Master Arc

by MizMahem

Summary

Shortly after his graduation, Jaune receives a letter, inviting him to his late Great-Uncle's Ozpin in order to begin an evaluation. What he finds there will defy his expectations. (Spoilers: A mansion full of maids).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Jaune Arc set his bag down as he looked up at the massive, iron gate. The imposing structure was unadorned except for a strange gearlike crest near the top. The road he had been walking on continued on, but he highly doubted there would be any other similar structure anyways near here, so this must be the place. Just to be sure though he reached into his pocket and pulled out the letter.

VIA COURIER MAIL DELIVERY

Dear Mr. Arc,

Though we have not spoken in many years, I hope this missive finds you well.

I recently received a report of your graduation. Your Uncle always knew you would be capable of great things. Please accept my belated congratulations, I am sorry I did not learn in time to attend the ceremonies in person.

Since your graduation fulfills the last requirement for your qualification, your presence is required at Beacon Manor at your earliest convenience to begin your evaluation. If you have any questions or concerns, I may be contacted at 867.3509.

We eagerly await your arrival.

Glynda Goodwitch, Head Maid

GG:ws

He looked over at the only other identifying mark on the gate, a plaque that read ‘Beacon Manor’ that sat right above an old fashioned intercom box.

“I wish she had included a map,” he muttered, pushing the button near the speaker.

Getting here had been an ordeal. No one had ever picked up at that number, and while Jaune knew vaguely where in Vale his great-uncle had lived, actually finding his house had proved a challenge. He had managed to scrape together train fair to the general area, and gotten directions but had not been prepared for the long walk to the address, quite a way out of town. The trip had blown through what little savings he had, so if this turned out to be some kind of cruel joke, he was screwed, and would have to—

“Yes?” a bright feminine voice erupted from the speaker, interrupting his thoughts.


“Jaune!”? there was a clatter as if someone had fallen over, and then a muffled shout directed away from the speaker. “It’s Jaune! He’s at the gate!” More commotion, and then silence.

Jaune stared at the speaker in confusion, but, after a moment, a different older voice came on.
“Jaune Arc?”

“Um, yes?”

“Mr. Arc, we are pleased that you finally arrived. We will be waiting at the entrance.”

There was a buzz, and the heavy gates slowly swung open.

That was kind of ominous, but the voice sounded faintly familiar. Jaune glanced at the letter again. He vaguely recalled an ‘Aunt Glynda’ from years back. She had been a beautiful blond-haired woman who had been nice, but kinda quiet. He glanced at the letter again. The same first name, but…

With a mental shrug, Jaune folded the letter back up. No point worrying about this now, the answers were waiting just up the hill.

That hill turned out to be substantial, the road switchbacking its way up the long wooded driveway. It took Jaune long minutes to trudged his way up, and he soon found himself sweating despite the shade. He was about to give in and remove his hoodie when the road finally broke out of the woods into a clearing that contained a large, well-manicured lawn that covered a shallow rise.

Pausing to catch his breath, Jaune looked around in wonder. In the distance, he could see what looked like some floral gardens and a large ornate fountain that dominated the clearing. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he walked forward into the hot noonday sun, cresting the hill to view the mansion proper.

It took his breath away.

He knew his uncle had been wealthy, but he still hadn’t imagined it extended to something like this. It was like something straight out of a storybook. A sprawling structure, stately and formal, with a flat face, a gabled roof, and tall arched windows. Jaune didn’t have a proper frame of reference to accurately guess it’s size, but just judging from the rows of windows it had to be at least two stories tall, and it extended to either side in a considerable dimension.

As he drew closer, he saw something even more amazing: the entourage that had assembled out front to greet him. Two lines of beautiful women, all in stereotypical white and black maid uniforms, three to a side, with a tall, buxom, blonde standing in the center. Jaune walked forward, stunned until he reached the apex of the line, where his brain finally failed him, and his bag slipped out of his fingers, as the blood rushed away from his head and extremities.

“Um, hello?”

“Hello Jaune Arc,” the tall blonde responded, in a calm, cool voice, and made a slight bow. “Welcome home.”

“Welcome home,” six other voices repeated, with various degrees of enthusiasm.

Jaune fainted.

"...and he passed out."

"This is our new master?"
"I like him already."

“I think it’s cute.”

“Not what I was expecting.”

“He’s probably just tired.”

“Quiet, all of you. Give him some air. Miss Rose, get his bag. Miss Nikos, Miss Xiao Long, please escort Mr. Arc inside.”

“Escort?”

“…”

“Carry.”

“—he is going to be okay?”

“He’ll be fine. It was probably the long walk up and then the shock of all this.”

The feminine voices talking above him slowly roused Jaune to consciousness. His head was resting on something soft and comfortable, quite near someone; he could feel their warmth and gentle breathing. Somehow he instinctively felt a soft, comforting feeling in this position, as if he was being cradled and protected, the sort that he couldn’t remember feeling in years. His mind was still foggy, so he just kept his eyes closed and relaxed, his head and feet elevated, so he just kept his eyes closed, relaxing.

“You’re sure it’s not a heat stroke or something?”

“No, he’s still sweating, and he would be much hotter if it was that. You’d be able to feel it.”

Soft feminine fingers gently brushed his head, feeling his temperature. An unnoticed smile filled Jaune’s sleepy face at the sensation. That felt nice. The faint scent of citrus tickled his nose, and Jaune was tempted to go back to sleep. Today had been exhausting and confusing, and now he felt so comfortable.

“He’s still a little warm.”

“Well, yeah, he just hiked up all the way up here, it would be strange if he wasn’t a little hot.”

“This hoodie probably didn’t help things.”

“Probably not, but it does look cute on him.”

“Yeah…”

A pause.

“Should we take it off him?”

“Why, you want to see his chest?”

“No! But, but if he’s overheated, it might help him cool down.”

“Should we take his pants off to then?”
“N-no! I don’t think that would be… I mean, that’s going too far, isn’t it?”

“I’m just teasing you, I kind of want to know what’s underneath the hood myself.”

Delicate hands touched his stomach, lifting his hoodie up, and Jaune’s brain finally shifted into gear. Important things were happening that required his attention! He felt air brush against his stomach and sat up with a start, only to run face-first into a warm, pliable object hanging over him. It took his brain another second to make the connection, the shape, the texture, the body beside it. Jaune let out a gasp and fell back onto what he now realized were a pair of legs, resting beneath his head.

“Sorry!” Jaune’s voice rang out in stereo with the woman’s who’s lap his head occupied.

He blushed, looking up at her past what he now knew to be a pair of nice, supple breasts. She had bright green eyes which framed a triangular face, scarlet with blush, which matched the long red hair held back in a ponytail.

The other speaker was a stoutly built woman, with an even more massive chest, and a thick mane of beautiful blonde hair. Her face was writ in a humorous smile and lit by two large, purple eyes, full of mirth.

“Wow, you really don’t waste any time, do you champ. Already going for second base?”

“Yang,” the woman cradling his head pleaded, mortified.

“What? I’m happy for you,” the blonde said with a smirk. “Stealing a lap already!”

The redhead groaned at the pun, and Jaune gently sat up, swaying slightly and looked around. He was in what must be a sitting room judging from the classic looking furniture around him, resting on a similar couch. Outside the window, he could see the expanse of the lawn, and beside him sat two of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, both dressed in elegant maid outfits.

Jaune swallowed heavily. So he hadn’t been dreaming. He shook his head slowly, trying to make sense of what was going on. Before he could come to any conclusions, The blonde from the center of the procession swept into the room, coming straight over to check on him.

“Good, you’re awake. You had us worried there for a moment,” she said, her hand feeling his head. “How are you feeling?”

“Okay,” Jaune said slowly, “a little dizzy.”

She looked over at the blonde for confirmation.

“Just a little faint, he’ll be fine.”

She nodded, her face relieved. “I sent Miss Valkyrie to get us some refreshments, she should be back shortly. While we wait, do you feel up for a little chat?”

Jaune nodded, and the blonde settled down, elegantly into a chair across from him. She adjusted her glasses, and her face took on a severe expression which her face looked accustomed to. Jaune fidgeted as her sharp eyes looked him up and down. The resemblance to the woman from his childhood was uncanny, the same short blonde hair, piercing blue-green eyes.

“Well, you’ve grown up quite nicely. Hard to believe you are that same little boy I last saw all those years ago,” she paused considering. “Although that wild blond hair and those clear blue eyes are the same.”
Jaune squirmed a bit, uncomfortable with the praise. “Have we met before? Are you Glynda’s younger sister or something?”

She startled for a moment, cheeks darkening, but recovered quickly. “Rather charming too. You must be rather successful with the ladies.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say that,” Jaune muttered, looking away.

“No? We will work on that then,” Glynda said matter of factly. “But yes, we have met before. Though I’m not surprised you don’t remember, the last time was not the happiest of occasions.”

Jaune stared, not following.

“You really don’t recall, do you?” she said raising a brow at him. “It was at your mother’s funeral. She was the older one, so I guess you were kind of close on that.” She posed, tossing her hair to the side.

Now it was Jaune’s turn to startle, and he blinked as he trying to reconcile this her appearance with his childhood memories. The tight bun for her short blond hair was new, though the blond ringlets he remembered still framed her face. The familiar eyes were now hidden behind oval horn-rimmed glasses. As for the rest of her, well…

Jaune swallowed and tried not to stare. It was not so much that he had forgotten these aspects as he had not noticed them as a child. As an adult, it was pretty hard to miss her tremendous chest, even bigger than the blonde’s beside him, and the long, sexy legs she folded in front of her. Her outfit only drew his attention more to these attributes; a high-waisted black pencil skirt, sheer black stockings, high heels, and a tight pleated shirt. She was the picture of a well-healed professional woman.

Except for the boob window displaying a generous amount of cleavage which drew his eyes at every opportunity. Jaune tried not to stare but…

“Eyes up here please,” Glynda said, her face serious. “Some appreciation is appropriate, but to stare overlong is crass.”

“Oh, um, sorry, uh, Aunt Glynda it’s just I didn’t think you were—”

“Miss Goodwitch if you please,” she said, interrupting him, “and think nothing of it. It’s quite the flattering mistake to make.” She paused. “Now, as you know, I am both the Head Maid, in charge of things here at the Manor.” Jaune didn’t know that but didn’t want to interrupt. “And I will also be overseeing your qualification. I see you have already met Miss Nikkos and Miss Xiao Long.”

“Yeah, he and Pyrrha have already had a little run in,” the blonde beside him snickered.

Jaune’s face warmed as he immediately recalled the feel of Pyrrha’s breast. “I guess, I, uh, just kind of woke up,” he said awkwardly.

“I see. Then allow me to make the introductions, the young woman on your left is Pyrrha Nikkos, your personal assistant.”

“Hi,” the redhead said.

“And the irreverent hellion on your right is Yang Xiao Long, your personal trainer.”

“That’s me,” the blonde said with a wave.
Jaune blinked slowly, trying to comprehend everything. “I’m sorry, personal trainer?”

“Yes.” Glynda said simply. “Ensuring your good health is one of our most important concerns.”

“Right…” Jaune drawled, “but umm… why?”

Glynda frowned at him. “Because you are the tanist? Did your father not explain all this to you?”

“What? No, I uh, don’t think I’ve ever heard that word before,” Jaune said, looking baffled.

Glynda’s frown deepened. “Nothing at all? Nothing about the Beacon legacy?”

“Umm… no?”

Glynda shared a look with two girls, who looked equally confused.

“Then why are you here?” Pyrrha asked.

“Well, I got this letter,” Jaune said, retrieving it from his pocket.

Yang looked it over. “So you got this and just dropped everything and came, not knowing anything?”

Jaune shrugged. “It seemed important.”

Yang hmphed, impressed, and Glynda’s eyebrows also rose just a fraction. “Your father allowed this?”

Jaune squirmed. “He didn’t dis-allow it,” he said vaguely.

Glynda’s eyes bore into him.

“Mostly because he didn’t know.”

“You ran away?” Pyrrha asked.

“Well… I mean, things were kind of getting uncomfortable at home, and I figured I am old enough to do my own thing anyway, so I just kind of… left.” He paused, rubbing the back of his head. “Without, you know, telling anyone.”

“I see,” Glynda said slowly, “Why did you not call me? I would have arranged transportation.”

“I tried, several times,” Jaune said with a shrug. “No one ever picked up.”

Glynda frowned. “May I see that letter?”

Yang handed it over, and Glynda read through it, eyes narrowing. “8 6 7, 3 5 0 9. It should be 5 3.” She sighed. “It appears Miss Schnee transposed some numbers. I shall have to have a talk with her.”

“Somebody’s in trouble,” Yang sang.

Glynda shot a glare at her. “Miss Xiao Long, I believe you have duties that require you elsewhere?”

“Sure boss,” Yang said easily, bouncing onto her feet, which did delightful things to her chest. “I’ll see you later, champ,” she said, giving him a wink.

Glynda frowned at her as she left, then turned back to Jaune. “I apologize for her lack of decorum.
Miss Xiao Long is one of the more irreverent servants.”

“Um, that’s okay, I don’t mind.”

“You should mind,” Glynda said, her face serious. “The tone of a servant reflects back upon their master. A certain amount of cheek is acceptable, as it demonstrates affection, but the master must maintain control.”

“Right…” Jaune drawled, bewildered. “Sorry, this is just a lot to take in.”

“Yes, I can imagine it does come as quite a shock,” Glynda said, her wry smile appearing again. “I expected you to arrive underprepared, but not totally ignorant of the situation and its requirements. This will require some readjustments on my part.” She paused, considering, only to turn her head up at a noise outside the room. “But before we get into that, I believe I hear Miss Valkyrie with our refreshments.”

Jaune looked over, and indeed, coming through the entrance was a short, orange-haired woman, with bright turquoise eyes, also implausibly stacked, pushing a small cart.

“Notice, but don’t stare,” Pyrrha whispered from his right.

“Oh, um, sorry.”

“It’s okay,” she said, patting his leg. “You’re doing a lot better already.”

Glynda leaned back, watching the exchange with a careful eye for turning her attention to the new maid. “Jaune Arc, this is Nora Valkyrie.”

“So you’re the guy I’m supposed to shape up, huh?” Nora said, jumping in immediately. “Cute, but kind of scragglly though. Do you faint all the time? That’ll be a problem. You’ll need to work out more. Lots of cardio. Though not too much I guess because you’ll faint. Hmm…”

She paused to think, and Jaune hastened to get a word in. “I really don’t faint that much.”

“So you do faint sometimes?” Pyrrha asked from beside him.

“No! I mean, I don’t faint at all!” Jaune sputtered, waving his hands. “Well, except for today, but this was the first time! I was tired, walking all the way up here, and it was hot, and then there and I saw all of you and—”

“Good!” Nora said, chattering back in. “If you don’t faint, then we can do less cardio and a lot more strength training! You’ll need to—”

Glynda coughed loudly, interrupting Nora. “Miss Valkyrie, as you recall, Miss Xiao Long will be handling the master’s fitness needs. I have moved you over to cooking.”

“I know that,” Nora said, rolling her eyes. “What I’m saying is more strength training means he’ll need less carbs and more proteins to make those muscles big and strong!” She punched the air. “Which means more meats, and that’s good because I like meat!” she paused again. “But less carbs means fewer cookies and cakes,” she paused frowning, then turned back to him, “Do you like pancakes?”

“Um, sure?” Jaune said, overwhelmed, and confused by the non-sequitur.

“Miss Valkyrie,” Glynda broke in before Nora could get rolling again. “I believe you brought some
refreshments?’

“I did! Iced tea!” she said, turning back to the cart and filling a couple tall glasses, with ice and amber liquid, adding some mint and a lemon slice, and handed one each to Jaune and Glynda.

“None for me please,” Pyrrha said before Nora could offer her any.

Jaune took a drink, the tea was deliciously cold and powerfully sweet.

“How is it?”

“It’s good,” Jaune said, taking another sip, savoring the flavor. “Blackberries?”

“Yes! Ruby has a patch she’s harvesting, and I put some in. Here, try some of the tea cakes I made to go with it.” Nora thrust a small plate with a circular cookie thing into his hand.

His hands full, Jaune was kind of unsure how he was going to do that, there not being a table handy to the couch.

“Let me get that for you,” Pyrrha said, solving the dilemma by taking the glass from his hand.

“Uh, thanks,” Jaune said awkwardly, unsure how to react to being waited on by such a beautiful girl. He quickly took a bite of the cake, trying to hide it. It was more like a cookie than a cake, but only mildly sweet, pairing well with the lingering sweetness in his mouth from the tea. “These are really good too.”

Nora beamed at him, and Glynda spoke up.

“I agree,” Glynda said, sipping her tea again, before setting it on the table beside her. “Quite sweet, however. Are you trying to cover up the bitterness of the tea?”

“Maybe a little,” Nora said, her face falling.

Jaune nodded, noticing it in hindsight. “That can happen if you let it steep for too long. I normally only brew it for five to ten minutes or so.”

“You know how to cook?” Pyrrha asked from beside him.

Jaune shrugged. “A little, I guess,” he looked over at Nora. “Maybe we could swap recipes sometimes? These tea cakes are really good, I never had anything like them before.”

“I just followed the recipe from the book,” Nora said, fidgeting, looking down and away. “But I’d like that,” she said softly, “this is kind of new to me.”

Glynda observed the exchange carefully, a tightly controlled smile forming on her lips. “Miss Valkyrie, thank you very much for the refreshments, they were delightful. Now, I believe you need to begin preparations for dinner? What did you intend to serve tonight?”

“How about pancakes?” Nora asked.

“Sure, I guess—”

“No pancakes,” Glynda interrupted.

“Then I don’t know,” Nora said with a pout. “I’ll figure something out.”
“Excellent,” Glynda said with a dismissive nod.

“It was nice to meet you, Nora, I really did love the tea cakes.”

“Thanks, Jaune, er, I mean, Mr. Arc,” Nora said, face slightly flush, and pushing the cart back out the room.

Nora ❤

“Mmm, that was well handled,” Glynda said after Nora was out of earshot, giving Jaune an approving smile. “I did not expect you to be able to put Nora Valkyrie of all people on her back foot.”

“I was just trying to be polite,” Jaune said awkwardly, not sure how to take the compliment.

“Indeed,” Glynda said, sipping her tea again.

Pyrrha passed him back the tea, and he took another sip, hardly even realizing he had done it. It was scary how quickly he was adapting to this, even though he still didn’t know what was going on. He finished his snacks in silence, not quite sure how to restart the conversation with Glynda, who appeared content at the moment.

Jaune was saved from the awkward silence when yet another maid barreled into the room. This time the maid was a young girl, with short dark hair with red tips, and stunning silver eyes. This time Jaune managed not to stare, she was cute, but not ridiculously sexual like the other girls. Although the slim legs that peeked out from her skirt were quite attractive.

“I got his stuff all put up in his room like you asked, Miss Goodwitch!” the young girl said bouncing on her toes, tearing him from her his thoughts.

“Thank you, Miss Rose, though I remind you again that you should not run in the manor,” Glynda said.

“Sorry about that,” the girl said, laughing nervously.

Glynda hmmed. “For now, introductions,” she turned back to Jaune. “This is Ruby Rose, she looks after the manor's grounds.”

“Yep. Groundskeeper, mechanic, electrician, and all-around handy-maid,” Ruby said, flashing him a grin. “Nice to meet you!”

“Likewise,” Jaune said, smiling back.

There was a pause, as Ruby scrutinized him, fingers fidgeting. “So... your fainting, is that like a medical thing or...?”

“It was my first time, it was hot, I was tired!”

“So it is a health thing?”

Jaune sighed, looking over at Pyrrha. “I’m going to have to go through this with everyone, aren’t I.”

“Only two more left to go,” she reassured him.

“Rest assured your sister will give him a thorough health evaluation,” Glynda said.
Ruby gave Jaune a pitying look that said ‘dead man walking,’ which did not comfort him.

Before he could comment, Glynda spoke up again. “Miss Rose, your arrival is timely, would you mind showing Mr. Arc to his room? I am sure he would enjoy having a chance to bathe before dinner.”

“Yes ma’am,” Ruby said, hanging her head.

That left the room in kind of a dower note.

“Sure!” Ruby said happily.

“I know you must have a great many more questions about the situation here,” Glynda said, turning back to Jaune, “but, given the circumstances of your departure, it might be best if I contacted your family and let them know you are okay. We will discuss the situation here over dinner.”

Jaune nodded, hanging his head as Glynda stood up to leave.

“Oh, and Miss Rose?” Glynda said, pausing at the doorway, “We will also discuss the matter of your punishment at a later date.”

“Yeah, same here,” Jaune said, his spirits starting to lift as he watched her go. His eyes might have tracked Pyrrha a little longer than was appropriate as she left the room. But, to be fair, he hadn’t ogled her earlier, so maybe that made up for it?

“So, umm… ready for me to take you to bed?” Ruby asked.

Jaune glanced over at her, watching Ruby’s face turned nearly as red as the tips of her hair as she realized what she said.

“I mean to show you your bedroom, bedroom!” she stammered, mortified. “Please, don’t tell anyone I said that.”

Jaune mimed zipping his lips shut, resisting the desire to smile. Though he felt sorry for her, he had to admit that it felt good to see someone else suffering from foot-in-mouth syndrome for a change. He stood up slowly, legs still a little shaky, but his strength returning quickly and gestured with his hand. “After you.”
Ruby led Jaune down the hallway back and into a vast foyer, which also functioned as the front entrance to the manor. It was a magnificent space, done in the same classic style as the exterior. Tall windows illuminated the room, reaching nearly to the ceiling. The decoration was sparse, which combined with the polished marble floors to increase the feeling of space. Dominating the center of the room was a massive grand staircase. It swept in on both sides from the second story down to a central landing, and then straight down to where they stood.

“Cool isn’t it?” Ruby said, spinning around in the middle of the room.

“Yeah,” said Jaune looking around in amazement. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Wait till you see the view from up here!” she said, rushing up the stairs.

Jaune followed at a more sedate pace, still somewhat unsteady on his feet, watching Ruby with amusement. She was a little ball of energy, and it was fun to watch her try and restrain herself to a pace that was just barely short of a run.

She was right about the view too. Out the large front windows Jaune could see the vast green expanse of the lawn, stretching over the hill and seeming to fade in the early evening light. That same light shone back in, hitting just the right angle to make the polished floors of the room glisten, casting everything else in a reflected glow.

Including Ruby, who looked positively radiant standing beside him, elbows on the railing looking back out at the entrance, a happy smile on her face. A perfect picture of youth and innocence.

“Beautiful,” Jaune said.

Ruby saw his gaze and blushed, looking away, and Jaune did the same, blushing as well. Dammit, he hadn’t meant her specifically. The word had just slipped out. Not that he hadn’t not meant her, Ruby was beautiful but… this was all so confusing.

“Umm… anyways,” Jaune began again after a period of awkward silence. “It must be a lot of work to keep this place clean.”

“This room isn’t so bad, we can just mop it,” Ruby said, looking as relieved as he did at the subject change. “We all work together for the rest, though Yang and I mostly work out in the yard.”

“She’s your sister then?” Jaune ventured, though he couldn’t see a trace of resemblance between the two, other than their boundless energy.

“Yep! Have you met her yet? Tall, blonde, huge,” she swung her arms wide for emphasis before stopping with a side glance at Jaune, “er, head of hair, lots of bad puns?”

“We met,” he said with a smirk. “She’s going to be my trainer or something?” He paused briefly. “Should I be worried about that? She seems a little… enthusiastic.”

“Maybe a little,” Ruby said hesitantly. “She—”
“Ruby Rose!” A different voice interrupted. “I’ve been looking all over for you. You left the hose on again, and your d—”

The voice cut off and Jaune turned to see yet another maid storming towards them. If Ruby was petite, this new girl was even more so, but with a more regal bearing about her. She had long white hair pulled back in a ponytail, clear blue eyes, and a scar down the left side of her face. Also, unlike everyone else he had met so far in the mansion, her expression was neither friendly nor curious, but cold.

“Oh. You.”

“Umm… hi,” Jaune said awkwardly, offering his hand. “Jaune Arc.”

His hand could have been a snake. “I know who you are, *Jaune Arc.*” She made his name sound like a curse.

Ruby stepped in, trying to salvage the situation. “Uh, Jaune, this is Weiss Schnee,” she said, making a presenting motion. “She’s your personal secretary and—”

“No, I’m not,” Weiss said flatly, “I keep books for Beacon Manor, and it’s head.” She turned to Ruby. “I’m not his personal *anything.* Not yet.”

“Right,” Ruby laughed nervously, “my mistake.”

