Chocolate Bunny Productions

by Dark_Dhampir

Summary

Chocolate Bunny Productions: Because "RWBY Does Porn" is too on the nose.

Notes

Wow. This . . . this is something I actually wrote. This actually went from a weird idea I played with in my mind (i.e. can I write a romance story where the main characters are all
porn stars and thus their literal job is having sex with as many people as possible), to an excuse to work on writing sex scenes, to something I'm actually kind of proud of in some places.

This fic is inspired by "Say "Cheesecake!"" by ChatRWBYlette, "Yang's modeling career in brief" by Flexor which was itself inspired by ChatRWBYlette's story, and "Club Rose" by Acoustic Ghost (on Fanfiction). I highly recommend all of them.

I should also point out that everything I know about the porn and fashion industries, I learned from these fics, plus a few episodes of CSI: MIAMI (I took the Mexican cheek implants from 05x04 "If Looks Could Kill" just because I thought it was so ridiculous.). This is not an endorsement of the porn industry; please do not take it as such. This is a silly plot designed to string together a lot of lemons and feels-y moments.

This is one fic where I will break down and ask, please no flames.

Happy International Fanworks Day (one day late)!

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Coco lounged around the studio, nursing a beer, the glare behind her sunglasses daring anyone to comment on it. No one would. No one would dare. Coco Heather Adel was known to reduce people to tears for lesser offences. Coco’s scowl deepened at the thought, and she took another squig. She wondered how long it would take to escape her past.

The daughter of a high-profile designer and his retired model trophy-wife, she had followed in her mother’s footsteps on the runway and outshined her. Coco Adel was now one of the most famous names in the American fashion world. She’d spent countless hours on countless planes flying to exotic locales (some requiring more security than others, much more) and hours more in makeup just for the few seconds she would look perfect on stage. Her resume included modelling clothes, formal wear, swim suits, and lingerie.

And she’d done it largely independent of her parents. By the time she was sixteen, Coco was auditioning and travelling for shoots on her own. Heck, most days she was living on her own, her parents having only the barest legal control over her and largely uninterested in even that. One thing they did contribute to her was the most pivotal lesson of her career, the one that would shape her for years to come: don’t fight fair. Auditioning was a cutthroat process, and you had to take every advantage to win. Coco had learned that lesson well. She’d learned how gossip could turn friends into enemies. She’d learned an anonymous phone call or an emailed photo to the media could cause a scandal that could make someone un-castable. She’d learned her body was good for more than photos . . .

Coco scoffed. Eighteen. She’d been eighteen when she’d first slept with someone for a shoot. Actually slept with might be the wrong term, it implied a long night in a bed at home or in a motel; Coco had let the douche screw her on his desk for half an hour, and she’d gotten the job. Barely legal, and she was little more than a hooker.
She’d learned to cope with her new lifestyle: to drown her sorrows in alcohol, to hide her frustrations behind a mask of arrogance, and to revel in the envy and bitterness she saw in the eyes of others to keep from realizing what she herself lacked. Like that singer who took a pill in Ibiza, she spent years in a drug-like haze. Then her parents had died.

They’d died in a car crash; apparently, their million-dollar-limo’s security wasn’t good enough to stop a drunk driver from barreling into the back of it at almost 80 miles an hour. Maybe buckling up would’ve helped. Coco got a phone call from their lawyer informing her of the event. The last time she’d spoken to them was the New Year’s Eve Party almost six months prior. It was like hearing about a pair of strangers on the news.

Over the next couple of months, as she dealt with the funeral and her parents’ estate and far too much paparazzi (the parasites became even more eager for pictures and quotes when the news broke; apparently celebrities going through a tragedy were more sellable than successful and content ones), Coco began to realize just how horribly empty her life was. She had no friends to talk to about what it was like to write a eulogy for a pair of people she barely knew anymore; everyone who knew her hated her guts or was just a toady looking for favors. Or both. She found herself looking around her apartment and through her phone and not finding a single picture of her family. Finally sober, Coco looked at her face on a magazine cover and was disgusted by what she saw: a woman who thought of herself as queen of the world, with eyes that looked on everything she saw as so much dirt to be swept from her feet.

Coco was now in the process of divesting herself of her former life. She knew she didn’t want to be that person anymore, but who else was she to be? She had no other skills to fall back on; she’d taken online courses for business school, but she didn’t know any other business than modelling. Her bank account wasn’t empty—and the new, scaled down, low-key life style she was settling into helped with that—but it wouldn’t last forever. Besides which, she was industrious by nature; she needed to work. So, she continued to show up for shoots, somehow mustering up the will to finish her contracts before leaving her sponsors and agents behind.

But to do what? That, she didn’t know.

That was when Fate had intervened. Coco overheard yelling, and an accented voice apologizing profusely, along with the sounds of equipment being dropped. Before becoming an orphan, Coco would’ve just ignored the incident. Now, she got up and went to investigate. She found Cardin Winchester, one of the male models, berating a Rabbit-eared Faunus girl who was fumbling with a box of camera parts she’d dropped. The idiot was demanding she get him a latte. When he wasn’t calling her an animal.

“Buzz off,” Coco told him.

The jerk turned to look at her, and his frown morphed into a look of shock and fear, before he attempted to be charming. “Well, Ms. Adel. I’m Cardin Winchester. Perhaps you’ve heard of me? How are you doing this fine day?”

Coco’s first instinct was to verbally castrate the asshole, but she was trying to be better, even to bigots who didn’t deserve it. So instead of one of her traditional acidic retorts, she simply said “Cardin Winchester? Funny, I heard you were being replaced with Flynt Cole.”

“What?” Cardin glowered.

Coco shrugged. “It’s all the same to me, but if I was you, I’d talk to the guy in charge right about now.”
Cardin frowned and mumbled under his breath. “If I find out I’ve been replaced with that Jazz-playing, retro-styled . . .” He turned around and stomped off, ignoring the Faunus girl aside from yelling back “And get me my damn latte!”

Coco snorted. “Idiot.” Turning to the girl, she asked. “You OK?”

“Um, yes, ma’am,” the girl said in an Australian accent. Up close, Coco could see the stagehand was actually about her own age, just so much softer. She was pretty, but had dark circles under her eyes, as though she hadn’t slept in days. The Faunus continued picking up the fallen equipment. “Uh, I should get back to work. The boss will fire me if he thinks I’m slacking off.”

Coco frowned. “What’s your name, cottontail?” she asked.

The girl blinked. “Velvet. Velvet Scarlatina, ma’am.”

“Well, Velvet, tell your boss to assign your jobs to someone else, because I’m going to need you for the rest of the day.”

Velvet blinked but ran off to do as she was told. Her boss cussed a little, but didn’t say anything against it. It wasn’t the first time some needy diva had commandeered one of the hired help to act as their personal gofer. So, Velvet had scurried back to Coco expecting to be sent off for a latte like with Cardin. Or a mocha. Instead, Coco explained that she was done for the day, and Velvet could either go home and sleep or hang with her. After a moment’s hesitation, Velvet chose her.

Coco took her new friend back to her hotel, where two spent the day lounging on the pool sipping drinks. The Rabbit-Faunus was reluctant to talk about herself, but Coco kept needling her until she did. The model learned that the stagehand was from South Africa rather than Australia and had actually graduated the University of Johannesburg with a degree in photography, after which, she’d moved to the U.S. to work professionally, but she didn’t make much money because her artistic integrity didn’t fit with commercial needs. Now, she was taking jobs in all kinds of projects: fashion, advertisements, even glamour, although she rarely held a camera herself. After a couple hours in Coco’s company, Velvet had consumed enough Long Islands to start becoming honest about her feelings towards the industry, and they weren’t pretty. She was fed up with conventional, paint-by-numbers ideas of attractiveness and sensuality. Tired of all the makeup and cosmetic surgeries (her drunken rant about the guy who’d gone to Mexico to get the illegal cheek implants—“I’m serious; illegal cheek implants!”—was Coco’s favorite) that basically rendered photographed models indistinguishable from computer-generated images in her mind. And she was seriously hacked off with the system that chewed up and spit people out, reduced to privileged, broken shells of real people.

Coco sipped her Mai Tai as she listened to the surprisingly passionate Rabbit-eared girl rant and rave in an increasingly thick accent and realized that she agreed with more or less all of Velvet’s complaints. Heck, this was basically why she wanted out of the industry. The sun went down, and the two young women moved to Coco’s room, where they ordered room service for dinner, including a large bottle of bourbon.

Coco had a lot of experience with alcohol, but she was no heavyweight. Velvet drank less, but was also less experienced. The two continued to vent against the industry they were stuck in, until Coco proposed they go into business for themselves. They had no idea what they’d do together: There was a market salivating for artistic photographs, but it wasn’t exactly beating down the door for newcomers, and Velvet didn’t exactly have a name for herself in commercial photography but at that point they were too drunk to care.

“Coco that’s a great idea!” Velvet shouted, literally shouted, Coco hadn’t realized she could do
that, then leaned forward and kissed her newfound friend right on the lips.

Coco was by now too tipsy to think strait, and acted on habit, returning the kiss with all the sensuality years of trading sex for contracts had taught her. Poor Velvet was too addled to resist, and that was without the drinks. The two retired to the model’s bedroom, where the shy, introverted but now very drunk Rabbit Faunus revealed her kinky side. She took out her phone and asked Coco if she could take pictures of them and Coco, after years of catering to the desires of others to secure what she wanted, muttered something to the effect of “sure,” and began ripping her shirt off.

The next day, both girls woke up groaning. Velvet may have cried a little, between the massive hangover and the embarrassment and the dead-certainty she was going to be kicked out of the hotel room and blacklisted forever by the woman sleeping next to her. Coco, however, had no such intentions. In fact, she had no idea what to do. She was twenty-five years old, and had been having sex since she was eighteen, but that had always been payment, services rendered in exchange for favors. In her entire seven-year sexual history, Velvet was the first person she’d slept with because she actually wanted to. A pleasant change of pace—magnificent, in fact, in spite of the hangover—but Coco had honestly no clue what they were supposed to do now. And, having no other idea, she asked Velvet to show her the pictures they’d made.

Maybe it was because of Velvet’s training. Maybe it was because Coco was so accustomed to posing for the camera. Probably it was a bit of both. Whatever the reason, the pictures were good. Really good, in fact, considering half of the collection were the world’s lewdest selfies, shot while drunk. The other half was better, though, the part that came first, where Velvet sat back and shoot Coco playing with herself for her partner’s amusement, since now Velvet had more control of the camera. Considering how drunk the camerawoman was, it honestly impressive and made Coco wonder what Velvet could do when she was sober.

That wasn’t the important thing, though. The important thing was that Coco and Velvet had finally found what their company could sell. Thus, Chocolate Bunny Productions was born.

Chapter End Notes

What have I gotten myself into?

OK, I bet some of you are wondering why I skipped over the sex scene when I tagged this story about making porn "Explicit." Well, writing awkward, drunk sex is more than I want to try to do write now. Besides, Coco and Velvet are a little fuzzy on the details thanks to the alcohol so leaving it ambiguous feels OK. Next chapter: sexy times! I promise.

Also, here's the planned employee list for Chocolate Bunny Productions (yes, I know that is a silly name; that was the point. Besides, when legitimate film companies name themselves "Platinum Dunes," and "Bad Robot," I feel no shame.) in what is currently the presumed order of appearance.
Coco Adel-Founder and Manager
Velvet Scarlatina-Founder and Chief Photographer/Videographer
Yatsuhashi Daichi-Production Assistant and Featured Actor
Fox Alistair-Production Assistant and Featured Actor
Yang Xaio Long-Star Actress
Blake Belladonna-Star Actress  
Pyrrha Nikos-Star Actress  
Sun Wukong-Featured Actor  
Neptune Vasilias-Featured Actor  
Lie Ren-Featured Actor  
Nora Valkyrie-Featured Actress  
Jaune Arc-Featured Actor  
Ruby Rose-Production Assistant and Featured Actress  
Weiss Schnee-Legal Advisor and Featured Actress  
Glynda Goodwitch-Featured Actress

What's the difference between Star and Featured Actors? Go look at the pairings again and see which names show up the most. Yang, Blake, and Pyrrha are the "protagonists" for want of a better term of CBP's products. The others are what you might call the supporting cast.
Founding an independent, “realistic” porn company was harder than it sounded, especially when all you had was one introverted camerawoman who’d almost never taken a professional photograph and a “manager” (that was the best title they could come up with for Coco’s job) who hadn’t finished her business degree and whose entire experience consisted of being a fashion model. There were upsides, of course. The first of which being Coco’s previous career and inheritance provided them with a moderate level of venture capital. The second was that Velvet actually owned a lot of her own equipment. Well, not a lot, and it wasn’t top of the line or anything, but she had a professional-grade camera, some lights, cords, bounces, and other things and she knew how to use them all. She also surprised the Adel girl with another resource: friends. Despite her shyness, Velvet actually did have a few friends, and two of them had been adopted into their new team: Fox Alistair (who was blind; it took all Coco’s willpower not to comment on the irony of taking pictures of a guy who’d never see them) and Yatsuhashi Daichi (who was a literal giant). Both were willing to perform grunt work for the girls and would happily “co-star” when the time came.

Of course, first they would need “stars” before there could be “co-stars,” and that was where the first major hurdle was. How exactly did one go about the task of recruiting people to star in a start-up porn studio’s movies? Coco could’ve used her old position to find connections, but only to established starlets, and that would’ve meant the skinny, surgically-enhanced celebs she and Velvet were trying to avoid. They had to convince ordinary people to get naked and frisky on camera for them. It wasn’t like they could go down to the coffee shop and post a hiring flier.

“Are you kidding?” Coco asked. “Of course we can. Look at this.” She swiveled her laptop to show Velvet the add she’d found on Krog’s List.

“Open-minded 18-year-old girls wanted for artistic film project,” the Rabbit Faunus read. “Coco, we can’t do this!”

“Why not?” the fashionista asked. “Odds are, what we’re doing is going to be way more artistic than whoever posted that will make.”

The two argued about it back and forth. Then, Velvet’s friends solved the project for them. Coco was sitting in the coffee shop when the blonde girl sat down. “Hey,” she said.

Coco raised an eyebrow. “Do I know you?”

“Your partner does,” the lavender-eyed girl said. “Yang Xaio-Long. I’m a friend of Velvet’s.”

“Really?” Coco asked. She couldn’t think of anyone less likely to be her partner’s friend. Fox and Yatsuhashi were quiet and mild-mannered. This girl was loud and energetic, her presence actually making Coco feel crowded. It set her on edge.

“So, Fox and Yatsu didn’t call. Figures.” The girl shrugged. “I want to audition.”
“What?”

“For your new ‘company.’” Yang made air quotes. “The boys thought I might be interested, and I said ‘Fuck, yeah!’” The girl laughed at her own crude joke. “So, where do I sign up?”

Coco made a mental note to speak with the male half of CBP about speaking to people Velvet knew with telling her. Outload she said. “You don’t. You come to a place we set up, perform an audition. That will cost you seventy-five dollars since you’re not working for us. If we think you’re any good, we’ll offer you a contract. If you decide you want to sign on with us, we’ll work out the details. If not, we’ll hand over the pictures for you to do with as you please. Burn them, keep them in a secret binder, start your own portfolio and audition somewhere else.”

This had been the arrangement Coco and Velvet had hammered out together. Velvet’s initial idea had been to charge people to be photographed and leave it at that. Coco thought that was a money sink, given how small the crowd for that sort of fun must be. Aside from which, if they couldn’t keep the photos, they couldn’t grow Velvet’s portfolio. No, they were going to go all the way on this, albeit with respect for their models. She’d agreed to keep the admission fee, though, if only to discourage people from auditioning on a whim. The company needed commitment, and their models needed to think.

“All right,” Yang said. “When and where.”

“Tomorrow,” Coco said. She picked up a napkin and scribbled a time and address on it. Thankfully, their location was almost set up. “You can wear whatever you want and do whatever you want in the film. Payment is due on site.”


“One more thing,” Coco said, looking around. No one was paying any attention to them. “Our neighbors don’t know what we’re doing so . . . don’t blab where the location is and don’t talk about what we’re doing when you get there, all right?”

“All set up?” Coco asked.

Velvet fiddled with her camera a little. “Yes,” she said. “As I can be.”

Coco slapped her shoulder playfully. “You’ll be fine, Bun Bun,” she said. “Besides, it’s not like you’re going to be the one on-screen.”

Thankfully, their model chose that moment to arrive on-set. “Ready for my close-up?” Yang asked. She was decked out in a black and white outfit with a purple handkerchief-looking thing hanging down her right side. “Got to say, this place looks . . . really normal from the outside. Nice neighborhood. I saw some kids playing in the other yard.”

“You’d be surprised what goes on without the locals knowing any better,” Coco explained. “That’s why we don’t want their parents finding out why we bought this place, though.” The “studio” was a small, one-floor house in suburbia, reasonably priced for a girl with some disposable income. The sort of place where every house had a spacious backyard, good for creating some distance from prying eyes. The only downside was the sliding glass door in the living room which was where they were filming.
Yang looked over to the heavy drapes that had been hung over said door and the windows to block the view from the outside. “Why not use the bedroom?” she asked.

“Because that’s a little extravagant for one actress,” Coco said.

“Besides space is an issue in there,” Velvet added, trying to avoid looking her friend in the eye.

“Get over to the stage, super-star,” Coco said with an eye roll. “I know, it’s just a couch, but what do you expect? We’re an independent, start-up.”

“Sure thing, Boss-Lady,” Yang said, sauntering over to the furniture. “Got any requests?”

“Just go with what’s natural,” Velvet said. “Do what you want. Remember, this is about how you feel, not how you look.”

“I doubt she’s ever had a problem with that in her life,” Coco muttered.


Velvet checked her camera one last time. “Action,” she said.

Yang smiled and raised her hand to the camera, blowing a kiss to the audience. Then, she stripped her jacket off. It wasn’t a slow, teasing thing. Yang yanked it off and threw it away. Then she unzipped her skirt and pulled it down. Yang’s choices in which objects to remove, the brief hesitation between each accompanied by a look to the camera showed she was aware of the effect she had on the audience. But, she wasn’t in the mood to delay her own gratification. Now that she was down to a black silk bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings, she stopped. Smiling at the camera, she stretched, giving the audience a good view of her curves and muscles. Closing her eyes, she ran her hands across her cleavage, down her belly, over her crotch, and down her thighs. Opening her eyes, she smiled at the audience as she snapped her panties’ waistband, showing it was on top of the stocking straps. It wasn’t an innocent wink or a teasing one. It was friendly, inviting the viewer.

Straitening, the blond reached behind her back and undid her bra. She shrugged the garment off it a minimum of fuss, exposing her full breasts. Her big, pink areolas morphed into small nipples. Yang grabbed her own tits and lifted them for a moment, squeezing them once, before letting them fall. Then she sat down and steadily pulled her panties off. Yang ran her hands over her shaven crotch, then doubled back and ran them down again.

“Mind if I leave the rest on?” she asked rubbing her stock-clad thigh.

“Whatever you want,” Velvet panted, clicking rapidly. Coco rolled her eyes again. Velvet was too easy to dazzle. Not that it wasn’t hot as all get out . . .

Yang spread her legs, grinning like a lunatic, then slid a single finger into her hairless pussy. Closing her eyes, the girl groaned, her free hand rising to cup her own breast. Velvet captured it all on film. The movements of Yang’s finger, how it swirled around, went in and out, how she transitioned to two fingers, then removed them to focus on her clit. The way her other hand squeezed then released, then re-squeezed her breast. The way she threw her head back and arched her hips as she entered the home stretch. Her mouth opening to let out a prolonged groan as she climaxed. “Oooooooooaaaaaaaahhhhhhh . . .”

Yang collapsed back on the couch, panting. “That . . . that was hot,” she said.

“Yeah,” Velvet whispered.
“Not bad for a first time,” Coco said. She wasn’t going to admit just how hot that was just yet. She had to see if Yang was capable of getting on her good side first. Besides, the blonde’s head didn’t need to swell any further. “You planning to come back?”

Yang relaxed back into the couch, her face slipping into a satisfied smile as she closed her eyes (Velvet snapped another picture). “Definitely,” she whispered.

“I’ll fetch a contract.”
Blake's Audition

Velvet had initially been reluctant to bring her friends into their enterprise. Well, she still was. In all honesty, Coco could understand why her partner felt that way, but it might have been the best thing that happened to their business. Yang was not only beautiful and vivacious, she helped them recruit more models. Unlike the others, Yang actually went to nightclubs, which turned out to be better venues to scout potential pornstars than coffee shops. Go figure.

