Summary

Another story written for Funblade's Future AU. Weiss sends Ruby a 'come home sooner' present while she's out hunting.

A dozen red-hot casings pierced the snow as Ruby landed back on her feet, ears ringing from the constant echo of gunfire, and Crescent Rose was finally still, the last trail of smoke extinguished from its barrel. The soft hiss of melting ice carried over the wind that whipped through dark, empty trees and the face of the nearby mountain, chased by a subtle series of clicks as she compressed the scythe back down. An entire pack of Beowolves were now disintegrating into oily smoke, the largest of them fallen at her feet with massive, twisted teeth bared to the sky.

It hadn’t been an Alpha, though, not like the village head had feared. Huge for its age, definitely, but some Grimm were just bigger than others from the start, for whatever reason. Ruby shivered as the flush of adrenaline faded from her body, a hard gust shearing the icicles from all the nearby branches and spitting a frozen mist in her direction. Tugging up her balaclava back over her mouth didn’t do much when the fleece was already getting damp, but it was better than leaving sensitive skin bare to the elements. She rubbed the cold buildup off her patch with a grumble and started trudging off back to camp, brow set in concentration to focus on the tiny beacon in the distance.

The Dust battery inside it was running out of juice if the occasional flicker and yellow sparks meant anything, and Ruby yanked the beacon’s stake up out of the ground when it was in reach, shaking it hard until the constant glow resumed. Dropping down to one knee, she stuck the stake back into the ground, packing snow around the base so it would freeze still again, the hard earth underneath holding tighter than glue. A small flurry in her absence had scattered snow over the shallow ditch she’d cut in front of a centuries-old tree, the trunk wide enough to sit and sleep against when night fell, and Ruby brushed it clean again before reaching up to grab her pack from where it hung
Every hunter knew that using Dust for light and warmth could draw Grimm, but plenty forgot that the other animals wandering the wilderness could wander by and shred any bag holding food, even if everything inside was dried and canned.

Once she’d settled back against the tree, Ruby fumbled the buckles of her pack open, cursing the touch of numbness in the fingertips of her real hand. The other one wasn’t the best for anything involving fine motor skills, and the last thing she wanted to do was break something off and spend the next hour sewing it back in place.

“Why does the coffee always fall to the bottom?” She muttered, plunking the heat canister at her feet and screwing its little accompanying pot on top. With the flick of a switch, it glowed red, putting out a halo of heat small enough to cup her hands around. “I should just start using that caffeine gel stuff.”

A few minutes later, fresh Vacuo grounds were mixed with water and boiling, and Ruby was counting down the seconds before she could pour it in her insulated cup. Milk was way too much of a pain to keep from spoiling out here, but Yang had stowed a small bag of sugar packets in an outside pocket for her, enough to take the bitter edge off. She had just taken her first sip, humming in sheer satisfaction, when the buzz of her scroll startled her up straight.

Maybe keeping it in the back pouch had been a bad idea.

“I can’t believe there’s even a connection out here.” Ruby’s thumb found the diamond in the center, popping the scroll open and balancing the device against her lap to shield it from the snow. “A video?”

Squinting at the screen and leaning close, she could make out the sender – Weiss – and that there was one weak bar of network connection, probably leech off the weather tower right on the border. When she bumped the screen with her knuckle to start the download, a black box popped up across the screen, prompting a password. A hint was displayed right above the prompt – Senior Year Final – along with a warning that putting the wrong password in more than three times would cause the message to self-destruct.

“Weiss, why do you encrypt everything?” Ruby sighed, then put the thumb of her glove between her teeth and pulled. Steel fingers would scratch the screen, but the pressure wouldn’t register through the fabric either. “Our senior final, that was….Mercurius’ formula!”

It took a couple tries to switch to the alchemical keyboard, but Ruby started punching the symbols in with their proper order, muttering the chain and type of Dust under her breath until it was finished, fingers almost numb by the time she hit enter. Another minute stretched by as the video loaded, glove hastily tugged back on in the interim, but she regretted it the second she had to press the play button by leaning forward and tapping it with her nose. When Weiss appeared on the screen, sitting on the edge of their bed in a loose, short robe, Ruby straightened up a bit in surprise.

“I hope you opened this when you were alone somewhere, Ruby Rose.” Weiss began, and even though it was recorded, Ruby could feel the weight behind those bright blue eyes, expectant. “Because otherwise you have about thirty seconds to find some privacy.”