“It’s uh, nice to meet you,” Jaune said, lowering his hand awkwardly.

Weiss hmphed, and turned back to Ruby. “Your dog tracked mud in all over our quarters again.”

“Oh, no! Why didn’t you stop him?”

Weiss turned her head away. “He was having fun, and I didn’t want to interrupt him.”

“So you just let him make a mess?” Jaune asked, confused.

Weiss’s wheeled back on Jaune, “He was muddy! And I couldn’t get my uniform messy, not when I need to be perfect to meet our new Master.” She glared.

“I’m sorry Weiss, I’ll take care of it just as soon as I finish here,” Ruby said, trying to play peacemaker.

“Of course, *Master’s* needs come before ours, don’t they,” Weiss said with a roll of her eyes. “What are you doing for him anyway?”

“Just showing him to his room so he can take a bath.”

Weiss snorted. “He looks like he needs one. And maybe you can prevent him from injuring himself if he faints again.”

“It was hot!” Jaune protested. This was really getting old. “I just hiked up this big hill!”

“Yeah, a surprise visit was a stupid way to try and impress us,” Weiss scoffed. “Common courtesy would dictate letting us know when to expect you, so we aren’t scrambling to try and arrange a reception.”

“I wasn’t trying to impress anyone! “
“You weren’t?” Ruby asked, confused.

“No! I just got this weird letter from my Aunt who I hadn’t seen in years. I had no idea all this was what was waiting for me at the top of that hill, or even that there was going to be a hill in the first place!”

Weiss rolled her eyes again. “I wrote that weird letter you dolt.”

“Well, it didn’t tell me anything,” Jaune huffed. “Just some cryptic mumbo-jumbo about an evaluation and a phone number that didn’t work.”

“You really expect me to believe you came all the way out here without knowing about your succession?”

“It’s the truth,” Jaune said simply, “ask Aun— Miss Goodwitch.”

“Rest assured, I will,” Weiss said, narrowing her eyes at him. “And your lack of honesty will not reflect well on your evaluation, which I imagine is already going poorly.” She turned to Ruby. “Don’t forget about the mess.”

“I won’t,” Ruby said nervously.

Weiss hmphed, gave Jaune a final glare, and stormed off.

Ruby and Jaune watched her go, stunned by the encounter.

“Wow,” Jaune said, after a second.

“Yeah,” Ruby replied awkwardly.

The two of them stood there for a couple awkward moments before Jaune looked over at Ruby and spoke again.

“I don’t really stink, do I?”

Ruby laughed, the tension broken. “I mean, you’re a little sweaty, but that’s normal after that walk. Nothing wrong with sweat that comes from hard work.” She leaned over to take a comic sniff, then blushed, as if she had gotten a little bit more than she asked for. “I, I don’t think you stink,” she said quietly, edging a little closer to him.

Jaune sighed in relief and turned back out the entrance in wonder. Ruby slid up next to him, skirt brushing his hip, and joined him in watching the Sun march across the sky. It was a nice moment. Ruby made a good companion.

After a while, Ruby spoke again, giving him a curious look. “You really didn’t know about all this?”

“Not the slightest,” Jaune said, shaking his head. “Biggest shock in my life cresting that hill and seeing all of you lined up in front of the mansion.”

That got a smile out of her. “Hence, the whole fainting thing.”

“Yeah,” Jaune said, hanging his head. “I’m never going to live that down, am I.”

“Probably not,” Ruby said, patting him on the back. “But now that I know about everything, I think it’s pretty cute.”
Jaune just groaned.

“Aww, come on, it’s not that bad, just wait till you see your room!”

She led him down the hallway a bit, stopping in front of a pair of double doors that looked over the railing, directly opposite the main entrance on the first floor, throwing them open with a dramatic flair.

Inside was the biggest bedroom Jaune had ever seen in his life. It was as if someone had decided to build an entire house within one room. It had no less than two fireplaces on opposite sides, along with a whole host of couches, chairs, tables, desks, a bar, and other furnishings. The back wall was entirely glass, a couple of patio doors leading out to a similarly huge balcony. The sparse contemporary design kept the room from looking too ostentatious, but it was still absurdly lavish. Accentuating this was the marble floors which continued in from the foyer, with thick rugs on the floor where appropriate. Tall ceilings served to make the already large room feel even bigger.

But despite all the furniture, the bed in the center of the room was still the focal point. Jaune found himself drawn to it. It was absurdly huge. He stretched his arms out as far as he could, and the bed extended beyond his fingertips by a comfortable amount on each side.

“What do you think?” Ruby said, sitting down on the side of the bed.

“This is kind of insane,” Jaune said, trying to take it all in. “This is all just for me?”

“Yep!” Ruby said, bouncing on the edge of the bed.

Jaune looked around, mouth dry. He could feel his head starting to spin again trying to take this all in. It was too much. He looked around at the doors. “Umm… which one of these is the bathroom?”

“Here, I’ll show you,” Ruby said, hopping back up and leading him over. “The one over there leads to the nursery, where Miss Goodwitch sleeps, and on to the servants quarters. The elevator is hidden behind that one, and the master bath is through here.”

“Elevator?” Jaune asked, nervous to even ask.

“Yeah, leads down the kitchen and the grotto.”

“Oh, the grotto, of course,” Jaune said, shaking his head. Things kept on getting crazier. He did his best to put the fact that his room had a freaking elevator in it out of his head and followed Ruby to the bathroom.

It was, of course, also stupendously huge and richly furnished, again with marble floors and counters, but at least it was mostly just a bathroom. The only extra furnishing being a fireplace and a couple of chairs over by a huge tub.

“The showers in there,” Ruby said, pointing at a glass walk-in that was itself larger than the room Jaune had grown up in. “You think you can figure it out?”

“I’m sure I can manage,” Jaune said with false confidence. He rather suspected figuring out how to work the massive shower would be another ordeal, but he wasn’t about to tell that to Ruby.

“Well, okay, I’ll leave you to it then,” Ruby said. “Your clothes are in the master closet here, and there are towels on the rack there.”

“Thanks, Ruby, I appreciate it.”
“No problem,” Ruby said grinning, then her face sobered. “And I’m sorry about Weiss earlier. She is always a little prickly about new people, and she’s been nervous about your arrival.” Ruby paused. “We all have.”

“Yeah,” Jaune said, rubbing the back of his head. “Sorry to be such a disappointment.”

Ruby gave him a winning smile. “You aren’t what I expected, but I wouldn’t say you are a disappointment. You seem like a nice guy, and I’m kind of glad you are you.”

“Uh thanks,” Jaune said, suddenly embarrassed. “It’s uh… I’m glad you are you too.”


Ruby +❤

Jaune’s fears about the complexities of the shower turned out to be well-founded. With a half dozen showerheads, and multiple nobs, it took more than a little fiddling to get the hot water flowing, but after he did, it was delightful. Water soaked him from every angle, deluging him in an endless supply of hot water. He probably spent longer than he should have, washing with the soaps provided, then just relaxing and letting the hot water pour over him, taking some of his troubles and concerns with it.

When he finally stepped out of the shower, he felt much better. Wrapping himself up in a big fluffy towel, he found his dirty clothes missing, with just a pair of boxers laid out for him. Someone must have slipped in while he was zoned out in the shower. The boxers weren’t his but looked close enough to his size. Shrugging, Jaune pulled them on. They were a little tight, but not to bad.

Hoping to find some pants, he opened up the master closet, only to find the massive walk-in to be empty, except for his bag tucked up in the back corner. Also empty. The closet beside it was half-full, but of women’s clothes. A diverse array of colors and fabrics, with lots of frills and lace, but lots of leather and spandex as well it looked like. Nothing that would be suitable for him though, and it didn’t seem appropriate to go digging through it.

Unsure what else to do, Jaune tentatively peeked into the bedroom.

“Umm… Ruby? Miss Goodwitch?”

“Over here,” came Pyrrha’s friendly voice. She was sitting on one of the couches, reading a book, and waved to him as he peeked his head out.

“You wouldn’t have some pants over there, would you?” Jaune asked nervously.

“Oh. No. I had them sent down to get cleaned, sorry.” She paused. “There should be some other things laid out for you though, and a bathrobe?”

Jaune ducked back in, feeling a little foolish when he saw the robe hanging on a rack near the side. A big fluffy affair that enveloped him, leaving him warm and comfortable. Cinching the belt, he felt a little more comfortable as he entered the bedroom.

Pyrrha smiled at him, cheeks coloring as she gave him a subtle once over. “Feeling better after the shower?”

“Much,” Jaune said, stretching. He really did too. Pyrrha patted the space beside her on the couch. Jaune obliged, sitting down next to her, but not right next to her.
“So umm, what now?”

“Whatever you want, Master Arc,” Pyrrha said prettily. “Nora is working on dinner, which should be ready in a couple hours. In the meantime, I could take you on a tour, or I thought you might want another snack?”

“The tour sounds good, but, um, maybe after I have some clothes again?”

“Oh, of course,” Pyrrha said, blushing slightly, and gave her head a silly knock. “I’m sorry, I didn’t think that through. I shouldn’t have been so zealous about getting your things laundered.”

“It’s okay,” Jaune said, waving her off. An awkward moment passed, Jaune fidgeting. It was so weird being here in boxers and a bathrobe next to such a pretty girl. “Um, you had a snack?” Jaune asked.

“Yes,” Pyrrha said, smiling and reached over for a nearby plate, which had some small bar-like cookies on it.

Jaune took one, biting into it experimentally. It had some kind of fruit filling. “Oh, this is good,” he said, devouring the rest of it.

“I’ll be sure to let Nora know,” Pyrrha said, taking one herself. “Tea?”

“Uh, sure,” Jaune said, watching as Pyrrha removed a cozy from a teapot, and poured them both a cup.

“Milk or sugar?”

“Um, just a little milk,” Jaune said, watching as Pyrrha poured a little into his cup, her movements graceful and elegant. She took her tea plain. The tea was good as well, with a slightly sweet flavor he couldn’t identify. Pyrrha once again acted as a second set of hands for him, taking his cup from him, and offering him another cookie.

“So um, you’re a personal assistant or whatever. What does that mean?” Jaune said, munching on another cookie.

“Mind your crumbs please,” Pyrrha said softly.

“Oh, sorry,” Jaune said, wiping his face. “It’s just these cookies are so good.”

“They are,” Pyrrha agreed. “Nora struggles with some things in the kitchen, but she’s good at baking.”

“Yeah,” Jaune said, taking another sip of tea when Pyrrha passed his cup back to him. “So, um, about your job?”

“That’s not an easy thing to put into words I guess,” Pyrrha said, taking the cup from him and setting it down. “I serve the head of the household as their right-hand man, so to speak. Keep their schedule for them, make and arrange their appointments, follow up on things to make sure they happen as planned, and take care of all the trivial details so that their life runs smoothly. Whatever they need me to do really.” Pyrrha said, pausing to take a sip of her own tea.

“And that’s me?” Jaune asked, not quite believing it.

“If all goes well, then yes,” Pyrrha said with a smile.
“Umm… wow,” Jaune said, stunned, taking his cup automatically as Pyrrha passed it to him. “I just… uh, don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything,” Pyrrha said, patting his leg. “I know it’s a lot to take in, but I’ll do my best to ease you into it. Making you comfortable is also part of my job.”

“Uh, thanks,” Jaune said, mind fumbling over that. “You’ve been doing a great job so far.”

Pyrrha’s smile brightened even further at that, her cheeks heating. “Thank you,” she said softly. “I promise to keep doing my best for you.”

Jaune blushed as well, and the two sat in silence, sipping their tea.

“Another cup?” Pyrrha asked, breaking the silence as Jaune polished off the last of his tea.

“No thanks,” Jaune said, handing the cup back to her, then yawned. Pyrrha looked over at him, and he scrambled to cover his mouth before she could correct him.

“A little tired?” Pyrrha asked, smiling at his antics. “You have a few hours free. If you like, I can turn down the bed for you, and you can take a nap until dinner. I know this morning must have tired you out.”

“Could I just lie down here then?” Jaune said, eyeing the giant bed nervously. “That thing’s, uh, kinda a lot.”

“Of course, Master Arc, this is your bedroom,” Pyrrha said with a kind smile. “you can sleep wherever you want. Let me go get you a blanket.”

As Pyrrha stepped out of the room, Jaune laid back on the couch, a wave of tiredness washing over him. She was right, this morning had tired him out, and without her presence to keep him going, it hit him all at once. The couch was comfortable, perfectly designed for such naps.

By the time Pyrrha returned to cover him with a blanket, Jaune was almost out, slipping under as she dimmed the lights in the room and lowered the shades. In the dim light, he drifted off with the vague memory of a soft voice and touch against his cheek.

A soft touch to the cheek. Click to reveal.
“Watching him sleep? Wow, you’ve got it bad. You just met.”

“It’s not like that! It’s just… he’s just too cute, isn’t he? Lying there all tuckered out.”

“Well… he is a little cute. If you’ve got a thing for tall scruffy blonds that is.”

“Not just that, he has a good heart too. Look at how he’s reacted to all this. Wonder and polite humility. Far different from—”

“We agreed not to talk about him.”

“Sorry. But you know what I mean. Ozpin always said that the intangibles were the most important, and you can’t teach them. We can help him out with all the other stuff.”

“You seem eager to get started helping with that.”

“N-No. I was just making sure he settled down okay. He’s had a rough morning.”

“I’ll say. I never in a million years expected our meeting to go like that.”
“Heh. Yeah. But you know? I kind of like it better this way. I mean, I was so scared to meet him, I still don't think I'm ready to take your role after well, you know. …”

“But not now?”

“No. I mean... we're kinda both in the same place now, you know. Not knowing each other, meeting each other more as equals. And I mean ... he needs me. Needs us.”

“He's going to need some help, that's for sure. But I think this is mostly just your mothering instinct kicking in for the cute dumb blond.”

“Oh, hush you, you’ll wake him.”

Pyrrha +❤

Chapter End Notes

Art here is a shop by me, original credit to lycoriscoris0813. I could not find the original source, I found the image [here](http://example.com).
Jaune was, by necessity, a rather sound sleeper. A skill he learned growing up in a thin-walled house that was too small for a family too large. With several younger sisters, he was also inured to the playful torments they might inflict on an older brother who’s attention they desired, able to ignore these events even in his sleep.

So he did not wake up when the lights were turned on. Or when his name was called. Or when gently shook. Or even when his blanket was removed.

Unfortunately, this meant he was entirely unprepared for his assailants next attack. One second he was peacefully asleep, and the next, there was a sudden impact on his stomach as a heavy weight landed on him, straddling him, shaking him awake. Jaune shot up in a panic, face-first into an ample chest for the second time today.

“Dinner’s ready Jaune!” Nora said, wrapping her arms around his head and hugging him, seeming oblivious to Jaune’s predicament. “I hope you like it. I was originally going to cook up these rib-eyes —”

“Nora,” another voice said.

“—but I was about halfway through when I realized I hadn’t counted the cuts correctly, and—”

“Nora.”

“—I didn’t want to start a fight, so I decided to—”

“Nora!”

Jaune’s head moved with her as she shifted to look elsewhere. “Yes, Blake?”

“I don’t think he can breathe like that.”

Jaune couldn’t, but as his brain woke up, it found it had more important things to focus on than his oxygen supply. For the second time today his face was in contact with that warm, pleasant, softness. A much more intense feeling this time, as it entirely enveloped him. Breasts he realized, his brain getting better at identifying the sensation with repetition. Not that he was prepared to do much other than relish the feeling.

A warm soft wake-up. Click to reveal.
Nora’s eyes turned down to Jaune and his somewhat purplish face. With a gasp she released him, and he dropped softly back onto the couch cushion, looking up at her in a daze. Not sure what to make of the admittedly pleasant experience.

“Sorry,” Nora said, a worried look on her face. “Are you okay?”

“Fine,” Jaune squeezed out weakly. Then coughed and spoke again. “I’m okay. I’m really pretty tough, I promise.”

“Oh good,” Nora said, looking relieved, “Why did you sleep here anyway? You’ve got the biggest, fluffiest, bed in the whole wide world just over there!” she said, pointing. “I mean, this couch is nice I guess, but it’s just a couch, and a bed is a bed! Have you tried it yet? It’s great!”

As Nora spoke, she bounced up and down for emphasis, as if he was the fluffy bed. Not only did this do wonderful things to her chest, it also sent sensations lower, as her weight shifted to rest just south of his waist. Nora’s pillowy butt was just as soft and pleasant as her chest, and with his blanket missing only the thin fabric of his boxers separated them. Jaune was totally mortified, his brain failing him again. Though if Nora was aware of the situation, she showed no sign of it, continuing full speed with her rant.

“—A Full Atlas-King mattress! It has a thick latex foam layer base, with a fluffy pillow layer on top! Silk sheets, a wonderfully soft comforter, and pillows personally fluffed by yours truly! How can you stand such a sub-par sleeping experience!?”

As Nora finished speaking, she leaned down to glare at him humorously, giving him a spectacular view down the cleavage of her dress. With a tremendous effort of will Jaune was able to drag his eyes away and look into her pretty green eyes, her earnest face somehow even more beautiful than the rest of her. He then found himself unable to do anything but stare into them, his brain calling it quits on him. Nora held the position for a few seconds, then broke into a grin and poked him in the nose with a “Boop!”

Nora +❤

“Should I get you two a room?” the other voice said.
“Of course not, silly,” Nora said, sitting back up and thumping Jaune on the chest with the back of her hand. “He already has this one.”

“Right…” the voice drawled. “Well, could you get off him? I need to get him into these clothes for dinner.”

“Oh sure, sorry B,” Nora said, hopping off.

Jaune cautiously sat up, looking around for the other speaker. Sitting at one of the tables in the bedroom was a black-haired girl, presumably the remaining maid he hadn’t met.

“Have a nice nap?” she asked.

“Oh, yeah,” Jaune said awkwardly. “You, uh, have some clothes for me? Some pants?”

“I do indeed,” she said, smiling, holding up a pair of slacks, waving him over.

“Oh, great,” Jaune said, getting up, and cinching his bathrobe around his waist. It wasn’t like he was indecent, but he didn’t exactly feel comfortable in just his underwear around a couple of girls.

“Umm… hi,” he said meekly as he approached her, “Jaune Arc,”

“Blake Belladonna,” the maid said, barely glancing at him. “Try those on,” she said, indicating the clothes on the table.

Jaune nodded, looking over the articles; a blue dress shirt made of silky smooth cotton, and a pair of black dress pants. He slipped into the bathroom, ditching the robe and quickly pulling on the pants and shirt.

“I was right. Blue is a good color on you,” Blake said as he came out, “It goes with your eyes.” She paused, tugging at the fabric. “Sleeves are about right, but the fit is too tight everywhere else.” She considered. “Okay, off.”

“Umm, off?”

“Off,” Blake repeated firmly. “I can’t very well fix it with you in it, can I?”

Jaune glanced down at the shirt. It looked fine to him, but the look in Blake’s face brooked no disagreement. He glanced nervously towards Nora, who was all smiles.

“Don’t mind me, I’ll just fix up your ‘bed’ here,” Nora said, giving Jaune a wink.

That really didn’t alleviate any of Jaune’s anxiety, but out of excuses, Jaune nervously took the shirt back off. Blake took it without comment, her eyes lingering on his chest only briefly.

The two maids worked in silence for a few minutes, leaving Jaune feeling acutely awkward as he stood there shirtless with nothing to do. His eyes traveled over to Blake as she worked. She was a Faunus, with a pair of soft-looking cat ears poking out of her long black wavy hair. Like all the rest of the maids, she was gorgeous as well, with perhaps the most mature figure of them all. Not as busty as Yang, but with a fuller set of curves than Pyrrha.

“She’s really pretty, isn’t she?” Nora whispered, sliding up to him. Jaune tensed up reflexively at her closeness, though for her part, Nora acted oblivious to his state of undress. “I’m jealous of her hair, though it takes her way longer in the shower than it does me. Shower, rinse, shampoo, rinse, conditioner, rinse again, blow-dry, treat, blegh. Who has time for all that? But it looks good when
“Yeah,” Jaune said airily, caught up in Nora’s words. Blake luscious black hair did look especially beautiful.

“She’s great at her job too and fits all of our outfits. Even Glynda’s who’s tough because she’s so…” Nora made a curving motion over her own, not inconsiderable chest. “Makes us all look great, but she looks even better out of uniform.” Jaune’s brain hickuped at that, but Nora continued before he could comment. “Then she wears the tightest jeans imaginable. They really show off her butt.” Nora paused for just a second, cocking her head to the side. “Do you think she tailors them too?”

Nora looked up at him like she expected a response to this of all questions.

“Er,” Jaune demurred, glancing over at Nora, not sure how to respond. “I mean, I haven’t uh, seen them, but I mean, I bet you would look pretty good in jeans, too?” Jaune glanced back at Blake, who was pretending not to hear the conversation, her ears twitching.

Nora waved him off. “Nah, I know my chest is my best asset. I mean, my rear looks nice, but nothing like Blake here. Or even her Mom! I wonder if it some kind of secret Faunus technique. Seriously, it is a crime that she can—”

“This isn’t working,” Blake said suddenly interrupting Nora’s ramblings, the shade to her face the only tell she had heard at all. “There’s not enough material to let out.” She turned to Nora. “Can you run down and see if he had anything larger than this? Same color if possible.”

“Sure!” Nora said, taking the shirt with a happy grin. “Hurry it up though! Dinner is going to be great!” Nora said, giving Jaune a tight hug.

“Sooner you get that shirt, the sooner we’ll be down,” Blake assured her, which sent Nora out in a rush. Both of them watched Nora go, letting out twin sighs of relief as she closed the door behind her.

“Umm… sorry about that,” Jaune said awkwardly, after a moment of silence.

“Don’t worry about it,” Blake said, waving him off. “Nora can be a real handful,” she continued giving him an evaluative look. “You endured her tender mercies well.”

“She’s not that bad,” Jaune said with a shrug. “No worse than some of my sisters.” Just a little more stimulating.

“If you say so,” Blake said a skeptical smirk on her face. “Now let’s see about those pants,” she said, kneeling in front of him to check their fit.

Internally Jaune quailed as the maneuver brought Blake level with his groin. In the briefs and baggy pants he usually wore, the state of his privates was easy to conceal. In the boxers and tight slacks Blake had given him, any arousal he might be feeling became quickly evident. Given how Nora had woken him and his current situation, with the beautiful Faunus girl’s face just a short distance away from his crotch, it was safe to say he was feeling it now.

“Inseam needs to come down a little,” Blake said, tugging on his pants cuffs. Then trailed her fingers upwards. “The cut of the taper looks good. Now, the rise.”

Blake’s fingers trailed up, right to the area Jaune was worried about, and she froze there for an awkward second, not saying anything. Her face showed no reaction, though her cat ears both perked straight up, twitching. For his part, Jaune wasn’t quite sure if he wanted to die of embarrassment or
run away. He settled on squirming awkwardly.

Blake is surprised (mildly NSFW). Click to reveal.

“So uh, Nora really got you worked up, huh,” Blake said, raising an eyebrow at him. “You sure she’s just like one of your sisters?”

No response to that was safe, so Jaune said nothing, reconsidering that dying option.

“Well I can get a good fit when you’re like this,” Blake said, standing back up, and patting him on the shoulder. “I’ll adjust the rise when you’re more… relaxed.”

“Sorry,” Jaune said, mortified.

“Don’t worry about it, it happens. Think you can keep enough blood up top to stay awake though?” she prodded, raising a brow at him.

Jaune shut his eyes and breathed deeply, before gritting out, “I think I can manage.”

“Good. Because next I need to tailor those pants, and I don’t want to have to deal with Pyrrha if you pass out on me.”
It took Jaune a second to make the connection.

“You need me to take them off.”

“Yes please.”

With a resigned sigh, Jaune did as requested. It wasn’t like it was that much more than they had seen before, and at least Blake was *mostly* professional about it, which he appreciated.

“Thanks,” she said, taking the pants from him, and immediately started with the alterations. Jaune was surprised and impressed by how quickly she worked.

“You are really good at this,” Jaune said, taking a seat at the table with her. “So you’re, like, the house tailor or something?”

“Librarian actually,” Blake mumbled with a pin in her mouth. She took it out and looked up at him. “Not much call for a tailor with so few people, but you know what they say, those who can, sew.”

Jaune smiled at the pun. “I know what you mean. I can’t do much more than put on a patch myself.”

“Never too late to learn. I could use an extra pair of hands with this,” Blake said.