Within a week of Yang’s shoot, the pair got a call from the blonde saying she had good news. Firstly, she thought the pictures were fantastic and she couldn’t wait for the real thing. Secondly, she’d found their next model. The very next day, the pair had gotten a knock on the door of their house/studio and opened it to reveal a stunning Cat Faunus with East-Asian features and an eloquent voice. She introduced herself as Blake Belladonna.

Velvet got out some tea and the trio got to talking. Blake turned out to not only be gorgeous, but also in possession of a biting wit that rivaled Coco’s own. Five minutes of banter, and the two knew they’d be friends for life. Velvet attempted to ask Blake her reasons for auditioning, but the other Faunus brushed her off. Instead, she got down to the nitty-gritty of the shoot. Because, unlike Yang, Blake had a specific request to make. Velvet asked Coco if it were possible to facilitate her.

Her partner shrugged. “Don’t know. I’d be awesome if we could—and if she knows how to use it—but I can’t promise anything. I’ll ask around though.”

As it turned out it was doable, although sneaking the dang thing into the house turned out to be a bit of a hassle. It came disassembled, thankfully, but a large box being delivered to the front door attracts the neighbors’ attention, which is troublesome when the box is too big to fit through the front door. Since opening the package and removing the contents was out of the question, Coco and Velvet were forced to call in Yatsuhashi and Fox to carry it (Yatsu was strong enough to carry the thing himself but the contents weren’t secure, moving around inside and making it too unwieldy for one person to carry) around to the back of the house and the sliding glass doors. There were still plenty of gossiping neighbors, but none of them actually asked what the boys were loading into the girls’ house.

Regardless, the boys got the thing inside and set up. Coco walked around it once, looking it over. Velvet meanwhile was trying not to faint as all the blood rushed to her face. She looked over at the heavy drapes, hoping more than before that they would be enough to block the room from outside eyes.

Coco turned her eyes to the would-be starlet who walked into the room. “Sure you know how to use this thing?” she asked.

Blake smiled, jumped onto the platform and grabbed the pole, spinning around before coming to a stop in profile. She was dressed in a purple and black lacy babydoll and matching panties and stockings. Unlike Yang, she’d eschewed the garter belt, but was wearing pair of purple heels.

“I know a thing or two.”

Coco snorted. “Whatever.”

Velvet gulped. “All right, action!”
Blake smiled, her eyes half closed. It was a cool and calculating look that sang with the promise of pleasure, but only when she said so. Blake pushed off from the pole, leaning to the side, supported only by the arm that still held it. Her limp hand reached up and brushed the hair from her eyes. Then she began to circle the pole. Slowly at first, but picking up speed with each rotation, until she leapt into the air. Wrapping her leg around the pole, she spun, slowly descending down the pole. When she came to a stop, she brushed her hair back again, this time with more flourish, whipping her head back to show of the silky blackness. She stared into the camera as her chest gently rose and fell.

Then she grasped the pole with her free hand, drawing herself closer to it. Keeping her legs in place, Blake pulled herself up with her hands, until she reached the top. Then she let go, flipping backwards. Velvet gasped, and Coco almost broke her composure, certain Blake was going to fall head-first, but the Cat-earned Faunus’ powerful legs kept her firmly in place. She hung like a bat, the muscles of her thighs taunt, the gown of her babydoll falling up, obscuring her face. If not for the bra-part of the outfit, Blake would’ve flashed the camera. As it was, they had an excellent view of her toned belly and beautiful panties.

The muscles of that belly now curled inwards as Blake did a suspended crunch. Returning to an up-right position, Blake twisted around the pole and slid down like the world’s sexiest firefighter. Walking back in front of her prop, the Cat Faunus raised her hands and parted her hair like a curtain. Then she leaned back against the pole and raised her right leg.

She slid the foot out of the heel, gently flexing and rotating it before lowering it to the table. Then, she raised her left leg and did so again. Straightening up, she bent down, showing off her excellent butt, and placed the shoes on the edge of the table. Unlike Yang, her moves were relaxed, unhurried, not overtly teasing but not impatient either.

Standing again, Blake reached behind her and tugged loose the strings of her top. The babydoll turned loose, its straps falling off her shoulders. Blake casually shrugged out of it, still unhurried, still patient. Her breasts were smaller than Yang’s but still in the C cup with darker, more defined nipples and areolas. Letting the garment fall to the floor she reached up and cupped her breasts, raising them, then letting them fall again. Three moves, three pictures on Velvet’s camera.

Blake hooked her thumbs into her panties’ waistline, stretching it out and playing with it. Then, she pulled them out and grasped the pole behind her. This act pushed her chest out further as she slowly slid down the front of the pole. Once seated, with her legs out in front of her, Blake let go of the pole, and hooked her thumbs into her panties again. Then she drew her legs in and pushed herself into a squatting position, keeping her hands and thus, her bottoms on the floor. Blake straitened her legs, sliding out of her last bit of clothing. Then she straitened he back and step out of the pooled cloth on the table.

Whereas Yang had been clean shaven, Blake had an inverted triangle of dark hair just above her, like an arrow telling her viewer where to look. Blake grabbed the pole again, and once more began to circle it. Velvet snapped pictures of the other Faunus’ front, profile and back. Instead of jumping onto the pole though, Blake slowly raised her leg and wrapped it around the metal cylinder while facing the back of the room. Velvet snapped great shots of her leg and butt. Similar to before, Blake wrapped herself tightly around the pole and pulled herself up. Then she flipped herself, hanging down, suspended only by clenching the pole between her thighs, flush against her pussy. Her stomach quivered at the sensations.

Instead of crunching up, though, this time Blake relaxed her thighs for brief moment, falling briefly, then re-clenching to catch herself, then relaxing and falling again. Then clenching and catching again. Her hanging shook as she held herself suspended arms’ length above the table.
She put her hands down onto the table, pushing into a handstand. She unclenched her legs again. Then, slowly, Blake stretched forward with one, exposing her groin as she moved in a slow-motion cartwheel.

Standing straight again, Blake tossed her head back. She was panting and although that did pleasant things to her chest, Velvet couldn’t look away from the eyes. They weren’t smoky anymore; they were on fire. Blake was impatient now.

Still, she restrained herself. She wrapped her right arm around the pole, then lifted her right leg up until she was in a standing splits, her leg held flush against the pole. Finally, she brought her left hand to her groin. With the index and middle fingers she rubbed her swollen labia. Up and down. Up and down. Spreading the lips into an “O.” Spreading again. Then again. Blake brought her hand up to her mouth and sucked on the fingers, moaning a little at her own taste. Next the fingers descended again, thrusting into her needy pussy.

“Uh!” she moaned, her body shaking on the single leg. “Uh!” As she thrust her fingers in and out of her wet passage, using her thumb to flick her clit. Her right hand reached around the pole and pinched her nipple. The twisted the poor nub between the finger and thumb, tugging it up, pulling her breast out. Releasing, then attacking it again. Velvet began to worry she wouldn’t have enough memory on her camera as she struggled to keep up with Blake’s fast-paced self-gratification.

Suddenly, the hand dropped from the breast, and the fingers which had been thrusting were removed, but not for long. Blake reached around back with her left hand and began rubbing her pussy from underneath. Her right hand meanwhile, began an all-out assault on her clit, viciously grinding it with her fingers. “HHHHHSSSSS!” Blake’s hiss of pleasure filled the air. Her eyes closed, her head thrust back, she became a figure of savage, primal, arousal in spite of the industrial-produced object she clung to.

The muscles of her neck strained as Blake emitted a high-pitched whine that signaled her orgasm. She shook against the pole, but managed or maintain balance. Her leg fell, her arms wrapping around it, clinging to it like a lover. Then she sank down to the table, her legs curled to the side like a lady in a painting. To end it, Blake licked her hands clean, purring in satisfaction.

Coco and Velvet could only stare. Eventually, Velvet stuttered out, “That’s a wrap.”

Blake purred in reply.

Coco found her voice again. “Wow. OK, then. Where’d you learn to do that?”

Blake tilted her head to the side. “I used to do that professionally. If you’re willing, I could again.”

“How?” Velvet stuttered.

Blake sighed. “I was desperate for money, and I desperately wanted a change from my old life.

“Don’t we all?” Coco asked.
Pyrrha's Audition

Chapter Notes

Be warned, this is where the angst comes in. Can I just say that I love my parents very much, and I know they love me back, and we have a very healthy, supportive relationship?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unlike the others, Pyrrha actually had done some modelling before. Granted it was for breakfast cereal, but it was something.

She and Coco had first met at some gala Coco’ parents had hosted the fashionista couldn’t avoid. To say they’d hit it off would have been an overstatement: Pyrrha had made it clear that she found Coco’s condescending attitude annoying and wasn’t impressed with the Adel girl’s verbal barbs. For her part, Coco had found the supposed perfection of the so-called “Invincible Girl,” A.K.A. “America’s Sweetheart,” beyond grating. It wasn’t enough that she was the youngest athlete to win gold in the heptathlon. It wasn’t that she was prettier than her without even trying. No, apparently Pyrrha was also humble, polite, charming, intelligent, and 100% sincere about it all. Plus, she’d turned down Coco’s offer of a drink, stating she didn’t drink alcohol, the goody two-shoes. America’s Sweetheart was an even more serious dieter than any model Coco’d ever seen.

It should have been the start of the worst, most vicious rivalry of Coco’s life. Yet, somehow, the two had emerged from the night with the closest thing to a friendship Coco had known up until that point in her life. Maybe it was because Pyrrha wasn’t really a model; she was just an athlete doing product endorsements, and thus she wasn’t a serious threat to Coco’s career. More likely it was because the two could be honest with each other in a way they couldn’t with anyone else. Coco didn’t know what Pyrrha’s life was like, but she herself had never seen anyone stand up to her like Pyrrha did or shrug her off as though her modeling success meant nothing. Still, she suspected the Invincible Girl’s experiences weren’t that different. Fame like their’s always came with a price, and that kind of success had a way of making everyone an island onto themselves.

They didn’t call up on each other’s birthdays or anything, but every now and then, one of the two would flip open her phone and leave a snarky and/or biting comment in the other’s voicemail about some accomplishment they’d read about. Or to comment about some idiocy in the government or among other celebrities. Then, the other would call back oozing with sarcasm, and the pair would bitch to each other for an hour or so. Never about their parents or careers, though. That was off limits. There was no way to maintain the carefully constructed illusion if they let actual intimacy into their conversations. If Coco had any regrets about leaving the modeling business, it was that she expected to never hear from Pyrrha ever again. Why would America’s Sweetheart want to speak to a queen bitch who couldn’t even sympathize with her anymore? Much less a newly minted independent porn producer?

So, she was a little surprised when she saw Pyrrha’s caller ID on her phone. She was even more surprised when the redhead said she was in town and wanted to meet Coco in person for the first time in years. In a bar.

Confused and concerned (not that she would admit it, even to Velvet), Coco had agreed to the
meeting. Pyrrha had arrived before her, and was racking up quite a tab. Coco spent that first evening keeping the Invincible Girl from dying of alcohol poisoning, then helping her back to her hotel. They tried again the next night. This time, Pyrrha let Coco set the pace: which the fashionista kept at the “Do Not Sign Legal Documents or Place Wagers” level, but definitively away from the “Wake Up Tomorrow And Not Remember What I Did Last Night” level. Thus, they could both remember breaking The Rule. Pyrrha had offered her condolences for Coco’s parents, and Coco had responded by admitting her own dissatisfaction with her modelling career and how she’d ultimately quit the runway. The two started commiserating on the pressures of parents, sponsors, and idiot directors. Ultimately, Pyrrha had asked what Coco was doing with her life now that she wasn’t a model anymore, and Coco’s mouth had responded with the truth before her inebriated brain could stop it. Thankfully, no one was nearby to overhear (although Coco was sure the way she’d swung her head around must’ve attracted the attention of everyone in the bar. If anyone tangentially related to either of them was murdered in the next day or two, she’d probably be getting a visit from the boys and girls in blue). Surprisingly, Pyrrha took her confession well, even complementing her on her and Velvet’s goals. Coco was so shocked that what remained of her higher brain functions abandoned her, and she jokingly offered her friend a free audition.

The next morning, Coco had woken up to a massive hangover and the shrill whining of her phone. Pyrrha was calling to take her up on her offer. Even more surprising, she already had an idea of what she wanted to do. After her friend explained her scenario (twice), Coco admitted they could try it. As with Blake, the redhead’s request required a certain level of preparation. Thankfully, they didn’t have to smuggle another stripper pole into the house. Instead, they just had to figure out how to turn the bathroom into an improvised set.

“Think this’ll work?” Coco asked, wondering for the one millionth time what surreal world she’d woken up in that this was happening.

Velvet shuffled back and forth trying to get the right distance. Not that she could go much further back without bumping into the wall. Although the main bathroom was a decent size, there were still limits on the availability of space and power outlets. Besides, they didn’t want light stands electrical cords in the shot—that would just look tacky. So, the two partners plus Fox had settled for placing two light stands in the off-screen corners, while Velvet stood in front of the wall, keeping them out of sight, and using a series of bounces to, as the name implied, bounce light around the room to make sure everything was adequately lit.

“I think so,” the Rabbit Faunus said. “Fox, are you all right?”

“I’ll be good,” the blind man said. “Though I’d appreciate it if we got this show on the road.” Because of all the weird angles they’d been forced to set the bounces at to control the light, Velvet had had no choice but to stick him in the shower cube physically holding one of the bounces at the proper angle. Thankfully, the floor was dry and the bounce was lightweight. Still, a man could only hold his arm out so long before it got sore.

“You heard the man,” Coco said, stepping out of the doorway. “Get a move on, Pyrrha.”

“Coming,” their newest starlet said. Pyrrha walked into the bathroom, somehow avoiding the mess of wires in her red high heels. She was wearing a red-and-white silk bathrobe and carrying a shower caddy. Her heels clicked on the tile and her pony tail swayed behind her as she walked across the room. Coco felt a small twinge of jealousy; girl would’ve been a natural on the runway. Didn’t matter. Coco wasn’t in that game anymore.

Pyrrha sat down on the edge of the tub and set the caddy down beside her. “Ready?” she asked.
Her face held none of the seduction that Yang or Blake’s had, and for a moment, Coco wondered if
the girl was serious.

Evidently Velvet did too, since her reply was “Are you?”

Pyrrha nodded, her eyes hard. “Yes.”

Velvet spared a second to shoot a glance at Coco. The fashionista nodded. “All right, then.
Action!”

The transformation was amazing. Pyrrha closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, the
harshness was gone and Coco beheld the held the same smoky allure Blake had exhibited on the
pole. Pyrrha reached into the shower caddy and pulled out a pump bottle of lotion. Setting it down
on her other side, she pumped out a few dollops and began rubbing the creamy solution in her
hands. Then she rubbed her lubricated palms up and down her legs. She started at the thigh,
rubbing circles on it, then slid down to her ankle, circled the ankle, then up the leg again back to
the thigh. Then she did the same thing on the other leg. Start on the thigh, rub circles, down to the
ankle, around, then back up to the thigh again.

She did her arms next. Nothing so fancy, just up and down one, then up and down the other. Then
the neck, massaging the muscles gently, then down to the exposed flesh of her chest. She looked
down and began pulled apart the knot that held her robe done. There was no toying with it; Pyrrha
just grabbed the ends and pulled the bow apart, letting the robe hang loosely, loosely enough to
show Pyrrha wasn’t wearing anything under it.

Pyrrha pumped more lotion onto her hands, rubbing it on her chest, exposing her breasts. She
rubbed over the smooth orbs, closing her eyes in silent ecstasy. Then her hands ran down over her
belly, then back over her thighs once more, stopping at her knees.

Smiling, Pyrrha opened her eyes again and stood up, shrugging off the robe. Velvet captured the
sequence: rise, part the robe, thrust her chest out—exposing her breasts even more and revealing
her hairless pussy, the robe falling to the floor around Pyrrha’s tall, statuesque form.

Pyrrha held the pose for a moment, smiling for the camera, before sitting down again on the tub.
Again she reached into the shower caddy. From it she removed a curved red dildo with a suction
cup at the base. Rather than start sucking it as some girls would have done, Pyrrha first closed her
eyes and drew its tip down her neck like a pen, rubbed it on her breasts, teasing her nipples. Then
the object continued its journey south, down her belly to the redhead’s folds. Pyrrha teased her slit
with the toy but didn’t penetrate. Instead, she brought it back up and gave its length a single long
lick. Pausing, she turned and smiled at the camera. Then, she showed why she needed the tile
bathroom.

Pyrrha attached the phallus to the wall of the shower cube. Kneeling down, it was at mouth
level to her. Then, she took the cock into her mouth and began bobbing her head back and forth.
There was no way she was a virgin, Coco thought. No one gave head like that without experience.
Pyrrha’s mouth moved at high speeds, desperately mouth-fucking the false cock. This wasn’t the
sort of teasing you did to get your partner hard; Pyrrha seemed insistent that the false cock come in
her mouth. Backandforthbackandforthbackandforthback—

Then she stopped, pulling her mouth from the toy, she began to jerk it with her hand. Turning
back, she smiled at the camera again, deviously. Coco thought she heard Velvet gulp; the main
course had arrived.

Pyrrha let go of the dildo, stood up, and turned around. She bent over and gripped the edge of the
tub with one hand, lining up the curved toy with her nethers, reaching back with her free hand to
guide it in. Looking at the camera, Pyrrha moaned as she rocked backwards, pushing the toy into
her cunt. Then she began moving. “Oooooooo,” she moaned as she moved herself back and forth,
just as she had with her facial lips earlier. The hand behind her came to rest on her knee. Velvet
watched, mesmerized at the sight. Pyrrha’s whole body was affected by her actions. Her breasts
swayed freely, her butt squished and reformed, her ponytail whipping back and forth across her
face. Backandforthbackandforthbackandforthback.

Suddenly, Pyrrha stopped and straightened up. Groaning, she left the toy and removed it from the
shower cube. Knocking the lotion and shower caddy to the floor with a clatter, she repositioned it
on the tub. Velvet snapped a picture of Pyrrha planting her left heel on the side of the tub,
positioning herself above the toy and nicely showing off her toned thighs and swollen labia.
Placing her hands on either side of it, Pyrrha lowered herself on the toy, moaning once again as she
began to move vertically on the false cock. Her moans resumed, now accompanied by the sound of
flesh slapping against the ceramic Velvet zoomed in to get pictures of her bouncing breasts and
now exposed pussy. The Rabbit blushed at the sight of Pyrrha’s stimulated clit, and the ridges of
the toy sliding in and out of her womanhood. The hand she raised from the tub’s side so her
fingertips could toy with her clit. Rubbing up and down on the nub while the toy went in and out
of her.

Again halting her actions, Pyrrha got up on shaky legs, somehow balancing in spite of her heels and
exhaustion. Swinging her legs over the tub Pyrrha grabbed the toy and lowered herself on it again,
this time with her back, or rather backside, to the camera. Moaning even louder Pyrrha resumed
her bouncing, but now Velvet could see the ass slapping against the tub. She reached back and
groped that ass, squeezing and releasing it, pulling it apart to show her back hole. And now Pyrrha
wasn’t so static, stopping her vertical movements to rock back and forth on the side of the tub,
scratching her deepest itches with the curved plastic. Then she was bouncing again. Then
rocking. She reached back and groa

Then Pyrrha was sitting on the floor, back to the tub. Her legs spread wide, the toy planted before
her. She rocked against it, her movements short and stiff. One hand was planted behind the leg
while the right squeezed her breast. The fingers moved without letting go, maneuvering to grip the
nipple, to tweak it. Pyrrha moaned louder, her left hand rose up to grab the free breast and double
the stimulation. Her movements didn’t falter with the lack of stabilization. The muscles in her
legs stiffened and her movements became harder and faster.

Pyrrha’s moans filled the room as she slammed forward and froze, her back arched, her legs tuant,
her breasts squeezed in her hands, her mouth open in a silent scream. It lasted for a single, glorious
instant, before her legs relaxed and—groaning slightly—Pyrrha resumed her actions, riding out her
climax on the toy she’d enjoyed so much.

Pyrrha stopped, her body shining with sweat, her breath panting. She let go of her breasts and
pushed herself up to sit on the tub again. Now she kicked off the heels. “How’d . . . I do?” she
panted.