There probably wasn’t a living soul five miles in any direction, but Ruby still glanced around, listening for the crunch of snow or anything over the low whistle of the wind. In the middle of the night, she was as isolated as she could be, but nonetheless tucked the edges of her cloak over both knees, concealing the screen from view. By the time she was settled again, Weiss’ smile was cool and reserved, but Ruby could see the touch of impatience along one brow, tensing right next to that overhead.
familiar scar. The tell had been there since their first year at Beacon, even if Weiss still refused to admit it.

“I miss you. Every day, it’s there in the back of my mind that I can’t just call you, see your face because you’re out hunting for villages who barely have the wheel, much less a proper telecommunications system.” One of Weiss’ hands drifted upward from her lap, toying with the knot in the sash of her robe, the only thing keeping it closed just an inch over both knees. “So I thought I’d send you something to keep you warm out there, and remind you what you’ll be coming home to.”

Ruby’s jaw dropped as Weiss undid the knot with a single firm tug, baring the pale length of one thigh before the robe came open all the way and slid down narrow shoulders. Underneath was a set of black lingerie she’d never seen before, detailed with red stitching the exact shade as her cape and delicate lace framing all the edges. The bra accentuated everywhere it touched, although it barely covered anything at all, and the panties may as well have been a few thin black lines away from leaving Weiss completely exposed. A familiar dark ribbon was tied low around her throat, the loose ends wound together to resemble a blooming rose; whether Blake had meant it to seem like the bow on a gift – or a collar, Ruby realized with a gulp – she wasn’t sure, but the effect was striking either way.

“How have you ever thought about what I do when you’re not here with me, Ruby?” Weiss asked, lounging back against the pillows. When her thighs pressed together and then relaxed, Ruby caught the briefest glimpse between her legs, and the restriction of the balaclava got that much warmer. “Sometimes Blake stays the night with Yang and I’m all alone.”

If she was being honest, Ruby had to admit the thought didn’t cross her mind too often. She knew Weiss was always busy meeting the demands of the SDC every quarter, and it was easier to picture the older woman yanking her tie loose and collapsing in the closest chair with one of Yang’s cocktails and those high heels kicked off rather than this. Just imagining Weiss getting all dressed up, eager to show off even if she wasn’t right there to see it, sent heat coiling low in Ruby’s gut, made it all the hotter when Weiss slowly eased her knees apart onscreen, the fabric concealing those last few inches thin enough to shred with a hard grip. Her panties were visibly damp already, clinging tight, and Ruby almost scratched the back of her scroll with steel fingers before catching herself.

“Do you want to see how I entertain myself?” Weiss asked, looking her directly in the eye.

There was a beat of silence after, long enough for Ruby to mumble back a thoroughly flustered yeah. Sure, it was a recording, but Weiss had clearly gone to a lot of trouble to make this feel real for her, and she almost choked on the next sip of coffee as short, lacquered nails trailed downward, rosy pink marks rising across Weiss’ stomach in their wake. Her fingers stopped just short of her panties, a knowing smile curving Weiss’ mouth right after the hesitation. Even hundreds of miles away, she could tease, and Ruby decided to set her cup aside in the snow rather than risk coffee going right out her nose with whatever Weiss planned next.

“It’s not the same, just imagining you here,” Centimeter by centimeter, Weiss’ fingers delved lower until she was cupping herself, the moan that fled her lips loud enough to make Ruby shiver, “your weight on top of me, the way you move–”

The next word was cut short by a sharp hitch of breath as Weiss started to touch herself through the thin barrier, deliberately slow strokes up and down until she gasped. Ruby could just make out the blush spreading across Weiss’ face, below the angle and dip of her collarbones, but her fingers didn’t stop despite the embarrassment, not until narrow hips jerked up off the bed out of blatant desire. Only then did Weiss hook both thumbs under the band of lace and draw them down her legs, casting them
to the end of the bed before she leaned back against the pillows again.

“But I have to make myself wait,” Weiss’ voice was a touch deeper now, breathless and low in her throat, “because you never let me come right away. Not until you’ve touched me everywhere.”

Ruby bit the side of her mouth to hold in a groan as Weiss did just that, hands wandering at will – cupping her breasts until both nipples were visibly hard through opaque black and red, gripping each thigh so a mark was left, as if they were being roughly spread apart – and through every tease and movement, she could see Weiss getting even wetter, about to drip down to the sheets. All she could do was whisper encouragement under her breath, wishing Weiss was able to hear the words, but it was reward enough when Weiss’ hands finally fell between her thighs again, parting herself open after just a second’s hesitation.