“Sure,” Jaune said, moving over. Blake threaded a needle and proceeded to give him a quick lesson. Put into practice, her skill seemed even more remarkable, as the task was harder than Jaune imagined. Luckily, Blake only wanted him to put in some minor ‘tack’ stitches that she would finish up. It felt awkward working beside her like this; him in his underwear, her in her maid outfit. Blake seemed cool as ever though, Jaune did best put issue out of his mind.

He was doing a pretty good job of that too, at least until Yang showed up.

“Damn! Look at the two of you, working away side-by-side!” She gasped theatrically. “Has my dearest Blake finally found her red thread of fate?”

“Only the regular kind,” Blake said pulling another stitch through the pants. “You know you’re the only one for me Yang,” she continued dryly. “Nora send you up with the shirt?”

“Yes!” Yang said, handing over the garment. “What’s the problem?”

“All his clothes turned out to be too baggy to be a good reference. He wears them a couple sizes too big, looks like.” Blake stood and pulled Jaune up as well, holding the shirt out in front of him, judging its size. “He’s a little shorter, but a lot broader than him in the chest.” She experimentally pinched the fabric. “I’ll get him in for a proper fitting later. But there’s no time for it now. He’s a little too worked up at the moment anyway.” She grinned over at Jaune. Yang’s eyes lit up at that.

“S-So whose shirt is this!” Jaune asked, quickly changing the subject.

Blake and Yang shared a look.

“Yours now I guess,” Yang said.

“But before that?”

“Ozpin’s,” Blake said.

“Oh,” Jaune said. He wasn’t quite sure how he felt about that. It was kind of ghoulish wearing someone else’s clothes.
“Sorry,” Blake said. “We didn’t have a chance to get anything else prepared for you, and the two of you are about the same size.”

“It’s okay,” Jaune said. “Just kind of weird, you know? Though I guess all this stuff was his.”

“He’d be happy it’s not going to waste,” Blake said, pulling the shirt away and sitting back down. “Okay, let me finish the slacks then I’ll see what I can do about the shirt.”

“And I’ll just take a look at this,” Yang said, clamping her hands firmly on Jaune’s shoulders, and steering him away from the table. Jaune allowed himself to be woman-handled, deciding it was (marginally) less embarrassing than putting up a likely futile struggle. The blonde bombshell then slowly circled him, eyes showing no shame as they roamed his body.

“Not bad Jaune, not bad at all,” she said, stopping in front of him. “What sport did you play back in school? I’d say something aerobic, but obviously, that’s not your strength.” She felt one of his biceps. “You’ve got some meat on you, but the placement is strange.” She pondered for a second. “Wrestling?”

“No, uhh, I didn’t do any sports in school.”

“Then what? You didn’t get these guns piloting a desk.”

Jaune blushed as Yang pressed his bicep again. He didn’t think he was that strong, but she was clearly impressed. “I did have a part-time job in a warehouse.”

“Hmm. Lots of heavy lifting. That would do it,” Yang said, slapping him on the back. “With the way you arrived here I thought I was going to have to do a lot of work getting you up to scratch, but looks like we won’t have to weight,” she enthused, curling an invisible barbell to make sure he didn’t miss the pun, “to do the fun stuff.”

Blake’s groan just made Yang grin wider. “Stop gawking and put this on him,” Blake said, throwing the shirt back at Yang.

“He’s been eyeing all of us, I think a little turnabout is fair game.”

“Yeah, but we have all our clothes on.”

“Maybe, but it’s not like what we are wearing doesn’t have its own appeal,” Yang said, running her hands down her sides as she did a body roll. “Doesn’t it, master.”

The double negative left Jaune unsure how to respond, though it didn’t look as if Yang needed any help reading his body language. She smirked and held the shirt out for him, eyebrow raised. Jaune turned his back on her, slipping the shirt on. Yang’s sashayed around in front of him, her fingers sliding across the fabric. The blonde held his eyes for an amused second as she buttoned his collar, then methodically walked her fingers down his chest, clearly enjoying the effect she had on him.

At least until her hands reached his waist, where her continued attention had not diminished his state of affairs down south. Yang froze in place, hands awkwardly posed over his last buttons.

“How’s the fit,” Blake asked, oblivious to the situation.

“Like a tent,” Yang said, swallowing, eyes still fixed on Jaune’s crotch.

“What?” Blake asked, looking over. Yang scrambled to compose herself, but not fast enough to avoid the Fanus’s notice. Her lips fought to keep straight as she spun in her chair, sitting on it
backward. “Don’t tell me that after all your innuendo, this is the first time you’ve actually come face to face with their effects?”

Yang flushed a dark red, glaring at Blake. “I spent all of my time in school fending off boys sniffing around Ruby, they were all terrified of me!”

Embarassed Yang. Click to reveal.

Blake chuckled, a surprisingly deep purring sound. “Well, that,” she pointed, “is what happens when you give the boys a hard time. Given the way you act, you should get accustomed to it.”

“Shut up!” Yang said, glancing reflexively, and blushed deeper. “It’s not like he has ever been in this situation before either.”

“Are you so sure?” Blake said, raising an eyebrow. “After all, you should know best the kind of attention tall blonds tend to get.”

“Well, have you?” Yang asked, whirling on Jaune.

“Um, what?” Jaune floundered, unsure how the conversation had come back to him.
“Yang wants to know if she is the first girl to see you in your skivvies,” Blake explained.

“Umm… no?” Jaune offered reluctantly. Which was the truth, she wasn’t. Though he thought it best not to reveal that the other girls had been his sisters.

“Wh— bu—!” Yang spluttered incoherently, as Blake rose from her chair pushing the flustered girl aside.

“Score one for Jaune,” Blake said flatly. “Thanks for bringing me the shirt. Now, we have work to do.”

Red-faced and defeated, Yang fled from the room somewhat faster than decorum allowed. Jaune watched her go, turning to Blake wide-eyed.

“You’re amazing.”

Blake waved him off, a slight color rising to her cheeks, and handed him the pants, which Jaune eagerly put on. “Her bark is worse than her bite,” she said, getting up and checking the fit of the shirt. “Now hold still, I’m just going to put a couple darts in this.”

Embarassed Blake. Click to reveal.
With a couple quick movements, Blake did so, Jaune tensing as Blake operate the needle so close to his skin. But her nimble fingers had the process done in moments.

“You’ll need to take it easy, or you’ll pop those stitches. Tuck in the shirt and do a little turn for me?” Blake asked, twirling her fingers.

Jaune did as requested, feeling a little warm with Blake’s eyes on him. She stepped back up, adjusting his collar. “Looks good, but let’s give them a little peek of what you’re packing underneath,” she added, unbuttoning his top button, stepping back to give him a final once-over. “Yep. There does exist a body under all that baggy clothing,” Blake said. She pointed him in the direction of the mirror. “So what do you think?”

“Umm looks good?” Jaune tried hesitantly. He really didn’t know anything about this kind of stuff. To him, he just looked like him, but in a nicer shirt.

“Not really comfortable in it, are you?” Blake said, watching his reaction.

“No, not really,” Jaune said. He glanced over at Blake and rushed to add. “I mean… you did good work it’s just like… not my style.”

“It’s not bad for the time I had. A proper fitting will help,” Blake said, not offended, considering his image again. “To finish up, I’ve got some fresh socks and belt. All of Ozpin shoes are too small for you, so I guess your sneakers will have to do.”

Jaune nodded, sitting back down to put them on. “So what is all this for anyway?”

“Your reception. It’s a special dinner, kinda like what you might have for the holidays. Did your family do special meals for them?”

When he was little, there had been a lot of such meals, later on… not so much. “Sometimes?” Jaune ventured.

“Good. If you have any questions your not comfortable asking Glynda, ask Pyrrha, Weiss, or me. We’ve been training for this for some time. Nora has too but uh…”

“She’s Nora,” Jaune said, his smile not unkind.

“Right. You catch on quick.” She gave him a last look over. “You’ll be fine,” Blake said, hesitating. “Probably.”

“Probably? Pep talks aren’t really your thing, are they?”

“More Pyrrha’s department than mine. Just, stand up straight and believe in yourself or something.” She patted him on the back. “You’ll never get a better second chance to make a first impression.”

Blake +❤

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all like this chapter, it's one of my favorites so far. Although it was also one of the ones that gave me the most grief to write! As always, any and all feedback is appreciated.
Maid art in this chapter is mildly shopped by me, original credit to @mojojo27827860 on twitter. The first piece of art is also shopped by me, I was not able to source the original image. The image of Jaune and Blake is by the awesome Tosh0kan here on AO3.
To Jaune’s surprise, Blake led him past the formal dining room and through the kitchen, both of which were as excessive and fabulously appointed as everything else in the mansion, and into a smaller sitting room, where the rest of the maids were waiting. As he stepped in, the conversation ceased, and six pairs of eyes turned to him. Acid churned in his stomach, but remembering Blake’s words, Jaune did his best to stand up straight and look them back in the eyes.

“Hello again,” he said, breaking the silence, and putting on his best charming smile.

“What are you feeling better?” Pyrrha asked.

“Are you going to be able to say upright this time?” Weiss scoffed.

“I’ll do my best,” Jaune said, smile faltering slightly. “I’m feeling a lot better now though, thank you.”

“That shirt looks good on you,” Ruby said, smiling.

“You do clean up nicely, don’t you?” Yang said, her grin predatory, confidence restored.

“What are you talking about, Master Arc was always cute,” Nora said.

Weiss snorted. “More like dorky. How old are you that you’re still wearing that bunny hoodie?”

“That’s my favorite,” Jaune said, deflating.

“Well, I liked it,” Ruby said, giving Weiss a push.

“You would,” Weiss fired back.

“I also thought your hoodie was cute,” Pyrrha said gently, cutting Weiss short.

“Any complaints about his appearance now?” Blake asked.

Weiss humphed, and looked away. “It’s easy to look good when someone else is choosing your clothes.”

“So, he looks good now, eh?” Yang asked, her grin wicked.

“I didn’t say that!” Weiss sputtered.

“You implied it,” Blake said, patting Jaune on the shoulder. “For what it’s worth, I had some good material to work with.”

“Thanks,” Jaune said.

“I’ll say,” Yang added, leering at him.

“Oh, stop,” Nora said, “you’re making him blush.”

“Indeed,” Glynda said, stepping into the room. “I know it can be a struggle, but please try and maintain a professional level of decorum around our guest,” she held the maid’s eyes for a second, then continued. “Is everything prepared for dinner?”
“Yes, mam,” they replied scrambling out of the room.

Glynda then turned her attention on Jaune, giving him a fierce evaluative look of her own. Swallowing, Jaune stood resolute as she inspected him. After a moment, she gave him an approving nod, stepping into his personal space to adjust his collar.

“A tie would normally be appropriate with this shirt, but I think we can let that slide this time,” she said, buttoning his top button back up.

In her heels, Glynda was just a bit shorter than Jaune, and this close in her presence was overwhelming. The sweet smell of her perfume tickled his nose, and he could feel the warmth of her body. But most prominent was the soft touch of her abundant chest, pressing lightly against him. Right below his eyes, he knew, was the window of her top, which would provide a tempting view down into her cleavage. But somehow Jaune managed to resist and instead looked into her green eyes.

“You’re already doing a much better job controlling your gaze,” Glynda said softly, staring back at him.

“Yeah, umm… I’ve been trying,” Jaune replied. Glynda’s face was uncomfortably close. While he wasn’t quite able to hold to her eyes, he at least managed to keep his gaze constrained to her face’s fine features and sweet pink lips. She really didn’t look that old to him. “But, um, it’s kind of hard to look a pretty girl in the eyes.”

Glynda’s mask slipped for just a second. “You really do say the most earnestly charming things sometimes Jaune,” she said, holding him for a moment longer, a genuine smile on her face. Then she moved away, brushing his shirt and ending the moment. “I suppose I shall have to arrange some chances for you to practice eye contact,” she said and lead him into the adjoining room.

Glynda +❤
Jaune Charm +1

This dining room was much smaller than the other one, though still large enough to comfortably hold settings for eight. It was tastefully appointed and had a warmer lived-in appearance rather than the other formal rooms.

“Forgive me for receiving you in here,” Glynda said, gesturing. “The formal dining room is currently set up for a larger party, which would make our seating arrangements complicated. As such, I thought we could have a more informal dinner where we could get to know one another better.”

“That sounds great, though you really didn’t have to go to so much trouble.” Jaune looked around. “Um, where do I sit?”

“At the head of the table,” Glynda said, indicating.

“Really throwing him into the deep end, huh,” Yang commented.

Weiss frowned. “Shouldn’t he be at best be the guest of honor?”

Glynda silenced them both with a glance. “So long as Mr. Arc is qualifying, we will treat him as if he was the Head of the Manor. Am I understood?”

Both maids nodded, and Jaune moved over to the chair Glynda indicated, not particularly eager for the honor, but not wanting to add to the drama either.
“Let me get that for you,” Pyrrha said, pulling the chair out for him. Jaune sat down reluctantly. “You’re playing host tonight,” she whispered as she pushed his chair in. “Just do your best.”

Jaune looked over at her, confused, but the redhead acted as if nothing had happened. Everyone else took that as their cue to take their seats as well. Pyrrha, Nora, and Weiss sitting on his right, Ruby, Yang, and Blake on his left. The table itself was set with conventionally, with an expensive-looking set of dishes and silverware, both in a contemporary style. Directly in front of him was a large deep oval casserole dish, a cover concealing its content. Also on the table was a large garden salad, and what looked like a bread-basket.

Seating Arrangements. Click to reveal.

“So, what have you prepared for us tonight,” Glynda said, looking over at Nora, sitting down across the table from him.

Nora removed the lid with a flourish. “Shepherd’s Pie!” she announced proudly.
Jaune’s eyes lit up when he saw it, the fluffy white layer of mashed potatoes on top looked perfect, and the smell was delightful.

“Ms. Valkyrie, you thought a mince casserole would be an appropriate dish to greet our guest with?” Glynda asked, her face even.

“It wasn’t my first plan, but,” she hesitated, glancing over at Jaune. “Like I was telling Jaune— er Mr. Arc, I, uh, started out making a steak dinner, with mashed potatoes and all the rest, but uh,” she looked down. “I kinda miscounted and didn’t thaw out enough. So instead I took what I had and made…” she gestured at the dish.

“You approved this then?” Glynda asked, turning to Jaune, her expression unreadable.

The room was deadly quiet, and Jaune’s heart stopped in his chest as he resisted the urge to run.

“No,” he answered honestly after a moment, continuing quickly before Glynda could respond. “But it’s okay, isn’t it? This is an informal dinner, and given that I dropped in on you all unexpected, it’s kind of incredible that Nora could put this all together in such short order. Besides,” he put on his best smile, “Shepards Pie is one of my favorite dishes, and it smells great.”

“If she used steak, it probably wouldn’t be considered minced either, would it?” Pyrrha added helpfully.

Glynda held Jaune’s eyes evenly for a quiet second before giving him a slight not. “I suppose not. I didn’t know you had such an appreciation for the dish, Mr. Arc. It seems then the choice was fortunate.

Nora beamed at him, giving him a look he was quite familiar with from his younger sisters. He was quite certain that if they weren’t at the table, he would probably be the recipient of a tackle hug. As it was, he was only saved because Pyrrha was between the two of them and subtly holding Nora in her seat via a twist of her dress.

Nora +

“If you would, please?” Glynda said, gesturing at the dish.

Jaune nodded and scooped out the first portion. The interior looked as good as the surface, rich chunks of meat, in a dark brown sauce, surrounded by bright vegetables. Jaune’s mouth watered just looking at it. He was hungry, despite all the snacks he had been stuffed with earlier. Still, he looked over to Pyrrha on his right, who gave him an approving smile and offered him her plate.

Jaune served her, then continued around the table as the others passed their plates to him. Finally getting a chance to help himself after everyone else was done, although happily there was ample to go around. The other dishes were passed around as he did so, Pyrrha helpfully serving him some salad and a roll while he was occupied.

With the food distributed, eyes turned back to Jaune, as if waiting for some cue. It took him a second to realize what was expected of him. “Um, let’s eat,” he said, taking his napkin and placing it in his lap. “Sorry about that,” he said, as everyone started to eat. “It’s kind of weird being in my dad’s seat. I, uh, usually sit at the kid’s table.”

This got a chuckle from Yang and an eye roll from Weiss, but the rest of the girls took it in good humor.

“You’re doing a great job,” Pyrrha said, smiling at him.
“Thanks,” Jaune said, quickly taking a bite to cover his embarrassment.

The shepherd’s pie was delicious, almost orgasmic. All the parts complementing one another. The potatoes light and fluffy, the sauce savory, the vegetables adding texture, but it was the big chunks of steak that stole the show. They were amazing, melting into his mouth as he bit into them, filling it with this rich meaty flavor. It honestly brought a tear to his eye, it was so good.

“Oh wow,” Ruby said beside him, covering her mouth in embarrassment as she realized her mouth was full. After she finished chewing, she began again. “This is really good.”

“It is, isn’t it?” Jaune said, enjoying another bite. “We make this at home sometimes, but only with lamb or ground beef, never anything quite like this.”

Around the table, similar sentiments and moans of appreciation were expressed, even Glynda digging in with polite relish. Nora basked in the praise.

“Would you pour the wine, Master Arc?” Pyrrha said, passing him the bottle.

Easier said than done, as it turned out. While Jaune had seen the act performed a few times, he had never actually done it himself.

“I’m guessing they didn’t serve wine at the kiddy table?” Yang teased, watching him struggle with the cork. Then there was a quiet thump, and Yang glared at Ruby. “Ouch, hey!”

“Ladies, please,” Glynda said, sternly.

After a few more embarrassing moments fighting the cork. Jaune managed to get it open, moving to pour a glass for Pyrrha.

Pyrrha placed a hand over her glass. “You should sample it first, to make sure it’s acceptable.”

“Oh, umm, sure,” Jaune said, pouring a little into his glass. It had a lovely dark red color. “Uh, it tastes fine?” He ventured, after tasting it, unsure.

Pyrrha nodded with a smile, offering her glass for Jaune to fill, and he continued filling around the table.

When they were all filled, Pyrrha nudged him again beneath the table. He glanced over at her, and she looked pointedly at her untouched wine glass.

It still took Jaune a couple seconds to get what she was hinting at. “Oh, a toast!” he said suddenly. He coughed awkwardly as all eyes turned to him. “That is, a toast,” he said, picking up his glass. “To, umm… new friends,” he ventured.

“‘To new friends,” Pyrrha agreed with a pleased smile, the sentiment echoed around the table. Well, mostly.

Jaune sipped and sat back, feeling embarrassed, but grateful. He was far, far, from a wine expert, never having really liked the stuff in the past, but this was different. It had a rich fruity flavor, not quite sweet but, well, complex. It filled his pallet and went well with Nora’s dish, and he found himself enjoying more than he thought he would. Although he still took it rather slow, not really used to it.

After that, the meal went well, though it was rather quiet, the dish disappearing quickly as people went back for seconds, and a second bottle of wine was opened. Everyone having a second or even
“They say the sign of a good meal is everyone is too busy eating to talk,” Jaune said, breaking the silence and giving Nora a smile.

Nora beamed back at him, her mouth too full to speak, but her pleasure evident in her eyes.

“I agree, you truly outdid yourself, Ms. Valkyrie, this is exceptional. I apologize for my earlier miss givings, they were ill-founded.”

Nora managed to squeak out a thanks, blushing further. As similar agreements came around the table. Between the eight of them, even the huge dish Nora had prepared soon emptied.

“I’m finished, would you like the rest of mine?” Pyrrha asked Jaune as he finished, looking at the now empty dish wistfully.

“Uh, sure?” Jaune said, a little embarrassed as Pyrrha swapped their plates.

“You’re going to make him fat,” Blake said.

“No way! He’s a growing boy, he needs his meat!” Nora protested, swallowing her food.

“I’ll just work it off him later,” Yang said.

The thought of that still made Jaune a little nervous, but not enough to put him off the rest of the pie. Glynda’s next words though…

“I spoke to your father,” she said calmly, pushing her plate back.

Jaune looked up, his mouth full of food.

“He was,” she paused, pursing her lips and choosing her next words carefully, “colorfully expressive about your presence here.”

Jaune winced, swallowing thickly. “That bad?”

“The discussion did not go well, no. He was upset, and I suspect mildly intoxicated. But also worried about you,” she said, holding Jaune’s eyes for a moment before continuing. “After assuring him you were okay, I might have also had some choice words to say about his past behavior. Specifically about his keeping you ignorant of this situation.” She paused and took a sip of her wine. “That did not improve the tenor of the conversation.”

Glynda turned to Weiss. “He also made some vague legal threats that I suspect your sister may have to deal with.”

Weiss nodded.

“I’m sorry,” Jaune said, hanging his head, but Glynda waved him off.

“It is fine, you are not responsible for his behavior. Although it would probably be inadvisable for you to return home for the immediate future. However, I was also able to get in touch with one of your sisters, and she said she would pass along word to the rest that you were all right.”

“Thanks,” Jaune said quietly, thinking it over.

“I’m so sorry,” Pyrrha said.
“It’s okay,” Jaune said, giving her a sad smile. “I was kind of expecting it. Things weren’t great with him when I left.”

“I apologize as well Mr. Arc,” Glynda said, “If I had been more proactive about following up on your situation, perhaps some of this situation could have been avoided.”

“It’s okay,” Jaune said, “everything turned out okay in the end, didn’t it?”

“What about your other sisters?” Blake asked.

“Sisters?” Ruby asked, perking up.

“He has seven of them,” Blake explained.

“Seven!?” Yang exclaimed, blinking at Jaune.

“Yeah,” Jaune said with a shrug. “They’ll be fine. Dad never was as hard on them as he was on me, and gramps checks in on them every couple of days. Only the younger twins and little sis are still at home anyway.”

“The younger twins?” Ruby asked.

“Yeah, the older ones moved out for school a couple years ago.”

“So you have seven sisters, including two pairs of twins?” Yang asked, amazed. Ruby looked stunned, the subject drawing all the maids attention.

“Yes,” Jaune said, not seeing what the big deal was.

“My sister was quite the breeder,” Glynda said dryly, taking another sip of wine.

“What’s it like, having such a large family?” Pyrrha asked.

Jaune took another bite and considered the question for a moment. “Crowded,” he finally said.

Weiss snorted. “I imagine.”

Nora smiled. “It must be a lot of fun, having so many sisters.”

“You’d think he’d be a little more comfortable with girls though,” Yang teased.

Weiss rolled her eyes. “They probably just aren’t as forward as you.”

“Or as sexy,” Yang fired back, vamping.

“I wouldn’t say that,” Jaune said regretting the words even as they came out his mouth.

“Oh really?” Yang pounced, her grin growing wider as she leaned forward. “Now you have to spill. Just how are these sisters of yours? Sexier than your favorite blonde bombshell?”

“Um, they are also blonde, and uh… well developed,” Jaune hedged, wincing as he said it. Why was he saying this? The wine?

“Do they push you around as much as Yang here?” Weiss asked, frowning.

“Well, they would, uh, practice flirting with me, trying to embarrass me into doing things.”
“Did that work?” Pyrrha asked, eyebrow raised.

Jaune blushed and looked away. “Sometimes? I uh, I don’t think that’s the sort of thing you ever get used to.” He looked around the table to see the maids all focused on him, Yang just about bursting with glee. “Maybe I shouldn’t have admitted that.”

“A little late for that now,” Blake said dryly, as Yang cackled.

“Don’t worry Master Arc,” Glynda said calmly. “With proper training, you can become inured to anything,” she paused, taking another sip of her wine. “With enough stimulation, that is.”

Jaune swallowed, unsure what to make of that.

“Sounds like you get along really well,” Nora said, happily oblivious.

Jaune turned to her. “My sisters and I? Yeah. For the most part, at least.” He shrugged. “We’re a family, you know?”

Ruby hummed appreciatively. “Do you want a big family too, Jaune?”

“Umm…” Jaune began.

“Ruby! You shouldn’t even be thinking about that kind of stuff yet!” Yang exclaimed.

“I guess being ‘forward’ runs in the family,” Weiss muttered under her breath.

“What? No! I didn’t mean it like that!” Ruby flustered. “Just like, h-hey! Stop laughing!” The rest of the maids made poor attempts to conceal their amusement. Jaune smiled as well, glad for the respite.

“You’re going to have to let her grow up sometime, Yang,” Pyrrha joked good-naturedly.

“I’m growing up just fine on my own, thank you very much,” Ruby hmphed, arms folded. “I drink milk.” A remark which drew more laughter from the maids.

“Be that as it may,” Glynda said, “Miss Rose does raise an excellent question. What are your feelings on the matter, Mr. Arc?” she asked, her face mysterious.