Velvet struggled. “You were . . .”

“Gorgeous,” Coco whispered. “You were fucking gorgeous.”

“Yeah,” Velvet said. “That.” And she’d caught it all on film.

Pyrrha smiled weakly. “Well not yet . . . I kind of need a partner . . . or two . . . for that.”

Que everyone’s collective jaw dropping as America’s Sweetheart made a dirty joke Coco (or at
least Yang) would’ve been proud of. “So, you’re serious about this?” Coco asked. She’d more or less thought the whole thing was a whim. A way for the athlete to blow off steam. “You realize your athletic career will be pretty much over after this, right?” Even if the games didn’t blacklist her (and maybe they couldn’t; Coco didn’t know), her sponsors would drop her like a ton of bricks when it got out, and anonymity was impossible in this profession. Even with a pseudonym, people would recognize her face.

Pyrrha nodded. “I’m sure. I’m tired of acting as a proxy for my parents to live out their failed dreams. Of watching them switch between envying my achievements and claiming them for themselves. I’m sick of the product endorsements with amoral suits, and I’m sick of the insane diet and exercise regime to keep my body’s working at its absolute limit.” Pyrrha let out a pained laugh. “Do you want to know why I’m on a break from public appearances and taken up drinking? Last month, I thought I was pregnant. I was wrong—Thank God, I was wrong—but it was more than week before my parents could get me to a doctor to confirm it. By then they had already started calling up abortion doctors, shopping for the best way to terminate the pregnancy in secret. Bastards! They didn’t ask my opinion. They didn’t care that I was willing, that I wanted, to keep the baby. I was scared—I won’t lie, I was scared out of my mind—but I was willing to keep it. The father was a boy I thought I loved and wanted to spend the rest of my life with. It was sooner than I’d planned, but it wasn’t like money was a problem. I wanted to have his child.

“They didn’t care . . . They just told me off for being so irresponsible—for endangering my career and my image . . . I went to my coaches, and they said the same thing . . . How could I compete if I was pregnant—and then recovering . . . ? And the pregnancy would no doubt permanently affect my body, lowering my performance, so I’d never make it to decathlon . . . How could I be a perfect, all American girl if it got out I was a slut who’d been knocked up by some random boy, even if we’d been dating for over seven months by then, and it was our first time! . . . I’m not anymore, though. Dating him.” Pyrrha wrapped her hands around her belly. “‘My parents and coaches forbade me to tell him, but I did anyway. And you know what: he agreed with them; I should put my career first. He even had the gall to accuse me of not considering his feelings when I went behind my parents’ backs and said I wanted to start a family with him. Bastard, he was more their child than I was . . .’ Pyrrha’s voice dropped. “I didn’t go to college, you know. I was in my junior year and I already had scholarships in Chemistry and Biology, but my parents convinced me to drop out to focus on heptathlon training instead.” The redhead began to shake again, crying quietly.

Coco stood stock still, her brain having gone Blue Screen of Death as she tried and failed to compute the information she’d received. Velvet had no such problems. The Rabbit-eared girl set her camera down, got up, and walked slowly over to the naked, crying girl, gently wrapping her arms around her. She didn’t say anything, didn’t try to rock her or lay Pyrrha’s head on her shoulder. She just let the taller girl know she was there as she cried herself out.

Eventually, Pyrrha’s crying stopped and she raised her head, wiping the tears from her eyes. Velvet helped her. “Thanks, Velvet,” she said.

“Any time.”

“So . . .” Coco said, finding her voice again. For one word.

Pyrrha smiled and turned to Coco, fire in her eyes. “So yes, Coco. I want my athletic career to be over. I never want to be offered another brand deal again. I want to ruin my parents’ expectations. I want to see all their plans for me go up in smoke.” Pyrrha’s smile took on a look that made Coco wonder if she was looking in a mirror. It was the kind of look she’d had in the old days, right before she tore someone else to pieces. “I want my ex to surf the web and come across videos of
me giving blowjobs and cunnilingus to people he’s never met and getting fucked up the ass and doing myself all over the internet after I made him wait seven months for vanilla sex with a condom. I want my Mom to get a call from her publicist saying I publicly admitted I was knocked up in an orgy, and I don’t have a clue who the father is but the video’s there for anyone wants to watch. I want Daddy to get a call from his lawyer saying I’m so famously filthy that companies can’t take my face off their merchandise fast enough. I want my former coaches to get a letter saying the Hall of Fame spot or Whatever Award I was going to get is permanently off the table because I’m more famous for my T&A than my throwing arm. And I want all of them to get an email from their friends with a video of me eight months pregnant with the grandchild/baby they are never going to meet and still screwing two guys at once. They care more about me looking like a slut than their own grandchild? Their own baby? Fine. I’m going to show them how slutty I really am.”

Coco licked her lips and swallowed. “OK then. Welcome to Chocolate Bunny Productions, Pyrrha. I’ll draw up your contract.”

“Good,” Fox said, momentarily shocking everyone into remembering he was still there. “Now could you all clear out so I can deal with the massive boner our star gave me? Damn, Pyrrha, if watching you is anything like hearing you, you’re going to be the biggest star on the planet.”

Pyrrha blushed at the young man’s words. Coco couldn’t help it. She laughed.

Chapter End Notes

Well . . . that was a thing. Let me say again that this is not an indorsement of the porn industry, and I do not think this is a good idea.

I'll be honest, when I started writing this, I had no idea where it was going to go. I wanted a reason for why Pyrrha was interested in doing porn, and settled for wanting to rebel against her parents. Then I had to come with a reason why and . . . this was the result. My original draft had the boyfriend finding out about the event on his own and dumping Pyrrha for apparently going along with her parents' plans, but that didn't work, because I couldn't believe Pyrrha would keep the pregnancy a secret if she wanted to start a family with this guy. So, I made him into more of a self-centered asshole.

On a personal matter, PLEASE do not put your opinions on abortion in the comments. I have seen enough of that to know that nothing brings out the ugliness of humanity like the abortion debate. A "conversation" that goes something like this:

Pro-Choice: IF YOU DON'T SUPPORT ABORTION, YOU ARE A MISOGYNIST RAPE-SUPPORTING NEANDERTHAL WHO DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL WELL-BEING OF WOMEN!

Pro-Life: ABORTION DOCTORS ARE SERIAL KILLERS!

Ugh . . . Obviously, I am pro-life, because you can't prove to me definitively that life doesn't begin at conception, but I understand not every pregnancy is, shall we say, "easy." I won't say anything further, except that some people seem to believe there's no such thing as a pro-life woman. Considering my younger sister did her term paper on why Roe v. Wade should be overturned, I consider those people to be nit-wits.
OK, that was the last of the auditions (for a while at least) from now on, the chapters should all involve two or more consenting adults engaging in explicit, mutually-satisfying, un-simulated sexual behavior.
Coco went over the contract with Yang as soon as the model had gotten herself redressed. Or, at least partially so. Her shirt was still unbuttoned, and her skirt was only halfway zipped. Details. She was still intent on enjoying her afterglow, anyway.

“So, you get half of whatever we make selling the photos, after deducting production costs,” Coco said, going over the form with her. That was the compromise she had worked out with Velvet. Coco had initially wanted to pay a more standard modelling fee (at least in her experience, she had no idea what the standard salary for porn was) of 30% whatever the shoot sold for, but Velvet had insisted on giving the models and equal share of the pie. They were supposed to be better than the industry. In the end, Coco had convinced her to pay the model an equal share of the profits rather than the sales, if only to keep them out of the red.

“Sounds great,” Yang said. “I’m sure all this,” she motioned to herself “will bring in a mint.”

Coco grunted and continued. “In exchange, you, the model, agree to make yourself available as the production requires within limit.”

“Meaning?” Yang asked.

“Meaning as long as you’re healthy, we expect you to show up to scheduled shoots neat and tidy and sober, but we have to make allowances for your life too. Basically, if something comes up, call us ahead of time, and we should be able to work something out.”

“What about vacation time?” Yang asked.

Coco snorted. “Don’t think that’ll be an issue. We’ll want to take time off too, you know. Besides, you hopefully won’t be the only girl willing to star for us, and since we’re scheduling things in advance . . .”

“You get a minimum of two week vacation time per year,” Velvet said. She blushed and looked to the ground when Coco shot her an annoyed look. “Of course, we hope you’ll schedule ahead of time and not just leave town the day of a shoot.”

“Sure. That sounds fair,” Yang said. “What are the expectations for this?”

“Expectations?” Coco asked.

Yang rolled her eyes. “Am I going to just be doing vanilla, one guy/one girl scenes or are we going
to have fun. Am I going to be expected to agree to a threesome? Anal, lesbian, bondage, lesbian bondage?”

Coco looked the blonde in the eye. “I can tell you did your research. You get to choose what you do and who with. We’ve only got two co-stars right now . . .”

“So, Fox or Yatsuhashi. I’m cool with that,” Yang said.

“Right, anyway we’d prefer to have a list of what you think you’re willing to do right now, but you have the right to re-negotiate at any time. Though, again we’d prefer some time before the morning of the shoot.”

Yang grinned. “Cool. So, what’s the name of my big debut film?”

Three weeks and two auditions later, Yang came back for her big debut film.

“Didn’t I do that last week?” she asked. She was wearing her normal clothes now sitting on the couch.

“We’re posting both together,” Coco said. “Now put on a smile and tell us about yourself!”

Velvet sighed and raised her camera. “Action.”

Yang grinned. “Well, what do you want to know, sweet buns?”

Velvet blushed. “How old are you?” she asked, thinking it a safe starting place.

“22,” Yang said with the pride of someone still new to legal drinking.

“What do you want out of your modelling career?” Velvet asked. That was a good question.

Yang smiled widely. “Fame, fortune, and to fuck all the guys and gals I can!”

Coco snorted. “I guess that means you’re ready to meet your co-star.”

Yatsuhashi took that as his signal to enter. “Hello, Yang,” he said, nodding. Ever the gentleman.

Yang looked him up and down, grinning. “He- llo big guy,” she replied. Yang was tall for a girl, but her partner topped seven feet, and was heavily muscled.

The pair began to adopt a variety of poses for Velvet to photograph them in. Yang leaned into his arms, whilst raising one leg and looking at the camera. She swiveled and leaned her back against his chest. The pair thought they should do one without Yatsuhashi just hugging her, so they did one back to back like super-stars, a little silly given the size difference. They ended facing each other, with his arms around her, looking into each other’s eyes.

“All right, take your top off already,” Coco muttered.

“Finally,” Yang said, backing up. She shrugged her jacket off, followed by her yellow tank top. Yang’s full breasts bounced free. Yatsuhashi’s gentlemanly composure didn’t stop his eyes from
widening at the sight. Yang captured her natural double-Ds in her hands and squeezed them.
“Don’t you think you should return the favor, big guy?”

“If you insist,” he said. Pulling his shirt over his head, he revealed more of the impressively
sculpted muscles of his abs and biceps.

Yang ran a hand up his chest. “Let’s have some fun,” she said. Standing on her toes, she brought
his head down for a kiss. Yatsuhashi responded in kind, wrapping his arms around her and pulling
her flush against his chest. Breaking the kiss, the two stepped back. Yatsu’s hands came up and
cupped Yang’s breasts, kneading them in his hands. Yang moaned at the stimulation and leaned
up for another kiss. This one lasted longer; Velvet zoomed in with the camera to captured the way
their lips and tongues moved against each other.

Yang broke the kiss again, smiling. “Wow. You’re good.”

“Thank you,” Yatsu replied.

“A kiss like that deserves a reward,” Yang said. kneeling down, she began working on undoing his
belt and pants. Still struggling to remain the gentleman, Yatsu helped her get his jeans and boxers
down his legs. Like Yang’s breasts, his large erection burst free its cloth restraints making Yang’s
eyes bulge. “Not bad, big guy,” she said. Then she reached forward and wrapped her hand around
the base, leaned forward, and took it into her mouth.

Yatsuhashi moaned as Yang bobbed back and forth on his cock. Because she was facing him, she
couldn’t fit it all in, but she swirled her tongue around it, sucking expertly, while her hand
massaged the base. “Sorry I couldn’t fit it all,” she said, popping it out of her mouth and standing
up. “Maybe there’s somewhere it can fit.” She said as she dropped her own bottoms and lay down
on the couch, spreading her legs. “Don’t bother with foreplay; I’m already soaked.”

Yatsuhashi struggled out of his pants. Bending forward, he inserted a finger into Yang’s shaven
pussy while simultaneously giving a quick kiss. “Yes,” he said. “I believe you are.” He withdrew
the finger and positioned himself at her entrance. Rather than leaning over her, which would have
been impractical with their height difference and covered her body, Yastu was more of less sitting
up as he eased into her.

Yang moaned a little as he filled her. She hadn’t been lying, but he was big. Still, Yang Xiao
Long was not one to back down from a challenge. “Bring it on, big guy,” she said. He obliged.
Yatsu pulled back before moving forward. Back then forward. Back then forward. Yang moaned
as her body rocked with his movements, which did interesting things to her breasts. Velvet caught
the movement on camera, along with Yang opening her mouth to moan again, this time to yelp as
Yatsu leaned forward a little, bracing himself on the top of the couch, and began moving faster.

They used a variety of positions. Yatsuhashi flipped them over so Yang was lying on him as he
pounded in and out of her, his balls smacking against her ass with a satisfying sound. Velvet
circled them to capture the movement. That position proved more amusing than erotic, though,
owing to the size difference. Yang’s head lay against Yatsu’s chest in a way that was comfortable,
but not sexually pleasing. So they changed again. Now, Yang lay on her belly, yelping as Yatsu
pistoning in and out of her from behind. One hand reached back and clenched her own generous
buttock, Yatsu’s hands preoccupied with stabilizing himself. Velvet snapped a picture from above,
then knelt down to Yang’s level, capturing the moment when she arched her back, showing off the
curve of her breasts as she climaxed. Yatsu groaned as her channel clenched around him, but he
wasn’t done yet. He did, however, slow down as Yang rode down her high.

“Wow, big guy,” Yang panted. “Not done yet?”
“Would you like to take a break?” he asked, still moving at a slow steady pace behind her.

“You kidding?” Yang asked. “Come on, let’s giving our viewers a real show.” They changed positions again. Yatsu rolled onto his back holding her hips while Yang assumed a sitting position in his lap, bracing herself with her arms behind her back, hands on Yatsu’s chest. She began bouncing up and down on her lover’s lap. Once again, the sound of flesh smacking flesh filled the room and once again Velvet’s camera captured Yang’s breasts bouncing, more pronounced this time thanks to their new vertical movement. Yang continued to moan as she bounced up and down, loving the feel of Yatsu’s cock going in and out of her, the jiggle of her breasts, the pressure and release on her ass, and the feeling of being watched by Coco and Velvet’s camera. Behind her, she heard Yatsuhashi grunt and knew he was nearing completion.


“Then it’s time for the big finale,” Coco said. “What’s this video called?”

Yang grinned. “Blonde Slut With Big Tits Loves Cream Pie! Aaaaaooohhhhh yeeaaahhhhhhhh!” Below her, Yatsuhashi stiffened, letting out a loud groan. Yang hand to bounce on her own without her partner’s help. His penis slipped out of her, shrinking, and Yang flopped to the side, legs akimbo. Velvet photographed both their awkward, exhausted forms, Yatsu’s closed as he lay in sleepy contentment, his wet, limp (though still impressive) member, Yang’s face flushed with triumph, her breasts heaving. The Rabbit Faunus knelt down to take a picture of the white fluid dripping from her swollen lips.

“And I do,” Yang said.

“What?” Velvet asked.

Yang grinned, reaching down and wiping the droplet onto her finger which she brought it up to her mouth. She licked it off. “I do love cream pies.”

Coco grinned. “Girl you just might have a future in show business.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaaannnnnnnddddddd-SCENE!

OK, the next chapters will be a little long in coming because this is as far as I’ve written up until this point. I'm sorry, that's how it works.
Blake turns out to be really good at this job.

Once again, Blake had proven to have a delightfully kinky mind. She had proposed an idea for her first video to Coco and Velvet, who ran it by Fox, who had immediately given his approval. The only downside was that it once again required a bit of preparation. And shopping.

Fox sat at the table in a business suit. It looked good enough to pass as a manager’s power suit, at least to the common viewer. More affluent persons on the other hand . . . Who were they kidding? Anyone who could tell the difference was rich enough to hire escorts instead of relying on porn). The blind-but-acting-otherwise-for-the-purposes-of-this-video business executive clicked away at a keyboard. There was a knock on the door. “Enter,” he said.

Blake stepped in. Unlike her last video, she was only trying to project an air of confidence, but it was imperfect. Hesitation, followed by over-eagerness in the way she walked, in the way her eyes darted. Yes, she was trying to be confident, to be in control, but secretly she was a nervous wreck.

Coco wondered how this woman hadn’t become a professional actress. She was almost too good.

The Faunus was dressed in a black and white woman’s suit. Her hair was brushed back behind her shoulders, though the effect was somewhat ruined by her twitching cat ears. She smoothed her skirt as she sat down in front of Fox. “You wanted to see me, sir?” she asked.

To his credit, Fox didn’t crack a smile like he usually would at the ironic statement. “Yes, Miss Belladonna. I’ve been going over our company’s records. I’m sorry to say that we have to let you go.”

“What?” Blake asked, eyes going wide. “Please Mr. Alister, if this is about the funds—that wasn’t my fault!”

Fox sighed. “Yes, I know. A lot of businesses were fooled in that criminal’s Ponzi scheme.” Coco was starting to wonder if letting the pair work out their own lines had been a good idea. Remember you're on a clock, auteurs. “But the fact of the matter is, Miss Belladonna, you trusted the wrong person with company money, and now we’re stuck with the fallout.”

“Please, sir. Please give me another chance!” Blake begged, leaning forward and bringing her hands up.

“I’m sorry.” Fox said. “But my superiors are demanding I deal with the situation and part of that means assigning blame and punishment.”

“Please, sir. My mother, my poor, sick mother. I need this job to support her!” Blake cried.

Off-stage, Coco raised an eyebrow. Sick mother? Seriously, she was going there?
Fox cringed. “That is unfortunate, but my hands are tied. I really have no choice in the matter. Your dismissed, Miss Belladonna.”

Blake’s face fell, and Coco actually felt sorry for this person she was portraying (seriously, why wasn’t this girl in real movies, or at least TV?). Then, Blake looked up. She smiled a very sexy smile. “Are you sure, Mr. Alister? Isn’t there anything I could do to change your mind?”

Fox was clearly taken aback by this. “No, Miss Belladonna. There’s really nothing I can do. I’m sorry.”

“Are you sure, Mr. Alister?” Blake asked, standing up. “I know you’re a reasonable man, a nice man . . . I know you don’t want to leave me to fend for myself and my poor, sick mother . . .” She was walking around the desk now, swaying her hips in a way that probably meant nothing to the blind Fox, but would make the viewers pant. “I know you can think of something . . .”

“My bosses . . .” Fox said. He was sweating now, as Blake stood in front of him, bent over to speak directly into the sitting man’s face. Even if he couldn't see, he could hear the seduction in Blake’s voice.

“I’m sure we can think of something that will keep them happy . . . and us, too,” she said, reaching down and rubbing his crotch, making him sputter.

The phone on Fox’s desk rang.

“Better answer that,” Blake said, kneeling down to begin working his belt.

“Mr. Alister?” Yatsuhashi’s recorded voice came out of the speaker. Unsurprising, since he was on his cellphone in another room.

“Mr. Daichi . . .” Fox stammered as slowly and quietly unzipped his pants. “Hold my calls, and cancel my appointments. I’m in the middle of a very serious negotiation.”

"But, sir--"

"Thank you!" Fox said before his assistant could launch a real protest.

He clicked the machine just as Blake released his hard member and began to stroke it. “My, my, Mr. Alister. I’d say you’re just as interest in these ‘negotiations’ as me.” With that, opened wide and took him into her mouth. She began to bob her head up and down on his cock.

Fox moaned at the stimulation, placing his hand down on her head on instinct. Trying to keep her in place. Despite it, Blake pulled her head off to stroke him with her hand. Letting her tongue out, she licked his length, eliciting another moan. Blake smiled and took him back into her mouth. Bobbing up and down once more.

“Mi-Miss Belladonna,” he gasped. “Abou-About to . . .”

