RWBY Tumblr Prompts/Asks

by Seal_in_Cyberspace

Summary

A master story of all the prompts I've written on Tumblr.
(All Tagged ships have already appeared in this compilation at least once!)

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The most Recent chapters:
41. Wife (Freezerburn)
42. Nervous (Monochrome)
43. Feelings (Bees Schnees)
44. I'm a Fool For You (Prismatic Ponytails)
45. Oblivious Dork (Freezerburn)
46. Escape (Bumbleby)
47. Not Imperceptive (Bumbleby)
48. Blankets (Bumbleby)
49. Processing (Dolts & Bolts)
“Hey, Yang?”

The blonde glances up from the sink, meeting her partner’s eyes in the bathroom mirror. Blake smiles. “Hey,” Yang responds.

Blake takes slow strides towards her, wrapping her arms around her from behind as she gets there, and she rests her chin on her shoulder. “What are you doing?” the faunus asks quietly, exhaustion prominent in her tone.

“Just getting ready for bed,” the brawler says back, then rests her hand against Blake’s that are clasped on her stomach. The faunus lowers her head, pressing a gentle kiss to the nape of Yang’s neck. “Hey, now,” the blonde whispers, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Blake murmurs, “Well, mostly.” she sighs, “I’m just thinking about everything we have ahead of us.”

“Happy thoughts only, I hope.” Yang chides, causing the faunus to laugh a little.

“I’m afraid not.”

“We’ll be fine,” Yang reassures her, “Salem doesn’t stand a chance against a group of teenagers.”

Blake raises an eyebrow. “Okay, when I put it like that it sounds-

The faunus smirks, “If I die,”

“Uh uh. Nope. Not continuing that train of thought.” Yang says, turning in the faunus arms to look at her, only to see her shaking her head with a playful spark in her eyes.

“If I die,” Blake continues, “I’m so haunting you first.”

Yang’s eyebrows raise in surprise, and she slowly starts to smile. “Uh.” she chuckles, “Morbidly sweet.”

“I try.” Blake says, smiling right back at her.

Yang starts to smirk, “Why me, huh? Planning something?”

“Mmmm…” Blake hums, “Nope.”

“You sure?” Yang prompts, “It’s not because you want to catch me changing?”

“Oh my Gods.” Blake laughs, “Why does everything always have to be motivated by that, baby? Can’t it just be because I’d want to see the girl I love very much? To make sure she’s okay one last time?”

“Hm.” Yang nods, “Poetic.”

“You’re a dork,” Blake laughs.

“Thanks.” Yang responds, then reaches up to boop Blake’s nose, and the faunus pulls back slightly out of surprise after, eyes widening a little. “I try.” she says mockingly.
Prompt: “Have you seen my hoodie?” “Noo.” “You’re wearing it, aren’t you?”

“What have you seen my hoodie? The orange one that Ruby had made?”

There’s a brief silence for a moment, then she hears a little bit of rustling coming from the other room. “No...”

Yang raises an eyebrow, glancing towards the living room doorway. The faunus hadn’t seemed very sure of herself in that response. Then again, she probably woke up recently so- Wait. Yang went to bed early. Blake didn’t, and the blonde is absolutely sure the sweater was there when she went to sleep. The brawler bites her lip, a small smile spreading across her face. “Baby?”

Blake hums in acknowledgement, and Yang lets out a small laugh. “You’re wearing it, aren’t you?”

She can vividly imagine the playful smile on the faunus’ face as she responds, “I’ve no idea what you’re talking about.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me.” Yang mutters under her breath.

All she wanted to do was go for a jog, but it seems that’s going to be a problem for some reason. Despite the fact that she’s been told multiple times by multiple people that she is a walking space heater, she does get cold sometimes. Especially if it’s as cold as her scroll said it was going to be outside. She doesn’t want to wear her jacket, as she’ll probably be too hot in that. It was meant for the extreme cold of Atlas, not the minor but not so minor winter in Vale.

She closes her drawer with a sigh, leaning against it for a second, momentarily deep in thought. Where the hell did she put it? Sure, Yang owns quite a few hoodies, but all the others are dirty, and she’d rather not put them on again until she remembers to put them in the washer. Her orange hoodie is clean though; she remembers seeing the yellow logo emblazoning the front of it while it rested on the top of her dresser the day before. Yang hadn’t wanted to wake her girlfriend up where she’s asleep on the couch, a book still held lazily in her hands, but it’s her last resort. “Hey, Blake?” she calls softly, not wanting to scare her.

“Yeah?” Since she gets a response fairly quickly, she comes to the conclusion that Blake had already been awake, she just hadn’t bothered to move yet. Yang doesn’t really blame her either. It’s not everyday that they get a day off, and sleeping in is definitely a wise way to utilize it.

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Yang shakes her head before stepping away from the dresser, and walking towards the room she would find her girlfriend in. “You’re lying,” she says right before she turns the corner.

Blake meets her eyes, a little smile pulling at her lips, causing Yang to stop dead in her tracks. “Right as you may be,” she says, nodding towards the hoodie thrown across the back of the couch, “I’m not wearing your sweater.” her smile widens, “Anymore, anyway.”

“Uh-” Yang says, a blush rising to her cheeks, “You-”

Blake has the blanket pulled up to her collarbone, her arms crossed behind her head, but Blake… if Yang remembers correctly, doesn’t… wear anything under hoodies. She’d taken the hoodie off. Gods, mind out of the gutter, damn it! Blake isn’t even doing this on purpose! “Problem, Yang?”

“No, I-” the blonde clears her throat, “I’m fine.”

“Are you sure?” Blake asks despite knowing the answer, “You’re all red.”

“I’m going for a jog,” Yang says quickly, taking the few steps towards the couch quickly to grab the sweater, “I’ll- uh… I’ll be back later.”

“Okay,” Blake smiles with a shake of her head, “Be careful.”

“I-I will.”

Oh, Gods. Why is Blake so good at making her flustered?
Burden (Bumbleby)

Chapter Summary

Bumbleby: “Don’t you ever do that again!”

“Blake, what the hell?”

“It’s nothing,” Blake whispers, trying to tug her hand back, but Yang won’t budge.

“Blake, this is not ‘nothing’!” she says, voice a little louder, “Baby, this is bad… Not quite deep enough to need stitches but still.” her eyebrows furrow, “What happened? You- This isn’t… self-inflicted-”

“No!” Blake responds immediately, not wanting to cause any further concern, “No, it was- I went out… in the morning. Just to clear my head, and I was distracted. It was Grimm, Yang. Not me. I didn’t do this to myself.”

“Damn it!” Blake grunts, hand flying up to her forearm after she feels a flash of pain, covering a fresh wound that she must’ve missed when inspecting herself before. She would’ve been a lot more careful when removing her jacket had she known it was there. This wasn’t supposed to happen. No one was supposed to know that she even left, but now she’ll have to explain the cut to anyone who sees it. She glances over at her jacket that’s on the ground, spotting a few specs of blood on the opening of the forearm. “Shit,” she mutters, looking back at her arm.

Blake just wanted to get away for a little bit to clear her head, that’s all. A peaceful little early morning excursion where she didn’t have to think about everything that they’re facing, but of course, the Grimm had other ideas. They’re usually not a problem for Blake either, but this time they managed to get the jump on her while she was distracted. One of them must have got a bit too close to her arm. It’s not the worst injury she’s ever received by any means, but it’s definitely noticeable. It’s not the first time this has happened either. She’s been too reckless lately, and a part of her doesn’t care- she feels that she deserves it more often than not. All she does is hurt others, so why the hell should she deserve to come out of things unscathed?

Blake sighs, reaching forward with her hand to turn the tap on. She grabs a cloth from the cabinet beside the sink with the intention of cleaning the wound, only to hear a knock on the door a few seconds later. “Blake? You okay?”

The faunus curses under her breath, “Yeah,” she calls back, “I’m fine, Yang. Don’t worry.” Unfortunately, she doesn’t quite hide the strain in her voice, and the blonde probably catches it.

For a moment, she thinks she got lucky and that Yang managed to miss it, but then she hears a sigh from the other side of the door. “Can I come in?”

Blake bites her lip. “I…” she glances at her wound, her shoulders fall. “Okay.”

The door slowly swings open, and she meets the concerned eyes of her partner. The blonde shuts the door gently behind her, making sure not to wake up the other two in the room she’d come from. “Blake…” she whispers, stepping closer, “You don’t have to pretend with me. We’ve been
Blake’s eyes fall to the floor, and she turns her arm away from Yang, not wanting her to see it. “I’m not,” she says, “I’m fine.”

“Baby,” Yang murmurs, her hand cupping Blake’s jaw gently, forcing her to meet her eyes again. “I’m not going to pry. You don’t need to tell me what’s wrong, but please, don’t pretend everything’s fine- I can tell when it’s not. I’m here to help you, even if that just means holding you while you’re upset.”

Uncontrollably, Blake feels tears brim her eyes, and she takes a deep, shaky breath. “I—I’m sorry.”

“No, don’t be.” Yang says, pulling the faunus into a hug, only for Blake to flinch away. Yang’s eyes widen, and she steps back, taking in the pain twisting her partner’s face. “Blake?” she prompts, letting her eyes trail over her body- stopping on the arm that’s being gripped by the faunus’ other hand. She steps closer again, softly taking her hand into her own, and using it to turn her arm over. The blonde gasps loudly when she sees what Blake had been trying to hide. Violet eyes meet hers again, wide with concern. “Blake, what the hell?”

“It’s nothing,” Blake whispers, trying to tug her hand back, but Yang won’t budge.

“No! Blake responds immediately, not wanting to cause any further concern, “No, it was- I went out… in the morning. I was distracted. It was Grimm, Yang. Not me. I didn’t do this to myself.”

“You left in the morning?” Yang asks, “Blake, you can’t just- it’s dangerous! You should’ve told someone that you were leaving.”

“I can take care of myself.” Blake responds.

“I know,” Yang says, “But we’ve never been here before. None of us would know where to look if we woke up and you were gone. If something happened- Gods, if- if you got seriously hurt, I wouldn’t have- Blake, please. Don’t-” she chokes up slightly, “Please- don’t you ever do that again.”

Blake’s eyes widen, not expecting this kind of reaction from her. “Yang…”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to start crying. I-I just,” she takes a deep breath, “Blake, you got hurt and I had no idea. I wouldn’t have known if….” she shakes her head, “Here’s what I’m going to do, okay? I’m going to clean and bandage the wound and you can tell me what’s bothering you while I do so. If- If you want. I’m not- I’d never force you.”

“I know,” Blake half-smiles, “I didn’t want to worry you, though, and I don’t want to be a burden.”

“You’re never burdening me with these things, Blake. I want you to be happy, because that’s what you deserve. Remember our agreement?”

Blake nods as Yang cups her cheek again, “We lighten the load of each other’s burdens.”

“Right.” Yang says, “Exactly. And that’s what I want to do. You don’t have to deal with everything by yourself; you have me. Hell, even Weiss and Ruby will help you. We’re your team. I’m your
girlfriend. You’re not alone. I don’t care what time it is, or what I’m doing, I will drop *everything* to make sure that you’re okay.”

Blake smiles, then leans her forehead against Yang’s. “What did I *ever* do to deserve you?”

“I wonder the same about you *every* second of my life,” Yang responds with a little smirk, “I love you,” she says, punctuating it with a little peck to Blake’s lips, “Sit.” Yang nods towards the bathtub.

Blake glances behind her, then does as she’s told, sitting on the edge. Yang takes the cloth that Blake had taken out earlier, holds it under the running tap for a few seconds, then wrings it out. She turns and kneels in front of Blake, taking her arm again, gently. “This… might sting a little. I’m sorry,” she whispers, then she presses down against the injured skin- Blake flinches slightly. To get her mind off of the slight pain, Blake stares at her girlfriend’s concentrated face for a moment, still pondering what she possibly could’ve done to deserve her. Yang catches her eye after a minute, and starts to smirk as Blake blushes and glances away. Another few moments of silence pass, and then Yang prompts, “Now, you wanna tell me what’s going on?”
You're Cute (Prismatic Ponytails)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Am I your lock screen?" "You weren't supposed to see that."

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Eventually, Weiss gets away from her a little, and then starts to speed walk away from her. Ilia smirks, and chases after her, Weiss groaning through a laugh, knowing that she will never be able to outrun her girlfriend. “It’s my sweater, princess, and I’ve decided-” She wraps her arms around Weiss from behind, picking her up and twirling her around, “That I don’t care if it gets dirty.”

“Weiss?”

The ex-heiress hums, but her eyes don’t move away from myrtenaster, and she continues to make sure that there is no serious damage to it after her last fight. Her girlfriend lets out a huff of exertion behind her, probably pushing out from under the car she’s working on. She hears the woman stand up, probably to stretch out stiff muscles. She’d been working all day. “What time is it?”

Weiss pulls her scroll out from the pocket of Ilia’s hoodie that she’d changed into an hour or two ago. She presses the power button to light up the screen, the time ‘5:36’ flashing before her. She’s in the middle of opening her mouth to inform her, but then she hears a laugh from directly behind her, making her jump. She turns with wide eyes, meeting Ilia’s eyes. “What?” Weiss asks, unable to think of a reason for the sly smirk adorning the woman’s face.

“Weiss,” she says in sing-song, taking another step closer, “Am I your lock screen?”

“I- Um…” Weiss glances down at her scroll, blood rushing to her cheeks, “You were not supposed to see that.”

“Awww,” Ilia teases, slowly reaching out towards Weiss, “You love me!”

“Duh,” Weiss huffs, then moves away from Ilia’s arms with a little squeak, “Wait, Ilia- No! You’re all dirty!”

“So?” the faunus laughs as Weiss continues to dodge her advancements.

Eventually, Weiss gets away from her a little, and then starts to speed walk away from her. Ilia smirks, and chases after her, Weiss groaning through a laugh, knowing that she will never be able to outrun her girlfriend. “It’s my sweater, princess, and I’ve decided-” She wraps her arms around Weiss from behind, picking her up and twirling her around, “That I don’t care if it gets dirty.”

“Oh my Gods,” Weiss groans, raising her hands to cover the blush that spreads across her face as Ilia puts her down. “This is why I didn’t want you to see it.”
“Too late,” Ilia coos, moving her hands away from her face and leaning forward to press a kiss to her nose. “You’re cute.”

“Shut up,” Weiss chides.

“Mmm… nope.” Ilia presses a kiss to her lips this time, “I don’t think I’ll let this go for a while.”

“Then I’ll just change it,” Weiss says with a single raised eyebrow, glancing back at her scroll that’s still on the table where she’d been before.

“I won’t stop you.” Ilia says, removing her arms from around her, smirking in challenge.

Weiss stares at her for a moment, then lets out a little huff. Ilia called her bluff and she knows it. “Love you.” Ilia chuckles.

“Ugh.”
Who Would've Known You're a Flirt (Bumbleby)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Are you flirting with me?" "You finally noticed?"

“No, I definitely do.” she says, “But I believe that my statement that you are ‘pretty decent looking’ may have been a bit of an understatement.” Yang’s eyes widen, her heart now beating out of her chest. “To be blunt, I thought you were hot.”

“I never saw the appeal.”

Yang gasps, turning her attention to her partner. “What?” She asks dramatically, dropping her scroll unceremoniously onto the couch beside her before she raises her arms above her head out of exasperation.

“Being a little over dramatic there, partner.”

“How do you not see the appeal? I thought you loved books!”

“I love some books,” Blake confirms, closing the one that she has in her lap gently as she glances up at her partner, “And I know that Harry Potter is quite popular, but that doesn’t mean that I automatically need to like it.”

“I know, I know. I just… thought it may be up your alley. Fantasy is usually your thing.”

Blake shrugs, “I read the first two, but I wasn’t really feeling it,” she says, “I do like fantasy and adventure novels though. Like… I really enjoyed the Dustlands series, if you’ve ever heard of it. It’s more on the adventure side of things, but it was really good.”

Yang’s plan had worked. She loves to see Blake happy, and the faunus always lights up when she talks about books. She had realized earlier that she’s never actually had a conversation with the noirette on that topic before, despite the fact that she used to love reading when she was younger. “Dustlands…” she muses aloud. She’s sure she’s heard of it before. Then, it hits her. “Moira Young, right?” Blake nods, her smile widening ever so slightly. “Figures,” Yang chuckles, “Romance has always been a favourite of yours too.”

“Actually,” Blake leans farther back into the couch, lifts her feet up, and crosses them on the coffee table in front of her, “Despite what people may think, I don’t really like romance stories. I mean, I’ve read a couple, don’t get me wrong. The only one I really picked up was Ninjas of Love, but that was only because of the action on the side. In regards to Dustlands though, I admired that Saba- the main character- would do anything to save her brother. It was different from the cliche of women being the damsel in distress, but it didn’t make her brother seem weak either. It’s always fascinating to see how different characters deal with obstacles in comparison to how you would do it yourself. Or even how they answer simple questions. Those moments have the potential to tell you a lot about a person.” she looks back at Yang after a moment, and lets out a small laugh, “Sorry, I’m rambling.”

“No, it’s okay,” Yang replies, “It’s always nice to learn new things about you.”
Blake smiles again. Then, she crosses her arms in front of her chest, raising a single eyebrow at the blonde sitting beside her. “I never knew you were into books.”

“Most people assume I’m not… or that I can’t even read in the first place, and I’m just dumb in general.” Yang shrugs, then points to herself, “Blonde hair. You know, stereotypes and all.”

Blake is a strong believer that stereotypes are bullshit, so she doesn’t hesitate to respond with, “That wasn’t my reasoning. Besides, you’re probably the smartest person I know. I’ve always admired your intelligence. You were always the one getting the highest test scores out of the four of us; even Weiss.”

Yang meets her eyes questioningly. “What was it then?”

Blake tilts her head, “Hmm?”

“Your reasoning.” Yang clarifies, crossing her legs and leaning her elbow on her knee so that she can rest her chin on the palm of her hand.

Blake runs a hand through her hair, then glances away from her partner, a slight blush dusting across her cheeks. It’s so subtle that Yang isn’t even sure if it’s actually there or if she’s just seeing things. “Well,” she starts, and Yang spots a fond smile tugging at her lips, “Before I let myself connect to someone… I really observe them. What with everything in my past, I don’t have an easy time trusting and opening up to others. I like to know a little bit about what I’m dealing with before I actually have to deal with it. Over the years, I became really good at reading people.” she sighs, “The first thing I noticed about your character was that you and your sister were always close. I recall thinking that even though you weren’t her mother, you had this… maternal instinct to make sure she’s okay. To protect her.” Blake looks back at her, “I remember the first week we spent in our dorm at Beacon. You were always checking in on her to see how she was settling in when you thought Weiss and I were asleep. Even before I knew for sure, I could tell that you guys probably didn’t have a mother figure growing up, and that you decided to fill the spot so Ruby had an easier time. I figured that you busied yourself entertaining and caring for her, and didn’t leave much time for you to do things on your own.”

Yang’s eyes widen; she hadn’t been expecting this. Blake managed to figure out things that it took her months to actually reveal to people within a week. And her other observations? Well… they aren’t wrong. Yang hadn’t really given herself much time when they were growing up. Their dad was depressed because of Summer’s passing, and she didn’t want Ruby to remember her childhood as boring; uneventful. She wanted her sister to have fun, but to also be safe- to know that she’s loved. “I never really explicitly thought that you don’t read. Just… little things like that in general.”

“Wow.” Yang laughs in amazement, “So, you had a bang on analysis of me in week one.”

Blake raises an eyebrow, “’Bang on’?” she repeats, with a little chuckle at the phrasing.

“Spot on. Whatever.” Yang shrugs, “What’s wrong with what I said?”

Blake laughs, “Nothing,” she reassures her, “So, you want to know what else I thought of you on week one?”

Yang pouts, and after a moment, flinches. “Do I?” she asks reluctantly.

“I think you would.” Blake smirks.

Yang smiles, then nods, “Alright then; shoot.”
“I thought that you were loud,” Blake says jokingly, and Yang gasps.

“Damn. Ouch, Belladonna. You could have warned me.”

“I thought you were brave. Strong.”

“Oh,” Yang whispers, completely caught off guard. In all honesty, she expected Blake to just tease her as a way of making the conversation a bit lighter again.

“I thought you were an amazing fighter.” Blake grins, “That you would be able to best almost all of the people I knew in the White Fang in hand-to-hand combat.”

Yang doesn’t know what to say. “I…"

“I thought that you were... pretty decent looking,” Yang’s heart stops. Blake thought what? “And that you probably had boys asking you out left and right; girls too. Though you seemed like the kind to decline if you didn’t actually have a really deep connection with them.”

The blonde rubs the back of her neck out of embarrassment, her cheeks flaring red, “Heh,” she huffs, “Yeah, uh... that’s kind of accurate.”

Despite, the fact that she can easily tell that Yang is flustered, Blake continues, “I thought that you were kind, considerate. Humble ... fairly optimistic. All around, a good person to associate myself with.” The faunus appears to rethink her words for a moment, but her smirk only widens, “Actually I take that back.”

“What?” Yang asks with a little laugh, regaining a little bit of her confidence to joke with her partner, “You don’t think I’m a good person?”

“No, I definitely do.” she says, “But I believe that my statement that you are ‘pretty decent looking’ may have been a bit of an understatement.” Yang’s eyes widen, her heart now beating out of her chest. “To be blunt, I thought you were hot.”

Yang sputters, much to Blake’s amusement, “You what?”

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Yang sputters, much to Blake’s amusement, “You what?”

“Can you really blame me?” the faunus asks, “I’ve always had a thing for the colour purple. Naturally, I was drawn to your eyes.”

Blake finally stops, giving Yang a moment to breathe. The blonde stares at her for almost a whole minute, trying to figure her out. The gleam in her eye is playful- she knows exactly what she’s saying; what she’s implying. But there’s no way she’s... flirting with her right? They’re best friends. As far as Yang can tell, Blake has never shown any romantic interest in her. Not to say that Yang would mind if she was. No, there’s no way though... right? Her mind gets the best of her- she needs to know for sure. Before she can stop herself, she nervously asks, “Are you flirting with me?” still scared at the prospect of being completely wrong and looking stupid in front of her friend.

The faunus rolls her eyes, letting out a small sigh of relief, “My Gods, you finally noticed? I’ve been flirting with you the whole afternoon.”

“Y-You have?” Yang asks incredulously, then thinks back on the conversations that occurred throughout the day. Holy shit, Yang thinks, she was!

“Yes.” she laughs exasperatedly, “I thought you’d never notice. I was being so obvious too.”

Yang groans and puts her face in her hands as the faunus continues to laugh, “Oh my Gods, you
“Hey,” Blake soothes. “It’s okay. It’s not that big of a deal.”

Yang looks up at her again, “I can’t believe I didn’t notice.” she shakes her head, “I just... I never thought you would flirt with me.”

“Me neither,” Blake chuckles, “But, hey, if the situation calls for it.”

Yang smiles, “The situation called for it?”

The faunus bites her lip. “Yes,” she replies, “Because you weren’t taking a hint.” she smirks, “I’ve been taking every chance to be close to you lately; holding your hand, leaning against you when we’re sitting down, literally kissing your cheek. You’re... a tad bit oblivious, but it’s okay. It’s cute.”

Blake is flirting with her. Damn, Yang might just melt. “Maybe...” Yang smiles, “Maybe you should be a little more forward.”

The faunus’ smirk returns, “Oh, should I? How so?”

This is your chance! “Kiss me,” she whispers.

Blake obliges.
Chapter Summary

Bumbleby - Angst
"If you don’t hug me right now I think I might fall apart."

“I-” Yang chokes out, her hand clutching her chest, “I don’t care about my wounds, Weiss!” she almost growls, eyes momentarily flaring red, a tear sliding down her cheek.

Weiss reels back, her hand flinching away from the spot it had been resting on atop the blonde’s shoulder. The ex-heiress knows that she should have expected as much- this kind of reaction always come through when it involves Blake. It isn’t a surprise. Not really. “Do you think that she’d want you to neglect caring for yourself?”

“I can’t just-” another tear slides down the brawler’s cheek, “I need to find her, Weiss. I need to.”

“We will,” Weiss says, “Oscar and Ruby are still out there looking for her, okay?”

“I should be out there! I’m her partner!”

“Look, Yang,” Weiss sighs, “Blake’s a big girl; she can handle herself just fine. She just got separated from us. That doesn’t mean that she’s hurt.”

“B-But- the last time…”

Oh. Now it’s making sense. Last time they were separated... “This isn’t like the last time, Yang.” Weiss says, her hand finally making contact with her teammate’s shoulder again, “Adam is gone. He can’t hurt you. Either of you.”

“There are s-still people loyal to him.” Yang replies quietly, “What if.”

“Stop it.” the white-haired girl almost shouts, “Yang, this won’t help anyone! Just let me patch up your wounds, okay? If they’re still not back once I’m finished, you’re welcome to go out there and look yourself.”

Crimson eyes meet hers, but Weiss doesn’t let herself get intimidated. Eventually, that hue fades, and Yang mutters, “Fine.”

Right as she’s about to grab a cloth and bandages, she hears her scroll go off. She meets Yang’s eyes momentarily, and then the blonde is dropping her gaze to the device. With a sigh, Weiss picks it up, and it only takes her a second to read the message.

Ruby:

We found Blake

I think she sprained her ankle, so she had a bit of trouble getting to us after everything went down

We’ll be back soon
Weiss is about to respond when another message comes through.

Tell Yang not to worry

The ex-heiress smiles knowingly. Blake and Yang having feelings for each other is probably the worst kept secret of team RWBY. Of course Ruby knows that Yang is probably freaking out despite the lack of severity in the situation. Weiss sends Ruby a quick ‘Okay’, before returning her attention to Yang’s wounds. As she starts to clean them, she feels her teammate’s eyes staring into the side of her head. With a sigh, Weiss whispers, “Ruby’s with her, Yang. She thinks Blake has a sprained ankle, which prevented her from coming to find us on her own.” But then Yang lets out a quiet cry of pain as Weiss presses just a bit too hard into her wound. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Yang says loosely, then she looks down at her own hands, “Weiss?”

Weiss hums in response. “What happened to her?”

“I don’t know, Yang.”

“We took them all down.” the blonde thinks aloud, “Who could have got to her?”

“Maybe one of them attacked her before we attacked them.”

“But-”

“Yang,” Weiss groans, “She’ll tell us herself when she gets back, okay?”

Weiss’ hand on her wrist tightens slightly, and the blonde falls silent, though the ex-heiress can’t help but notice that her heart rate is still through the roof as it pounds underneath her fingers. She opens her mouth to tell Yang to calm down, but thinks better of it. Yang is going to worry about Blake no matter what, and nothing Weiss says will put her at ease; the only thing that will is seeing the faunus with her own eyes. Right after that thought, she hears the door open. Despite Weiss’ previous words to Yang, she was worried too, and feels relief wash over herself as Ruby and Blake walk in, Oscar trailing behind them. Ruby has an arm around the taller woman’s waist, and Blake has one around her shoulders to help her walk.

Weiss glances at Yang, sees concern flashing in her eyes as Blake hisses after a particularly painful step. The brawler tries to stand with the intention of helping her, but Weiss tightens her grip on her wrist. Violet eyes meet hers, but she quickly glances away, continuing to clean the wounds. Ruby walks Blake over to the bed in the corner of the room, letting her sit down on it gently. Blake lets out a sigh, her shoulders sagging slightly. “T-Thank you, Ruby.” she says, still trying to catch her breath.

