a little strange, watching those romantic soaps.

"See? We did something right by making him watch those movies! Even if he's got a big di-"

Shushing came from his sisters, as his mother gave a stern look at his sister, who looked at him and waggled her eyebrows.

"Good job, Jaune. She was telling us about your date."

Ah, that made sense. That was logical. "We should go to Ruby's house. Ruby might be worried. Yang's dad might also be. Her stepmother doesn't really like Yang much though." It was important, and Yang looked at him for a moment, before she sighed.

"I'm… I'm not on the best of terms with dad right now. Ruby told him yesterday morning about me and Blake and… Yeah…" She looked uncomfortable.

"Not going to be received very well, but I guess we'd need to go there anyways. I've still got stuff there, and I'll see whether I can just wait it out at a friend's house or something…"

He nodded. She could. She was his girlfriend though. "You can stay with us. Your mom would be gone for a few days more and then everything will be back to normal."

He wouldn't be normal, but she accepted him. Yang smiled at him, looking at him with an expression that should be on her face. He was rude for offering his home to her, but he knew that his mom and dad wouldn't mind.

"We won't make too much noise."

He said to his dad, who gave a look to his mother, who merely looked a little uncomfortable.
"I guess we don't really have a problem with another plate at the dinner table…" His mother said, looking at Yang with some hesitation in her eyes, but his father coughed.

"We'd love to have you, Yang. Someone who can suffer my son's quirks is welcome at our home always."

He hoped that he would have what was needed to keep her. Yang was a treasure he'd cherish forever. She was Yang and she liked him.

"Great. Let's go, Yang."

He knew that she would like to get out, and she smiled at him.

"I'll need a hand to get to the car though. You were amazing. I think I sprained a muscle, you big brute."

He frowned. "You said you didn't mind it if I was rough." He felt a little afraid that he'd been too rough.

"Hey, I put it in myself. It's all on me, I just eh… Misjudged. Seriously, if they ever make a cast of it, I'm ordering two. Eesh, I'm going to be walking funny for an hour or three. You guys fed him something that made him a big boy, ladies. Yang loves!"

He smiled at Yang, because she was amazing. His sisters and mother looked somewhat disapproving, at least in his mother's case, and sick, in his sisters' case. His father was laughing now, a deep belly laugh that made him look much better.

"I told you that it was a trait in the family, honey. You just didn't believe it!"

His mother gave his father a peeved look, whilst his sisters just stared at their father. Nobody really talked.

"Boyfriend, escort me upstairs. I must get my bra back on, before someone gets ideas. Ideas that make your sisters give me weird looks."

She gave him a wink and a broad smile. He wasn't sure what she meant with that. As he escorted her upstairs again, he could hear the conversation spring up behind them. His sisters were going back and forth, Saphron had hung up the phone, which was back into his sister's pocket.

Yang dressed quickly, as he put on some deodorant and started to do the bed, the sheets bunched up and carried towards the laundry hamper. He wasn't sure what to do about the mattress though. It looked still wet and stained. Mom would know something about that, undoubtedly.

She went down with him, still tenderly moving. He might've been too rough. She seemed to wince every time she closed her legs. He hoped that she was alright.

His sister Connie grinned. "Keep our sister-in-law safe, Jaune. Don't go putting any weapons of mass destruction in her, or re-enact Desert Storm!"

The laughter that came from some of his sisters and his father's snort of amusement and his mother's curt 'Constance!' cut that off, as his sister started to defend her.

'She's worthy of marriage. She's too good for me.'

He could see her as his girlfriend, and more. She was a wonderful girl with a smile that made his
"Your bold and brave sister goes to slay the dragon! Tally ho, fair sisters of Arc! Your brother shall guard me!"

More laughter from his sisters and he guessed that they liked Yang. That was good. Terra hadn't been so very well-received. Maybe it was because Saphron had been the partygoer of them all. It was hard to think about such a thing at times though.

'You are the puzzle piece that fits in my world, Yang.'

As she got into the car, the empty bag that she'd gotten with her downstairs on his lap, he noticed that she seemed to be smiling. "I love you." The words just came to him and the smile got even bigger.

"Your sisters are nice. Do they know about… things?"

She made a gesture with her hand that he couldn't quite understand. "With Fall? Do they know? Because I asked and your sister, eh, the one with the big nose and the glasses, didn't seem to know what I was talking about."

He shook his head. Mom and dad knew. The others didn't. His sisters didn't need that on their plate, his mom had said. They didn't really show much interest, unless it was to tease him.

"No, they don't really know. Nobody believed me."

Nobody believed him. They just assumed it, and he'd said the truth. He'd said the truth and he kept repeating it, no matter how much they said that he must've done it. He'd said the truth.

"Jaune? Jaune?! Easy, deep breaths… Calm down. You're safe. Nobody is going to hurt you, Jaune."

He noticed that she was holding him. It was safe, it felt warm and comfortable. It was better than before. He wasn't alone now. He had a girlfriend.

"I believe you, Jaune. If they don't, I don't care. I need my strong boyfriend to protect me too, if I'm weak."

She smiled. She was much stronger than he was.

"Now, let's get my stuff. Dad may shout a lot, but he's not going to hurt me."

They drove quietly, Yang slowing down a little as a cop car came by, her eyes lazily scanning the occupants. He looked away. He didn't like cops, or their cars. It'd been a tiny space free for him. He didn't want to get in one again.

Yang's face was worried for him as she pulled over. "Hey, don't worry. They're not coming for you, Jaune." A softness of her gaze, as she laid her hand on his knee.

"I'll keep you safe, and I'll keep Ruby safe."

They stopped at the driveway, Yang wincing a little and cussing. She looked at him for a moment and sighed. "Not going to get up the stairs, Jaune. Think you can pop in quick and get the contents of my middle drawer? There's where I keep a few sets, neatly ordered. Mom always said that you'd best be prepared. That's what Pound-Town Port said to her, back in Basic."
He nodded. It made sense. He kept sets of his outfits together too. Shirts were in drawer one, pants in number 2 and in 3 were the socks and the tie, if he had to wear one. He didn't like that much though, they choked him a little.

He approached the house, giving a look around. Someone was standing near the garage, leaning against a car. A man whose hair was in a mullet, a prominent gap between his teeth. He wore the uniform.

A tag with Officer S. D. Mann was pinned to his breast and he looked like he didn't really like being here.

"Sorry kid, official business."

There was a cigarette in his mouth as he blew out some smoke. "Wouldn't happen to be with the young blonde who's missing from the household, would ya?" The man threw a look at Yang and he shook his head. She was like a sister to the house and he didn't really think he liked the man much.

"My sister's sister, or so they say. I've got seven, so who knows? I'm one of Ruby's friends. Can I go in?"

It was polite to ask, the man exhaling slowly. A cloud of smoke came from the man's lips, reminding him of Cinder. That was a bad feeling.

"Ah well, guess you've come to visit the girl. Sad thing to see, but eh, not my business."

The officer of the law got into the car, not marked officially as a police vehicle and then started the engine. "If you see her around, do give us a ring. She's run off from home, and- well..." The man shrugged.

He didn't like this.

He opened the front door, hearing an angry voice speak up. He didn't continue further.

"- KNOW THAT, SANDY! YOU FUCKING KNOW THAT I WAS NOT ABLE TO GET CUSTODY BECAUSE OF THAT!"

Yang's father's voice was loud, as something shattered. He hoped that it wasn't anything irreplaceable.

"I just did what was best for our family! The Fall lady said that the boy was a rapist, so I did my duty! It was for your daughters, Taiyang!"

He didn't move a muscle, as angry pacing sounded. The man was cursing, loudly.

"It will all be over soon, once that boy is away and you get Ruby back. We can make a family, and your oldest will be-"

The man made an angry sound, as something crashed against a wall, a bottle shattering.

"You acted on little Intel and just TOLD them that my ex-wife was having a mental breakdown and that she'd attacked someone! Ruby told me about the threat against Blake, but that doesn't mean that I'd get custody!"

The woman's response was loud, Jaune wincing. She was a little too loud for his ears.
"BUT THE GUNS WERE TAKEN AWAY!"

There was an angry sound from the man, as something was set down. Jaune still didn't move, just listening.

"SO WAS RUBY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YANG IS GOING TO DO WHEN SHE HEARS HER YOUNGER SISTER WAS TAKEN AWAY BY CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES, HUH?"

'That's bad."

They'd take him away too. Ruby was probably on the way towards the extermination centres. That's what they did with the bad ones, who couldn't serve the good people. Ruby was smarter than him. The retards who were smart got the bullet first, of course. That was logical. Cinder had spoken with Sandy.

"But she's just a seventeen-year-old girl!"

The man seemed to halt, a laugh coming from his lips. Not a happy laugh, but a laugh that held some dark emotion.

"Just a girl? You think she's just a girl, Sandy? Gods… Summer… Oh fuck, Summer… She always took the words literally… She'd make the caches when we were out and-"

His wife interrupted the man, as he went on a segue.

"I don't understand!"

The man growled something, and Jaune could hear the pacing continue. The man was obviously angry about something if his pacing was as aggressive as it was.

"Summer raised Yang as a Marine, you stupid woman. Fuck, I need to call Qrow. We're going to have to- God, you don't know what you've done. The moment Yang finds out-"

He didn't stay. Yang had to know that they'd taken Ruby. That was important and it was something that he needed to tell her. He didn't want Ruby to die, all because of Cinder. Cinder had power. Cinder was someone who knew what the law was, and retards would all die in fire and ash.

He got to the car, looking at her. "Ruby's gone, Yang. Child protective services took her away. Cinder spoke with Sandy."

The look on her face was like Summer's when he'd told her about the thing with Ruby. He knew that look, and he knew that she needed him. Her eyes were turning red and she was shivering, as her lips made the weirdest smile ever. Anger was within her eyes.

"Si vis pacem, para bellum."

It was Latin, he knew. She spoke the words softly, as her eyes looked at the house and there was that hint of frustration in her body as she turned the key in the ignition once more, shifted gears and turned the car.

"If you want peace, prepare for war. Summer taught me that."

And thus, we see Yang treading upon a path of punishment.

Leave a comment if you'd like!
Merry Christmas!

See you next week!
Chapter Summary

Yang goes to shoot... and she scores. Jaune just follows along as Yang goes through her turmoil.

He didn't mind that she was getting ready for something, as they drove out towards the spot where they'd spent a part of the evening. Yang's eyes were fierce and ready, something that he noticed immediately. There was something in those eyes that both frightened as well as protected him. He wasn't someone who got those little nuances.

"Are you okay?"

He asked. He had to be certain, he had to try to keep her safe as well. That's what a good boyfriend did. She looked at him, her eyes as red as they were, a deep red that seemed to hint at something more, something unstable and unpredictable, a flash of something that didn't even stop with the thoughts. It was a dark, brooding thing, some energy in them.

"They took her, Jaune. They took my little sister."

He could understand that. There was something in Yang's eyes that seemed to burn with an energy of something, a desperation. He wouldn't like it if his sisters were taken, even if they were a little mean sometimes. He'd miss them when they were put in the incinerator, but that wouldn't happen.

He was their brother and he was the youngest, but he would keep them safe. "I wouldn't like it if Ruby was incinerated. Cinder said that it happens to us people who are retarded." She looked at him and gave a bark of laughter, a snarling, angry kind of laughter.

"They might just as well! Children who are taken get put in homes, Jaune. She'll be raped, molested or worse. She's not strong, like you are."

He doubted that, as Yang continued, her steps measured with the faintest hint of a quiver as she looked around.

"I'm not strong."

He wasn't. He was a little weak in the brain, and Yang was the strong one. She looked at him, shaking her head.

"No, no, you're strong, Jaune. You make me happy. When mom and dad met, he hated her guts, but after she bailed him- No, I shouldn't… But..."

A laugh, much like his own when Weiss had called him the R-word. She was snickering, a frightening sound. He hated that, and he hugged her. She calmed down slowly.

"No, don't be sad." He tried. She could not be sad, she could not be mad. She was his girlfriend now and it wasn't allowed.

"If Ruby is kept somewhere, we'll have to free her, we'll-"
She pushed him away, his balance realigning itself, her head turned away. "I'm going to shoot the bitch. Summer said that this day would come, and she wasn't wrong yet. Fuck, I'm-

He hugged her. Killing people was bad, and Yang should not kill people. He might be wrong, but he was someone who could be hurt. She didn't push him away now, her breathing heavy. She was not struggling, but he could see tears.

"She's my only sister, Jaune. I've got to do... something."

Her voice was broken, but she was still whole. She was still here, and she was not giving up on him. "Do something."

"I'm wrong. I can do it for you."

Yang was too beautiful to go to jail. She was too beautiful to go to jail, too wonderful to bother with that burden on her soul. She was his girlfriend and they had sex. She looked at him with those red eyes, the tears not stopping.

"Help, Jaune. Please... I need someone to help me."

She trembled for a moment in his arms, not stopping. Slowly, she whined, her voice like a siren, but he did not let go. If they had taken Ruby away, if she was already a cloud in the sky, well, he'd still be there for her. She was his girlfriend and he loved her.

"You're my girlfriend. That means I will keep you safe."

She kissed him, a kiss that didn't stop, a motion that held flame and passion. A pain inside him, something that was raw and untamed, something cruel and cold and pain, a memory of what had once been.

"I'm not going to let you hurt."

She didn't stop kissing him after he'd said that, her passion growing greater, her hands wrapped around him, her eyes closed, as the tears came from them. She was afraid, but he was there. He'd make sure that she wasn't afraid anymore, because she was Yang and she deserved to be at peace.

"I know."

She whispered, her lips parting, her eyes looking into his own. There was that slowly fading red colour, that momentary hint of something more in those eyes, as she calmed down.

"I know, Jaune. I wanted to..."