“It’s all right, Mr. Alister,” she said, once more stroking him in her hands. Giving him another lick she said. “Let it all out.” Then, her mouth was on his cock again.

“GHAH-ahhh!” he cried, gripping his arm rests.

Blake took his release in her mouth, still bobbing up and down. Releasing him, she opened her mouth wide and licked her tongue around, swallowing whatever seed had been left in there. Her tongue emerged once more, to lick the tip of his shrinking member. “Do we have an
“You want to be . . . my prostitute, Miss Belladonna?” the frazzled “manager” asked. "My whore?" Coco thought he was lucky that was Blake’s chosen word for it. If he'd thought it up on his own . . .

Blake smiled as she dropped her coat to the ground. “I prefer the term ‘office assistant.’ It looks better on paper, don’t you think?” she asked, unbuttoning her blouse, revealing the lacy, black lingerie beneath.

“What about Mr. Daichi?” Fox asked.

“He doesn’t have a poor, sick mother to take care of,” Blake said, sitting down in her “manager’s” lap. Taking his hands in hers, she brought them to her bra cups. Immediately, his hands squeezed the orbs, kneading them, feeling them through their prison. Fox leaned up and, not caring where her mouth had just been, kissed her.

His hands left her breasts and tried to find her bra clasp. She shrugged them off, undoing the clasp—in the front—herself, before leaning in for another kiss. Fox returned the kiss, as his hands reached up to grasp her now bared breasts. Blake moaned as he squeezed them, fondled them. He broke the kiss and pushed her back so he could lean forward and lick her breast. He lapped the flesh around the nipple first, then circled her areola so she begged “Mi-Mi-Mis-ster . . .” then he lapped the hardened bud with his tongue and pulled it with his lips. Then, he did the same to the other breast: Lick, circle, lap, pull.

Fox’s hand reached under her skirt to touch her black, satin panties. She squirmed under his fingers, especially when he slipped his index finger under the fabric to touch her directly. “Miss Belladonna,” he said. “I think you’re more eager for this new position than you let on.”

“Ha-hard to get a date when you’ve got a, a . . .”

“A poor, sick mother to take care of, I know,” he said, withdrawing his finger only to grasp the undergarment and pull it down. “What would she say if she saw you know?” he asked, fingering her again. "Selling your body to keep her well?"

“She-e’d be so-o-o jealous!” Blake hissed. “Oh fuck me, Mr. Alister!”

Fox grinned. “Yes, ma’am.” Then he stood up and spun her around, and bent her over his desk. Flipping her skirt up around her hips, he gripped her hips in one hand and lined his cock up with her opening with the other. Then he pushed into her.

“Uh!” she grunted. Fox withdrew, then pushed forward again. “Uh! Uh! Uh-uh-uh-uh . . .!” Blake continued to cry as Fox picked up the pace, pumping in and out faster and faster. Fox groaned himself as he moved in and out of his new “office assistant.” Both characters had had a dry spell, and Fox was reveling in the way her wet earth gripped his hardness.

Off-screen, Coco made the “change positions” signal frantically. Not that doggy-style didn’t have its merits, but Blake's clothes kind of obstructed the view. Thankfully, Fox heard her movements.

The blind performer shifted his hands from his partner’s hips to her chest, leaning over, flush with her back before pulling her up. Sitting back down in his chair, Fox began to kiss her neck as he pushed her up and down in his lap, his dick still buried within her pussy. Blake must’ve begun helping him, because his hands left her hips to grab her breasts once more, kneading the
Blake groaned. “Follow me, sir.”

She got up, legs only a little shaky and walked over to the couch. The skirt fell as she walked, and she stepped out of it. Blake shrugged off her blouse and jacket, then her open bra. Then, she lay down on the couch, in her nude glory. Coco felt a pang of sorrow that Fox couldn’t see the beautiful, sensual sight she made. Legs spread, one arm draped over the couch, the other curled up by her head, her hair splayed out around her like liquid silk. And her eyes, her golden, cat-like eyes burning with desire.

Fox leaned down and kissed her. Then, he took up position, situating himself somewhat behind her, holding her leg to his chest, sitting against the couch, he pushed back into her. Blake moaned as he renewed his assault on her sex, no doubt the new angle was doing pleasant things to her. Fox reached under her body with one hand and grasped her breast.

The new position must have been difficult for Fox, though because he soon changed again. Pulling out, he straightened up so that he was half-kneeling between her legs. He moved one over his shoulder, sliding up to be closer to her. Blake reached down and spread her pussy with one hand, guiding back him into her with the other. Fox slid in and resumed pumping in and out of her warmth. His pelvis was now slamming against hers with every thrust.

"Rrr," Fox groaned. "Are you on the pill?"

Blake gasped. "Pu-pull out, Mr. Alister. Spill you seed all over my skin! Mark your new whore!"

Fox lost a beat at the statement, but recovered himself. Slamming into her for another few seconds, making her cry out, before he pulled out entirely. Both panted. Shaking, Fox took his steely member in his hand stroked it with jerky motions. Although he couldn't see it, Blake reached down and spread her lower lips. Fox groaned as his lower head swelled and spurted, releasing his spunk on Blake's waist and groin. The Faunus girl moaned. Reaching down, she wiped some up with her left index finger, the right one idly rubbing the rest into her skin and pussy. She licked her finger clean, purring as she did.

Fox lay slouched against the couch, panting. "...Miss... Belladonna," he said. "After you leave, please send in Mr. Daichi. I need to inform him he's... Being let go."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Alister," Blake said. "After all, an office assistant's job is to see to the boss' every need."

(Prior to Filming Office Temptress Seduces Boss)

Fox and Blake sat next to each other on the couch. After Yang, they had decided to do an interview portion to each video, at least for the first appearances. They wanted to make a point, that their stars were real people with personalities and opinions and character that made them even more beautiful than their physical appearance.

"How old are you?" Velvet asked. Blake smiled. "Didn't anyone ever tell you it's not polite to ask a lady that question." Coco snorted as Velvet stuttered behind the camera. "I'll be 23 next month."
"Have you done any modeling before?"

"I spent a couple years as a stripper, does that count?"

"What do you want out of your modeling career?"

"A chance to do something different with my life."

"What made you decide to do this scene?"

Blake grinned, and Velvet immediately blushed and squirmed in her seat under the other Faunus' smoldering look. Coco didn't blush, but she shift herself in her seat. "I like to play," the cat-eared woman replied.

"So do I," Fox added.

Coco and Velvet looked at each other. The producer affected a look of boredom; the camerawoman couldn't help but look nervous. "We can work with that," Coco replied.

Chapter End Notes

The more I write Blake, the more my juices get going about her backstory. Unlike Pyrrha's I don't know it right now. Hopefully, I can make up something that makes sense, though.

Obligatory Butt-Covering Disclaimer: Please do not take Blake's pillow talk to be an indorsement of sexual harassment in the workplace! That is aweful, and anyone willfully guilty of it deserves to be terminated from their position at the very least!

In more pleasant news: Pyrrha returns next time, and we get our first threesome!
Pyrrha and Sun and Neptune

Chapter Notes

"Gentleviewers, we at Chocolate Bunny Productions would like to invite you to enjoy our first threesome, staring the adventurous Pyrrha Nikos and our newest finds, Sun Wukong and Neptune V"

Slight Trigger Warning for a selfish partner. Not non-con just a lousy lover.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pyrrha had once again surprised everyone, as she was the first actress to request a threesome. Coco asked if she was sure. The ex-model had come to accept Pyrrha’s desire to shame her parents, but she was worried the girl was going from 0 to 60 with no time to spare.

“Coco, the only time I’ve had sex in the past was with a boy I thought I was going to spend the rest of my life with,” the new star explained to her.

“That doesn’t help your argument,” Coco told her friend.

“. . . What I mean is,” Pyrrha struggled to say. “I want to do this, but I’m not sure I can do something so personal again.”

“So you’re having sex with two guys at once hoping it’ll be less . . . intimate?” Coco asked. Perhaps she her own sexual history had warped her views, but in Coco's mind, consciously trying for less intimate sex seemed like it was missing the point.

“Basically, yes,” Pyrrha replied. “Not that I don’t understand there are people who can form relationships like that, it’s just . . . ”

Coco shook her head. She knew her only options were to either let Pyrrha go chasing after her ill-conceived rebound ideas, or facilitate them in a safe environment. “If you’re sure, hun.”

Pyrrha sat between their company's newest finds, Sun and Neptune. Yang and Blake had met them at the club and invited the boys to join the team. It wasn't exactly a hard sell: the prospect of getting paid to have sex with gorgeous women got the pair on board pretty quickly. Convincing Coco and Velvet had been a little harder. Coco naturally made them submit a medical exam to prove they didn't have any STDs as well as sitting them down for a long interview to make sure the two were reliable and could work with the rest of the crew. Velvet had wanted to know the two weren't jerks who would give their company a bad name or their other employees a hard time. Despite their . . . recruitment being less than impressive, the two were actually quite likeable. Sun had awkwardly flirted with Blake, and Neptune had hit on all five women, but both had backed off when they'd been told to.

Now was their chance to prove themselves. Pyrrha had hesitated for a moment when asked about partnering up with the new guys, but had rallied herself before Coco could question her. The invincible girl had a look in her eyes that said her decision was fixed and any attempt to change her mind would only make her more determined. All the manager could do was stand back and let
Pyrrha ride this train out until its end. If Pyrrha changed her mind, they would do something else. If she didn't, Coco was getting worried over nothing.

Pyrrha was the first of their auditioned ladies to get to use the bed on the "set" they'd assembled in the guest room of the house. Not the main bedroom, of course--that was Velvet and Coco's. Coco liked her employees/friends well-enough, but she drew the line at letting them rut in her bed. The couch was bad enough. Velvet probably would've died of shock, or from lack of sleep as she lay awake all night thinking about what other people had done under her sheets. So, they used the spare, which lacked anything personal: Just a bed (queen-sized), a standing lamp, and a couple of bedside tables, for convenience's sake. Velvet had occasional expressed concern at what they would do if they ever had a guest who needed to spend the night. Coco replied that they would make sure the sheets were clean and not tell them If they didn't already know. If they DID know, they'd probably be CBP actors and thus had "contributed" to the issue anyway. Poetic justice, in her mind.

The new boys were worth lookin at, at least. Sun looked like he'd stepped out of a surfer ad: bronze-skinned, blonde, and well-muscled. He wore an unbuttoned shirt which showed off his sculpted abs and pecks. Like Blake, he was a Faunus, with a monkey-like tail sprouting from his backside. Neptune was human, though with his dyed-blue hair, a person could be forgiven for thinking otherwise. He was fair-skinned and had closed his shirt over which he wore a red sweater. He still cleaned up well, though. Both were smiling, confident in their looks and abilities.

Between them, Pyrrha (dressed in a crop top and a pair of sport shorts) looked just a bit shy, like a teenager alone in the car with her boyfriend for the first time. Coco was reminded of just how young and inexperienced the famous girl really was, and once again, she considered calling it off. The manager shared a look with her camerawoman. Coco huffed, and Velvet offered a smile. They both knew they couldn't make this decision for her. It would only chip away at Pyrrha's unstable self-image and damage the dynamic they shared as actress and crew. Pyrrha needed to make her own choices; all they could do was support her whatever the outcome.

"Action," Coco said.

"So, how old are you three?" Velvet asked. First came the interview.

"23," answered Pyrrha.

"Likewise," Neptune said with a smile.

"22," Sun said. "Oh! But I'll be 23 in a few months!" He added the last bit with the same desperation teenagers use to try to convince their peers that they're cool.

Have you done any modeling before?

"Only for product endorsements," Pyrrha said. "Cereal boxes, things like that."

"This is my first time," Neptune said. "But I promise, it won't be my last." Coco couldn't be sure, but she thought she saw his smirk widen.

"Yeah, same here," Sun replied, trying to mimic his friend's cool affect.

What do you want out of your modeling career?

"I want . . . a chance to do something different with my life," Pyrrha said. Apparently she'd been speaking with Blake. Or had watched her movie.
"Yeah! Same with me!" Sun said, speaking up for once.

Neptune continued smirking. It was amusing really, how desperate this guy was to impress folks who were more likely to be looking at Pyrrha, if only because of disbelief. "I'm just trying to experience all life has to offer, babe."

What made you decide to do this scene?

Sun answered first this time, though not because he was any less flustered. "I wanted to ease into it, you know. There's less pressure when I'm not the only one."

"So he asked me if I was cool with it, and I said yes," Neptune answered with a shrug.

Pyrrha's cheeks reddened just a little. "I said I wanted to something different and, well, this is different."

At that, Sun leaned over and kissed Pyrrha's cheek. The girl smiled and returned the favor. Neptune leaned in and kissed the back of her neck. Pyrrha turned around and kissed his cheek too. The blue-haired boy's smile widened, and he leaned in to kiss her lips. Pyrrha's eyes widened, but she leaned in and returned the kiss. Then she turned back around and did the same to Sun, reaching up to cup his head with her hand. After it broke, the blonde boy leaned back and mouthed a "Woo!"

The two boys were now rubbing their co-star's thighs. The trio continued trading kisses. Pyrrha dragged her hand over the boys' chests and arms. Neptune's hands slipped under her top to rub her stomach and the small of her back. Pyrrha turned and kissed Sun who's hands reached up to rub her arms. His tail, meanwhile, loosely encircled her hips.

Neptune pulled the top up; Sun pulled Pyrrha's arm's up and broke the kiss so he could pull it up over her head. Beneath the crop top, Pyrrha wore a pink bra. Pyrrha turned and kissed Neptune. Sun, feeling daring, reached up and cupped her breasts. He squeezed them through the bra, seemingly amused at how the cups and orbs changed under the pressure of his hands. Pyrrha broke the kiss with Neptune to moan a little. She reached back and undid the clasp, letting the bra slide down her arms and off her body. Neptune reached forward again, now groping her bare breasts in his hands. Pyrrha moaned as he played with them, rubbing their circumpherence with his hands before squeezing them. Sun bent down and kissed one of her nipples.

Pyrrha yipped at the stimulation. Reaching up with her hand, she cupped the back of the blonde's head and held it to her breast. Sun didn't complain, opening his mouth to take the delicious flesh into it, suckling greedily. While his mouth did that his hand reached down and rubbed the front of her bike shorts, eliciting another moan from her.

Sun leaned back in spite of Pyrrha's hand. "I don't know about you, Nep," he said, "but my pants are officially too tight right now."

Neptune broke the kiss. "I agree. Let's do something about that, shall we?"

The two men withdrew from Pyrrha's embrace. The redhead licked her lips, not knowing which way to look first. Both men reached down and unbuttoned their pants. Then unzipped.

Coco nodded in approval at the engorged dicks that popped out. They didn't hold a candle to Yatsu's (then, again, what did?), but in her rather extensive experience in such things, they were of adequate size.
Pyrrha had only ever had sex with one person before now, so some awkwardness was to be expected. Still, she reached out and grasped both cocks in her hands and began to stroke them.

"Wow," Neptune said.

"Yea-ah," Sun said. "Wo-wow."

Pyrrha smiled at their reactions and sped up her movements, jerking her hand up and down on their shafts. Sun threw his head back, groaning. Neptune reached over and groped her breast. The redhead’s breath hitched as her breast was squeezed and fondled by the blue-haired boy. She let go of their cocks, smiling as they groaned at the loss. "We're wearing too much," she said, standing up.

Realizing what she was about to do, Coco made a spinning motion with her hand. Grinning, Pyrrha did so. Now, when she bent over, her tight, muscled butt was thrust towards the camera as she slipped her shorts down her waist.

On the couch, Sun and Neptune were hastening to get out of their clothes. It was obvious that, unlike Blake, neither man had ever been trained in the art of stripping. Sun was pretty fast, shrugging out of his open shirt and yanking his open jeans and boxers off--after he remembered to remove his sneakers. Neptune however hadn't planned that far ahead, wearing a buttoned-up shirt under a sweater plus shoes and socks. Mr. Cool got his arms stuck in his sweater as he tried to yank it over his head. Pyrrha laughed and sat back down, helping him pull it up and over his head.

"So?" She asked, stroking the pair again. "What would she start with first?"

"I'm still not over your lips, Invincible Kisser," Sun said, before capturing them again with his own. His hand moved up to capture her breast again, kneading the fleshy orb. His tail reached around her to bat the other’s nipple.

"Sounds like it's settled to me," Neptune said, scooting away a little. Pyrrha broke the kiss to ask what he was doing but soon found out when Neptune gripped her. The waist and pulled her over. Now she was lying on her side with her head in the blonde Faunus' lap. Before she could do anything else, Neptune had already lifted her leg up and slipped his hard member inside her.

"Ghhh!" Pyrrha cried, not totally prepared for the intrusion. Velvet swallowed. Coco uncrossed her arms in case Pyrrha uttered the safe word, and she needed to do something ugly to the pretty boy. But as the male began moving inside her, all Pyrrha said was "Well, that's one way to--ooh!--solve the problem."

Sun looked concerned, "Pyrrha, a--aah!" Whatever he was about to say was cut off as Pyrrha licked the length of his shaft before pumping her fist around it.

"Inter-resting," Pyrrha mused, before shifting her body to engulf the organ in her mouth.

Sun groaned again, throwing his head back as his hand came up to dig into her hair, massaging her scalp as she blew him. He didn't try to hold her in place though, letting her bob up and down on his manhood. His tail crept over her should to tease her nipple, tickling it with the appendage's short, stiff hairs. Meanwhile, Neptune continued to ream her lower half, slapping against her with hard, rapid strokes.

Coco snapped her fingers to get their attention. Two of the trio opened their eyes and saw her make the "change positions," signal.

Pyrrha withdrew Sun's manhood from her mouth and tried to move away from Neptune. The blue-
haired boy gave one last thrust into her, eliciting a gasp from Pyrrha before letting her go.

Now sitting up again, Pyrrha asked, "Swap?"

"Works for me," Sun said, before helping her situate herself. Now she was on her hands and knees in front of Neptune, who'd spun on the bed so he was facing his co-stars. Pyrrha leaned forward and licked his manhood, tasting her own juices.

"Hmm, that's different," she said.

"Good different, or bad different?" Sun asked as he rose to his knees behind her.

"I'm sorry; that's confidential information," Pyrrha replied. Then, she lowered her head and began sucking Neptune off as she just had Sun. Behind her, the monkey Faunus shrugged. He gripped her hips in one hand and guided his cock into her with the other.

Pyrrha moaned around Neptune's dick as Sun moved within her. The Faunus fucked her with strong, steady strokes, gripping her hips with just the right amount of pressure. He held her steady as his pelvis rocked against her tight buttocks. The monkey-tailed boy groaned at the sensations of her pussy; she felt so good! Neptune meanwhile grabbed her ponytail and began thrusting slightly in her mouth.

Pyrrha's mind was blanking at the sensations she was experiencing. The thrusting of Sun's cock in her pussy. The taste of Neptune's precum in her mouth. She was so close . . .

Sun leaned over her, using one of his arms to support himself, while the other, the one facing the camera, came up to massage her breast. Pyrrha moaned around Neptune's cock. Just as she was thinking she couldn't take anymore, The blonde's tail came up to her groin and performed its tickling trick again--on her clit.

it was too much; Pyrrha screamed as she came around Sun's manhood. The feel of her climax triggered Sun's own. He bit his lip as he shot string after string of cum into her passage. To top it all off, Neptune's jerking increased, and he blew his load in her mouth. Pyrrha swallowed as much of the salty mixture as she could before the slackening flesh fell from her mouth.

The trio flopped down on the bed. Pyrrha continued to use her tongue to clean Neptune's dick while the blue-haired boy just lay back, moaning. Behind her, Sun's rough but gentle hand kept playing with her breast while his tail absent-mindedly stroked her belly.

Velvet waited until they were editing Redheaded Amazon Has Threesome to broach the subject with Coco. Her partner mostly quiet during the process, only occasionally shouting instructions like "Crop that ass!" or "More light on the junk!" Coco wasn't a photographer, so she happily let Velvet take the lead on this sort of thing.

The short-haired girl had been silent for almost five minutes before Velvet found the courage to speak. "Coco?" She asked, softly.

"Hmm?" The ex-model asked.

"How's Pyrrha?"

"A little sore. Apparently, Neptune was a little rougher than she was used to."