The younger woman flashes her an easy smile, “No problem,” then she glances down at Blake’s shin.

Yang finally speaks up, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Blake sighs, glancing at her briefly, “Yeah, I’ll be fine once my aura kicks in and starts- ah -fuck- healing this bastard.”

“You sure you’re okay?” Ruby asks out of disbelief, “You don’t sound okay.”

“It’s just sore.” Blake reassures her, “I’ll be fine in the morning.”

“Okay,” Ruby nods, “I’m going to go check on Nora, okay?”
“Go ahead,” Blake smiles slightly, “And then get some rest. Gods know we all need it.”

“I’ll come with you,” Weiss says, and Ruby nods, returning Blake’s smile earnestly before glancing at her own partner. She turns to leave, and Weiss stands up, following after her.

For a moment, only silence fills the room. Then, the sound of a bed creaking breaks it as Blake pushes herself into a more comfortable position with a small groan. Yang glances over at her with a frown, her heart rate no slower than before, but for an entirely different reason. She tries to get her mind off of it. “Blake, what happened to you?”

The faunus meets her gaze as Yang stands, takes the few strides over to her bed, and sits down on the edge. “One of Cinder’s men made me stumble over a tree root. Said something about dealing with the faunus first.” she sighs, but then a small smile tugs at her lips, “He suffered more injuries than I did, don’t worry.” Yang doesn’t say anything after that; she only stares at her partner. Blake, noticing the silence, meets her partner’s eyes again. Her mouth falls open slightly out of surprise at the emotions she sees swirling in them. Concern, relief, and uncertainty. “Yang?”

Black eyebrows raise as a tear slides down Yang’s cheek. A bionic hand grips the sheets tightly on the edge of the bed. “I-If you don’t hug me right now I think I might fall apart.”

The faunus gapes at her for a moment before reaching forward, enveloping her in a tight hug. “Yang, what-”

“I was so scared,” Yang says, turning her head to press her face closer to the nape of Blake’s neck, “L-Last time we separated and y-you didn’t answer your scroll-”

Understanding washes over in an instant, and Blake tightens her embrace. “Oh, Yang... I’m so sorry. My scroll died. I would have answered if they came through.”

“I know you would have,” Yang murmurs, “T-That’s what scared me so much,” she pulls back to look her partner in the eyes, “I couldn’t- I don’t know what I would do if I lost you.”

Blake presses her forehead against hers gently, “I’m okay.” she says slowly, raising her hand to cup Yang’s cheek, “It would take a lot more than this to take me down.”

Yang smiles, “I know,” she says, “I’ve witnessed your strength firsthand, remember?”

“Yes. Yeah, I do.” she murmurs- their closeness finally realized. She glances downwards uncontrollably, eyes falling to her partner’s mouth. Then, she pulls her head back- she wants to kiss her, but that’s for another time.

“I’m really glad you’re okay.” Yang whispers.

Blake offers a little smile, then scoots to the side with a small wince. “Lay with me?”

Yang’s only response is a bite of her lip, her smile unwavering. They’re teetering on the edge of the line dividing friendship and something more, and they both know it, but neither care. She gives a subtle nod, laying down beside the faunus. Yang’s eyes widen slightly as Blake rolls over, slinging an arm across her waist, resting her cheek against Yang’s chest. The blonde stares down at her, and Blake meets her gaze. “This position puts the least strain on my ankle,” Blake says lamely.

Yang’s smile widens, seeing through the excuse. Not that she minds though. She wraps her arms around her partner in response.
“Blake, this isn’t working.”

The faunus’ eyes shoot up immediately. “What?”

“This,” Yang points between them, “Is not working.”

Blake stares at her for a moment, panic clearly written all over her face. “I-I don’t understand.”

Yang sighs, “You’re closing yourself off again.” she says quietly, her eyes glossy. “I can’t- we can’t do this if you don’t open up to me. If you don’t trust me.”

“I do trust you,” Blake says quickly as she lays her hand against Yang’s thigh, “I trust you more than I trust anyone.”

“I know you do. But that’s… not entirely what I mean. Lately, every time I get close to you, or hug you- kiss you, I can tell your mind is elsewhere.” Yang adds, her voice breaking near the end, “I-I need to know, Blake. Do you really feel the same way, or are you doing this out of a sense of obligation? Because you’re not obligated to return my feelings. I don’t want you to be with me just because I… just because I feel that way about you. I don’t want you to force yourself to feel something you don’t. I want you to be happy, whether it’s with me or not.”

Yang feels a tear slide down her cheek, and she closes her eyes, not wanting to see the expression looking back at her. For a few heartbreaking moments, Blake is completely silent. The weight of the faunus’ hand on her thigh disappears, and suddenly Yang regrets bringing this up. She doesn’t think her heart can handle her suspicions being confirmed. “I’m so sorry.” the faunus says quietly, and Yang feels her heart stop, another tear escaping her eyes against her will, “I’m sorry I’ve been reclusive.” She continues, and the blonde meets her eyes, seeing that her tears are mirrored on her partner’s cheeks.

“Please, Yang… Please don’t cry…” she says, her hand reaching up to wipe Yang’s tears away. Her eyebrows pinch together, eyes searching Blake’s. What she sees causes her heart to start beating again, and she lets out a shaky breath. She knows that Blake would never lie to her, her eyes even more so. She finds love in her girlfriend’s gaze; love and devotion, sincerity and gratitude. “It’s not obligation,” the faunus reassures her, “I do care about you more than anyone, Yang, truly- and that won’t change. I know I’ve been distant, but isn’t because of regret. I’ve just…” she takes a deep breath, “My nightmares have been really bad lately, and I’ve had a hard time deciphering the dream world from reality. It’s been giving me anxiety. It’s… it’s not because of you; not because I don’t feel that way about you.”

That one little statement puts everything into perspective for the blonde. They’ve been together for months, and just recently, Blake had stopped joining her in her bed at night. Obviously, Yang understands that people need space sometimes, but then Blake hadn’t done it for weeks after the
first night. The nightmares would be a plausible explanation of why - she didn’t want to wake Yang up in the middle of the night because of a dream. “Let me help you.” Yang whispers, “Blake, I’m here to help you.”

“You have your own stuff going on,” Blake sighs, “I don’t want to bring you down too.”

Yang shakes her head slowly, “You wouldn’t be,” she says, “I don’t want you to feel like you’re alone, Blake, because you’re not.”

“I know, but-”

“If you want this to work,” Yang’s voice lowers to convey her seriousness, “We have to communicate. If one of us is unhappy, then both of us will be. We’re supposed to lighten the weight on each other’s shoulders, remember?” Yang takes one of Blake’s hands into both of hers, “We promised to be there for each other, Blake. Don’t shut me out when you’re struggling.”

“Okay,” Blake says, nodding her head slowly, “Okay, I won’t, I promise. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” Yang says back, “You have nothing to be sorry for. Just remember that I’m here, okay? I have nightmares too, Blake. I know how lost and terrified you can feel after waking from one. I don’t care what time of the night it is, I’ll help you discern the real world from your dream.”

Blake gives her a small smile, and whispers, shaky, “You’re too good to me.”

“I’m not,” Yang says back, stopping that train of thought immediately, “Neither of the two in a relationship are better than the other. Everyone has their own strengths and weaknesses, their own flaws, their own story. Love is just about finding the missing puzzle piece. The one who fits into your lifestyle, the one who shows you that your flaws and weaknesses don’t define you; that your strengths are unique - lovable. Someone to pull you back down to earth if you lose yourself, and someone who has the ability to raise you from your lowest. You’re that person for me, Blake. And I want to do the same for you, if you let me. If you want me to. I want you to prosper as you deserve to, not wallow away in the negativity from your nightmares.”

Blake’s eyes slowly widened throughout Yang’s monologue, and her heart started to race as well. “Yang… I…”

For once, the faunus finds herself at a loss for words. She’s usually the overly articulate one, but Yang just managed to render her speechless. Yang’s the only one that’s able to do this; to make her feel so important, like she actually matters in the world, that she isn’t just another shadow for people to overlook. She feels something bubble up in her chest, a want - no, a need. She’s felt it before in the small moments they’ve shared, but the urge to express it fully to her partner has never been this strong. She’ll usually just convey it in little actions - rubbing her thumb gently across Yang’s hand, pressing a kiss to her cheek, sharing that small smile with her across a group of people - but now she wants to say it. It dawns on her that she never has, and with the need to reassure her partner that this relationship is mutual, that the feelings are genuine, she can no longer stop herself. “I love you.” she whispers, “I want you to be that person in my life. You’re the missing puzzle piece. You always have been.”

Yang smiles, rubs her thumb gently across the back of Blake’s hand, “Blake Belladonna loves me,” Yang laughs, though it comes across as something akin to a giggle, “That’s kind of a dream come true for me, you know?” her smiles widens, “I love you too, Blake, which is why I want to be there for you.”
“And I’ll let you.” Blake murmurs with a small shake of her head, “I won’t be good at it at first,” she admits, “But I’m going to try. I want to be open with you, it’s just… hard for me, even though I trust you more than I trust anyone else.”

“I know,” Yang nods, “And I don’t want you to push yourself for me. But I also don’t want you to keep it all inside, because that won’t help you either. So, I’ll help you after your nightmares. I’ll help you calm down, show you that someone’s there. Whether you tell me about them or not is up to you, but I’ll listen to anything you have to say when you’re ready.”

“Thank you,” Blake smiles, “For caring.”

Yang rests her forehead against hers, knocking their noses together playfully, “I want you happy, Belladonna, because it makes me happy too. I guess I’m selfish that way.”

Yang’s happy that she had decided to bring the subject up. Blake loves her, and Yang loves her back. Sure, there will be struggles, but Yang thinks they’ll be okay.
Prompt: (It has been altered a bit to fit the story)
“It’s not normal—the way I feel about you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I—” they take a deep breath, wringing their hands together nervously. “I don’t think it’s possible to feel so brutally devoted to you. So incurably devoted to you. I mean…you’re all I think about and whenever I see you my heart does this weird thing —”

“You’re in love.”

“…what?”

“I mean, you’re the best friend a girl could ever ask for.”

Feline ears flatten against unbrushed black hair. Blake lets her tired eyes fall on her partner where she sits across the room, leaning back dangerously far on a chair. She appreciates the blonde’s efforts to get her mind off of the more pressing matters, but her choice of topic really isn’t helping. Why?

Because honestly? Yang is already the most prominent subject swirling around in there, and she can’t help but think about the odd feeling she gets when the term ‘best friend’ drips from the girl’s mouth. She just... feels like her partner is so much more than that, but she isn’t quite sure why. ‘Best friend’ just seems so fleeting, so temporary. Blake has never had a friend that she’d be devastated- broken- without, so the word just doesn’t seem right. “I’m hardly a decent friend,” she says, despite the ache she feels blooming in her chest, “Let alone the best.”

“I don’t know, Belladonna.” Yang smirks, her head lolling to the side to meet mystified amber-gold eyes. “I think you’re pretty great.” she says slowly, making sure that Blake hears her, understands exactly how honest she’s being. She’s adapted to her partner in a few ways without even realizing it. She knows that looking Blake in the eyes as she speaks helps the faunus tell if she’s lying or not, much like herself.

“How...” Blake hesitates. She doesn’t want to be insensitive, she just wants to know how. How someone could possibly think kindly of her after everything she’s done. She’s so used to hearing that she’s not good enough, not worthy of anything positive. She hates that even after Adam’s gone, parts of him still linger. She remembers being a fairly optimistic young girl, but that all seems so far away sometimes. The girl in front of her is the only one to ever bring that feeling of youthfulness back; to make her feel like there’s not a problem in the world- to feel like she actually matters. She just doesn’t understand how someone as amazing as Yang could think she’s worth any time, even after being partners with her for so long and seeing the inner demons in her soul. “How... do you feel that way about me?”

She catches the shift to concern in the brawler’s eyes as her smile falls. “What do you mean?”
asks, but then her easy smile returns, “It’s easy. When I was still in Signal, I always dreamed about having someone to explore the world with; someone who really gets me, you know? Not someone who just pretends to like me because they think I’m pretty, or whatever. A person who cares about me despite my flaws, and doesn’t exploit the things I’ve done wrong to get something from me. Someone who actually cares about how I feel. I’ve known some pretty bad people in my life, but you? The person I dreamed of... I found that person in you, Blake. You’re everything I wanted and more.”

“I’m not a good person, Yang.”

“Neither am I,” the blonde shrugs, “We’ve all done things we aren’t proud of. What really matters is how you’ve taken those past experiences to improve your character for the future.” she suddenly raises an eyebrow, uncertainty joining the concern in her eyes. “...Why do you feel the way you do about me?”

Blake’s a little taken aback. So much so, that she accidentally answers rather bluntly, “Because you’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.” Piercing violet eyes widen out of surprise, but the faunus keeps talking. “I was a broken shell of what I used to be when I met you, Yang. Without even trying, without even realizing it, you’ve helped me put myself back together.” the familiar pounding in her chest starts up again, causing her eyebrows to furrow, “I just... you’re everything I could want in a... in a friend. You make me really happy. The way I feel about you... it’s not normal.”

"What do you mean?" Yang frowns.

"I mean that I-" she lets out a shaky breath, her fingers pulling at the end of her sleeping yukata nervously. "I didn’t know that it’s possible to feel so brutally devoted to a person. So incurably devoted to them, you know? No, devoted isn’t the right word... I just really admire you, I guess. L-Like when I imagine you being by my side, I get really giddy, and it’s so weird because I’ve never felt this way about anyone before. I mean... you're all I think about and whenever I see you my heart does this odd thing-"

"...You're in love with me?"

Blake’s head immediately shoots up, her cheeks turning crimson. "...What?"

Yang bites her lip, “I’m no expert, Blake,” she slowly starts to smile, “But it kind of sounds like you’re in love with me...not that I’m assuming or anything~”

“I’m... in love...?” she stares at her partner for almost a minute straight in silence before her eyes widen. She has never been in love before- she thought she was, but it was never love- but this, how happy Yang makes her... how friend sounds so wrong... it all makes sense. Blake... is in love with Yang. She’s in love with her partner... “Oh my Gods.” she huffs, “I am. Yang, I am in love with you. I-I’m so sorry.”

“Whoa, whoa, hey, no. Why are you sorry?” her partner inquires, cutting her off. The blonde lets the front legs of the chair hit the ground again, and she pulls it closer to Blake’s bed, “You have absolutely nothing to be sorry for.”

“I-I shouldn’t feel that way about you. I don’t deserve-”

“Blake, you deserve the world.” Yang whispers, pulling Blake’s hands away from her yukata, interlocking their fingers gently, “You have the right to feel absolutely any way about me. If that’s how you feel, I really don’t see the problem.”
Blake meets her eyes, “Y-You don’t mind?”

Blake didn’t think she’d ever see this due to her own words, but Yang blushes. “Not at all.” she responds, her eyes flicking down to the faunus’ lips momentarily, “In fact, I’m kind of thrilled, Blake.”

“Do you...” Blake bites her lip, “Do you feel that way about me?”

The brawler nods, a small smile pulling at her lips, “Yeah, I do.”

“Oh.”

“I love you, Blake,” she whispers as she pulls Blake into a hug, “You don’t have to say it back right now if you aren’t ready. Or at all if you don’t feel that way about me. I just wanted to let you know that I’ll remain by your side for as long as you want me there.”

There is no doubt in her mind that Yang’s previous assumption was right. She’s so in love with the woman in her arms, it just took her a while to realize it.
Life (Bumbleby)

Chapter Summary

Someone sent me an ask on tumblr to write a story where Blake performs CPR on Yang, so here it is... This one hurts guys.

“Y-Yang-” Blake grunts, a hand pressed into a fresh wound in her side. When she receives no response from the girl laying beside her, her stomach drops. “Hey! Yang?” Again, no response.

Blake has never moved so fast in her life. Her own wounds become a fleeting afterthought as her eyes scan her partner’s face. The faunus grabs her wrist with her hand, feeling for a pulse with her index finger, and she uses the other to tilt Yang’s chin upwards before leaning her own head down to listen for breathing. When a few seconds pass and she doesn’t hear or feel anything, she starts to panic. “No… no, no no!” She feels tears pricking her eyes, but she wills herself to remain calm.

“B-Blake? What’s going on? W-What’s wrong with her?” Blake hears at her side, but cannot for the life of her bring herself to glance at the younger girl, not when her sister is laying right front of her lifeless.

“She’s not- Ruby, please just go find Weiss.” She shouldn’t have to see this. Nobody should.

“W-Wha-” Ruby watches on in fear, taking in her teammate’s wavering voice, and she lets out a strangled gasp when she realizes exactly what’s wrong.

Blake chooses to ignore it for the time being; she has something a lot more important to do. She places her hand on the middle of Yang’s chest, followed closely by her other soon after, pressed firmly together near her heart. She pushes down, fast and hard- her own blood rushing in her ears. A painful ache tears through her side from the strain she’s putting on her open wound, but she could care less. She repeats her actions a few more times. When nothing happens, she reaches over to pinch Yang’s nose closed, lowering her mouth to seal over hers, pushing her own breath into Yang’s mouth; forcing air into her lungs. She continues the rapid compression on her chest for another moment after; tears uncontrollably sliding down her cheek. “Y-Yang, please-”

She can’t lose her now. There’s no way in fucking hell. They’ve been through way too much together for this to be the end of the road. No, she can’t let Yang die. She never got the chance to tell her- all of Blake’s thoughts are cut off as the woman beneath her hands gasps. Relief immediately washes over the faunus; she’s never felt such a big weight get lifted off of her shoulders before. Blake moves her hands to grip at her partner’s shoulders as violet eyes slowly blink open. “Yang- I-I thought I- I thought I lost you… You’re o-okay. Gods, Yang… you’re okay.”

The blonde looks downright confused, and she stares up at Blake for a few moments. Said woman’s breath catches in her throat as she smiles back down at her. “I-I’m…?” Yang rasps, shaking her head weakly. “What?”

Blake distantly registers Ruby’s sigh of relief at her side as the faunus leans her forehead against her partner’s. “I thought I lost you…” she whispers, tears still streaming down her cheeks.

Blake grips Yang’s jacket, letting out a shaky breath against her lips. “Don’t you dare scare me like that ever again, Yang.”

“Y-You’re bleeding.” Yang husks back, and the faunus merely shakes her head a little in response.

“I know.” she mumbles, “Your life is more important than a small gash.”

“Thank you…” she responds earnestly, unsure what else she can even say. How she can repay her.

Blake pulls back slightly, meeting Yang’s eyes. Her partner gazes at her in wonder, her eyes sparkling with life, and Blake is just so happy. She didn’t lose her. “Over here!” Ruby suddenly calls, drawing Blake’s attention away from the blonde under her.

Jaune skids to his knees beside Yang, gently ushering Blake to the side- though she doesn’t go far, taking hold of Yang’s natural hand, intertwining their fingers. Jaune starts to amplify Yang’s aura, but her eyes never leave Blake’s. Slowly, she starts to smile, despite the fact that she’d almost died, and Blake smiles back. Of course she does. Yang’s alive. She’s okay. Everything’s going to be alright.
Blake lays back heavily against the bed, letting out a tired sigh as she does so. Yang chuckles as she watches the display from across the room. “You okay, moonlight?”

“Yeah,” Blake hums, “Just tired.”

The blonde hangs up her coat on the hook by the door of their hotel room, and she smiles as she makes her way over to the bed. Blake squints a single eye open as her girlfriend gets closer before outstretching her arms in front of her as an invitation. The blonde grins, leaning her knee against the edge of the bed before falling into the faunus’ embrace. Blake’s arms wrap lovingly around her, and Yang nuzzles her face into her neck. “You should probably get changed then,” she murmurs, “So you can sleep comfortably.”

Blake pulls her a little closer, then whispers, “In a bit.”

The brawler chuckles, “You’ll fall asleep, baby.”

“That’s okay,” she responds, “I don’t want to get up right now,” she tightens her embrace to prove her statement.

“I’ll still be here when you get back,” Yang murmurs, pulling her head away from her neck so she can meet amber-gold eyes.

Blake smiles, “I know you will be.” she says softly, swiping her thumb across Yang’s forehead to move her hair before leaning forward to press a light kiss to the skin.

The foreign weight in Blake’s pocket comes back to the forefront of her mind as her girlfriend kisses her cheek in response. They’ve only been together for a year and a half, but both of them will tell you that it has been the best year and a half of their lives if you were to ask them. Blake can’t see herself with anyone else; she can’t imagine her life without Yang being front and center.

“Either you’re falling asleep like I predicted, or you’re deep in thought,” Yang muses suddenly.

“A healthy dose of both,” Blake says back, “But can you really blame me? I’ve got the love of my life in my arms. I think that’s a plausible cause for either option.”

“What are you thinking about, hmm?” Yang teases.

“The same thing as always,” she says vaguely, “Hey, Yang?” Yang hums, prompting the faunus to continue. Blake pushes away from her slightly, her hand moving into her jacket casually. She does it in such a way that it doesn’t draw the blonde’s attention. Going for nonchalance, she tilts her head playfully, “Can I… like… marry you or whatever?”

Yang lets out a huff of amusement, though there is a glint of hopefulness in her eyes. Usually, she’s the one to make jokes or comments about that kind of thing, but hearing those words come from
Blake’s mouth makes her heart race. Blake smiles; she knows that Yang thinks she’s joking. She’s in for quite the surprise in a minute. “That is probably the laziest proposal I’ve ever heard.” Yang jokes.

“I don’t really think you mind,” the faunus says slyly, “But does that mean you’re saying no?”

“I don’t recall saying that, no,” Yang smiles.

“Good,” Blake hums, then she sits up on the bed, throwing a wink over her shoulder as she stands. “Oh, and Yang?” she prompts quietly as she takes her yukata out of her bag with one hand, pulling a small, black, velvet box out of her coat pocket with the other—just out of Yang’s sight.

“Mhm?” Yang responds, propping herself up on her elbow, gazing at her girlfriend with a small smile.

“Think fast,” she says quickly, and Yang’s eyes widen as something flies through the air towards her.

Right as she catches it in her hands, she hears the bathroom door close. Her eyes only widen more as she sees what she’d caught. A… ring box? B-Blake was being serious? Her bionic hand raises to her mouth to stifle a gasp as she glances up at the door to the bathroom. She feels tears start to form in the corners of her eyes and looks back down at the box. Shakily, she flicks the box open—her previous thoughts being proven correctly. “O-Oh my Gods….”

They had discussed rings before, and clearly, Blake had been paying attention. Yang had offhandedly mentioned that she preferred a simple band instead of the fancy studded alternatives. The one she’d chosen— or more likely got made (Yang somehow doubts this is readily available to everyone)—is a gold band with a bee flying through an infinity sign engraved on it. It’s something that would seem so trivial to anyone else, but to Yang it means so much. A small symbol that manages to convey and prove their history together. Team Bumblebee; together through thick and thin. She hadn’t expected Blake to propose in this way, but honestly? She kind of loves the choice. Neither of them like making a big deal out of things, and somehow, the proposal manages to fit them perfectly. With a happy little laugh, she pulls the ring out of the box gently. She turns it in her hand a few times, still trying to convince herself that this is real. With shaky movements, she slides the ring onto her finger, and of course it fits perfectly. She stares at her hand in silence for a moment until she hears the bathroom door’s lock click open.

Blake shouldn’t be surprised when she’s pressed against the door almost immediately after she opens it. Yang grips her jaw with both hands, and Blake can’t help the smile that spreads across her face as she feels the cool metal of a ring pressing against her skin. Yang kisses her breathless, and when she pulls back, she leans her forehead against hers. “I can’t believe you.”

Blake laughs, “I’m sorry,” she says, “Maybe I should’ve done this differently but I saw an opening and took it.”

“No, it was perfect. Blake, you’re perfect. My Gods, I love you so much.”

Blake smiles, “I love you too, Yang.”

“I figured,” the blonde chuckles, wrapping her arms around Blake’s waist, “And if I haven’t made it clear enough, yes. Yes, I’ll marry you.”

Blake’s heart soars.
Yang accidentally runs into her ex in Atlas. Blake gets a little jealous.

“There’s a cafe just down the street,” Weiss suggests, “We could get some drinks and relax there for a while.”

“Perfect.” Ruby sighs, taking her partner’s hand with a smile, “A little bit of relaxation sounds kind of perfect right now.”

“Amen to that,” Yang says from behind them, “I could really use a coffee right now.”

A chuckle comes from the blonde’s side; her faunus partner rolling her eyes at her enthusiasm. Yang meets her eyes as a small blush spreads across her face. Blake’s laugh is just so- “Yang, are you even listening?”

The brawler glances up at her sister in surprise, and she’s met with a knowing smirk. “Um…” Yang shrugs sheepishly, “No, I wasn’t. Sorry.”

Now it’s her sister’s turn to roll her eyes at her as she repeats, “I just asked you if you remember bringing me to get hot chocolate when we were kids.”

Yang smiles warmly. Of course she remembers that. “Yeah, I do,” then she laughs, “I also remember letting you try my coffee once, and damn, how I regretted that after.”

Ruby grins right as they reach the cafe. Weiss grabs the handle, opening it gently for her teammates, letting them go in first. Blake gives her a thankful smile, and Weiss nods. 4 pairs of eyes immediately fall upon the menu once they’re inside. Yang is the first to decide what she wants, so she steps up to the register, waiting for the barista to finish up what he’s doing and take her order. Yang squints slightly as she regards the man. Something about him seems familiar, but he’s not facing her, so she just can’t place it. The man effortlessly slides a cup across the counter to another customer before finally turning his attention to the register. “Hi, what can I-” he looks up from the machine in front of him, and then his emerald eyes widen, “…Yang?”

Yang’s own breath catches in her throat. Patch. That’s where she’s seen that short, curly, ginger hair. But really, out of all of the cafe’s her ex could have been working at, it just had to be this one? So many questions swirl into the brawler’s mind; Why is he in Atlas and not back in Patch? Wasn’t he going into anthropology? Why does he work at a cafe? They’d split back when Yang left for Beacon, and haven’t spoke since. Gods, a lot has happened in the last few years. Yang barely has time to think about all the people she knew back in Patch. “Osiris,” Yang smiles politely, “Um… hey. How’ve you been?”

The man behind the register smiles back at her, “I’ve been pretty good. You?”

Yang shrugs dramatically, “Meh,” she says, “I’ve been better. If you don’t mind me asking… why-”

“Am I in Atlas?” Osiris asks, correctly guessing the blonde’s question. Yang nods, “Well, I’m
following my dream. I’m not sure if you remember, but I always said I wanted to go into-”

“Archaeology.” Yang fills in.

The ginger blushes slightly, “Yeah. Yeah, that.” he says, “Atlas had the best program, so here I am.” he shakes his head, “Pardon my manners; this is a cafe,” he chuckles, “What would you like?”

“A medium latte will be fine for me,” Yang responds, then turns to her teammates, “What about you guys?”

With a raised eyebrow, Weiss says, “I’ll have a small flat white.” Osiris nods and punches the two drinks into the machine before glancing back up.

Ruby grins, “Hey, Ozzy!”

The barista smiles, “Hey there, little red riding hood.” he jokes, “Small coffee with cream and five sugars?”