She pulled away from him, walking to one of the fallen trees in the meadow, pulling something out from under it. A spade, something used for digging. It was made out of metal and wood, her hand holding it out for him to take.

"Let's get the guns, Jaune. Nobody is taking my little sister and me. I've heard the drill... First they take the kids away, then they're going to say that the person is insane."

He followed behind her like a shadow, watching her. She was muttering, but it didn't matter. She was Yang and she was wonderful. No matter what, she was wonderful, beautiful and better than he was, of course.

"Here, X marks the spot. Not something that people would easily get, of course, but mom was very
thorough. There should be a good two-hundred rounds for the- oh, you don't care much about guns, right?"

He didn't. She was still his girlfriend and he would fight with her, if she wanted to fight. She was someone who didn't care that he was broken in the head.

He started to dig, Yang sitting herself down on the ground, just watching him. He pulled off the shirt, not wanting to get it too dirty, a whistle coming from her lips as she saw the action.

"Good going, loverboy… That's my man, getting muscles!"

The summer heat was still absent this moment of the day, but he worked with precision and speed. She was going to need his help, and he would be glad that she included him. He didn't want her to be alone, not when Ruby was alone too.

'Weiss would be feeling bad.'

He turned his gaze to his girlfriend, which was still an awkward thought in his mind.

"Do you think we should call Weiss?"

Yang looked at him with eyes that held a burden, a load of some level that seemed hard to banish. Pain in her eyes flashed, as she looked at him. "I'll give her a call. Don't worry." There was a phone in her pocket, he knew. It was a mobile phone and Yang had a picture of her mother on it. Summer, of course. Her real mom was dead, after all.

He heard the chest before he saw it. A bonk sound as the spade hit it, as Yang continued to talk to Weiss on the phone. She sounded angry, she sounded upset. Weiss didn't sound happy either, talking loudly. Something about legal claims and such. It was stuff he didn't really care about much. He started to dig around the chest, pushing the dirt away to reveal one of those chests that you could buy at the Depot Home, not locked, thankfully. She looked at him, motioning for him to pull the chest out.

He did as she asked, noticing that it was nearly afternoon now. He'd been digging for an hour and his body smelled bad, but for Yang it was worth it. She was the girlfriend that he'd only had in dreams, even if she was blonde.

She had hung up on Weiss after Weiss had made a promise to do something, and it was good that Weiss did something. Blake was in therapy, after all. He hoped that it would be solved with Blake's issues, because nobody was good when they were doing bad stuff. He hoped that she'd stay away from Yang too. Yang didn't need Blake, she had him now.

Yang pulled the lid open. Like a treasure chest, it opened up and he could see the wrapped packages. Plastic covered things, zip-lock bags that had been arranged, containing bullets and shells. A hand grabbed a large shotgun and Yang checked it, looking at the mechanism with eyes that were sharp.

"Still in good shape, even after we buried it a few years ago… I guess it's true what they say about good ol' guns…"

It was a military shotgun, he knew. It was something that was used by the military, if the loader was any indication. Yang pushed in two shells and then took aim. The finger went nowhere near the trigger until she had seized the aim, the thunderous boom of the shotgun shooting, Yang's body barely rattled by the force, her head turning to look at him. A smile, something easy and with that wonderful brush, her eyes burning red once more.
"Got a bit of kick, Jaune… We're getting you a rifle. Yep. Mama Yang's got a bang for her buck."

He could see a military rifle in the chest too. The boxes of ammunition had been zip-locked and stored, and it was all neat.

He hoped that he wouldn't have to kill people. School shooters were bad. People always looked at them as bad, ever since that Klintold and Harvis couple. He didn't like hurting people. Yang popped the remaining shell out of the shotgun and pocketed it, grabbing the spent shell and putting it in the other pocket. She didn't seem to want to leave a messy place. A good thing, he imagined.

"You know how to fire a rifle, yeah?"

Her voice was concerned, but he nodded. He didn't like the loud noise that it made, but his father had made him practice. Hunting. Fishing. Going for the range to practice. He wasn't super-good, but he was gifted, or so his father said.

"I know."

Her eyes warmed, as she set the shotgun down and hugged him again. She was warm and nice, something in the air that made him tingle and pulse. If she had been her mother, he would have understood. Summer would know what to do, but Yang did not.

"Let's get a target set up and test your accuracy, Jaune. If you're not used to stuff…"

He looked at her and nodded. The practice with your weaponry was good. He had counted ten boxes of rifle ammunition. You had to maintain accuracy, so one box could be missed. There were five boxes of shotgun ammunition and he had spotted eight boxes of nine-millimeter ammunition. The pistols were next to it.

"Now, just make sure that you get the right feeling… Mom is much better than me at this. Something about the way that you hold it, now-"

He knew what to do. Once he had a rifle in his hands, he felt that familiarity. A burst, which meant that it hadn't been properly put to single shot. Burst fire meant you had to be certain that there were no other people around. It hurt people to be shot.

He changed the firing mode towards single-shots, feeling the push of the rifle against him with each shot. Yang was watching, and he felt confidence flood into him. She smiled at him, the shirt that she wore looking good on her. The skull was warped by her breasts in her shirt, and he made sure to watch the safety. Nobody wanted a friendly fire incident, after all.

"Are we going to kill Sandy?"

He asked, just in case. He wasn't sure whether Yang would want to kill the woman, but if someone had to go to jail, it'd be him. He wasn't right in the head. Yang shook her head. That was good. He didn't want to be some crazed gunman. He was crazy, but he didn't really like guns much.

"I want to kill her."

So she would die. He'd do it. Yang was the girl he liked. She looked at him, her eyes desperate, something in them.

"But I won't. I'm…"

She made a frustrated sound deep in her throat, something in those eyes changing. She looked
hesitantly at him, her security shattered for some reason, as she made a sound in the back of her throat.

"Hold me, please. Please Jaune, I-"

He did. He hugged her and laid his head against her shoulder, holding her. She smelled like Yang, some shampoo. She quivered and whimpered against him, sounding like she needed the hug.

"I don't want to lose Ruby. I'm all she's got, mom's gone and-"

Her voice was soft and pained, his hands rubbing her back. She exhaled and inhaled, as she whispered soft things in his ear. He didn't know what it had to do with their current situation, but it was interesting.

"You're the only guy who makes me feel safe. I'm so afraid. I'm so afraid, Jaune. She's all I have left and- And I want to keep Ruby safe."

His girlfriend's tears were there, as he watched her. They sat there, just in the presence of each other, as she told him things.

Summer taking her for trips, just the two of them. Ruby was with Taiyang, her father, whilst Summer made sure that she knew what to do. Summer had been insisting that Yang know what to do, and it didn't sound healthy.

"I don't want to kill people, but if I must…"

She was crying still, her eyes reddish around the eyelids, her breathing heavier. She looked regretful and pained, as she watched him. She watched him, her hand brushing over his chest. He still hadn't worn his shirt.

"I want to hurt Fall. I want to make sure that she's feeling the pain for what she did to you. You're… You're too good for me."

He wasn't really. She was just too bright and wonderful when she did smile. He shook his head softly.

"You don't deserve to hurt, Yang. I'm not good in the head, so I can do what you shouldn't do. It's okay."

Her eyes were wide as she looked at him, tearing up again as she hit his chest with a fist. It didn't hurt much. He'd deserved that flash of pain.

"You shouldn't! You've got people who love you, I love you! I'm not going to let my boyfriend go to jail!"

He would, for her. She was worth a lot more than he was. She looked into his eyes.

"Mom broke when Raven died. I will break like she did when you go to jail, Jaune."

Her tears dripped down her cheeks and she kissed him, her tongue twining around his own. He felt warm, and he knew that she cared and loved.

'Yang.'

They laid there on the ground for a while, his back hurting a little at the stones that he felt pricking his back. It was not a good position to be in, but her eyes just looked at him with a look that was
"Please" don't kill people, Jaune. If anyone deserves not to stain their hands with blood, it's you.

It was more a gunpowder thing, really. If he was shooting people, he'd have to go for body shots. His father had explained that the stopping power of bullets was fairly low, so you'd have to put someone down.

"You don't deserve to kill people either. You're a good woman. I would like to marry you."

He'd said it, and she looked at him, making a sound that was a little like 'uwuwuuu' in its phonetics. It was strange, but he didn't stop to think. She was Yang and she was great. She made him happy and she was someone who didn't stop to think too much.

"I wanted to kill her for what she did. Mom always said that- but…"

She started to cry even harder, and he just held her. Killing was not the option, he thought. Yang didn't deserve to kill people, but if he had to… he would. For Yang. If he was going to die, he'd rather die for a good cause.

"Jaune? Can we go to your house again? I'd like to spend some time with you."

She was serious, his hands not letting go of her. She tried to pull herself free but she couldn't, her body shivering a little.

"Jaune, please, I'm--"

He looked into her eyes. She wasn't happy. She deserved to be happy and smiling, even if Ruby was gone.

"I'm not going to leave you. You're the only one for me."

She had to know that, because it was the truth. She was the one who liked him, rather than Ruby who was like Blake a little bit, hurting Weiss. It wasn't something that he liked. Yang gave a strangled sound, her head pressing against his own.

"Let's… Let's load up the bag, okay? I can tuck the pistol in a holster. Do you need to practice with the pistol? Mom said that it'd come in handy, so she had me practice every week."

He grabbed the pistol, looking at it. He turned the safety to off, taking aim, just like he'd been taught. His sisters had gotten a gun at age 18, for when they moved out. Not much chance of that happening, but it was still a collection in the various gun safes in the house.

He pulled the trigger and felt the gun move slightly in his grip. A perfect shot, apparently. Yang whistled a little.

"My, keep shooting like that and I'm going to be all in awe, Jaune. You might get rights to my hand in marriage."

He looked at her, waiting for her to meet his eyes. He wanted to let her know that he was serious.

"I'll make sure that we can get married, Yang. If I have to climb a mountain, I would. I want to make you an honest woman. I won't cheat. I won't suggest that you make love to my friends. You'll be my wife and my life."

It was perhaps a little quick to offer something like that, but Yang was someone who needed him.
He needed her too, but she was more important than some broken person's mind.

He was okay with being useless, as long as it helped someone. Yang was someone who should have the stars in the sky and the love of someone who really could make her happy, and he wanted to at least try to make her happy.

She made a weird sound and just started to cry even harder. He was serious. She was a good young woman. He wouldn't mind making her his sisters' sister-in-law. She wasn't someone who stopped making him feel happy.

"Jaune, please… please stop."

He looked at her nonplussed, her gaze going down to the ground, a hurt expression on her face.

"I can't take it anymore, I'm… My god, is this how it feels?"

She kissed him, the taste of sweat and her own saliva in his mouth. She was someone who loved passionately, and he knew that it was a good thing. She laid atop him, not giving him time to get the comfortable position that would make his back hurt less, but- But it was okay.

"It's a good thing. It's such a good thing, Jaune. Sandy would be dead if you hadn't… If you hadn't..."

She wasn't a killer. He knew that. He liked her warmth, her emotions always fiery and loving. She wasn't someone who was mean. He kissed her cheeks, tasting the salty taste of her tears. She was just his girlfriend.

"You're not a killer. You're not broken like me." Her face looked at him and she looked away.

"When we… God, why did I go for the guns? Mom said that it was-"

She doubted, but she was unsure. He didn't like seeing her like that. He held her a little tighter. Her shirt was pulled up a little. He trusted her. She wouldn't be wrong.

"Your mother knows what is best for you. You're my girlfriend. Dad always says that a man should fight for his woman. Mom calls him old-fashioned, but if Summer made you learn how to protect Ruby, then it's okay."

Yang gave a soft sound, her eyes looking away. She raised herself up a little, his eyes looking into his own. She gave a squeeze, as she looked down at him.

"She had sex with you. She did a bad thing, she choked you, but- But that's okay. She's…"

He looked at her with a questioning look. Yang looked away. She didn't finish her sentence, until she spoke up, hesitantly.

"I like you so much, Jaune. Do you… Do you want to do things with mom too? Will you-"

He would not. She was his girlfriend and he wanted to marry her. Having sex with your wife's mother was bad.

"No. She said that it was to teach me how to handle her daughters. That is all that it was."

He believed Summer, he believed her words. She had not meant to hurt him. Yang looked at him and smiled, a smile that showed her upper teeth, her eyes holding an uncharacteristic warmth.
"She's... I read her diaries. When she left, I just... I just grabbed the whole box and put it in my room. Dad and I don't really talk much, and with Blake... I've had... I've had a lot of time to read."

There was an honesty in her eyes, something that had been lurking there. It was something that was there, something that couldn't be denied. Yang looked a little weary.

"She's kept records. Notes, little dates. Small annotations, things that didn't make sense. I didn't know that mom did..."

Yang looked uncomfortable, letting out something panicked and uncertain, nearly a little laugh and a giggle, obviously afraid.

"Summer..."

She looked up to the sky, a bitter look on her face. It didn't suit her. A heavy look in her eyes, as she seemed to laugh a very unpleasant laugh. She didn't finish her sentence, just laying her head on his chest. He could hear the rustling of the wind through the trees. A soft feeling, as Yang just kept herself close.

"It's okay, Jaune. I'm not- I'm not leaving you. I'm not-"

Yang looked at him with eyes. He didn't know what she had wanted to say. His hand brushed through her long blonde hair. She looked at him with a morose, heavy look.

"What did Summer write in her diaries that upset you?"

He was a little curious, as Yang looked at him. A pained look, something that she'd not rather say openly, her eyes looking bitterly.

"It's... It's very sad. It's very sad, Jaune. It's not happy."

She couldn't say it. The tears came even more, as she looked at him. She pushed her nose against him.

"I'm... I'm afraid, Jaune. I'm afraid I'll do what mom did."