". . . I don't think Neptune's going to fit in here very well," the rabbit Faunus said as she cleaned up
"You mean the idiot needs to learn a thing or two about consideration for his partner before we invite him back," Coco said. Velvet didn't hear anything in her voice that sounded like disagreement. "I already asked Pyrrha what she thought of them. She says she had a good time, but there was a noticeable difference in quality between the two. Sun's a dumbass, but apparently he knows how to show a girl a good time. Want me to ask him if he wants to do a one on one scene?"

Velvet blushed. Usually Coco handled all the casting details and such herself, letting her often-flustered girlfriend concentrate on the mundane technical details. The camerawoman swallowed. "If he's up for it," she said.

Chapter End Notes

Apologies to any Neptune fans I may have alienated. If it's any consolation, I don't consider him to be a bad guy (at least I wasn't trying to make him that way); like I said earlier, he's just a lousy partner, not so much cruel as selfish and unwilling to admit or change the fact that he doesn't know much about good sex. I thought it might be good to introduce someone who wasn't a homerun hit right off the bat, and I thought it fit for him based off how he acted in the show. Remember how he turned Weiss down just so that he wouldn't have to admit he couldn't dance? Then continued to flirt shamelessly even though it pissed her off? Sun by contrast may be more of a hooligan, but he does want to do right by his date.

To anyone who asks, Pyrrha is going to be queen of the menage a trois for a while. It's going to take some time before she's comfortable enough to be alone with someone again.

Was the intro good? I originally just said "Our first threesome begins!" before realizing the "our" made it sounded more like something Coco would use as advertising. Then I thought I could make it funnier by making it sound as high-class as possible.

Next time: Yang and Blake give us our first on-screen Lesbian lemon!

For those of you wondering why I didn't show Coco and Vleve'st first encounter, writing sober sex is hard enough; I'm not ready to go in-depth on drunk sex.
Here's our first Lesbian scene and the start of the Bumblebee Romance. Happy Pride Month.

WARNING: This chapter contains (consensual) violent images! If this offends or disturbs you, reader discretion is advised.

Doing a Lesbian scene had been on the docket since Coco and Velvet had started their little enterprise. The only issue was, finding a pair of girls willing to get frisky with one another. Surprisingly, this question was partially solved with their very first hiring. Yang had admitted, no declared, from the first that she was interested in playing with another girl on camera.

Next came finding a suitable partner for the blonde bombshell. Pyrrha had mentioned when she joined that she intended to work with a girl as part of her on-going plan to shame her parents by becoming "as slutty as possible," but Coco was reluctant to ask her friend to take such a big leap so soon, especially after the ordeal with Sun and Neptune.

So, she decided to ask Blake first. As it turned out, the Cat Faunus was more than willing to mess around with Yang on camera. The two women had interacted together off-stage and seemed to have a decent amount of chemistry. The bombastic blonde and the reserved Faunus compliment each other well, too.

The opening scene was one which suited both girls' tastes. Blake had once again asked to do a little roleplay, and Yang had been only too happy to oblige, even suggesting the scenario. Sparing.

The one downside to this little arrangement was one of staging: the crew needed to find a suitable location to film. Eventually they found an old wharehouse that was owned by a rental company that didn’t ask too many questions if you paid cash up front. It was out of the way and spacious—after they had cleaned all the junk off the floor. Mostly nails and screws (which Yang made numerous jokes about). To the blonde’s credit, she had supplied the mats they used in the fight. Neither Coco nor Velvet was terribly curious about why she had them.

Velvet: What made you both want to do a Lesbian scene?

Yang: Why not? Girls are awesome, right?

Blake: Agreed. Women's bodies are different than men's, and women have a different feel and energy to them.

Yang: Definitely a different feel.

Velvet: I take it this isn't your first times with another girl, then.

Yang: Nah. I've got almost as many girl notches in my scarf as boys.
Blake: I came to terms with my sexuality a long time ago.

Yang: Isn't that just the same thing as what I said.

Blake: Mine is less . . . perverted.

Yang: We're making porn! How is any part of this NOT perverted?

Blake: Details.

Velvet: And what made you decide to perform this scene?

Blake: I enjoy pushing my acting skills.

Yang: She asked do a scene. I asked if she knew how to fight. She said "yes," and we had a scene.

Truthfully, there was probably a little more to it than that, but Velvet didn't get to ask.

"Action!" Coco called.

The two women walked out onto the mats. They had donned matching black sports bras and bike shorts, the only difference being purple stripes on Blake’s and yellow stripes on Yang’s. Both had wrapped their forearms and hands as well as their shins and feet in bandages and tied their hair back. Adopting fighting stances, they paused.

One second passed. Then two. Three--

Suddenly, the pair exploded into action, charging forward to engage. Yang opened first with a punch that scrapped Blake’s arm as the Faunus deflected it. Said Faunus countered with a kick to the ribs that Yang blocked. The two began dancing around each other, looking for an opening.

Coco was impressed. The two women were dedicated to their craft; while the others had run around trying to find a location, the starlets choreographed the fight scene. The business manager had taken self-defense classes prior to her parents’ accident (she had security, but given how often she was alone with people, they weren’t always to be relied on), so she had some basic understanding of what the pair were doing. Velvet had started Tai-Chi so she wasn’t totally ignorant either. Both could see how real it was. The pair were following a set of predetermined movements, but they weren’t pulling the punches. When Yang’s fist ploughed into Blake’s cheek, it really sent the Faunus reeling. When Blake’s kick connected with Yang’s abs, the grunt the blonde let out as she hopped back wasn’t for show.

Yang swung her leg out in a wide kick. Blake easily blocked it by brining her knee up. The pair landed squared off against one another. The Cat Faunus began hammering Yang’s abs and ribs with a flurry of punches. The blonde grunted but recovered. Taking a step back, she dove forward, wrapping her hands around her enemy’s middle. The blonde was heavier than Blake, who had no choice but to fall backwards. Slapping her hands out to the sides to break her fall. Yang attempted to capitalize on her victory, pinning the dark-haired Faunus, but Blake was even more catlike than her ears suggested. She twisted and bucked and somehow succeeded in reversing their positions. Now Yang was on the bottom, and Blake was on top.

The blonde growled in challenge and lifted her head. In response, Blake kissed her, hard on the mouth.

Yang struggled for a moment, breaking her arm free as Blake leaned back. Her partner grabbed the back of her head and forced her back down. The two mashed their lips together, kissing
deeply. The black-haired Faunus' hands became tangled in the blonde's hair; the two broke apart again, moaning at the sensations on their scalps.

Blake rose, straddling Yang's waist. She yanked her sports bra up and over her head, tossing it to the side. Yang sat up, wrapping her arms around her partner's back to hold her in place, while her mouth attacked the exposed breasts. The blonde latched onto the nipple, biting it, making Blake cry out. Yang leaned her head back, tugging the captured peak before releasing it and moving to the other one. Biting it, and rolling it between her teeth. Blake cried again, and Yang released it, biting her way up the breast, collarbone, and throat until she reached Blake's mouth and kissed her again.

The Faunus took hold of the other woman's bra, reading the kiss to yank it over her head and tossing it away as she had done with her own. She shoved the blonde back down, leaning forward as she took the masses of female flesh into her hands, squeezing and kneading them. Opening her mouth, her tongue stretched out to lick the circle of the areola, then the nipple itself, before taking it into her mouth and sucking. Yang threw her head back and groaned.

The blonde rolled her onto her back. Moving down, she grabbed Blake's shorts and tugged them down, panties included. She forced the Faunus' legs apart and licked them down, panties included. She forced the Faunus' legs apart and licked her lips. Leaning forward, she began to devour the Cat Faunus' pussy.

"AAAAAAAA!" Blake cried out, not exactly a moan, but not a sound of pain either. She lifted her hips, pushing more into Yang's mouth. Her hands found her way into Yang's mane, tangling in it. The blonde looked up at her with hooded eyes. Her hands glided over the Faunus' silky thighs and cupped her butt, squeezing the toned cheeks. Her tongue lapped at Blake's womanhood with strong motions, twisting in and around her passage, trying to taste every inch. Blake instinctively kicked her legs, but Yang maintained her position, only moving up to maneuver herself over Blake's clit. The blonde's tongue swiped it a few times, making Blake buck even more, then fastened her teeth around it, sucking and licking at the same time.

"YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYLLLLLLL!" Blake cried out, cat-like as she came.

Yang lapped up the Faunus' sexual fluids as they flooded her passage. Grinning, she lifted her head up and said "Like that, Sex Kitten?"

The room fell silent at those words.

Velvet looked away from the camera to Coco. Her girlfriend met her gaze. Blake had made one stipulation when she'd signed onto CBP: She was never to be referred to in any way as an "Asian Sex Kitten." Velvet had immediately accepted and supported the idea, and it didn't take Coco much thought to see why an Asian-American Cat Faunus might have some issues with that particular phrase. The manager opened her mouth to give the Cut! order.

To their surprise, though, Blake just smiled. "Come here," she said. She crunched up and grabbed the blonde, pulling her down. Yang, surprised at the action, offered no resistance as the Cat Faunus pulled her into a kiss.

The two made out on the mats, Blake somehow finding the strength to roll the over so she was on top. She broke the kiss and gave a predatory grin to the blonde beneath her. "I really don't like that phrase," she said lying back so she was on her side beside Yang.

"What phrase?" The blonde asked, somewhat addled as Blake began to run her hands over her body.
"Sex Kitten. It's so . . . domestic" she said, one of her arms nestling under the blonde's shoulders, her palm gliding up to a breast. "Submissive. I'm no kitten, Yang." Blake's other hand gliding down her partner's abs to her shaven crotch. "I'm a tigress." The hand at the breast gripped its prize. "I'm a predator, and you, Dear Yang," her grin widened, showing off very white, very sharp-looking teeth, "you are my prey."

Blake thrust her first two fingers into Yang's folds, immediately pumping them in and out. He other hand squeezed and tugged the blonde's generous breast. Yang threw her head back at the surprise stimulation. Blake's smile widened as she took in the sight.

"You like this, don't you, Yang? I saw your first movie, Blonde Slut With Big Tits Loves Cream Pie! A pretty good description of you, but you enjoy other things, too, don't you?" A third finger entered her victim.

"Yeah!" Yang ground out.

"You enjoyed making out with me, didn't you?" Blake's thumb found Yang's clit.

"Yea-ah!" Yang's eyes rolled back.

"You enjoyed eating me out, swallowing my juices, didn't you?" The upper hand now squeezed the nipple between its thrush and forefinger, drawing another cry of pleasure.

"Ye-e-e-s-s-s-s!"

Blake leaned in "And you really enjoy what I'm doing to you now, don't you?" she asked, licking the unattended nipple.

"Ye-ES!" Yang cried as Blake's teeth nipped at her tit before fastened around it. Sucking it with her lips, worrying it with her teeth, lashing it with her tongue. All while three--no, four--Faunus fingers stretched her passage, and a Faunus thumb began rubbing her clit.

It was all too much for the poor blonde. Yang came, howling like a bitch in heat as she soaked Blake's fingers with her climax. The Cat Faunus released her breast (the one in her mouth, at least. Her hand kept a for grip on the other) and brought her soling fingers up to her mouth. She licked them clean one at a time.

Yang looked up at her adoringly. Blake smiled again, a real smile now, not a feral grin, and bent her head one last time to hive the blonde a quick kiss.

“I’m sorry.”

Blake cocked her head. She'd just stepped out of the guest bathroom at Coco and Velvet's house, the pair having offered the starlets the use of their shower to wash up after shooting Black and Blonde Brawl (Yang's name, not Coco's. Coco insisted she would come up with something better). Yang was standing in the doorway, wearing a bathrobe and looking awkward. “You already said that,” the Faunus replied.

Yang shrugged. “I know, but . . . I am. It was a dumb thing to say, and I don’t want you to get the wrong idea about me. I’m not . . .”

“That kind of girl?” Blake asked.

Yang laughed, though it was a touch forced. “Ooh! Good one. I’ll have to remember that.”
Seeing she was about to become serious again, Blake cut her off. “Yang, I know what kind of person you are. I’ve seen you with Velvet and Sun, and now I’ve had sex with you. You’re not hostile or hateful, and you don’t look down on anyone. At least, anyone who hasn’t earned it,” she said, recalling how Yang had handled an annoying bartender at one of the clubs they’d visited. “You’re just . . . a little insensitive.”

“Gee thanks. That’s so much better.”

Blake shook her head. “It is; I’m sure there’s plenty of girls who wouldn’t mind being called a . . . ‘sex-kitten.’ Some might even enjoy it.”

“But you’re not one of them,” Yang said. “And I should have been more careful before just giving you names.”

Blake smiled. “So now you’re more aware, and you’ll be more careful.” Finished with her hair, she hung up the towel. “Bathroom’s all yours.”

“Thanks,” Yang said. “Hey, Blake, you, ah, you want to get something to eat?”

Blake stopped to look over her shoulder at her co-star. “Are you asking me out?”

Yang grinned, her confidence returning. “Only if you want me to.”

Blake paused. “I would,” she said.

“Awesome!” Yang said. “Wait, would like to get something to eat, or would you like me to ask you out?”

Blake smiled and gently pushed Yang through the door. “Just don’t think you can get in my pants with a few drinks and a cheesy pick-up line, Miss Xiao-Long.” Pausing to bat her eyes at the blonde, she said. “I’m not that kind of girl.” Then she closed the door on the blonde, who was laughing her (very nice) ass off. The Cat Faunus was still smiling. It felt good to flirt again, really flirt. She wouldn’t be adverse to dating—really dating—Yang, either. Regardless of how things worked out between the two of them, her life felt like it was finally back on track.

Chapter End Notes

Well . . . This might have been the weirdest chapter to right. I can't swear to it, but this may have been the first time I've written rough sex. I knew for a while I wanted Blake to have a problem with the phrase "Asian Sex Kitten," and I wanted a way to work that in. Up side is, I've now figured out that while Pyrrha is Queen of the Threesomes, Blake is our Queen of Roleplay. And Yang is just up for anything; she's open-minded that way.

So, Blake has some dark secrets in her past. Those will come up in more detail later on (3 guesses who's involved and the first 2 don't count). At this point, I've figured that all three of our major stars will have some angst, though to varying degrees. I didn't plan that when I started, but after at least Blake and Fox's scene, I knew she hadn't become a stripper and now a porn star just for kicks (that's Yang). I'm bob pleased and scared at how this story's evolved over the course of its life. Remetthis started as pure smut. Now it's turning into a flipping soap opera! A smutty soap opera, but a soap opera
none the less.

Next up, Pyrrha returns for another threeway and loses her same-sex virginity with our newest pair--Nora and Ren!
It was never Coco's intention to have Pyrrha perform with a new pair two shoots in a row, but that was how it worked out. In fairness, though, she hadn't foreseen Lie Nora Valkyrie when she'd set up the company.

"So now we're running an escort service," the woman said as she slammed the last of her drink. "First porn, now hookers. Wherever they are, my parents have got to be so disappointed in me."

"It's not really prostitution is it?" Velvet asked, nursing her own beverage. The alcohol was making her more emotional, and the already timid Rabbit-eared girl's eyes were darting to the door then the windows and back again, as though she expected a S.W.A.T. team to come bursting through at any minute.

"We're paying a girl to has sex with folks, I think that counts," Coco snarked. Looking at her lover, she quickly changed her tune. "Don't worry, Bun-Bun; we aren't doing anything illegal. Ren and Nora only paid us to audition; they got their sex tape, and now they're under contract. So we're paying THEM to act out their sexual fantasy. And Pyrrha, well this is her job anyway."

Velvet shook her head. "Somehow that doesn't make me feel better, Coco."

The ex-model shrugged. "Gotta admit, I've never exactly understood the difference between porn star and prostitute. Maybe cuz I spent seven years being one."

If Velvet hadn't been tipsy she never would have even considered doing what she did next. She swung her hand back and smacked Coco on he back of the head. It was harder than she meant to, but so sloppy it hardly mattered. "Coco Adel," she said, "don't you talk about yourself like that."

"What?" Coco asked, rubbing the spot Velvet had hit her. "You know it's true, Vels. I slept with anyone who could get me a better job. I was a shameless whore."

"And I was a bitch!" Velvet shouted. When Coco opened her mouth to interrupt her, she went on. "I let everyone walk all over me and push me around for jobs. If one of them had told me spread my legs for them, I probably would have! I practically wore a collar!"

"That's not the same," Coco tried.

"Yes it is! You know why? Because it's in the past! It's who we were, not who we are, and there's no reason to hang onto it!"
"...I guess you're right, Cottontail," Coco admitted, running a hand over her head. She winced as she touch the spot Velvet had hit.

"Are you hurt?" Velvet asked. "Oh my gosh! You're hurt. I hurt you. I'm a domestic abuser. Oh, my gosh." She yanked her ears down and used them to cover her face.

Coco snorked. "Please, Cottonhands, you couldn't hurt a fly with love taps like that." Seeing her girlfriend still shuddering, Coco became more serious. "I'm fine, Velvet. Seriously."

Velvet peaked around one ear. "You're not hurt."

"I'm not hurt."

"And you're... not mad at me?"

"It takes more than that to set me off," Coco affirmed, taking the other woman into her arms and hugging her. "Now, what say we forget all this and celebrate like the pair of ex-whores we are."

Velvet looked up at her confused. "You run upstairs and run the bubble bath and grab your I-Pad, Bun. I'll make the popcorn. We're gonna binge Netflix until we fall asleep to it."

"You shouldn't fall asleep in the bathtub, Coco," Velvet said, smiling.

"We'll get out and watch the TV. Maybe even make pruney-skinned love by on-screen candlelight."

Velvet grinned. "Can we watch iZombie?" She asked.

"Sure, I've always wanted to have sex with a wrinkly girl while folks are eating brains in the background," Coco said with a grin.

"Bring back memories?" Coco asked. Pyrrha. The pink bathrobe-clad athlete smiled in reply. Along with her new co-stars, the redhead sat on the edge of the tub in the bathroom. The same tub she'd shot her audition video on (in the shower cube, Fox had once again been drafted as "bounce holder"). The same tub Velvet and Coco had enjoyed the night before, but they weren't sharing that information.

Velvet started filming the interview section of the film.

"We already know Pyrrha's age how about you two?"

"25," Nora said. She too wore a pink bathrobe, albeit one brighter and fluffier than her co-stars'.

"23," her husband replied, throwing Velvet for a loop; he was the younger one? The Asian-American man looked positively regal, despite the mint-green bathrobe and the dyed pink streak of hair. The couple was living proof that opposites did attract. As well as the fact that maturity had nothing to do with age.

"What made you want to join us?" she asked.

The man, Lie Ren Valkyrie sat between the women with his arm around his wife's shoulders. "Nora and I discovered your company about a month ago. We've enjoyed your work."

"We saw Pyrrha, and I said 'she's perfect!' didn't I Ren? I did. I said she's perfect, and we have to meet her!"
"Yes, you did," the man said, cutting her off with an ease that suggested he had a lot of experience in such matters. "Nora and I like to get a partner to join us occasionally."

"And we saw her movies and she was SO hot! And then we auditioned, mostly for fun, but we got offered a contract, and said we could work for you, and if we work for you we could request what we do and who we do it with, so I thought 'Hey! Let's ask that perfect, hot girl if she wants to have sex with us!' And then we did, right, Ren?"

"That's more or less what happened," her husband replied.

"Right..." Velvet said. Even with an extra pair of inhumanly sharp ears, she wasn't sure she'd heard all that. "And what about you, Pyrrha?"

The former athlete (blushing slightly under the praise) shrugged a little. "I've said before, I want to do different things with my life. I've never had sex with a woman before, or joined a couple. But, I am curious, about what it's like, and having her husband here actually makes it a little less awkward."

"Thank you," Ren said, humbly.

"You're welcome," Pyrrha said with only slight hesitation.

"I feel like you might have already answered this, but what do the two of you want out of your modeling career?"

"To meet new people," Nora replied. "And have fun sex with some of them."

Ren nodded in agreement.

Velvet and Coco shared a look. Nora was using them to fulfill her sexual fantasies AND make new friends? "Action," Coco said, rubbing the bridge of her nose. Hiring this girl was a necessity for the company and its employees, but they better be grateful for what their boss was enduring on their behalf.