“Ruby,” her name ended on a moan as Weiss slid a finger inside herself, adding a second when the sensation wasn’t quite enough. Both fingers came back slick at the start of each thrust, leaving Weiss soaked to the knuckle as she let out a needy, desperate whimper, the sort Ruby only heard when Weiss was brought right to the edge and held there, “please.”

In the last millisecond before her thoughts short-circuited at the ragged plea, Ruby had the distant impression that this wasn’t fair at all. Weiss almost never begged for anything when they were in bed together, and to hear it when she couldn’t get up and do anything was so frustrating she would have screamed, if not for the fact the image splashed across her screen was one of the hottest things she’d ever seen in her life. Weiss’ other hand had gone straight to her clit, fingers working in tight and eager circles, and then she twisted back against the bed, toes curling in the sheets before she came with a wordless cry, each wave of pleasure telegraphed as her hips rolled forward to make every thrust hard and deep.

Despite being red-faced up the roots of her hair, Ruby did take some satisfaction in getting to watch Weiss all the way through her orgasm, focusing it on a way she didn’t usually get to. In the heat of the moment, she was always distracted by a hundred other things – kissing down Weiss’ throat to leave a new mark or keeping their bodies pinned down to the bed until Weiss nails’ raked down her back – and didn’t really have a chance to see the satisfied haze across her screen was one of the hottest things she’d ever seen in her life. Weiss’ other hand had gone straight to her clit, fingers working in tight and eager circles, and then she twisted back against the bed, toes curling in the sheets before she came with a wordless cry, each wave of pleasure telegraphed as her hips rolled forward to make every thrust hard and deep.

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“I know you’ll be home soon, but even a night is too long when you’re not here.” The soft laugh that followed was proof enough that Weiss had really come; it was a rare sound to hear when she wasn’t totally relaxed, at ease. “So I suppose I’ll keep having to do this until you are. I love you, Ruby. Be safe.”

The image on her scroll faded out as the video ended, a replay button popping at the top of the screen and so tempting Ruby almost couldn’t think straight. Weiss recoiled from PDA half the time they were out on dates, which paled in comparison to making something like this and sending it to her all the way out here. It wasn’t until the energy saving app in the corner beeped loudly that she managed to snap out of her haze, sliding the scroll shut and letting out a deep breath. A week was left on this contract, technically, but that was because the village had told her there were nearly fifty Grimm roaming in scattered packs around their border, not the twenty or so she’d just decapitated with no sign of reinforcements.

A five-mile sprint back there in the middle of the night to get paid would so be worth it – especially if she could make it to the train station just in time for the pre-dawn passenger carriage.

After downing the cold remnants of her coffee and turning off the heater, Ruby repacked the ruck as
quickly as she could, slinging it onto her back with Crescent Rose’s grip still right in reach, everything clipped into place over the warm weight of her cape. Drawing a mental beeline through the woods, she burst into a Semblance-fueled blur, rose petals scattering above the upturned snow, but vanishing before they ever hit the ground.

“The doctor said two days.”

Weiss made sure the scroll’s camera was focused right at her face when she frowned, telling Blake in so few words what exactly she thought of that advice. “I could pay three other doctors to say that I’m fine to go into work right this minute. Two of them are on speed-dial, even.”

A low sigh from the Faunus crackled over the audio, golden eyes narrowing to thin slits. “You know that’s not my point. You passed out at the end of a meeting, and you would have hit your head right on the floor if I hadn’t caught you. Forty-eight hours of rest probably isn’t near enough, really.”

“I’ll stay.” Weiss said, a bit too quickly. The last thing she wanted was Blake finding an excuse to make her forced respite even longer – quarterly reports were coming in from every subsidiary in a week, and this would already put her behind when it came time to decide whose heads were on the chopping block. “But I’m bored. What do you even do here on your days off?”

“I workout, I play video games.” One dark brow arched high. “Or I sleep, as people who work sixty hours a week at minimum tend to do.”

“I slept for ten hours straight and now there’s a crick in my neck.” Weiss grumbled. Blake blinked, hesitating before realizing she was serious. “Want me to call up an in-house masseuse, then? As in, one that shows up at your door so you don’t get out of bed.”