Jaune suddenly felt warm, as all the eyes of the table turned on him again. “Uh, about kids? Um… uh, I guess I never really thought about it,” he said hesitantly, rubbing the back of his head. “But I do like having a big family, so I guess I’d want some.”

Glynda gave the slightest of nods a trace of a smile on her lips.

“Eight children… that’s a lot of burden to put on one woman though,” Pyrrha said thoughtfully.

“I wouldn’t mind!” Nora said happily. Nora continued to eat, oblivious, as the rest of the table looked at her, stunned. “What?” she asked, behind a mouthful of food.

“Two sets of twins, so she only had six pregnancies,” Blake pointed out, making the wise decision to ignore Nora. “So not as bad.”

“True,” Pyrrha said, following her example. “Though that’s still a lot.”

“How is your mom?” Ruby asked, changing the subject. “You haven’t said anything about her.”

“Oh, umm…” Jaune began, not sure how to say this.
“My sister is no longer with us,” Glynda answered for him kindly.

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t know,” Ruby said.

“It’s okay, it was a while ago,” Jaune said, waving her off. “But uh, is it okay if I stay here for a while? At least until things cool down with my dad? Saphron would probably take me in but…”

“Of course,” Glynda said. “Regardless of how things go, you will always have a home here.”

“Thanks,” Jaune said earnestly.

“Though she may kick you out of the big bedroom,” Yang joked.

“I am sure it will not come to that,” Glynda said confidently, fixing her eyes on Jaune and raising her glass. “To Jaune Arc,” she said. “May he prove a worthy successor to Beacon’s legacy.”

“To Jaune Arc,” the maids replied, not quite in unison.

“Thanks,” Jaune said, blushing a little. “Umm… can we talk about that now? I’m still pretty confused as to what is going on.”

“Of course,” Glynda said, removing her napkin from her lap. Ruby took the signal and began clearing the plates. “Miss Valkyrie, did you have any plans for dessert?”

“Umm…” Nora began. It was pretty clear to Jaune she did not.

“We still have some of that sorbet left, don’t we?” Pyrrha said.

“That will do nicely,” Glynda said, “why don’t you two go prepare that, and we can discuss the matter over dessert,” she paused, looking at Jaune. “If that is acceptable with you?”

“Oh, uh, sure,” Jaune said. He was didn’t really know what a ‘sorbet’ was, but he always had room for dessert.
Tanistry

The sorbet, which Jaune discovered was a kind of dairyless ice cream, was delicious. Not oversweet, with a delightful orange flavor. The perfect way to end the meal. As he finished his plate, Glynda resumed the discussion where it had left off before.

“To begin with, how much do you remember about your Uncle?”

Jaune shrugged. “Not a lot, to be honest. I knew he was rich, but all this was a surprise to me.”

Glynda nodded. “He was not merely rich. He was the head of the Beacon dynasty.”

Jaune looked at her blankly.

“You know, the Beacon Dynasty? One of the oldest noble houses on Remnant?” Weiss asked.

“Sorry, never heard of them.”

“You… you never heard of it?” Weiss sputtered. “HOW!? They are one of the wealthiest families on Remnant! Even more so than the Schnees!”

Jaune shrugged. “Well, I haven’t heard of them either.”

“You haven't heard of the Schnees either?” Weiss seemed agast.

“Is there an echo in here?” Nora asked, earning her a glare from Weiss.

“They run one of the largest industrial conglomerates on Remnant,” Pyrrha offered. “They have their hands in everything from mining to the automotive industry.”

“They like to put their name on everything, so that is kind of surprising you never heard of them,” Yang added.

“You use their shampoo, I believe,” Blake offered. “Schnee Snow?”

Jaune gasped, looking at Weiss in amazement. “Wait, that’s you guys?”

Weiss humphed. “Consumer goods are just a small part of the Schnee’s industrial concerns.”

“That’s so cool,” Jaune said, smiling at Weiss, getting her to hmph and roll her eyes at him.

“I’m surprised your father never told you about your heritage,” Pyrrha said.

“Yeah… Uncle Ozpin was never dad’s favorite subject.” Jaune said with a shrug. “You say the Beacons are even bigger than them?”

“Considerably larger,” Glynda said, drawing the conversation back to her. “Though we will get to that in a moment. Have you ever heard of tanistry?”

Jaune shook his head.

Glynda nodded. “I wouldn’t expect you to have. Tanistry is an ancient form of elective inheritance where the successor, called the tanist, is selected from among all qualified males in the family. Thus, in theory, the dynasty is succeeded by the most qualified candidate, rather than letting the question be
decided by the whims of fate and birth order. The Beacon dynasty has practiced this form of succession for a long time, over four-hundred years.

Glynda paused, focusing in on Jaune. “Before he died, the last scion of that dynasty, Ozpin, identified you as his pick for the tanist. His successor.”

Jaune blinked. Then blinked again. “So you are saying that I am going to inherit all this?”

“If you complete qualification, yes.”

Jaune’s head swam. Something at the back of his head had been hinting at something like this rather loudly, but he hadn’t dared to dream it might be true. Even after hearing it, he still couldn’t quite believe it. He gripped the table firmly to steady himself.

“Are you okay,” Pyrrha said, putting a hand on his shoulder.

“Not going to pass out on us again, are you?” Yang joked, receiving a poke in the ribs from Ruby.

Jaune ignored the barb, and shook his head, trying to clear the fog. His heart was racing. “This is just, uh, wow. Give me a second.”

“Take your time,” Glynda said, taking another sip of wine.

Jaune sat back in his chair, trying to relax. His mind was in overdrive, not really focusing on any one thing, but spinning with endless possibilities. Growing up, he never really had that much, but he didn’t really think himself a material person. Stuff really just didn’t matter that much to him. Sure, he had the idle fantasy about winning the lottery or something, who didn’t?

But those were just silly fantasies. This, this was all too real, even though it was far more fantastical than anything Jaune had ever dared dream. The idea that all this; the grounds, the mansion, the maids… and even more, could all be his… It was just too much.

“Why me?” he asked, after a second, his voice cracking.

Weiss snorted. “Why, indeed.”

“Miss Schnee, I have been tolerant of your outbursts so far, as I understand this is a new and difficult situation for us all. However, if you cannot treat Mr. Arc with proper respect, I must ask you to leave the table until you are able to do so, understand?”

Her eyes burned into Weiss’s until she flinched and nodded.

Oddly enough though, Weiss’s scorn comforted Jaune. Insecurity was an old friend of his, and something he knew how to deal with. Life, he had already learned, didn’t care if you were prepared for whatever shit it was going to throw at you. So fake it till you make it was the name of the game. He focused on that and felt some of his calm returning.

“It took Weiss a moment to recognize that Glynda was speaking to her and respond. “Yes mam,” she said shamefaced and looked over to Jaune. “Under normal circumstances, you would not be eligible,” she began quietly. “Ordinarly the tanist is selected from men of agnatic descent. That is,
descending through the patrilineal line and their male heirs. However, since Ozpin had no direct
descendants, while his father, your paternal-great grandfather Ozma, had only Ozpin and a daughter,
your grandmother.”

Weiss began to speed up as some of her confidence returned.

“However, the codicils provide for this occurrence. In the case where there are no patrilineal male
descendants within that derbfine, that is, the four-generation group sharing your great-grandfather
Ozma as an ancestor, the selection is allowed to expand cognatically to any male consanguinean
relation, even if they descend from a matrilineal line, although obviously paternal relations are still
favored. The first such relation is your paternal grandmother, Victoria Arc née Beacon. Who
produced your father, who then begat you.

She paused for breath, Jaune’s head already whirling.

“Now, since you are within the derbfine and the product of only one matrilineal line of succession,
you would normally be the favored heir under most agnatic-cognatic systems. Those aren’t in play
here, but it does allow the search to pause until you come of age, instead of going out to look for
people of even less degree of consanguinity. Since with your graduation, you have fulfilled all the
first level criteria, and the qualification process can now progress, understand?”

“Umm… not really,” Jaune said. Yeah, that had gone way over his head. He understood maybe one
word in three.

Weiss rolled her eyes, but Pyrrha stepped in before she could get herself in trouble again.

“Look at this way Jaune. Last names usually come from your father’s side of the family, right? And
since your last name is Arc, you obviously can’t be related to Ozpin all the way through your father
side, right?”

Jaune nodded.

“Which leaves only your mother’s side. On that side, Ozpin is your great-uncle, that is, your
grandmother’s brother. Your grandmother married your grandfather, taking his last name and
producing your father, who then produced you. Now, since there aren’t any other males in the
derbfine side that qualify, your up.”

“Oh, okay, right. But what’s this about the er… derba-found?”

“Derbifine,” Pyrrha corrected gently. “It’s the group of people that are eligible for inheritance. It
spans four generations from the last successor. So for you, the chain goes: you, your father, your
grandmother, then your great-grandfather, Ozpin’s father. So you are in four generations of him,
understand?”

“I, uh, think so,” Jaune said, wincing at Weiss’s frown. “Sorry, I’m still trying to wrap my head
around everything. I never really knew much about my family.”

Glynda spoke up before Weiss could tear into him again. “Learning about this genealogy will be an
important task, but I think a basic understanding will do for now.”

“I have some charts I can show you later that will make this easier,” Blake added.

Jaune’s Family Tree. Click to reveal.
“Oh, um, thanks,” Jaune said, relieved. “But uh, if I understand this right, wouldn’t my dad qualify as well? And my older sisters?”

Glynda shook her head. “The rules for qualification are quite strict. While there are provisions for allowing the title to pass cognatically if there are no male agnatic heirs, only a male can inherit. As for your father,” Glynda hesitated. “He no longer meets the qualifications, and so the only remaining candidate under this set of rules is you.”

“But why?” Jaune pressed.

Glynda sighed. “Over time, the criteria for the Beacon dynasty has grown more selective. But since it’s inception, one of its primary tenants has always been the continuation and prosperity of the Beacon line. In the case of your father, originally he was disqualified because of his marriage. The tanist is required to be single so that an advantageous marriage can be arranged for them. When he married my sister, he was removed from consideration.”

Jaune nodded.

“Now, when she passed, he would normally have become eligible again. However, after having eight children,” Glynda hesitated before continuing, “well, he had a simple operation done to prevent further occurrences. This removed him from eligibility.”

“I don’t follow,” Jaune said.

“She means he had a vasectomy,” Balke explained.

“Oh,” Jaune said, squirming, unsure how to feel about that. “I uh, didn’t know that.”

“It’s not the sort of thing one typically advertises,” Glynda said dryly. “But it was an understandable
“decision at the time, given the circumstances. Unfortunately, a functional reproductive system is an ironclad requirement for inheritance.”

“Even though he already has kids?” Ruby asked.

“Even then,” Pyrrha answered for Glynda. “See, a lot of these rules were written centuries ago, when things were very different. In particular, ‘sterilization’ basically meant ‘castration’ back then, and there was a lot of stigma about becoming a eunuch.” She paused, considering. “Well, even more stigma then there is now I guess.”

“In any event, Ozpin offered to pay for a reversal operation, but that did not end up being possible.” Glynda picked up. “It played a part in their falling out.”

“Why not just change the rules?” Ruby asked.

“That is a complicated issue,” Glynda said with a sigh. “In the time since Beacon’s founding, changes in the legal system make altering the codicils that govern the dynasty a thorny political issue.”

Ruby looked unsatisfied with this answer, and Pyrrha spoke up.

“The Beacon dynasty is far more than just this mansion. Or even an industrial conglomerate like the Schnees. What you see here is more like the tip of the iceberg. Or even the tip of the tip of the iceberg. It also represents vast holdings in various companies, securities, and property. In addition to control of a number of large endowments.”

“And it’s not just the money,” Weiss said, picking up from Pyrrha, “It’s never just the money. It’s all the power and influence that comes with it. Which is where the politics come in.” She said the word with disgust.

“Quite,” Glynda said, taking another bite of her sherbert, then pushing the dish away. “In any event, even without the political entanglements, changing this element of the codicils would be difficult. The continuation of the dynasty is their foremost objective.”

“Well, with how many siblings you have, at least you know that’ll be taken care of once he gets some practice in, eh?” Yang joked.

“That is indeed the hope,” Glynda confirmed, unblinking. “Being frank, it is another reason for your selection. The Arc and Goodwitch families both have long histories of above-average fertility.” She paused, running her finger around the rim of her glass. “And, as Miss Xiao Long so cruelly points out, your parents themselves were very fecund. Which speaks highly of the amount of virility we can expect of you.” She paused briefly again. “Though we will, of course, still have to verify this.”

Jaune blinked, not quite sure how to take all that, though the look on Glynda’s face was serious as ever, the weight of her gaze heavy upon him. Before he could muster the resolve to inquire further, Glynda pushed on.

“Of course there is more to your selection than just genetics,” she waved a hand, “or else we would not need this whole process. The whole point of tanist succession is to select an heir that is more than just a product of good genes. It takes more than that. The leader of the Beacon dynasty must be an exceptional individual. A ‘Man among Men,’ so to speak. And so the selection process seeks an heir with the confidence, charisma, intelligence, and fortitude necessary for the role.”

“Well, I guess that rules me out, huh?” Jaune joked.
Glynda’s face hardened. “There is a time for humility Mr. Arc, but too much self-depreciation is unbecoming and intensely unattractive. Obviously, you are under consideration, or we would not be having this discussion.”

“Right. Um, Sorry,” Jaune said, hanging his head.

Glynda held his gaze leveling for a moment before continuing. “In any case, Ozpin always thought highly of you, and I always trusted in his judgment. However,” she paused, steepling her fingers, “Trust is not necessarily the same thing as agreement. His last evaluation of you was several years ago, and now that responsibility falls in our hands.”

Glynda looked around the table. “And on that note, Ladies, you have all had a chance to interact with Mr. Arc, what are your impressions so far?”

“He’s great!” Nora blurted out immediately, smiling at Jaune. “I mean,” she started to tick the items off on her fingers, “he likes pancakes, and he’s tall, and he’s nice, he’s got good hair, and uh… he’s tall… and uh…” she faltered, running out of things already.

“He faints,” Weiss added.

“Right, he faints! Wait.” Her brow furrowed. “Well, even that’s cute! Like one of those silly goats! How can you not like something like that? Watch.” She whirled on Jaune quickly, throwing her napkin at him. “BOO!”

“Eyahh!” Jaune cried, as the cloth nearly hit him, Pyrrha yanking his chair and him out of the way at the last moment.

“Aww,” Nora, whined as Jaune remained conscious. “He didn’t faint.”

“I told you it was just the one time!” Jaune despaired.

“He did sound a little like a goat though,” Yang joked.

“Close enough. I guess,” Nora said, with a pout.

Glynda cleared her throat, sending a disapproving frown Nora’s way.

“Yes, yeah, I know. Inappropriate behavior for the table, Nora. Go do the dishes, Nora. Right away, mam.”

Glynda nodded, and Nora pushed away from the table, collecting the dessert plates. As she passed by Jaune, she reached out and gave his nose another little ‘boop!’ making him blush.

Weiss rolled her eyes at the interaction, snorting.

“You disapprove, Miss Schnee?” Glynda asked.

“Obviously,” Weiss said, looking around, exasperated. “Come-on, this… this… guy, shows up out of nowhere. Unannounced and the first thing he does is collapse at our doorstep. He’s obviously unsuited.”

“It’s hardly out of nowhere when Glynda sent for him,” Blake said.

“And isn’t the problems with his arrival somewhat your fault?” Pyrrha asked.

Weiss flustered but pushed on. ‘That’s no excuse! I mean, is it that hard to look up a number in
directory assistance or something? Surely our Master should be able to come up with a better solution than just what, catching a train out here and walking up to our door?"

Put that way, Jaune did feel kind of stupid.

“I don’t see the problem,” Yang said with a shrug. “If it works, it works?”

“So you approve of him?” Glynda asked.

“I didn’t say that,” Yang hesitated, glancing over at Jaune. “I mean, you’re a nice enough guy, but, I don’t really see you as a leader. Sorry, but it’s hard for me to imagine me or anybody taking orders from you.” She shrugged. “No offense.”

“None taken,” Jaune said easily. It was hard for him to imagine ordering Yang around as well.

“Well, I disagree,” Ruby said definitely, looking at her sister. “Who says you have to be a bossy jerk to be a leader. He’s friendly and seems like a really nice guy. I could see people wanting to follow him.”

Yang rolled her eyes. “Not everything’s friendship and rainbows in the real world, Ruby. Sometimes you have to be tough to get what you want.”

“Who says you can’t be nice and tough at the same time!” Ruby retorted, folding her arms. “Like a good steak.”

“Ruby’s questionable meat preferences aside, both opinions have merit,” Glynda broke in. She looked over at Blake and Pyrrha, who were both wearing contemplative expressions. “And your opinions?”

Both maids looked reluctant to respond, but Blake spoke up first.

“We’ve known him for less than a day,” she said slowly, formulating her response, “While first impressions are important, past experiences have taught me that basing your entire opinion of someone of them is foolish. Even a complete cretin can usually manage to act decently for at least a couple of hours, and even the most adept can have,” she glanced at Jaune, “off days.” She paused. “I think it’s too soon to reach any conclusions.”

Glynda nodded and looked over at Pyrrha.

Pyrrha gave Jaune a penetrating look. “I,” she hesitated and began again. “I don’t know.” She deflated a bit. “I do think Mr. Arc has potential, and he has done well in a new situation is remarkable, but…” she frowned and looked away from Jaune. “But, at the same time, I think he’s a long way from where he needs to be. I… I think he can get there, but it will be a lot of work. So… so I guess I don’t know.” She looked back over at Jaune. “Sorry.”

“Um, that’s okay, really. I agree.” Jaune said, feeling awkward. It actually looked like it hurt her to say that.

“You do?” Glynda asked, looking at him intensely.

“Well.. yeah?” Jaune rubbed the back of his head. “Like… I dunno. I don’t want to be uh, self-depreciating again or whatever, but like, it’s hard for me to be ready for something important like this that I had no idea about and uh, frankly,” he hesitated. “Well, frankly it’s hard for me to imagine ever stepping into Uncle Ozpin’s shoes.”
“I see,” Glynda said slowly. She scanned the table once more. “It seems opinions are split. Two in favor, two no, and two abstentions. About what I expected, but I appreciate everyone’s honesty nonetheless. Including yours, Mr. Arc.” She nodded at Jaune. “And I agree with your assessment. You are not ready.”

Here it comes, Jaune thought with a sigh. He knew this was too good to be true.

“Or at least, you are not ready yet. I’m afraid you may have misunderstood what your summoning here entails.” She gestured vaguely. “It is not, strictly speaking, just to evaluate your suitability for inheritance, but also to prepare you to be a suitable candidate to inherit. Of course you are not ready as you are now. Even had you been aware of this possibility and had been preparing, I would not have expected you to arrive with the necessary qualifications. No one could be expected to, the requirements have simply grown too demanding.

“But at the same time, you are my sister’s only son and the first male child of Ozpin’s line. While genetics is not everything, I can think of no one better, and House Beacon has too few heirs to let anything correctable in your character stand in the way. In that respect, I concur with Ms. Valkyrie’s and Ms. Rose’s opinion.” She gave them an approving look. “One of the things that concerned me most about you was the question of your temperament. Your father is a... passionate man. That is admirable at times, but being the heir demands level, considered judgment. So I am glad that you have more of my sister’s nature.” She looked at Jaune critically. “I see a lot of her in you, actually.”

“This might be the first time in my life I’ve been happy to be called a mama’s boy,” Jaune said, smiling as his heart unclenched. His comment drew some laughter from the maids and shook Glynda out of her reminiscence.

“Quite,” Glynda said, her lips turning up fractionally. “As for everything else,” she waved a hand to the other maids. “That is why we employ such a diverse and talented staff. Not only to tend to the manor itself, but also to help me with your training and evaluation. And in that respect, perhaps your lack of preparation is a blessing in disguise. It is easier to write upon a blank slate, so to speak, then one which already has the wrong answers on it.”

Pyrrha nodded at this, and Weiss huffed out her begrudging assent.

“You have some rough edges, certainly, and I don’t imagine our task will be an easy one. But assuming there are no medical or other issues we are unaware of, I think it we can begin the process. That is, if you are willing?” Glynda asked, focusing on Jaune again.

“Willing to do just what, exactly?” Jaune asked.

“Begin the qualification process,” Glynda answered. “I warn you, this is a heavy commitment, and we will be asking much of you. I do not exaggerate when I say that it will be the hardest thing you have done in your life. We will push you to levels you never thought possible, and then beyond them, taxing both your physical and mental limits. Although the process will not be entirely unpleasant,” she gave that wry smile again, “we will work your body and mind to the bone.”

“And if I say no? Or if I fail?”

Glynda shrugged. “Then we will do something else. Frankly, our other alternatives are not good. But going back as far as your great-great-grandfather, there are other male relatives, or we may have to settle the inheritance via... other alternatives.” The way Glynda phrased, that sounded ominous. “But, I believe you to be the best candidate, and you are the one Ozpin favored.”

“You think I can do it?” Jaune asked cautiously.
“Yes,” Glynda said seriously, looking him dead on.

There was a fierce, determined look in her eyes Jaune had not seen before. She really means it, there’s not a doubt in her mind. His sisters loved, and, well, humored him, but no one had looked at him like that since his mom died. No one.

Around the table, there were similar serious expressions in the faces of the other maids, including Nora, returned from the kitchen. They might not all believe in him like Glynda did, but there was still a weight of expectation there. They were all counting on him. They need him. Willing to put their faith in him. It was a heady feeling, and Jaune found determination welling up from an unknown source. He wouldn’t let them down.

“Then... if you will have me,” he began softly. “I will,” he said with confidence.

Glynda’s smile turned warm. “Excellent. Then welcome to House Beacon, Master Arc.”

  Glynda +❤
  Confidence +1
After dinner, Jaune was riding high. His spirits lifted by the events of the dinner and his head slightly buzzed from all the wine. At the same time, he also felt physically and mentally drained. It had been a long and confusing day for him. The two feelings combined to create a kind of giddy, euphoric sensation.

He did his best to reign that in, and conduct himself respectfully. He was the ‘(acting) Master of the Manor’ now, whatever that meant, and it seemed appropriate to try and behave as such. Thankfully much of the formality of the setting had fallen as the party moved back to the lounge.

As they filtered in, there was some sort of subtle dance for seating position among the maids. Pyrrha expertly guided him through it, deftly planting him between Blake and Ruby on the couch, much to the disappointment of (most) of the others. The idea that pretty girls would want to sit next to him, even jockey for the honor, was a confusing but thrilling shock to the system.

Of course, he still had a lingering sense of nervousness at being sandwiched between the two cute girls in maid outfits, but between the alcohol and his tiredness, he was rapidly getting over it. It also helped that his seatmates were Ruby and Blake. The former was, if anything, more nervous than he was, and the latter as always played it cool. It could have been worse. He shuddered to think what it would be he was between Yang and Nora.

Speaking of Nora, she had once again rolled in the tea service cart, adding a selection of coffee to it this time. Jaune found it interesting to observe everyone’s beverage preferences, as Nora went around the room serving. Pyrrha and Glynda both taking coffee, black. Weiss tea with milk and sugar. Yang coffee with milk, no sugar. The cart smelled delicious when she rolled it over to them. Blake took coffee heavy with cream and two cubes of sugar. As Nora served her, he wondered what their preferences said about them, or what his said about himself.

…

He found his eyes wandering again, drifting again to Nora, perhaps his favorite of the maids. Damn, she looked so sexy in her dress, her short height and short skirt concealing none of her curves as she prepared Ruby what looked like a splash of coffee inside a cup of sugar milk. As she leaned over to serve the drink, Jaune had to fight to keep his eyes from looking down her cleavage. The heart-shaped hole in her top was just the perfect kind of ridiculous, and absurdly tempting. It emphasized to him just how soft and full the young woman was. Memories of their last encounter floated up to his brain, causing him to stare back off into space. Yeah, she was really soft…

“Coffee, tea… or me, Master Arc?” Nora asked, leaning provocatively forward and edging into his personal space, hand on his knee. Jaune’s brain stuttered as it lurched out of its reverie, and he blinked rapidly. Had he really heard that last part? Glancing around, while there was the stray eye watching them, no one else seemed to have reacted.

He coughed awkwardly. “Umm, come again?”

“I said, would you like something to drink, Master Arc?”

Nora looked at him quizzically, no hint of the suggestion on her guileless face, though she did give
him a dazzling smile. Looking again, she wasn’t quite as close as he imagined, though her hand was on his knee, and the angle once again gave him an excellent view down her blouse…

Jaune shook his head. If he was starting to daydream that kind of stuff, he needed to get some caffeine in him if he was going to stay up (and he probably needed to get some other ‘relief’ later tonight).