He still remembers…? “Yes, please!” Ruby smiles.

Osiris laughs quietly before looking over at Blake. Yang glances back as well. The faunus has a small scowl on her face. “I’ll have a medium chai tea latte.” Blake says, her voice cold; distant. Yang frowns.

Osiris nods, then asks, “Is that all?”

“Yes,” Weiss responds before Ruby has time to even think about asking for a cookie; she glances at her teammates, “I can pay.”

“No, I’ll-”


The brawler raises her hands to convey her innocence with a little chuckle, “Damn, ice queen. Fine, fine. You’ll pay.”

Yang meets Osiris’ eyes from the side, and the ginger grins. He winks, “It is really nice to see you again, Yang,” then turns to start working on their drinks.

She glances back at Blake. The woman’s jaw is clenched tightly, piercing eyes burning into the barista’s back. Suddenly, she takes a deep breath, her gaze falling to the ground as she crosses her arms. “Um… Blake?” Yang whispers, and amber-gold eyes meet her own, feline ears pinning back against their owner’s head. Yang takes Blake’s hand gently, pulling her away from Weiss and Ruby. “What was that?” she asks quietly.

“What was what?” Blake murmurs back, though Yang notes the crimson blush on her cheeks.

“Blake,” Yang huffs, “If looks could kill, he’d probably be dead.”

The faunus bites her lip, but chooses to ignore the statement. What she doesn’t realize is just how incriminating the question she chooses to ask instead is. “Who is he?”

Yang’s eyebrows furrow, “My…” she hesitates; though she isn’t quite sure why. They’ve only been together for a week, but she’s sure that her and Blake will probably talk about this kind of thing in the future anyway. “My ex. From Patch.”
Blake glances back at Osiris again, “He was flirting with you.”

“No, no.” Yang is quick to respond, “Osiris has always been like that. He’s kind of like me that way. A natural flirt, you know?”

Blake hums.

“Latte.” Osiris says with a smile, drawing Yang’s attention again, “A nice drink for a considerably nicer woman.”

Yang rolls her eyes before walking over to the counter, “Thank you,” she says, “You know I’ll get you fired if this sucks, right?” Yang jokes.

Osiris chuckles, “Please.” he whispers the next part, “I fucking hate this place. I should’ve been an adventurer like you.”

Yang’s about to respond when she feels fingers intertwine with hers. She glances down, not surprised to see that the fingers had belonged to her girlfriend, but Blake isn’t looking at her or Osiris though. The barista’s eyes drift down to their interlocked fingers briefly, but he doesn’t think much of it. “With adventure comes risks, Osiris. It’s not as fun as it seems,” she says, lifting the arm that’s holding her cup to prove her point.

That gets Osiris’ eyes to widen. He pauses in the middle of making Weiss’ drink, “Holy shit,” he says, “When- What happened to you?”

Yang flinches, but she guesses that she should have expected that question. “I bit off more than I can chew in a fight while trying to help someone I care about.” she says vaguely.

He smiles uneasily, “Yeah, that…” he shakes his head before handing Weiss’ drink to her. She thanks him quickly, and he smiles before turning his attention back to Yang. “That sounds like you. I remember you being very passionate. If you don’t mind me asking… who… um… what happened to the person you were helping? Did they make it, I mean?”

“Yeah, she did.” Yang says, smiling as she squeezes Blake’s hand, glancing down at her. The action draws her girlfriend’s attention, and Blake meets her eyes slowly. Yang grins, and then Blake is leaning forward to peck her lips gently. The faunus pulls away with a satisfied smirk, glaring in Osiris’ direction.

The man’s eyes widen, “I- Oh! I’m sorry, I didn’t really realize-”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“I…” he looks away, instead choosing to focus on the drinks.

Yang pulls Blake away again. “…I didn’t know that you were the jealous type,” Yang muses, smirking at her partner.

Blake sighs, glancing down at her own feet, “I’m usually not,” she mumbles, “…I’m so sorry. I hate being jealous. I-I don’t own you. You’re not mine, and I hate that it makes me envious how you two get along. You have the right to do anything you want. I know that I don’t need to feel that way, I just-”

Yang cups the faunus’ jaw, drawing her attention back to her softly. “I cared about him once upon a time,” she says, “But that’s in the past. It was before I knew you. Ever since I met you, I’ve been doomed. Not to be cheesy, but we’re kind of perfect for each other, you know? You mean
absolutely everything to me, Blake. You know that. Meeting my ex again isn’t going to change that. And feeling jealous is normal, yeah? As long as you aren’t controlled by it. I’d say you were being pretty calm.”

“I was trying to be. Because I know how it felt when Adam—” she shakes her head, “I’m sorry.”

Yang kisses her quickly. “You aren’t Adam, Blake. Feeling jealous doesn’t make you a bad person. You have no reason to be sorry.”

Osiris hands Ruby both her and Blake’s drinks, and she pops up at the couple’s side after a moment. “Here you go, lovebird #1.”

Blake takes the cup from her, and she’s about to say thank you before Yang cuts her off. “You’re one to talk, Rubes.”

Yang smirks as her sister blushes. Yeah, she hit the nail on the head with that one. “Baby?” Blake calls softly to draw her attention again.

Yang’s eyebrows raise in surprise. This is the first time Blake’s used a nickname for her. “Yeah?”

“I really love you.”

After her shock fades, Yang responds with, “I love you too.”
Blake’s suddenly roused from her thoughts as she hears knocking on her door. “Blake? Can I talk to you for a minute?”

She clears her throat, closing her book quietly in her lap. She stretches her arms above her head quickly before responding, “Yeah, sure. Come in.”

“Sorry for bothering you,” her partner says as she swings the door open, her eyes not leaving the scroll in her hand. “I was just wondering if—”

Yang cuts herself off, and Blake glances up at her, confused. The blonde is staring at her quietly, the scroll in her hand temporarily forgotten. Slowly, she starts to smile, causing Blake to raise an eyebrow. “What?” she asks, feeling slightly self-conscious under her friend’s gaze.

She notices a small blush spread across her partner’s cheeks at the sound of her voice. Then, Yang is biting her lip as she slides her scroll into her back pocket, her mind on a completely different topic than what she intended to ask her partner. She responds with a quiet, “Are... you wearing my shirt?”

Blake’s eyes widen at the question, before she glances down at herself.

“Oops.”

“I- uh...” she glances back up at Yang sheepishly, “I’m sorry. None of mine were clean. I was washing them earlier.”

Yang raises an eyebrow, her smile widening, “Um... Blake, the dryer’s cycle has been done for like an hour.”

Blake shrugs, “I was comfortable.” she smiles, “Sorry.”

Yang’s blush deepens, and she takes a few steps into the room, “Y’know, I don’t think you are.”

“Oh?” Blake breathes, her heart beginning to race in her chest.

“This is the third time I’ve caught you in my clothes this month, Blake,” she says slyly, “I’m starting to think that they haven’t been accidents.”

“Well,” the faunus hums, “You’re not wrong. Wearing your shirt makes me feel safe.” Yang’s teasing smile softens, and she walks closer to Blake’s bed, sitting down on the edge. She’s about to open her mouth to speak when Blake continues, “But,” she smirks, “I could take it off if it bothers you that much.”

Yang’s jaw falls open. The faunus always thinks about what she’s going to say before she says it; there’s no way that had been a mistake. That doesn’t change the fact that it had been a blatant innuendo, something that Yang would not typically expect from her partner, especially not while they’re in the odd space between ‘friends’ and something more. “Huh.” Yang muses, “I didn’t expect that from you, Belladonna.”
“I like to surprise people sometimes.”

“Well, colour me surprised then.” Yang says with a shake of her head, and Blake laughs. The sound momentarily stops all of the blonde’s other thoughts, all of them focusing on the woman in front of her. She’s been hearing Blake laugh more and more often lately, and she’s loving it, honestly. She never would have expected the faunus to be the kind to let out a little giggle every once in a while, but she definitely is, and Yang finds it incredibly endearing. The woman’s laugh is probably one of Yang’s favourite things about her. Her mouth moves on its own apparently, so she finds herself saying, “I’m in love with you, you know?” before she can think better of it.

Unsurprisingly though, Blake already knows. She’s been obvious lately, they both have. This is just the first time one of them has said it out loud. “I never would have guessed.” she jokes, and Yang nudges her shoulder with a laugh of her own. Blake stares at her while she laughs, similar thoughts going through her head. Yang’s just so cute, without even realizing it. Occasionally, a small snort will make its way out of the blonde as she laughs, and it makes the faunus feel a burst of admiration course through her every time without fail. “I feel the same way, Yang.”

Slowly, Yang’s laughter tapers off, and the two girl’s are left staring at each other in silence for a minute. “I don’t mind you wearing my clothes,” Yang says after a while, “It’s... It’s cute. I like it, actually.”

“You like seeing me in your clothes?” Blake whispers, a soft smile gracing her lips.

“Yeah,” Yang admits, “A lot. It... makes me feel... warm on the inside.”

“You’re already warm, you walking space heater.” Blake laughs, and Yang rolls her eyes.

“Oh my Gods, let me flirt with you once, that’s all I ask.”

“You can flirt with me all you want, Xiao Long. I already love you more than I thought possible.”

“Blake,” Yang breathes, “You’re killing me here.”

“What? I can’t flirt back?” the faunus grins, leaning forward teasingly, “So, you expect me to let you tease me all day, but you can’t take one single line yourself?”

“Can I kiss you?” the brawler asks abruptly, and the faunus’ eyes widen.

“P-Pardon?”

“I’d really like to kiss you.” Yang replies, suddenly feeling a wave of nervousness washing over her. What if Blake isn’t ready for that yet? Gods, you should’ve talked to her about it first--

“Well, I’d really like it if you did.” Blake says, her voice calm, though Yang can tell she’s nervous too.

“A-Are you sure?” she asks quietly.

“How about you come over here and do it so we can find out?” Blake whispers back teasingly, her eyes falling to her partner’s mouth.

Yang doesn’t think she’s ever complied to a request so quickly in her life.
Innocent (Whiterose)

Chapter Summary

Whiterose - Fluff
~
“Ruby?”

Her girlfriend shifts to her other side on her bed, dropping her scroll from her hands to give the white-haired woman her attention. “Yeah?”

Weiss smiles at the overly innocent tone her partner. She knows that her suspicions will be confirmed the moment she turns around, but she gives Ruby the benefit of the doubt anyway. “Have you seen my hoodie?”

Ruby lets out a little giggle, and Weiss rolls her eyes as the younger girl responds with, “No…”

“Why? Why did you think that was a good idea?”

“Oh, I knew it was a bad idea from the start,” Yang grins, “But I happen to enjoy pissing you off.”

“Yeah,” Weiss groans, her hands clenching out of annoyance as her shirt drips remnants of the water balloon her teammate had burst over her head moments before. How many damn times does Yang need to do this to her? “I noticed.”

Yang laughs quietly as she leaves Weiss and Ruby’s room. With a sigh, the ex-heiress comes to the conclusion that she’ll need to change. Her hands reach down to grip at the hem of her shirt, and she’s about to pull it over her head when her eyes fall upon her chair. She had draped her hoodie across the back of it earlier, but it’s gone. She raises an eyebrow, glancing at the floor under the chair to see if it had fallen, but it’s not there either. Her eyes drift shut as she lets out another sigh. There’s only one more explanation she can think of. “Ruby?”

Her girlfriend shifts to her other side on her bed, dropping her scroll from her hands to give the white-haired woman her attention. “Yeah?”

Weiss smiles at the overly innocent tone her partner uses. She knows that her suspicions will be confirmed the moment she turns around, but she gives Ruby the benefit of the doubt anyway. “Have you seen my hoodie?”

Ruby lets out a little giggle, and Weiss rolls her eyes as the younger girl responds with, “No…”

“You’re wearing it, aren’t you?” The ex-heiress whispers as she turns around. When her eyes fall upon her partner, she’s met with a grin. Ruby’s grin only widens as Weiss shakes her head. Undeniably, she has a soft spot for her teammate, and Ruby knows it too. “Really, Ruby?”

“I figured you wouldn’t mind.” she laughs, “You do love me after all.”

“Sometimes I wonder why.” Weiss says, though they both know that she’s lying.
Ruby sticks her tongue out in response. Weiss walks over slowly before resting her hand against the collar of the hoodie gently. “Can I have it back?”

“But I like wearing it,” Ruby pouts.

Weiss stares into her eyes for a moment before sighing, and taking a step back. “Fine. Keep it.”

Ruby grins in victory. “I love you, Weiss!”

“Yeah, yeah,” the ex-heiress mumbles as she opens her drawer, a fond smile pulling at her lips, “I love you too, Ruby.”
Love Drunk (Bumbleby)

Chapter Summary

Bumbleby - Fluff

~

Prompt: "Do you think the moon is jealous of how pretty you are?"

“Are you drunk?”

Yang lets out a surprised laugh, letting her eyes meet amused gold ones. “No,” she chuckles, “Why? Do I seem like I am?”

Blake just smiles at the question, turning her gaze back to the stars up above them. “You just seem very happy.”

The blonde bites her lip, “Well, there is a reason for that.”

“Mm… is there?” Blake hums back, failing to notice the way her partner shifts a little closer to her on the grass.

“Yeah,” Yang mumbles, her eyes never leaving the woman beside her. Her smile is blinding, and Yang finds herself barely able to articulate what she wants to say to her next. Blake’s happiness is just one of the most attractive things in the world, hands down. “It’s because I’m with you.”

She catches the way feline ears flick atop her partner’s head, and her own smile widens. Blake turns her head back towards her, and she’s thankful that it’s fairly dark outside, as a blush quickly spreads across her face. Yang glances down momentarily to locate her hand before reaching across the small gap between them to intertwine their fingers.

Gods, this is all still so new. Blake had only confessed to Yang a few days ago, not really expecting that her feelings would be reciprocated, let alone so strongly. It’s still a little surreal when Yang stares at her like that, with unguarded affection evident in her eyes. It amazes her how easily they transitioned into something more. Blake’s still not really sure if she deserves all of this, but damn, Yang is making her want to believe she does. “I make you happy?”

Yang lets out a huff of disbelief, “Blake,” she laughs, rolling onto her side and propping her elbow up on the grass so she can look down at her. “Yes, stupidly happy. I woke up from a nightmare yesterday, and the moment I saw you across the room, I had a dopey smile on my face; dream forgotten entirely. I still can’t remember what it was about, and I couldn’t care less either.”

Overcome with love, she reaches her hand up to pull Yang down into a kiss. Another new feeling, but she wouldn’t change a thing about it. Every time they kiss it feels like the first all over again, and Blake feels a swarm of butterflies take residence in her stomach. The blonde hums into the contact, before needing to pull back for air after a minute. She smiles, laying back down on the grass, and this time it’s Blake turning onto her side so that she can wrap an arm around her waist. She nuzzles into her neck a little bit, a content sigh escaping her lips. “You’re sweet.”

“I guess I have my moments,” Yang whispers back, running her hand gently through her
girlfriend’s short hair. As she stares at the clear sky, the bright moon shining back at her, she thinks of something to say. She’s highly aware of how cringy it sounds in her head, but she doesn’t think Blake will mind. Then, she hums in thought to get the faunus’ attention.

Clearly curious, Blake asks, “What is it?”

“Do you think…” Yang squints, still trying to decide if this line is maybe a bit too cheesy, but she ultimately decides she doesn’t care. The worst response she could get is Blake laughing at her, and she can’t say she’d be disappointed by that. “Do you think the moon is jealous of how pretty you are?”

For a moment, she’s met with only silence as a response, but then Blake is laughing just like she thought she would. Yang grins as Blake pushes herself up to capture the blonde’s lips in a kiss again. Yang cups the back of her neck, drawing her closer. It doesn’t last very long, as Blake ends up breaking away with another sudden laugh. She rests her forehead against hers before saying, “Yang-”

“What?” Yang asks with faux seriousness, “I’m being serious! Have you looked in a mirror lately? Blake, you’re stunning. The moon would be a dumb ass to not be jealous!”

“Oh, shush,” Blake responds quietly, though there’s still a smile pulling at her lips, “You flatterer.”

“I’m only telling the truth, baby.” Yang chuckles, “I…” she meets Blake’s eyes, “I love you.”

Golden pools widen, before Blake smiles widely back. “I love you too.”

“Oh man,” Yang grins, “How far we’ve come... It’s unreal.”

“Yeah, and... I’m... I’m glad everything turned out this way in the end,” Blake admits.

The blonde’s smile softens, “Me too, Blake,” she presses a light kiss to the faunus’ forehead, “Me too.”
“How did you...?”

Ilia smiles in the doorway, a single red rose held loosely in her hand, “Blake told me that you guys would be staying here for a while. I decided to come visit.”

Weiss pulls the girl into a tight hug. It’s been way too long since they’ve been able to see each other in person. Distance is hard in a relationship, but it definitely makes moments like this seem a lot more precious. Not seeing your loved one over a long period of time has a way of making little things seem huge; Weiss once brought Ilia a coffee and flowers to surprise her at her work, and the faunus was overwhelmed with so much love that they hadn’t left each other’s arms for an hour, give or take. This time will seemingly be no different. “My Gods, it’s been so long.” Weiss murmurs into her hair, pulling her into the room of the inn, closing the door behind them.

Ilia lets herself being dragged in, smile giddy as she tightens her embrace. After a minute, the ex-heiress pulls away reluctantly with the intention to take the rose and put it in a vase she recalls seeing somewhere earlier, but stops short as she meets Ilia’s eyes. The faunus gives her a lopsided grin, and Weiss’ restraint snaps. She cups Ilia’s cheek, pulling her into a gentle kiss, heart fluttering when she feels her girlfriend’s arms wrap around her waist again. Ilia nips at her lip playfully as she pulls back, unintentionally shifting the mood the slightest bit. This time when their eyes meet, Weiss doesn’t hesitate to press forward again, her head tilting to the side to deepen the kiss. Ilia hums against her mouth, and the white-haired woman seizes the opportunity to deepen the connection further, her arms coming to rest over the faunus’ shoulders. Honestly, at this point, she doesn’t really care that her team could walk in at any moment. Ilia is here, and it’s been way too long. Eventually though, she needs to pull back when the lack of air becomes too much to handle, and they stare at each other as they catch their breath. “I love you,” Ilia husks quietly.

Weiss smiles, “I know,” she presses a kiss to Ilia’s lips again, reigniting the small flame growing between them, “I love you too.”
Settling into her private dorm is harder than she thought it would be. They’re all so tired, and they really need the rest, but now that they have the opportunity, slumber just seems like such a distant idea. There’s too much to think about, too many new things to take in. Ruby sighs from her place sprawled out across the bed. She’s comfortable, but not comfortable enough to drift off. She runs a hand through her hair as she stares up at the ceiling, but ends up jumping with a surprised squeak as she hears a knock at her door. “Um—” she hesitates, sitting up quickly, straightening out the front of her outfit quickly— as if it really made a difference, “C—Come in!”

The door opens slowly, revealing a smiling Penny. Ruby’s tense shoulders relax at the sight of her old friend, and she lets out a small sigh. “Sorry for disturbing you,” the bot says quietly, “I know it’s late.”

“No, no, it’s fine!” Ruby smiles, then shifts to one side of the bed, “Come sit.” Penny grins and closes the door behind her, complying to the request without hesitation. For a moment, they just stare at each other, and Ruby ends up letting out a little huff of amusement. “Um... Penny? Did you... need something?”

“Oh! Right, sorry.” Penny’s eyes widen, but her smile stays planted firmly on face. “I just wanted to see how you were doing. I know that Atlas is very different from what you are used to, and it seems that your visit is off to a fairly rough start.”

Ruby keeps smiling, but it doesn’t take a genius to see how it’s now taking extra effort to keep it as wide as it is. She’s just so tired. “Well, yeah, I mean... I’ve been better, but it’s not like I expected everything to be easy.”

“No rest for the weary,” Penny agrees, and when Ruby meets her eyes, she realizes that Penny looks tired too. She didn’t even know that the girl could be tired. She wonders just how bad it has been in Atlas. “But, hey! At least we have friends to help us through the hard times, right?”

Ruby’s smile relaxes again, though this time there’s a certain sadness to it as she whispers, “Yeah. I can’t imagine doing this alone.”

“Well, you don’t have to!” she grins, “You have your team, and Team... JNOR? Hmm... your uncle... and me of course!”

It’s kind of crazy how many times Ruby has imagined seeing the girl in front of her again. She felt a very strong pull towards her back at Beacon, and it seems that it’s still there. Ruby’s heart flutters, “And you have me.” she agrees, then quieter, “Penny, I missed you so much.”

“I missed you too,” Penny says, “And like I said, you have to tell me all about your awesome adventures!” she tilts her head to the side slightly, “But, it can wait. I know you must be very tired, so I won’t keep you up.”
“Yeah, uh... it’s been a long day.” Ruby sighs, “Maybe we can talk tomorrow, depending on... y’know, everything.”

“Of course,” the bot responds cheerfully, “Goodnight, Ruby.”

“Goodnight, Penny.” the silver-eyes woman says quietly, pulling her into a short hug that the other woman returns.

Penny pulls back with a smile, then gets up and walks out of the room, closing the door silently behind her. Ruby leans back against the headboard of the bed, and smiles. Probably one of the first genuine smiles she’s had gracing her lips in a long time. Penny always seems to bring those kinds of reactions out of her.
Bad Idea (Whiterose)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Kiss to hide from bad guys

“No,” Weiss whispers harshly, “No.”

“What?” Ruby says back incredulously, “I didn’t even do anything!”

“No you,” Weiss groans, nodding her head towards a group of people walking by them. They’re supporters of her father with signs held proudly above their heads. Her eyebrows furrow in slight disgust- how someone can think her father is a good candidate for *anything*, let alone status in the *government*, is beyond her. Everyone knows that she left him. If they were to see her right now, it would cause a lot of unwanted attention, and she wouldn’t be surprised if it got violent either.

“Oh,” Ruby responds, her shoulders sagging slightly. “Maybe they won’t notice?”

Weiss stares at them for a moment before turning to her own partner, “They’re talking to everyone here, Ruby. I doubt they’d just so *happen* to skip over *us*.”

“That’s true, I guess.” Ruby hums. She too observes the people around them, until her eyes fall onto a couple making out in the corner. She immediately feels uncomfortable and looks away, but when she does, she notices something else. Mr. Schnee’s followers walk *right* past the couple with displeased shakes of their heads, moving on to talk to less occupied citizens instead. Getting to the exit would mean walking past the group, so they don’t really have a way out of this, not that Ruby can think of anyway. Except…

“Well…”

“I have a bad idea.”

Weiss lets out an amused scoff at her partner’s phrasing, “What is it?”

“You’re not going to like it.”

“Ruby, you’re wasting time-”

“If I kiss you, they’ll walk past us.”

Weiss jaw falls, her eyes widening as a violent blush spreads across her cheeks, “P-Pardon?”

“They walked past that couple over there!” Ruby whisper yells, turning to face her partner fully.

Weiss glances over at the people in question quickly, then at the group, and then she meets silver eyes again. “Okay.” she murmurs, rushed.

This time it’s Ruby’s turn to let her eyes widen, “Really?”

“Yes, really! We’re running out of-”

Ruby cuts her off by pulling her into a kiss. After brief hesitation, Weiss kisses her back. ‘Oh… so *that’s* what the stories mean when they talk about feeling fireworks…’ Ruby thinks. Luckily, word hasn’t got out that Weiss is back in Atlas, so it would be unlikely for someone to guess her
identity in the first place, but as her partner raises her hand to cup her cheek, her thumb is in the perfect position to cover the lower part of the ex-heiress’ scar from outside viewers. Weiss listens closely as a few sets of footsteps walk by the bench they’re sitting on, almost sighs out of relief when she hears one of the people mutter, “Teenagers these days are so out of touch with their surroundings…”

The pair kiss for a little while longer. Just to be safe, Weiss tells herself. When she pulls back, she knows that she’s blushing, and sees that her partner is too. Weiss realizes that they’ll probably have to talk about this later, but now isn’t the best time. She glances behind her quickly, confirming her father’s supporters’ whereabouts, and then takes her partner’s hand into her own, pulling her up from the bench. “Let’s get out of here.” she whispers, and Ruby nods.
“Blake never told me why you guys are even here.” Sun says in an attempt to prompt the reason out of Weiss, his tail curling behind him as he leans against one of the pillars outside of the Belladonna household.

“That’s...” Weiss sighs, “It’s complicated.”

The faunus raises an eyebrow, but he decides not to pry. “Oooo-kay.” he says somewhat awkwardly, but then he’s smiling widely as he thinks of a different topic to discuss, “Hey, welcome to my humble abode! Maybe I can show you around when you guys aren’t busy.”

Weiss raises an eyebrow, a small smile tugging at her own lips, “Your humble abode? This is Blake’s house, is it not?”

“Well, I- Okay, I didn’t mean right here. Like, just around here in general-”

He cuts himself off as Weiss starts to laugh, it’s quiet, but genuine. He grins, recalling the times when Weiss used to despise him (or pretended to, anyway) and how different it seems now. She glances up at him, and their eyes meet. “Thank you for the offer,” she says quietly, “I’ll be sure to take you up on that whenever I’m free.”

Sun visibly perks up, “Really?” then he clears his throat, “Uh, I mean- Yeah, of course. I’ll do that. When you’re ready. Er... when you have time...”

Weiss rolls her eyes, stepping closer to Sun. She bites her lip before outstretching her arms in front of her, “It’s... nice to see you again.”

Sun’s eyes widen in surprise. Weiss Schnee... wants to hug him? Oh, man. He doesn’t think he’s ever felt his heart beat this fast before. He opens his arms as an invitation, and Weiss closes the distance between them, resting her head against his chest. He feels self-conscious as he wraps his arms around her- from her position, she can surely hear his heart. Shit, she’s gonna think I’m crazy! She probably doesn’t even feel that way about me... why would she?

“Yeah.” he says somewhat nervously, “It’s been quite a while, hasn’t it?”

“It has,” Weiss murmurs against his chest, “...Sun?”

Shit, shit, shit! Mission abort-- “Mhm?”

“Are you okay?” she asks, pulling back the slightest bit, glancing up to meet his eyes. “Your heart is racing.”

Does she know what she’s doing? Ugh, I can’t read her for the life of me! “I’m great!” he grins, but then realizes how overenthusiastic he sounded and hopes that Weiss doesn’t think anything of it.
It seems that it isn’t his lucky day though, as the smile she gives him in return is one of amusement. She looks up at the night sky for a moment, taking in the full moon—well, as full as it can be, anyway. When her eyes fall back on the man in front of her, she finds that his gaze had followed hers, and she uses his brief distraction to her advantage. She reaches up to cup the faunus’ cheek gently, and as he looks back down at her out of shock, she pulls him closer. *Holy fuck! She’s fucking kissing me!* Sun momentarily panics, but it doesn’t take much thought for him to kiss her back. His heart soars, and he feels a little twinge of disappointment when he feels her pull away. Her smile is worth the distance. “I didn’t read you wrong, did I?” she asks, suddenly seeming a little nervous herself, but he’s quick to reassure her.

“Not at all,” he smiles, “I mean... I’ve kind of wanted you to do that since we were still at Beacon.” Weiss blushes, “Oh,” she lets out a huff of surprise, “Why didn’t you ever say anything?”