“No, that’s ridiculous. I’ll find the heating pad in the closet later.” Sitting up from her veritable pile of pillows, Weiss set the scroll at her side, stretching both arms up over her head. “But if you want to send me the daily stock report, I could at least—”

A long creak of the front door hinges stopped her short, and Weiss stared at the open doorway to the bedroom before looking back down at her scroll. Blake was most certainly still in the office, a bulletproof window visible behind both shoulders, and Yang had warned her this morning a massive bachelorette party at the bar meant staying there overnight to cleanup. She was supposed to be alone until the end of business, all the housekeeping staff dismissed for the day for the sake of her uninterrupted rest.

“Weiss, are you alright?” Blake asked.

“Someone just opened our front door.” She replied, swinging both legs over the side of the bed and standing up. “Don’t tell me you sent security here to keep me off my feet.”

“No, of course not. I trust you.” The Faunus’ face went tight with concern, one hand reaching offscreen. “Weiss, where are you going?”

Once she was gripping Myrtenaster’s hilt, Weiss flashed the sword in front of the screen. “To go vent my frustration on this hapless intruder.”

“That’s not protocol, Weiss, let me—” One tap on the scroll ended the call, another muting the ringer, and she popped a brand new set of Dust cartridges into the revolver barrel right before striding towards the doorway.
Perhaps a nightgown didn’t exactly pass for worthy armor, but any assassin bumbling enough to make that much noise upon entering a target’s house couldn’t be a professional. Weiss was almost to the staircase when she hit a human-sized barrier, stumbling back as the outline of a familiar black top came together, bound by red laces and–

“Ruby?” Myrtenaster fell from her hand and clattered to the floor, its blade ringing with a subtle vibration against the wood. “What…what day is it?”

“I’m home early, Weiss!” Ruby announced proudly, her smile wide until a singular silver eye focused down on the floor. “Why do you have your sword?”

Embarrassment clashed with the confusion and joy bubbling up in Weiss’ chest, leaving her dizzy as Ruby’s hands came to rest on her shoulders, the weight comforting – grounding. “I…I thought someone was breaking in.”

“I just used my key.” Ruby said, looking sheepish until a mouth tensed into a frown. “Wait, why are you home already? Are you okay?”

“No, I’m not okay.” Cupping Ruby’s face between her hands, Weiss pulled her down into a quick, messy kiss, the second that quickly followed harder than the first. “I wanted everything ready for you, to be just like–Ruby, your hands are freezing!”

Ruby’s touch disappeared from where it had been against her back, the sensation of ice sliding up her spine fading as quickly as it appeared. Steel fingers clenched into a fist as Ruby raised her arm, the white warmth of Aura coating the metal before disintegrating into harmless sparks. When Weiss felt a gentle press against her shoulder, it was the same temperature as the room, not too warm or too cold. “That’s the best I can do. The glove’s just kind of iced up on the other one.”

“Then take it off.” Weiss demanded, a surge of lust piercing through what was left of her surprise, and she gave the laces of Ruby’s corset a firm tug. “Take everything off.”

“I can do that.” The answer came paired with a smile, and a step back pushing them both through the doorway and into the bedroom. “But you still haven’t told me why you’re home. I can’t remember the last time you slept in on a…Wednesday.”

“You’re the one who’s supposed to be out killing Grimm.” Undoing the laces as Ruby lead her towards the bed was difficult, but Weiss had gotten far better with practice over the years. “Not that I’m complaining. Not in the least.”

“The village thought they had an Alpha on their hands. Just a big Beowolf, though.” Ruby shrugged and the corset slid free in Weiss’ hands, falling right to the floor. “You’re not sick, are you?”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Weiss said, putting as much imperious steel as she could summon into her voice. “Blake was just concerned I wasn’t getting enough sleep.”

“But Blake’s concerned about that all the–” Cutting off the protest with another kiss, Weiss’ hands went to Ruby’s ammo belt next, unhooking it without looking down.

Thankfully, Ruby took the hint, but rather than helping her undo buckles and straps, Weiss found herself pushed down against the bed and straddled, a spark of wolfish mischief lighting up that silver stare. There was nothing she could do about Ruby’s skirt or boots with her hips locked in place, especially when a tight grip took hold of her wrists next, fused steel and familiar calluses a rough contrast to the soft press of the mattress underneath. By instinct, Weiss started to thrash, somewhat irritated at being waylaid so quickly, but Ruby was strong and skilled enough to hold down someone
twice her size, pulse becoming a fast flutter in her throat as anticipation built and coiled south of her stomach.

“You wanted me to come home, right?” Ruby asked, close enough to kiss if she could tilt her head up that far. “That video you sent was pretty convincing.”