He looked at her, shaking his head. He wasn't afraid that she would do what her mother did. She was Yang. She wasn't Summer.

"You're my girlfriend. I'm still surprised that you accepted that. I didn't think I'd-" She placed her finger on his lips, shaking her head.

"No, don't be surprised, Jaune. I'm... I'm not used to someone like you, but I am willing to try. To-" She blushed red, looking into his eyes. She kissed him gently again, her eyes looking into his own.

"To be your girlfriend, to- Jaune, if- If I were to leave and go away, would you- Would you come after me?"

He looked at her and tried to imagine her just leaving. He might be depressed then, if he could feel something. She looked at him with a questioning look, waiting.

'No. Retards who don't do things are not good. If you left, I would come after you.'

"I would come after you. If you find someone else, that's too bad for me. I would ask you why you left though."
Talking was good. He wasn't good at it, but Yang was something that was a special topic. He felt like she understood. She kissed him softly on his chin.

"I'm going to be the one who brings home this good guy, Mom. Even if you didn't come home to-

She sighed, hugging him tightly and kissing him again.

"I'll bring him home and make Summer know that he's the guy who's going to give her grandchildren."

He liked that. He would like to make sure that she's happy. When she smiled, it was like the sun rose. Yang got up, looking into his eyes.

"Let's get the guns in the car, Jaune. I'm not going back unarmed. The holster is... well, it should be there. Put it on, and we'll make sure that there's some food in our stomach. I'm kind of hungry, heh."

She looked into his eyes and then brushed a hand over his shoulder. "I'm going to..." She looked away, her teeth gritting. "I'm going to get you what you deserve. You'll... It'll be a long-distance relationship when we go for college, but you deserve someone that looks out for you, no matter what."

He knew that he'd have to get a job to support her, if he wanted to marry her. He'd have to see whether that offer was still open. Doctor Watts had said that it was on the table to take whenever he wanted it.

"Miss Salem would like to meet you, probably."

He knew that he should introduce Yang to the woman, his girlfriend was someone special. Yang smiled softly.

"I'd like to meet the woman who made you meet Cinder..."

There was something angry in Yang's eyes, something angry in her eyes. He shook his head. Miss Salem had understood and she'd been nice and kind.

"She's a good woman. She cares. Not so much for her ex-husband, but she cares."

She was his psychologist, but she had said that she also was someone who had cared for him, more than a psychologist should. He hadn't really believed her, but Cinder had been wrong. Cinder had been right at first, but she'd been wrong other times.

If Yang was one of the people who were raised above all the others with her blonde hair, she was what he deserved. Cinder had said that he had been one of them, before she found out the truth.

"Still..."

She got up and looked at him, a serious look in her deep eyes.

"You don't have to face this alone. I'm here for you." She raised her shotgun and grinned. "And if some loose-lipped hussy with german roots and a bit of a ball burning fetish comes around, it's time to make her look like Berlin. Heil fucking Hitler, bitch."

She winked at him, and he didn't comment on how it was incorrect, since Cinder had never outright said that. He knew that he would have to make the choices, but Yang deserved to be safe.
Miss Salem wasn't going to be happy with him in jail, nor would Yang feel happy.

As they got the guns into the car, the chest put in the back and the hole filled up once more, albeit a little lower, he watched her. She was beautiful. She looked wonderful from behind. He got up behind her and kissed her neck, just like he'd seen before.

"I love you."

It was probably bad, but she didn't respond immediately. Her rear bumped against his groin, a soft exhale coming from her lips.

"Jaune, I'm... Thanks. Going on a killing spree is mom's way... Not... Not mine."

She got into the car first, looking at him. A slow wondering glance, as she turned the key in the ignition. The car rumbled to life, the gun in the holster on his chest feeling heavy. He was seventeen, not allowed to openly carry a gun. It wasn't okay, but he knew how to use it. He felt a little nervous, knowing that they were breaking the law, but Yang wanted to be safe.

He'd keep her safe. She was his girlfriend. She would need to be safe.

They went to the Burger Lord this time, a smaller place than the big chain places. As he sat down, he watched Yang order. She seemed to have no problem with getting food, like he did. She returned ten minutes later with his and her food, the burger grilled. He thought it was beef, but it tasted nice. She looked into his eyes with a smile on her lips, a smile that absorbed him.

"I love you."

She smiled and he was surprised to see her leaning forward, her breasts pressing against the table. He kissed her, and they held it for a moment.

"Well, that isn't a thing I'd ever see, the boxer and the rapist eating dinner together and even kissing. Did you win the lottery, you piece of trash, or are you just blackmailing Titsy Balboa here?"

Jaune frowned, not quite liking Cardin's voice suddenly intruding. Yang's face turned thunderous as she fixed the jock with her best glare.

"Buzz off, Cardin. I said no, and you just can't back up your words. I know what you did."

There was some history, Cardin looking at her with a look that was irritated. His jacket was half-unzipped and Jaune wondered whether he'd come here for food as well. Burger Lord was a nice place.

"Did you have to go for someone who went after something he'd never get otherwise?"

He saw Yang's eyes turn red again, the hand going to the gun. She was going to shoot Cardin because he stressed her, that couldn't happen. He grabbed her hand, giving it a squeeze.

"Hey, you know what they say about your type, huh? I guess I just went for someone wrong in the head, because your type is just too dumb to really get it. Who was it who got failing marks on Calculus, huh? Not this fellow. If I'm going to be a dumb bimbo, I'd best date up from someone who'll blow his knee out and do a Coppernick."

She looked at Cardin, who seemed to get ready to hit her. He didn't want his girlfriend to be hurt,
so he got up. Standing tall as he was, he squared off with him.

"Leave, please."

He didn't want to have Yang get angry at Cardin. She was his girlfriend and Cardin didn't deserve to die. Yang would probably shoot him. He knew that Yang said things she didn't mean sometimes, and that was okay. It was not a problem for him, he was stupid anyways.

"What're you going to do, you piece of trash? Cry to your daddy?"

He wasn't going to cry to his father. His father would just tell him to shoot him, if he had a gun. Dad had an uncomplicated way of looking at the world. Yang made a deep sound in the back of her throat until one of the waitresses came by. A tired-looking look on her face, as she looked between the two of them. Her hair was big and black and bold with her way of wearing it.

"Alright, I'd not like to see trouble here, fellas. Ginger, order something and keep your business outside. Let the two of them enjoy their food and then scram from the place. Whatever you've got against them ain't going to happen in this place. Things're bad enough without violence happening."

Cardin deflated, but the heated look was given at him without failure. The waitress had a very nasal voice that was loud. He was sure that it would come back to haunt him eventually, but Yang looked at him, patting the spot next to her.

"C'mere, sit down, I just… Need a hug."

He sat down and gave her the hug she wanted. She was his girlfriend and that was special. It was something that he would like to guard with his life. Her head rested against his, the waitress returning with two cups of soda.

"Thanks for not causin' a fuss, fellas. The guy didn't notice that you two were packing heat, so, yeah… I'd like ta give you two this on the house, and yeah… What with that whole hullaballoo about a gunman being on the loose, it's better if you're carrying rather than to get, y'know, shot."

Yang smiled whilst he merely squeezed her a little more. She would speak, because he didn't quite know what to say.

"Mom's always said that forewarned is fore-armed… But I guess these guns don't need to be armed, right?" She looked at him as she flexed, his face not changing much in expression.

"I think everything of you is beautiful, even your guns."

It was honest, as she smiled and ruffled his hair.

"Charmer. I'm lucky to have him. Good guy here, yep."

The waitress gave a shake of her head. He finally caught her name tag. Francine Fine. A fitting name.

"Enjoy yourself. If you ever need a nanny, just give a call for Fran. I used to do cosmetic sales, but then there was no money in that."

The waitress strutted off, making a few more trips to other customers, but Yang merely smiled, taking a big bite out of her burger.

"You're cool, Jaune. No matter what Cardin says, you're my boyfriend."
They were words that he could believe. Summer had said that Yang needed someone like him, and he'd found something in Yang. They were now together and she was wonderful.

"Let's go to your home. I want to spend some time with your family."

She was precious, of course. It was going to be alright, he knew that well. He was with Yang.

They entered through the front door, Yang's hand on the bag with the guns. It was insurance, she had said. Sometimes people were unpredictable. He would keep her safe, no matter what happened.

"Hey Jaune, Yang. Did everything go well with your trip to Summer's house?"

His father was busy with something, checking something in the magazine. The news was on, and he caught the newscaster switching to something new.

"Nah, I'm… Yeah, I guess I'll have to impose martial law and claim your son's bed as my sovereign nation, yep. Resistance against the government, yeah."

His father looked up and grinned.

"Go get washed up, kid. You two reek like you've been making love under the open sky."

That wasn't right. He knew that he'd been busy. "I'll join him. Girlfriends gotta make sure that their boyfriend doesn't make a mess, yep." His father arranged things, glancing at the bag.

"Much underwear in there?"

Yang smiled, but he spoke up.

"A shotgun and an assault rifle. Lots of ammunition too."

His father gave him a grin and Yang looked at him, her eyes looking a little scarily. She didn't look so very happy, but his father just laughed, taking it not as seriously as he should.

"Sure thing, just don't make a mess with them 'guns'. Your mother wouldn't appreciate being a grandmother yet."

He was going to correct his father with the proper gun names, but Yang spoke up. "Care to keep the secret though, Mister Arc?" She winked at his father and the man smiled in response.

"Sure thing. Make sure to keep her happy, Jaune." He smiled. Dad was nice.

"I want to marry her. I am going to accept Dr. Watts' offer for the extra lessons to prepare. She won't be married to someone who isn't employed."

He might not like it, but if he got in, he would be making sure that Yang didn't have to work too much. He could make a family with her, and things would be okay, as long as he loved her, which was forever.

"Jesus, did you raise him to be so god-damn cute, or is it just naturally occurring? Because he's been supportive and kind and… Damn."

Yang's swear word wouldn't be making his mother very happy. His father smiled at him.

"Nothing's wrong with him, right?"
He could say something about that, but dad wouldn't accept it. He nodded. Yang smiled and hugged him. She smelled of sweetness.

"We'll be using your shower for a bit, Mister Arc. I don't accept that proposal before I've finished college, so don't get to buying the ring yet."

His youngest older sister gave a little squeal from the side. It was strange how he hadn't noticed it. She looked very happy. Maybe it was time for her favourite show.

"Ohmigosh, this is great. I'm so happy he found someone like you!"

Yang looked a little smug, giving the biggest of grins and hugged him tightly. "Yeah, this big bad boy is mine. Even if people call him a rapist for what Fall did to him, he's going to be my big bad boy, yep."

His father's face turned ugly, as his sister looked at him with eyes that didn't seem to be so happy. She gave him that look that meant that she was curious and wanted to know what it was, starting to speak before noticing dad's face."What is she talking about, Jaune? What happened with Fall?" She didn't look very happy.

"Dad?! Dad, I know that look. You looked just like when Saphron came out of the closet! What happened to Jaune?"

"We're getting to the shower. See ya."

Yang pulled him along, as he heard his father gruffly respond that it was nothing. Yang's eyes were darker, a deeper red colour.

'She doesn't look happy.'

He kissed her cheek, ascending the stairs with her. He noticed that two of his sisters were on the landing, already starting to turn towards them. Constance's eyebrows shot up, a big smile on her face. Marble didn't seem to be home yet.

"Jaune, Yang… Hi! Soooo… Fun date? Got your condoms? We've- well, Marble has some regular ones and-"

Yang smiled, that smile growing bolder. "Try L, if you'd want to wrap this big boy up." His sisters looked at him with a look that wasn't super happy, but it was at least something that they didn't comment on.

"And we're going in the shower. So unless you'd want to listen to the two of us getting some love-making going on, yeah…"

The bag with guns was still there, and he knew that Yang was more than willing to keep them close. His sisters merely gave a shake of the head.

"It's like Marble again… Eesh, it must run in the family."

The shower was warm and hot, Yang washing his back, some of the dirt smudges having left behind marks on his skin. She was humming something, a song or something that she knew, brushing the sponge over his back. He turned around, having reacted to the touch of his girlfriend.

'A girlfriend…'
It was still strange to think of her as a girlfriend. "O-ho! I see a dangerous snake standing right at attention~!" There was a teasing tone to her voice, her hand grabbing a hold of his manhood. Her hand was delicate and soft and the touch made him shiver. She could feel him pulse and throb in her grip, a soft hissing coming from his lips as she sped the pace up, a low groan rumbling from his throat as she touched him. He was aware that she was getting to her knees.

He had to lean against the shower wall as his girlfriend's lips found the 'dangerous snake' and he felt pleasure slip through his system like some sort of electrical pulse. His eyes closed and he groaned loudly, feeling her hands touch over his thighs. He looked down at her, her eyes looking at him, the slow bob of her head, the grazing of teeth over the head of his manhood, a softness in her eyes as she looked up at him, her tongue sliding up and down over his manhood.

"Yang!"

He moaned her name, and her head slid down further, towards the base. Pale flesh slid into a warm hot cave, her breath gusting over the water-drenched pubes, his eyes closing as he enjoyed it. A slow gag-pulse-throb as her head met his pubes, his eyes opening to see her head there, her hair plastered to her scalp.

She moved again, another utterance of her name. He panted and groaned, as her head turned sideways, the large bulging of her cheeks giving him a warmth in his stomach that made him feel even better. She was the girl that he wanted to marry. She gagged as she pushed him down her throat, the feeling of that warmth making him shiver.

She pulled away, facing the spray.

"I love you so damn much, Jaune. No matter what mom says, I'm not giving up on you. You love me."