“I’m still not sure how I feel about you.” He mocks jokingly, “I didn’t really think you liked me very much.”

“I’m terrible at feelings. I’m... I’m sorry. I didn’t know how to handle it at the time.” Weiss sighs, “But I’ve matured. I think I’m better at handling stuff like this now.”

“So... you want to... be with me?”

“I wouldn’t be opposed to it,” Weiss smiles warmly, “I really like you, Sun.”

“I-I really like you too.” Sun feels giddy, “Wow, this is really happening. I never thought you’d like me back.”

“I never thought that you would like me back.” Weiss chuckles, “But I’m glad you do. If... your offer to show me around still stands... it can be our first date. If you’d like that, of course.”

“Oh, Weiss,” he says softly, “I’d love that.”
“Gods, it’s…” Yang hesitates with her hand held under the running water, then glances back at Weiss with a smirk, “Weiss cold.”

Weiss lets out a groan, and she’d probably get up and walk out of the bathroom if she didn’t need her girlfriend’s help to do so. *Curse those damn grimm for spraining her ankle.* “Just get the damn cloth, Yang.”

“Oh, come on.” Yang chuckles, “There’s no need to be frigid with me.”

Weiss stares at the back of her head with a frown, though it’s clearly a somewhat amused one. Yang reaches into the cabinet like she was told, grabbing a cloth and holding under the water for a few seconds before wringing it out. “You know,” she muses as she turns, “You really need to start being more careful. I know things have been hard lately. Trust me, I do. Especially for you, and I know that sometimes you just want to give up.” she steps closer to Weiss, looking down to meet her eyes, and she cups her cheek gently. The ex-heiress is sitting on the lid of the toilet, and she’s shorter than her girlfriend on a *good* day, but right now she’s straining her neck just to look up at her. “But that doesn’t mean you should just let yourself go, okay? Little scrapes like this have the potential to be a lot more serious if they get even an inch closer, Weiss.”

“I’m fine.” Weiss mumbles indignantly.

“Right *now* you are. But if you continue being reckless, you might not be.” Yang says softly, running her thumb gently across Weiss’ scar, making the other woman shiver despite herself. Then, the blonde grins, “Leave the recklessness to me, yeah?”

“You shouldn’t be reckless either.” Weiss points out, and Yang just shrugs. The blonde leans down and presses her lips to Weiss’ softly, back bent at a 45 degree angle. The thought of how short her teammate is makes Yang pull away with a chuckle before she kneels in front of her. Now, her and Weiss’ gazes are almost level. Yang brings the cloth up to Weiss’ other cheek, pressing it gently to one of her wounds. The ex-heiress barely flinches, and violet eyes meet ice-blue ones. “It’s my job to get up close and personal with the bad guys, okay? I’m not asking you to change your fighting style, obviously. Just… be more careful.”

Deciding to pull a card out of Yang’s book, Weiss smiles, and says, “I make no promises.”

“*Will you go out with me?*” Yang asks nervously, and Weiss glances up at her in surprise.

“I—” she stops, taking a deep breath, “That… depends. If you dial down the puns a little, then yes.”

“I make no promises,” Yang grins, “And as much as you pretend to hate them, I know you secretly...”
love every second of it."

Weiss smiles.

Yang freezes and meets her eyes again. Then, she lets out a small laugh, and Weiss joins in soon after. “Y’know, Ruby’s fond of saying that my selflessness will be the death of me,” she smiles, “But she’s wrong. You, Weiss Schnee, will definitely be the death of me.”
“They’re catching up to us!”

Blake lets out a small grunt in acknowledgement, her mind working on overdrive trying to figure out how they can throw the bandits off. Something pops into her mind as they round a corner, and she grasps her partner’s hand, pulling her to the wall of the building. “What are you-”

“Take your jacket off.” Blake mumbles quickly, her hand reaching up to pull the elastic band from her girlfriend’s hair, letting it cascade down her back.

Though Yang seems a little confused, she complies to the request. “Small cosmetic differences will throw them off.” Blake adds, reaching up to her own hair to tie it into a half ponytail, letting the rest of her hair fall freely down to her shoulders.

“Yeah, but standing out in the open probably won’t--”

“I'm sorry,” the faunus rambles off, confusing the blonde further.

“Why-” she’s cut off a second time by Blake, but not by her words.

Blake kisses her. Yang definitely doesn’t mind in the slightest, but she’ll admit that she’s a little surprised. She kisses back, wrapping her arms around the faunus’ shoulders, pulling her closer in the process. The blonde pulls back slightly just to teasingly whisper, “If you wanted to kiss me, you could’ve just said so.”

“I decided to kill two birds with one stone. Now, get back over here; we have some bandits to throw off.” Blake husks back, before closing the distance between their mouths again.

Yang would laugh if her mind wasn’t otherwise occupied. After a few moments pass, the bandits run by, and Yang realizes that they probably would’ve just passed by them even if they were standing in plain sight staring at them. It seems that they overestimated their intelligence. Blake pulls back after another few seconds, and glances towards the way the group ran. She smirks as she meets her partner’s eyes again. Yang smiles back mischievously, and it only takes a few seconds for them to snap and start laughing. “I...” Blake chuckles, “Wow.”

“Y’know, I’m liking your ideas more and more every day,” Yang replies, and Blake nudges her shoulder.


“So, you like me, then?”

“You know I do. But... try love.” Blake whispers back, and Yang smiles widely.
She kisses her again, and when she pulls back, she murmurs, “Wow indeed.”

“Dork.” Blake murmurs, then glances around her quickly. “We probably shouldn’t be doing this here.”

“You didn’t seem to care a few minutes ago.”

“A few minutes ago we were trying to lose the people chasing us.”

“Fair enough,” the brawler chuckles, then takes the faunus’ hand into hers again as she picks up her jacket, “Let’s get going then, before they notice they’re not chasing anyone.”

Blake laughs, allowing herself to be tugged away by her partner. “We have to talk about this.” Referring to her inadvertent ‘I love you.’ Admittedly, there’s not much to talk about, but it’s the first time either of them have said it.

“I know, and we will. When we’re at home.” Yang smiles over her shoulder, “Oh, and Blake? Don’t worry. I love you too.”
Chapter Summary

Bumbleby - Fluff
Prompt: When one stops the kiss to whisper, “I’m sorry, are you sure you-” and they answer by kissing them more

“Yes?”

“Yes, I’ll be your girlfriend.” Yang grins, but she doesn’t say anything else. After a moment, Blake presses her forehead against hers gently. Then, she whispers, “What’s going on in that beautiful head of yours?”

“I just never thought we’d be able to have this,” Yang responds, giddy as she runs her hands through Blake’s hair.

The faunus smiles back, and she blinks her previously closed eyes open, meeting the violet ones of the woman in front of her. Seeing that smile and those stunning golden orbs looking at her, Yang is overcome by a sudden urge. She presses forward, closing the distance between her and her partner. Blake lets out a little gasp against her lips, her grip on the blonde’s forearm tightening ever so slightly. She kisses back, but barely has time to register how it feels to do this kind of thing with Yang before her partner pulls back.

Yang’s gaze falls to the ground, and an intense blush blooms across her cheeks. “I-I’m sorry! I should’ve- Are you sure-”

Blake slides her hand up to Yang’s shoulder, and then curls it around the back of her neck. She shakes her head, her smile even wider than it had been before, and pulls her partner closer again. This time it’s Yang that gasps against her lips, but it doesn’t take long for her to reciprocate. Blake tilts her head, leaning even closer, so much so that Yang loses her balance and falls back against the bed she’d been sitting on the edge of. Blake falls with her, letting out a small laugh when their lips separate for the briefest of moments. As the blonde’s back hits the bed, Blake kisses her again, and Yang feels herself start to smile as she grasps at her partner’s back.

This... all of this, has been inevitable since they met. Since ‘Helloooo~’. Knowing that makes Yang start to giggle, so the faunus pulls back. Blake hovers above her, her hands now resting on the bed beside Yang’s head, and her feline ears twitch, zeroing in on the wonderful sound coming from the brawler’s mouth. She grins, “What? Why are you laughing?”

“No reason,” Yang says warmly, and Blake raises an eyebrow skeptically. Slowly, Yang starts to grin at her as she slides her hands down the faunus’ back chastely, opting to wrap her arms around her waist. “I’m just... kind of ecstatic.”

Blake hums, leaving a light kiss on Yang’s jaw, “Me too.” she says, and then there’s a smile pressing to the nape of the blonde’s neck.

“Huh,” Yang muses, as if she’d suddenly figured something out.
“Hmm?”

“Blake Belladonna’s my girlfriend.” The blonde says breathlessly, her eyes focused on Blake’s own. A blush spreads across the faunus’ cheeks, and Yang’s sure that there must be one on hers as well. “Wow... You have no idea how good it feels to say that.”

“I... think I may have some idea.” Blake smiles, “If it feels half as good as thinking that Yang Xiao Long is my girlfriend.”

Yang starts to laugh again, and Blake joins in soon after. In a world that is slowly going to hell, it’s nice to have something like this to hold onto. Somehow, love isn’t something either of them saw for themselves when they were younger, but there is nothing that they would trade it for now that they have it.
“What were you and Marrow talking about earlier?”

Blake glances up at the sudden inquiry. Yang had come into her private dorm earlier, but they hadn’t really talked much until now; both content to just bask in the other’s presence. The blonde is sitting cross-legged at the other end of the bed, her eyes focused on her prosthetic while she traces some of the lines engraved in it with her finger tips. “What?”

Yang clears her throat, a small blush spreading across her face. She meets Blake’s eyes as the faunus tilts her head to the side out of curiosity. “Marrow.” She repeats, and Blake raises an eyebrow, “I saw him pull you to the side before. I was just wondering…”

“Oh,” Blake replies quietly, “He just… wanted to see if I was settling in okay.”

“Only you?” Yang furrows her eyebrows, “Why is that his business?”

Blake shrugs, “He said that he knows how hard it can be for faunus around here. He said as long as I stick up for myself, I’ll be fine.”

“Oh,” Yang parrots, eyes falling to the bed, “I guess I never really- I’m sorry. You… know that you can talk to me if it gets to be too much for you, right? I’ll be by your side the entire time.”

Blake smiles, “I know,” she says, “And I’ll be there for you too.” Yang smiles back, blush deepening slightly as she meets the faunus’ gaze again. She stares at her partner for a moment before she catches herself. Blake is… so pretty. Inside and out. “If you don’t mind me asking,” The short-haired woman adds, “Why did it bother you? That he talked to me, I mean.”

Yang raises her hands defensively, “Wait, no- it didn’t bother me. I just… we don’t know who we can trust yet, and when I saw him pull you to the side I was worried that maybe he was trying to-”

“Oh!” Blake suddenly gasps, her smile widening. Yang’s points were all valid, don’t get her wrong, but there is just something about the way that she’s saying them. The blonde unknowingly let some of her envy slip into her tone, and that’s all it takes for Blake to realize the reason her partner truly asked. She’s jealous. Marrow had been nice to all of them, with faux reluctance but kindness nonetheless, but especially so to Blake, and of course Yang caught on to that. After all, she had been staring at Blake half of the time they were on the mission. The implications of the thought make her heart flutter. They’re treading on uncertain waters, but Blake is almost 100% sure about this. Yang takes on a look of surprise at her partner’s interruption before Blake continues with, “You’re jealous!”

Yang’s jaw drops, her blush turning furious, and it’s all the proof that Blake needs. “Wha- No! No, I-I’m not jealous, I-” she rambles, waving her hands uselessly in front of her.

What she doesn’t realize is how every little movement is just proving the fact further. Blake starts
to giggle quietly, a hand moving up to cover her mouth. Yang throws her own face into her hands with a groan, more embarrassed than she can ever remember being. After a moment, Blake whispers, “Yang, it’s okay.”

“No, it’s not!” Her partner replies, “You’re allowed to talk to whoever the hell you want, so I don’t know why I’m so-” she sighs, “I don’t know why I’m so jealous.”

Blake grins, “Well,” she hums playfully, “I can think of a few reasons why.”

“Stop!” Yang groans, causing Blake to laugh again. “This is bad enough without you teasing me too…”

“Aww, poor thing,” Blake coos, leaning forward to brush her hand against Yang’s forearm. “You can’t take a little teasing, hmm?” Her eyes having been covered, the blonde hadn’t seen the move coming. She jumps at the sudden contact, somehow hitting her back on one of the posts at the end of the bed in the process.

“Ow.” She says under her breath, then she meets Blake’s eyes, pointing at her accusingly, “Y-You can’t do that!”

“Do what?” Blake asks innocently, fully aware of how flustered she’s making her.

“Blake,” she whines, pouting at the faunus’ smirk, “You know exactly what you’re doing, don’t you?”

Blake chuckles, “Yeah,” she admits, “I just… didn’t expect it to be this easy to fluster you.”

“It usually isn’t!” Yang says exasperatedly, “There’s just- it’s different with you. Everything’s different with you.”

Blake bites her lip. From the way the conversation was going, she knew that their feelings for each other would be brought up eventually. “I know what you mean. I feel the same in regards to you.”

“You’re cute, y’know?”


Yang smiles, “You’re cute.” She repeats, “I know you probably won’t believe me, but you’re probably the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met.”

Flustered, Blake’s ears flatten against her head, and Yang almost grins at the victory. “I-I thought I was supposed to be teasing you.”

“I’m not teasing, just stating the truth. Besides,” the blonde smirks, “All is fair in love and war.”

“Wait, you **what**?”

Yang’s gaze falls to the ground as pink dusts across her cheeks. She knows she said it too fast, but she just wanted to get it out before she lost her courage. Awkwardly, she rubs the back of her neck with one hand, “I... like you. Like... a lot.”

Blake smiles. She’d guessed as much, honestly, but hearing her partner actually *say* it makes her heart flutter. Yang has been getting flustered around her a lot lately, and she’s not really sure if her partner has noticed that Blake has been doing certain things on *purpose* for that kind of reaction. Like the time she caught Yang staring at her; she already knew that the blonde liked her haircut quite a bit, but she wasn’t about to pass up an opportunity to tease her a little bit. So, no, it wouldn’t really take a genius to figure out something was there, and now Yang has finally confessed. “You like me?”

“**A lot.**” Yang repeats with a slight nod of her head, finally finding the courage to look up at her partner, and she’s pleasantly surprised to see the bright smile that’s being directed at her.

“I like you too,” Blake says, “**A lot.**”

“Oh,” Yang responds breathlessly, “That’s, uh- That’s nice to know.”

Blake quirks an eyebrow, “It’s... nice to know?”

“Um...”

Yang’s flustered *again*. She can’t help but laugh quietly at the sight. She’s learning that it really doesn’t take much to fluster the taller girl. Well, from *Blake* anyway. Yang stops trying to come up with a coherent sentence, instead choosing to smile as Blake laughs at her. She’s a little embarrassed, sure, but if it gets Blake to laugh like that, then she really doesn’t mind. “Dork,” the faunus murmurs after a while, and Yang shrugs.

“The best of us are.” Blake lets out another small chuckle with a shake of her head. Her eyes twinkle as they meet Yang’s, and the blonde feels her shoulders tense slightly. Gods, she’s nervous. What happens now? “So... does that mean-”

She cuts herself off with a breathy gasp as she feels Blake’s hand grasp at the back of her neck, pulling her closer. Violet eyes uncontrollably flicker downwards before shooting back up, Yang’s blush intensifying. “Can I kiss you?”
Not trusting herself to speak, Yang just nods in response. As Blake pushes forward to close the remaining distance between them, she faintly registers a small cheer from behind them. Any embarrassment that comes along with the fact that their teammates are probably watching them evaporates as Yang starts to kiss her back though. She finds herself unable to care at all. Especially as the brawler wraps her arms securely around the faunus’ waist as Blake brings her other hand up to cup Yang’s other cheek, framing her head between her hands. “You owe me, Schnee.” she hears Ruby whisper; and the faunus is momentarily unsure if the girl realizes that she can hear her, “I told you that my sister is too much of a mess to kiss her first.”

Blake fights the urge to smirk at that, tilting her head to the side to deepen the kiss. “Yeah, yeah, whatever. I still have a chance to win the other one.” Weiss sighs, and then there’s a brief pause. “I’m just happy that they got there at all.”

Blake concludes that, no, there’s no way that they realize she can hear them. Weiss would never admit that to their faces. “True.” Ruby says, voice sounding soft, “They deserve to be happy after everything they’ve been through.”

“Agreed.” Weiss says, her voice also edging on something akin to softness. “But... They do realize we’re still here, right?”

Ruby huffs, “I don’t think they realize that other people exist at all right now, Weiss.”

Before it gets out of hand, Weiss clears her throat loudly, and only then does Blake decide to finally pull away. She immediately meets Weiss’ eyes over Yang’s shoulder, and the ex-heiress smirks with a raised eyebrow. The faunus turns her attention back to her own partner and smiles widely as Yang whispers, “Wow.”

“Yeah,” Blake whispers, “Wow...” she lets her head fall against Yang’s shoulder. “I...I love you.”

She feels the blonde tense under her, and another excited squeal comes from Ruby. “Ha Ha! That’s two wins for me!” she says quietly to her own partner, and Blake starts to smirk again. Weiss groans. There’s only one thing that could make this moment more perfect.

“I love you too.”

And there it is.
Anonymous asked:

Fluff: You know that dance scene from Avatar the last airbender? That, but Bumblebee, and ending with a kiss. the dancing was something they practiced, the kiss was a spur of the moment thing, but neither of them mind.

“Everyone’s looking at us, Yang.”

The blonde smiles, taking her partner’s hand firmly - she cocks her head to the side, “So?”

Blake looks surprised for a moment, but then she smiles back softly. “We weren’t supposed to draw attention.”

She’s not wrong. This is a formal Atlesian event after all, but it isn’t their fault that the song drew them to the dance floor. Besides, Weiss made them practice dancing specifically for this event, so why shouldn’t they use their knowledge to the fullest? “Who cares?” Yang shrugs before pulling her into a spin that ends with her back pressed against Yang’s front; then the brawler whispers in her ear, “Don’t worry about everyone else. Just focus on me, yeah? Pretend it’s only us.”

With another turn, Blake is facing her again, a blush gracing her cheeks as she glances at the ground with a small nod. “Weiss is going to kill us,” she murmurs quietly, though she’s already falling into the easy movements with her partner.

Yang scoffs, “What’s one more reason for her to be exasperated with us?”

Blake chuckles, “Fair enough.”

The next time Yang smiles at her, Blake feels her heart stop. Yes, she’s weary about being the center of attention at a Gala full of people who are probably disgusted with her for no good reason, but hell, if it’s with Yang? She couldn’t care less about the stares she’s getting. The song that had come on is special for both of them. Why? Well, it played during their dance at Beacon. It’s … kind of their song. It brings back pleasant memories. “Well then,” Yang gives her a wide smile, “Let’s give them a show, shall we?”

“But of course,” Blake replies, “We need to give them a scandal to discuss, after all.”

Yang smirks, “I like the way you think, Belladonna.”

The faunus winks, “I know.”

The action surprises her partner enough for her to blush a deep shade of red and bite her lip, but then she shakes her head with a laugh. The song is almost over unfortunately, and Blake gets an idea. She knows Yang very well. She knows exactly what the brawler plans to do at the end of the song from that little glint in her eyes - she’s going to dip her. The faunus plans on using that to her advantage. The last few notes in the song ring out through the speaker, and Blake is proven correct as she’s abruptly pulled closer to her partner’s body. Yang’s gaze flickers down momentarily
before she pushes, dipping Blake in her arms. The faunus pretends to be shocked for a second, but she ends up laughing, her head falling back slightly.

When violet once again meets gold, Blake bites her lip. She decides to take the leap of faith that both of them have been too shy to attempt. She grabs the collar of Yang’s dress and pulls her forward, pressing her lips against hers in a somewhat shy kiss. It’s amazing though, how quickly Yang kisses back. It’s like she’s been wanting to do it herself for a very long time.

Probably because she had. Both of them have wanted it for so long- but it was never the right time. Now, though, they realize that there’s never going to be ‘a right time’ for something like this. It all comes down to what they choose to do, and when they choose to do it. They’re both done waiting. The ‘right time’ is now- and most likely for the rest of their lives.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

Imagine a dramatic battle, Yang is about to deal the final blow to the enemy, only she ends up sent flying over the edge of Atlas, Blake leaping down after her. Through the use of her semblance and Gambol shroud, she manages to save both of them, but afterwards hugs Yang and doesn’t let go, talking about how she was so scared for her, and to never do that again. and then they kiss

This is it. One last attack and Tyrian will be finished. Yang grunts, pulling her arm back as she starts to run towards him. He glances up slowly, but he’s too slow to counter attack, after this blow he’ll be-

“YANG!”

The blonde glances to her side with wide eyes at the sound of her partner’s voice, but she’s too late. A heavy weight crashes into her side and it sends her flying. The pain overwhelms her momentarily, but then her eyes are blinking open so suddenly that it takes them a moment to focus. She should have hit the ground by now. She tilts her head to look over her shoulder, and her breath catches in her throat. Fuck. No, no, no! She knew they had been close to the edge of Atlas, but not that close! She reaches out in front of her in an attempt to grasp onto the last bit of terrain but she isn’t fast enough. Her heart drops. She’s… she’s going to die. She’s going to fall hundreds of feet down to the ground below her. She lets out a yell and glances back in front of her, eyes wide with terror.

No less than a second later she sees a figure emerge over the side, jumping off the ledge after her. Blake…? Wait, no! What is she doing?!

“Blake! N-No-”

Suddenly her partner is right in front of her, wrapping an arm tightly around her waist, “I-I’m not losing you,” she says back harshly, and that’s when Yang realizes what she’s doing. Her semblance…

Blake looks back up at the edge of Atlas and then tosses gambol shroud at the terrain. The blade pierces the ground and she tugs it gently to test the grip, satisfied when it doesn’t move. Quickly, she gives the end of gambol shrouds ribbon to her partner, and says, “Do not let go.”

Yang nods, watching as Blake uses her clones to push herself backwards. She grips a higher part of the ribbon and tugs. Yang grips the ribbon tighter, allows herself to be pulled back towards land. She’s suddenly extremely thankful for the strength of the fabric. Blake propels herself upwards again, this time kneeling on the edge of Atlas, and she reaches out with her hand as Yang nears her. Yang reaches up, and she almost thinks that she won’t be close enough- that all of Blake’s efforts were in vain, but then the faunus is grasping her hand tightly and pulling her towards safety. When Yang’s other hand meets the ground, gripping for her life, she lets out a huff of exertion and relief. Blake helps her up, not stopping until Yang is laying on solid ground. “B-Brothers-” Yang gasps
out, but she’s cut off by arms wrapping tightly around her waist.

“Y-Yang-”

“Blake…” the blonde whispers back, returning the embrace.

“W-When I saw you-” she chokes out, her arms tightening, “I was so s-scared… I t-thought I lost you forever.”

“You saved me…” Yang murmurs.

Then, Blake is shaking her head, pulling back to look into Yang’s eyes. “Don’t you ever scare me like that again, Yang.

“I-” Yang’s cut off by her partner’s mouth pressing to hers, her hands cupping her jaw tightly- as if she’s making sure she’s actually there. Even though she’s surprised, Yang kisses back, holding just as tightly onto her partner.

“I’m right here,” Yang whispers against Blake’s lips, “You saved me. I’m right here.”

“I love you,” Blake says back, refusing to pull away from Yang, “I love you.”

Yang kisses her again. “I-I love you too.”
“It’ll be beneficial for us in the future.”

“Do you really plan on fighting underwater sometime soon, Rubes?” Yang chuckles, then she nudges her sister’s side with an elbow and grins, “Or did you just want to swim in the pool?”

Ruby huffs, crossing her arms defiantly, “…A little bit of both.”

“Mhm… I’m sure.” Yang replies sarcastically as she leans her arm over Ruby’s shoulders as they walk, pulling her closer to ruffle her hair.

“Hey! Yang, stop it!” Ruby yells through a laugh, clawing at her sister’s side in an attempt to push her away.

Yang lets out a final chuckle as she allows herself to be pushed away. She looks towards the path ahead of them, momentarily wondering just how long a hallway between a change room and a pool can really be. Atlas is so unnecessarily glamorous. No one needs 7 chandeliers as they walk to the door. No one. Yang’s always thought they were stupid anyway. They’re an over eccentric, pointless (figuratively, not literally- because damn, if that fell on your head, you’d be skewered), yet beautiful way to show others that you have money. The ice outside is already dangerous enough from where it hangs above your head. Hmm… ice… “This pool is indoors, right?” she wonders aloud, weary at the thought of being outside in that weather.

“Yang,” her sister scoffs, “This is Atlas,” she meets her eyes, “Of course it’s indoors.”

“Good point,” Yang muses, and as she looks ahead of them again, she realizes that they’re at the door. “Alright then. Let’s see how over the top pools are in Atlas.” she says, and then pushes against the door, taking in the sight in front of her as it opens.

“Oh, wow.” Ruby whispers from beside her, eyes sparkling as she takes in her surroundings. Much to both of their surprise, the pool isn’t actually fancy in any way. No, it’s just big. Huge.

While Ruby’s focus remains on the size of the room they’re entering, Yang’s shifts elsewhere. As she had been looking around, her eyes had fallen on Weiss where she’s standing in the pool, her arms crossed atop the edge, and shortly after; Blake, who’s sitting on one of the chairs by the pool while she talks to her teammate. She finds herself unable to look away. The faunus has a purple high neck bikini on with a loose, black, see through swimsuit cover on top. Usually, Yang is not the kind to care about one’s outward appearance, but damn is Blake beautiful. She feels a blush rush to her cheeks as a single ear twitches atop her partner’s head, swiveling towards her- and Blake’s gaze follows shortly after. As their eyes meet, Blake smiles. “-ng? Yang Oh. Of course. You’re distracted.” Ruby murmurs quietly with a roll of her eyes, “Just kiss her already.”

Yang’s mouth falls open as she glances to her side, shoving her little sister’s shoulder out of exasperation. “I- Ru- Shut up!”

“The second you two see each other, everyone else ceases to exist.” she replies matter-of-fact, then she smirks, “It’s gross.”

“I didn’t-’” Yang huffs, “We’re not-” she sighs, lowering her voice to a whisper to make sure that the faunus can’t hear her, “Look, we just haven’t been able to… we haven’t found the time to talk. About- what we are. I don’t want to move too quickly with her. She deserves to be treated right.”
Ruby’s teasing smile softens. She shakes her head lovingly, “You love her a lot, don’t you?”

Yang looks back at her partner just in time to see her run a hand through her hair as she laughs, her smile lighting up the room. “Yeah,” Yang says quietly, “I really do.”

Ruby’s smile widens. She’s never seen her sister like this before. It’s nice to see her so happy. “Y’know,” Ruby muses, “They’re probably wondering why we’re just standing here like idiots.”

“Oh,” Yang clears her throat, her blush deepening- Not that Ruby will point that out to her- “Yeah, um… let’s- uh… let’s go then.”

Silver eyes roll again as she nudges her sister forward, letting out a small chuckle in the process. Ruby rushes past Yang, and she cannonballs into the pool right beside Weiss. “Ugh! Ruby!” Weiss shouts incredulously, and Ruby would probably be laughing if she wasn’t under the water.