The "action" command was a little premature. Before they could begin shooting the sex, they first had to fill the bath up, about halfway. This made certain the water was still warm when they got in, as well as giving Fox a couple minutes to rest his arm; holding a bounce for the entire length of a shoot had gotten no more fun than it had been last time. The hot water was basically a counterpoint to the low setting on the air conditioning, which would do interesting things to skin when it was bared for the camera. The first thing Nora did as the filming began was to kiss her husband, then get up and walk around to Pyrrha's other side. Once again, America's Former Sweetheart (Or maybe she still was, just for a different reason) sat, blushing like a virgin, between her two lovers-to-be. Ren slowly, delicately, cupped her chin with his fingers, gently turning her head towards his own. He slowly leaned in and kissed her. Pyrrha returned the kiss. It was unchaste, but also unhurried, a steady massage of lips on lips. She felt his tongue brush against her mouth and opened it, letting him in to explore.

The two had closed their eyes, but they both knew when Nora joined in, as Pyrrha moaned into Ren's mouth. The carrot-haired woman had leaned over and kissed Pyrrha's cheek, then her jaw, then down her neck. Strong feminine hands undid the not around the taller woman's robe, letting it dangle loosely around her frame. Nora reached up and pulled the top back to expose her the athlete's chest. Pyrrha groaned as she felt for the first time a woman reach up and squeeze her breasts. She moaned again as Ren let go of her chin to reach between her legs. Pyrrha actually broke the kiss as his index and middle fingers wiggled past her delicate petals. Pushing into her
passage, feeling her dampening walls. His thumb coming up to brush her hood.

Nora smiled and stood up, her husband joining her. The two untied and opened their robes. Too aroused to be embarrassed, Pyrrha looked with appreciation as the two exposed themselves. Ren was tall and lean, built like a runner or a swimmer unlike the broad, bronzed Sun. His manhood seemed smaller than the others, but it wasn't fully hard yet. Nora was curvy: big breasts, wide hips, with a soft tummy. Between her legs grew an trimmed patch of hair as bright as on her head.

The pair lifted her to her feet. *Splash.* Embarrassment returned when Pyrrha realized her robe hand dipped into the bathtub And was now dripping all over the floor. Her partners just smiled at her, helping her out of the now dampened garment. Ren leaned in and kissed her again, quick this time. Then Nora pulled her over and kissed her as well. Pyrrha hesitated for a moment before returning the kiss. It was awkward, as first times are, but Nora was patient, hugging the other woman loosely. It was not a constricting embrace, but it was close, close enough for Pyrrha to feel naked breast on naked breast, nipples rubbing against one another, thighs hesitantly brushing groins.

While he watched his lovers embraced, Ren stepped into the tub, sitting down on the corner. The two women came up for air, letting go of Pyrrha but for her hand, Nora led her into the tub. She began kissing her husband, deeply now, showing how much the two loved and desired one another. Ren's hands ran over her: breast, ribs, belly, hips, buttocks, thighs, pussy, and back up. Nora's free hand cupping back of his head. Pyrrha was lost for a moment, admiring the pair as they touched and kissed. Realizing she should do something, she bent down in front of Ren, taking his member into her mouth.

Velvet had to do some interesting camera work to capture it all: Pyrrha sucking Ren's dick, bobbing up and down on it, Ren gasping before one hand abandoned Nora to rub the athlete's neck and shoulders, and Nora's thumb stroking the back of Pyrrha's hand.

Nora lifted Pyrrha by the hand, gently pulling her up. Ren moved over so he was more centered on the edge of the tub. Now there was no doubt that his length was . . . lacking compared to the others. His wife didn't seem to mind one bit though, as she positioned herself above it and lowered her hips, allowing Pyrrha to manipulate the cock into her snatch. Ren's hands found their way to her hips, lifting her up before slamming her back down with a satisfying smack. He lifted her again and smacked! her down again. And again. And again . . .

"Yeah! Yeah! Ye-ah!" Nora grunted as her husband fucked her. Pyrrha watched, once more spellbound by the sight of the lovers. She watched Ren's dick disappeared and partially emerged from Nora's cunt, wet with his wife's juices and her spit. An idea seized her, and, before she had time to question it, she leaned forwarded and licked the place the couple joined. Licked the length of Ren's cock as it emerged from within Nora. Licked Nora's pussy. Nora cried out, and Pyrrha, pleased with the reaction and feeling daring did it again.

Nora pulled Pyrrha up so the redhead sat on the edge of the tub. Nora pulled her forward a little, and Pyrrha bent down, her face in front of Nora's bountiful breasts. A long forgotten instinct from childhood reawoke in Pyrrha and she opened her mouth to suck the offered teat. She was fascinated with the small piece of flesh, experimenting with it as boys had experimented with her own nipples. She tugged and squeezed it between her lips, nibbled it and pinched it with her teeth, and her tongue lapped it and traced every microbe of its surface. She released only once, for an instant, as Nora finally let go of her hand so that her own could reach down to the other woman's pussy lips and began grindingly her palm against it.

"OOOOOOHHHHHH! Yes! Yes! Yes, yes yes!" Nora cried as she came. Ren let her settle into
his lap, panting. The couple sat still for a moment or so, before Nora leaned back and kissed Ren. It was brief, broken by the whine of their other partner. They looked over to see Pyrrha rubbing herself against Nora's now still hand.

The woman stood up off her husband's cock, wobbling a little. He was still rock hard. "It's your turn, Pyrrha" she said. The reply was another whine as she removed her hand from the athlete's crotch. The couple maneuvered her until she was lying on the side of the tub. Nora picked up her fluffy robe and bundled it into a makeshift pillow. They lay Pyrrha's head down on it.

Pyrrha looked up to see Nora straddling her. The carrot-haired girl lowered herself, placing her hands above Pyrrha's head so she didn't put her wait on her lover's face. Pyrrha felt the coarse, bright orange pubic hairs against her face, then her tongue as she opened her mouth to take her first real taste of a woman. As she did so, Ren was wrapping her legs around his waist, as he entered her. Pyrrha gasped into Nora's cunt. Ren's movements were like a massage for her passage. His small cock shifting in angles and force to hit her in a pleasant variety of places. With a pleasant variety of pressure. The redhead settled into her task in earnest, lapping Nora's juices as they flowed into her mouth, her breath occasionally catching when Ren hit a particularly sensitive space or when he reached up to grasp her breast. She tried to make Nora feel as good as she did, but it was too late; she was much too turned on by now. Pyrrha cried into Nora as she came.

Ren slowed down, but he didn't stop, continuing to thrust into her as she came, and then continuing even more. Thrusting into her sensitive, quivering pussy as she pleased her wife. Pyrrha doubled her efforts, hoping that enthusiasm would make up for inexperience. The athlete cried out again as Ren placed his hand on her groin and began massaging her clit with his thumb. As she moaned under the stimulation, she felt rather than saw Nora raise one of her hands up and knew the carrot-haired woman was groping her own breast.

"Nora," Ren groaned.

"Come in her," Nora cried, knowing her husband well. "Come inside; I want to lick your spunk from her pussy! But make sure she comes first, Ren! Make su-UUUURRRREEEEE!"

Pyrrha drank Nora's orgasm as it fell on her face. It was an odd, bitter flavor, but she loved the feel of it on her tongue. Slutty girl that she was--or tried to be--she was determined to swallow all over her partner's release.

Nora half climbed and half fell off of her, collapsing back into the tub. Pyrrha was little better as Ren's manipulations finally proved too much for her. She came around his cock with a cry, one he echoed as he surrendered and released his own seed deep into he womb. Ren let Pyrrha's legs down gently, slouching back against the shower cube. Pyrrha was left panting, her only coherent thought being that whoever said size mattered had never met Ren when she felt something wet against her over-stimulated pussy. Her eyes focusing, she saw it was Nora, bent over her. The other woman was indeed licking her husband's cum from her.

Pyrrha moaned as Nora took her meal. "Mmmmm," her loved said. "You two taste wonderful mixed together."

After the shoot, the trio were too tired to get out of the tub. Just as well, they were filthy anyway. Nora had politely asked the other three to leave so they could drain the tub and run a real bath. This was turning out to be a day full of firsts for Pyrrha. Not only had she just had sex with a married couple, one of them a woman, she was now sharing a bath. Having no siblings, she'd never shared a bath with anyone. Certainly not her ex.
"Hmmmm," the redhead moaned. Nora was rubbing her back. The young woman was surprisingly strong, and her hands were rapidly turning Pyrrha's brain into melted jello. As well as removing the sweat and such. "How'd you get to be so good at this?" she asked.

"Ren taught me," the carrot-haired girl answered, her voice a little off as Ren was giving her back a rub too. A much more intimate one than Pyrrha was getting. Odd, despite having just had sex and insisting on sharing the bath, neither of the two had made any sort of sexual move on her. "Hey, Pyrrha," Nora said. "You seem like a pretty cool person."

"... Thank you," Pyrrha replied, confused.

"Do you like shopping. I do, sometimes you know depending on what I'm buying. I don't think Ren likes it so much, cuz I walk a lot, and he doesn't have much stamina, except when it comes to sex, he has plenty for that. Oh! And I like this pastry shop that sells these delicious little--"

"Nora," Ren said, cutting her off.

"Anyhoo," Nora said. "You want to hang out some time?"

"Hang out?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yeah, I said we wanted to make friends, didn't I? You're fun and nice and I think we'd get along pretty well. We don't have to have sex if you don't want to. Of course, I wouldn't mind having sex with you again, and Ren and I are definitely going to masturbate to this movie, but if you don't want to . . ."

"Just as friends," Pyrrha said. "I'd like to hang out with you both as . . . just as friends."

"Great!" Nora said. "Remind me to give you our cell numbers. And is there anything you want for your birthday? CDs? Sports equipment? Sex toys?"

"Nora!" Pyrrha cried.

"What?" Nora asked. "We did just have sex; you don't need to be awkward about that sort of stuff with us, Pyrrha."

"Sorry," Ren said, sounding very tired. "You get used to her, I promise."

Pyrrha might have shuddered a little in spite of the hot water.

Coco jabbed the clicker on her mouse, deleting yet another bastard's email. The ex-model was experiencing the down-side of hiring Ren and Nora. She acknowledged that the couple had made a pair of VERY erotic videos that were selling well. She could even possibly like them for befriending Pyrrha and bringing the girl out of her shell. But they had also made her job about a hundred times harder.

SO many idiots were writing in "audtion" letters that clearly were nothing more proposals for sex with the actresses (and occasionally the actors). At least Nora and Ren had signed a contract and made it clear they were looking to have an ongoing relationship with the company. Heck, they spent time with the other actors platonically, helping to bring their perverted crew closer.

Velvet sat down next to her. "Do you regret it?" she asked.

"Regret what?"
"Hiring Nora and Ren?" the Faunus explained. "Don't get me wrong; they're great, but if they're . . ."

"They're not the fucking problem," Coco growled. "It's the rest of the Human and Faunus races that are." The pair were silent for a moment. "I need to write a warning or something in the CONTACT page. Something along the lines of "WARNING, trying to sign on just to have sex is strictly forbidden. Repeated violators will be banned from the sight!"

"That might make it harder to hire new people, though," the rabbit-eared girl said.

"I know," Coco replied. "I'm not sure how to ban people anyway. We'd have to call up the bank or the webmaster or someone, and I don't think I'd have the time."

". . . Do you think the others are getting these . . . proposals, too?" Velvet asked.

"Probably," Coco replied. "I'll call a staff or whatever meeting to talk about it." She rubbed her eyes.

"Want me to get the bubble bath and IPad?" Velvet asked.

Coco smiled. "We just used the tub as a set, Bun-Bun."

"I asked Yatsuhashi to clean it," Velvet replied.

"You did? How much did that cost?"

"He asked me to see if Yang wanted do another movie with him. She said yes, by the way."

Coco could only stare for a moment at her meek, blushing girlfriend. ". . . All right, then. Bring on Season 2."

Chapter End Notes

Writing Coco and Velvet is so much fun. Contrasting the goofy romance they share with the more erotic stuff was my favorite part of this chapter. I'm not sure Velvet would really watch iZOMBIE, but I thought a romance movie would be too cliché. So SciFi/Comedy/Crime Drama it is!

Also, regarding Coco's earlier statement: Does anyone know how prostitution is illegal but being a porn star isn't? I said in the beginning I didn't know much about porn, but I'm under the impression both involve being paid for sex.

Yes, I decided to split the difference vis a vis Ren and Nora's names. I didn't know whether or not to call her "Lie Nora" or "Nora Lie" so I decided to combine their names because, why not? Nora would probably go for it.

Is there a stereotype that says Asian men have small penises? If so, I did NOT intend that. I just wanted a guy who was smaller than the others, but was really good with it (as opposed to Neptune who had above average size but was untalented), and I thought that Ren's character fit with it.

So, next time is Yatsuhashi and Yang Part II! And this time, they won't be so vanilla!
He, he, he . . .
Yang and Yatsuhashi Part II

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long for this to get out. I was at the Beach with relatives and didn't bring my laptop (I had an iPad, but typing on the thing was a pain, so I gave up). Upside, I'd gotten started on this beforehand so it wasn't too hard to finish it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yang had been perfectly happy to do a second scene with Yatsuhashi. "OH YEAH! Bring it on!" had been her exact words when Velvet had broached the idea to her.

That was all the Rabbit-eared Faunus knew of the matter. Yatsu hadn't described his ideas for the scene with her, so she left it up to the pair themselves to work out. Coco, being Coco, had tried to weasel it out of both of them and failing at that, had then tried to get Fox and Blake to spill the beans on their friends. No luck. "Fine," she said, "But don't expect us to cover the costs for something we don't know about!" Petty, perhaps, but the ex-model hadn't quite purged her vindictive streak yet.

As it turned out, Coco ultimate was wasted because the pair didn't need to buy anything for their second scene. They even decided to film it on the same couch they had the first time. "For old times' sake," Yang claimed. Privately, Coco wondered if they had watched Pyrrha's newest movie. Probably.

Much like their first time together, there was no real story to events; the two basically walked into the room and began to make out and strip. Yatsuhashi pulled Yang's shirt up over her head before removing his own. The embraced, mashing her bra-covered chest into his bare abs (Yatsuhashi still towered over Yang after all) as they kissed. Breaking apart, Yatsu kneeled down and bent over (a necessity given his height) and unbuttoned her jeans before pulling them down. Yang reached back and undid her bra; as she stepped out her jeans, she let it fall, exposing her generous breasts. Yatsu stood up again and again, the two embraced, now mashing Yang's bare breasts into his abs. Again, they broke apart. This time, Yang bent down and undid his jeans. Unlike her partner, however, she tugged the boxers down with them, exposing Yatsuhashi's hardening dick. Licking her lips, she reached up to wrap her hand around the massive member, before taking him into her mouth. Yatsuhashi groaned a little as she worked over his length. Unlike before, however, Yang wasn't satisfied with just bobbing her head back and forth on him. Instead, she removed her mouth and began to lick him, running her tongue all over every inch of his cock, even spitting on it, as though she was trying to get it as wet as possible.

She released him, and Yatsuhashi stepped out of his jeans. As he did so, Yang grabbed her own panties, shimmying out of them as she stood up. This time, they stayed apart, eyeing each other appreciatively. Yatsu bent over and Yang leaned in for a quick kiss on the lips, before climbing onto the couch, knees under her, her breasts resting against the arm. Yatsuhashi settled himself behind her generous butt. He groped the buttocks as though they were breasts. Squeezing them, kneading them, spreading them apart . . .

Coco and Velvet finally figured out what the two were doing.
Yang moaned as Yatsu gently probed her puckered hole with his middle finger. It was the first thing to penetrate the ring of flesh, and it would probably be the biggest. His enormous hands held her ass cheeks spread for the camera. Cautiously, he continued to work her tightest hole with his finger earing more moans from the blonde woman. Withdrawing to the first knuckle, he began to work the tip of his index finger in as well.

"Oooooohhhhh, yeah. I think I’m ready, Big Boy,” Yang said.

Yatsuhashi smiled. “I just want to make sure you’re ready for me. I don’t want your first time to be regrettable,” he said, continuing to stretch her out.

“Always . . . the gentleman . . . But I don’t want a gentleman right now . . . I want a rough one . . . A big one.” Yang twisted her head to look him in the eye. “Give it to me, Big Boy.”

“As the lady wishes,” Yatsu said, withdrawing his fingers. Still spreading her buttocks with his other hand, he gripped his sturdy but lubricated member and slowly guided it in.

“UUUUUHHHH!” Yang groaned. “Yeah!”

Yatsu continued to push his way into Yang’s fresh channel. Finally, he hilted her. Gripping her hips in his big hands and pulled out. Yang groaned as she felt the large phallus slide out of her. But, he stopped before he had fully removed himself from her, then thrust back in. Then pulled back, then thrust in. Back, in. Pull. Thrust. Pull, thrust. Pull-thrust. Pullthrust, pullthrustpullthrustpullthrust . . .

“Oooohhhhh!” Yang’s resounding over the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh. She reached back and rubbed her shaven mound. It wasn’t that she wasn’t enjoying herself. Quite the opposite in fact. She was enjoying herself too much. Her every nerve was lighting up and she needed to let it out somehow.

Yatsu himself was groaning at the tightness that surrounded his cock. Yang’s cunt had been pleasurable, but this was a whole other level. If it hadn't been for her pleasant cries, he'd worry he was hurting her. Lifting one his hands from her hips, he reached up and groped one of Yang’s breasts. Squeezing the soft flesh in his hands, feeling her hard nipple dig into his palm. Judging from her moans, Yang enjoyed it too.

Off-stage, he noticed Coco give the “change positions” signal.

“Your turn,” he grunted to Yang, as he picked her up and spun around.

“Gah!” Yang cried. “Oooooh!” she added as he settled back down, now lying on his back, with Yang sitting up. “Right,” she said. Bracing her hands behind her, as she had done in their first video together, Yang began to bounce up and down on his cock. She moaned at the pressure within herself, at the knowledge of how sexual she looked: plentiful breasts bouncing, hair wild, face contorted in pleasure, pussy glistening with arousal.

Yatsu’s hands gripped her sides, first, then slowly slid up to grasp her breasts. Yang moaned as he squeezed them, lifted them. tugged them. His middle and index fingers found their way to her nipples, pinching and pulled them while his thumbs rubbed the areolae. "Oh, yeah," she said. "Yeah . . . that's the stuff. Oooooooh! Keep it u-UP!" she demanded as she used Yatsu's thick cock to massage her deepest walls.

Suddenly, Yatsu withdrew from her, drawing a cry of disappointment from the blonde. Rolling them around, the giant repositioned them so the Yang was now facing him. Lying under him, he
placed the small over her back atop a pillow. Her legs were pulled up, flush against his chest and shoulders. Gripping his member in his hand, he pushed back into her tightest hole. Yang made a sound that was half-moan and half-sigh. Then, Yatsu returned to the task of rocking his hips again. In and out, his pelvis slapping against her buttocks.

Yang reached down with one hand and began to rub her sopping pussy. "O-O-O-O-H!" she groaned.

Yatsuhashi stared at the sight. He leaned forward slightly to fondle her breast. "Are you . . . close?" he gasped.

"A little . . ." Yang groaned.

"Your . . . stamina's . . . grown . . . Last time . . . you came . . . easily."

"I bou-bought a bigger dil-do," the blonde replied. "Oh!"

Yatsu gasped. "I'm . . . close . . . Yang,"

"COME INSIDE ME!" she cried. "I can take it! OOOH! I LOVE CREAMPIES!"

"Uuuuuuhhhhhhh!" Yatsu groaned, slamming into her with jerky motions.

"OOOOOOOOOOHYYYYYYYYYHYAHHH!" Yang cried as she rubbed herself harder, coming along with her partner.

Yatsuhashi caught himself against the couch as he fell over. Panting for a few moments, he pulled his slacking member from Yang. His sperm dripped out of her puckered hole.

Later that night, Velvet and Coco sat at the computer, editing Blonde Slut With Big Tits Loves Anal Cream Pie (once again, Yang's suggestion). Coco was being silent. Velvet was a little disturbed. Coco always let her take the lead in editing, but the ex-model usually had her own opinions and was never shy about expressing them.

As Velvet was editing the light on the final position, Coco finally broke her silence. "Hey, Velv?" she said.

"Yes, Coco?"

". . . Do you ever think--"

"Not on your life," the Faunus said. "If you want to do that" she blushed but managed to keep a straight face, "you can ask Nora and Ren. That's an exit only for me."

"All right. All right," her girlfriend said. "I get the idea . . ." Silence reigned as Velvet continued her editing. "But, just for the record . . ." Coco admitted, a note of actual embarrassment creeping into her voice. "It isn't for me. If you wanted to . . ."