“I took your advice on the tea,” Nora continued oblivious. “Or we have some nice coffee?”

"Just some tea, then, plain."

Nora nodded, fixing him his drink.

“You gave her tea advice?” Ruby asked.

Jaune shrugged, “Just a few tips on brewing.”

“Our Master is quite handy in domestic matters it seems,” Blake said on his other side. “He would have made a fine maid.”

“Really?” Yang asked, perking up.

“Yeah, his highest grades were in Home Ec,” Weiss replied, with a snort.

Jaune squirmed at that. He hadn’t done badly in school, but he hadn’t done particularly well either. Weiss’s comments were accurate. “You’ve uh, seen my grades?”

“Of course,” Glynda said calmly. “We’ve reviewed all your transcripts as part of your evaluation process. Sadly, they reveal little beyond the bare facts of your classes and your grades.” She paused, sipping her coffee. “Although some of your teachers’ comments are interesting reading.”

Jaune winced. “What did they say?”

“I’m sure you can probably imagine,” Glynda said, gesturing the question away with her hand. “But probably not the best topic for this evening.”

“Well, I want to hear about this Home Ec stuff,” Yang said with a grin. “How did a guy like you end up in that class?”

Jaune scratched the back of his head. “Uh, I mean, it’s nothing special. When my mom died, there was a lot of stuff around the house that needed doing, so I signed up for the course.”

“But you have, like, thirty billion sisters, right? Shouldn’t one of them have stepped up?” Yang asked.

“He has seven sisters, Yang. And why should they have to? Because they are girls and Jaune’s a boy?” Weiss asked, a sour look on her face.

“Well, yeah,” Yang answered dumbly.

“So is that what you did, when your mom…?” Blake asked quietly.

Yang frowned. “No, but that’s because dad had been doing all the mom stuff even before Raven left, and then when mom died…” Yang looked away and trailed off.

“Then Yang helped out at home in other ways,” Ruby said. “Plus we had Uncle Qrow!”
“Yeah…” Yang said, dishearted.

“So you admit the domestic sphere doesn’t have to be a girls job, huh,” Weiss said, smirking.

Jaune could feel the tension rising in the room and stepped in before Yang could respond. “I mean, I don’t know about all that. I don’t think who does what is that important? It was just a way I could help out more, so I did it. Plus,” he hesitated before continuing, “I mean, I guess learning all that stuff kind of helped me feel connected to my mom after she was gone.”

The room grew quiet with that remark.

“Er sorry, I didn’t mean to be a downer. I’m sure we all deal with grief in different ways.” Jaune added, glancing at Yang.

“No, that’s cool, I get it,” Yang said, smiling back at him. “I was just curious how you ended up in there. I know what it’s like to have to step up.”

_**Yang +❤**_

Jaune smiled back. “And honestly, it was an easy course. My grades needed the boost.”

Yang laughed.

“Our Master, everyone,” Weiss said, rolling her eyes and giving a silent mocking golf clap.

“If you don’t think home stuff has to be women’s work, why are you giving Jaune such a hard time about it anyway?” Ruby fired at Weiss.

“I think she’s just upset that Jaune here probably makes a better maid than she does,” Blake said.

“No way, for one. She looks way better in that maid dress than I would,” Jaune said, smiling.

“We’ll definitely have to test that to see,” Yang said, smiling.

Those comments got some laughs, and Weiss reddened. “T-That is one thing, and this is another! Housework is hardly an appropriate skill for someone looking to lead House Beacon.”

“On the contrary, given the elective courses available to him, I believe it was the best selection he could have made,” Glynda said calmly. “He likely learned a number of intangible skills one is unlikely to pick up anywhere else, and his successes there speaks well for his aptitude.”

“Um, what’s Home Ec?” Nora asked.

“Home economics,” Pyrrha answered. “It’s a course where you learn about cooking, cleaning, sewing, budgeting, and generally running a household.”

“Did they not have that where you went to school?” Jaune asked.

“No, I was taught by my grandparents before I came to the mansion,” Nora said.

“Oh, that’s cool,” Jaune said pleasantly. He didn’t want to stereotype, but somehow Nora being homeschooled fit his perception perfectly.

“Well, what else did you do at school?” Yang asked. “You already said you didn’t do any sports, but were you in any other clubs?”
Jaune shook his head. “Not really. After I got a job, I didn’t have any time for that kind of stuff.”

“That sucks,” Yang said.

“It was the same for me,” Pyrrha said. “After my career took off, I had to drop out of school entirely, and had private tutors instead.”

That piqued Jaune’s interest, but he didn’t want to pry unprompted. “How about the rest of you?”


Weiss rolled her eyes. “I went to Alsius Academy.”

“That’s a fancy private school,” Ruby whispered.

“I also attended a private school,” Blake said quietly.

“That’s cool, that’s cool,” Jaune said, smiling at everyone.

“How about girls, you find time for them?” Yang asked, bouncing her eyebrows at him.

Yang made the question seem innocent, but Jaune could feel all the eyes of the maids on him, expressions of casual interest to… not so casual interest on their faces.

“Why, are you interested?” Blake asked.

Yang faltered for a second but quickly recovered. “Well you know, us hot blonds have to look out for one another,” she said with a smirk. “So how about it, killer? You break a lot of hearts in school? Leave anyone cute behind when you came here?”

The room fell silent as everyone hung on his next words. Jaune suddenly felt rather warm. He swallowed thickly. “No, uh, not really, I, uh, wasn’t that popular at school. I didn’t really go on that many dates.”

“Why not?” Nora asked, indignant.

“Not that many people interested in dating a poor, goofy kid, and of those that were,” he shrugged. “It just never seemed to work out.”

“Well that’s some irony,” Blake said.

“Their loss,” Yang agreed, her predatory grin emerging once again. Jaune went from rather warm to rather hot. It might have been his imagination, but he thought he saw affirmative nods from a couple of the other maids.

“That is indeed unfortunate,” Glynda said, preempting any other comments. “Thankfully, there is still time to make up the deficiency.”

Jaune blinked at her, not sure what to make of that comment, though Glynda appeared uninterested in elaborating.

“So what do you think of the manor so far?” Pyrrha asked him pleasantly, changing the subject.

“It’s nice. Though I guess I haven’t seen very much of it yet. It’s also much more modern than I would have expected. It certainly doesn’t seem hundreds of years old.”
“That’s because it’s not,” Blake answered from beside him. “The original manor was destroyed centuries ago. This building was designed and built and according to Ozpin’s plans about twenty years ago when the last manor was destroyed in a fire.”

“Oh. That must have suck—er was unfortunate,” Jaune corrected himself.

“Fortune had nothing to do with it,” Glynda said casually. “I set the fires myself.”

“Umm… what?” Yang asked blinking. The look of astonishment on her face mirrored around most of the face in the room.

“Why did you do that?” Jaune asked.

“Ozpin requested it. If in not so many words.”

“But why?” Jaune asked, baffled.

“The why is a complicated issue, related to how the dynasty’s finances are structured. The essence of the matter is, a given amount of funds are allocated annually to the upkeep and improvement of the family manor, and the old estate had reached the point where it was no longer prudent to continue to invest money into it.”

“Even so, burning it down seems kind of… I dunno, extreme? Couldn’t you just sell it or something?” Jaune asked.

“Not possible, unfortunately,” Glynda said, waving a hand. “As you will learn, while leading House Beacon grants an impressive amount of wealth and power, that power is exercised within the confines of a large and complicated framework of rules and codicils. Recall that their overriding focus is the preservation and continuation of the House Beacon’ legacy’. Disposing of the ancestral manor would obviously run against that, so it is not permitted. However…”

“If it were to suffer an unfortunate ‘accident’ then it would have to be replaced,” Yang said with a grin. “I getcha.”

“Quite,” Glynda said, simply. “Since the rules are difficult to modify, it has become common over the years for the various manors to suffer similar ‘accidents.’ It’s almost something of a tradition when a new Master rises to ascendency. Burning their boats, as it were.”

“Hmm, well, I don’t know about that. Setting my own house on fire does not seem an auspicious way to begin my reign of terror,” Jaune joked, eliciting a giggle from Ruby.

“Really? Sounds like an excellent way to begin a reign of terror to me,” Blake said rather dryly.

Yang laughed. “Well, you would know, wouldn’t you?”

Blake just smirked and sipped her coffee.

“Uh, yeah,” Jaune said, laughing rather uncomfortably. “Be that as it may, I wouldn’t really feel comfortable burning my uncle’s house down.”

“Aww,” Nora said, pouting.

“Nothing requires you to… ‘prompt’ such actions, Master Arc,” Pyrrha assured him.

“Pyrrha!” Jaune exclaimed with a false shocked look. “I don’t want my house to be set on fire unprompted, either!”
Pyrrha sputtered at that. “W-what? No! I didn’t mean—”

“Aww,” Nora repeated comically, sharing a grin with Yang and Ruby who were hiding their own laughter at Pyrrha’s distress.

“You may feel different when the time comes, but that is a matter for another day,” Glynda said.

From there, the discussion turned to a review of what they would be handling in the next few days. It was mostly just mundane items, familiarizing himself with the mansion and the staff, establishing his schedule, and managing some of the logistics like the transfer of his remaining stuff, updating his address, and similar details.

Much of this would be handled rather easily he imagined. Jaune hadn’t arrived with all his worldly possessions, but near enough to it. The majority of what he had left behind, his few books and childhood toys, he was happy to give to his sisters. Beyond that, he didn’t have much, a few knickknacks, trophies, and other mementos. Stuff of sentimental value, but that wasn’t important to have on hand. That left him with just a jump bag filled with some ill-fitting clothes to his name. They represented the majority of his wardrobe, and Blake and Glynda seemed intent on replacing them as well. Giving him pretty much a clean slate.

Still going over those details took some time, and by the time they got through it all, he felt himself flagging, the buzz from his drink having worn low. He wasn’t alone, at some point during the discussion Ruby had quietly fallen asleep and was now gently resting on his arm.

“It looks like I’m not the only one who’s tired,” Nora said, looking at Ruby.

“She looks so cute like that,” Pyrrha said.

“Yeah,” Jaune said idly, looking down at her. Pyrrha was right, she did look devastatingly cute, nestled up against him, her presence soft and warm. He could feel her light breath on his chest as she slept. Looking at her rest made him kind of sleepy, and he stifled a yawn.

“It has been a long day, I think we can pick this up tomorrow, if that is okay with you, Master Arc?” Glynda asked.

“Hmm? Oh yeah, sure,” Jaune said, looking up. It was getting late. “Hey, um, while I have you all here, I’d like to thank you all for everything you did today. I know my arrival was rather unplanned, but you guys have dropped everything to welcome me today, and even with the surprises, it’s been more fun than I’ve had in a long time. So, thank you.”

There were some quiet blushes and nods from the maids.

“You are quite welcome, Master Arc,” Glynda answered for them. “Though it is no more than our duty.”

“We were happy to do it,” Pyrrha added, smiling at him.

“It’s not like we didn’t get anything out of it, that was the best meal I’ve eaten in a while too,” Yang said. She stood up and stretched, the action doing delightful things to her chest. When Yang’s eyes went to him, he quickly tried to play his staring off, stretching his free arm awkwardly, careful not to disturb Ruby. He let it fall back down casually as he could, leaning back. What a weird day today had been.

“Real smooth Jaune,” Yang said, smirking at him.
“An almost textbook move, though you did wait until rather late before making it,” Blake said, her voice full of mirth.

Jaune gave her a confused look, and Blake tapped his arm casually, which he had inadvertently draped around her neck. Panicking Jaune scrambled to remove it. The motion jostled Ruby on his other side, who cuddled into him and groaned. “Five more minutes, Tai.” Jaune froze, arm still wrapped around Blake, not wanting to move more and disturb Ruby, and unsure what to do in this predicament, sandwiched as he was between the two pretty girls.

Yang grimaced. “Come-on Rubes. You’re drooling on his shirt. Let’s get you out of here before he tries to put his moves on you too.”

Ruby blinked sleepily and allowed Yang to pull her up.

“I-I didn’t mean—” Jaune started.

“T-You too,” Jaune stammered, momentarily taken aback by her actions. Nora was not the only one who was pleasantly soft. Blake gave him another squeeze and then gracefully slid out of his grip.

Yang watched the interaction, her grin only seeming to grow wider. “I’m looking forward to putting you through the paces too, Master Arc,” Yang said saucily, winking at him.

“Uh, sure…” Jaune said, rubbing the back of his head.

Yang just grinned at him and nudged her sister. “Come on, Rubes. You can’t sleep here.”

Ruby opened her eyes and blinked a few times in confusion before nodding with a yawn.

“Goodnight, Jaune.”

Miss Nikkos, if you would make sure he finds his way back to his room correctly?” Glynda asked, rising herself. Nora followed her up and started collecting the cups.

The redhead nodded, and the rest of the maids filed out, leaving only Pyrrha and Nora behind. Nora came by with the cart, collecting the dishes. Jaune smiled at her and handed her his.

“Thanks again for the meal, Nora. It was great.”

Nora nodded absently, taking his plate. She had an oddly pensive look on her face as if she was struggling with some decision. She put his dish on the cart, then pushed it aside, taking Ruby’s spot on the couch beside him, oddly quiet.

“I really appreciate you standing up for me,” she said quietly. “It meant a lot.”

Jaune gave her an easy smile. “It’s nothing. Dinner was great, and you obviously put a lot of work into it.”

“Standing up to Miss Goodwitch isn’t nothing,” Pyrrha argued, shaking her head. “She may be fair, but she is also tough and demanding. Standing up for Nora impressed her.”

“And me,” Nora said quietly, giving him a searching look, before seeming to come to some decision. She leaned in closer and lightly touched her lips to his cheek. “Thank you,” she said softly.
Jaune blushed crimson, turning on the pretty girl who was almost as red as he was. Nora gave him a shy smile, and turned away, beating a hasty retreat with the cart. Jaune watched her go, stunned.

Pyrrha coughed slightly, getting his attention. “Well, shall we?” she said, gesturing towards the door.

Jaune nodded, letting her lead him. They started off in silence. It was only a short walk back, but Jaune was grateful for her help, he wasn’t sure if he could have found it on his own.

“It looks like you and Nora are really hitting it off,” she said. Her smile was, as always, friendly, but also seemed a bit brittle.

“I guess,” Jaune said hesitantly. “I’ve never really met someone like her before.”

“Nora is unique,” Pyrrha said, the ease in her smile returning briefly before it faltered again. Something was clearly on her mind. She chewed on it in silence as they walked for a second, and then continued. “Master Arc, I’m sorry for not supporting you during dinner.”

“What?” Jaune asked, confused. “I wouldn’t have gotten through that at all without your help.”

“I mean when Miss Goodwitch asked my opinion of you.”

“Oh, that,” Jaune said, recalling her words. “Why?”

Pyrrha faltered, obviously not expecting the question. “Your servants, especially ones in my position, should show more faith in your abilities.”

Jaune shrugged. “It sounded reasonable to me. We did just meet, and you’re right, I’m not prepared for all this. I didn’t take any offense.” He paused, walking in silence for a bit. “This whole inheritance thing is so nuts, I’m still getting used to the idea. But...” he groped for words. “This is going to sound dumb, but like, I’m kind of glad it’s not just given to me, you know? I, uh, never really had a lot growing up, and I had to earn most of what we had, so like, if I’m going to get all this,” he gestured around. “I uh, want to earn it too, if I can. Or at least prove I’m worthy, you know?
It wouldn’t feel right to just like ‘get it’ out of the blue. I don’t know, does that sound stupid?”

“Not at all, Master Arc.”

“And so, like, that goes for you too. I don’t want you to respect and support me just because I’m ‘the master’ or whatever. But like, because you believe in me too, you know? I want to earn that as well.”

Jaune glanced over, and Pyrrha nodded, her face tight.

“Of course, though, if you had asked me this morning if I was capable of something like that, I’d have said it was impossible. I’d have said you were crazy for asking. But after meeting all of you?” He shrugged. “You make me believe I can do it. With your help, that is,” he hastened to add.

His monolog had brought them to the door, and he turned back to face her. “Sorry for being so weird. I’m not used to drinking so much wine.”

“It’s not weird, I… It sounds very admirable.” Pyrrha shook her head, her eyes shining, and then looked away. “Now I feel even worse for doubting you.”

“Well, don’t worry, I’m sure I’ll do a lot of stupid stuff in the future to justify any doubts.”

Pyrrha gave a little laugh and took his hands in hers. “And I am sure that you will do other things to prove how worthy you are. Like today at dinner, you did amazing, I think.” She squeezed his hands gently looking up at him. The thoughtful look on her face was back, and she worked her lip in her teeth for a moment before coming to a decision. “You really impressed me too,” she said, then reached up to place her lips on his cheek, just as Nora had done.

Another touch to the cheek. Click to reveal.
Jaune’s heart skipped a beat, as Pyrrha demurely drew away afterward and gave a bow, her face as red as his own.

“Goodnight, Master Arc, and welcome home.”

Pyrrha +❤❤

Chapter End Notes

I got inspired to insert this chapter for reasons that are complicated. Poke me if you really want to know I guess. Many thanks to schpariel and the others in IRC for helping, though as always fault for it lies with me.

Honestly even after writing it I was doubtful if I should post it or not, but I figured I wrote it, so I should. Mainly just saying that I am mindful that I am aware of pacing issues and that I have made this the longest first day ever :p. But I also don't always see a better way to do it. What you gonna do.
The first piece of art (the one that hopefully looks like Nora and Jaune) in this chapter was a photoshop done by me. The original image is credit to @shirohunter. The second picture (the one of Jaune and Pyrrha) is a lovely picture from Tosh0kan who does great work.
Jaune retired to the massive bedroom. *His* massive bedroom, he reminded himself. At least for now. That idea would take some getting used to. Stretching, he made use of the equally oversized bathroom and did his nightly ablutions, getting himself ready for bed. Just as he finished changing into his nightclothes, there was a knock at the door. Jaune glanced down at himself. Boxers and a shirt, which at least made him more decent than he had been before half the maids so far.

The knock came again, and Jaune hurried over to open it. Not the main door, he realized belatedly, but the one to the nursery where Ruby said Glynda slept. Sure enough, when he opened it, Glynda was there, holding a tray with a crystal bottle on it.

“I thought you might like a nightcap. To help you sleep.”

Jaune blinked, nonplussed. “Oh, umm, sure,” he said, holding the door out for her.

Glynda came in and went over to the bar. Working with practiced efficiency, she pouring out a couple measures from the crystal decanter and mixed it with a couple smaller bottles from the bar. Jaune moved over to a nearby couch and watched her work. There was something different about her appearance, though it took him a few moments to realize what it was. The collar and mantle were missing from her outfit, and she had removed her boots and jewelry as well. It made her look substantially less formal. It only took her only a few minutes to finish the drink, pouring the mixture into two glasses, garnished with a couple cherries.

“It’s called a Vale,” Glynda said, handing him the brown-red drink. “Ozpin’s favorite drink.”

Glynda gives a toast.
Jaune nodded and nervously took a sip. The flavor was complex and powerful. Sweet and smokey, but also bitter. He held it in his mouth for a moment, tasting it, before swallowing. It slid down his throat easily.

“What do you think?” Glynda asked, curious.

“It’s…” Jaune struggled for the right word. “Intense? But umm… smooth. I thought stuff like this was supposed to be, er, more rough.” He took another sip. He didn’t not like it he decided.

“Perhaps a lesser malt, but not this. Kuo Kuana Select Reserve,” Glynda said, holding up her glass to the light briefly, then turned back to him. “Do you have much experience with alcohol?”

“No really. I, uh, stole a couple of my dad’s beers a few times. And, you know, we’d have wine at dinner once in a blue moon. This is the first, um… cocktail? I’ve ever had.”

“We will cover bartending and alcohol etiquette later, but strictly speaking, a nightcap is not a cocktail,” Glynda corrected. “It isn’t served chilled and has no juices or mixers, only milk, bitters, or liquor. It’s something to sip and help you relax, as the alcohol warms you up.”

“I see,” Jaune said, taking another sip and pausing to feel the warmth she was talking about.

“Sorry,” Glynda said, relaxing back into the couch. “I didn’t mean to lecture you, we are supposed to be unwinding.” She set her drink down and moved her hands up to the back of her head, removing a pin letting her hair fall down, shaking it out gently as it fell.

Jaune’s breath caught in his throat. Glynda, his aunt, some distant traitor part of his brain felt compelled to remind him, had been attractive from the start. But now it was like she had moved to a whole other level. Suddenly Jaune found himself intently aware of things. Like how, without her mantle and collar to cover her, how well her white blouse defined her substantial figure. Or how much of her stocking covered legs her short skirt revealed without her boots.
Glynda’s eyes caught his, and her lips turned up in a small smirk, as she deliberately crossed her legs, eyes challenging his as she idly stirred her drink. “You’re staring again, Master Arc,” Glynda said, humor in her voice.

“Oh, uh, sorry,” Jaune said, looking away. “It’s been a long day.”

“I imagine,” Glynda said dryly, taking another sip. “I am sorry about the mix-up with the phone number. I should have caught the typo in Miss Schnee’s letter.”

Jaune shrugged. “Things happen, it’s not that big a deal. I mean, I still got here in the end, it just cost me some confusion and some sore feet.”

“That is very gracious of you. The last issue, at least, I can help with,” Glynda said, setting her glass aside. “Let me see them.”

“See what?” Jaune asked, taking another sip. This ‘Vale’ was starting to grow on him.

“Your feet,” Glynda said, patting her lap.

Jaune squirmed, but obeyed, reluctantly raising his feet to her.

Glynda wasted no time getting to work, slowly peeling off his socks and setting her hands to his feet. She began gently, her fingers simply running against the soles of his feet, twisting them slightly and stroking his skin, her thumbs rolling up to his instep, getting the blood flowing again. She worked methodically, focusing on first one foot, then the other. Jaune had mostly been kidding about his feet being sore, but as her cool fingers ran against his skin, he felt tension he didn’t even know he had flow out of him.

“I wanted to tell you, you did well today,” Glynda said after a bit, drawing Jaune’s attention again.

“Really?” Jaune said, looking up at her. “I thought what with the fainting and all it was a complete disaster.”

Glynda shook her head. “It’s not how I would have chosen to introduce you, but it may have worked out for the best. There was a considerable amount of anxiety surrounding your arrival among the girls, and you effectively neutralized that in your first moments here by upending all of their expectations.” She smirked. “It was a… memorable first impression. I don’t think anyone will forget that first encounter.”

Jaune groaned, letting his head drop against the seat.

Glynda gave him a comforting pat on the calf of the leg she was working on, pausing to reach over and taking another sip of her drink before continuing her massage. She switched her attention to the top now, sliding her thumbs across the bridge of his feet, and gently flexing them.

“But your subsequent interactions improved from there,” Glynda said after a moment. “You managed to end the day with positive impressions on just about everyone. You are forthright and honest, even when it might put you in a bad light, and that is a rare and desirable quality. Intentionally or not, you can be quite the charming young man.”

Jaune’s face warmed slightly at that, suddenly feeling quite aware of his physical proximity to Glynda. The pretty older woman turned slightly towards him, his feet in her lap. “Weiss doesn’t like me,” he said, turning away.

“Miss Schnee has her issues, which were compounded by her embarrassment over her mistake. I
would not worry overmuch about it.” She paused, switching feet again. “Your performance at dinner was exemplary.”

“Really?” Jaune asked.

“I do not offer idle praise, Master Arc,” Glynda said, blinking slowly at him. “I was afraid your table manners would be atrocious and was pleasantly surprised. You handled the situation well, dealing with even your uncertainty with grace and aplomb.”

“Thanks,” Jaune said, feeling warm again. “Pyrrha and Nora said the same thing, more or less.”

“Miss Nikos is at times, prone to well-meaning puffery, but not in this case. Miss Valkyrie is, however, nearly always honest. Often brutally so.” She paused, peering at him. “You are getting along well with them, I take?”

Not trusting his words, Jaune nodded, blushing as he thought back. His mind eagerly to replayed the feeling of their warm, delicate lips on his cheek.

Glynda studied his face carefully, saying nothing, and the conversation paused as she shifted tracts in the massage again. His feet now warmed up, she started to dig into his arches with her thumbs, working the sore muscles with her surprisingly strong hands, the action causing Jaune’s whole body to shiver. She worked methodically, pushing deep in, rubbing out kinks buried in his muscles. He was putty in her hands.

“Speaking of, what are your first impressions of my girls?” Glynda asked, switching feet.