This time it’s Yang that rolls her eyes as she comes to a stop at her partner’s side. “I swear, Weiss is going to kill her one day.” she laughs, and Blake lets out a little giggle.

Yang looks over at the faunus as she stands, heart stopping as the fabric of the cover up slips off of one shoulder. It takes a bit longer to look away than she’d care to admit, and when she finally glances up at her partner’s face again, the short-haired woman is blushing. “Um… you look… really nice.” she says, and Yang almost explodes.

Blake is flustered! Blake never gets flustered! Yang feels a little bit of her confidence return, and she smiles. “Thanks.” she says quietly, then makes a show of looking her up and down, “You look.” Fuck it. “…Hot.”

Blake lets out a little choked gasp in response, her eyes wider than Yang can remember ever seeing them. “Oh- I... Wow, thank you.”

“Just telling the truth,” Yang smiles, but then her previous nervousness returns, “Is that- Um... was that... okay?”

“Yeah,” Blake responds before biting her lip, “It was fine. You’re fine.”

The blonde’s attention falls to her own feet. Suddenly feeling all of her confidence disappear despite Blake’s words. She wants Blake to feel comfortable. “Okay, good, I’m just-” Yang’s eyes go round as she makes a realization. She plays her partner’s words over again in her head and then meets her eyes, “Wait a minute-”

Blake smirks back at her, a mischievous pull at the ends of her lips. “Hm?” she prompts innocently, and Yang starts to blush again and- Yeah. This is how it usually ends up. Blake teasing Yang, and the blonde getting flustered far too easily.

“I have to admit,” Yang says, “That was pretty smooth, Belladonna.”

“Sometimes you just have to make something out of the opportunities that are presented to you.” the faunus chuckles.

“You two!” Ruby suddenly yells, effectively tearing the two’s attention away from each other. “Stop flirting for one second and get in the water!”

Yang’s jaw drops at the blunt statement, her cheeks turning an even deeper shade of red. “I- We’re not-”
“We kind of are.” Blake whispers from beside her.

Violet meets gold, and Blake is still sporting that smirk, but it’s a little smaller- like she’s worried that she may be overstepping. Yang’s glad that she’s not the only one. After a moment of just staring at her, Yang smiles, “You were flirting with me?”

“Were you not flirting with me?” Blake asks, raising a single eyebrow as she removes the see-through black fabric from her body, leaving her in just her swimsuit. She lays it across the chair she’d be sitting on earlier.

“Well, I-” Yang stops herself as she feels a slight shift in the ground beneath her. She frowns, glancing down quickly. Wait, is that one of - Yang doesn’t get the chance to finish her thought though, but what happens next is confirmation that, yes, that had indeed been one of Weiss’ glyphs.

Her and Blake are launched towards the pool, and Blake barely has time to grab onto Yang’s waist before they’re splashing into the water. Though they’d entered the water together, Yang breaks the surface first, pushing off the bottom of the pool to speed up her ascent. She shakes her head in an attempt to move the hair that had been clinging to her face, but when that proves fruitless, she ends up reaching up and clearing her face herself. Blake surfaces then, and she also runs a hand through her shorter hair. “I’ll get you for that, Schnee.” Yang yells in the ex-heiress’ direction, and pouts when she hears the resulting chuckle.

“Oh, how will I ever deal with the guilt?” Weiss says back sarcastically, and like wildfire, Yang is rushing towards her.

“Why, you little-” Yang stops herself when she realizes that Blake’s hand had returned to her waist, and she glances down to meet her partner’s gaze.

Blake rolls her eyes with a huff of amusement, murmuring, “We were going to get in the water eventually, anyway.”

Yang’s pout returns and Blake has to bite her lip again to keep herself from melting at the sight. “Stop.” she says quietly so that the other two don’t hear.

“Stop what?”

“Being so damn cute.” Blake tilts her head to the side slightly, “You’re killing me here.”

“Well, we can’t have that.” Yang murmurs, stepping a little closer. Her breath hitches as she realizes just what she’d done.

Blake’s eyes fall to her mouth, unaware of Yang’s inner screaming. “…Yang?”

“Yeah?”

“What are we?”

“What?”

Blake moves her thumb back and forth across the skin of Yang’s hip as she repeats, “What... are we?” she sighs, “Friends don’t usually... act... the way we do with each other.”

“I-” Yang decides to take another leap of faith, “Well, I guess it’s fitting that I don’t really consider you a friend then, isn’t it?”
When Blake’s expression falls, Yang starts to panic. Did Blake not... feel the same way? “Oh... I’m sorry, I just assumed-”

“Wait, wait, wait.” Yang says quickly, her own hand grasping the curve of the faunus’ hip, “What did you think I meant by that?”

Blake’s ears flatten against her head, “Um... I...”

“Blake,” Yang smiles, “I meant that... I consider you to be... more than that.”

All the tension fades from Blake’s shoulders, and she smiles, “Really?”

“Yeah, really.”

Blake’s hands shoot up from the water- splashing both of them slightly, but they could care less- and she cups Yang’s jaw, pulling her forward, into a kiss that’s been a long time coming. Yang immediately returns it, wrapping both of her arms around Blake’s waist, pulling her flush against her. “Finally,” Weiss says from behind Blake, and Ruby laughs as she offers her hand for a high five.

“You do realize that they’re going to be even more lovey-dovey now than they were before, right?”

... ...

“Shit.”
“Uh oh.”

“Wha-”

Yang hushes her quietly as she runs to the bunks, silently climbing up to her bed. “I was here the whole time, okay?” she whispers, and Blake raises an eyebrow.

“What did you do?” she repeats quietly, and Yang lets out a little huff of amusement.

“I feel like you’ll find out soon enough.”

As if on queue, Weiss bursts out of the bathroom- her hair still damp from her shower. Blake lolls her head to the side to look at her, fighting a smile as she sees the agitation she’s directing at the both of them. “Which one of you dolts stole my scroll?”

From the bunk above her, Yang calmly responds, “We’ve both been here for the past hour, Weiss. Are you sure you didn’t leave it around the dorm somewhere?”

“I forgot to take it out of my pocket when I went into the bathroom, so no. It was in there with me,” Weiss says, eye narrowing, “I remember placing it on the counter.”

“Well, neither of us have seen it.”

Weiss isn’t stupid. She glances at the girl in the bunk below her initial suspect. “Blake?”

Blake could sell Yang out... she could, but she won’t. “She isn’t lying.”

Weiss lets out a little “Hmph”, then glances around the room. Eventually, her eyes fall onto one of the computer desks in the far corner, furrowing her eyebrows as she spots her scroll there. She looks back at Blake and Yang suspiciously again before shaking her head and walking over to it. “I could’ve sworn...” she shakes her head, “Regardless, I’m going out. with Ru...by- Yang!” Yang bursts out laughing, and Blake is momentarily concerned that she’ll roll off of her bunk somehow. “You have absolutely no right to interfere with this!” she yells, holding up her scroll for the both of them to see. Yang had changed her wallpaper to a very poorly made edit of Ruby and Weiss.

“I’m sorry! I couldn’t help myself!” Yang responds.

“You two have been flirting and tripping over your words constantly, and I go out with your sister once and you do this?”
“You can just change it back.” Blake reminds her, not really understanding why her teammate is making such a big deal about it.

“That’s besides the point!” Weiss glares daggers at her, “And you, Belladonna! I’m disappointed in you. I know you’re in love with her, but now you’re going along with her antics?”

“Um... I-”

“I know this isn’t a big deal,” Weiss adds, “But you two have been pissing me off with your obliviousness. You need to heed your own call.” she clears her throat, “I’m leaving now. Talk.” Weiss pauses, thinking for a moment before squinting her eyes shut and shaking her head with a little disgusted smile, walking towards the door, “Or don’t. Just... Just figure it out.”

Weiss slams the dorm’s door behind her, leaving two very flustered teammates behind. “Uh...” Yang says awkwardly after a moment, “She really just said that.”

“She did.” They’re both silent for a moment before Yang starts to laugh, and Blake joins in shortly after. “You just got me in trouble, Xiao Long.”

“Consider it payback,” Yang replies, “For all the times at Beacon.”

“You’re the one who decided to cut class with me.”

“Because I was worried about you! I didn’t want you to feel alone.”

Blake smiles, “...You’re sweet, but you didn’t need to get in trouble for me.”

“Well,” Yang lays on her stomach, leaning her head over the side of the bed with a dorky smile, “I hadn’t known that petty theft was on the agenda.”

Blake bites lip, glancing away out of embarrassment, “Once. That happened once, Yang.” she says in her defense, “Besides, I could say that it’s your fault for being friends with a delinquent.”

“For what it’s worth, becoming that delinquent’s friend was the best decision I ever made.”

Blake rolls her eyes, “We were partners. We had to work well together.”

“Yeah. We had to work well together. We didn’t need to go out for drinks or dinner those times. I didn’t need to convince you to go to that dance. I did those things because I was your friend.”

“Friend.”

“Um... yeah?”

“You said you were my friend,” Blake clarifies, “But you were always more than that. Even back then.”

Yang stares at her for a moment, then quietly says, “We’re talking about this, aren’t we?”

“Do you... not want to talk about it? I mean, we kind of need to at some point.”

Blake watches as Yang pulls her head out of her view, but she doesn’t need to wait long to see her legs swing over the side. Yang hops down to the ground before turning to meet golden eyes, smiling as she sits at the other end of Blake’s bed nervously. “So... we’ve obviously been a little eccentric lately.”
“We have,” Blake agrees, “Look, I... I’ve never... felt like this before, Yang. I’m almost 100% sure that I’m- that I’m in love with you, but I don’t want to be wrong and hurt you.”

Yang’s heart flutters. Honestly she’d figured as much. She reaches across the space between them, taking her hand gently, “I’ve never felt like this either, but the way I’m thinking about it is... Blake,” she says softly, “Being here... right now, with me... like this. Does it feel right?”

Blake dips her head, running her thumb gently across the back of Yang’s hand. After another moment, she meets Yang’s eyes again and whispers, “I don’t think anything about you could feel wrong, Yang.”

The blonde’s eyes widen out of surprise, breath hitching in her throat. “I feel the same way,” Yang murmurs, “I’m willing to- to try. If you think that’s something you’d want...”

The faunus smiles slowly, and when she starts to nod, Yang’s heart soars. “I think... I’d really like that.”

“So, we’re- um...”

“Yeah...”

They stare for a moment before breaking out into nervous laughter. “I swear, only you can make me this nervous.” Yang says with a shake of her head.

“The feeling is mutual, trust me,” Blake grins.

“On a scale of one to ten,” Yang smirks, “How done do you think Weiss is going to be with us?”

“Well, if her last reaction means anything,” Blake hums, “I don’t think your scale will be big enough.”
Weiss ducks under the long-sword that was haphazardly swung at her. She lets out a grunt as she steps back, frowning at the fighter in front of her. “Y’know,” she yells, “It would be nice, if one of you actually helped me!”

“We’re all kind of occupied, princess.” Yang calls back, and Weiss spares her an agitated glance to confirm that, yes, she, Blake, and Ruby are rather occupied.

She turns back to the man she’s fighting just in time to duck away from another blow. She scowls at him and he smirks. “What? Are you in over your head?” he teases slyly, and Weiss merely scoffs. “Puh-lease.” she swipes at him with myrtenaster, and he’s not even remotely fast enough to get completely out of the way, causing her weapon to cut a gash into his arm. As he lets out a cry of pain, Weiss adds, “You’re the only one who’s in over your head.” She channels her semblance and forms a glyph at his feet, using it to hold him above the ground. He flails about for a moment, losing his own weapon in the process. Weiss takes a few steps closer, and she has to try really hard to keep a level expression on her face when regret flashes in his eyes. The group of men had engaged them after all; RWBY and friends didn’t want any trouble. She ends up letting a fraction of stoicism go, and lets a smirk form on her face. “We told you that we didn’t want any altercations, sir.”

“You’re in our territory!”

“Yes, we are.” Weiss replies evenly, “But we have official business here,” she leans a little closer, looking him right in the eye, “How about you ask your boss, hmm?”

His eyebrows furrow momentarily before his eyes go comically wide, “I-” he waves his hands in front of him, “No- I- I’m sorry, ma’am! We didn’t-”

Weiss sees a flash of movement behind him, and starts to smile, “Don’t apologize to me.” she grins, “You’re in her hands now.”

His face falls and he looks behind him, but a whip wraps around his torso and shocks him, knocking him unconscious. “Boys! Stand down.” A voice yells, and all of the fighters immediately step back. Weiss looks towards the source of the voice, and sees Ilia slowly letting her camouflage fade. Weiss’ breath catches in her throat as she takes in the tux her girlfriend is wearing- she had no idea that Ilia was going to be wearing formal wear. The faunus glares at the group of men, then shakes her head, “Do none of you listen to instructions anymore? I specifically said not to attack the group wandering into our territory.”

Ilia glances over at Weiss and smiles, giving her a little wink. Weiss crosses her arms and walks towards her. “It was nice of you to finally show up.”
“I’m glad I showed up when I did,” Ilia smirks, and looks Weiss up and down, “I know he was one of my men, but watching you knock him down a few pegs?” she meets her eyes again, “That was kind of hot.”

Weiss rolls her eyes, “Oh, shut up.” she smiles, “Let’s focus on the task at hand, shall we?”

“Ugh, fine.” she leans forward to press a light kiss to Weiss’ lips, and then her expression turns serious, “What can I help all of you with?”
“Come here.”

“Why?”

“Yang,” Blake says seriously.

Yang’s shoulders fall in defeat, and she walks over to sit on the edge of Blake’s bed. She meets the faunus’ eyes, feeling small under her penetrating gaze. “Look, I’m sorry.”

Blake stares at her for another moment before letting out a tired sigh, and looking away- her crossed arms falling to her side. “You need to be more careful.” she says quietly.

“I’m fine, though,” Yang replies, trying to make herself sound extra chipper- Blake doesn’t fall for it. She isn’t even sure why she thought she would.

“Fine?” Blake questions, raising an eyebrows as she meets violet once again, “Yang, if you were fine, you wouldn’t have winced when I put my arm around you.”

“You just... surprised me.” she shrugs.

Her partner immediately scowls, “I know the difference between surprise and pain, Yang- trust me.”

Yang frowns. The way Blake worded that... “Blake-”

“Take off your shirt.”

Violet eyes widen, “Wha-” she lets out a small laugh, ignoring the small spike of pain that the action causes, “Whoa, easy there, moonlight- you haven’t even bought me dinner yet.”

Blake tries to ignore the comment, but ends up blushing anyway as she chides, “Yang.” Yang’s smile falls, and when Blake tilts her head to show her seriousness, she complies to the request. As her shirt hits the mattress behind her, her breath catches in her throat. She’d admittedly thought about being shirtless in front of her partner before, but this isn’t quite how she’d pictured it going down. Blake’s eyes widen, and she steps closer, kneeling on the ground in front of her. She reaches forward and brushes the skin beside the long- but not too deep- gash across Yang’s torso. The brawler flinches, and amber eyes meet hers again. “You’re fine?”

“My aura will heal it up in no time.”

“How hasn’t it already?” Blake points out questioningly, and Yang’s gaze drops to the floor beside her partner- knowing where she’s going with this already. “You’re pushing yourself too hard. You’re exhausted.”
“I’m not.” Yang tries to argue, though her fatigue is very prominent, and she’s actively losing the fight to keep her eyes open, “Blake, you don’t need to worry about me.”

“I can’t not worry about you,” Blake replies, “Especially not when you do shit like this.”

“Do my job?”

“Yang,” the faunus says evenly, “Your ‘job’, is to fight grimm and keep people- keep yourself safe. It’s not your job to neglect yourself.”

“Weiss and Ruby would’ve-”

“Handled it.” Blake cuts her off, “We can protect ourselves, you know? You don’t need to jump in for us all the time. You need to think of your own health, too.”

“I do think about my own health,” Yang sighs, “I just don’t want the people I love getting hurt.”

“I understand that.” Blake says softly, hand raising to cup Yang’s cheek, “And it’s one of the things I love about you- but your selflessness needs to have its limits too. Which is why I keep saying that you need to be more careful.”

“...I know.” Yang finally relents, “I just... want you all to be safe.”

“And we will be,” Blake smiles, running her thumb across her girlfriend’s cheek, “But we want you safe too, okay?”

Yang takes a deep breath, but then smiles back. “Okay.”

“Good,” Blake says, then presses a light kiss to her cheek, “I love you, baby. I don’t want you getting hurt again.”

“I make no promises.” Yang murmurs, and Blake rolls her eyes.

“Well, in our line of work, it would’ve been impossible to keep, so I guess I can’t fault you there. Just-”

“-Try to be more careful, yeah, yeah.” Yang fills in, then smiles, “I promise to try.”

“Thank you.” Blake presses another kiss to her lips, “That’s all I ask.”
“Ruby, you’re going to make a mess.”

“We’re already making a mess, are we not?”

“More of a mess, then.” Weiss sighs, glancing over at her partner- watching as she pours flour into a mixing bowl. The ex-heiress winces when some of it lands on the counter. “I wouldn’t have agreed to help you if I knew how much of a disaster it would be.”

“Lighten up a little,” Ruby grins, “You can’t be sad when you’re making cookies!”

Weiss ignores her, looking into the bowl and seeing an excessive amount of flour. “Did you even measure that? Like, at all?”

“I was pouring for like six seconds.” Ruby shrugs.

“Ruby, that’s not-” she rolls her eyes- in all honesty, she should have expected this, “I guess we’re doubling the recipe, then.”

Ruby giggles, and the sound causes Weiss to finally break and let an exasperated smile show on her face. “So, what else do we need?”

“Um...” Weiss glances at the recipe, “Get the vanilla, 2 eggs, some baking soda... butter, sugar, salt, and brown sugar.” she meets her partner’s eyes, “Please, make separate trips.”

“On it,” Ruby replies with a nod of her head, racing to the other side of the room to grab said ingredients from the cabinet and fridge. Her partner rolls her eyes again as she notes that the girl had ignored the last part of her statement, and currently has everything balancing in her arms. On her way back, Ruby undoes the cap of the vanilla to make it easier for Weiss. The white-haired woman turns towards her, and rests one hand against the counter, and the other on the curve of her waist. Ruby’s cute when she’s focused, she thinks with a genuine smile. She has her tongue sticking out just slightly, and her eyebrows are furrowed. “Got ‘em!” she says triumphantly.

Right after the words leave her mouth, her foot slips on some of the flour that she must’ve dropped. Her eyes widen as she starts to fall forward, and she tightens her embrace on the things in her arms so that they don’t fall. Her eyes close as she braces for impact with the floor. Weiss’ eyes also go round as she realizes what’s happening, and she reaches out to grab Ruby by her shoulders to steady her. Unfortunately, all actions have a consequence of some sort. The vanilla that Ruby had opened to be helpful spills all over Weiss’ shirt- but hey, Ruby doesn’t fall, so... yay? Ruby opens her eyes and immediately gasps as she sees the ex-heiress’ shirt. She meets ice-blue eyes, but immediately looks away. She rapidly places everything on the counter and then turns back to her, “I am so sorry!”

Weiss merely sighs, “I told you it wasn’t a good idea to do that.”
“I thought I could pull it off!” Ruby panics, and Weiss smiles softly.

“Ruby, it’s fine. Don’t wor-”

“That’s your favourite shirt, isn’t it?” Ruby asks, and Weiss glances down at herself. It is, but she can always just wash it- “Gods, I should have listened to you, I’m sorry!”

“Ruby-”

“Take off your shirt!” she says in a rush- not really thinking her words over beforehand, “I’ll go wash it! And I’ll- I’ll get you a new one and then leave you alone.”

Weiss rests her hand on Ruby’s shoulder again, “Ruby, look at me.” when she does, Weiss continues, “It’s really not a big deal.”

“But, your shirt...”

“We can wash it when we’re done, okay? Vanilla doesn’t stain too badly.”

Ruby searches her eyes for a moment to make sure she isn’t lying, and then asks, “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” the Schnee nods, “You’re sweet, really. But my shirt will be fine.”

“You’re not mad?”

“No, I’m not.” Weiss assures her, then turns back to the bowl of flour. “I expected something like this to happen, anyway.”

“You did?”

“No offense,” Weiss chuckles, “You’re just really messy.”

“Yeah, uh...” Ruby rubs at the back of her neck out of embarrassment, “I guess I am. I’m still sorry.”

“And it’s still fine.” Weiss replies with a smile, “Let’s just keep baking, alright? These cookies are supposed to be done in like an hour.”
“Yang?”

The blonde turns towards the sound of her partner’s voice, and her jaw drops immediately after seeing her. The faunus is standing at the door in a dark grey tux with a purple dress shirt underneath it. Blake smiles at her reaction, but doesn’t say anything else. It’s then that Yang really realizes that she’s staring. “Wow… Sorry, I just…” she allows violet to meet gold, “You look amazing.”

Blake blushes, finally stepping out of the dorm. She takes in Yang’s outfit, a black tux with a yellow dress shirt and grins, “It seems that we had the same idea, hmm?” she jokes, “You look pretty fine, yourself.”

“Thank you,” Yang smiles, then her face falls slightly, “Shall we get this to-be shitshow over with?”

“I guess we shall.” Blake shrugs. None of them are looking forward to the night ahead of them.

And as they go through the evening, they realize that they were right to feel that way. The venue is about as fancy as they expected, and after Harriet gave them a few ‘instructions’, and they freed Weiss from the conversation with her brother, they were free to do pretty much whatever they wanted on their own. Yang and Blake- unsurprisingly- wandered off on their own. In an effort to make the faunus laugh, the blonde had swiped two glasses of wine from a server a lot more dramatically than she needed to and then winked at him as he looked at her in shock. The chuckle she received from Blake had been exactly what she was going for, and she had grinned in triumph, as she handed the glass to her. “I didn’t know that you drink.” Blake had said after taking a small sip of the drink in her glass.

“I don’t.” Yang shrugged, “Not really. I’ve only had alcohol a few times. But, it was enough to know that drunk Yang is a dumb ass that doesn’t need to show her face again.”

“There’s… definitely a story there.” the faunus replied, as she raised a singular eyebrow.

“For another time,” Yang bowed her head, “I want you to keep liking me for a while longer.”

“Oh, come on,” Blake had chuckled, “I’m sure it wasn’t that bad.”

“It’s the kind of story that you want to shove into a safe and toss said safe into the middle of the ocean so no one will find it for a very long time.”

“Well, what do you say we forget about it then? And everything else for that matter?” Blake had said, and then downed her entire glass, and reached a hand out to her partner. Yang- who was very aware that she’d choke if she tried what Blake just did- opted to put her glass down on the table,
and then took her hand with a smile. “Why don't we see who’s better at ballroom dancing, Xiao Long?”

“First of all, that was kind of hot.” Yang says without thinking, but she doesn’t miss the way the faunus’ lips quirk upwards, “Second, you’re so on.”

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“It could’ve gone worse.” Yang shrugs halfheartedly as she and Blake enter their dorm, and she shrugs off her jacket, tossing it onto her bed.

Weiss sighs from her own bed before murmuring, “I suppose.”

“Well, she’s not really wrong,” Ruby adds, pulling out the covers of her bed, having already changed into her pajamas a few minutes ago, “Nothing’s quite set in stone for the General, which isn’t really good… but we’re close to finding out who’s killing the people down in Mantle. If we can figure that out before any further development is made in usurping Ironwood—"

“If we can.” Weiss repeats, “Can we just admit that things aren’t going as swimmingly as we thought they would?”

“We knew it would be hard.” Blake points out, “Everything has been getting rougher for us. It’s not even a surprise when the difficulty exceeds what we expected anymore.”

Everyone’s silent for a few seconds, but then Yang is gritting her teeth and saying, “I’m going to go change.”

Blake watches her grab her sleepwear from the dresser and then walk into the bathroom. The faunus glances back at her teammates for a moment, seeing that they’re both lying on their respective beds staring at the ceiling in thought. She looks back at the door to the bathroom, eyebrows furrowing. Coming to a decision, she grabs her own clothes and follows in her partner’s footsteps. She pauses at the door for a second, and then knocks gently. “You can come in.” Yang says, muffled by the wood between them, so Blake slips into the room with her.

Yang looks up at her from where she sits on the edge of the bathtub, lips pressed firmly together. She had undone the first few buttons on her shirt, but other than that, the blonde hasn’t made any move to change out of her clothes- proving that the faunus had been right in thinking that she’d only come in here to think. “Are you…” she shakes her head. ‘Are you okay?’ is probably the stupidest question she could ask right now, “You should probably get changed, Yang. It’s late.”

“What if one of us dies?” Yang says suddenly into the cool air, finally voicing what they’d all been thinking for the past few days.

“I…” Blake hesitates, then moves to lean against the counter in front of Yang. “We don’t know what’s going to happen, Yang. All we can do is just… hope it doesn’t end like that, I guess.”

“Sometimes hope isn’t enough.” Yang says, pinching the bridge of her nose, then she meets her eyes, “But I just… I don’t want any of us to die, Blake.”

“None of us want that, Yang.” she replies, “But sometimes we can’t control it.”

Yang lets out a mirthless chuckle, “Control.” she huffs, “None of us have any of that. Any inkling of control we may have had was taken from us a long time ago.”

Blake’s gaze falls to the ground. Quietly, she counters, “I think we have control over some things.”
“Yeah?” the blonde inquires, genuinely curious, “Like what?”

Blake meets her eyes, “Yang,” the blonde raises an eyebrow, prompting her to continue, “Can I kiss you?”

Yang’s mouth falls open, eyes widening more than Blake even knew they could. “Wha...what?”

“This,” Blake whispers, pointing between the two of them, “Is something we can control- together. Without Salem, without anyone else’s input. This is for us, and us only. We’ve been in between friends and more than that for a while now, and you know it. I know what I want. You know what you want. I’m choosing to ask this for me, and you can answer it for you. Yang Xiao Long.” she takes Yang’s hand, “Can I kiss you?”

“Yes.” Yang responds with barely any hesitation, “Please.”

Blake smiles as her partner stands, and she reaches out to cup Yang’s cheeks in her hands. Right before she closes the distance, she whispers, “This is us, Yang. We control this.” The brawler nods, and that’s all it takes for Blake to finally lean forward and press her lips to hers for the first time. The initial kiss is soft, both of their hearts fluttering at the fact that yes, this is actually happening. They actually made it here. Yang wraps her arms around Blake’s waist, smiling against her lips. Blake pulls back for a moment, taking in the look in her partner’s eye, and then she lets out a little giggle. “We should probably be getting changed, you know.” she says, “Ruby and Weiss are still in the other room.”

“I know.” Yang smiles, “I just really didn’t expect this to happen. After all the chaos we’ve been though during the past few days, I...I’m still trying to convince myself that this is real.”

Blake blushes, dipping her head before trailing her hands down to the top button on Yang’s shirt. “Me too.” she bites her lip, “Let’s... um... take your shirt off, shall we?”

Yang starts to grin, “Oh, you’re helping me with it, are you?”

“If that’s okay?” Blake asks seriously, and Yang nods.

“Of course it’s okay,” she hums, “As long as you let me help with yours.”

Blake rolls her eyes, finally undoing the final button, “I’d like to see you try.” she says jokingly before taking a step back with a little chuckle.