Velvet blushed even darker.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for the lack of something more this time around, guys. I didn't have anything for the characters to do (although the bit at the end with Coco and Velvet was fun to write). I also apologize if this chapter didn't live up to my promise last time that this would be less vanilla, but to me anal sex isn't vanilla.

Next time: Blake and Sun! (And character stuff!)
OK, more plot this time, but it's not centered on everyone's favorite inter-species Lesbian couple. This one's a little more vanilla. Aside from how Blake chooses to end the scene. You have been warned.

Also warning: minor racial insensitivity and idiocy at the end. Nothing too much, just a mood-killing moment worthy of a head-slap.

Coco was forced to admire the way Blake dealt with her problems. Direct. Strait forward. She didn't try to run. When she announced at the staff meeting that she was getting solicitations from people who seemed to think the actresses were prostitutes, Blake apparently took that as inspiration for her next movie.

Velvet was kneeling down in front of the bed. They were shooting in the guest bedroom instead of the bathroom, but were working with some tricky angles. Especially because they'd need a majority of the space for the planned action.

"What made you decide you wanted to do this scene?" she asked.

Blake replied, "It's hot. Besides, during my stripper career, there was a time I was scared I would end up a prostitute." She shrugged. "Now, I'm . . . curious, I guess. I've been thinking about this and thought I should explore it."

"And why did you choose Sun as your partner?"

"He seems like a nice guy, and I already have something else planned for Fox and I's second time." She finished with a smile that made Velvet feel all tingly inside. Not to mention blush dark red.

"Right . . . And the . . . ending?" Velvet asked. The ending she couldn't talk about because Sun didn't know and would be a surprise. The ending she couldn't talk about because it was much, MUCH too embarrassing."

Blake smiled again. "I like it when that happens; you might have guessed from my first video with Fox. It makes me feel so sexual."

Coco decided it was time to begin. Before her girlfriend passed out. "Action!" she called.

Blake reclined in a robe on the bed. The guest bedroom had been rearranged to look more like a motel room, not difficult thanks to the already generic furnishings; they'd simply added an ice bucket, and gotten the boys to haul the TV in from Coco and Velvet's room to set in on the dresser, under the understanding that if the actors broke it, they were paying for it. The Monkey-tailed boy had complained more that he had to wear a suit for the opening moments of the scene. A
knock was heard on the door. Blake got up and approached it. To really sell the idea of the hotel room, they had glued a googly eye to the door to simulate a peephole.

She opened the door to reveal the suit-wearing male Faunus. "Hello," he said, looking nervous. As though this was his first time doing such a thing.

"Good evening," Blake replied, through hooded eyes.

"Are you a cop?" he asked. "Because, it's the law you have to tell me if I ask."

Blake laughed. "No, I'm not a cop, although I have worn the uniform before. Are you a cop?"

"No," Sun said, blushing.

"Then we're both safe. Please, come inside," she said, standing out of the way.

He did so. "Thanks."

"Why don't you sit down," Blake said, closing the door behind her. "I need to freshen up."

"All right," he said. Despite this, he didn't sit down on the bed right away. He continued to stand for a moment or so, looking around. His tail fidgeted wildly. He looked around at the chair and table, even took a few steps towards it before stopping and forcing himself to sit on the edge of the bed.

"You don't need to be so nervous," Blake said as she opened the bathroom door.

At the sight, the Monkey-tailed boy almost fainted. Off-stage, even Coco was stunned.

Sitting in the bed, Sun's nervousness wasn't entirely acting. With Pyrrha, it had been the newness of the whole experience, like a child standing at the top of the high dive for the first time, trying to decide whether or not he would have been better climbing down. This was different. Pyrrha had been pretty, but there was something extra to Blake. There was the fact that she was a Faunus herself, always attractive, but mostly it was the added level of mystery and seduction she exuded. Her every move was elegant and . . . Whoa.

Blake had removed her robe and was leaning against the door in her new black lingerie. Her ensemble resembled the one from her audition except for the color . . . .and that it was also noticeably less concealing. The Cat-eared girl was dressed in a black babydoll and matching low-cut panties and stockings, but this time they were all, entirely, sheer. He could see her dark nipples and her slit. She wore a smokey smile that promised all sorts of pleasant things. Sun felt his mouth drop open, but there was nothing he could do to close it.

"Just follow my lead," she said. She strutted towards him, and Sun felt his eyes threaten to pop out of his head. She bent down, giving him an excellent view of her rear, and helped him out of his shoes and socks. The movements of her hands on his feet (slightly tickling) snapped him out of his stupor. Fighting a blush (it was embarrassing that he needed someone to take his shoes off for him like he was four-year old) he stood up and shrugged out of his jacket.

"That's the spirit," Blake replied, reaching up to loosen his tie, looking him strait in the eye. Maybe that was what gave him the courage, or the lack of IQ, to lean in and kiss her. Blake purred against his lips, somehow still undoing his tie and pulling it out of the collar of his shirt. They pulled back for air, and Sun kissed her again, his hands coming up to her sides. Tentatively, his tail brushed her thigh.
Blake unbuttoned his shirt, breaking the kiss to remove it. Her hands came up and raked his chest, feeling his sculpted muscles under her fingers. Sun groaned and reached up to grasp her breasts.

Blake growled as he squeezed the orbs, then cried out as the tip of his tail prodded her opening. Sun leaned back to take in the sight, her darkened breasts in his hands, changing shape under his touch; the nipples were so tempting, he leaned forward and kissed one. Blake's hands came up to his head as he sucked and licked the teat through the fabric, his hands still kneading her breasts. The left one, the one closest to the camera, let go, dropping down, he rubbed this fabric atop her slit. "YE-OWH!" she cried, catlike. Taking that as a good sign, Sun pressed against the fabric again, testing how far he could penetrate without ripping, how much he could feel.

Blake's hands pulled his head back from her breast. Smiling at his confusion, she knelt down again, undoing his belt. Then his pants. He helped her pull the pants and boxers down, to reveal his hardening member. Just the sight over Blake kneeling in front of it made it harder, but she wasn't in front of it for long. She wrapped her hand around it, giving a few experimental strokes, before opening her mouth and taking a single, long lick up his length. Sun groaned at the act, then again as Blake took all of him. Bracing her hands against his thighs, she began to move back and forth over him, stroking him with her tongue, changing her angle to get as much as she could.

Sun groaned under her stimulations and even louder as he was forced to pull her away from him. Blake allowed Sun to pull her to her feet so that he could bend down. He had stroked her barely-covered slit with his finger and tail. Now he nudged it with his nose, breathing in the heady pheromones, placing a kiss on it, then opening his mouth and using his tongue. He licked the nylon, tasting her leaking juices, dampening the fabric with his saliva, pushing it even more firmly against her sex.

Blake moaned, spreading ghsnto allow him closer. She reach up and groped her own breast through her top. Squeezing and lifting her boobs, she released them, grappling holdmofmthe bottom of the garment and pulling it up over her head. Fondling her now free breasts for a moment, she hooker her thumbs into her bottoms, pulling them down. As she did a liquid string connected them back to her crotch.

As she slithered up strait again, Sun was once more dumbstruck the sight of her. She took advantage of this, sauntering around him and, with a surprisingly strong hip-bump, knocked him down onto the bed. Smiling, she continued around to the night side table, upon which her black purse sat. Opening it, she reached in and withdrew wrapped condom. Sun was a little disappointed at the sight of it, even though they'd discussed it beforehand. Blake had been rather insistent that it added verisimilitude to the scene. Sun had given in because he wasn't braver enough to say his mind, that he didn't care about verisimilitude, he wanted to feel his dick wrapped up in Blake's channel. Still, as she gripped his length in one hand and fitted the ring of plastic onto his head with the other, then rolled the lubriacted plastic down his length, Sun couldn't help but shudder under her touch.

Now that his tool was properly covered, Blake mounted him, sinking down. Sun groaned and Blake waited a moment, allowing the both of them to adjust. Then, she rose up and sank back down. Up and down. Up and down. "Ooooh!" Sun groaned again. His hands slid up her stocking-clad thighs to grasp her hips. His eyes were fixed onto her. The sight of his dick disappearing into her pussy, her breasts rocking up and down, the way her face contorted in pleasure.

Blake reached down and grabbed his hands, bringing them up from her hips to her breasts. Sun happily took hold of them. Now he could feel them for real, without the impediment of the top. They fit his hands so well. Like they were made for each other.
Sun's hands fell back to Blake's hips and rolled. Cowgirl wasn't the best thing when you had a tail. Now, she was on her back, and he was on top. His dick came out with the movement. Sun repositioned himself between her legs, pushing back into her. She felt so good. She looked even better. Her eyes closed, head thrown back. Again, her breasts were jiggled as he thrust into her.

Blake put her hands on his chest. "Flip me over," she said. Sun nodded absentmindedly. Grabbing her leg, he lifted it up and twisted her around; it felt amazing around his dick. Blake repositioned herself with her head on her crossed arms. "Go for it," she sighed. Sun did, happily. Thrusting in and out of her as fast as he could. Watching her buttocks reshape themselves as he slammed into her. With a SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! as his pelvis collided with her's. His tail came around and tickled her clit.

"Mmmm!" she said. "Keep it up! I'm . . . almost . . . there! Oooooo!"

Sun felt her walls clench around him as she came. It was disappointing that he couldn't actually feel her juices around his cock, but right now, he was a little distracted from those thoughts.

"I'm gonna come!"

"Don't!" she cried. "Pull out!"

Sun was so shocked he actually stopped. "But, I'm wearing the-"

"Just do it!" she said. "Pull out and stand up." Sun did as he was told. Then she got up and knelt down in front of him. "You deserve something better than to finish in this . . . " she said, removing the condom from his aching cock. Licking her lips, Blake leaned in and licked his ball. Sun groaned as she leaned over and licked the other. Then she gripped his cock in hand and began to blow him again. Bobbing up and down on his cock, her lipped eyes looking up at him as she did so. Sun tried to hold out as long as he could, tried to prolong the sensation. But it was too much.

"Uh! Blake, I can't . . . " Blake removed him from her mouth just as his cock twitched and released the first spurt of come. It landed squarely in her mouth. Her hand kept jerking him, milking his cock, drawing out more. His semen landed on her forehead, across her face; she leaned back and let one line of spunk landed across her breasts. At last, she leaned in and licked the last drops from his glands. She looked so fucking hot.

Without thinking, his tailed reached out and wiped up an drop that was about to drip down off her chin. Blake reached up and took the appendage in her hand, wilkng the fur clean with her thumb.

"Cut!" Coco said, off-stage.

After the shoot, Sun waited up for Blake. He ran through the various pick-up lines he'd heard Neptune use over the years why she used the shower. As he rejected one after another, trying to pick the one most likely to impress her, Sun realized he didn't want to use any of them. There was a fundamental problem with Neptune's lines: namely, that he just used them to get into girls' pants, and Sun wanted more than that with Blake. He wanted to date her, not sleep with her.

Well, ideally he'd do both, but that wasn't the point. The point was . . . he thought they had a chance for something more than just sex, and he didn't want to screw that up.

Sun heard the shower turn off. She'd be out soon. Time to find something, anything, to say. The door opened. Not the bathroom.

"Hi, Sun," Yang said as she casually strode in.
"Oh, hey Yang," he said. "You in line for the shower?" Why? It wasn't like she'd "performed" today?

"Nah, just waiting up for my girlfriend," she replied.

"Girlfriend?" Sun asked. Oh, no.

Yang pulled a face. "Well, I don't know that she's ready to say that but . . ." Yang shrugged. "I'm a believe in 'call a spade a spade.'"

"You have no patience," a muffled voice from behind the door corrected.

Yang grinned. "And you love it!"

The door cracked and Blake stuck her head out. "Maybe I do. Now, go prep your motorcycle. I'll be down soon."

"Yes, ma'am," Yang said, saluting. Then she turned and walked out.

Sun watched her walk out. Not to watch her back like most guys would do, though he would admit it was a nice view, but he was a little distracted by his wrenching heart.

"Sun," Blake said.

The moneky Faunus turned around. Blake opened the door. She was dressed in a bathrobe using a towel to dry her hair. He opened his mouth to say something but she cut him off. "I saw the way you looked at me. I'm sorry, Sun, but I'm not interested in you that way."

He sighed. "You can't blame me for trying. I mean, not a lot of Faunus girls are into ninjas and--"

"Maybe not," Blake said, frowning. "But if you're only looking at Faunus girls, you're cutting your options short. Besides," she said smirking. "I saw you with Pyrrha. You look like you can get along with humans pretty well."

"Yeah well, that's different than having a relationship."

Blake frowned. "You don't approve of interspecies relationships? Your best friend is a human."

"Yeah, well again, that's different, and as to the relationship thing . . . Nothing against the bosses, but I don't get it. At all."

". . . I don't think things would have worked out between us, Sun."

"Huh?"

"My last boyfriend didn't have much respect for humans. Let's just say, he'd have some very unpleasant things to say about Coco and Velvet's relationship. And mine and Yang's." The Cat Faunus shook her head. "I don't like to be reminded of him." Blake said. She turned and disappeared back into the bathroom. "On that note, you should probably leave; it isn't polite to be waiting outside a lady's bathroom when she isn't your romantic partner."

"Yeah, I'll be out in the hall. Waiting for my turn and all." He exited the room and slouched against the wall, thinking about what she'd said. Hearing her muffled movements inside, Sun hoped she'd take awhile; he wasn't really looking forward to looking himself in the mirror. As he went over her words in his head he was no longer sure he'd like what he saw.
Wow was that a long one. Screwing around with some poor schmo's heart takes a while. I hope the scene turned out well; turns out writing a guy's first time with an escort is more challenging than I thought it'd be.

Oh, Coco, you don't know the whole story . . . Also, I stole the cop bit from an episode of HAWAII FIVE-O. No idea if it's right or not, but if you're a nefarious criminal and you get arrested because this is false, please feel free to write to a friend to post your story in the comments section.

So, yeah. Blake is REALLY kinky. Yang is actually surprisingly restrained in her interest by comparison. Who'd a thunk it? Given what our favorite Cat-dated ninja reads on the show; it's not too far outside the realm of possibilities.

Poor Sun. I don't think he's a bad guy; he just unconsciously carries certain prejudices that he needs to get over. Being a minority can have a lot of weird effects on people's psyche's and I don't think it's impossible that Sun would without realizing it start thinking of an interracial relationship as odd or undesirable somehow.

Next time: Another threesome with Pyrrha, and Jaune makes his XXX debut!
Pyrrha and Jaune and Ren

Chapter Notes

Jaune makes his debut!

I'd like to thank Pac115man for giving me the idea for Jaune.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Coco hadn't exactly been taken with Ren and Nora's friend upon meeting the boy. Jaune was decent-enough looking, but he was also clumsy and clueless. And his attempts at flirting were so pathetic, they almost drew tears. He also seemed painfully shy, which was not a desirable quality in a porn actor. Still, Ren and Nora vouched for him, and if he was good enough to be a regular partner for them, he was probably good at sex. So, there was that at least.

Coco decided the best way to find out was in a trial by fire. Or rather, a trial by chilly air. Her parents' estate had finally been settled, after almost a year of paperwork and debts and fending off lawyers groom people who thought they were owed a share of the money. Plus selling off crap she didn't need or want anymore. Amongst the leftovers, was a modest cabin in the Catskills Coco herself had never been to. She'd gone back and forth on selling it, before Velvet convinced her they should at least try out their new vacation home. The ex-model agreed and decided to drag along the crew for a tryout. Autumn was settling in, so they were less likely to be disturbed by hikers, and the cabin was off the beaten path anyway.

The two went up with their new recruit, Pyrrha, and Ren. Nora had declined coming with them, but allows her lovers to go up alone, promising to watch the movie as soon as it was posted. Ren admitted that the two had worked out a deal wherein she would allow him to do this so long as she got to shoot a movie with Pyrrha but without him sometime down the line.

The cabin turned out to be a nice setting. It was decently-sized with a porch that faced a small stream. The water in the stream was cold, but no bad as to preclude swimming. The inside was nice too with comfortable furniture and lots of windows for natural light, with warm, wooden walls. Definitely worth using as a set in the future, but for today, they'd stick to the porch.

Jaune and Ren sat on the wooden platform in lounge chairs. Both were dressed in reasonable-looking swim trunks: Ren's bright green with a pink stripe and Jaune's simple white and black. The look was somewhat ruined by Jaune's interview. And they'd thought Sun was nervous.

"How old are you?"

"Five-twenty. I mean, twenty-five! Twenty-five!"

"Have you ever done any work like this before."

"O-oh. Yeah, lot's of time. I've had sex with Nora and Ren a lot. Well, not with Ren, you know. I mean, no disrespect to gay guys, but I'm not-

"She means on camera, Jaune," Ren said, perfectly calm. Sipping a drink on a side table, he looked like he was vacationing in the Caribbean.
"Oh. Uh, no. No, I haven't."

"Right . . . and what made you want to join us?"

"It was Nora's idea," the blonde's instant replied.

". . . And what made you want to do this scene?"

"It was Nora's idea."

That made sense, Coco decided as she examined the contrasts in composure. She didn't think Jaune would've thought this up on his own. Holding back a sigh, she shouted "Action!" with less than her customary enthusiasm.

The two men made idle chatter until Pyrrha came out of the house. She was dressed in a red-and-orange bikini that fit her skin tone well. The top was a pair of modest fabric triangles, and the low-cut bottoms had strings on the sides. She jumped into the stream and swam around a bit, heedless of the cold. Jaune and Ren gazed on appreciatively.

Pyrrha climbed out of the water and lay down on a towed lounge chair, one between the boys' own. She lay on her back, allowing her wet form to sparkle in the sun. She was enchanting, especially the sight of her droplet be-speckled breasts rising and falling as she breasted. After a moment, she rolled onto her back. Reaching back, the ex-athlete undid the strings of her top, letting them dangle over the sides of the chair.

On the chair beside her, lay a tube of sunscreen. Since they were still pretending this was a summer resort, the boys took the sunscreen, squeezing some out into their hands and slowly rubbing it on her back. Her shoulders, her spine, the small of the back. Ren became bolder, rubbing her thighs. Jaune copied his movements. Then, the Asian man reached up and slipped his hand under her bottoms, stroking her buttocks. Pyrrha moaned a little, opening her eyes. Smiling, she flipped around, showing off her breasts, and sat up. Ren reached down and took the closest one into his hand, cupping it. Bringing his head down he licked the stiff nipple once before latching onto it with his mouth, sucking it. Jaune was more hesitant. He'd never successfully made love to a girl other than Nora. He took hold of her breast. Feeling its weight and fullness. Caressing it in his hand. Pyrrha's hand came up to pull him into a kiss. Jaune was hesitant at first, slowly working his lips against hers. Pyrrha took the lead. June responded, now palming her breast fully.

Jaune and Ren removed their swim trunks. Offstage (i.e. in the trees) Coco, Velvet, and Yatsu (who was on bounce duty with Fox who was blind and thus missed this moment) all simultaneously dropped their jaws. Jaune was hung. The boy was longer and wider than any of the other males to have appeared, aside from Yatsuhashi. Except, Yatsuhashi's member was in proportion to the rest of his body; Jaune was no 98-pound weakling, but he had nowhere near the mass of the gigantic Yatsu. As such, he seemed even larger.

Presumably accustomed to this, Ren didn't display any discomfort at the disparity between their sizes and continued to watch Pyrrha. The redhead herself, although stunned for a moment, quickly recovered. She stood up, closing her eyes and smiling, she took hold of the strings of her bottoms and tugged. If her movements were a bit jerky and hurried, they were mitigated by the playful sway of his hips as she did so. The bows slowly came undone, and the bottoms fell away. She went to sit down again.

Ren moved into her chair and embraced Pyrrha from behind. He lay them both down on their sides, lifting Pyrrha's leg just enough to slide into her. From Nora, she knew Ren preferred to take
women from behind; the older woman said her husband liked the feel of his partner's butt against his pelvis, and it made it easier for his hands to fondle her breasts. He took advantage of that fact now, reaching up under her with his free hand to cup her breast again. Pyrrha moaned as he began fucking her. Apparently, she enjoyed this position too.

Jaune watched. He'd seen Pyrrha's movies, Nora's idea to help convince him to do this. He knew she was sexy and beautiful. And talented. But she was even sexier and more beautiful in person. She had this energy about her, this aura, that was pleasurable just to watch and listen. Watching Ren's cock go in and out of her pussy and listening to the slap of their flesh juxtaposed to the creek of the lawn chair as the lovers moved together. Watching her face contort in pleasure and listening to her high pitched panting, egging Ren on.