Her face was wet, her eyes closed to let the water wash over him, her hand pumping slowly over that large shaft of his. She gave a soft growl at him before she took him in her mouth again, opening her mouth to show her teeth touching his manhood. It was a tension, a moment where she looked right into his eyes and he felt the burning in his balls squeezing the need further, her eyes looking pleadingly up at him.

"I love you."

She did something with her mouth, something that made him blank out. When he came to, he was on his butt in the shower, Yang's face smug as she stood.

"Back again, loveboy? Damn, you really needed that, didn't you?"

He didn't know about that. It was nice.

"Do you want me to lick you?"

She moved her groin closer, and his mouth pressed against her slit. Low, throaty groans, moans and whimpers, as he started to work on her. Her hands grabbed his head, as he closed his eyes. There was always irritation if the hot water got in his eyes.

She twitched and quivered, moaning and groaning loudly. Shrieks were peppered with lustful compliments, telling him 'There, yes, ah, fuck, ah, yes... don't stop'. He'd get her to orgasm one of these days. She just tensed up and then gave a big whoop once every time.
"Jaune!"

The door to the shower opened and his youngest sister stepped into the hot and muggy bathroom, Yang giving a little eep, looking out of the shower curtain. He could see the look on Yang's face, not very pleasant at the intrusion.

"Why didn't you tell us?"

He got up slowly, peering out of the shower, his head above Yang's. Modesty wasn't something that she should forget, because his sisters didn't like to look at his body.

"Tell you what?"

He didn't understand. Why should he tell them? What should he tell them?

"About Fall and that rape accusation. Damn it Jaune, you're too damn trusting. Dad said that it was all a humbug, but- We're still your sisters, your big sisters. We don't want our little brother to be hurt."

He was going to reply, but the topic of Cinder was always something that was avoided. He looked at his sister, who looked sad. He thought she looked sad, but it might not be sadness.

"Show her, Jaune."

Yang said it, so he stepped out of the shower. His sister made a disgusted sound, about to turn away, but he nevertheless did what Yang had said him.

"Why are you showing me th-"

He looked at his sister, not sure what Yang wanted to do not. It was his mark, yes. It ached a little. His sister just stared. He lifted, and she gasped.

"She burned him, marking him. Do you know what he said to my mother? It was his destiny, because the mentally broken people deserved to be put in the fucking ovens. I've… Jaune, sweetheart, come back under the shower, let me just… talk with your sister for a bit. You've got to get clean, and I can do a day without conditioner."

His sister looked a little strange, taking a deep breath and just giving him a look, Yang stepping out of the shower and towelling off. He could hear his sister taking some more deep breaths, almost as if she was going to hyperventilate again.

"Oh. That's…"

She looked really sad now, looking at him and her eyes were teary. She looked at him the whole time, he could see through the shower curtain.

"Oh, not my little brother… Damn. Dad was sure that it might've been humbug but… Damn. Jaune, tell me… What did she tell you?"

He told her the truth. She twitched once after hearing it, her face just looking like she'd seen a puppy dying. That hadn't been a nice thing. She'd cried for a week about the sad puppy. She mouthed something and then walked to the sink and started to throw up. She'd always had a bit of a weakness to scary stuff. It wasn't scary though. Cinder had told him what happened to his kind of people and she might have been wrong, but she'd still told him.
"Why would someone kill you? Why would they even get the idea? Jaune, Jaune, whatever that woman said, it was wrong, okay? I don't want to lose my little brother to someone who believes in that whole bullshit about blood and purity and what-not."

Yang grabbed a hold of his sister and disappeared from the bathroom with his sister, leaving him to finish up. He didn't mind having to wait a little for Yang. He made sure that he was clean, and he exited the bathroom, looking at the hallway. Nothing but the emptiness of people, and the sounds of his father below, hammering something together in the garage.

The door to his sister's room was open and his sister peered out. She looked sad and like she'd been crying. Yang looked directly at him from behind him, a look on her face. He felt a little dirty, knowing that his pants had been worn today and they'd been out.

"Get in, Jaune."

She cared, he knew. He entered his youngest sister's room, looking at some of the trophies that she'd collected. She'd been a cheerleader only three years before, having gone for her first year of esoteric studies.

"Jaune, we don't want you to die. Yang told me a little about how you were, and- And it's not right. Mom..."

His sister looked at him with eyes that were going to tear up soon, he guessed. His sister was emotional, even though he couldn't really feel those emotions very well.

"You're a lot of things, but a rapist is not one of those things. You're my little brother and you've been raised well. Saphron would have tanned your hide if you ever started to do things to women without intending to get their permission, you just don't have it in you."

He wasn't going to rape anyone. It wasn't nice to do.

"I don't want to bother you. You're all so great as sisters. You treat me normally like I'm not broken."

She hugged him, blubbery something about never thinking that, that it wasn't true. He wasn't sure what to think about it, just awkwardly patting his sister's back, Yang looking at him with a look that held something of concern and care in it.

"Who'd hate such a nice guy like you? Nobody. You're my boyfriend, so that makes you better than all those guys who're just after some blonde bimbo titties." There was something in the words, something that didn't quite match up. He gave his girlfriend a look.

"You don't have bimbo breasts. I think they're nice and round. Don't get surgery on them. I'd like them to stay natural."

He didn't understand why she started to laugh, or why his sister started to giggle. "See? Lovable goof with a little bit of an extra user manual, but still kind. If he'd raped anyone, they'd be limping for a week."

He pressed his lips together, looking at his girlfriend. Yang gave him a cheeky smile back and he tried to mimic it. "Why?" He asked, unsure how that would come about. He wasn't someone who liked hurting others.

"Oh, it's a size thing, honey. Don't worry too much about it."
He nodded, his chin accidentally tapping his sister's shoulder. He was taller than most people. Ruby was practically tiny compared to him. Her mom too. Smaller.

"Jaune? Do you really believe that we'd let you die?"

His youngest older sister inquired softly. He gave it some thought. Cinder had said so. His family might be better off without him. He nodded. They might be better off without him. Maybe.

"You're pure. Blonde hair, blue eyes. I'm broken. The weak ones die first. We go in the incinerator. We'll all be ashes because it is our destiny."

She trembled a little, her lips quivering, as she looked at him with wide eyes. She didn't really speak up, just kept looking at him.

"That's evil. That's… That's… Wrong. I don't even know what to say to that, because… How can someone be so… so…"

A pained sound, coming from deep in her throat, a desperate, hoping despair within that voice of his sister.

"It's normal. She said that I was special, that my mind put me above all others. Doctor Watts said that I was smart, but I don't believe it. Ruby is smarter."

He wasn't going to comment on it. Yang looked at him with a questioning look. His older sister mumbled something under her breath about 'fancy people'.

"Hey, what's that about his mind?"

His sister looked at Yang and shifted a little, her grip on him not quite shifting. It was nice to be hugged by her, but not when she was crying. That wasn't a good thing.

"He's… Ugh, your sister was advanced a few grades, wasn't she? Special learning program, that stuff, right?"

A nod from his girlfriend, and he really didn't get why she was looking at him like that. His sister jabbed a finger at him.

"It's eh, Jaune, what did you say your test said again?"

He told her. The standard test and the special one. The third one didn't count, but that was because it'd not been timed. If he'd just had a little time, he'd have finished the final addition and completed the puzzle.

"So… Eh, that's numbers, right? What does that have to do with him? Ruby got put there because she was not really challenged much, and it was to help her socialize a little with people who were a little different.

"He's… ugh, Jaune, tell her about that theory thing. The one with the distance between the… sun and whatever that meteor thing was? The one you bugged Johnny with for a week before she relented."

It was all so simple. So he explained it. Yang looked lost after the first minute.

"So… eh, he's good with… celestial bodies?"

He smiled at her. She deserved to hear something nice.
"You've got a celestial body, because you deserve to be my sun."

It was nice to compliment his girlfriend. She was so nice. Yang flushed a little as she looked away.

"This is very cute and all that, but what I'm getting at is… He's not socially skilled, but give him something to really dig into when it comes to something he's interested in and you'll see Einstein. Dad was proud of it, but seriously, he's going to go far. He's… He's my little brother."

A smile on his sister's face, as she looked at him. He looked at Yang. Yang just looked at him as if she was looking at some sort of weird animal. "Sooo… eh, you're like that Emcee dude? Wasn't he the guy who made the atom bomb or something?"

"He actually was more instrumental in developing the field of physics, really. He didn't have much to do with the atom bomb. That is actually boring stuff. I didn't do much reading on it, but I think they could do better. It's just simple stuff."

It wasn't that complicated. You just had to make some adjustments, write it all out for people to see and then make it work. He wasn't getting into the technical specifics, but how it'd been explained to him and how it'd been portrayed in the documentaries, it just felt a little off. They probably were just missing a few extra numbers. It had been a very fleeting interest.

'It's not likely that people keep up with it."

Yang looked at him with a smirk on her lips.

"Oh, you'd like to give me an atom bomb, huh? How about you do me one better and give me your love?"

He looked at his girlfriend. "I would marry you. You already have my love." It was stupid to ask for something that she already had. If there was a future without her in it, there was a future without her in it, but he hoped she would be in his future.

"That just- Oh, I don't know why I even bother, it's just… We're talking about my brother, and someone just… Gah, frustrating."

His sister could get awfully high-strung about something. He wasn't anyone really special. He liked how Yang acted and when she smiled, the world felt better. If there was a problem, it only required some extra focus. With focus, everything could become clearer.

"Hey, I like his looks. He's cute, even if he's a little brainy. So, he's got a smart brain. Good, I'm kind of dumb. If he'll take care of the administration and the finances, I'm a-okay."

His sister made a frustrated sound, shaking her head and getting out of his grip. She looked like she was going to lecture Yang again, but then went and grabbed something from one of the dressers, a notepad.

"Jaune, here's a pen. Write out… I dunno, write out how long it would take for say, a satellite to hit the earth."

It wasn't that hard. He tilted his head a little, but did as she asked. The pen barely left the paper, visualizing several different scenarios.

Three pages later, he looked up. Yang had gotten involved in a discussion, his sister's face looking a little easier.
"I'm done."

He handed her the sheet. It wasn't something that was hugely important, he'd just made sure that he had several of the models ready. "I didn't know which size of satellite you meant so I just used the international standard models and the military models."

She blinked and then looked it through. It was the patented 'I don't understand, but I'll amuse you by looking it through' look that his sisters had. Terra was smart, but she didn't really understand much of the stuff. She helped with computer stuff though. She was a good wife to Saphron.

"Soooo… This is nice and all that, but I'm not quite getting the hint. Care to put it in words that someone who gets beat up every Friday evening can get?"

His sister gave Yang a look. Yang raised a fist.

"Boxer."

A nod. "I'll use words that you can understand. Smart boyfriend. Genius. Keep safe. Much money." His sister put it plainly, but it wasn't really something he was after.

"I'd rather like to stay at home, if Yang wants me to. She's more important to me than money." His sister's smile was warm and she hugged him again. It was nice.

"Yeah, y'know what? Mom was right. You're the type of guy that you should get a hold of when you can."

He hoped so. He didn't like letting was warm and comfortable.

"I'll… I'll address this at dinner. Fuck, Jaune, you should've said something. It must've hurt. Constance would've gotten a crowbar and gone all Freeman on that woman's face. You know how she'd get after the hospital stuff a few years ago. We care, damn it."

Yang looked at him and sighed. "He doesn't care about himself that much… But I'll look after him. He's not going to go and be the bad-ass math genius without some darn fine Xiao Long at his butt, keeping him happy."

He smiled at Yang. He remembered then about the guns. They had been in the bag, and that was still in the bathroom. He'd forgotten about that.

"I'll get the bag. Your safety is important."

She smiled softly. He felt her squeeze his butt, the feeling of his girlfriend's pinch a little painful, but she must mean it in a teasing way.

"Keep your cute butt safe, Jaune. I'll want to have some nookie later. Just getting a taste earlier and seeing you look so damn cute gets this girl's engine going!"

The 'eww' from his sister was something that he had expected, and he felt warm because she was liking him. He liked her too.

The bag was where he'd left it, and the holster was too. He put the towel away, just as his mother had said. He exited the bathroom and made way for his sister's bedroom. Yang emerged, her shirt looking great on her body, his sister flushed in the cheeks as she gave a look between him and Yang.
"Bedroom, Jauney-boy… Bedroom. Yang wants cuddles. Your sister's just kicked me out for being a baaaaad girl."

His sister gave him a look that was familiar as the 'I didn't make her leave' look that his sisters adopted. You got used to that, with seven older sisters. Their own little cliques, their little peculiarities….

As he set the bag down, Yang sitting herself down on his bed. He'd have to make it look respectable again. She smiled softly at him, and then glanced at him.

"Hey, Jaune…"

She kissed him, her arms pulling him close. Her forehead rested against his own.

"Mom… She loves us so much. The only reason she's still alive is because…"

Her eyes looked burdened by something, a deep melancholy in her gaze. She shouldn't feel like this. "Because we're both still here. She's written so much about raising us alone, it was just…"

"When my mother died, she was ready to blow her brains out. Getting with dad never occurred to her, because… well…" Yang's eyes looked away, and she gave a pained smile.

"It only read… 'Yang started to cry. I put the gun down and had to feed her. Raven would've wanted me to do this for her.' That was it for three weeks, single entries for every day. Dad was… Dad was a wreck. His wife was dead, and the house was silent. He still doesn't know about Summer and…things"

She sighed softly, looking at him with eyes that seemed to hold hope and fear within them. "Dad's… Dad's always been a little unstable. Manic depression, moods where he's just a rage in a second and then crying his eyes out. Mom keeps the medication for that stuff in stock, just because he's around sometimes."

He could understand that, it wasn't always easy living with something like that. Yang gave a pained moan, as she hugged him tightly.