In the initial planning, Weiss had swore to herself that she wouldn’t blush when Ruby brought up the video, but in practice, it was impossible. She certainly had done enough of it during the filming, between Yang’s comments behind the camera and Blake’s wandering hands as the ribbon around her neck was tied and hair pulled back, everything set in place so she looked perfect and ready to be undone. Perhaps planning while two martinis deep at the bar lead to a bit of improvisation, but Weiss had waited a whole night after to make sure she was sober for the recording, then spent another three nights cutting and editing. Another week might have passed before she sent it, if not for Yang teasing that Ruby was going to come home before seeing all their hard work, but all her hand-wringing about someone else seeing the file was gone now, replaced by pure, unfiltered satisfaction.

“I take it that means you liked it.” Weiss said, trying to keep it from sounding like a question. “You’re still too dressed for me to tell, though.”

“That’s because I’m taking care of you first.” A hot kiss was pressed to the corner of her jaw, the next one grazing teeth right over her pulse. “You didn’t already start without me today, did you?”

She shivered as Ruby’s real hand released the wrist it held, going straight down to the hem of her nightgown and tugging it past the boundary of her hips. “N-no.”

“You sure? Because from what I saw…” Lace scratched Weiss’ ribs before the gown was pushed up over her breasts and Ruby’s head came down, breath spreading heat across her skin. “…you are pretty eager.”

Fighting back the new rush of blood to her face, Weiss managed to gasp, “see for yourself.”

“Got to keep your hands up there, okay, Weiss?” Artificial fingers squeezed tight enough for her to feel the bite of metal, then relaxed and let go when the point was made.

The scent of clean snow, chased with primal notes of blood and leather, filled Weiss’ senses as Ruby kissed across her breasts, both nipples teased with tongue and teeth until she moaned. Other marks were left with Ruby’s descent, dappled shades of pink rising when she sucked, shallow red crescents pressed into each side of Weiss’ hips with harder bites. A stuttered breath caught in Weiss’ chest as Ruby dragged her panties down past her knees, the next kiss against the sharp point of one, and then the other. Some of her most powerful fantasies had begun like this; Ruby coming in fresh from the hunt, guided by the rush of adrenaline and forgetting to be gentle in passion’s wake, and the reality was even better.

“I paid extra on the train home,” Ruby speaking against the inside of her thigh produced a subtle vibration, working upward inch by inch, “because I wanted to watch you over and over. Needed a private car.”

“How many times?” Weiss asked, spreading her legs wider to allow Ruby all the way between them, without restriction.

“I don’t know. Lost count.” Her next exhale was against white curls and slick heat, so close Weiss fought not to jerk upward into the sensation. “But maybe I can make you come that much tonight too, huh?”
Any answer she might have given was twisted into a moan as Ruby’s tongue passed over her with one broad stroke, forearm stalling her hips with all the strength of a steel bar. When Weiss tried to press her knees together, wanting to vent the energy of the struggle somewhere, Ruby’s other hand pushed back and held her open for the next indulgent lick, then the next, gathering her wetness from the source and drawing it up to her clit. Each time Ruby’s mouth made contact there, it lasted only a second, just long enough for her nerves to register the pleasure before it was stolen away again.

Weiss lost her patience for the game a moment later when Ruby refused to pick up the pace, even as she became hotter, wetter, needing more than the slow and constant pressure. “Don’t tease.”

“Just warming you up,” Ruby’s eye flickered upward to meet both of Weiss’, and just the sight of her arousal spread down to Ruby’s chin was almost enough to draw out a whimper, “and it’s been over a month since I got to do this, remember?”

How could she not? They had been in her office – of all ill-advised places – and Ruby had barely fit under her desk, doing all the work while kneeling. The grip she had on the back of Ruby’s head had left nail marks deep in the leather of the patch’s strap, held tight until she came and tasted blood in the back of her mouth from the effort of staying silent, rather than risk alerting the hundred or so employees minding their business past the hastily locked door. Weiss moaned even louder at the memory, felt Ruby smile against her the instant before that twice-blessed tongue pressed against the soft circle of her entrance and dipped inside, thrusting deeper when her back arched at the sudden burst of bliss.

“Ruby–” She was caught between complaining that this simply wasn’t fair and riding the building high, but one thing was certain. “I need more than this–”

Another pause followed, far too deliberate. “Yeah? What’s the magic word?”