Yang follows after her with a grin, swiping her arms out to wrap Blake in a hug- but her arms close over nothing. Her eyes widen in surprise and she looks down at her hands for a moment before realizing exactly what happened. She turns around, and sure enough Blake is standing there undoing her shirt, looking at Yang with a smile over her shoulder.

“Oh, you-” this time when Yang lunges, Blake stays where she is, letting out a small laugh as her arms wrap around her. The faunus lets her undo the last button for her- lets her turn her in her arms and slide the fabric off her shoulders. It’s intimate, but there’s no sexual undertones. They’re basking in the trust they share- that’s all this is. Yang glances down at the scar on the bottom of Blake’s torso, runs a thumb across it gently as she meets Blake’s eyes again. Blake raises her hand to cup Yang’s cheek lovingly, but something catches the blonde’s eyes as she does. Her eyebrows furrow, and she gently pulls Blake’s wrist away from her face, eyes locking on the bare skin there.

“Blake...” Yang says deeply, eyes trained on the small scars littered across the inside of her wrist. “Are... are these...”
Blake sucks in a deep breath, realizing what had caught her partner’s eyes. “You... you weren’t supposed to see those.” she says quietly, voice strained.

“When did you-” Yang starts to panic, “How did I never notice-”

“Yang,” Blake whispers to calm her down, willing the blonde to meet her eyes again, “They’re not recent. Well... not really. After Beacon... I... it was hard for me, and I didn’t know what to do. I pinned everything that happened on myself, and I just couldn’t bare the weight on my shoulders.” she sighs, “I haven’t done it since then; I swear.”

Tears prick at the corners of Yang’s eyes. The thought that Blake had thought so badly about herself to the point where she cut herself was devastating. She knew that Blake had a rough time after everything at Beacon, but she never knew that it got that bad. “It... Blake, none of that was your fault.”

“I realize that now,” Blake assures her, “It was a dark chapter that I worked through, and overcame. There are still times when I consider...” she shakes her head, “I’m past it. I won’t do it again.”

“If you ever feel like that, please come talk to me.” Yang says desperately, “Blake, if anything ever happened to you-”

“Nothing bad will happen to me by my own hands,” Blake responds, “I swear, I’m over it.”

“Promise me, Blake. That you’ll talk to me if you feel that way. Please.”

“I-” Blake searches her eyes. It’s still astounding that someone can care about her this much, “I promise, Yang. I promise.”

“Thank you,” Yang whispers, leaning her forehead against hers, “Because you’re amazing. I know you don’t see it, but you’re beautiful, powerful- you’re just... you mean absolutely everything to me.”

“I love you.” Blake whispers, and Yang kisses her.

“I love you too.”
Saved (Bumbleby)

Chapter Summary

Dialogue Prompt: "I know it hurts."

“…Blake?” a rough voice whispers into the quiet hospital room, and the faunus almost jumps out of her seat at the side of Yang’s bed.

Her eyes fall onto her wife, letting out a sigh of relief as she sees violet eyes staring back at her. “Yang.” she whispers back with a smile.

The blonde smiles back, but then breaks eye contact to look around the room. Blake watches as her face starts to fall, confusion replacing her happiness from moments before. “Blake, where…?”

“We’re at the hospital.” the faunus finally tells her.

“What?” Yang almost yells, sitting up quickly- other than an admittedly pounding headache, she feels fine. “What the hell happened?”

Blake’s gaze falls to her lap. “You… almost drowned.”

“I… almost…?” she pauses as the memory comes back to her.

Her and Blake had been walking along the beach together- just a peaceful night out for their anniversary as Ruby and Weiss watched their kids. It had been relaxing, to just be alone with one another for the first time in a while. Out of seemingly nowhere though, there had been a sharp sound, too far away for her to really comprehend the source, but she remembers Blake’s ears suddenly standing on attention, a frown settling on her lips before she grabbed Yang’s hand and started running towards where it probably came from. “What was that?” she had asked, and Blake looked her right in the eyes and said, “A scream.”

A child had fallen into the water- and the scream had been from her mother. Her and Blake both jumped in to help, and Yang must have hit her head, because the next thing she remembers is a brief moment where she’d woken up on the beach. She recalls lolling her head to the side to see Blake kneeling over a little girl, holding her hand tightly as the girl cried. There was a small gash across the girl’s forehead, and she remembers Blake reaching up to brush hair away from it before soothingly muttering, “It’s okay. Everything will be okay. Help is on the way, alright?” and as the girl kept crying, Blake said, “I know it hurts right now, but you’ll be okay.”

Yang’s eyes meet Blake’s. “Is she alright?”

Blake smiles, “Yes. Because of you.”

Yang lets out a sigh of relief, shoulders sagging as she relaxes against her bed. “Good.”

“That was very brave of you, you know?” Blake says quietly, reaching forward to take Yang’s hand into her own.

“You jumped in too.” Yang replies, and Blake shakes her head.
“Yes, I did. But after you. You saved her life.”

“And you saved mine.”

Blake’s eyebrows raise in surprise, “What? I didn’t-”

“I remember getting knocked out. There’s no way that little girl could’ve saved me, so it must’ve been you.”

“I…” she looks away, “Yeah, it was me. But that was-”

“Blake, whether you think so or not, you saved my life.”

“You know I would do anything to keep you safe.” Blake says with a shrug, “We said we’d protect each other.”

“Yeah, we did.” Yang smiles, then tugs lightly on her hand. The faunus looks up at her again, confused. When Yang tugs again, she seems to get it though, letting herself be pulled her out of the chair and forward into a short kiss. “I love you.”

Blake’s about to respond- say the same back to her partner- but then there’s a knock on the door. Blake sits back down right as it opens gently, revealing the little girl that they’d saved and shortly after, her mother. “Isabelle.” Blake says softly, and the little girl smiles before running towards her and jumping into her lap. “Whoa,” Blake laughs, wrapping her arms around the young faunus’ waist gently so she doesn’t fall. “How are you feeling, little one?”

“I’m great!” she says excitedly, “Thank you so much, Miss!” and then she turns to Yang, smile widening even more, “And you too! You saved me!”

The blonde grins, “I’m just glad you’re okay, kiddo.”

The brown haired sheep faunus in Blake’s lap smiles back, and it looks like she’s about to say something before her mother suddenly intervenes, “Thank you two so much.”

Blake and Yang both glance up at her with small smiles. “It’s really no problem, ma’am,” Yang replies, waving her off, “We’re huntresses. Helping people is what we do.”

“Still.” the woman insists, “Let me do something for you.”

“That really isn’t necessary,” Blake says, “We’re just glad your daughter is okay.”

“Please, let me buy you two dinner or something. I can’t swim so I wasn’t able-” she shakes her head, “If you two didn’t run in when you did, I probably would have lost her. Let me repay you somehow.”

Yang glances at her partner, and shrugs when she sees the question in her eyes. There will be no convincing this woman otherwise. “Just seeing that your daughter is okay is payment enough for us.” she says, “But I think we can compromise.” she takes out her scroll, quickly opens her contacts, and extends it towards her, “We have a daughter who’s around Isabelle’s age. How about you give me your number, and we can let them play together one day?”

“Oh, that would be wonderful!” the woman smiles, stepping forward to take the scroll that’s being offered to her so she can input her number. “We can also take them out for ice cream, if that’s okay? My treat.”
Blake sighs, “That would be lovely.”
“Yang, please.” Blake pleads, staring at the blonde’s back. When Yang doesn’t respond, the tears that had threatened to fall finally escape. The faunus knows she messed up when she left, but she can’t make up for it if Yang won’t even talk to her. “Yell, scream, cry, please! Just say something. Anything!”

Slowly, Yang turns around, and when she meets her partner’s eyes, the crimson in her gaze fades away. Blake looks like she’s about to explode, like she’s really at her wit’s end, so lost on what to do that it’s killing her. Yang suddenly feels the pit of her stomach clench—she wants to forgive her. She does. But people leaving scars Yang like nothing else—makes her lose all of her trust, makes her rebuild every single wall she’d ever knocked down. Despite that, she’d never been mad at Blake. Upset, obviously, disappointed maybe, but never mad. As much as it hurts to admit, she just doesn’t trust her anymore. She let her walls down around Blake before, and then she left—broke something deep within the brawler that she hadn’t even realized she let Blake into.

Her heart.

Yang was in love with Blake without even realizing it. Despite everything, she still is. Which is why it hurts so much to have her standing right in front of her, but have part of her mind be unwilling to let her take another step closer. She wants to trust her. Wants to be there for her. For Blake to be there for her; but right now she’s not even sure if that’s possible. Even just looking into her eyes is too much, so Yang looks away, locks her eyes on the door across the room. “I…” she starts, and then clears her throat. What did she even want to say? What could she even say? She hears Blake’s breath catch in her throat, can hear the cries she’s trying to suppress. It hurts a lot more than it probably should. Yang lets out a shaky sigh, “I’m just tired, Blake.” she murmurs, “Tired of having people leave on me.”

“I’m sorry.” Blake says back, voice pained, “I keep telling you that, but—”

“But you’re not doing anything to prove it.” Yang immediately fires back, and Blake’s shoulders fall.

“Me?” she whispers, “I’m not doing anything?” Blake scowls at her, and Yang’s momentarily taken aback, “Open your eyes, Yang! I keep trying to talk to you, to show you that I’m here and staying for good but you keep shutting me out!”

“Can you blame me?” Yang replies incredulously, “I can’t just automatically trust you again, Blake! Did you expect to just walk back into our lives without a care in the world? Because newsflash, Belladonna, it doesn’t work like that.”

“I knew it would be hard to get your trust back, but at least I’m trying. You can’t even look me in the eyes without flaring up at me!”
“Because you left! Without even saying anything!”

“If I said something, you would have tried to get me to stay!”

“Would that have been so bad?” Yang says, expression falling, hand gripping the bedpost a little tighter. “Am I really such a chore that staying would have-”

“You’re not a chore!” Blake says back incredulously, “It’s not that I didn’t want to be with you, I-”

“Stop.” Yang murmurs, “I don’t need another tired excuse. The one in that barn was more than enough.”

“Tired… excuse?” Blake clarifies, “You’re telling me that you think I was lying? That I didn’t want to protect you?”

“I don’t need your protection!” Yang seethes, eyes clouding red again, “I’m not a scared little girl who cowers away from everything!” Blake shrinks back, and Yang starts to wish she hadn’t made the choice to look at her, because seeing the faunus hurt from her words is probably the worst thing she’s ever seen. Regret seeps into her blood, cools it from it’s boiling state- allowing her to finally see clearly. “Blake, I-”

“Is that all you think of me? After everything?” Blake asks, voice shaking, “That I’m a scared little girl who needs protection?”

“No, I-” Blake looks away from her as Yang pauses, “That came out wrong. That’s not-”

“What did you mean to say?” Blake asks, and when the room falls silent, she lets out a mirthless chuckle, “That’s what I thought,” she sighs, walking towards the door before glancing over her shoulder, “You meant what you said.” she looks away again, “You just didn’t mean to actually say it.”

“Blake, I’m sorry-”

“Yeah, me too. Most of all, because you’re right.” she grabs the handle of the door, letting a small snuffle escape her before opening it and whispering, “I’ll... I’ll be in my room if you need me.”

With that, she closes the door gently behind her, leaving a crestfallen Yang standing in the middle of her room, somehow feeling more broken than she did before.
“Ever since all of Remnant found out about Salem, it’s…” Ilia sighs, “It’s been a little hectic here.”

“Trust me,” Weiss says uneasily, recalling the onslaught of grimm they had to power through back in Mantle, “I can imagine.”

“Which, in part, is why I’m agreeing to help you all.” Ilia adds, an unsettled frown pulling at her lips. “Everyone else gave up before they even started, but you are actually trying to do something.”

Weiss shrugs, “Well… someone has to do something.”

It’s silent in Ilia’s room for a few minutes before, “…Weiss?”

“Mhm?”

“What is your plan? I mean… she’s pretty much invincible, isn’t she?”

Weiss’ gaze drops to her feet, “Um…” she hesitates, “We don’t know.”

“You don’t…?”

“How can we plan for a fight against an immortal being? We’re honestly at a loss. I don’t know…” the ex-heiress explains.

Ilia’s eyes slowly widen, her mouth falling open, “You’re… you think you’re not going to make it, don’t you?”

“I don’t know what else to think, Ilia.” Weiss murmurs sadly, leaning closer to her girlfriend’s side, her head falling to her shoulder, “Our odds aren’t really the best.”

“You can’t just give up before you even try.” Ilia says urgently, shifting away from Weiss so that she can sit in front of her on the bed instead, grasping both of her hands tightly in hers, “Come on,” she shakes her head, “The Weiss I knew would never give up so easily.”

“The Weiss you knew wasn’t as wise to the world as she is now.”

“Wise to the world?” Ilia presses, “Or numb to it?”

Weiss furrows her eyebrows, “What?”

“I know that you’ve faced seemingly impossible odds before, sweetheart. And you managed to overcome it then. What’s so different about this?”

Weiss sighs, “Look, Ilia. I know you’re trying to be supportive, but-”
“Gods, you’re as stubborn as Blake,” Ilia groans, “Weiss, I know that it’s easier to think about the negatives. You know that my whole life I’ve struggled. I did some terrible things, had some terrible things happen to me- but I never let myself stop thinking positively. When I found out my parents died, I used to my sadness to propel myself forward, to start sticking up for what I believe in. You can’t let the bad things take over your life, Weiss. Or you’ll have no life at all.” Weiss’ face falls as she stares at the woman in front of her, unable to respond. She knows that Ilia is right, but it doesn’t make it any easier to do. “I know it’s hard, I really do. But at least you’re not facing this alone, right? You have your team, Team JNOR, and me. We’re all here to support each other. You can’t just numb yourself to everything around you and hope it will be okay, because it won’t. It’ll only get harder and harder. You have to let yourself feel some happy things every once in a while.”

“I can’t even think of any happy things, anymore, Ilia.”

“Well, I can,” the faunus smiles, “Us. This makes me happy. It used to make you happy too, and I hope that’s still true.”

Weiss’ eyes widen, “It is.” she clears her throat, “It does. Make me happy, I mean. You make me happy.”

“Good,” Ilia smirks, “What could I do right now to make you forget about everything else for a bit?”

Weiss meets her eyes, her back suddenly feeling uncomfortable against the headboard behind her. Her eyes drift lower, stopping on the buttons of the button-up shirt underneath Ilia’s tux. She lets out a small breath, and meets her girlfriend’s eyes again. Ilia’s smiling at her, probably already miles ahead in her mind- Weiss smiles back. She grabs at Ilia’s collar, and then whispers, “Take off your shirt.”
“Where are they?” Ruby asks quizzically, eyes scanning the empty dorm room.

“Who?” Nora asks from outside, before popping her head in and meeting her younger friend’s eyes.

“Blake and my sister.”

“Oh,” Nora walks into the room, taking a quick look around herself before murmuring, “Weren’t they out on a date?”

Ruby looks up at her, eyebrows furrowing, “No, they were out with-” she hesitates for a moment, and then rolls her eyes, “Yeah, I guess so.”

“You noticed too, huh?” Nora chuckles, wrapping her arm around Ruby’s shoulders in a side hug.

“I think everyone has noticed.”

Nora’s gaze drops to the floor, her smile falling as well, “Not everyone,” she whispers, and Ruby sighs.

Deciding to refocus their attention on the task at hand, Ruby says, “Weiss told me that they were back. I... don’t know where else they would be.” Ruby glances back at Nora, and is taken somewhat aback when she sees the smirk adorning her friend’s face. “...What?”

“Weiss said she saw them come back...” Nora tilts her head towards the bathroom door, “Annndddd- the bathroom light is mysteriously on.”

Ruby lets out a sigh of relief. She berates herself for not thinking of that sooner but then realizes... why would she? Why would they be in there together...? Just as that thought passes through her mind, the lock on the bathroom door clicks open, and out steps her sister in only her bra and Atlas track pants with a laugh. Ruby immediately blushes beet red. Yang isn’t facing her, probably hasn’t realized that the two of them are standing there yet- so it’s Blake that notices their presence at she too steps out. “Oh-” she flushes, “Ruby, hey...”

Yang tenses momentarily but then turns around with a grin, “Hey, guys! What’s up?"

Nora snorts, “What’s up with your neck?”

Yang’s eyes widen and she looks down at herself before her hand shoots up and covers a red bruise just above her collarbone, “Um-” she glances back at Blake, “I swear to the Gods, this is not what it looks like.”

“Yeah,” the ginger chuckles, “I’m sure it isn’t.” she points at her own neck, “I always walk out of the bathroom with another person half-naked with a red mark on my neck for no reason.” she says sarcastically.
“It’s not-” Yang stumbles over her words, “We weren’t-” she takes a deep breath, “Look, some douche hit me with the end of a beer bottle, okay? It’s not what you’re thinking!”

Nora scoffs, “That is the biggest load of bullshit-” she cuts herself off with a laugh, “You know what, fine, okay. I believe you. Ruby just wanted to make sure you two got back safely.” she bites her lip, “I guess she has her answer so I’ll just...” she points before her before slowly stepping backwards out of the room.

Ruby meets her sister’s eyes, and then her gaze drops to the floor again, “I’ll- Uh... be with team JNR if you need me...”

“Wait, Ruby-” Yang tries, but it’s already too late.

“I told you they wouldn’t believe that if they saw it.” Blake laughs, and Yang groans.

“It’s not my fault something so stupid happened to me!”

“It’s funny, really.” Blake smiles, “Because you were actually telling the truth.”

“Why are you laughing at me?” Yang pouts, “Aren’t you embarrassed?”

Blake shrugs, “Not really,” she says, “Everyone thinks we’re together already anyway,” Yang sputters in disbelief at the faunus’ words, “We know what really happened, so who cares.”

“But my sister-” the blonde face palms, “Oh, Gods, Blake. She thinks we-”

“She’s a grown woman, Yang. She knows that sex exists.”

“But we didn’t even-”

Blake rolls her eyes, “I know we didn’t. I was there.”

“Ugh.” Yang lets out, “Now she probably thinks that I’ve been lying to her.”

“Is that what this is about?” Blake asks, raising a single eyebrow, “You don’t want to lie to her?” Yang nods, and the faunus bites her lip as a thought crosses her mind. She slowly starts to smirk. “Well...” she whispers, “If that’s what she thinks we did, and you feel bad about her thinking something that isn’t true...” Yang meets her eyes, “How about we just make it true?”

“Blake!” Yang chokes out.

“I was just kidding!” Blake replies, lips quirking upwards at the look of absolute dread in her partner’s eyes.

Yang has never blushed so hard in her life.

Blake has never laughed so hard at someone else’s embarrassment in her life.
Chapter Summary

Dialogue prompt: "I can't breathe."

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year, everyone!

Hey, uh… Blake?

The faunus’ ears perk up at the sound of her name being called, and she pushes away from the counter she’d been leaning against while waiting for some water to boil for her tea. Yang had gone to the the washroom attached to their bedroom quite a few times tonight. Blake frowns, worry overtaking her as she calls back, “Yes?” It’s around 11:50 pm, it’s New Year’s Eve, and the two of them had decided to have a nice night in. She’s now wondering if maybe there was another reason for that- had Yang not been feeling well? If not, why hadn’t she said anything? As Blake exits the kitchen, her feet automatically carry her down the hallway towards her and her wife’s bedroom.

Can you come here?

Already on my way.” Blake says, glancing around the corner and into the room. “Is everything alright?” she asks with a frown as she steps in and is met with the sight of her wife sitting with her back against the wall a few feet away. Blake closes the door gently behind her, before walking over to Yang and kneeling right in front of her. Yang meets her eyes a few seconds later, and Blake’s heart stops as she sees the tear tracks trailing down her face. “Yang, sweetheart, what’s wrong?” she immediately prompts, reaching forward to cup the blonde’s cheek.

Nothing’s wrong,” Yang whispers.

But you’re crying.” Blake points out, “Why are you crying?”

Yang slowly starts to smile. It’s dopey, playful. Blake raises her eyebrows, some of her concern melting away, but her confusion only proliferates. “Can I ask you something?” Yang murmurs, her smile downright mischievous- Blake can’t help but wonder what the hell she just walked into.

Of course you can,” the faunus responds, her thumb gliding across Yang’s cheek gently to wipe away her tears.

Where were you-” Yang starts, and Blake starts to frown again, “On the 14th of October?”

The 14th of-” Blake glances away, trying to recall her whereabouts on such an oddly specific day. “I was…” after a few moments of thought, she remembers. They were at the doctors. A scheduled appointment for their first attempt at artificial insemination. “I was with you at the-” her
eyes widen, realizing the significance behind the question- and she meets Yang’s violet gaze again. “You- Yang.” Yang lifts one hand from behind her back, and Blake does her best not to gasp as she takes in the object in her wife’s hand. “It- It worked?”

Yang’s smile widens, “Yeah, it did,” she whispers, “Also-” the clock in their room strikes 12, and the blonde grins. “Happy New Year, love.”

Blake stares at her in disbelief- she could care less about it being a new day- a new year- her wife just told her that she’s pregnant! The faunus is frozen, unable to move, only able to stare at the most beautiful woman in the world in front of her. Yang blushes, her gaze dropping to the floor out of embarrassment. “You’re pregnant.” Blake whispers, and her partner only nods. In a rush of movement, she pounces forward, wrapping Yang in a tight embrace. The brawler hugs her back, pressing her face into the nape of Blake’s neck with a laugh. “I love you so much…” Blake whispers, tears of her own sliding down onto her cheek, “My Gods- Yang, we’re having a baby!”

“We are.” Yang smiles, before attempting to pull back slightly, only to be stopped by her wife’s tight embrace- unwavering. “I- Blake as much as I love this, I can’t breathe.”

Blake pulls back as if she’d been shot, eyes immediately wide with concern, “Oh! I’m sorry! Are you-”

“I’m okay, don’t worry.” Yang shakes her head with a little chuckle, “Like I would ever decline a hug from my beloved.”

Blake rolls her eyes, “Oh, shush.” the faunus laughs, and then rests her head on Yang’s shoulder. Yang wraps her arms around her loosely, pressing a small kiss to the side of her head. The two of them have… quite the year ahead of them, Blake imagines. Her smile only widens. There is no one else she’d rather start the new year off with- who she’s sure she’ll be with for many new years to come; her and the little one that Yang just informed her about. Blake lets out a sigh of happiness-curling closer to her wife.

“Happy New Year, Yang.”
“I’m sorry that you had to go through all of that,” Ruby sighs, leaning a bit heavier on the railing beneath her crossed arms. Weiss meets her eyes before her gaze drops to the rest of Atlas below them. “I wish I could’ve been there. To help you.”

Weiss smiles sadly with a shrug of her shoulders, “We didn’t even know each other yet, Ruby.”

“I wish I knew you earlier then,” the silver-eyed girl murmurs, “No one should have to be alone through stuff like that.”

“I…” Weiss shifts a little closer to her partner, though it goes unnoticed by the both of them, “I wasn’t alone. Not really. Not at first.” she smiles, “I had my sister. Winter knew how father could get- knew what made me feel better after he got really bad. Even Whitley and I were close when we were younger. It… hurt. To watch him change before my eyes. To see that my father was manipulating him, manipulating my mother, manipulating all of us, and we just… couldn’t do anything. At least, it felt like we couldn’t.”

“Weiss, I-”

“Abuse isn’t only what you see in the media.” the ex-heiress sighs, “My father… he… rarely got physical. Don’t get me wrong, there were definitely times, but he thrived more on verbal assault. I think it hurt most that he… drove my mother away from us. We already had to grow up with a terrible father, but then she started to withdraw- started to drink, and I just… never really saw her anymore. Growing up, I never really… knew what real love was like. I think that’s why I was so terrible to everyone around me. I thought that’s how I was supposed to be. Not that I-” she meets Ruby’s eyes, “Not that I’m excusing the way I acted, of course-”

“Weiss, it’s okay. I never really took that to heart.” Ruby smiles, “I’m just glad that you’re out of all of that now.” she frowns, “Well, mostly… I… can see why you didn’t want to come to Atlas. I’m sorry. For forcing you.”

“You never forced me, Ruby.” Weiss reassures, “If I really didn’t want to come, I wouldn’t have. I want to be with my team, and if this is where that lead me, then that’s fine.”

Ruby lets out a little laugh, drawing Weiss’ attention again. The way the moonlight reflects off of Ruby’s eyes is mesmerizing, and she finds herself momentarily lost in them. “You’ve grown a lot since Beacon, you know?”

“So have you,” Weiss smiles, “I think… we all have.”

“Definitely.” Ruby whispers, and then the two of them fall silent. Daring, the ex-heiress reaches across the gap between them, and takes one of Ruby’s hands into her own. The younger girl glances down at their hands and smiles before meeting Weiss’ eyes.

“Can I… tell you something?” Weiss asks, voice small.
“You know that you can tell me anything, Weiss.”

“Yeah,” she murmurs quietly before taking a deep breath, “You know how I… mentioned that I never really knew what real love felt like?”

“Mhm.” Ruby hums, eyebrows furrowing slightly.

“I think I do now.” Weiss says with a little smile, “Because of you.”

“Because of… me?” Ruby asks, and Weiss nods.

“You’ve shown me what love can feel like.” Weiss tells her, “What it’s supposed to feel like.”

Ruby smiles, “Really?”

“Yeah,” her partner responds, “I mean, Ruby, I love you more than I knew it was possible to love someone.”

“You do?” the younger says, astonished. When Weiss meets her eyes again, she isn’t necessarily surprised when she sees them wide with surprise.

“Yes, you dolt.” Weiss chuckles, “I do.” In a rush of petals, Ruby is picking her partner up and twirling her around. Weiss lets out a little squeak as her feet suddenly leave the ground. “Ruby!” she yells, her arms circling her neck.

“I love you too!” Ruby grins, and lets her feet hit the ground again, “I’m sorry.” she says, pulling her hands away and clearing her throat.

Weiss stares at her for a moment, a blush spreading across her face, and then she smiles softly. “Don’t be.” she looks away, “I didn’t mind it.”

“Oh,” Ruby says quietly. She meets Weiss’ eyes again, and after a moment of awkward staring, they both start chuckling. “Well,” Ruby starts as they start to calm down, “I’ll make sure that you never forget how love feels then.”

Weiss smiles.

“Thank you, Ruby.”
Cold.

Blake feels cold.

She didn’t know that regret could pound so heavily in her head for so long.

She misses her. *Fuck,* she misses Yang *so* bad. She feels tears burning in the corners of her eyes, and she wraps her arms a little tighter around herself. She grips the collar of her shirt in her effort to keep her crying at bay- not wanting to wake the bed’s other occupant. Thoughts race through her mind, but the most prominent of them all is that she wishes the monkey faunus lying next to her was her violet eyed teammate. She wants to hold her close, to see her bright smile again. What hurts most is that she knows she never will. Actually- scratch that. The thing that hurts the most is that Yang never truly knew her. During every conversation they’d had at Beacon, Blake only let herself show a mere fraction of herself to the other girl. Every single word had been carefully thought out.

*She hates it.*

She hates that she never showed Yang her true self, and now she never will. She took that chance away the moment she stepped onto the ship headed to Menagerie. She’d been too scared to lay herself bare to anyone, for good reason. But looking back, she wished she fought that feeling more. That she let Yang see her. She’s not an idiot. She *knows* that Yang cares about her. *Cared* about her. Loved her, even- but she never gave her the chance to show it. Never gave *herself* the chance to return it like she knows she would have. She knows that Yang would never hurt her. Even if she *did,* she’d do everything in her power to mend the faunus’ broken heart, and Blake knows that it would’ve went right back to beating for her. Because Blake loves her too. She wishes she could go back.