"I'm sorry, Jaune. I'm so sorry. Mom isn't in the best of places right now, and… and…"

He could understand that. She had said that she loved him. Her eyes had been clear then, and he believed her. She had said that she loved him and cared for him. He cared for her too and there was something that was love in his heart for her too, but he was dating Yang.

"It's… Gods, mom is a mess, dad is a mess, I don't even know anymore."

She hugged him, a warm, easy hug. They just stayed like that for a while, her head nuzzling in his chest like a cat. He hoped that they could stay like this for a bit, because it was nice.

He watched the clock, in-between rubbing Yang gently. He could hear his sisters move and his mother move, a few conversations springing up softly in the outside of the room. Topics that he could glean were sheets, other domestic things… Nothing that he would need to worry about.

She disentangled herself for a moment, having dozed off. A soft smile on her lips, as her hand brushed over his groin.

"Didn't even go for some groping… My, what a noble boyfriend…"
Her touch was pleasant, as she slid down, her hands working on his pants, the belt undone. The door opened at that moment and his mother came in, taking one look at them, spotting Yang on her knees with her head close to his groin. "Jaune, I w- Oh, I'm sorry." The door shut a moment later and Yang gave a soft groan.

"I'm going to go and just abduct you back to our home when mom is back and we're going to do all sorts of kinky freaky stuff… Eesh. Privacy is a concept people here do not get!" He hoped that she'd like it. He still wanted to give her an orgasm.

"I love you."

She smiled, her hand pushing the holster back in place. She hadn't disarmed herself, but she was ready, her eyes looking at his own.

"Yeah, I love you too, Jaune."

She smiled, and it was alright in the world. She patted his groin, getting up again and winking. "Tonight, let's get freaky. If your sister interrupts, let's just keep going. Let's get loud."

He didn't mind that.

At the dinner table, there was a moment of awkwardness when Yang sat down on the seat that had usually been Saphron's. It was a small moment of hesitant looks, before his mother spoke up.

"It's nice to have you, Yang."

His girlfriend smiled. He watched her face light up, and his father started to pass the potatoes in the big dish. The youngest of his older sisters gave him a look, then turned to dad, taking the potatoes from him and putting several on her plate.

"I'd… I'd like to say something, if it's okay."

He could see that most of his sisters were giving her looks, and he took the potatoes from the dish and handed the dish to Connie.

"Jaune… You can leave, if you'd like."

A warm look in her eyes, and he knew what she was going to say. He looked at her, his face kept mostly neutral.

"What's the matter, why would he want to leave?"

His mother asked, and his father groaned in obvious annoyance. The man looked annoyed, and there was something in the way that the man sat.

"I told you, it was all hogwash. Who would think that he'd do something like that to a woman, eh? He's got a girlfriend and she's good-looking, so why should you dredge up that bit of history."

His youngest sister, though she definitely was older, not to forget that, looked like she was going to go on one of her rants again.

"It's not okay to deny that it happened, dad! I don't know what exactly happened, but she burned him with cigarettes! I'm not good with that stuff, but he'll bear scars forever, dad! We're luck-

She stopped mid-sentence, as something seemed to occur to her. A queer look on her face, as she
swallowed and looked at him. She mouthed something and he let his gaze go to the other members of his family. Yang's hand grabbed his arm supportively, her expression not changing once.

"He sent her that picture, what else was I supposed to think? They were asking me all sorts of questions about delinquent behaviour and I just… He's still my son!"

His sister snarled. "Anyone can snap a fucking picture and send it with someone's phone, mom. It isn't the nineties where you can only call with the bloody twist-thing on the phone. Hell, just put a thumb against the fingerprint scanner and- Jesus Christ!"

Connie spoke up, still horribly confused-looking. "What… what's this all about. Jaune got burned and… a picture? Mom, what is she talking about? Questions?"

His mother's expression turned stoic, as she squared her shoulders. It wasn't her most understanding face, he knew that well.

"It's nothing important. It didn't go anywhere. There is just a restraining order in effect, and that was the end of it."

The look on Marble's face turned disgusted and angry. "Mom, that's… Explain. You've got to explain right now why someone would need that to be protected from Jaune. He wouldn't hurt a damn fly! This is the kind of shit I'd imagine from like... well, anyone but him."

She paused, before she fixed him with a look.

"Well, maybe his girlfriend, because damn, he just made her reach cloud nine, ten and thirteen last night. I'm still a bit annoyed with losing sleep, buster."

He didn't want to hurt Yang. Yang was precious. She deserved to be happy.

"Your brother was accused of raping his buddy program partner, Cinder Fall. She received that message and-"

Hisses of displeasure came from some of his sisters. He noticed that one of the potatoes had been speared by the knife by his oldest sister Melissa.

"Do you even ASK him what happened, or are you just trusting some maniac's word just because she's older, mom? He told me. He's afraid he's going to be killed for existing. You had a fucking neo-nazi get her hands on him and convincing him that he should be like the fucking jews, mom. He looks Aryan, but they sterilized their mentally handicapped. Jaune, Jaune? Did she do more?"

He nodded. It was a moment of silence and Yang grabbed his arm really tightly.

"He doesn't have to tell you."

He looked down at his plate. He sort of wanted to eat. It wasn't really important what happened to him, but it was still something.

"Honey, I'm sure it's not that bad. Jaune, you had those pictures, was it just a mistake?"

His sisters didn't look very happy with mom right now. His father was looking really angry for some reason and his mother was looking at him as if he was wrong. He didn't understand.

"Oh, she took my phone and took a few pictures. I didn't like it, because I was peeing blood
afterward because I reacted. She wanted to breed some retards together with me and Ruby, so I went to Ruby's house. I don't want to see her dead. She's smarter than me, I should die if it makes people happier."

His sisters looked at him with stunned looks, one of them looking down at the pork chops and turning paler by the second. He looked at his mother for a moment, seeing that she wasn't really reacting yet to it. His dad was turning a shade of white that made him wonder whether he was going to get angry. He just turned white when he was about to be really upset. He'd better clarify.

"Ruby is a friend. She deserves to be happy, even if I'm not happy. She's Yang's little sister and Summer's daughter."

He didn't really know which of his sisters said 'oh my god' first, but there was so much emotion. The doorbell rang with a ding-dong sound and he got up. The shouting started then, angry accusations towards his parents for hiding this from them.

"I'll go see who is at the door. I'll be right back."

He walked down the hallway, hearing a shout of 'AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN FUCKING DARE TO ASK WHY?! ARE YOU EVEN FIT TO BE A MOTHER?! JESUS!' and 'What the fuck, mom! What the flying fuck did we just hear? Jesus, and he can just say it like it's talking about the weather and- Oh, hell no! Keep it in, you're not~!'.

Someone got sick. He hoped that it wasn't too much of a mess. Mom wouldn't like to get the stains out of the tablecloth again. That had been a bad visit with Adrian.

He opened the door, seeing the shadowed face of the man. The rifle looked like the one that he had. The man's hair was slicked back and the look in the blue eyes was just as it had been. Calm and dedicated, a little scary, but familiar. The rifle was aimed at his chest. It would probably kill him before he could get the pistol out.

"Hey kid. Mind if I come in? I'm here with a message for your dad."

'This isn't good.'

Well… Frank Castle is coming for dinner. This is the penultimate chapter, so the next one is the finisher. It's been a fun ride, guys and girls.

A lot of the communication here in this story is just not done properly. Autistic people need a certain way of interacting and, for as much as the parents do love their son, some mistakes were made.

A lot of the hints in this story just slide right past Jaune because it's not outright spelled out for him. I hope I'm doing a good job of showing an autistic mindset.

Leave a comment if you'd like! Thank you for reading this story!
Chapter Summary

The Arc family meets The Punisher.

It's the Endgame, ladies and gentlemen!

I hope you've enjoyed the story!

The end of the road for this chapter in the Antics-Verse, ladies and gentlemen. Some of you might find it abrupt, some of you might find it 'too soon', but this is it.

All tales must end.

Some graphic content in this chapter. It's the finale, so let's give it a bang!

Mister Frank's eyes did not change in Jaune's eyes. The rifle was still trained at him, like any good soldier should. It wasn't good that he was here to kill dad, but Jaune could do nothing. He'd get shot the moment he went for his gun. The man's expression did not change as he waited for him to step aside.

"Well?" The darkness of the porch light only cast a shadow on the man's face, his expression like a grim reaper, and Jaune stepped aside. The man had a weapon trained on him, a grim look on his face that seemed to soften for a moment. It was familiar, something that he knew from some people.

"Are you going to kill my dad?"

He had to ask. The man shook his head. The feeling that might be relief flooded his system, a shiver going through his body, something that made him feel better and worse at the same time. Then the man was just here to give a message. That was good. That was understandable.

'It is okay then.'

"I'm just here to give your father something."

A low growl of a voice as the man's blue eyes stood out in the light, Jaune watching. The smell of gunpowder and blood clung to the man, something that wasn't unfamiliar, yet the burning inside his heart continued.

"You okay, son?"

He remembered about the man's family. It was polite to give your condolences. He could hear the argument continue in the background.

"-nazi, mom! A fucking nazi! Fuck me, fuck me! He isn't like you think! We tease him, but we don't treat him any different! A god-damned neo-nazi fucking branded my little brother like an animal!"
That was his oldest sister. She wasn't shy about letting them know what she thought.

"I'm sorry about your family, sir."

The man looked at him, a small smile, perhaps a mere light lifting of the corners of the mouth, presenting itself. Jaune could see it as approval, because those eyes seemed to warm slightly into a mere arctic tundra from the frozen cold hateful hell they were set in.

"Thanks, kid. You've been on my mind. Ain't right to see a kid looking that dead in the eyes."

A pat to his head, the man continuing into the house. Jaune didn't think it was worth much, but it was apparently something. He didn't know.

"He could've said something! My son is not weak! Don't blame your mother for this!"

His father thundered in response to something, and the cacophony continued. He didn't hear Yang's voice added within the vocal mess.

"He just… Oh god, we're fucking shitty sisters."

He heard someone hurling, the shushing from one of his sisters and the soft murmurs, as another voice added to the chorus.

"He could've SAID something? Don't you even know how much a woman can do to someone? Jesus Christ, I would've beat the shit out of that woman for laying a hand on Jaune, and go to fucking jail for it! He's not even good at getting himself out in public, always being thought of as weird! He's got autism, dad! He's not retarded!"

Yang's voice added to the voices. "Well, he thinks he is! Breed the retards! My sister isn't the smartest cookie in the bunch, she's got a lot of things that she isn't good with, but that woman destroyed your brother! He'd die if it would make you happy! Don't you see that?"

More sounds of someone being sick. He knew that some of his sisters didn't like to hear gruesome stuff much. It was a little like the barbecue with Mister Frank, he supposed. The man looked grim. He took a deep breath, motioning for Jaune to keep his spot there. When arguments were flying, Jaune didn't really like to get in there. The shouting was loud and there was something in the air that would make the world a bad place for him to be.

"There's nothing wrong with my son! He's just not good with words! You're his girlfriend, surely you must see something in him!"

His father didn't accept the reality of the world, as someone seemed to spit on the ground.

"Denial isn't helping, dad! It isn't. He's not strong like you and he's easy to take advantage of. Why didn't you ask, mom? You're supposed to know! You're supposed to know, goddamnit, how to help people! Even Saphron has more of a connection with him than you, and she doesn't even live here anymore!"

He could understand his sister's line of thought. He was broken and twisted, like an oak tree that had been hit by thunder more than once. It was something terrible and sickening, he knew. He was wrong, but Cinder was the only one that thought that.

"I'd fucking marry your son, but if I'm getting a father in law who doesn't care and a mother who thinks her son could ever do that to a girl, I don't know what to think! You're just like my father, always trying to deny the reality of the world! He sees me as his sun, you dickbag! He
gave me gifts, he took me out on a fucking date that was better than my ex's dates where we just ended on making out and giving her pleasure. He's a fucking treasure and- and- Fuck you!"

She sounded mad. He was happy in a way that she'd marry him, but she shouldn't be so upset with his father. It wasn't nice, and his father didn't really believe him all that much, but he was still his father. His mother was nice too, even if she tried her best. Raising children wasn't easy, Miss Salem had said. He moved towards the door, but the man held up a hand.

"Never go in when words are flying still, kid. Wait for things to simmer down, until people are distracted with other things. Emotion makes people jumpy."

It was solid advice. He remembered to sit outside when mom and dad were having an argument. They had argued a lot. Saphron had tried to help a little by making sure that he had games to play. It wasn't nice when they did that.

"IF ONLY HE'D BEEN BORN NORMAL, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! IT WAS EMBARRASSING!"

There was a hush, as his mother's voice reached a pitch that she only reached when she had enough, and he knew that his mother had reached her limits. He looked down, the older man's hand giving him a supportive pat to the back, his eyes looking at the door that led towards the living room.

"If only he'd been born normal, mom? ARE YOU EVEN FUCKING LISTENING TO YOURSELF? Jesus. Fuck, Jesus. FUCK. Is it so bad that he's autistic? Is it SO bad that he can't even think of himself as human? Why don't you just fucking shoot him and let that nazi woman smile when she hears of it. A mother killing her own son because he's handicapped."

This wasn't heading in a good direction. Mom was getting too emotional again.

"They asked me if he'd been sexually aggressive before, Marble! I had to answer all sorts of questions! They kept on asking me questions about you all, about him. If he'd just been born right, this wouldn't have happened! He could've said something! They might develop a cure!"

'The only cure for Autism is death.'

He could hear his sisters getting ready for another row. His hand moved to the doorknob, but he didn't open it. He needed to hear this. He needed to hear this and he was feeling wetness on his cheeks. The hand on his shoulder slowly rubbed up and down, a supportive manner.

"It's okay, son. It's going to be okay."