“You mean the maids?” Jaune asked, distracted by the pleasure of the massage. “Uh, they’re all great. Pyrrha and Blake are really professional, it’s kinda hard to believe we are the same age. Yang and Nora are so energetic, like my sisters, which is cool. Ruby’s great, though I really can’t believe she and Yang are related though. I think we will all get along well.”

“And Miss Schnee?”

“Uh… well… like I said, I don’t think she likes me much. Even though I’m looking forward to working with her.” Jaune hastened to add.

Glynda hmmed, working another knot in his foot, getting Jaune to groan. “Apt descriptions all,” she said, then fixed him with her eyes again. “Do you find them attractive?”

Jaune felt heat rise to his cheeks again. “Uh, yeah, they are all gorgeous. And I mean the maid dresses are like… super hot. Er, can I say that?”

“Probably not the most elegant of complements, nor one for polite company, but we are alone, and I did ask,” Glynda said kindly.

“Oh well, then good. Yeah. Super hot.”

Glynda nodded. “The uniform is something of a tradition, predating the more recent fetishization of that attire. Although,” she smiled wryly, “I’m not sure Ozpin minded. He was a perfect gentleman, but he did have his… foibles.”

“Heh. Just between you and me,” Jaune said conspiratorially, “I don’t think it was just the heat that knocked me out.”

“All the blood rushing south, hmm?” Glynda said with an uncharacteristic smirk, glancing down at
“Well, I mean, it was quite a shock,” Jaune said, sitting back and smiling, between the massage and the buzz, he was feeling no pain right now. “Why don’t you wear one, by the way?”

“Oh, would you like to see me in their dress, Master Arc?” Glynda said, raising an eyebrow at him. She pushed in hard into his feet with both hands, putting her weight into it. The action giving him an excellent view of her generous cleavage.

“Well, I mean, umm…” Jaune said, trying, and failing, to pull his eyes away.

Glynda had pity on him and didn’t press the issue, leaning back with a satisfied expression on her face after a moment. “As the head maid, I usually need to present myself in a more formal manner, to better suit my role in managing the day-to-day business of the house. Unlike the others, I spend a lot of time dealing with external matters, where the uniform would give the wrong impression.” She paused, reaching for her drink to take another sip. “I do, however, still don the traditional attire from time to time. It surprises me how much I missed it, once I was no longer required to wear it.”

Jaune’s mind immediately went to work, conjuring an image of her in such an outfit. His eyes were drawn to her as he envisioned how she would look poured into such a dress. His brain puttered to a stop, however, as his eyes took her in again. The image of Glynda here-and-now, relaxed, her hair down, hands intimately exploring his feet, blew away any fantasies he could develop. Glynda’s eyes caught his, seeming to acknowledge his stare, but this time, not condemning him for it. Jaune suddenly felt very hot.

“I know you are likely weary of discussion, but there was one further matter I needed to discuss with you tonight,” Glynda said, after a moment, returning her hands to his feet again. “One best handled in private between us.” Her hands idly brushed his feet for a few moments as she gathered her thoughts. “Do you recall when I said that ensuring the continuation of the dynasty was the foremost objective of the inheritance requirements?”

Jaune nodded slowly.

“There are some additional requirements concerning that.”

“What, like some sperm tests or something?” Jaune asked, half-joking.

“After a manner of speaking,” Glynda hedged, starting to massage his toes, stroking the spaces in between, and lightly pulling on them. The sensation was vaguely erotic. “Your virility is important, but ultimately just one factor among many in producing offspring. This testing will cover all of them.”

Jaune set his glass down and turned to face her fully, trying to focus on her seriously. “So, what do you mean?”

Glynda dithered. “Have you considered why the mansion is staffed exclusively with attractive young women in your age range?”

“N— no?” Jaune said, suddenly feeling warm, and not just from the alcohol. She continued to massage him, her touch distracting in the extreme, but he felt no desire to pull away.

“You need to prove that you can form…” she searched for a word. “‘fruitful’ relationships with members of the opposite sex.”

“Fruitful, as in wholesome?”
“Fruitful as in intimate,” she said simply, now just holding his feet in her warm hands. “With the normal results of said intimacy.”

Jaune looked at her, eyes widening as it clicked in his head. “You mean sex. You want me to have sex with the maids.”

“Essentially, yes,” Glynda said seriously, holding his gaze. “While it doesn’t have to be them specifically, but I thought it prudent to stock your learning environment with some attractive candidates who are understanding of your situation.” She paused, peering at him. “How would you feel about entering into an intimate relationship with one or more of them?”

“Or more?” Jaune’s brain stuttered as it tried to keep up with her.

“Ideally I would have you bed them all.”

Jaune’s jaw snapped shut as he tried and failed to process that. The whole concept seemed like an impossible joke, but while Glynda’s voice was light, her face held no humor. He shivered brain jumping tracts over to concepts he could comprehend. “Weren’t you supposed to arrange like a marriage or something?”

Glynda scoffed. “Please Master Arc, a relationship, even one involving sex, does not require marriage.” she paused, considering him carefully. “Unless you are opposed to sex out of wedlock?”

“No, uh, not really,” Jaune said, blushing just to think about it. “But, uh, all of them?”

Glynda simply nodded, taking another sip of her drink, then returning her hands to his feet, “Don’t worry, if it comes to that, all of them would make suitable brides.”

“Wouldn’t that be, uh, illegal?”

Glynda squeezed his feet gently. “You would not be able to formally marry them all, of course. But even then, well,” she waggled a hand. “There are certain aspects of the legal system that can be… negotiated, assuming you have sufficient cause and leverage.” She shrugged. “In the end, titles really need have no more important than what you agree to give them. Persons such as yourself often operate on a different set of rules than conventional society. The others could simply be your mistress, or your concubines if you prefer. Whatever pleases you all.” She finished dismissively.

Jaune’s brain sputtered. Obviously, a part of him liked that idea. Really liked it. The other, less hormonal, part of his brain was trying to shout out objections, but in the face of Glynda’s casual seriousness, he was unable to latch on to any of them. After gaping for a second and getting nowhere, he switched over to a track he could get a handle on.

“Don’t they, you know, work for me or something?”

“No,” Glynda said firmly. “Properly speaking, they work for the estate, and report to me, not to you, at least until you inherit in full.”

“Oh,” Jaune said, rather dumbly, brain still whirling. Weiss had made a stink about that very point, hadn’t she?

“And even then,” Glynda continued, “I don’t see why it need be a problem. Ozpin and I maintained a personal and professional relationship for many years. Any arrangement is moral, so long as you both agree.”

“Oh,” Jaune said, flummoxed. Glynda had a response for his every objection. She really was serious
about this, wasn’t she? Could she be right? That idea of it swam around in his head. It sounded crazy, but it didn’t sound wrong. That duality took a little while to sink into his head. As he pondered Glynda gave his feet another rub and gently put them back on the ground, and sliding closer to him.

“Now, let me see your hands.”

Jaune looked at her confused, and Glynda just gently took them, placing them in her lap and working them with her fingers. It took him a second to figure out what she was doing, massaging them as she had his feet. Jaune had never had a hand massage before, but after a couple moments, he began to understand the appeal, Glynda’s nimble fingers working the tendons and joints of his hand.

“Another drink?”

Jaune glanced down at his drink, unsure when he had finished it. “No, I’m good.”

Glynda nodded, and after a second Jaune relaxed back into the couch as she worked his fingers, his brain trying to chew through everything she had said. After a while she spoke again, her voice quiet. “I know asking you to entangle your romantic life in this process is an extreme imposition. It upset your father greatly. If you would like to back out now, I understand. I will handle the explanations.”

Jaune blinked at her. Back out? The idea honestly hadn’t even crossed his mind. “No!” he exclaimed, then blushed, not wanting to seem overeager. “I mean… no. I’m not against it but, umm… sorry, it’s a lot to think about. You’ve, uh, really done a number on me today.”

Glynda nodded, continued to quietly massage his fingers, giving him time to think it over.

After a while, Jaune looked at her again. “Do they know? About… you know.”

Glynda shook her head. “Not as such. Some of them are aware of the general outlines of your requirement, but I haven’t asked them to sleep with you. They are not prostitutes, Master Arc. That would defeat the whole point. You need to win them on your own merit.”

“Oh. Good,” Jaune said, feeling a little relieved. “But, I mean… how? They are all, like… way out of my league. And, uh, all of them?” He shook his head. “That doesn’t seem possible.”

“I assure you, Master Arc, it is possible. They are all very much in your league.” Glynda said and squeezed his hands. “This isn’t a trap. While it may be a difficult, in fact, the most difficult requirement of your qualification, it is one I aim to see you succeed at. As such,” she paused, her gaze turning mischievous. “I am not above stacking the deck in your favor.”

Jaune blinked at her, not understanding.

“You are going to be spending an extended period in rather close quarters with six healthy young women,” Glynda explained, her fingers kneading the palm of his hand. “All with the normal set of desires girls their age have, and no other male suitors to compete with you for their attention.” She gave him a toothy smirk. “I assume you have heard the expression, ‘fish in a barrel’?” Jaune blushed, and she sobered a bit. “Have you truly no experience in dating?”

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“Just about,” Jaune said uncomfortably. “Every time I tried, either my sisters didn’t like her and chased her off, or the date went poorly. Assuming I didn’t just get rejected outright. Mostly it was that last one.”

“I take it you are a virgin then?”

Jaune looked away. “I’ve never even gotten as far as, er, first base.”
“That is kissing, correct?” Jaune nodded, and Glynda paused, slowly considering his answer. She turned his hand over and started working on his wrist. “Well, that is nothing to be ashamed of Master Arc,” she said, drawing his eyes. “We will have to analyze your lack of success later, but I am sure you will do better here, without your sisters’ sabotage and with proper guidance.”

“Really?”

“Of course,” Glynda said, pulling his hands closer to him as her fingers worked up the muscles of his forearm. “Your situation is different, now. Setting aside, for the moment, all that you stand to inherit, there is still much to commend you. You are, by all accounts, diligent and hard-working, with a sharp and able mind, although you do not always put it to its full use, and a ready, if somewhat unpolished sense of humor. All desirable traits.

“And physically speaking…” Glynda drawled, hands moving up his arms, until they stopped, reversing course and drew up his shirt. Too stunned to do anything else, Jaune helped her to remove it. Leaving him bare-chested and nearly naked in front of her.

Like that he felt... well he wasn’t sure what as Glynda paused for a moment, eyes drinking him in, hand dropping to rest open-palmed on his chest. She was, as ever, clinical and precise, but there was something more there this time he realized. Her breath was slightly shallower than normal, her expression a little more slack, and she fidgeted somewhat as she looked at him, as if she was repressing a desire to squirm. She’s aroused, Jaune’s sluggish brain finally told him, though he half didn’t believe it.

“Physically speaking, you are a tall blond man, with a lanky, but not unmuscle build. You have an attractive visage with striking blue eyes. Although,” she paused nose wrinkling, a smile creeping out, “your haircut is perhaps an acquired taste, but you wear it with confidence and,” she judged him again, face softening. “I think it suits you.”

Jaune blushed, having trouble meeting Glynda’s eyes. Her hands had returned to his, after having lightly traced their way back down his chest.

“In short, you represent almost the classic image of male beauty and would meet almost any woman’s need for physical attractiveness. A fact I can personally attest to,” she emphasized, gaze unwavering.

Jaune’s brain ran a bit slow when it came to things like this, but even he was able to pick up the meaning behind that last line. He wasn’t sure what to feel about that. Aroused, certainly, and excited by her interest, but… but she was supposed to be his aunt, wasn’t she? Except the hormonal part of his brain didn’t care about that, and even for the rational part, it was a distant voice. He had never really known her as an aunt. Only as the focused, intense, attractive woman he was with right now. And that felt unbelievable. That such a beautiful intense woman would be interested in him. But the signs were all there. Screaming at him. It felt unreal, but then again, this whole day was kind of unreal. Looking back up at her, he found her eyes looking at him again. Judging him, as always, but the expression behind it was not unkind, it was almost… loving? Blushing, he looked away.

“T—thanks,” he said

“It is simply the truth,” Glynda said, ignoring his embarrassment, and squeezing his hand. “You were not selected idly, Master Arc,” Glynda continued, oblivious to his thoughts. “You have the potential to be an amazing man, and with proper instruction and the right approach, I believe you will be able to take all the woman here to bed.”
Jaune hesitated, his lower head not missing the subtle emphasis she put on that word. “It’s just hard to believe… I mean, I’m a guy but like… why would they want me that way.”

Glynda shifted, bringing one of her legs up under her and turning, so she was facing him fully. “Master Arc, despite growing up in a household full of girls, you have a remarkably poor understanding of women.”

“I won’t argue with that,” Jaune said with a hesitant laugh.

“Women can have just as much sexual desire as men,” Glynda said, ignored his attempt to deflect and leaning closer to him. Her eyes bore into him, his hands held in hers. “Sometimes even more so,” she added quietly. “As I said before, I am here not just to evaluate you, but also to guide your instructions in areas you are not yet proficient. Including the romantic and sexual aspects of your skills. You have all the intrinsic things you need, you lack but confidence and experience.” She paused, looking at him seriously. “Would you like to start on them tonight?”

“Umm… what?” Jaune asked, his heart suddenly thundering in his chest. His lower head was now screaming things his rational mind didn’t want to hear.

“There is only one way to gain these sort of practical skills,” Glynda said, eyes steady on him. “Before she died, your mother and I were frequently closer than propriety would allow. I never saw anything wrong with that, and we took great pleasure in one another’s company. When Ozpin was here, I served him in all things, including this. If you would have me, I would have a similar relationship with you.”

Glynda paused, eyes unflinchingly looking at him. Jaune so far knew her to be an unfailingly serious woman who kept her emotions tightly controlled. But now, looking at her, he realized he was seeing a bit of the woman that lurked underneath. She was so pretty and oddly vulnerable. It ached Jaune’s heart to look at her.

“I am here to serve you, Master Arc. In all things. I want to help you with this. I know today, and this discussion has been… taxing on you,” she glanced down at Jaune’s crotch meaningfully. I would not leave you in distress, especially when I am the cause.” She looked him the eyes, squeezing his hand. “Let me help you.”

Jaune’s heart hammered in his chest, but there was really only one thing he could say to such a request. Only one thing he wanted to say.

"Okay."

Chapter End Notes

Image is credit to @deigo_dego. I was not able to find the original image to link, however.

To make a "Vale" mix in equal parts:

- 1 oz Kuo Kuana Select Reserve, or if you don't have that, any nice Rye whiskey or Bourbon will do. (Glynda adds a splash more of this.)
- 1 oz Campari, or another aperitivo bitter.
- 1 oz Dry vermouth
Garnish with a cherry or an orange peel (Glynda prefers a cherry). Served straight up in a cocktail glass.
Hands on Learning

Chapter Summary

Be aware that the rating for the story has changed to explicit at this point. There are also NSFW images in the text. If you are using the skin I created for this work, they are hidden by default, but due to technical limitations when you click them they cannot be re-hidden without reloading the page. They are tagged appropriately.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Glynda gave him a genuine smile and wrapped him up in a hug. Her body was warm and soft. It was like returning to his mother’s arms again, except really not. There was that same kind of warmth, of love, but also an intense sexual element to it as well. He was hugging Glynda as a man, not a child. With all that that implied. As she rested against him, he could feel her heartbeat was beating nearly as fast as his own.

“Thank you,” Glynda said softly, squeezing him again. As she pulled back, her mask had returned, but he could feel some sort of… he wasn’t sure what, some kind of indescribable pleased emotion beneath it. As he watched, it transformed into a small grin. “Shall we get started?”

Jaune nodded, his throat thick. He was tremendously aroused, a situation that had been present for most of the day, but had not the slightest clue what was supposed to happen here, leaving him feeling helpless. His sisters had explained the birds and the bees to him, of course. But those discussions, graphic as they were, never included a situation like this. Nor was any of the smattering of pornography he had watched much help. This situation was well outside the range of even his wildest fantasies.

Luckily, Glynda had the situation well in hand, so to speak. She adjusted her position so that she was sitting next to him. But turned so that her body was facing him, one of her legs tucked underneath her to allow this. That gave her a slight height boost so that she sat even with his eyes. The position also left both of her hands free to roam his body. And roam they did, taking advantage of his shirtless state to take in his body. Jaune tensed under her touch, not used to so much contact and Glynda paused, placing one hand on his chest to gently pushed him back into the couch.

“Relax Master Arc. I’ll take care of you.”

Easier said than done, but Jaune tried his best as Glynda’s fingers changed their technique, now sliding across his skin, tracing delicate patterns as they went. She moved at a relaxed pace, trying to calm him, rather than arouse. Nonetheless, Jaune tensed with their every step as her fingers progressed steadily downward. His breath caught as one hand finally found its way onto his boxers. She didn’t shy away from touching him, her fingers grazing over his cock, feeling the outline of his length and shape through the fabric.

“I know today was difficult for you, especially down here.” She squeezed to emphasize. “You did an admirable job controlling yourself, all things considered.”

Jaune nodded. Ironically this was a situation he was somewhat used to dealing with. Living in close
quarters with seven sisters made it difficult to find an opportunity to relieve himself. All the more frustrating because he could often hear (and sometimes interrupted) the times his sisters found to achieve their own pleasure. So he was used to dealing with prolonged periods of arousal with no release, which did tend to make the climax when he finally got there all the sweeter. A situation not unlike today, a distant part of him reflected. Though, of course, he had never experienced anything so intense before, what with all the stimulation from the maids, and now this.

“But you know the arousal goes both ways,” Glynda continued, grasping the outline of his cock and stroking it slowly. Jaune breath caught in his throat and she teased him like that for a few moments before continuing.

“It’s exciting to be lusted after by an attractive man such as yourself, feeling your gaze on us. Even more so when you try and fail to control it. Sneaking peeks when you don’t think we are looking, or when you can’t help yourself.”

Glynda squeezed his length, and removed her hand, drawing his eyes up to her again. Then, with steady purpose, she returned her hand to his waist and slid it down inside his boxers. Jaune’s whole body tensed, singing at her touch, but was unable to look away from her beautiful face and captivating eyes, unwilling to break the connection between them. And so he felt, rather than saw, her slender fingers move downward, combing through his pubic hair, reaching his base. She paused there another second, eyes still calling his, capturing all his attention, and then wrapped her hand around his cock.

Jaune’s mind exploded. The feeling of her cool, soft, hand on his dick was beyond anything he had ever imagined, and he felt himself jerk in her grasp. But there was more to it than just the sensation. The serious, impassioned look on Glynda’s face, her eyes boring into his, communicating to him on some deeper wavelength. That her touch wasn’t a mistake or accident. That this was something she was deliberately, purposely choosing to do. That she wanted to touch him in this way. The thought of that, the reality of that burned in his mind, setting him afire. That this gorgeous, elegant, woman wanted to do such things with him.

That thought burned him, and a moment passed while Glynda just held his cock tenderly, squeezing him in time with her breathing, giving him a chance to adjust. After a few seconds, she continued speaking, more quietly this time.

It makes us hot to know we have this kind of effect on you, Master Arc. It makes me hot. To know that I am the cause of that rise in your pants and all those little ‘adjustments’ you need to make. That this is due to your desire for me.” She squeezed his bulge again, as if there could be any mistake about what she was talking about. “That thought thrills me.”

Jaune groaned again as her hand gave the slightest of strokes, the motion constrained by his boxers. More blood rushed to fill his organ, so much that he could feel it’s engorged state, turgid in her hand. This seemed to please her, and Glynda spoke again, squeezing back against his spongy hardness.

“May I see you, Master Arc?”

Saying no to such a request was impossible, and Jaune nodded again. Glynda slipped her other hand inside his boxers, closer to his ass, the palm of her hand sliding along his skin. She cupped his ass, squeezing him gently and coaxed him up. Jaune complied, adjusting his position minutely. She then raised both of her wrists, allowing the fabric of his boxers to slide down her hands, disrobing him in an elegant motion, leaving him nearly naked and exposed him to the air.

And then nothing. Glynda was silent, staring at his cock trance-like. Her hand pulled away until just the tips of her fingers touched him. Slowly they traced their way up and down his length, trying to
grasp its size and shape, her fingertips grazing his every inch. Her feather touch felt amazing, but as the moment stretched on, Jaune became a little anxious.

“Is… is it okay?” Jaune asked nervously.

Glynda startled and blushed furiously, looking away. “I’m… I’m sorry, Master Arc,” she said, her voice hitching. “You look wonderful. It has just been some time since I had the opportunity to service a man, and I did not expect you to be so… well equipped.” She looked down, avoiding eye contact, clearly embarrassed, but at the same time her hand closed around him and started to stroke him slowly.

Again there was that odd sense of vulnerability in her words and Jaune felt a desire to comfort her. Reaching out, he wrapped a tentative arm around her shoulders. Glynda tensed for a second, surprised, then relaxed and leaned into him, giving his cock an affectionate squeeze as she did so. The feeling of having this gorgeous woman nestled in his arm thrilled Jaune nearly as much as her touch did, and he squeezed her to him in return. Shirtless, she pressed directly against his body, a fantastic feeling. The whole situation was intensely close and intimate, and he felt deeply connected to her. He could feel her breathe, and she him, as if they were one body.

All this, despite the fact she was still clothed, and he naked. If anything, that fact only enhanced his arousal. He was lounging naked in this giant room, the lights on, open for all to see. Hardly a private moment and anyone who saw would see how this gorgeous woman was serving him. Devoting herself to his pleasure, and his alone. Which meant all the signs of her excitement; her shallow breathing, rapid heart rate, and periodic shivers all stemmed from that fact. From how aroused serving him made her.

Those thoughts swelling his heart, Jaune untensed, coming out of his head a little to appreciate the incredible situation. With her under his arm like this, he was in heaven. He squeezed Glynda again affectionately as he relished what the beautiful woman was doing to him.

“God that feels amazing,” he said.

Glynda smiled, and took a stronger grip on his cock, starting to stroke him earnestly as she cuddled into him.

“We have only just begun, Master Arc. Hold out as long as you can, it will feel better, but tell me when you are close.”

Jaune nodded, doing his best to follow her instructions as her pace picked up.

This was bliss. This close in the blond woman consumed his senses, the rest of the room falling away. There was only her, the positioning letting him see Glynda fully, her stunning face even with his, tantalizingly close, painfully beautiful. He could see her every feature, her clear white skin, fine blonde hair, and fine nose. Even those traits that usually expressed her distant attitude were transformed. Her clear eyes that were normally narrowed at watchful were now open wider in a more relaxed state of affection and amusement. Her mouth and lips no longer held in a tight reserved line, but open slightly, glistening, and beautiful as she panted, as aroused as he was. Even her very skin now had an attractive blush across it, which he adored. God he wanted her ever so much, she was so close! But he held back, letting her take the lead, unwilling to break the spell.

And it didn’t end there! Her huge chest was just a step below from that. The white shirt she wore stretched tight across it, verging on bursting, pushing her bust up and keeping the globes within strictly confined. As she leaned forward, perching over his side he had a perfect view down into her cleavage, the creamy flesh displayed there teasing his eyes, a sight that for once Jaune felt no shame
in observing, so he gorged himself on it. She had a fantastic chest. Her body practically oozed sex, her outfit hiding none of her shape and calling to his every lewd fantasy.

But as painfully beautiful as Glynda was to see, the information coming in from his other senses was just as compelling. If not more so. Her long hair set free that brushed against his shoulder, tickling him slightly. As he breathed in, the scent of it tickled his nose, the clean smell of her shampoo mixing with the faint lavender of her perfume mixing and just the slightest trace of her sweat. It was intoxicating. Further down his body he felt the soft pressure of her breasts, pressing along his side against his skin, ripe and full. He could feel her every breath, her every heartbeat. She was warm, almost hot, snuggled up against him, and he could practically feel the heat radiating against him. Lower still he could feel the smooth fabric of her stockings as they brushed against his skin, so closely was she pressed to him.

And of course, also the sensations from her hand. Unlike her body, her hands felt cool, the contrast stark where she touched his dick. While Jaune was no stranger to masturbation, obviously, he discovered there was a whole world of difference between doing it himself, and having someone else do it for you. Glynda’s grip on his cock was different than his own, a little loser, and the skin slipped at times in her hand as she jerked. Without control, he was unable to predict when this was coming next, which drove the sensations into another stratosphere. But at the same time, it didn’t seem to build him to his peak as quickly, prolonging the delicious torture of her touch. Still slowly but steadily he did rise as Glynda continued to stroke him, letting out a groan as her hand moved in an especially pleasurable way.

“What are you thinking about?” Glynda asked him quietly, hands still working.

“How pretty you are,” Jaune said out, too consumed with pleasure for any prevarication.