So that’s what this was. Weiss could have cursed, remembering the slip she’d made in the video, so raw and desperate in the heat of the moment. It was so hard for her to ask for these things in the best of circumstances, much less beg like she was helpless, unmistakably vulnerable. Yet Ruby had asked first, come home early to prove how much she wanted this, and it wasn’t as if anyone was recording them right now. It would be for her ears only.

“Please,” Weiss breathed out, hands clenching into fists up against the headboard, “give me more, Ruby. Please.”

The hunger sparked in Ruby’s expression was close to ravenous, and the next time her head tilted down, it was to focus all of her attention on Weiss’ clit, licking and sucking until she found every sensitive place, lingering whenever a louder moan or whine escaped. Weiss wanted to sink her fingers into Ruby’s hair, have something more solid to hold than the flimsy edge of a pillowcase, but rebelling meant there was a chance she would stop, and that couldn’t happen, not now. Just a little more of this and it would be enough, push her to the release she’d been craving for weeks, falling apart under Ruby’s hands and mouth.

Steel fingers clenched tighter across the curve of her hip and Weiss saw a flash of white behind her eyes at the subtle thread of pain the grip provoked, seamlessly joining the pleasure winding through her blood right before she was overwhelmed. It was like being pulled under by a tide of bliss, leaving her senseless to everything but the quick strokes of Ruby’s tongue and the warm, weightless rush of orgasm. She came back to herself gasping for breath, twisted up in the sheets, and the comforting weight of Ruby’s cheek pressed against her thigh, any pretense of the predatory huntress replaced by a warm, goofy smile.

“You okay, Weiss?” Ruby asked, nose scrunching up in concern.
“I’m more than okay.” Since she’d come, there was no need to keep to the rules, and Weiss reached down to grasp at Ruby’s shoulders, tugging upward until they were face-to-face again. “But you are still wearing far too many clothes.”

“Maybe if you say please ag–hey!” The comment was muffled by Ruby’s cape when Weiss opened the clasps and yanked it over her head, thick red fabric sliding off onto the bed.

“Twice was plenty, thank you.” With the cape out of the way, she could reach the zipper at the base of Ruby’s neck, drawing the tiny metal tab down with care so the teeth wouldn’t catch. “And get rid of those boots. I can’t even imagine what’s been tracked in on them.”

Two heavy thunks later and Weiss was pulling Ruby’s top from her shoulders, the sleeves going loose as both arms slipped free. Between each layer stripped away, all the thick padding and armor meant to protect from cold weather and Grimm claws alike, she stole kiss after kiss, not bothering to disguise her hunger when Ruby let out a frustrated groan against her lips. Building on their first rush of heat was easy, like coaxing smoldering coals to ignite again with one’s breath, and Weiss casually poured more fuel on the fire once Ruby was completely naked, foregrowing any sort of teasing to claim her prize.

Just the pressure of her palm between Ruby’s thighs earned a low sound, and Weiss echoed it when her fingers came back dripping wet. “Did you touch yourself when you were on the train?”

“No, I–” Ruby’s hips twitched forward, trying to grind against her hand. “–I wanted to wait until I was home with you.”

“So patient.” Weiss kept her voice even, giving no warning before a pair of her fingers thrust deep, rewarded with a choked cry and both of Ruby’s fists clenching tight on either side of her head.

She turned her face to the right, just enough to press a kiss to the powerful muscle flexing up Ruby’s arm, every taut, corded line there. An indulgent nip of her teeth followed, the salt of sweat filling her senses matched with the scent of crushed rose petals that always lingered on Ruby’s skin. The rhythm of Weiss’ hand was fast and forceful, but Ruby was moving to meet it, breath ragged and hot in the curve of her shoulder as she rode her fingers knuckle-deep with each thrust. It was best like this, Ruby’s weight against her and all that strength brought to bear, need taking over everything else.

“Weiss–” Ruby’s nose bumped against her chin, an open-mouthed kiss making its way from her cheek to her lips. “–need you.”

“You have me.” She whispered it softly, counter to the rough rhythm of her fingers, thumb centered on Ruby’s clit with every stroke.

They kissed again and Weiss bit down on Ruby’s lower lip, sucked the swell of it after hearing a whimper that wasn’t quite pain. Her other hand found purchase in red-black strands, seizing Ruby’s hair once she found a proper grip that would hold but not hurt. It kept the two of them close, exchanging short breaths until the steady roll forward of Ruby’s hips became jerky and uncontrolled, an urgent staccato, and she tightened even more around Weiss’ fingers. When she curled them both, deep inside against a particular spot, Ruby gasped against her mouth and went still, every muscle locked up as she rode out her release, jaw going slack at the very end when the need for oxygen outpaced the pulse of pleasure.