It was strange how that made him feel a little better. He felt something inside him, a deep dark and ugly feeling that welled up in his heart, something cold and cruel and pained. Even his mother didn't want him to be born.

"A cure for what, mom? LISTEN TO YOURSELF! LISTEN! He's OUR little brother! He's not any different, even if he's got autism! The only cure he needs is a cure from YOU."

He could hear his father growl.

"He's still my son, woman! He's STILL my son and I won't hear of you curing him. He is how he is and that's okay! None of that Autism mumbo-jumbo humbug! Someone did something bad, okay. He's as he is! Nothing wrong with him!"
There was a snarl.

"Saphron became gay, didn't she? She could've had a future with a nice guy, but noooo, she had to be wrong too! You don't see that, Jack! You just see 'oh, it's my son, it's the boy I took hunting, ain't nothing wrong with him!' I had to go to the appointments! I had to learn how to handle his moods! You just sat there like the sad sack you are, moping about your job! The least you could've done was help out and keep him steady when it was time to strap him in for bed!"

Jaune remembered that. They hadn't done much of that since he was ten. He'd learned not to be a fussy sleeper then. Mom had been relieved, he remembered.

"Mom, I can't believe this! Terra is a nice woman!" His youngest sister spoke up again. She sounded hurt.

"SHE MADE SAPHRON GAY!"

The response was fierce and immediate, as his sisters leapt to Saphron's defense. He didn't quite hear Yang, the door opening up and his girlfriend appeared. Her face darkened when she saw Mister Frank, the man making a gesture for her to remain silent.

"It's an orientation, mom! Saphron isn't trying to get us all in some lesbian orgy, even though her wife may joke about that! She loves us all and she'd hate to hear you speak of her like that!"

Yang closed the door behind her, still keeping her gaze on Mister Frank.

"You're the guy they're looking for on the news, right?"

A nod, as the man's grave face turned serious. Yang nodded in understanding.

"Well, this is just a place of vipers."

Someone threw something, a plate or something shattering against a wall. That was going to be messy, he supposed. More for people to clean up, probably mom. Mom was good with cleaning up stuff.

"I'm just so fucking done with this crap! What's wrong next, mom? Melissa's pot smoking? The fact that I like my dick hard and heavy? What's wrong next? Jaune shouldn't be thinking about death, he should be stretching out my sister in law's pussy like it's teen love and suffer a bit of a heartache if she ever goes away, which doesn't fucking look LIKELY given the sounds that she'd made. Jesus, fuck."

His middle sister was suddenly audible through the silence that followed after that heated exclamation from Marble.

"He just said it like it was the weather. Why, mom? Why? Why would he just say it like that? Why? I don't understand."

It was a softness in his sister's voice, as she seemed to shatter and break. It was a little strange, but she sounded worse off. He'd messed things up again, just like he always did.

"I don't know, honey."

His mother tried to stop his sister from being too emotional. Mom always tried to make things right by shushing the issue. Dad was straight-up, but mom had to be the peacekeeper. He loved his mother.
"He said he was going to- He's not retarded, mom. He's not retarded. He's not retarded and- he's not, no, he's not."

His sister was murmuring in the suddenly quiet room, as people seemed to gather steam for another moment of explosiveness. Mister Frank grabbed the door handle and opened the door, looking at him to get in.

"He's not the only one in the family. The counsellor at college said that I had it too, that it shows differently in girls. We're not supposed to talk too much, so it… It runs in families, mom. I didn’t want to worry you, mom. I swear, I didn't want you to think I was wrong too."

Mister Frank entered the living room. There was no real sound except that hush that fell. He followed after the man, noticing that they were all looking at his sister. He smiled. He didn't understand her very much, but she was still his sister. She was better than he was, because she was his sister.

"You're my big sister. That makes you better than me. Mom is proud of you at least. You graduated with top marks. I don't get that. I'm still bad at the thing with the circles."

She looked up at him, her hand brushing through her hair, stiffening when she saw Mister Frank with his weapon aimed at them. All of them looked in his direction. Mister Frank's rifle was still aimed at the direction of the table, the man not having spoken up yet.

"We need to talk, Jack. I'm here to deliver a message."

The dinner table was a mess. One of his sisters had thrown up and was currently trying to mop it up, her kneeling form looking up at the armed man.

The look in his mother's eyes was dark and without much empathy for him. He knew that look. She was angry again.

"Get out of my home, Frank Castle! You're a wanted man, and-"

The man's rifle was raised, his father's eyes holding a look that warned his wife, a hand on his wife's arm, stopping her from doing anything too quickly.

"Simmer down, honey. He would've shot us if we'd done something. Let's not make this into another Dribai Village, Frank. The kids don't need to know what we did."

The hard-bitten look on the other man's face didn't change, as his father got protectively in front of his mother, Mister Frank merely staring at his father before motioning for the seat. The gesture was obvious. Jaune took his seat again, Yang sitting down too. His sister got into her seat again, knowing the gesture meant that she should sit down too.

"The kid looked dead when I saw him, Jack. He was going through the motions, just functioning but not thinking. Kid might've been one of those shooters, if he'd had a bad bone in him. It would've been Dribai, Jack. I know you've trained him to be able to pick off people with a good gun from a distance. You were great, back in the day."

The look on his father's face was dark, as the man sighed.

"It isn't easy raising a kid like that, Frank. Can you… put it down? You're scaring the wife. And the kids."

The Marine Captain didn't flinch, shaking his head. There was a decisiveness in those eyes, as the
man looked into his former platoon member's eyes, something hard and pitiless, those eyes having seen much.

"Things aren't going that way, Jack. I'm here to give punishment to the people who did some fucked up shit. You messed up, Jack. You dropped the ball. It's just like Dribai."

He saw his father's expression change, one of defeated acceptance. Dad shouldn't look like that, he still was alive, after all. That meant you were strong.

"We shouldn't have survived that, Frank. We shouldn't have survived that, and- God, has it really been that long?"

A soft sigh, the man's eyes marginally softer now, as the look didn't change much. It was steady, as his father just leaned onto the table. Jaune's eyes caught the potatoes mashed against one of the wall, the shattered plate below it.

"We did. A lot of good men died that day. Lot more of the bad guys."

His father looked a little sad, as far as Jaune could see. Mister Frank reached into his pocket with his hand, the rifle momentarily let go. He pulled out a disk that'd been put in a see-through plastic bag.

"It's not the only copy. Consider this a favour to you, Jack. Check what's on the disk, but don't let the kids see it. It's a Black disk. You know what to do with that. Hand it over in the morning, if you make a copy of it... I don't know of it."

The disk was handed to his sister, the sister passing it along, towards their father. The man looked at it and then back at Mister Frank. His father gave a short nod. It was understood, it seemed.

"Jaune, we're... You should've told us something, if we'd been able to help, we would've."

Constance said, her eyes looking at him with that expressiveness that he knew was real. She looked like that when she watched her soaps. He knew that she was a great sister, because she was his sister and she was pure.

"I don't understand. Mom wouldn't believe me. Nobody believed me. Boys do that kind of thing. We're bad, because we want to rape girls. Why should I tell something if nobody believes me?"

It was logical. Things made more sense when you were of sane mind. Mens Rea, Mens... Sana? He never remembered how that went. He was bad in the mind though. Yang didn't mind that.

"We would've at least tried to find out the truth, Jaune. Even if mom thinks you're lying, fuck, we're not going to let someone lay a hand on any of us! That includes you, Jaune."

It was nice to hear, and Yang squeezed his thigh. She was nice and friendly. He was kind of hungry though. He hadn't started on dinner yet, it was going cold.

"She might hurt you too. She's part of the good people who will make this world better, you know? People like me will just be ash afterwards."

It was sensible to remind her of that. Nobody really believed him. They'd said that it was because he was a boy, that he lusted after a 'nice hot piece of ass like Cinder Fall'. Cinder wasn't that good-looking, really. He preferred his girls with somewhat paler hair. Summer was nice though. She cared for her daughters.
"He can just say it like it's the weather, Connie. She hurt our little brother. He's just saying it like it's normal. Oh my god. Oh my god. What would've happened if it was me."

That was a simple question. He smiled. "You'd be given a baby by someone pure. You're going to make more babies for the war with the impure people. It's your fate. That's what the pure people do."

His sister hugged her knees as she pulled them up, whimpering softly and starting to slowly sway back and forth. Most of his sisters' expressions were just strange. They looked at him and just stared. He didn't really understand that. Even Yang was just gaping at him with her mouth half-open and her eyes just staring at him.

"I'm not suitable. Maybe dad. He's fought for us, in the Marines, dad's proven his valour. Cinder said that bloodlines are strong and that I'd give her strong heirs. I think you should choose, though. You're my sister. I'd like you to be happy, even if you're pregnant."

His sisters just looked really forlornly at him. He'd explained things. His mother and father looked bone-white in the face and Yang looked queasy. Mister Frank's expression didn't change much. It was his eyes that turned colder.

"What? Did I get it wrong?"

He was sure that was what Cinder had said. His sisters just stared at him, looking like he'd said something wrong. He frowned.

"I'm sorry."

Yang's hand squeezed his own. She tried to smile, but her eyes were really sad. She shouldn't feel sad for him. Cinder might be wrong. Maybe?

"No, it's... Good, Jaune."

She was crying. Tears looked like pearls as they leaked down her cheeks. She swallowed heavily, looking into his eyes.

"You love your sisters."

He nodded. He smiled at her. She was his girlfriend and she made the world make sense. He heard one of his sisters give a slow exhale. She sounded soft and tender, her voice broken in a way that was emotional. Tears were coming from her eyes.

"Is this what you wanted, mom? Is this what you want? He's so broken, mom. He's so broken and it hurts. I thought he was just quiet, but... Oh god, oh my fucking god. Mom, what have you done?"

He felt someone hug him from behind, his oldest sister.

"Hey, it's going to be okay. Don't say that. Don't say that anymore, little brother."

He didn't understand at all. It was what was supposed to happen, right? Yang hugged him really tightly. She smelled good.

"Mom? Answer me, mom. Is this what you wanted? Is this why the psychologist had to take a break on holiday due to personal reasons? MOM?!"

One of his sisters was angry. His mother spluttered something before she gathered herself.
"She said it was needed after a heavy case, that she'd pick up his case after some careful review! It happens! Sexual abuse ca-:"

He could probably hear a pin drop, as someone moaned in a bad, gutwrenching way. It was his dad and he looked hurt. That was strange, because he hadn't been hurt. Probably.

"Woman, when a psychologist tells you she needs a break from seeing her client, it's serious. I thought she just went on a holiday to Ibiza! You never said anything to me about it being one of those weird things that happened to Jaune!"

His dad was wrong. Miss Salem was coming back after the holiday and he'd have more sessions. She'd said so, because she wanted to help him.

"Cinder just kicked me with a boot between my legs whenever I reacted to her. I'm not really worthy of life in her eyes, so she tried to end it. It burns a little when I go to the bathroom on some days."

Mister Frank was calm, he noticed. The man had lowered the rifle, looking at the going-ons. His family was so emotional. It hurt just a little bit, and it wasn't even the burning pain after she'd corrected his behaviour. She'd been his friend, he knew, or so it had to have been.

"Why didn't you tell me then?! I'm still your mother!"

He looked at her. They hadn't believed him. Why should he be believed by her when she'd already not believed him. She'd tell him he was lying. It was bad to lie.

"Why should you believe me? You said that it was all a mistake. I'd done it because I was autistic."

If there was ever a murderous gaze, he could see it in his sisters' eyes. Constance was just about done with mom's side of things, but it wasn't her who spoke up.

"I've got no words. I've got no fucking words for this kind of bullshit. Mom, for Christ's sake! You were concerned when Constance was smacked around, but not when your only son is? Fuck, fuck. Fuck! You're lucky that he's a nice boy, mom. Fuck, I would have murdered you for letting that happen. No regrets either."

She slammed the table. Several sisters jumped a little at the sound. Marble looked really upset.

"Jesus Christ. Jesus f'ing Christ. Mom, you were supposed to protect us. Why could you let people just do that to Jaune and not even think he was innocent? You failed to protect your only fucking son, mom. Saphron would fight for Jaune, just like she'd fight for her wife's kid!"

His mother just stared. She looked at him, but wasn't seeing him. She just gave him that look that she sometimes did, sort of sad, but not quite sad.

"But he's autistic. How is he supposed to know what is appropriate or not? The girl Ruby too, she's like him. Who is to say that they haven't done anything together?"

It was Yang who spoke up, her hand squeezing him, trying to keep herself under control.

"Ruby's gay, for one. For two… She might want to try it, but she doesn't have it in her. Serious talk though: You don't deserve a son like him."

Yang took a deep breath, giving him a smile, turning to his mother and fixing her with a fierce look.
"He loves you all so much he'd rather die than hurt you. That's my boyfriend I'm talking about. Fuck, hell, I don't even care anymore. I don't give a rat's ass what you think of me. Jaune, you're moving in with me and mom, I'm not letting you stay with these people anymore."

He didn't think his mother would like that. She said that it wouldn't be meat loaf Monday if too many moved out.

"But what about school?"

That was important. After the summer holidays, they'd be back in school. That was not going to be great. People still didn't like him much. He hoped that Ren and Nora would be happy together. They'd gone to Nora's home country.

"Hey, we'll carpool or something. We're all in the same gig together. I'm not going to let my boyfriend suffer in a place where he's obviously not wanted."

His sisters looked heated up too by Yang's words, angrier than before. They looked angry, irritated and frustrated. His mother looked really sad.

"I just wanted him to be accepted. You wouldn't have been able to handle it, not after what happened to Constance."