The simple honestly of Jaune’s words took Glynda back, and she faltered for a second, before recovering. “You flatter me,” she said quietly. “But wouldn’t you prefer to have one of the maids in doing this? Nora or Pyrrha, perhaps?”

Jaune groaned, his penis twitching at that thought, but shook his head.

Glynda hmmmed, and then brought her other hand into play, rubbing her palm against the sensitive head of his cock. Jaune’s eyes opened wide as the pleasure redoubled.

“Oh, fuck.”

“You are doing well, Master Arc, keep holding on.”

Jaune nodded, gritting his teeth. The sensation of her smooth palm around his head was exquisite. And he instinctively clamped down on himself to hold back his release.

Glynda observed him, slowing her hands, keeping him from going over, and then continued. “The maids are all lovely in their own way, aren’t they? I took great pains in gathering them. Can you picture them here?”

She removed her hands, throwing Jaune off for a second, but then returned them to his cock as she continued.

“Stoic little Blake, how would she act? Would she try to hide her flush and quickened breath as she strokes you, rubbing her thighs together to sate her own desire?”

She gently worked her hand up and down Jaune’s member and exaggeratedly shifted her legs, mimicking her depiction of Blake. Jaune groaned as he realized what she was doing.
“Or what of the boisterous Yang? I bet she would try to hide her inexperience with humor and enthusiasm.”

At that, she vigorously but clumsily jerked at Jaune’s cock, causing his hips to buck involuntarily at the sudden harsh stimulation. That was intense, but before he could get anywhere she removed her hands and started again.

“And what of the caustic Weiss? Would she glare and grumble at you in order to try and distract you from her own desire and embarrassment? Pretending she doesn’t like it, even as she wraps her hands around you and meekly services you?”

She stared into Jaune’s eyes, her hand tightening around him like Yang, but moving in a way that was still soft and gentle? That didn’t make sense, but at this point Jaune was so lost in his desire he couldn’t tell up from down.

Glynda hummed thoughtfully. “And what of dear little Ruby? Curious, embarrassed, and shy, but at the same time, eager to please you?”

Her grip loosened again, his cock slipping through her fingers lightly, as she stroked him more tentatively, fingers tickling and exploring his length.

“And of course your favorites, Nora and Pyrrha. Would the two of them work as a pair? They get along pretty well, and you are blessed with enough cock for the two of them.”

Jaune groaned as Glynda again returned both hands to his cock, one hand stroking him as before, but this time the other moved to just tease his head. Her fingertips rubbing against it and pulling it up as she touched it in a twisting grasping motion. This pulled yet another groan from Jaune. He could only withstand a little of this before he actually had to push her hands away. The sensation was just too much.

Glynda smiled, and buried her face into the crook of his neck, leaving his cock to just jerk in the open air as he moved away from his peak again.

“So which is it, Master. Which one do you fancy?” she whispered into his ear, her own legs now shifting in desire.

Jaune’s mind was all over the fucking place. Her words, hands, the way she brought him close to release and then backed off, how he had been at this state of tension nearly all day. The whole situation. It was all just too much. Still, in all the madness of his lust, there was one element of clarity.

“Right now, I don’t want anyone but you.”

Glynda faltered again, her blush returning. “Well played Master Arc. And you say you don’t understand women,” her lips reached up to touch his cheek, an oddly tender moment in the middle of all the lust. “I appreciate the sentiment,” she said, her hands returned to his cock, her palm rubbing against his crown again while her lips moved down to nibble at his neck, all three moving in practiced concert. The touch of her lips was electric, and Jaune groaned. The addition of this extra bit of stimulus being more than he could bear after so much.

“I’m close,” he grunted out.

Glynda gives a handjob. (NSFW) Click to reveal.
Glynda nodded, one hand continuing to stroke him as she adjusted something else, Jaune to caught up to notice what. Her hand then returned slowly stroking him, pulling him ever closer to his peak trying to wring every last ounce of pleasure out of him, while her lips and teeth nibbled and sucked at his neck, which just felt amazing. The moment seemed to stretch on and on as he approached ever closer to his climax.
“Did you and my mom really?” Jaune asked, words slipping out from some deep place of lust.

Glynda nodded, lips moving up to his ear, hands not skipping a beat.

“We did. Frequently. And not just that, we would often share a man between us. Taking turns, or serving him at the same time.”

“Oh fuck,” Jaune said, his brain not at all sure what to make of that, or even why he asked it. But his body decided that that was it for it, and he felt himself cross over. After so long, his orgasm didn’t explode but seeped out of him, and outrageous expression of stimulation that consumed everything. He could feel his dick start cum, the center of his pleasure, flowing out of him like a great thick river of seed and joy, but the feeling extended to his every fiber. He let out a low crooning moan, only to be silenced when Glynda’s lips captured his.

Just as Jaune thought his pleasure could reach no greater height, it did. The mental rush from her touch surging through his body, setting him afire, and even more of his seed pouring out. Yet all of that was nothing to how he felt in his heart. He drank her in, pure bliss as her tongue sought his out and danced, teasing it and him, to greater and greater heights of passion, even as her hand stroked him and his cock came and came and came. He was whimpering, crying, it was so good, so intense but also unable to break their embrace.

His mind was in shambles, love, lust, confusion, desire, passion, all caught up in a tumultuous whirlwind. But through it all in the eye of the storm, there was one thing that was crystal clear. No matter what happened, he would make this woman his. With renewed passion, he kissed her back, his heart thoroughly loving her. God he loved this woman.

Of course, nothing so extreme could last forever, and slowly Jaune returned from the heady heights of emotional and physical pleasure back to land. Still, quite a pleasant place to be, considering the amazing woman he held in his arms. Glynda moved back a bit, but stayed in his grasp, both of them panting and catching their breath.

“That was amazing,” Jaune said after a bit, looking at Glynda in wonder. Much of his thoughts had blown away with his climax, but still some residue of the joy and love remained, clinging to them both, leaving him deliriously happy.

Glynda smiled and squeezed him again in an affectionate hug. Then pulled away to move something from his lap. Jaune looked down and was surprised to see it was one of the cocktail glasses. At some point, she had maneuvered it into position, and the container was now nearly full of his cum. The volume was substantial.

Jaune blinked at it in amazement. “Did I?”

“Yes you did,” she said, holding up the glass for examination. She seemed quite proud. “A very healthy sample if I do say so myself. Do you usually provide so much?”

Jaune squirmed. “Umm, I don’t know? It’s not like I usually measure.”

Glynda nodded. “We’ll have to run some repeat tests.”

Jaune shivered at the thought of that and pulled Glynda back to him again. “That was amazing,” he repeated again, kind of dumbly.

“Yes, it was,” Glynda said, squeezing him again. “You did very well to hold out so long, and we can repeat it as many times as you like, although,” she said, pulling away from him and looking away. “I shouldn’t have kissed you though.”

“I got carried away in the moment. Your first kiss should have been with someone you really like.”

Jaune frowned, not liking that. He looked at the amazing woman in disbelief as something clicked in his brain. “It’s okay then, isn’t it?”

Glynda looked at him in confusion, but he was already in motion. Taking her shoulder in hand, he turned towards her, the movement causing her to lose balance and fall back onto the couch. As gracefully as he could he moved with her, ending up on top of her, her hair strewn out like a halo.

He paused there a second, admiring her beauty. There was a look of shock and surprise on Glynda’s face, and Jaune was equally unsure if this was the right thing to do, but seeing some hint of desire and excitement in her as well, he carried through the action already in motion and leaned down to kiss the amazing woman.

Glynda stiffened at first, eyes open in surprise, but then relented, her body relaxing and allowing Jaune to have his way with her. Jaune had only the vaguest idea of what to do, but he let his instincts take over, pressing his lips the woman’s, and hoping the feeling of the act would carry through. As before, kissing her was outstanding, but in a different way. More of an emotional than a sexual connection.

Not that the sex wasn’t there. As he pulled back to look at her, the feeling was raw. Laid atop her like this he felt so powerful. He was bigger. He was stronger. He was naked. And he had the most amazingly beautiful woman laid out beneath him. The fact that she was still dressed only added to the feeling that she was his prey. The look on her face said she felt the same thing and more. There was shocked and surprise, but he also saw that same burning desire he felt. For him to take her. To have her and conquer her, in any way that he pleased.

Jaune pushes Glynda down. (NSFW) Click to reveal.
Those thoughts burning in his head, he leaned down to kiss her again. Wanting to both have her and connect with her. His emotions warring with his desire. This time Glynda was the one to let out a small whimper as he took her lips, willingly opening her mouth to him as he kissed her, letting him have her mouth. The kiss was far from elegant, but somehow he felt the emotion carried through, and Glynda squirmed beneath him arms wrapping him up as he kissed her. He ground against her body, relishing the feeling of her underneath him. Her smallness and weakness. He could have her if he wanted her. It was all his. She pressed him back to her, as accepting of this as she had been of everything else. Accepting of his desire.

And God Jaune wanted her. He wanted to wrap her up and devour her and have everything of her. It was intense. It was passionate, but as Jaune broke again, he knew that was all it could be. As much as he wanted this woman, hungered for her. And as much as she appeared to want him in return, he was too tired. It had been too long a day, and what they had just done had already been so unbelievably intense. He kissed her again more softly then moved off. Somewhat disappointed, but Glynda immediately seemed to understand, sitting up to let him wrap her in a hug again. It felt good to hold her like this. As if he couldn’t have her, he could at least have her acceptance.

“That was okay, wasn’t it?”

“Very okay, Master Arc,” Glynda said, catching her breath. It thrilled Jaune to see he could take it
away from her. “I give your passion a ten, but your technique only a four.” She paused and worked her jaw tenderly. He hadn’t been that rough, had he? “It still needs some work. Very good for a virgin though.”


“I see,” Glynda said carefully, taking a finger to tilt his chin up and locking eyes with him. “I am honored to have your first kiss, Master Arc,” she said, and kissed him softly again, “but hopefully not your last,” she finished with a smirk.

“Yeah,” Jaune said, brain still not entirely comfortable with the idea of having all the maids. He changed the subject. “I didn’t go too far when I…” he gestured to where she had lain.

“Not at all. That was delightful,” Glynda said, giving his neck a nibble again, and squeezing him. “I am here to serve you and teach you Master Arc. In every way.” She said seriously, moving back to hold his eyes. “So if you feel the need to push me down and have your way with me, you may do so. My body is yours.”

Jaune shivered at the frank declaration.

“However, you should also let me guide you in this. Your first time really should be with one of the maids. That is a powerful bonding experience you should not pass-up.”

Jaune nodded. Not really understanding, but understanding. It was okay in the end. Today had already been confusing and amazing. He didn’t need to add losing his virginity on top of all that.

“But I promise I will take care of you in other ways,” Glynda countined, giving him another little peck, and his tender cock a gentle rub. “Though, if you do feel the need to push me down and take from me, I will welcome it. Always.”

Another shiver ran through Jaune, and he nodded. After all this he had no doubt she meant it. Still, it didn’t seem that likely to him that he could do such a thing to Glynda normally. She was so formidable and amazing, and he had been wound up six ways to Sunday to do this. But at the same time, he also never thought he would be he either, so who knew?

“Can I still have these?” Jaune asked, running his thumb across her lips.

Glynda shivered, passion flaring in her eyes, and looked down submissively. “Whenever you wish, Master Arc.”

It was hard to say who initiated the kiss that followed.

Eventually, Glynda reluctantly extracted herself from his arms and took a couple minutes to adjust her clothing. It pleased Jaune in some weird way to see how much her look had been disrupted. The idea of messing up her perfectly procured appearance was so hot. His sore cock jerked, and he hardly could believe he had done it. Eventually finished and with it mostly righted, she turned back to him, her professional mask returned.

“Well, that was a pleasant way to end an evening. If you will excuse me Master Arc, I will take my leave. I am right next door if you need anything, and we shall start again tomorrow.”

Jaune nodded, watching her collect the tray and the glasses and leave. He wanted to say I love you, wanted to say so much, but at the same time, he was unsure about basically everything. What a day. So much to think about, and he was too tired to think about any of it. He collapsed back into the
couch, utterly exhausted.

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...

Wait, did she take that glass full of his cum with her when she left?

Glynda +❤❤❤
Jaune Confidence +1
Jaune Sex +1

Chapter End Notes

The picture of Jaune pushing Glynda down is from the awesome Tosh0kan. The other image was shopped by me, but I could not find the source of the original.
She was out walking a dog, which was funny because she never recalled having one. Was she a professional dog walker then? Not a job she had ever trained for, but how hard could it be? She liked dogs, and she was good at guiding people.

And it was impossible not to like this dog as he trotted down the street full of energy. He was a great big fluffy thing, a large golden yellow retriever who was about as goofy as he was friendly. Obedient, but extremely full of life and energy, leaving him torn between two worlds. He was at the same time trying his hardest to obey her and be a good dog, but at the same time, the big friendly goof was distracted by basically everything he saw.

The effect was comical. He walked stiff-legged in perfect step with her, almost prancing, the model of a well-trained and respectable dog. But periodically his concentration would falter, and he would stop to stare at something that interested him, breaking her stride. A single pull on the leash would then be enough return him to her side, head hung, ashamed of his behavior. But his tail never ceased wagging, whipping back and forth as they walked along.

Eventually, they reached their destination, the park, and she took him off the leash. The dog couldn’t seem to believe it, spinning around in excited circles as he tried to see everything. And then, after three or four rotations, he stopped and sat down, surprising her more. The dog looked up at her expectantly and she looked back, not sure what he wanted. It was obvious the dog wanted to run and have fun in the park, chase squirrels and sniff trees and do all doggy things dogs thought were fun. He was trembling with energy to do it. But it was just as obvious that he was also trying to be obedient to her. Looking up at her for her command.

She was stumped. She had not trained for this. She waved her hand out to the dog, telling him that he could go, be free, run and have fun. For a moment he did so, running off with a bounce, then he returned and sat back down, looking up at her. What did he want? She was no dog expert, but it was almost as if he wanted her to come with him, to go and run and have fun like he was. The idea was tempting, but she couldn’t do that, could she? She had a job and responsibilities and everything, those came first. She couldn’t just ignore them and run off and have fun like a dog, could she?

The dog sure seemed to think she could. All around her in the park, she could see other people playing with their dogs. Really, it was the natural state of affairs between people and dogs, wasn’t it? Why should she be different?

Except she was different. She was a professional dog walker, and it just wouldn’t be right to abandon her duty for fun, no matter what her feelings. She looked down at the dog and saw her own dilemma echoed in him as well. He wanted to be a good boy, and do his duty, just like she did. Yet he also desired to have fun. But he would follow her lead, so the question became:

What did she want to do?

A good boy. Click to reveal.
Sunlight streamed in through freshly opened curtains the next morning. Jaune groaned and rolled away from it. A practiced deep sleeper, Jaune’s brain compartmentalized, half of it clinging to sleep, while the other half roused enough to decide if this stimulus was something worth waking for. Or if it could be ignored in favor of a few more minutes of bliss.

“Good morning, Master Arc, time to wake up.”

His brain hmphed. It would be the judge of that. The voice calling to him was female, a vote against it, probably one of his sisters. They could usually be ignored.

“Master Arc,” the voice called again, shaking him slightly.

The touch was easy to disregard, but there was something about that voice. Vaguely familiar. Not actually one of his sisters. His mom maybe? The tenor was similar. But that was impossible, the sleeping part of his brain would be the one taking her calls. They weren’t calling him by his name either. Why was that?

“Master Arc, please wake up.”

It was the please that convinced him. None of his family would try and wake him with a please. Or call him master, he realized belatedly as he forced open tired eyes. Looking around, he was briefly disoriented. This wasn’t his room, it was way too large, and he was on a couch, not his bed. Still comfy, though. Was he sure he couldn’t go back to sleep? This couch was so soft…

“Hey, don’t go back to sleep on me,” the voice interrupted, shaking him again.

Jaune nodded, forcing himself to focus on the person talking to him. A pretty red-haired girl in a maid dress. Definitely not one of his sisters, unless they died their hair. Who was she? He blinked bleary eyes, trying to focus, sleepy brain struggling to put things together.

Then things clicked.
“It wasn’t a dream,” Jaune mumbled, as memories flooded his rousing brain.

The girl froze, a blush creeping across her face as she processed his words. Jaune blinked again, sleepy eyes taking her in as if seeing her for the first time. This girl was really beautiful, like an angel. Except no, Glynda last night had been the angel. This girl was more like a… a… Valkyrie? A beautiful warrior woman. Chooser of the fallen. Strong. Lean. Determined. But also kind. But, no, Valkyrie was Nora’s name. This angel was Pyrrha. Valkyrie was definitely a better fit for her though. Would Nora switch with her? Or maybe he could give her his name. Pyrrha Arc. That had a nice ring to it.

A goofy smile spread across his face as he considered that. Angel or no, Pyrrha Arc was beautiful. Their eyes met, and she smiled too, blush deepening. She lingered there, eyes flickering across his face as if she was considering something. Or maybe waiting for something? Jaune couldn’t tell. She was close, her weight a pleasant burden, and he could feel her breath on him, soft and gentle. Smell her faint cinnamon scent. See her tongue touch her red lips and purse—

Then as quickly as it happened, the moment passed.

“No, it wasn’t a dream,” Pyrrha said softly, withdrawing with a shake of her head. “Good morning, Master Arc.”

“‘Morning Miss Ar— er, Miss Nikos,” Jaune mumbled. His heart rate had gone from one to one hundred in that short moment. A hell of a way to wake up.

“Good morning to you too, Master Arc,” Pyrrha said with a smile. “I see you elected to use the couch again last night. May I join you?”

“Uh, sure,” Jaune said, stifling a yawn. Pyrrha made a little gesture, and he pulled up his feet to make room.

“Any particular reason for that?” Pyrrha asked pleasantly, settling down beside him on the couch.

Jaune’s brain didn’t process the question, as it was distracted by a more important realization just as Pyrrha sat down. While he did not usually sleep in the buff, he had not dressed after his and Glynda’s ‘activities’ last night. Leaving him in a state of undress near one of the maids.

Again.

He sat up awkwardly, holding his sheet to cover himself as he did so. Pyrrha brushed a strand of hair back behind her ear and watched him with a graceful smile, apparently oblivious to his situation. Jaune was once again struck by just how beautiful she was. How her smile transformed her face. Like clockwork, this, combined with lingering thoughts of last night, and his current state of undress roused parts of him further south. Not that it needed much encouragement in the morning anyway. He really liked that smile.

“Master Arc?” Pyrrha repeated, her smile turning curious.

Belatedly he realized he hadn’t answered her question. Danger! He couldn’t let her recognize his current state. “No, umm, well,” he drawled as he scrambled for an answer. He obviously couldn’t tell her the truth, that he had just kind of collapsed here after what he and Glynda had done last night, but…

“I, uh, was just really tired, last night, and umm,” he looked around. “This room’s kind of scary, you know? I felt more comfortable here.”
“I can understand that. This room is rather intimidating,” Pyrrha said and paused for a moment thinking. “I can talk to Glynda about switching your room, but I suspect she will insist you stay here and adjust. Part of the whole process, I’m afraid.”

Jaune sighed in relief at the save. What he said was even true! “No, um, that’s okay. I’m sure I’ll get used to it. My sisters used to joke that I could fall asleep anywhere,” Jaune gave a half-hearted laugh.

“Well if you plan on making a habit of falling asleep on the couch, I’ll have to adjust the schedule on which the cushions are cleaned.”

Jaune winced. “Umm, sorry for the trouble.”

“It’s no trouble” Pyrrha said, pulling a small journal out from a side pocket. “It’s your room, you may sleep wherever you like. It just requires some adjustments on our part,” she said and made a note. “Please don’t worry yourself over it.”

She looked up afterward, and their eyes met. There was again that moment of connection between them, like when he woke. Damn, she was cute. Jaune found his lower parts calling his attention once more. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to think unsexy thoughts. Trying to not think about how devastatingly sexy Pyrrha and all the maids looked in their outfits. How incredible Glynda looked last night. How awesome everything had been with her when she—

Pyrrha cleared her throat, peering curiously at him.

“Sorry,” Jaune said sheepishly. Well, that hadn’t worked. “You were saying?”

“I was going to ask you if you slept well, but judging from how soundly you were sleeping, that seems self-evident. Do you usually sleep so heavily?”

“I guess,” Jaune said, scratching the back of his head. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to oversleep.”

“That’s fine, you had an eventful day yesterday, so I thought it best to let you sleep in.” Pyrrha made another note and turned the page of her journal. “How do you normally wake, an alarm?”

Jaune nodded, confused. He was fully awake now, but still not ready for the third degree.

Pyrrha made a note. “Can you wake up without one?”

“I mean… I’d wake up at some point, I guess,” Jaune said hesitantly.

“I see, I was afraid of that,” Pyrrha said, making another note. “That may be a problem. You are expected to be able to wake without relying on one. A mark of character. At what time do you normally rise?”

“Usually six-ish? I guess. Depended on what I had going on that day.”

“Good, the mansion day begins around seven, that would give you plenty of time to prepare,” Pyrrha said, making another note. “With your permission, for now I or someone else will look in on you around then until you have trained your internal clock.”

Jaune paused at that. His waking experiences in the mansion so far had been… mixed. While both times Pyrrha had woken him had been pleasant enough, Nora’s wake-up call had been… well, he wouldn’t call it unenjoyable either, but on the whole, he would probably be better off handling it himself.
“Can’t I just set the alarm on my phone?”

Pyrrha shook her head. “I’m afraid not. I’ve already had that put into storage. I don’t know if you have noticed, but we don’t use a lot of electronics here at the mansion.”

Jaune blinked. He hadn’t noticed.

“Wait, so you mean no TV?”

“No, I’m afraid not.”

“No computers or internet?”

“No to that, as well.”

Jaune sat back and deflated. The mansion was incredible, but this… this was a blow.

“Then… I don’t understand. Glynda implied this job came with a lot of responsibility. How do you keep on top of everything? How do you get your news?”

“You will have to talk to Miss Goodwitch of Weiss about controlling the house assets, that’s outside my expertise. As for the news, well, we receive several newspapers and magazines. I run down to the gate and get them every morning.”

Jaune filled that information away, then blinked again at Pyrrha’s casual admission. “Wait, you do that run every morning? That’s uh, quite a walk.” It had taken him a good fifteen minutes to get up that steep hill.

“It’s a good way to get the blood moving in the morning,” Pyrrha said modestly. “Sometimes I have to do it again when the mail comes, but usually Ruby gets that.”

“I see,” Jaune said slowly, impressed. Inadvertently he found his eyes taking Pyrrha in again. She was beautiful, no doubt, but he could see that the flesh exposed by her frilly dress was made up of lean, corded muscle. It wasn’t hard at all to imagine her performing such a feat.

“Master Arc,” Pyrrha said again, catching his gaze. The look on her face was one of mild reproach as if she had just caught a child with their hand in the cookie jar, though her cheeks also held a slight blush.

Pyrrha the Maid. Click to reveal.
“Sorry,” Jaune said awkwardly. “I was just thinking you had to be in pretty good shape to do that.” He looked away. “I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable.”

“Oh, you didn’t,” Pyrrha added, placing a hand on his leg. “I don’t mind, it’s just… you need to be in control of your…” she blushed and looked down, not finishing the sentence.

“Desires?” Jaune offered, blushing himself.

Pyrrha nodded, not meeting his eyes.

“Sorry,” Jaune said again, throat thick. “I promise I’m not usually this… uh,” he searched for a suitable word, “‘distractible,’ but it’s just umm, this whole situation. You are all so pretty, and the maid dresses, and uhh…” Jaune stopped and swallowed, realizing he was just digging his hole
deeper. “It’s just really hard in the mornings,” he finished, then winced at his unintentional double entendre. “Not like that! It’s just well, uh… mornings and uh…” he stammered, glancing down as he realized that, well, it was exactly like that.

“I understand,” Pyrrha said softly, her own throat dry as her eyes followed his and drifting down towards his groin. Luckily the way Glynda had ‘handled’ him last night hadn’t left any mess behind and left him too drained for any ‘accidents’ during the night. But in the interim, his body had recovered, and certain inevitable parts of biology were in effect. His erection was screaming, and he was definitely caught out. There was no mistaking the bulge in his sheets.

The bulge Pyrrha was staring hard at, her hand on his leg only a few inches away. He could feel it’s soft pressure, his mind instantly going back to the feeling of Glynda’s hand last night. He shivered at the thought, and flexed involuntarily, making the sheet jump. Pyrrha swallowed, her eyes unwavering, and as casually as he could, he reached for a pillow and covered himself.