If she could, she’d make herself turn around and go back to Yang. The blonde didn’t deserve any of the bad things that happened to her. She deserved- *deserves* love and care. Blake could’ve given that to her. But *no,* she chose to run. She chose to leave them as a half-written story that would never be completed, let alone get a happy ending- and her mind just can’t seem to let her forget that.

*Go back to her.*

Blake sits up with an agonized sigh, and her face scrunches up. She clenches her fists tightly against her temples, trying to get her thoughts to go *away.*

*Go back to her! It’s not that hard. Just go bac-*

“*I can’t!*” she unintentionally says out loud,
Sun jumps at her side, waking from his sleep due to the sudden break in silence. He turns over with wide eyes, and meets the golden gaze directed back at him. “Wha- Blake?”

Blake finally lets her tears fall at the sound of his voice. She shakes her head and looks away. “Go back to sleep, Sun.”

“Blake, what’s wrong? You know that you can talk to me, right?” Blake stand from the bed, walking over to the dresser at the far corner. “Blake-”

“Sun, just go back to sleep.”

“I-” Sun frowns, sitting up fully with a small grunt. He furrows his eyebrows as he sees Blake grab her jacket. “Blake, where-”

She knows he’s just trying to help, but hearing his voice only hurts her more. It’s selfish, how much she wishes he was Yang. But she already fucked that up. Without looking over her shoulder, she steps towards the door and stiffly mutters, “I’m going for a walk.”
Anonymous asked:

Snip Request: Bees parkouring (mostly using the chains) to hurry down to Mantle to help out (Yangs thinking "I can create fire using dust, and if needed, my semblance, that can help prevent people from freezing to death"), Blake goes with her as backup and for safety. White Rose use Weiss's Lancer to fly down to their own corner and Infuse Dust into Weiss's summons to spread the heat. There’s lots of cuddling to preserve heat, and kisses because they want to.

“We could’ve just waited for the airship!”

“Well, yeah,” Yang agrees with a grin, jumping to the next chain just to show off- her partner rolls her eyes, “But where would the fun have been in that?”

“This isn’t supposed to be fun.” Blake replies with a raised eyebrow, letting out a grunt as her feet finally meet the ground of Mantle.

“Look, Blake,” Yang scoffs, landing right beside her, and immediately placing her hand on her shoulder, “You didn’t have to come with me, but you did.”

“That’s… I…” Blake blushes, and looks away, “I didn’t want you to be alone. Especially since the heating system being down is bound to attract Grimm.”

Yang nods, “The Grimm will be a problem, but there aren’t any yet, so it’s best we focus on getting these people warmed up, yeah?” the blonde glances across the street, frowning as her eyes fall on a small family huddled together, trying to preserve their body heat. “Okay… we’re here… now what?”

“Um…” Blake pauses for a moment, scanning the environment before her eyes land on a dust store down the street. Her ears perk up, and she turns to Yang, “I have some fire dust on me, and there’s a store down the street selling more.”

“Good. But we can only make so many fires without running out. There’s quite a few people down here. What else…?” Yang is silent for a moment in thought, but then she turns, meeting her partner’s eyes with a small smirk.

“…What?”

“I have an idea, but we’ll need a closed environment for it to work.”