Constance made a sound in the back of her throat. "Not have been able to handle it? Not be able to handle it? Fuck, mom. This is a little bit worse than a fucking broken face and a hospital stay, okay? LOOK AT HER! Mel is just rocking. DO YOU WANT THAT FOR YOUR CHILDREN, HUH? We're going to need fucking therapy after this, at the LEAST. And he can just fucking SAY IT LIKE IT IS NORMAL. HE FUCKING SAID THAT! MOM. THAT. IS. SO. WRONG!"

Tears leaked from her eyes as her voice raised to a pitch that hurt his ears. Melissa hugged him even tighter. She was whispering something in his ear about him not believing anything that the woman said, because he was a good boy. It felt nice and warm, and his girlfriend hugged him as well.

"We can get him therapy! We can all get therapy and we'll be okay again. Just like with your father, he'll be okay."

Someone slammed the table. His youngest sister spoke up.

"Dad choking you out and me having to resuscitate you wasn't FUN, mom. You're lucky that I was still up or you'd be dead! Even dad saw that he needed his medication after that, and now you do this to us? Holy shit, are you delusional? Mom, please."

There was anger in his sister's voice, as her eyes seemed to blaze with that indignant fury.

"I've had enough! I'm moving out first thing in the morning. I'm not going to live in a home where my little brother's just treated wrongly because there's something wrong with him. There isn't. This isn't the fifties, mom. And that thing about his bed-time thing, what did you mean with 'strapping him in'. That sounds like- oh fucking hell, I'm not trusting you on anything anymore. Jaune, what was that bedtime thing."

Oh, the straps.

"Oh, it was to keep me from being too fussy. One around the chest. I shouldn't move too much during the night, so she strapped me in. It hurt a little, but it was for my own safety. I'd hurt myself.
It'd been pedagogically approved."

She'd said so, after all. It'd been advice from the folder for fussy children.

"Christ. Seriously, mom. I'm not- Gods, that you'd do that to a child. A child, mom."

His father looked serious. That was good, he guessed.

"He didn't grow up any different from you girls. He's a good lad."

Mister Frank leaned against the table. It'd been nearly fourteen minutes since they'd started to get together and talk, well, more like shout at each other. His sisters were acting emotionally. He pulled himself out of his girlfriend and sister's hug, walking over to his sister who was still rocking.

An accusation was flung at his father for being too closed-minded. He rubbed over his sister's back. She looked up.

"Are you okay? I'm sorry."

Apologizing would work. Probably. He had to try. She was crying. That wasn't good.

"It's okay, Jaune. Thank you for asking."

He rubbed her back some more, knowing the spot that she liked. He was trying to be a good brother.

"Kid, get up. We're going. Time's wasting. Xiao-Long, get up."

People seemed to realize that there was another person at the table. His father's face turned dark, but he didn't say a word.

"You're not taking my son, Frank Castle."

The youngest of his sisters made a mocking sound.

"Great, now you're becoming a mom. Great job, Mom. When things get tough, you're fucking gone."

He didn't think Mister Frank was going to hurt him or Yang. There was that understanding, that look in his eyes, that feeling of sameness that he had.

"Watch the disk with your family, Jack. It's time for me to go."

He got up, his sister looking at him. His father's expression didn't change much, set in that grimness that held no thought on his face. It was perhaps one of his father's peculiarities, but he didn't question the man. His sisters looked fearful, but mostly angry. They were angry at mom for not doing what she had done.

"I love you all. You're the best family I could want. I'll be back." He knew, somehow that he would be.

He gave a thumbs-up, just like in the movie. His sisters looked at him, and he watched mister Frank turn around, dismissing him as a threat, showing his back to him. Yang wrapped her arm around him, giving him the support he needed. Mister Frank was already half-way towards the door. Yang turned her head and gave his mother the middle finger. She hugged him a little tighter to him.
Mister Frank waited for a moment before he exited, checking out the window for anything that was unusual. Not a bad thing, he supposed. Yang watched as the man moved, the long coat that he wore fitting him perfectly. Her skull-print shirt looked nice on her. He hoped that they could eat something. He was getting hungry.

The van was painted black, the large vehicle looking fairly nondescript, the side-door opened for them to get in. The man trusted them, Jaune could see it, as he got behind the steering wheel, a look at Yang for a moment, before the man returned his gaze to the road and the engine rumbled to life.

The van smelled of smoke and gunpowder, and Jaune could see several racks on the walls, filled with armaments. It was impressive, as he sat down in one of the seats, Yang climbing into the passenger seat. He could see the bulge of the gun, but the man seemed unworried about it, though he knew that the man had noticed him carrying one.

You didn't miss simple stuff like that. It wasn't something that he'd imagine the man to ever miss. He was smart, after all.

"So, what's the plan? Are you here to bring us somewhere remote and then kill us?"

Yang spoke up, the man's attention going to the rear-view mirror for a moment, checking the traffic as they moved through the dark city. Streetlights were on, casting shade on Yang as she sat there, looking like she wished to fight for him. It was a nice thought, Yang fighting for him and his rights.

"No. You're not guilty."

He wondered about that. They were guilty of possessing firearms. It wasn't going to be something that they could easily get rid of, especially since they were military guns. There was a rule for that, he thought.

"Then what's the plan, big guy? You scared the dad of my boyfriend there. You don't look like that if you're just here for a visit, and you've murdered people…"

The man's attention went to the road again, the man's silence lasting for a minute. It was the voice of a man who was like him that spoke.

"Every time I put one of the scum of this world down into the grave, I can see them. I feel the kick of my weapon, the thunder of every shot I take. My son's mouth, open, the bullet wound going right through his skull, taking his life."

A tired, weary sound, something that was like an exhale but worse. The man's eyes seemed grim. "I feel a moment of peace then. A moment between giving the trigger a loving caress, seeing my wife's smile once more before she's falling to the ground with her chest blossoming red, my daughter's scream still in the air. I see her guts coming out, wriggling and writhing. She'll die with a scared look on her face, never knowing why everything hurts."

He felt similar to the man. Something in that voice told him that if he let go, he could be like that. He smiled. Yang looked at him and her eyes looked scared.

"The recoil kicks me awake again to face the next person. A world full of scum. Criminals. Thieves. People who haven't done anything, but corrupt the world around them through their loans and their bribery."
A bitter look, one of anger. The man looked at him and he understood.

"Sick people who would sell you off for kicks, to sniff your dead body for their sick pleasure. Neo-nazi scum, thinking they are safe because they know a guy…"

A grim look, a bitter one, as the man looked at Yang. She looked a little afraid. He hoped that she wouldn't be. She didn't deserve to be afraid.

"Wiseguys who think they're the top-dog on their corner, smacking their girls so they'll make the bottom line. Every time I just feel a moment of peace, a moment where I can be just safe…"

The man's face was solid, and he could understand. "They come again. And they won't stop coming, and they won't stop hurting. Every time I stop to think 'will this be enough', there will be some goombah thinking it's good to kill the big boss and my daughter's innards spill over the grass. It has been six days. Six days, eight hours and seven minutes."

Yang was silent, as she looked down. The man was silent too, as he drove along. They were driving out of the city, to a different area. They abandoned civilization, leaving the world that he knew behind.

"I'm sorry."

Yang spoke up, the man looking at her for a moment. There was an oddness to his gaze, a warmth that was somehow strange. A gritting of the teeth.

"They need to be punished. I have made my decision."

He pulled up to a large parking space that'd been cleared, which led towards one of the large recreational stretches of the forest outside of the city. The man got out of the car, his rifle slung over a shoulder, getting a large duffel bag out of the car. Jaune recognized it as one of the military-issue ones.

"We've got a bit of a walk to do."

He was still hungry. He hoped that there was a ration bar or something to eat.

The man's grim look was on his face, as he started to walk towards a single floodlight that'd been set up in the distance, a silhouette that he recognized. Industrial floodlight, where a large space had been cleared. Tire tracks had been left in the trail that led up, visible there. He could see a car standing there, and someone moved.

"Castle?"

'Oh, that's Summer.'

A grunt, as someone flicked a switch and he caught sight of one of those industrial lights that was being flicked on, illuminating a large stretch of the space in front of it. Summer's special car stood there, and he noticed that someone had been put in the passenger seat.

Chains and other such things including duct tape bound Cinder fall to the car, as Summer near-skipped up towards the military man, giving Mister Frank a grin that wasn't wholly sane, the rifle in her grip having been pointed away, but not fully so that she couldn't respond properly.

"Krauty didn't really like her meal, so I had to force it down her throat. She's been a moody girl
He could see that Cinder Fall's face looked bruised, golden eyes gazing at him with that look of disdain and something he couldn't quite place. She wore a simple dress, something that'd apparently been forced on her, some of her limbs looking like they'd been broken. A bruise was growing on her skin above the collarbone, as Summer moved over to him.

"You got with Yang! I'm so happy!"

The woman seemed genuine in her happiness, even as Yang's eyes dimmed a little. Summer hugged her adopted daughter, giving a deep sigh as she did. Summer's eyes looked a little worried, as Cinder started to moan something, a muffled sound that seemed to linger, angry eyes looking at him.

"See this, you nazi bitch? I got your man, you crazy tart! Guess who's getting some Aryan babies pumped into her on the regular, yeah? Me. Fuck you. I want to beat his mom's record and get nine. A whole fucking soccer team."

He coughed. That just wasn't right.

"Soccer has eleven players."

Yang looked a little awkward, as Summer gave a soft laugh.

"He's got you there, honey."

Yang turned her gaze back to Cinder.

"See, you little Hitler whore? Eleven kids! Don't touch my fucking guy."

Mister Frank was already moving to the car, leaning over. Cinder was trying to lean away, but was securely locked in the seat, strapped in so tight that she could hardly move. He didn't fear her, for some reason. The duct tape was ripped from her mouth.

"You'll never find love, Jaune! She'll find some low-bred mutt to fuck, rather than your broken, inferior body! You are nothing!"

The man shook his head, motioning for him to come closer. He came closer. Cinder couldn't hurt him. Summer was here. Mister Frank was here. Cinder was struggling, cussing at Mister Frank for what he'd done. She'd slipped into German, or perhaps Austrian. It didn't really matter, because she gave him her attention when he came close to her.

"I love her. When we have sex, it's like we fit together. I'll give her an orgasm, eventually. She'll have my babies. I don't like you and I don't think you're nice anymore. I don't think of you as a friend anymore."

He said it and the woman started to cuss at him in German, as if he could understand her. Duct tape was put in place again to shut her up. Mister Frank motioned for him to go back to Summer, getting a jerry can out of the boot of the car. The jerry can was unscrewed and the liquid within poured over the back of the car. It smelled like petrol or gasoline. Probably gasoline. It wasn't Diesel. That wasn't combustible. The car wasn't built to run on Diesel.

Cinder started to really struggle the moment she smelled it though. Summer's smile turned radiant as she did, watching how the woman was doused with the fluid. She let go of Yang and hugged him, giving him a squeeze.
"She was not a great girl, y'know. Hurting a poor fellow like you. I love you, Jaune."

It was true, he could tell. He didn't love her like that, but there was something that might be it for her. It wasn't something that you could say aloud.

"I don't love you like I love Yang."

Yang looked away from him. Summer nodded, her expression not shifting much, yet her eyes speaking a story that she did not voice. It was understanding, acceptance. She understood perfectly now what was wrong. The smile lasted for a moment, as she looked at Yang.

"She read my diary. She confessed to it earlier, and… And I've been lying to myself for too long."

She hugged him even tighter, pulling Yang into the embrace. The sound of a jerry can hitting the ground was loud, as another was unscrewed. Cinder's moaning and frightened sounds were getting louder. The smell of gasoline was getting stronger too. He didn't quite know what was up with that.

"Mom and my biological mom were… They were a thing, Jaune. Raven only married my dad because they wanted a baby, but they never quite told him. That whole Don't Ask thing, she's…"

Summer looked sad, as she gave a soft whisper, her eyes looking at him. "I'm sorry, I abused you and I didn't-"

It was okay. Of course it was okay. He had met Yang like she was, because of Summer.

"You're my girlfriend's mother and my best friend's mother. Jesus said that you should forgive. I think it was Jesus. Some guy. You taught me how to make love to Yang. I'll give her an orgasm next time. She's my girlfriend and I love her."

The sweet smile on Summer's lips, as she tapped his nose.

"You better, mister. I'm not going to wait until I'm ninety before my daughter's popping out a grandbaby. I want to have more kids to spoil."

An embarrassed 'Mom!' came from Yang, who looked flushed for some strange reason. Frank Castle cleared his throat, standing there next to the car. Cinder Fall's hair was plastered to her skin and it smelled really badly of fuel. The man looked at him and then directed a sharp look to Cinder.

"You go where you belong, Fall."

Cinder struggled, the man producing a zippo lighter. It made sense. Cinder had said that those who were defect went up in ashes. He held out his hand. The man dropped the lighter into his palm, wordlessly. Jaune's eyes met Cinder's. Fear, terror and something that he couldn't quite place.

He'd better tell her.

He walked up to the car. She was trying to get loose but the bindings had been looped twice, making sure that she couldn't move a muscle.

"This is what happens to those who aren't pure, Cinder. My girlfriend is pure. All the mentally deficient and broken people who are not pure, need to be turned into ashes. You said it yourself. Blonde hair and blue eyes. Goodbye, Cinder. You weren't Aryan enough."

He felt something that might be joy, something dark and unpleasant, as she tried to struggle,
shaking her head, her eyes tearing up. He walked back and then flicked open the zippo lighter. He knelt and it clicked open, the spark hitting the fumes.

He watched, as he could see the flames blooming like a brilliant flame, Cinder's body catching fire. Yang's arm wrapped around him as he could see Cinder struggle, watching how she tried to wrench herself free, the hair catching fire, as her body started to burn, the whole car starting to burn as well. They took a few steps back, just in case. The duct-tape melted and she shrieked once, the shriek dying on her lips, as her body jerked a few more times.