Weiss stroked through Ruby’s hair, guided her head down so she could relax and breathe. It wasn’t until Ruby mumbled I–mm–love–you against her chest that she withdrew her fingers, slow enough to feel the subtle aftershocks of orgasm. The heavy scent that lingered on Ruby’s clothes and skin was
gone, replaced by the unmistakable tang of sex and exertion, and Weiss took the few quiet moments between them to look for any cuts or bruises that might have come from the hunt, injuries hidden out of view. Ruby had a bad habit of downplaying any harm that came to her out in the wilderness, too many deep bites and gouges dismissed as ‘scratches’ and the like, but laying together like this, all of her defenses were down.

“I love you too.” Weiss replied, content that she found no reason to worry. “Did you get any sleep last night, Ruby?”

A low snort followed. “Not really. That train from the west has tracks that rattle like someone’s banging a bunch of pots and pans together.”

Apparently, she needed to work on less subtle prodding. “Does that mean you’re tired?”

“What?” Ruby finally looked up, chin propped up beneath her collarbone. “No, I’m good. Looking for a round two, Weiss?”

“I…wouldn’t be opposed.” Weiss admitted.

After pressing a kiss right over her heart, she felt Ruby’s smile against her skin. “And what do you want me to do, huh? I bet you got something in mind.”

“If your stamina is fully recovered,” Weiss bit her lip, losing confidence halfway through the sentence. “…perhaps something out of the drawer?”

Ruby was off of her in a hot second, leaning back onto both haunches with an even wider grin. When her thighs flexed with the movement, drawing the eye up to the sharp V of muscle framing Ruby’s toned stomach, Weiss’ irritation at the absence of her weight suddenly quieted. “Yeah?”

Shaking off the distraction for a moment, she arranged her expression into something a little more dignified than abject gawking. “Yes. Do I have to be more specific?”

“Uh,” Ruby reached over to the bedside table with a curious murmur, dragging the drawer open and tilting her head to peer inside, “depends if you want it to vibrate or not.”

“Just pick something!” Weiss muttered, the heat of embarrassment climbing up the back of her neck. She was relieved when Ruby gave nothing more than a shrug in response, hand disappearing from view for a moment before pulling out a tangle of red nylon straps. A bottle of lube was casually tossed beside it on the bed, the toy that followed just as opaque. Despite a superficial resemblance it wasn’t made of glass, but a material that conducted both Dust and heat safely, a golden sigil branded on the underside of the shaft transmitting sensation to the wearer, and of course, whoever had the pleasure of being on the receiving end of it. Weiss had purposefully blotted how much it cost out of her memory, but the results were hard to argue with.

“Haven’t gotten to use this one in a while.” Ruby tucked the base of the toy inside the harnesses’ pouch, tightening the bit of slack from the straps around her hips. When her fingers pressed on the sigil, it glowed for a few seconds before sparks of Aura flowed across the surface and vanished, Ruby’s spine going rigid. “Oof, that always feels like I stuck my finger in a light socket.”

“I’m not going to ask how you’d know that.” Weiss said, adjusting the pillows behind her head so there was no chance of striking the headboard. It had happened more than once before, and nothing killed the heat of the moment like a concussion mid-coitus.

“I don’t remember much, but Yang said my hair stood straight up.” Settling back between Weiss’
knees, Ruby had just started to lean forward when she looked down and stopped short. “You’re kind of laying on my cape, Weiss.”

That explained why the sheets felt so rough. Nonetheless, the heavy red fabric was warm and smelled like Ruby, and Weiss enjoyed the rub against bare skin when she shifted her hips. “Then you’ll have something nice to picture next time you wear it then, won’t you?”

Plastic clicked as Ruby grabbed the bottle off the edge of the bed, flipping its cap open with her thumb. “The Grimm are going to smell your perfume on me and wonder why there’s no pretty fencer waiting when they come running.”

“What does my perfume have to do with my weapon?” Weiss asked, losing focus on the question as she watched Ruby’s fingers slick lube up the length of the toy, saw the little shiver that followed at the contact.

“Nothing. I just always think of the two of them together, I guess.” The mattress bowed under Ruby’s knees as she shuffled on all fours, closing the distance between their bodies again. “When I’m out there by myself, waiting on stakeouts and stuff, I fit all the pieces into place sometimes. The color of your eyes. How you smell, how you taste. Silly, huh?”