An awkward moment came and passed between them.

“Sorry again,” Jaune said. “It’s just uh… you’re really pretty and this mansion and uh… mornings.” He grimaced. “Kind of repeating myself…”

“No, it’s okay, I understand,” Pyrrha said, and gave a shallow laugh. “Kind of repeating myself too…”

They shared a smile, and Pyrrha gave him a friendly squeeze. Her hand, he noticed, had not moved from where it rested, just outside the small area the pillow covered.

“I mean I know about, ‘morning wood’ and all that.” Pyrrha continued, eyes darting to the pillow at the words, “And I know our outfits are distracting. To an extent, they are supposed to be enticing. But I guess I had not considered the, well, ‘practical’ implications of that. Especially in the mornings,” she said, and her fingers tensed against his leg.

Jaune had to suppress a groan. Her touch seemed ever so close.

“But I suppose mornings then are a good chance to work on our discipline,” Pyrrha continued, looking back up at him, fingers stroking his leg.

“Discipline, yeah…” Jaune said thickly. He couldn’t tell if she was teasing him, testing him, or just being friendly. It was maddening.

“Sorry about, you know, ogling you, and uh,” he gestured down.

“It’s okay,” Pyrrha said. “It’s a natural part of who you are, and such small lapses are acceptable in private.”

“Small lapses, huh?” Jaune asked, with a smirk.

Pyrrha blushed. “Or not so small,” she said softly, squeezing his leg again. Definitely teasing that time. “These things don’t matter as much between friends.” Pyrrha blushed, and then caught herself. “Not that I see you as a friend Master Arc!”

Okay, that stung a little, but Jaune tried not to let it show. “Why not?”

Pyrrha’s face fell as she realized what she had said. “Not, not that you wouldn’t be a good friend, I’m sure you would, it’s just, you are supposed to be the head of the house and me your assistant, so…” she trailed off.
“And that means we can’t be friends?”

“No, it doesn’t, it’s just…” Pyrrha fumbled around for words. “I think there is supposed to be a certain amount of professional distance between us and—”

“I don’t want that,” Jaune said firmly.

“I’m sorry?” Pyrrha said, looking up at him, confused.

“Professional distance,” Jaune affirmed. “Look, I really don’t know how all this stuff is supposed to be done. But I do know I don’t want to be professionally distant from anybody I work with. Especially not you.”

Pyrrha tensed and Jaune’s heart thumped as he realized what he had just said. The words lingered for a moment. He hadn’t exactly meant it to come out like that, but he hadn’t not meant it either. Probably best to just continue.

“That is, if you’re supposed to be my right-hand man, er, woman.”

Pyrrha relaxed fractionally. “Okay, but, if we don’t— that is, I don’t know how er, we’re supposed to relate if you—”

“That’s okay,” Jaune said, putting his hand on hers, cutting off her babble. “Obviously, I don’t know how to do all this head of household stuff either, or what a personal assistant does either. But I think it’s safe to say we’re going to be working closely together, right?”

Pyrrha nodded.

“Then that means we need a good relationship. And for any relationship to work, we’ve got to be like comfortable with one another and like trust and rely on one another. In my book, that equals friends, you know? So why don’t we start there and see where things go, okay?”

Jaune gave her his best smile, confident in his logic. The look on Pyrrha’s face though was hard to read. A lot of thoughts and emotions were flying through there.

“Ohay,” Pyrrha said finally, eyes glistening. She took in a deep breath and then let it out slowly, shaking her head. “I’m sorry Master Arc, I thought I knew how to do this, how it was all going to go, but clearly I wasn’t ready.”

“Thank god, I thought I was the only one who didn’t have a clue what they were doing.”

Pyrrha gave a small laugh and looked up at him, eyes shining. God, she was so incredibly beautiful. Unable to resist, he reached up to her face with his free hand and gently brushed the tears away. Pyrrha tensed, but then allowed his touch, leaning in closer into him. He lifted up his arm, and she slipped in next to him, allowing him to wrap his arm around her. That felt perfect. Like a missing piece slotting into its place in a puzzle. He hugged her to him and relished in how wonderfully complete he was in that moment, with her warm, soft body next to him.

Of course, he was also naked under the sheet, which drove his brain down other, less wholesome alleyways. His body was quite aware of hers, and he had to assume she was of his. But Jaune tamped down on those thoughts, allowing the sexuality to flavor, but not dominate the moment.

“Sorry,” Jaune said softly. “I didn’t mean to make you cry.”

Pyrrha shook her head, cuddling in to him a little. “You didn’t it’s just…” she paused awkwardly. “I
“Heh. Well, I really don’t know how to have female friends either,” Jaune answered with a smile but then reconsidered. “Well, female friends that aren’t my sisters, at least.”

Pyrrha smiled at his lame joke and looked up at him. Yet again there was that feeling of connection between them. Like there was something she wanted from him. She moved forwards towards him minutely, licking her lips, and then hesitated, and moved back, thinking better of it. Jaune swallowed thickly, not sure what to do. He was pretty sure they weren’t entirely talking about ‘friend friends’ anymore. Settling on a safe middle ground, he intertwined his fingers in hers and squeezed her hand comfortably. “We’ll figure it out together, okay?”

“Okay,” Pyrrha said, squeezing his hand back. She gave Jaune a bright smile, though her eyes were still wet. “You know, you aren’t the kind of master I was expecting, but… I can’t say I’m disappointed either.” She leaned in and placed a chaste kiss on his cheek.

Jaune with stunned. Twice in two days from her, and he wasn’t getting any more used to it. His brain stuttered, trying to process the press of her soft wet lips, and Pyrrha used the chance to slipped out of his arm and stand up, wiping her eyes.

“I’m sorry, Master Arc, I’m not usually this emotional, I’ll try to keep it better together in the future.”

Jaune looked at her and blinked. Pyrrha was amazing. He was in utter awe of her, and what her touch could do to him. She should know that, but putting it into words wasn’t easy. He gaped for a second as his brain scrambled for the best line it could.

“If that’s what emotion is like, I want to see it all the time.”

“If you’re a good friend, perhaps I will,” Pyrrha said with a laugh and ruffled his hair. Her touch was pure magic. “Now come-on, we’ve gotten a late start to the day, and you have a lot to do.”

Pyrrha then stood and started to collect his discarded clothes, pausing when she came to his boxers. She looked up at Jaune with a confused look on her face.

Unsure what else to do Jaune just squirmed uncomfortably, clutching the small pillow tighter over his privates. Pyrrha’s eyes went a little wide as she made the connection.

“I— I’ll just take these down to the laundry for you,” Pyrrha stammered, blushing deeply. “Have a good morning, Master Arc.” And beat a hasty retreat.

Pyrrha 😊

Chapter End Notes

I could not find a source for the dog image. The Pyrrha image was one that I shopped. The original image is credit to @_KFR on twitter. The original image can be found here.
Her parents were having another baby. Vaguely recalling how things were when her brother was born, she was not particularly thrilled about this. But it wasn’t like she could do anything about it. It seemed to be her fate in life to be continually pushed further and further from the limelight, despite all she could do, and all she could offer. This was just one more instance of that. So she gritted her teeth and prepared.

Still, when the baby came, it was unexpected, even though she had been expecting it. Frustrating. And somehow they blamed her for the baby’s untimely arrival, for all the sense that made. As if she had any control over it. Another frustration.

Then when she saw the baby, she was aghast. It was a giant! Not just like, big for a baby, but like a literal, actual, giant! At least three stories tall! Didn’t anyone else see what was wrong with this picture!?

No, of course, they didn’t. Everyone just looked at her like she was crazy. Like she was the crazy one for raising some perfectly reasonable objections about the practical problems that were going to result from having a GIANT FREAKING BABY around. But no. Everyone else oohed and aahed over him, talking about how cute and handsome he was.

She supposed he was cute, for a baby. Tall. Blond hair. Pretty blue eyes. A kind smile. Not that she liked babies or anything like that! Just, how good looking he was or wasn’t, wasn’t the point after all! The point was that he was a GIANT FREAKING BABY. She felt like she was taking crazy pills. Didn’t anyone else recognize the danger this meant for everything!?

Of course not. Being responsible was her job. They expected her to look out for him. Teach him. Seduce him. Like that was possible. What they should be doing was calling out the army or something instead, not sending her in to try and ‘manage’ him. Which, sure, sounded easy. He was certainly simple enough. She could easily outsmart a baby except, HE WAS STILL A BABY. Oh, AND ALSO A GAINT. All the brains in the world wouldn’t help if he didn’t have the good sense to obey her because, you know, HE WAS A BABY. They would be lucky if she could keep him from going on a rampage and destroying half the city. Much less half the insane shit they wanted.

Which… he was already doing. She sighed, watching as the baby pushed over a small building. She knew it was pointless getting mad at him. He was a baby, she had to be the responsible adult, even if everyone else was going insane around her.

It was just so hard sometimes.
After that ‘stimulating’ encounter with Pyrrha, Jaune was eager to take a shower and relieve himself of some ‘tension.’ He managed to do both of those things, though not in the manner he expected. The controls of the elaborate shower confused him again, and he ended up drenching himself in ice-cold water. Which was not what he wanted, but did effectively solve the problem of his’ tension.’

While shaving after the shower, Jaune made a startling discovery. His time with Glynda last night had been a landmark for him, mentally. But it also not left him physically unmarked. Just under his collar bone was an unfamiliar blemish. He examined it closely. It was small, about the size of his thumb, and a deep purple color that stood out against his light skin. Beyond its unusual location, it looked just like a normal bruise. It definitely had not been there last night. Could this be what they call a hickey or a love bite?

Jaune shivered as he thought back. Glynda had been kissing and nibbling him there. He didn’t recall her doing anything special to cause it, but he doubted it arrived by accident. Vaguely, he recalled that getting a hickey was maybe supposed to hurt? Well, he certainly hadn’t been feeling any pain last night, so she might have slipped it in while his thoughts were occupied with other ‘things.’ It’s wasn’t like he knew how such things were done other than the general principles anyways.

Now in the light of the morning, Jaune wasn’t quite sure how he felt about it. For one, finding a tangible, physical mark of what they had done last night was in someways comforting. It meant it hadn’t been a dream. It had all been real, all that, all this everything was real. Not that he truly doubted the reality of it all, but having a tangible reminder of that reality was still a comfort.

But more than that, it was also that she had marked him. Jaune touched the bruise tenderly, looking at in his reflection. He now bore a physical mark of her affection and their actions on his body. That was… he didn’t know what. Hot, certainly. Even really hot. Looking at it, knowing it was there brought back the memories of what they did. Her feel, her touch, her smell, all of it. A physical reminder of what they did. He couldn’t say he didn’t like that.

Still, as much as he liked it, there was also a part of him that was somewhat uncomfortable with it. Being marked also kind of felt like being claimed, and as much as he liked Glynda (after last night he was really starting to like Glynda), Jaune wasn’t sure how he felt about that. Especially since she hadn’t asked him first, of course, he almost certainly would have said yes, had she asked.

So it wasn’t that it was a violation, it was more like… well, it complicated things. While Glynda
hadn’t explicitly asked him to keep their relationship secret, he felt it was sorta implied. He could only imagine the mess that would result if he told the other maids. And so bearing a mark that potentially advertised their activities was a disaster waiting to happen, wasn’t it?

That might have been the point he realized. Glynda was testing him at the same time she was teaching him. This was likely an element of that. To see what he would do.

So what would he do? Conceal it for now, obviously. Thankfully it looked like Pyrrha hadn’t noticed it this morning. At least, so he hoped. Pyrrha did seem the type who might politely ignore such things. Or assume he had it from earlier. In anycase, the mark was low enough on his body that a normal shirt would cover it. That is, assuming he could keep it on in front of the maids. He didn’t have the greatest track record on that so far.

And on that note, Jaune found a fresh set of clothing laid out for him when he returned to his room. Another set of tailored pants and a button-up shirt. No sign of whoever had dropped them off, or how. He wondered who was doing it. Blake again? Ruby? No way of knowing, really. It was kind of spooky how they were doing that when his back was turned, but also kind of cool.

After dressing, he headed downstairs and managed to make his way back to the smaller dining nook near the kitchen. There Weiss was sitting down, a large stack of papers laid out before her.

“Good morning, um, Miss Schnee.”

Weiss’s face screwed up when he said he said her name. “Closer to noon now. About time you got up.”

“Yeah, they, uh, took my alarm,” Jaune said, taking a seat across from her. “What are you working on?”

“I’m not working on anything. I’m sitting here waiting for you, since apparently my life revolves around you now, Master,” Weiss said, shooting him a glare.

“Err, sorry about that,” Jaune said, suppressing a sigh. He just couldn’t win with her. “Can I do anything about that? Talk to Glynda maybe? You shouldn’t have to work here if you don’t want to.”

Weiss shook her head. “It’s not that simple. I have to work here, whether I like it or not.”

Jaune frowned. “Why? Isn’t your family supposed to be like, super-rich?”

Weiss rolled her eyes. “None of us are here for the money, Jaune.”

“Oh,” Jaune said, filing that away. “Then why?”

“It’s complicated. My family has,” she hesitated, looking away, “obligations.”

Jaune waited, but Weiss didn’t elaborate.

“I see,” Jaune said slowly after a bit. Of course, he didn’t, but if Weiss didn’t want to say, he couldn’t make her. “Well, I know what it’s like to have extra responsibilities because of your family.”

Weiss gave him a critical look, face turned down in a frown. “Do you?”

Jaune didn’t back down. “I mean, kinda? When mom died, we all had to pick up extra slack around home. I had to get a job and—”
“I don’t think your after school paper route is the same as this,” Weiss interrupted, scowling.

Jaune bristled, having had just about enough of this. He had been nothing but polite to Weiss, and she had just heaped scorn upon him in return.

“What kind of sense does that even make? For one, papers are delivered before school, not after. For two, well, I don’t know if you are aware of this, coming from such a rich family, but it takes an awful lot of cash to provide for eight children. A paper route wasn’t going to cut it.”

Weiss scoffed. “I’ve been training in finance and administration all my life. I’ve probably forgotten more about it than you have ever learned.”

“Yeah, I’ve already had a great example of how good your secretarial abilities are.”

Weiss’s eyes narrowed, but she had no retort for the charge, scowling at him. “Whatever, you know what I meant. Don’t make it sound like you were your family’s sole provider or something. You’re not an orphan. You still have a dad.”

Jaune gritted his teeth. “He wasn’t always exactly a lot of help.”

Weiss sniffed. “I’ve seen his records. He has a decent job, and Ozpin always looked out for him, even after their falling out.”

“What!? Uncle Ozpin was giving him more money?” Jaune exclaimed, his face flashing with anger.

“Yes?” Weiss replied, confused by Jaune’s sudden outburst. “The records showed he’d top up his account every couple of months.”

Jaune seethed, clenching his fist tightly before settling back down. “I don’t know why I’m surprised, really. We always wondered how he could pour so much of his paycheck into the drink, and still wind up with some cash to put food on the table. Most of the time.” He sighed. “One more thing to thank Ozpin for, I suppose.”

Weiss blinked. “I— what?”

“My father did not deal with my mother’s death well. At all.”

“How so?” Weiss asked, her voice a little softer.

“What, your ‘records’ not show you that?” Jaune asked, unable to resist a bit of sarcasm.

“They showed he kept a steady job, even after your mom died.” Weiss retorted, a little of her heat returning.

Jaune snorted. “Again with the income. Did you ever examine the other side of that balance sheet? To see where all that money went?”

“No?” Weiss said hesitantly. “The funds were drawn low but, as you said, raising so many children alone was bound to be expensive.”

“You should do that. I’d be interested to hear the truth of it. Because from my perspective very little of that money ended up on our table, rather than down the bottle. Sure, dad managed to make it in to the office, most days, even if he was half stoned at the time. But we saw little of that paycheck because he spent nearly every night either at the bar, or at home examining the bottom of whatever bottle of whiskey he picked up on the way back.” Jaune paused to focus on Weiss. “We were always
surprised he didn’t get fired. Ozpin again, I suppose?”

Jaune looked over for Weiss for an answer, but she had none, looking down at the table unable to meet his gaze. “But you had your sisters…”

“Saphron was just fourteen when mom died, Weiss. I was only eight. We were just kids, you know? Lost our mom, and then dad fell apart. It was a mess.”

“I know that,” Weiss muttered, a little of her heat returning.

“Really? Do you?” Because just a minute ago, it sounded like you thought things were just hunky-dory over at Casa de Arc.”

“I mean, you had seven sisters at home with you,” Weiss said crossly. “You weren’t alone.”

“You’re right. And it was good to have them. But having more sisters also meant we need more food, more clothes, more school supplies, more, well everything. And four of them were even younger than me, Weiss.”

“Well, I am sure your four older sisters still could have handled things fine without your oh-so-valuable contributions of ‘home ec classes’ and your job ‘lifting heavy boxes.’”

“Of course, they could have!” Jaune fired back. “My sisters are all great. Smart. Reliable. Pretty. Way better than me at pretty much everything.”

Weiss humphed in agreement.

“But I didn’t want them to have to, you know?” he emphasized. “They had their own lives to live. Go to college. Start careers. Have relationships—”

“Not be stuck looking after their hopeless little brother,” Weiss cut in.

“Exactly,” Jaune said, ignoring the barb. “I didn’t want them stuck looking after me either. So when I got older I did what I could. I did more chores, took those ‘silly classes,’ got a job, anything I could. I mean, I don’t want to overstate things. It would be a stretch to say I was ever the ‘man of the house’ or anything.”

Weiss snorted, and Jaune smiled, expecting that statement would amuse her.

“But all of us had to make sacrifices, and do stuff we’d rather not do for the family. So I think I have at least some idea what it’s like,” He raised his hands placatingly. and why you are frustrated. Honestly, having to teach me sounds incredibly frustrating to me too!”

The faintest trace of a smile flickered across Weiss’s face, and Jaune grinned widely in response, but then she squashed it with a frown.

“It’s more complicated than that,” she said quietly. Jaune again waited for an explanation, but she still declined to elaborate.

“Ohay, well, anyway, didn’t you say you have a sister as well? Couldn’t she do this instead?” Jaune asked after a bit.

Weiss made a face. “Winter is meant for better things than getting shacked up here, babysitting you.”

“And you think you’re not?”
The words slipped out instinctively, and Weiss frowned and looked away. Jaune considered calling them back, but they felt right. The analogy between their two situations was obvious, though he had enough experience with his sisters to know to quit when he was ahead. An awkward silence spread between the two, and Jaune leaned back, giving Weiss a chance to process things in her own time.

“I didn’t know about your dad,” Weiss said after a bit, her voice soft. “My—”

“JAUNE!”

Whatever Weiss was going to say next was cut-off as Jaune was struck by an incoming Nora shaped missile. She wrapped him up in a hug, which, given her height and his seated position, bringing them face to boob once again.

“Did you sleep well? You must have because you slept in so late! Probably that big comfy bed you have. It’s like lying on a giant pillow! Anyway, are you hungry? I hope you’re hungry, because I made pancakes! You didn’t have breakfast, so I bet you are! I didn’t know when you were going to wake-up, so I haven’t made any for you yet, but I’ve got the griddle all warmed up and—”

Nora’s words came mile a minute, giving Jaune another chance to appreciate the situation. Being sandwiched between her breasts was growing to be not that uncommon an occurrence between the two of them, though not one Jaune could say he hated. Nora was so warm and soft. It was almost relaxing.

Weiss scowled at the intruder. “Nora, that is not the proper way to address our Master.”

Nora rolled her eyes but released Jaune and stepped back to give him a quick curtsy.

“SOR-ry, Good morning, Master Arc!”

“Good morning,” Jaune said, with a smile, taking a breath to allow the blood to equalize from where it had rushed to his head and parts further south. “You said something about pancakes? I am pretty hungry.”

“Yes!” Nora practically squealed. “I tried making special ones for you with those raspberries you liked last night, but they didn’t turn out so well.” Her face fell. “I made a fresh batch of batter for the regular ones, though. They should be really good! A Nora special!”

Jaune nodded. “Fresh raspberries are kind of sour, so they could be kind of hard to make work in a normal berry pancake. You know what I would do instead? Use them in the syrup.”

“Yes!” Nora practically squealed. “I tried making special ones for you with those raspberries you liked last night, but they didn’t turn out so well.” Her face fell. “I made a fresh batch of batter for the regular ones, though. They should be really good! A Nora special!”

Jaune nodded. “Fresh raspberries are kind of sour, so they could be kind of hard to make work in a normal berry pancake. You know what I would do instead? Use them in the syrup.”

Nora’s eyes went wide. “You can do that?”

“Sure, nothing simpler, really,” Jaune said with a smile. “Do you have a blender?”

“Yes!” Nora nodded, squeezing him to her, trapping his bicep between her breasts. “You’ll have to show me!”

“That will have to wait.” Weiss answered before Jaune could respond. “Master Arc has some business to finish with me first.”

“But Weiss—,” Nora whined.

“No. If he wanted to play around with you, he should have gotten up earlier.”

Nora pouted, and Jaune patted her arm comfortingly. “It’s fine, I’m not going anywhere, I can show
you later,” he promised and turned to Weiss. “What exactly do you have for me anyways?"

“Oh, just some preliminary tests,” Weiss said, tapping the large pile of papers menacingly, a wicked look on her face.

“Right now?” Jaune blanched, said nervously, eyeing the now intimidating looking stack of papers in front of Weiss. He and test had never gotten on all that well. “I haven’t had a chance to study or anything.”

“That’s rather the point,” Weiss said dryly. “I need to gauge your level of ability—or lack thereof—before we begin instruction. That way we can tailor an education program to the appropriate level of competence.” Weiss’s expression made it obvious that she expected that level to be zero.

Jaune relaxed fractionally, and Weiss took the opportunity to twist the knife.

“Of course the results will be transferred to the regents, so a poor performance would reflect badly on you.”

“So, no pressure, right?” Jaune said with a sigh.

Weiss shrugged. “My expectations are low, but I am certain you will find a way to belie them.”

Jaune’s face quirked, unsure if that was supposed to be an insult. Well, that is, more of an insult than normal.

“At least let me make him some pancakes first. He needs his breakfast,” Nora said, pulling Jaune deeper into her embrace.

Weiss’s face soured at Nora’s display of affection. “We need to get started, he’s already wasted most of the day.”

“Pleeease,” Nora whined, pouting and fluttering her eyes at Weiss.

“I am a little hungry,” Jaune added, throwing a hopeful look Weiss’s way as well.

Weiss looked between the two and sighed, rolling her eyes. “Oh, go ahead,” she said, waving Nora off.

Nora trilled, squeezing Jaune again, and then rushing off towards the kitchen.

“Thanks,” Jaune said earnestly, watching Nora go with a smile. “I think it means a lot to her.”

“It’s no big deal,” Weiss said, looking away. “I just don’t want you to use an empty stomach to excuse a poor performance.”

“No excuses, I promise,” Jaune said, holding up his hand.

Weiss hmphed, but the corner of her cheek did turn up fractionally. After that, the conversation grew quiet, the words from before hanging heavy between them. Nora’s happy humming from the kitchen a strange counterpoint to the tension. Weiss looked over that way, then turned back to him, rubbing the scar over her eye nervously. “I, uh, I’m sorry about your dad.”

Jaune shrugged. “Family, you know? Can’t live with ‘em, too suspicious if you survive ‘em all.”

This time Weiss actually did laugh, though she stifled it quickly. Then gave Jaune a small, somewhat wistful smile.
“Yeah… family.”

Weiss +❤

Chapter End Notes

Insert lame excuses about late update here. I went through a couple of versions of this chapter before I got one that made me kinda happy. One of my main struggles as an author is I'm really bad at skipping time, which is what I want to do in these next couple of sections, so I expect the next couple of chapters to be a struggle. Also as much as I like Nora (and I really like Nora in this story, I'm trying to put off another big scene with her for a bit. Pacing is tough, and even harder with 7 characters in the air!)

As always thanks to those folks on QQirc.

Also if you haven't noticed, Chapters 3 and chapter 8 have been updated with new art by Tosh0kan who does great work.

As always feedback and thoughts are appreciated.

End Notes

This story is also a quest! If you are interested, you can drop over to it's canonical home on Questionable Questing and vote (registration is required). The version there will also have images embedded. However, don't feel obligated to, the current vote is very low impact. I'd still love to hear any feedback here.

I have to give a huge amount of thanks to both Latewave and schpariel for all the help they have given me in writing this, as well as all the patience they demonstrated in doing so. Likewise, many thanks to all the people in #questionablequesting IRC channel on freenode who also helped, and continued to put up with me during the writing of this.

As always, any and all feedback is appreciated.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!