Her lungs had inhaled super-heated gases, he knew. It never really was the burns that killed you, but rather the internal damage. The vapours that she'd inhaled must've just seared right through her nose and into her lungs with every breath.

"I'm here to watch you burn, Fall."

Yang's voice was oddly soothing, as he could feel that anger from her. He looked at the lighter in his hands, seeing the Marine corps emblem on it.

"Keep it, kid. Consider it a souvenir."

It was a souvenir indeed, he knew. He watched Cinder burn. She had said it would happen to the broken ones, and it happened to her. This made sense to him.

"You can't mention this to anyone, alright? This is so illegal that it'd make the national headlines without a doubt."

It was a soft chastisement of him, he knew. He wouldn't tell. Cinder had said that he shouldn't tell, and this was also something he shouldn't tell.

"We'll keep the secret."

Yang said, looking at the car. A pinging, and then an explosion happened. Summer sighed, shaking her head.

"There went the gas tank... Ah well, at least I've still got my other car."

It was amusing, somehow. Yang started to laugh. The light from the floodlight that hit the car illuminated it. He watched carefully how the body just continued to burn, some other accelerant undoubtedly used.

He was the first that noticed the lit cigarette coming closer, the smell of petrol still in the air. He watched as someone threw the cigarette away, stomping on it, before lighting a new one. Aged features, sans sunglasses this time. Dark hair, as someone cleared their throat.

'It's Agent Orange. '

She was one of dad's friends, he knew. They were hunting Mister Frank. He nudged Summer, who turned her head. Mister Frank raised his weapon,

Summer was the first to respond, Yang giving a squeak that sounded remarkably womanly as she was let go of, Summer in motion, leaping at the woman. The cigarette hung in the air for a moment before it dropped.

"Oh fuck, you're not doing me like th- ERghk!"
The two went down in a tangle of limbs, someone giving a squeal that was loud enough, as he helped Yang up. Mister Frank watched with a look in his eyes, a frown on his face, as someone switched on one of those big broad-beam flashlights.

"Yo. I'd normally say 'CIA, put your illegal stuff away and get fucked by the law', but the boss lady is currently on her back getting."

A glance at the two women, the one on the ground being currently kissed like she was dying. Summer seemed to be much more passionate than the woman, who was resisting.

"her throat explored by her girlfriend. I'd say 'good job', but hey, I don't make that much yet. Melinda Vernal, CIA Special Task force, at yer service."

There was an almost sheepish look on the woman's face in the glare of the lightbeam, as Summer came up for air.

"You're alive. You're alive, Rae Rae."

Yang looked stunned. He supposed he would be too. The woman currently trying to get breathing back in working order coughed.

"Get off of me, Summer. I've had it with your over-enthusiastic hugs. Let me go."

There was an annoyed tone to the woman's voice, but there was no heat in the words.

Summer rubbed her cheek against her… girlfriend? Was this a girlfriend or was this a zombie? He hoped that she wasn't a zombie. That would be bad.

"Nope. You're not going. Not going away again! I missed you. I thought you were dead."

The look on the woman's face was grave, as she sighed.

"I had to, Sum. They asked me for the stuff that you can't write home about. It was all planned. Anything for you. Anything."

A tenderness in Summer's expression, as the woman called Melinda gave a soft sound of amusement in the back of her throat.

"Well, I guess we can close the case of Emerald Sustrai's disappearance as well. Forensics found her body buried in the cellar. Lil' Miss Fall's stalker ran into some trouble with Miss Fall… Ain't so good, I reckon. The woman murdered her close to three months ago, so… Yeah. She'd probably have gotten outed as a murderer, if she'd not been dealt with like this."

Summer and Raven were talking in quiet tones, and he hugged Yang. It was comfort. Behind them, the car's tires popped. Yang leaned against him, just looking at her mother. She was silent, even as the dark-haired women talked, Melinda looking a little awkward.

"I'll head out first. Take care, Rose. Thanks for calling my attention to a piece of scum that'd breathed air for too long." The man took the bag and then put it in front of him. "Get this as a bit of a going-away present, kid. Use it to do something good in the world, rather than to make sure that it's spent on someone's addiction."

His stomach growled at that moment in time and he gave a sheepish smile.

"I think I need something to eat. I missed dinner."
Yang laughed suddenly at that, the man merely nodding at the comment as he walked off into the
darkness of the night, to fight the fight against the scum of the world elsewhere. He glanced back
at the car. Cinder's body was still burning. Some of the flames were starting to die out at the back
though.

"No barbecue, Jaune. I don't think I'd be able to stomach eating anything that's been flame-seared."
That was fine. He could go for a burger. Those were fried, most of the time. Unless of course, they
were grilled. He wouldn't mind a grilled burger.

"He'll want a burger and fries."

Summer commented, Jaune giving her a look of appreciation. "Yeah, that's what I thought, you
little munchkin. Love my daughter a lot, right? Better feed her good. Rae? We should go and get
out of here. We have so much to talk about."

A sigh, as the woman pulled her phone out of her pocket. It was the same model as Summer's.
Summer pulled hers out of her own pocket.

"I didn't forget, Summer. I always keep it close to me."

It was sweet. He hoped that he could have something with Yang like that too.

"Mom?"

Both women looked at Yang, Raven getting up slowly, Summer barely stopping her. It was a look
on Raven's face that was sad, he could see the dye that'd been washed out of the woman's hair in
the faint illumination.

"Hey there, Cockatiel. I'm sorry that I was gone for so long."

The woman's eyes looked genuinely remorseful, as Summer smacked her best friend… well,
probably girlfriend/wife/partner, if he was being critical, against her cheek. There was something in
those eyes that seemed to slowly mend in some fraction of the way. A softer exhale that he'd
imagined, as Summer looked at her daughter, her adoptive daughter.

"Cockatiel is a shitty name. Summer told me it was Christina."

A faint smile, as Summer nudge her partner. "Told you she'd notice. Stupid bird-brain, you just
had to make everything about your tribe and stuff, huh? When we get to the bedroom, I'm going to
give you a refresher course in what it's like to be Summer's bitch."

Mister Frank had left by now, leaving the five of them standing near the car. Jaune looked at the
bag that'd been set down and opened it.

' That's a lot of money. '

It could be enough to send him to college. It was probably enough to buy him a nice apartment, if
he had to guess. If every bundle had a set amount of bills, this was a lot of money. It seemed to be
from bad people, though, but money wasn't bad, he guessed. It didn't have the capacity to think.

"Mom, why? How can you just…"

Summer looked at her daughter, her expression softening. A look in those eyes that was maternal
and caring, as Summer Rose gave her a look. Melinda switched the flashlight to her other hand,
giving a somewhat annoyed look at her boss.
"It's a thing, Yang. You just feel it, when you're with that special person that makes life worth it. If I didn't have you or your little sister… What happened to Ruby, sweetheart?"

A plea, some desire for information, as Raven cleared her throat. Yang looked uncomfortable, looking sad. She had failed her little sister and Ruby was probably on her way to heaven now. Hopefully, they'd done it quickly.

"Child Protective Services has her in custody… or well, they will until the Schnee girl's lawyers tear them to shreds for insufficient evidence. They jumped the gun a bit too hastily there, undoubtedly helped by their usual style of 'underpaid and overworked'. Don't worry, she'll probably be released after… 48 hours or so, just a bit frazzled and…"

A look came on Raven's face, as she looked at Yang. "Nothing like what happened to you, little Cockatiel. I cracked down on that stuff hard, when I heard that Taiyang had been neglectful. That shitbird got some prison justice for what he did. Nobody's fondling my daughter when I'm still around."

Yang smiled, a brittle smile. He gave her a little push, towards her mother. "It's good. It's all good, Yang. I'm…" The woman looked up at the clear sky, the heavens as empty of clouds, the flames still smouldering, even as the smell of cooked meat hung in the air. He was getting really hungry.

"I'm going to be there for you and Ruby. The Agency doesn't need me that much anymore, and- And I've earned a little break. Fifteen and a half years of service…" A deep sigh, as the woman hugged her.

"Taiyang's woman is a nuisance. I knew she'd probably… Mel, get to the fucking car, you lazy half-hobo tramp. We're going for burgers with the son in law and my daughter. Castle killed Cinder Fall because she'd been a child killer and a neo-nazi, and that's the official story, got it?"

The woman gave a salute, looking at her superior, who gave a wicked grin.

"They fucking owe me so much. If it wasn't for that whole fuck-up in Mare du lac, I'd be… Ah well, I'll worry about that later. Summer, we gotta get the kids fed. Let's get a soda like we used to, sweetheart."

Summer smiled, giving her friend and apparently girlfriend/lover a squeeze. That was okay though.

As they sat in the car that Melinda drove, he saw the entangled hands of Summer and Yang's mom, the tender look in their eyes more at ease than anything. Things were making sense now.

"Can I call my mom and dad? I'd like to let them know I'm okay."

Yang handed him her phone, looking at him with a look in her eyes. The fact that the smoke from the cigarettes hung in the car didn't really stop him much. He caught sight of Raven just giving her partner a nearly chaste kiss on her cheek, which Summer turned into something a little more intimate.

"Hello, this is the Arc residence. Hey, I'm eh…" He cleared his throat. It was important to make sure that you were heard.

"Hi Melissa. I'm coming home after we've had a burger. I just wanted to call to let you know that I wasn't killed or anything." A shuddering sigh, and his sister sounded a little heavier.

"Jaune, when you get home, we need to have a talk. That woman… fuck, fuck. He tore off her
fingernails, Jaune. She sang like Tweety, but he still did it. Dad's… Dad's angry, Jaune. Mom didn't tell him a thing, other than that it was all humbug. He blames himself too, and- And several of us are moving out."

His sister took a deep breath, continuing again.

"We can't do it anymore, Jaune. Not now, not after what mom said. We've got some money and are probably going to get a flat somewhere, I don't know, but-"

He had money. Mister Frank said that it should be put for a good cause. His sisters were a good cause.

"Mister Frank said that punishment has been given to her."

He shouldn't tell his sister what had happened. A sigh of what seemed to be relief.

"Good, if… If she's dead, perhaps… Jaune, come home, okay? Mom is beside herself with worry, surprising, but still."

He was hungry. He looked at the phone. Should he ask them to drive him home.

"He's got a date with me to go on first, lady. We're getting some food, and then we'll be back. Mom's back again and-"

Raven gave a shake of the head. "and we're going to go to dad after a bit. Summer's not happy with how things went whilst she was away. It's going to be some Summer antics again, I reckon."

A smile, as he looked at his girlfriend.

"I love you."

She smiled at him sweetly. "Yeah, me too. Big juicy burger, great boyfriend, Mom's back…" A look at Summer, who was giving her an encouraging look. Yang's mother looked irritable.

"Yeah, this summer's going to be great."

He sighed, knowing that it was now over. This chapter of his life was closing.

"I'll be home in an hour or so, maybe a bit more."

His sister could worry all she wanted, but he was hungry. He'd eat them if this continued.

"See ya, Jaune. Marble looks like she wants to take another swing at mom again, I better stop her."

That was unusual. He'd have to ask whether mom was okay, but first, he needed food.

"So, who's up for a family barbecue tomorrow, huh? Rae has to go to work, but I figured that we'd go to celebrate getting rid of one wicked bitch of the east, and-"

Yang made a face. "The last time I was at a barbecue with you, the meat turned into cinder and charcoal. We're letting him man the grill after dad leaves with his wife."

He looked stoically at Summer. He wouldn't let the meat burn. Cows shouldn't go up in ashes.

"I'll make sure that it doesn't look too much like Cinder does. I don't think she's too edible anymore."
It was a snort from Raven that did it, as Yang laughed at the words he used. Summer merely shook her head and the Melinda woman made a disgusted sound in the back of her throat.

"Let me take you out on a date next. It was your turn last time."

She was still his girlfriend.

Her smile made the world just a little brighter, even though it was night-time.

"I'd love to. We should go shop again. I want to find something to make my boyfriend happy."

A smile on his own lips, as she hugged him. Warmth and affection mingled inside him, as he felt the burning inside slowly fade, as she kissed his neck.

'Love feels amazing.'

The end.

Dedicated to my friend and member of the Marines, Devin. This is for you, friend.

Semper Fi.

Now, the big question: Will this story get a sequel? Maybe. It's not a universe that I'm done with. We've got things yet unsolved. NPR's reactions. Weiss and Ruby. Blake's healing trip to therapy. Miss Salem and her sessions. I'd imagine she'd like to catch up.

I've toyed with the idea of an alternate-universe take on Summer Antics as well.

Down Fall/Der Untergang.

Cinder Fall never asked. Only after the fact did she hear from his mouth the horrible truth of how he was. Follow Cinder Fall on her road towards reconciliation as she wrestles with the truth that she has fallen for something that goes against every tenet of her beliefs. She has fallen for the Untermensch.

A Neo Nazi's path towards accepting the truth and loving that which is forbidden. Sometimes, the greatest cure for a vile belief is to be exposed to something different.

Thank you for reading this story. I hope you've had enjoyment, even if the themes were heavy. Racism and discrimination are never okay subjects to talk about, but I wanted to address them in this story. We're all human. We have one planet where we come from and we believe different things. Those who are different can teach us how to accept, but we must remain critical of how the person is.

I'd like to say personally that, no matter whether you have autism or whether you are born 'normal', you're all worth living your life. Autism is simply a different way of looking at things. As an adult, you'll look at the world entirely different than when you are in your teens.

I have enjoyed reading your comments, thank you for the support. This is not my most popular work, but it has inspired thought in others.
Please enjoy my stories. I want everyone to read my stuff and be excited for the next chapter, or to look back on it and go 'that was pretty damn cool, I'll re-read it to see if I missed something.'

Thanks for sticking with me and my writing. Until the next story.

Cyanide Sins

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!