There was suddenly a hard knot in Weiss’ throat, one she couldn’t swallow past. “No. It’s not silly at all.”

The sudden swell of emotion found a decidedly physical counter as Ruby eased her hips forward, one hand on the base of the toy to guide it into place. Weiss knew without question she was still wet, but there was a slow stretch as the head pushed past her entrance. As soon as Ruby was all the way inside her, Weiss claimed a deep kiss, heels pressing down into the sheets as she rocked upward to start an even rhythm, working them both up fast. Far too long had passed since they had the time for this, and there were only so many occasions that Weiss could pen out a block of free time on her schedule for it without feeling like she was color-coding her sex life.

“Harder, Ruby.” Weiss forced out through grit teeth.

Scarred knuckles wiped away the line of sweat gathered above her patch before Ruby braced herself against the bed with both arms, getting some proper leverage. “You sure?”

Throwing any sense of propriety to the wind, Weiss wrapped her legs around Ruby’s waist and moved to force the next thrust, so deep their bodies were held flush together. “Yes, I’m sure.”

A firm kiss silenced any further demands, but Weiss couldn’t complain when she was taken at her word, the next pump of Ruby’s hips hard enough to pin her down against the bed. She was kept there with every one that followed, nails scratching a set of crimson lines across one sculpted shoulder, more as desperate encouragement than anything else. Her teeth claimed Ruby’s throat inch by inch, a sudden nip up to one ear earning a yelp caught between surprise and pleasure, enough that Ruby almost stopped in place, and that certainly wouldn’t do.

With no intention of distracting Ruby any further, Weiss struggled to fit her arm between the two of them, pulse hammering triple-time as she worked her fingers against her clit, quick and mindless. The raw friction was more than enough when Ruby was taking her like this, a chain of grunts and whines escaping, echoed by the broken syllable of her name, filtering through Weiss like music as the sensation bounced between them, heat building on heat. As much as she wanted the satisfaction of making Ruby come first, it was far easier to surrender and let the strength of her own orgasm pull her partner right over the edge.
When the tension snapped, pleasure shook Weiss to the core, even more intense than she expected when the world shrank to a colorful blur in front of her eyes, nothing but silver and red as she cried herself hoarse. Ruby was still moving inside her, rough and relentless until there was a full-body tremble, energy spent with a few more hard thrusts and a groan of relief. Her own thighs were still shaking, trapped against Ruby’s, and Weiss unceremoniously collapsed back against the pillows, spending the next minute trying to figure out how to unbend her knees again.

“You still doing okay?” Ruby asked, breathless but clearly satisfied. “I thought you were going to pass out at the end there.”

“As I said, I’m not sick, I was just tired—” An insistent vibration at the end of the bed drew Weiss’ attention that way, the screen of her scroll flashing in warning. “–Ruby, get off me, I should take that.”

She suppressed a gasp when Ruby pulled out, however cautious, and kicked away the tangled sheets to grab her scroll. The second she answered the call, Blake appeared onscreen, face set with deep lines of worry. “Weiss! I was about to send a team over. Are you– Ruby?”

“Hey, Blake!” Ruby waved from the other half of the bed, one end of the cape draped over her hips and providing a fragile sense of modesty that the abandoned toy and harness right beside her promptly smashed to pieces. “I got home early.”

“So I can see.” Now the worry was gone, replaced by a knowing look that flustered Weiss completely. Something about the flash of hunger in those golden eyes always did. “Which means I’m going to head from work straight to the bar. Ruby and I can catch up tomorrow.”

“Thank you.” Weiss said softly, knowing the Faunus was just as starved for time alone with Ruby as she was. “Have fun with Yang.”

“I will. Don’t forget to sleep, both of you.” The line went dead before Weiss could protest, and she tossed the scroll aside with a roll of her eyes.

Before she could move back into Ruby’s arms, though, there was a prolonged yawn. “Sleep does sound like kind of a good idea, Weiss.”

“It does seem like I’m fated for it today.” A few more hours wouldn’t hurt, she supposed, especially if Ruby hadn’t gotten a chance to rest on the train home. “We’ll have to figure out dinner afterwards.”

Ruby’s breathy snore in her ear was answer enough, and Weiss pulled the far blanket up over their bodies before closing her eyes and settling back into that familiar embrace. If this was what happened when she was forced to take a day off, perhaps she’d have to arrange for it far more often.

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