The faunus stares at her out of confusion; but then, understanding and apprehension dawn on her as she realizes exactly what Yang’s idea is.

~~~

“This reminds me of the fight back in Argus!” Ruby grins, wrapping her arms a little tighter around
They’re seated atop Weiss’ Lancer, a faster way to fly down to the streets of Mantle. The airships were taking too long, and as Ruby witnessed Blake and Yang grab onto the chains holding Atlas down, she decided to ask Weiss if they could do the same. Weiss declined, of course, because one: it’s way too dangerous (“Blake and Yang are crazy!”), and two: doing that in a dress could end catastrophically. Ruby wouldn’t stop asking though, and Weiss ended up being both frustrated and amused by her partner’s impatience. Eventually, she ended up offering to summon a Lancer to take them both down, and Ruby gave her the widest smile she’s seen in her life. It honestly made Weiss blush and she… can’t say that she regrets it.

“Grave danger and a Lancer.” Weiss hums, “Yeah, I can see the similarities.”

“Well, yeah, but I… meant just being together like this.” Ruby smiles, leaning her chin against Weiss’ shoulder, “We haven’t really had any time alone since we got here.”

Weiss stiffens momentarily, eyes widening. “Um, I-” she clears her throat, “No, we haven’t…” the ex-heiress bites her lip. She wishes she could slow their descent, because they’re now close to the ground and she knows that when they reach it, this moment of prioritizing the other will be over, and they’ll need to focus on warming up the people of Mantle.

“I miss you.” Ruby says quietly, and Weiss lets out a sigh.

“I know, Ruby.” she replies, “And I miss you too. The last few days have been really… difficult. I’m sure we’ll have some time eventually.” she gets out right as the Lancer beneath them stops above the ground.

Ruby frowns as she jumps off, and Weiss follows soon after her. “I hope so.” she says, and Weiss meets her eyes.

She searches her eyes for a moment, and then smiles. A cold chill runs down her spine shortly after though, reminding her exactly why they’re there. “…Weiss?”

“Mhm?”

“What do we do?”

Weiss looks down the street for a second, and she feels herself smile as she sees children playing in the road, full of joy and happiness at the sight of snow. Their parents all look worried, but the kids don’t know any better. Now… what to do that wouldn’t scare them…

Weiss’ eyes widen, and she looks back at her Lancer. She pulls myrtenaster from her belt, and empties the fire dust from the barrel. “Weiss… what are you…?”

The Lancer dissipates in front of them, but soon after, Weiss is summoning another, focus deepening as she attempts to put her idea into effect. She hears a gasp from beside her, and blinks her eyes open. She smiles as she sees her arma gigas standing tall in front of her, slightly red in colour. She feels a wave of heat emanating from it and grins. “Perfect.”

~

“Is that real?!”

“Yeah, it is!” Yang replies cheerfully, holding her bionic arm out for the young boy to see. He smiles, briefly meeting her eyes, and then looking back down at it.
“That’s so cool!” he looks up at her again, “And your hair glows! You’re like a superhero!”

Yang laughs. Her semblance is more than just a glow of course, but the little boy in front of her doesn’t need to know that. “I’m no superhero.” she says with a chuckle, and then an idea forms in her mind. She looks up at her partner who’s leaning against the store’s wall across the room. Blake’s talking to a tall faunus man, probably trying to calm him down. The room is warm because of the heat proliferating from the blonde, but it’s still worrying to the adults that the heating grid just suddenly stopped working.

Yang grins, “Can you keep a secret?” she whispers, and the young boy nods enthusiastically, “Okay, good. You see that woman over there? The one with the white jacket?” The boy follows her gaze, and his eyes land on Blake. He raises his eyebrows, and nods again. “She’s a superhero.”

His eyes widen, and he looks back at Blake. “Really?”

“Yes, really.”

“What’s her superpower?”

Yang makes a show of looking around, “You’re absolutely sure you won’t tell anyone?”

“Yes!” he whispers back, taking a small step closer.

Yang carefully steps back, not wanting to burn him with the intense heat radiating from her. “She can create copies of herself.”

“Wow! That’s so-“

“Rocco, come play with your sister!”

The boy’s shoulders fall, and he meets Yang’s eyes one last time before running off. Yang stands tall and dusts off her pants. She smiles. This is going fairly well. She lets out a sigh and deactivates her semblance. The heat should circulate within the room for a while at least, and she was getting extremely tired from staying lit. She rolls her shoulders to work out the stiffness as she walks over to her partner. Her smile softens as she spots the twitch of Blake’s ear as she hears her coming over. The faunus glances over at her and smiles back. She excuses herself from the conversation and meets Yang half-way. “Hey, you.”

“Hey.” Yang says back.

“Tired?” Blake asks with a raised eyebrow.

“A little bit.” Yang shrugs. "How about you? Running around the streets to start fires for people couldn’t have been fun.”

“I think I’m good.” Blake replies, then she starts to grin, “But...”

Yang’s eyebrows furrow out of concern, “Is everything okay?”

“I... am a little cold.” the faunus says, a playful lilt in her tone.

“Oh, yeah?” Yang rolls her eyes, “Is there any way I could help?”

“I mean, maybe,” Blake steps closer, “I’ve heard that cuddling close to someone can help preserve warmth.”
“I think...” Yang murmurs, wrapping her arm around her partner’s side. She pulls her close, and Blake turns to wrap both of her arms around Yang in kind. “I think I can help with that.” she finishes, resting her chin atop Blake’s head. She smiles as one of her ears flicks her cheek, and lets out a little laugh. Yang takes a leap of faith and presses a light kiss between those feline ears. Blake tenses for the briefest of moments, but then relaxes, pulling back to meet Yang’s eyes. Yang’s breath catches in her throat as Blake stares at her. “Bla-”

She’s cut off as the faunus leans forward on her toes, pressing a feather light kiss to her lips. She pulls back almost as quickly as she’d leaned in, and looks away as she bites her own lip. Yang is frozen. Blake... just kissed her. *Blake just kissed her,* and all she did was stay stock still. Her heart flutters in her chest. She’s wanted to kiss Blake for a very long time, and the fact that Blake just kissed her, and she didn’t respond is baffling. She feels a bit like an idiot, but she pushes that feeling away. Self-loathing isn’t important right now; making sure the faunus knows that she feels the same way is a lot more important.

Yang reaches a hand up and places two fingers under Blake’s chin. She tilts it upwards and seals her lips over hers in another kiss. Blake lets out a small sound of surprise before she’s kissing back. *Again,* it doesn’t last as long as they’d both like, but there are other people around. Yang smiles warmly. *So warmly,* in fact, that Blake almost forgets about the bite of the air outside the store they’re occupying.

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Children’s laughter fills the streets, and Weiss sighs. She’s glad her plan had worked. The arma gigas would both keep the kids entertained and keep them warm. Ruby’s also over there, play fighting with the summon to keep the kids enthralled. She’s proud of herself for her quick thinking. Coming up with something that wouldn’t scare the children and let them know they are in danger or forced to be that way would’ve been quite difficult otherwise.

Weiss watches from a bit of a distance, wrapping her arms around herself to trap in some of her own warmth. Her summon is too far away to do much for her, and the cold seeps into all the opening of her jacket, making her shiver. Despite this, she smiles at the sight in front of her. She didn’t know that watching Ruby play with children could make her feel so... well, warm inside. The radiance of her smile is enough to distract anyone from the dangers of the world, and Weiss often times finds herself lost in thoughts when it’s present.

Weiss never realized that she could feel this way about someone. She has had crushes before, obviously, but she’s never felt this strongly towards them. Ruby is slowly teaching her many new things about herself. That thought alone makes Weiss happy. She’s glad that Ruby’s her partner—her best friend. Within herself, she also entertains the thought of being something more with the younger girl. She hopes it will come to that one day. Yang has told her in the past that Ruby is happiest with her, even *Blake* has thrown Weiss knowing smiles when she’s caught her blushing at Ruby’s expanse, and vice versa, she imagines.

...Yeah, she’d really like to be more with Ruby. And when the time comes that they finally decide to bring up the spark between them, Weiss will pretty much welcome any of the team leader’s desires. The ex-heiress thinks that Ruby feels the same way, but isn’t quite sure yet- that’s why she’s been observing her keenly lately.

Weiss is so distracted that she barely notices when Ruby rushes towards her, offering her a huge smile as she stops in front of her. Weiss’ eyes widen and she reels back, causing the silver-eyed girl to chuckle. “It’s just me, Weiss. Don’t worry.” she says, “Can I... enter that little world in your mind that you seem to be lost in for a minute?”
Oh, Ruby... if only you knew.

“Only for a minute.” Weiss says playfully, but Ruby grins anyway.

“Great, that’s all I need.” she says, “Are you cold?”

“Huh?”

“Cold, Weiss. Y’know, opposite of hot. Brrr...” Ruby laughs again, and then she raises an eyebrow, “How far gone are you right now?”

“I-” Weiss stutters, “I know what cold means. But why are you asking me? We’re here to keep all of them warm.”

“Well, yeah, but... you’re standing pretty far away the only source of warmth.”

“I’m fine.” Weiss waves her off, “I’m just... keeping watch, I suppose. In case any grimm find their way here.”

Ruby’s shoulders fall, “Oh,” she scratches the back of her neck, “I guess that’s a pretty good idea. Do you... mind if I join you?”

Weiss finds herself smiling again, “Of course I don’t mind, you dunce.” she says softly, “But... aren’t you cold?”

Ruby shrugs, “I’ve been worse.” Ruby looks her up and down once again, “But I can tell that you are, Weiss. Don’t lie to me.”

“I’m not- I just...” she sighs.

Ruby smiles. She takes a few steps closer, and Weiss barely has time to register that she’s moving before her partner’s arms are engulfing her. She immediately feels the warmth from Ruby wash over her, and realizes that that’s probably what Ruby was going for. “There. That helps a little, right?”

Weiss blushes, shifting her gaze from the woman in front of her back to the kids to avoid any further embarrassment on her part. “Yeah,” she says softly, “Yeah, it does. Thank you Ruby.”
Anonymous asked:

Way back when Penny was framed in Atlas and then the next episode starting with the public attack Atlas military I got this idea that the public would see the parallels between Penny and what happened at the vytal festival which would cause them to turn on Yang. Cut to team RWB finding Yang beaten because she refused to fight back. Just an angsty idea and I love the idea of Blake comforting Yang after Yang gets hurt.

“She’s not here either!”

Blake feels her heart rate pick up. She lets out a shaky breath as she scans the street in front of her. She’s been running around for almost half an hour, but she still hasn’t seen a sign of Yang anywhere. None of them have. They’d been separated for less than a few minutes, and when Blake had returned to where she last saw her partner, the blonde had been gone. Ruby and Weiss had just informed them about the tragedy that occurred at Robyn’s election party, so it’s not exactly reassuring that they can’t find her anywhere. “Have either of you looked down any of the alleyways?” Blake asks, turning to Ruby and Weiss.

Ruby and Weiss glance at each other momentarily before Weiss replies, “Some, but not all.”

“I can’t believe I didn’t think of that. We’ve been searching buildings, but…” Ruby shakes her head.

“Well, let’s check them now.” Blake suggests. “And we should split up. Cover more ground.”

“That’s too dangerous! Tyrian is still-”

“I don’t care,” Blake scowls, “Finding Yang is what’s most important right now.”

“Blake-”

“If you’re so worried, go with Weiss. I’ll be fine.” she sighs.

Ruby frowns, “But that leaves you alone! What if-”

“Ruby, I’ll be fine.”

“But-” Ruby’s about to argue again, but Weiss grabs her wrist gently. Silver eyes meet blue ones, and Weiss shakes her head gently.

“You know she won’t budge.” she points out, “We’re wasting time.”

Ruby stares at her partner for a moment before sighing. “Fine,” she whispers, turning to meet Blake’s eyes, “Tell us if you find anything.”

“I will,” Blake replies, taking a few steps backwards away from them.
“Please, be careful!”

Blake nods, before taking off at a sprint down the street. She hears Ruby and Weiss start to run in the opposite direction. Every time she passes by an alleyway, she scans it, hoping against hope that she’ll find a sign of her partner’s presence. Nothing. She doesn’t see anything. She feels tears prick at the corners of her eyes. She can’t lose Yang. Not now. Not after everything.

Right as she’s beginning to lose hope, she pauses briefly, spotting two men standing in front of one of the entrances to an alleyway up ahead. They haven’t seen her yet, so she ducks into the alley just before the one they’re guarding. She tries to steady her racing heart to a point where she can hear over the heavy thumping- zeroing in on the two’s conversation. “She had it coming,” one of them says, “First that attack on Mercury Black, and now this? The bitch should’ve learned by now.”

“I guess so…”

“What’s your problem, man? We just stopped a murderer. Be a little proud of yourself for once.”

“We don’t know that she’s a murderer…”

“What are you saying? You think she didn’t do it?”

“No, I-” the man sighs, “I don’t know.”

“Use that fucking brain for once, Hunter,” one of the men says harshly, “This girl attacked an innocent man who was already out of the competition. Without any sliver of mercy.”

“Well-”

“Then, she shows up in Mantle and this happens? That can’t be a coincidence.”

“Just because she hurt a man once doesn’t mean she’s capable of mass murder like that.”

“Where was this wisdom when we were taking her down, huh? You didn’t seem to have a problem when you were punching her in the face.”

“And that’s another thing…Don’t you think it’s kind of odd? That she didn’t fight back, I mean?”

Blake’s heard far more than enough. She lets out a low growl stepping out of the alleyway and holding gambol shroud up in front of her, pointing it at the men threateningly. The seemingly skeptical one notices her first, and tenses, eyes widening in surprise. “Where the fuck is she?”

Blake almost yells, startling the two man more than they’d care to admit.

“…Who?” one says nervously, clearly avoiding the question.

“Do not play stupid with me.” the faunus replies, stepping closer, “Answer my fucking question!”

The more confident of the two scowls at Blake’s tone, “I don’t think I will.” he counters, “Since it’s really none of your business, lady.”

“You made it my business the moment you attacked an innocent woman!” Blake full-on yells, “Tell me where she is, and nobody gets hurt.”

The man chuckles, “You think you could hurt us? We took Yang down easily.”

“Because she wasn’t fighting back.” Blake reminds him, “She refuses to fight people like you.”
Blake growls again, “Me, on the other hand…”

Blake’s pleased when she notices the slight fear in his eyes as he glances down at his friend. They stare at each other for a moment before taking off in separate directions. “Hey!” Blake screams, a deadly glare shifting onto her face. Nothing would stop her from finding Yang. She starts to run forward, but pauses as she hears a groan down the alleyway they’d been standing in front of. Immediately, her gaze turns to her side, and she lets out a sigh of relief as she spots Yang sitting slouched against the wall a few feet away. Her relief quickly turns to concern though, as she takes in the cuts and bruises littered across Yang’s face- notices the way her partner is clutching at her side. “Yang!” she says, walking briskly towards her, kneeling at her side as she reaches it.

Yang looks up at her slowly, lets out a shallow breath as their gazes meet. “Hey, there…” she tries to say smoothly, only for her voice to come out unusually raspy. Blake curses under her breath. She cups her partner’s cheek, bringing their foreheads together gently, “You righteous idiot.” she whispers, “Why didn’t you defend yourself?”

“I didn’t…” a deep breath, “I didn’t want to be the monster they thought I was.”

Blake shakes her head. It’s just so like her. Even if her own safety is in jeopardy, Yang will be Yang. Blake pulls her scroll out of her pocket, sending Ruby and Weiss a quick message before meeting her partner’s eyes again. “We’re gonna get you some help, okay?”

“I’m fine.”

“Yang…” Blake lifts her chin gently, using the new angle to examine Yang’s facial injuries further. “You’re not fine. You’re hurt. Stop being selfless for once in your life. Please.” she frowns, “I… thought I lost you.”

“As if,” Yang chuckles, before it breaks off into pained coughs. Blake’s brow creases in concern. “It’ll take more than that to take me down.”

The faunus finds herself smiling at her partner’s cockiness, and shakes her head. “Evidently.” she mutters, “Regardless, Ruby and Weiss are on their way over. We’ll get you on an airship up to Atlas and get you some medical assistance.”

“I’m okay, Blake, really.” she smiles, “You’re here now, after all.”

Blake’s caught entirely off-guard by that comment. She stares into her partner’s eyes for a moment, completely at a loss at what to say. Her jaw falls wordlessly, eyebrows raising in surprise. Did she hear her right? She must have… Does that mean- No, Yang probably has a concussion. Surely, that’s the only way she’d say something like that to Blake… right?

“Yang!” Ruby calls from the mouth of the alley, breaking Blake out of her stupor, glancing towards her partner’s sister out of shock. She pulls her hand away from Yang’s face as if she’d been burned. Maybe she had. Her cheeks sure feel as if she had. With no small amount of embarrassment, she catches the look Weiss is giving her. It’s knowing… but knowing of what? Blake’s gaze drops to her feet as she stands, Ruby now kneeling at Yang’s side. If the faunus had been looking, she’d have caught Weiss’ eye roll.

They can all rest a little easier now. Yang’s alive, and she’s going to be okay. They’ll have this all cleared up soon. They’ll find a way to prove that the footage was doctored, and everything will be okay.

Hopefully.
Anonymous asked:
for freezerburn, because fans (including me) need more content, i was wondering if you could just have the bbys being all domestic and cuddles, no saving the world or any of that sh**t.

“I will never understand why you wake up so early.” Yang murmurs groggily from her and Weiss’ shared bed, watching as the ex-heiress slips a shirt overhead by the mirror.

“We have to go to work,” she points out with a small smile, “You do realize that, right?”

Yang glances at the clock, “In 2 hours.” she rolls over onto her back, opening her arms invitingly to her wife with a pout, “Come back to bed…”

“Yang…”

“Ten minutes?” Yang asks, and Weiss knows from prior experience that she won’t give up any time soon.

Weiss lets out an amused sigh and rolls her eyes, stepping back over to their bed quietly. “Fine,” she chuckles, falling into Yang’s arms as if it’s the easiest thing in the world- probably because it is, “But only ten minutes.”

“That’s fine by me.” Yang says happily, “After all,” she presses a kiss to Weiss’ forehead, “Any time spent with you is perfect.”

Gods, they’re so cheesy. Weiss never used to see herself as an overtly romantic person, but Yang somehow managed to change that over the years. Made her want to spend every single waking second with her, to treat her to romantic dinners, or small gestures that only she would think of. They’ve been together for years, but everything is still the same as when it all started with them. They still act like love struck teenagers around their friends, despite the fact that they’re both well into their twenties now.

Like when Weiss goes to make breakfast and feels arms wrap around her waist from behind, a chin resting on her shoulder as a lazy voice whispers good morning, beautiful into her ear.

Like when Yang stays a little late in the training rooms, and Weiss comes to watch her- not failing to compliment her form every time- and lets her know when it’s time to head to bed, careful not to let her overwork herself.

Like when Weiss plants a small kiss against Yang’s cheek after a scuffle with grimm, and Yang almost always turns her head at the last second to capture her lips instead.

A soft smile forms on Weiss’ face, and she cuddles even closer to her wife. Yang wraps her arms a little tighter around her in response. Wife… Yang’s her wife. It’s still kind of surreal to think about even after 4 years. She still remembers Yang’s proposal vividly. She’d forced Blake to play guitar
so she could sing Weiss’ favourite song to her. She’d finished the song with a dopey smile, and had stepped closer to Weiss. The ex-heiress recalls gasping at the blonde kneeled in front of her, and it really didn’t take much thought to give Yang the answer to the next question that left her mouth.

“I can hear you thinking.” Yang says suddenly, and Weiss shakes her head. The brawler knows her well. “What's on your mind, princess?”

At some point in history the nickname would have annoyed her, but now? Now, hearing it fall so easily from Yang’s lips is the most wonderful thing in the world. Weiss practically melts every time she says it; not that she’ll ever admit that to Yang. “Just you.” Weiss answers, smile widening as she hears Yang’s heart to race through her ear that’s pressed against the taller woman’s chest. “And how much I love you.”

Yang scoffs, though her heartbeat gives her away. “Sap."

Weiss pulls away, meeting Yang’s eyes, “You’re calling me a sap?” she laughs, “You bought me flowers and left them on my work desk for no reason yesterday.”

“I never said I wasn’t a sap.” Yang points out, “Plus, do I really need a reason to buy the love of my life her favourite flowers every once in a while?”

Weiss lowers her head to her chest again, sighing happily against her, “No, I suppose you don’t.”

The following minutes tick by slowly, and they remain exactly where they are. Weiss doesn’t say anything as the ten minute mark passes, so Yang smiles in victory- though she knows by now that Weiss won’t actually leave after the amount of time she says. She loves the cuddling just as much as Yang does, even if she pretends to be reluctant sometimes.

Yang thinks mornings like these are her favourite. Having Weiss curled up close to her, content to just be lazy for a while. Weiss works a bit too hard for Yang’s liking, and she often ends up extremely tired, but too full of pride to admit it and go to sleep earlier. Weiss has always been stubborn, but Yang supposes she can’t blame her, since she is too.

So, you can understand why it’s to Yang’s mild surprise when she hears a soft snore escape the white-haired woman lying atop of her a few minutes later. She smiles, pressing a kiss to her sleeping wife’s head. She allows her own eyes to drift shut, mentally reminding herself to open them up again in a few minutes to get them ready.

Reminders don’t always work though, and she ends up drifting off as well soon after.

(Later, when Weiss chides her for letting them fall asleep and end up arriving at work late, Yang will tell her that she didn’t mean to fall asleep, and Weiss won’t stay mad at her for very long. On the contrary, she’ll end up rolling her eyes with a fond smile pulling at her lips, and she’ll quietly whisper something along the lines of: “You’re lucky I love you, you dolt.”)
anon asked:

Is it okay if I request some monochrome? I'm not sure if you write any, but if it's okay with you, I'd like some fluff. Thank you! :)

“Don’t go easy on me now, Belladonna.” Yang grunts, ducking under her friend’s punch effortlessly, “What’s with you today? I’m usually the one struggling to keep up.”

“Nothing’s up with me.” Blake replies, almost simultaneously getting hit by an easily dodge-able strike from her partner.

“Yeah, okay, No.” Yang takes a step back, crossing her arms, “Tell me the truth.”

“I did, I just-”

“Blake,”

“I’m nervous, okay?!” the faunus finally lets slip in a yell, and Yang raises her eyebrows out of surprise.

“About what?” Blake stares at her for a moment before letting out a sigh. She glances around the room hurriedly, and then makes her way over to their bags. Yang frowns. “...Blake?”

The faunus kneels, unzipping her bag quickly. Yang walks over to her side, crouching down to watch Blake’s hands. Her partner pauses as she grasps onto something inside, and meets Yang’s eyes, “You know how I’m going out with Weiss later tonight?”

Yang quirks an eyebrow, “Uh, yeah,” she chuckles, “You wouldn’t shut up about it yesterday.”

“That’s because I want it to be perfect.”

“Blake,” Yang chuckles, “If Weiss is with you, she’ll be on cloud 9, you know that right? What could possibly have you so-” Blake abruptly pulls her hand out of her bag, holding a single item out for Yang to see. Violet eyes widen as Yang registers exactly what it is. The brawler nods, “Yeah, uh- That’ll definitely do it.” She grins, nudging Blake’s shoulder, “You’re finally proposing, huh?”

Blake smiles nervously, “Yeah, I, uh...” she bites her lip, “I am.”

“Wow.” Yang laughs, and then pitches her voice higher as she says, “Blake and Weiss are all grown up~!”

Blake chuckles, “I’m older than you,” she points out, rolling her eyes, “Fuck off.”

“Okay, okay,” Yang replies, “In all seriousness,” she smiles, “I’m happy for the both of you. You have nothing to worry about, trust me.”

Blake sucks in a shaky breath, “I... hope you’re right.”
“You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me, you know?” Weiss whispers, leaning closer to Blake as they walk down the boardwalk.

Blake smiles, wrapping an arm easily around her girlfriend’s waist. She shoves her other hand into her jacket pocket, taking a deep breath as she feels the red velvet box with her fingers. “Likewise,” she replies, looking down at the girl beside her.

Weiss shakes her head, “I can’t believe we’ve known each other for 7 years already.”

“Time flies when you’re having a fun.” Blake suggests, smile widening when it results in a laugh from the ex-heiress. “And I mean, other than the chaos with Salem, most of it has been fun.”

Weiss nods, “It’s still kind of weird to not have our impending doom waiting on our doorstep.”

“A good weird though.”

“Oh, definitely.” the white-haired woman chuckles, “I particularly enjoy nights like this.” she says, stopping their strides as she steps in front of Blake, taking both of her hands into hers. “Just relaxing without a care in the world.” she smirks, “Being with you is pretty nice too, I suppose.”

“You better.” Blake laughs, a single eyebrow raising incredulously, “You just said I’m the best thing to ever happen to you.”

Weiss ducks her head, and Blake doesn’t have to be able to see her face to know that she’s biting her lip to refrain her smile from widening too much. “I wasn’t lying.”

Blake hesitates to respond after, so Weiss glances up at her. She meets golden eyes, and frowns when she spots nervousness clouding them. Despite that though, Blake smiles brightly at her, lifting a hand to push a few strands of Weiss’ hair behind her ear. Finally, she murmurs, “You’re beautiful.”

Weiss blushes, her own smile returning. Blake compliments her pretty often, but it still flusters Weiss almost every time. Blake is an honest person. She doesn’t tell empty lies to make people feel a little better about themselves. She genuinely believes the things she says about Weiss, and that is what gets the shorter girl to react this way. “Shush, you.”

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“What?” Blake grins, “You are beautiful. You’re the most stunning woman I’ve ever encountered. You have the prettiest laugh, the brightest smile, the most alluring eyes...” Weiss dips her head again out of embarrassment, but allows herself to be pulled closer to her girlfriend, feels her heart flutter as those arms wrap around her waist. “Despite what others may think, you have the warmest heart.” Blake presses a kiss to the top of her head before tilting her chin upwards with two fingers. “You’re precious, Weiss Schnee.” Blake doesn’t give her the chance to respond, instead, she leans down, capturing Weiss’ lips in a sweet kiss. Weiss kisses back, but Blake pulls back rather quickly. “You mean absolutely everything to me.”

“You mean everything to me, as well, Blake.” Weiss replies without a hint of hesitation.

This time it’s Blake who dips her head with a smile. A moment later, she’s glancing out at the sunset over the ocean beside them, and then sighs. “Weiss, I...”
Weiss’ smile falls, “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah!” Blake says a bit too quickly. She clears her throat, meeting Weiss’ eyes again, “Yes, everything is more than okay. I just... had something I wanted to ask you.”

“Well,” Weiss folds her arms around the back of Blake’s neck, “I’m all ears.”

Blake bites her lip, and pulls out of Weiss’ reach. To this, the ex-heiress frowns again. She pauses though, when one of Blake’s hands finds its way into one of the pockets in her jacket. “I meant everything I said, Weiss.” she says quietly, “And they’re all the reasons why I’m doing this.”

“Doing... what?” Weiss asks hesitantly. There’s no way Blake is about to do what she thinks she is.

Blake smiles, pulling her hand out of her pocket, and dropping to one knee in front of Weiss. The ex-heiress’ eyes widen, and a hand flies up to her mouth in an attempt to stifle the gasp that escapes her at the sight in front of her. “Weiss, you are the one I want to spent the rest of my life with,” Blake says smoothly, despite her nervousness, “I never thought I’d love anyone as much as I love you, and I know that I’ll never love anyone else the way I love you. With the risk sounding like a hopeless romantic: we’re the perfect match, Weiss. So,” the faunus glances down at the ring box in her hand, slowly opening it for the white-haired woman to see, “Will you marry me?”

Weiss stares at her for a second, stunned to silence. Slowly, she starts to nod, and she whispers, “Yes.” then lets out a happy laugh, “Yes, you dolt. I’ll marry you.”

“You will?” Blake asks in disbelief as she starts to stand.

“Yes!” Weiss exclaims, wrapping her in a tight hug as soon as she’s at her full height. “Do you really think I’d be capable of saying no?”

Blake chuckles, “Nerves can make you believe some crazy things, let me tell you-”

“I love you, Blake. So much.”

Blake smiles softly, “I love you too.” she returns Weiss’ embrace for a moment before pulling back yet again to remove the ring from the box and take Weiss’ hand into hers. Weiss watches as her girlf- fiancée, she corrects herself- slips the ring onto her finger. “And I’ll continue to tell you that everyday for the rest of our lives.”

Weiss doesn’t think she’s ever been so happy.
Feelings (Bees Schnees)

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:
if ur willing to write polyamory, can i ask for some bees schnees? maybe something where they realize their feelings for each other and get together? thx!

“Weiss? Can we… talk to you about something?”

The ex-heiress glances up at Blake and Yang. “Um… of course.” she says, nodding towards the chairs across from her at the table.

Blake clears her throat before awkwardly making her way over, Yang following soon after. The blonde meets Weiss’ eyes and opens her mouth to speak, but closes it soon after. “I…” she clasps her hands tightly in her lap, “Weiss, you know Blake and I are together, right?”

Weiss frowns. Of course she knows. She feels a pang in her chest every time she sees them together. It’s not… It’s not that she’s mad at them, she’s just… envious. What really bothers her though, is that she can’t tell which of them she’s envious of. She’s actually found herself wondering if it’s possible to be in love with two people at once… She doesn’t see why not, it just doesn’t seem very common. “You two make it rather obvious,” Weiss decides to say.

Blake smiles, “Yeah, well… we’ve been talking, and…”

Weiss frowns. Just because she’s envious, doesn’t mean she wants them to have any problems. They’re her friends first and foremost, after all. She wants them happy. “Are you two… okay?”

“Yes, we are.” Blake nods, then takes a deep breath, “Weiss, if anything we say makes you uncomfortable, please let us know.”

“Why would… why would it make me uncomfortable?” Weiss asks, internally panicking. Did they somehow know about her feelings?

“Just promise us you’ll let us know.” Yang replies.

“Okay.” the ex-heiress mumbles, “I-I will.”

Blake glances at Yang. She sighs and then says, “I have feelings for you, Weiss.”

Ice-blue eyes widen, “What?” Weiss’ jaw drops, and she looks between the two of them with no small amount of confusion. “I thought-”

“I have feelings for Yang too, if that’s what you’re going to say."

Weiss furrows her eyebrows, “I don’t… I don’t understand-”

“I have feelings for you too.” Yang adds, “And before you ask, I still love Blake as well.”

“You both… have feelings for me?”
“Yes.” Blake nods.

Weiss frowns. Is… this a joke? She’s… scared to respond. If what they’re saying is true though… Weiss would be elated. “I…” she hesitates. This is Blake and Yang. They’d never lie or purposefully hurt her. “I feel the same way.”

Yang’s eyes widen, and a huge smile breaks out across Blake’s face. Yang then asks, “About… about both of us?”

Weiss dips her head, a blush dusting across her cheeks, “Yes,” she admits, “And it’s been bothering me for a while actually. I… I never thought you two would… return my feelings.”

“We never thought you’d return ours,” Blake laughs.

Weiss smiles, but then a thought strikes her, and she finds herself saying, “Wait.” Blake and Yang both pause as well, their smiles faltering the slightest bit at Weiss’ hesitation, “How… how does this… work?”

Yang glances at Blake momentarily, and then replies, “You’d be with the both of us. I-I mean, if that’s what you want, of course.”

Blake nods, “It’s the same as any other relationship.” she says, “Just… with 3 people instead of 2.”

Weiss slowly starts to smile, “This is kind of surreal.”

“Trust me, Weiss,” Blake snorts, “It is for us, too.”

“So… we’re dating, then.”

The two women across from her grin. Yang’s the one that reaches across the table first, taking Weiss’ hand into her own, “Damn right, we are.”
I'm a Fool For You (Prismatic Ponytails)

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

“You’ve done the unthinkable, you know. You’ve made me fall in love.” Prismatic ponytails

“I told you already, Weiss, you look stunning.” Ilia drawls, stepping closer to wrap her arms tightly around her girlfriend’s waist. Weiss keeps her scrutinizing gaze on herself in the reflection of the mirror, a frown pulling at her lips. “I know you don’t believe me,” the faunus adds, then presses a kiss to her neck. “But you are.”

Weiss’ eyes fall on the pink, scarred skin on her upper abdomen and she shakes her head. “It’s ugly, Ilia.”

“It’s not.” The brown-haired woman stresses, “Do you wanna know what I see when I look at you?” she asks, and proceeds to take Weiss’ silence as a go-ahead, “I see the most beautiful woman in the world. And… I’m not blind, Weiss. I know what you look at when you look in the mirror. I know what’s bothering you. You wanna know my honest opinion about that scar of yours?”

Weiss’ eyebrows furrow. “I-”

“It represents how damn amazing you are, baby.” Ilia says fondly, “You survived this. You powered through it. That takes real bravery and strength. You’re so strong. It does not take away from your beauty in any way, shape, or form, okay? If anything, it adds to it. It shows people that Weiss Schnee is not someone to be fucked with, ‘cause she’ll whoop your ass.”

Weiss lets out a small chuckle against her will, and Ilia smiles. “You’re crazy.”

The faunus shrugs. “Maybe I am. Are you hearing me? I’m ranting like a fool because of you. Anyone who knew me when I was younger would be confused out of their mind.”

Weiss smiles, “Why’s that?”

“Because… I was a lot like how you were. I kept my feelings mostly to myself- didn’t show them to anyone.”

“What changed?” Weiss asks quietly.

“You came into my life.” the faunus replies honestly, meeting her eyes in the mirror, “You’ve done the most unthinkable thing known to man, Weiss.”

The ex-heiress turns slowly in her arms, smiling uncontrollably as Ilia presses her lips to hers gently. When she pulls back, Weiss inquires, “What would that thing be?”

Ilia’s smile widens, and she pulls Weiss into another kiss- this one slower- deeper. Breathless, she rests her forehead against hers, and whispers, “You’ve made me fall in love.”
Weiss’ heart flutters.
“What were you thinking?” Weiss glances up at the doorway of the hospital room and flinches. Deep violet eyes meet her gaze, and Yang steps into the room quickly. “You could’ve died!”

“But I didn’t.” Weiss points out, “And everything worked out, didn’t it?”

“So that makes this okay?” Yang asks incredulously, voice sending a sharp pain through Weiss’ head. She visibly winces, and Yang’s eyes soften in concern. She walks closer, stopping beside Weiss’ bed. “I’m sorry…” she says quietly, “Gods, I’m stupid- I shouldn’t have yelled.”

“It’s fine.” Weiss replies reassuringly, and Yang lets out a sigh beside her.

Weiss took on a few more opponents than she probably should have at once, but she managed. Well… she’d ended up with a minor concussion, but… she mostly managed. “It’s not.” Yang frowns, “You shouldn’t even be in here in the first place. I should’ve payed more attention to-”

“Hey- what?” the ex-heiress cuts her off, eyebrows knitting together, “This is in no way your fault.”

“I was slacking off.”

“You were doing no such thing.” Weiss scoffs, “You were fighting just as hard as I was.”

“We’re supposed to have each other’s backs, Weiss. I failed-”

“It’s not your job to make sure I’m okay every two seconds, Yang.”

“Yes, it is! I don’t want you to get hurt!” Yang says urgently, and it’s then that the ex-heiress notices the tears forming in the corners of her teammate’s eyes.

“We’re huntresses, Yang!” Weiss reminds her, “We’re bound to get injured sometimes!”

“But-”

“Why are you arguing with me about this?”

“You really don’t get it?” Yang whispers quietly, and Weiss frowns.

“Get what? That you wish you did more? You were fighting your own opponents. Gods, you didn’t react like this when Oscar got hurt a few days ago.” she sighs, “It’s not your responsibility to-”

“How can you be so blind?”
“Pardon me?”

“I don’t care about Oscar the way I care about you, Weiss! Why can’t you understand that?”

Weiss’ mouth falls open slightly, confusion stunning her to silence. “…What?”

“It’s not like I wanted the kid to get hurt,” Yang is quick to say, “I love him, but… not… not the way I love you.”

“What… are you saying?”

Yang stares at her for a moment, perhaps gauging the emotions in her eyes. “I’m saying that I’m in love with you, you oblivious dork.” Weiss’ eyes widen as a deep blush spreads across the blonde’s cheeks, and violet eyes end up falling to the ground out of embarrassment. “Just…” she takes a deep breath, “Forget it. Look, Weiss.” she meets her eyes, “I know that I’m like the poster child for recklessness and I really have no right to say this, but you have to be more careful.”

“…You’re in love with me?”

Yang’s shoulder noticeably tense, and she hesitates before quietly murmuring, “Yeah, Weiss. I am.” she sighs, “And I know you don’t feel the same way, so just forget-”

“Why do you think I don’t return your feelings?”

Yang raises a single eyebrow out of confusion, “Um… because… you do realize who you’re talking to, right?”

“What makes you think that you aren’t exactly the kind of person I could fall for?”

Yang’s jaw drops. “You…” she clears her throat nervously, “You actually feel the same way?”

Weiss smiles, “It seems that I’m not the only oblivious one between the two of us, hmm?”

Yang lets out a small laugh, then she sits down on the edge of Weiss’ bed. Weiss reaches her hand out towards her, and the blonde bites her lip, her smile widening. Violet eyes soften and meet blue ones, and Yang finally replies, “Yeah… I- Uh… I guess not.”
“Just… stay close to me, okay?”

“Yang,” Blake smiles, resting a hand on her partner’s shoulder gently, biting her lip when Yang immediately relaxes under her touch, “I’ll be right beside you.” she says easily, and Yang’s heart thuds at the implication. Because she can tell. Blake hadn’t just meant now, she’d meant the near and distant future as well. The ‘for as long as you’ll have me’ goes unspoken, but Yang picks up on it anyway. The warmth in her partner’s eyes makes her feel safe- despite the fact that they have a shitload of Atlesian guards searching for them.

Yang lets a smile make it’s way onto her face, then she places her hand atop the one on her shoulder. “I know you will.” her gaze falls to the ground, “I just-”

Suddenly, there’s a loud bang from around the corner at the end of the hall, causing them both to jump. Blake holds her breath, eyes scanning the area momentarily before whispering, “We… should probably get moving.”

Yang clears her throat, “Um… yeah.” she replies, meeting Blake’s eyes for a second before the faunus nods, taking off at a run in the opposite direction of the sound they’d just heard. Yang follows soon after her, feet pattering against the tiles of the floor quietly. Yang glances over her shoulder as they round the corner, eyes widening as she sees a few guards at the end of the hallway. “Blake, they’re catching up!”

“I know,” the faunus says back, pausing momentarily as they reach a split in the hallway. Her stomach drops as she realizes that both of them are dead ends. “Shit,” she mutters, before taking a deep breath.

Yang stops behind her a moment later, taking barely a second to come to the same realization. Violet eyes go round, meeting golden ones. Blake’s gaze drifts over her partner’s shoulders just in time to see the guards come into view- already raising their weapons. She growls, taking Yang’s wrist into her hand, using it to guide her partner behind her. She pulls gambol shroud out with one hand, shifting into its gun form quickly- and she aims it at the robots in front of them, her other arm raising in front of Yang in an effort to keep her safe. The guards come to a stop a few feet in front of them, and Blake eyes them cautiously. They’re… not doing anything. They’re not advancing, attacking, or reporting them.

Confused, Blake glances back at her partner, and sees very quickly that she’s confused as well. They don’t need any more reasons for their arrests to be demanded, so avoiding destroying the robots would be ideal- but what if they were to just run? Surely, the guards wouldn’t allow that, right? But then… what are they waiting for? As Blake is eyeing one guard in particular, she sees another one move out of the corner of her eye, but Yang is firing at it before it even gets the chance to shoot. Blake sighs. They’d been waiting for a moment of distraction. Of course. There’s only
about 4 more of them, and it doesn’t take long for Blake and Yang to take them all down. Right as
Blake fires her lost shot, Yang is grabbing her wrist, pulling her back the way they came.

They have to find their way out of this damn academy.
Not Imperceptive (Bumbleby)

Chapter Summary

anonymous asked:

“What are you doing up? Come to bed.” post Atlas Bees?

“Hey,” a sleepy voice whispers from behind Yang, drawing her attention away from the night sky in front of her. She doesn’t get a chance to turn though, as two arms wrap around her waist, a chin resting gently on her shoulder. “What are you doing up? You should come to bed.”

Yang smiles, placing one hand over the two that are clasped together over her stomach. “I’m just thinking. And I will.” she says back, leaning back into the comfortable body pressed against her. “It’s nothing to worry about, moonlight.”

“It’s keeping you up though.” Blake frowns, eyes meeting hers as the blonde turns in her arms.

“It’s nothing bad, I promise.” Yang says with a small shake of her head, thoughts drifting to the small box in one of the pockets in her coat.

“You sure?” the faunus asks, hand coming up to brush a stray strand of hair behind Yang’s ear, before drifting down to rest above her chest.

“Yes, I’m sure.” the brawler smiles, leaning closer to press a light kiss to her girlfriend’s forehead. “I was just slightly overwhelmed.”

Blake’s frown returns, “By?”

“How absolutely beautiful my girlfriend is.” Yang says with a grin, pleased with the blush that spreads across Blake’s face.

The faunus glances away with a small smile as she nudges her shoulder, “Oh, shush.”

“Do you know how hard it is to be blinded every single day, the moment I wake up?”

“Oh my Gods,” Blake says through a small chuckle, leaning her forehead against Yang’s chest out of embarrassment. Yang laughs too, then wraps her arms tightly around Blake’s shoulders, pressing a light kiss to the top of her head between her two feline ears. “You’re so stupid.” Blake groans, though it holds absolutely no malice or truth, and they both know it.

“Meh,” Yang shrugs, “Maybe so,” she leans closer, her mouth stopping just in front of one of Blake’s ears, “But I’m most certainly not imperceptive, and can I just say,” she pulls back, and her partner’s gaze drifts upwards to hers. She regrets it the moment she sees Yang wink, “You are drop-dead gorgeous, Belladonna.”

Blake lets out a little huff of amusement as she rolls her eyes. Yang chuckles at her reaction, then presses forward, capturing her partner’s lips with her own. It’s still a little hard to believe that she’s able to do this after everything, but she most definitely wouldn’t have it any other way. Blake pulls away a few seconds later, and whispers, “We should be in bed.”
“Oh, I agree.” Yang says suggestively, and Blake’s eyebrows raise.

“Not like that, Yang!” she says incredulously, pulling Yang back towards the door of their balcony. “You know we have to be up early tomorrow.”

Yang laughs quietly, “I know, I know.” she says as she allows herself to be pulled inside their apartment, “Ruby made sure to remind me with like a thousand texts today.”

Blake smiles as they reach their bedroom, almost immediately falling into the bed together—they are both admittedly exhausted from the training they’d done earlier that day. “It’s our first mission as huntresses after everything,” she points out, wrapping her arms around Yang’s waist again, “I’ll admit that I’m excited too.”

“Yeah,” Yang agrees, shifting a little closer to her partner. “So am I.”

After a few comfortable moments of silence, Yang smirks. She waits a little bit longer—just long enough for Blake to think she’s actually trying to sleep, before adding in a whisper, “I mean, I get to watch you fight in your mission clothes again.”

A groan escapes Blake’s mouth, “Oh, my- Go to sleep, Yang.”
Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:

“I don’t mind sharing the blankets with you” Bees after the last episode of season 7, everyone ends up thinking they look cute when they fall asleep

((Pretend Salem didn’t show up right away, and the crew ended up sharing a very large room at an inn down in Mantle))

“Do you mind if I sit here?”

Blake’s ears perk up, her gaze drifting to the side to meet the questioning violet eyes of her partner. “Of course you can,” She smiles without thought, scooting over on one of the three beds in the room, and Yang smiles back. “You really don’t need to ask.” Blake chuckles, and Yang shrugs as she sits.

“I was just being polite.” she says, and Blake rolls her eyes. “Plus, I mean… I would understand if you needed some time to process after everything that happened today.”

Blake raises an eyebrow, “Me?” she asks incredulously, “Yang, you- What Salem said before… Are you… okay?”

Yang’s gaze falls to her clasped hands in her lap, “Yeah… I’m fine, I think. I mean, I already knew she was gone. That wasn’t surprising at all. Just… knowing how… she…” she pauses, “It’s just… scary.” she leans back against the headboard, “When you’re young, you think of your parents as these- like… unbreakable Gods, you know? And knowing that Summer was killed by the person we’re challenging? It…” she sighs, “I guess it just puts things into perspective for me.”

The faunus is completely at a loss for how to respond. Her eyes fall to her partner’s hands, and without any hesitation she reaches down to place her own hand atop of hers. Yang’s shift apart, one moving to rest atop her thigh, and the other intertwining with Blake’s. The faunus feels her cheeks heat up slightly, even more so when Yang rests her head against her shoulder. After a few moments of silence, Blake asks, “You should get some rest.” She tilts her head to the side to look at Yang when she doesn’t get a response, and smiles when she sees that her eyes are already closed.

Blake looks down at the blanket she has draped over her body, and reaches forward to grasp at it’s side with her free hand, twisting her body in an effort to not wake her partner up. It doesn’t work though, and she feels Yang lift her head from her shoulder. “Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to fall asleep.”

Blake shakes her head, “It’s fine, Yang. The team’s going to be sharing this bed anyway.”

“But we all agreed to give each other space. I… I don’t want to make you uncomfortable at all. By… being too close…” Yang scratches the back of her neck nervously, “I’ll just… I’ll get my own blanket, and-“

“Yang, don’t be ridiculous.” Blake rolls her eyes, lifting the edge of her blanket for her partner, “I
don’t exactly dislike being close to you, and I... most definitely don’t mind sharing my blanket with you.”

Yang’s eyes widen a fraction, and then there’s a deep blush spreading across her face like a wildfire. “I-” she bites her lip, “Yeah... right, okay.”

Blake lets out a little huff of amusement, though she can’t deny the fact that she’s blushing too, and that if Yang got close enough, she’d be able to feel the way her heart is pounding out of her chest. Yang moves closer to her, and Blake wraps her arms around her waist slowly- giving her a chance to pull back if she’s not okay with it. The blonde accepts the embrace, turning onto her side to return it, resting her cheek against Blake’s chest. Blake’s breath catches in her throat momentarily because, yes, her partner can probably hear her rapid heartbeat. She supposes that’s a reason for the shy smile pulling at Yang’s lips. “Goodnight, Yang.” Blake whispers quietly, her own eyes drifting shut.

“Goodnight.”

Nora lets out a small ‘hmph’ as she notices the two of them asleep, and a small smile finds its way onto her lips. “Just friends, my ass.”

Weiss glances over at her sleeping teammates after Nora speaks, and she rolls her eyes, “They are rather obvious, aren’t they?”

“It’s nice,” Penny adds quietly with a fond smile of her own, glancing at Ruby before looking back at them, “They found comfort in one another.”

“Comfort *is* rare for us these days.” Weiss sighs, “I’m... happy for them. We’ve all seen it coming from the beginning anyway.”

“Y’know, back at Beacon-” Nora grins, leaning back in her chair, “I did a little bit of a survey.”

“A... survey?” Penny asks, obviously confused.

“Yes,” Nora nods, “About what couples people thought would end up together by the time we all graduate. Fifth place was Neon and Flynt, fourth was Velvet and Coco, third was Ren and I, second was... Jaune and Pyrrha,” she pauses briefly, but then continues, “First was those two. It didn’t surprise me at the time, and it doesn’t surprise me now either.”

Ruby chuckles, “Am I the only one that didn’t really see it coming?”

“You’re one of two,” Nora says vaguely.

“At least I’m not alone,” Ruby chuckles, “But I’m glad it happened. They’re... actually kind of perfect for each other.”

“Yeah,” Weiss smiles, “I agree. They’re cute together.”

Penny, Ruby, and Nora all hum in agreement.
Anonymous asked:

“I don’t mind sharing the blankets with you.” Bolts and Dolts....or is it Dolts and Bolts? PennyxRubyxWeiss

“Are you alright?”

A sigh, “I… don’t know.” she glances up, meeting Weiss’ eyes, “It’s… kind of a lot to take in.”

Weiss sits down on the bed beside the ginger, crossing her legs in front of her. “That’s understandable.”

“I didn’t even- I didn’t know I could be…” Penny frowns, unsure what she’s even trying to say, “How can I even be a maiden?”

“You’re just like the rest of us,” Ruby says quietly from her spot laying down on the other side of Penny, “You may have been manufactured initially, but you live and learned just like any other human.”

“I…” she nods slowly, “I suppose you’re right. It’s just a little hard for me to understand.”

“Well,” Ruby smiles, taking one of Penny’s hands into hers, “You don’t have to process it alone.”

“Mhm,” Weiss agrees, “We’re here for you.”

Penny starts to smile too, her gaze dropping to her hands, “Thank you.” she leans back against the bed- her head falling to the pillows. “The both of you are really nice.”

“Well, we like you.” Ruby chuckles, “And we want you to be comfortable.”

“Speaking of which-” Weiss suddenly says, “We should probably go to sleep now. We have a lot ahead of us tomorrow. Everyone else is already asleep.”

Penny glances around the room, finding that, yes, everyone is indeed asleep. Jaune, Nora, and Ren are all sleeping on a bed across the room; Maria is asleep on a chair at the table, Pietro also at the table with her; and Blake and Yang had fallen asleep together on the couch earlier. Penny frowns. “I’m sorry for keeping you two up.”

Weiss waves her off, “It’s not a big deal.”

Ruby shrugs, shifting her arms to cross behind her head as she looks at the ginger laying beside her, “I probably wouldn’t have fallen asleep right away anyway.”

Weiss and Ruby meet each other’s gaze, and Weiss tilts her head in silent questioning. Are you okay? Ruby merely shrugs again with a small nod. In truth, her mind is still racing. Knowing what happened to her mother… it hurts. A lot. She pushes her own feelings down
though, despite what all of her friends would probably want her to do- and focuses on making sure that they are okay.

Weiss dips her head, “Yeah.” she sighs, “Me neither.”

They’ve all been through a lot today. Weiss shakes her head, standing from the bed slowly-stretching her arms above her as she does so. She walks over to the nightstand, taking the folded blanket into her hands before returning to the bed. She unfolds it, and Penny notices first, sitting up quickly, “Oh, I’ll just… I’ll join Maria and Pietro at the table. I don’t really… get cold, so…”

“Don’t be silly.” Weiss says, letting the blanket fall over both Ruby and Penny before slipping into the bed beside them.

“I’d just be using up the blanket for nothing-”

“I don’t mind sharing the blanket with you.” Weiss says quietly, turning onto her side to look down at Penny, and reaches across her to take Ruby’s hand into hers. “Either of you.”

Ruby smiles, leaning her head against Penny’s shoulder. Weiss presses closer, placing a light kiss to Penny’s cheek before pulling back, and the bot’s breath catches in her throat. They’re both really close. And she… doesn’t hate it. In fact, she likes having them both beside her like this. Hmm, she thinks, is this… what love feels like?

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