He was so busy watching he forgot to do anything else, until Pyrrha reached out and took hold of his cock in her hand. "Ooh!" he said. Looking down, he saw her smiling at him.

"I don't want you to feel left out," Pyrrha said, stroking his member. Ren stopped thrusting and gripped her waist. Together, the two repositioned themselves so Pyrrha was gripping Jaune's chair with her hands while kneeling on Ren's. The Asian man himself was also kneeling behind her. Pyrrha went down onto Jaune's cock. Despite being bigger than anything she'd ever experienced before, she began bobbing up and down on him like it was a regular habit. Jaune gripped the sides of his chair, steadying himself. Her mouth was warm and wet, her lips and tongue caressing his member. Behind her, Ren repositioned himself back into her, continued to rut her like a bitch in heat. The upside to this position was that it was easier to go faster. So faster he went, slapping into her backside with renewed vigor. The Blonde put his hand on her head, stopping her. Pyrrha was confused for a moment, before Jaune took over, slowly thrusting into and out of her mouth. His manhood felt good in her mouth, filling it in a way most of the others couldn't.

Despite their own pleasure, they remembered what was expected of them and moved to another position; Jaune lay on his back, facing away from him, Pyrrha straddled his waist. She sank down onto him, moaning a little as her walls were stretched by his tool. She rose and fell a few times, adjusting to his size. Ren walked around in front of her. Cupping her face, Ren inserted his member into her mouth. He was angled such that every time Pyrrha rose up on Jaune's cock, he took Ren deeper into her mouth, and every time she withdrew from him, she sank back down on Jaune. It was a strange feeling to the redhead, constantly filled at one end or the other, never totally empty. Pyrrha was strong and determined, but the sensations were . . . distracting. As she undulated between them, her legs began to shake, pleasure filling her. She began to worry she couldn't keep it up.

Thankfully, the boys were accustomed to this sort of situation. Almost simultaneously, Jaune's hands came up to grasp her hips, holding her in place above him, while Ren's hand gently but firmly cupped her face. The action shocked her until the two took advantage of her arrested position. Jaune bucked his hips up into her suspended pussy, harder than she had dared go herself, causing the retired athlete to moan around Ren's manhood. Ren in turn withdrew from her mouth until only his tip was inside, then thrust forward. Soon both were thrusting and withdrawing in tandem, drawing even more cries of pleasure from Pyrrha. She'd been pleased by the alternating sensations in her pussy and mouth, but these combined feelings were even better. Each movement across her tongue was mirrored within her cunt. Both sets of lips kissed her lover's pelvis at once. Both sets of cheeks were firmly yet pleasantly slapped. She felt her pleasure growing, growing. She struggled to move her hips again, but Jaune was stronger than he looked, and his hands held her firm. She cried against Ren's dick as her pleasure continued to mount until-

"MMMMMMMMHHHHH!!" she cried, releasing around Jaune. The vibrations in her mouth sent
Ren over the edge too; he released into her mouth. Pyrrha happily sucking up his spunk. The boys continued to thrust jerkily as the group rode out their mutual orgasms. It wasn't until Ren removed himself from her mouth entirely—Pyrrha's tongue lapping at his glands as he did so—that the redhead realized something important. Something impossible to ignore. Something so huge, she couldn't believe she'd missed it. "You're . . . still hard . . ." she informed Jaune. It sounded more like a question.

The blonde nodded, actually blushing with embarrassment. "Sorry," he muttered as though he were guilty of some disrespect by not coming with his partner.

"This position isn't Jaune's favorite," Ren said, lying down again. "Let him straighten up."

Pyrrha was confused at his statement, so she got up off Jaune and allowed him to reposition himself. To her surprise, Jaune got up to--off the lounge chair. Taking her hand, he drew her to her feet. Despite the orgasm, she managed to hold herself up, at least until Jaune wrapped an arm around her waist. His dick pressed against her buttocks, and for a moment, Pyrrha wondered if he was going to take her last virginity. To her mild disappointment, he didn't, instead grasping his member in hand and, nudging her legs apart, pushed back into her still sensitive pussy. Pyrrha cried a little at this new angle, and Jaune groaned as well. The blonde pulled her flush to his back before he began thrusting his hips. After her previous orgasm, she probably would have fallen over if it hadn't been for Jaune's arm around her waist.

"Hold onto his head," Ren instructed from the side. "He can use his hands that way."

Arching her back, she reached back and wrapped her arms around his head and shoulders. Once Jaune was sure of her ability to support herself, he took both breasts in hand. Pyrrha understood Ren's fondness for being behind his lovers as she felt Jaune palm and lift her tits. Jaune was apparently more into breasts than Ren was, and he seemingly couldn't get enough of Pyrrha's. He massaged every bit of their surface, gripping and tugging, pushing them together and pulling them apart. Catching her nipples between his index and middle fingers, he rubbed, pinched, and teased her in ways she'd never experienced before. He bent his head into the crook of her shoulder and kissed her neck.

"OOOOO-uuuuuuuhhh!"] Pyrrha stifled her moan by biting her lip. She wasn't going to come again. Not until Jaune did. But that was so hard as Jaune's massive cock combined with this new position plus her already stimulated pussy were driving her nuts. And Jaune didn't seem to be getting any nearer to release.

He kissed his way up her neck to her ear, nibbling it, almost eliminating rational thought. "Come with me," he whispered, his voice tight.

Pyrrha blinked. He was waiting for her. "O-kKkKkkkKkkKk!" She cried as she released around her lover's tool for a second time. Jaune made a gasping, choking sound, and she felt his cock twitch as spurt after spurt of his warm seed filled her love tunnel.

His arms went from her breasts to her waist as he pulled his slackening member from her and helped her to the chair. For a moment, the lay like that clutching each other, panting.


Pyrrha answered her phone after she got out of the shower. It was Nora. "So how was it?" the other redhead cried. Nora had only one volume. "Did you have fun? Can Ren perform without me? Do you miss me? Isn't Jaune great?"
The last one caught Pyrrha by surprise. "Great is an understatement," she mused, blushing as Nora laughed at her comment. "He was a little hesitant at first, but he..." Pyrrha struggled to describe the experience. Jaune had fulfilled her yet made her feel safe in a way neither Sun nor Neptune had been able to match, and though Ren and Nora made a close second, they were still second. Her blush darkened as she thought back to the moment they were together without Ren. She'd actually felt a brief flash of disappointment when he didn't deflower her anally. "He was very talented."

"We've trained him well," Nora said, cheerfully. "I'm sorry you haven't had a chance to hang out together yet. Maybe when you get back we can all have dinner or something." Ever since their first movie together, Pyrrha had found herself awkwardly "not-dating" the pair, as Nora called it. They hadn't slept together again before now, the former heptathalete still trying to avoid a second heartbreak. Still, she had to admit she'd grown to like their company.

"I'd like that," Pyrrha said. Jaune had been funny, clumsy, absent-minded, and blisteringly self-conscious, but also friendly, smart, and utterly devoid of anything even approaching malice. She wasn't adverse to spending more time with him.

"What about Ren?" Nora asked again, sounding like she was talking about her puppy instead of her husband. "He hasn't been with someone without me in a while. Was he still able to please you?"

Pyrrha smiled, although some redness came back to her cheeks. What was it about this woman that made her feel like a teenager again? "Ren had no trouble, but I don't think he has as much fun without you."

Nora made a cooing sound on the phone. "I know. It's nowhere near as much fun without him for me, either.

"Then why do you do it?" asked Pyrrha.

"In a relationship like ours, you have to keep things even," Nora said. "If one of us does someone without the other, and the other doesn't get their chance to make things up, it leads to jealousy and that leads to our marriage falling apart."

"Relationships aren't about keeping score," Pyrrha said.

"People do anyway," Nora said. "Ren and I hung up a whiteboard in the bedroom so we can keep track and make sure one of us doesn't fall too far too far behind."

"You have a unique marriage, Nora," Pyrrha remarked, smiling.

"I'll say. Do you know how hard it is to find someone who'll skip the 'forsaking all others' part of the ceremony?" Nora asked. "Anyway, you didn't answer my other question, did you miss me, Pyrrha?"

Pyrrha blushed again. For years, Coco had been her only friend, then Nora had asked her out to dinner after having a threesome with her and her own husband. "It isn't the same without you," she admitted.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, sports fans, but we won't get to see Nora and Pyrrha and someone else without
Ren for a long while. To make up for it, you're all invited back next time when our three major starlets team up for CBP's first Lesbian Threesome! (And it's about time, too; I'm seriously running out of stuff to do with guy-girl scenes).
Yang and Blake and Pyrrha

Chapter Notes

To make up for the lack of plot in the last few chapters, this one will have A LOT of stuff going on in addition to the promised sex.

I'd like to thank Slut_for_Roses_and_Bees for the idea of including Raven.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It turned out that Blake and Pyrrha's eccentricities (Blake's love of roleplay and Pyrrha insistence on threesomes) fit together pretty well. Blake and Yang were both perfectly happy to let another woman into their trysts, and Pyrrha was intrigued by the idea of genuinely performing, not just the set-up she'd down in her last two movies.

The cheerleaders thing was actually a surprising bit of contention amongst the starlets, as Pyrrha was a little wary of anything athletic. She'd never been Big into acrobatics anyway. Yang countered that they didn't need to do any truly complicated moves, just dance and jump around enough to sell the bit and flash the viewers.

The setting for this one was a little more elaborate than the others. Yang, it turned out, put an add on Krogslist to find someone who would be willing to let the use their school for filming purposes. Velvet, though usually reluctant to criticize their employees, couldn't help but ask Coco how the blonde expected to get a reply.

Joke was on her, as the blonde came back two days later with the news that a groundskeeper was willing to give them access to his school's football field and locker room. His only catch was that they wouldn't let the school know he'd done so. This led to a lot of time on the school grounds trying to find the best angle and position to hide anything even remotely possible of identifying the school, while still catching enough that the segment wasn't a waste of time. They were also lucky to find that the school's colors were not black and yellow, which the uniforms and pom-poms Blake bought were.

"Action!" Coco called.

The trio walked into the locker room. For dramatic effect, Blake was wearing a black silk bow between her ears, and Pyrrha had swapped her ponytail for pigtails. The couple faced the redhead. "Ok," Yang said, "we've seen your moves; you're the best candidate to join the squad."

"But before you join, you have to prove to us that you can work with your teammates. Do you think you're up for it?"

Pyrrha nodded eagerly, "I'll do anything!" she promised, in a tone of voice probably more appropriate for Nora.

"We'll see," Blake said. Then she leaned in and kissed her.

Pyrrha backed away in shock. "Oh my gosh!"

Blake frowned. "I thought you said you'd do anything to join us. This is your chance to prove it."
"What's the matter?" Yang taunted. "Don't you like girls?"

"It's not that," Pyrrha retorted. "But you shouldn't just kiss a girl without asking." So saying, she walked up and kissed Blake.

The pair began to make out, hands coming up to caress each other's sides. Yang came up behind Pyrrha, squeezing her breasts from behind. The redhead turned around and gave her a kiss too. Blake's hands fell to the hem Pyrrha's shirt. Yang's joined her's, and together the two women pulled it up over her head, revealing a lacy red bra that looked inappropriate for gymnastics.

The others stopped kissing her to remove their own tops; like Pyrrha, their bras were not cheerleader-practical. Yang pulled Pyrrha into another kiss as Blake unzipped her skirt and drew it down over her hips. The redhead stepped out of it, revealing her equally lacy and fancy panties.

Yang reached up and undid the clasp on the front of her bra. It opened, revealing Pyrrha's breasts. The blonde took them into her hands and fondled them. Pyrrha's hands reflexively came up and cupped Yang's breasts through her bra. Blake shimmied out of her skirt and panties before bending over and pulling down Pyrrha's panties. The redhead lifted her legs to step out of them. Blake gently gripped her thighs and kissed them, her hips, and up her spine and neck. Yang meanwhile inclined her head and began to suck one of Pyrrha's nipples.

The ex-athlete moaned in pleasure. Yang moved toward the other breast as Blake gently repositioned Pyrrha so she was again facing the audience, then cupped the recently abandoned breast in one hand. Bending down, she lapped the nipple with her tongue.

"Oooohhh . . ." Pyrrha moaned under the stimulation. She moaned again, louder, as Blake's hand dipped down and began to rub her lower lips. Yang left her position at her breast kissed down her belly, before lapping at the now wet folds. Blake's hand traveled back up Pyrrha's body. Both hands now kneaded the redhead's breasts as she stole another, deeper kiss. The two moaned into each other as Yang (who'd also removed her bottoms by now) took Pyrrha's hand in hers and brought them both to Blake's crotch, both sets of fingers caressing the soft flesh. The blonde's other hand went between her own legs, to stroke her own need.

Withdrawing from the lip-lock, Blake addressed Yang. "I think she's ready for the main event, don't you?"

Yang grinned widely, her mouth abandoning its task to reply. "Oh, I know she is!"

The pair laid Pyrrha down on the bench. Yang sat down across from her, positioning one leg atop Pyrrha's and the other under. The two began to grind their pelvises together. Pyrrha hadn't done this with Nora, but she took to it like a pro, thrusting and twisting, moaning as their clits rubbed against one another. Yang bit back a groan before redoubling her efforts, determined to keep pace with Pyrrha. Keeping one hand on the bench to steady herself, the other came up to fondle her own breast.

The ex-athlete felt her head pulled back. Opening her eyes, she saw Blake smile her predator's smile before swinging one of her legs over Pyrrha's head, landing behind it on the bench. Now straddling the redhead, the dark-haired Faunus lowered her dripping core. The redhead framed her neck upwards again and began to lick her. Unlike Nora, Blake's pussy was almost completely shaved, apart from a small patch above her opening. There was nothing between her tongue and the soft feminine flesh. The organ swept over the enforced labia and into the warm, wet channel, emerging again to lap the clit. Above her, Blake growled in approval and began rocking back and forth, changing the angles and surfaces Pyrrha could reach.
"Yeah!" Yang said. "I'm gonna come soon!"

"So's she!" Blake growled. "But not yet! Don't come until I do! I want to soak your face!"

"If yo-ou come first," Yang panted, "You're off-ff the team!"

"Mmmmmhhhh!" Pyrrha cried under Blake's cunt. She began licking harder and faster, caught up in the fantasy of the scene.

"Rrrrr!" Blake cried. "Take it! Take my cum, you little minx!" She roared like a lioness as she came all over Pyrrha's face the redhead's face. She stepped--wobbled, really--back down from the bench, Pyrrha turned her face to the camera, her lips glistening with female cum, her tongue confining to lap it like ice cream.

"Fuck!" Yang screamed. "That's so fuck-king ho-oooohhhhht!" With that she came herself, throwing her head back and grinding herself as tightly against Pyrrha's clit as she could.

"Oooohhhhh!" Pyrrha cried as she joined the blonde.

The redhead flopped down against the bench, spent and satisfied. She panted heavily, her sweaty body a sight to see with her heaving bosom and legs dropped to the floor, exposing her flushed womanhood. Then, she became aware of Yang getting up, and Blake pushing off from the lockers. The two offered their hands and hoisted her to her feet. They hugged her.

"Congratulations, Pyrrha," Yang said, breaking the embrace. "You're now officially a part of the squad."

Pyrrha tried to mumble her thanks. She wasn't sure her lips formed the right words. Despite her athletic history, she wasn't sure if she could stand without the others holding her up.

"Now for our first team activity," Blake said. "Showering off."

The interview that began what would become one of CPB's most beloved scenes was one Coco would never forget. It had started normally, until they got to the one question that was never answered the same.

"What made you want to do this scene?" Velvet had asked, nowhere near as nervous as she had been the first time she'd done this.

The trio of starlets sat across from her on the bench they would soon use for purposes it was never intended for.

Pyrrha answered first. "I'm continuing to explore my sexuality. I used to think I was into boys exclusively, but recent events have . . . opened me to new experiences."

"Remind me to thank Nora," Yang said with a grin.

Blake answered with surprising primness. "I've alaews been supportive of trying new things and we happy Yang and I could join her on this journey."

Said blonde had followed that up with, "I'm just a slut whose happy to screw as many gorgeous men and women as I can!"

That line had proven too much for Coco to keep her habitual silence during interviews. "What would your mother think?" she'd snarked.
Yang shrugged and with utter seriousness replied "Who knows? I don't care, and neither does she."

Two days after posting the video

Raven Branwen didn't get out a lot. She really couldn't. Or at least, she hadn't. Soon, she'd be free and could do as she liked. What she liked was still in the planning stages. For now, she was living in a hotel watching pay-per-view porn. Living the dream.

Flipping through the channels, she saw a title called "Chocolate Bunny Productions." Dumb name, but she felt curious. Clicking the icon, she browsed through the options lists. There weren't many. Buxom blonde cream pie, threesomes, anal... Lesbian three-way. Why not? she thought, selecting the film.

Within a few minutes, she was screaming. And not in pleasure. "WHAT THE FUCK!" Raven dug out her tablet and searched the web, finding the website of Chocolate Bunny Productions. She looked through all the videos, and her face grew redder and redder.

She threw the object down in disgust and began packing her bags. She still had a couple of weeks before the Statute of Limitations was up, but she was too angry to care. She was getting some damn answers.

Three days after posting the video

Adam Taurus was not often what one could call a happy camper. It had gotten worse over the last couple of years. A year in prison was not known for its therapeutic benefits. So when one of his cronies finally found Blake, and what she'd been doing, he was a little reluctant to tell the Bull-horned Faunus. On the one hand, Adam had given them orders and would probably be unhappy (to put it mildly) if he found out they'd kept this a secret from him, and that would not end well for them. On the other hand, Adam might not have been known for shooting the bearer of bad news, but he did occasionally beat the tar out of them. And given the news they would be expected to bear about Blake... It'd basically be the same result either way.

Maybe it was just sleep deprivation, but Peery ultimately decided on telling the boss. It might be better than if he tried and failed to keep the information secret. Or, at least, he thought he had a decent chance of running away when the coronary hit.

"Uh, boss?" He said, approaching Adam slowly.

"What?" the Bull asked. Desperate the lateness of the hour, Adam sounded alert.

Peery swallowed; he'd hoped Adam would be too tired to be angry. "I, uh, I found her. The girl."

"Where?"

Peery swallowed again. "I don't have an address, sir, but I know... How she's supporting herself." Adam didn't say anything, but behind the shades he always wore, Peery could feel his glare increase in intensity. A silent demand to explain. Peery held out his phone and opened it to the appropriate page. He handed it over to his boss.

"... Leave," Adam said. His voice harsher than normal. Peery knew better than to ask for his phone back, knew better than to do anything but get gone. As he sprinted out of the room, he couldn't help but feel sorry for the Cat Faunus for how much trouble she was in, though he'd admit
he was glad to have escaped the boss's wrath himself.

Adam sat in the darkness aside from the illumination of the phone's screen. He surfed the website for a few minutes. He wasn't surprised Blake was relying on her body to survive all things considered. He also wasn't terribly surprised to learn she'd gotten involved with other men; her disappearance didn't suggest she still considered herself "his girl." But to be involved with Humans? To publicly admit it? And revel in it?

Adam hurled the phone against the opposite wall with all his strength. Peery would need to buy a new one in the morning.

One week after posting the video

Morgan Ochre couldn't believe it. He'd been bored, and as he often did when bored, began surfing the web for porn. He was feeling peckish, so he typed "LESGIAN THREESOME" into the search box. He got a nice selection of sapphic offerings. One caught his eye, though; it featured a redhead who (from the side) looked a lot like his ex-girlfriend. He recalled fondly the one time the two of them had had sex. Not bad, but she'd been a virgin, only upside was that she'd broken her hymen ages ago, so there was no need to worry about that. Still, she'd been inexperienced and unimaginative; seeing a whore with her face go nuts with a couple of other whores sounded like a good time.

Thirty seconds into the movie, it was obvious the redhead didn't look like Pyrrha. She was Pyrrha. Holy cow! And a quick search showed that this wasn't the first time she'd appeared onscreen. He found four more videos: two of Pyrrha fucking two guys at once, one of her doing herself with a big red dildo, and one of her fucking a guy AND another chick. Where was this nympho when they'd been dating? he wondered. Bitch had made him wait for months before he got to do her with a condom, and only in her cunt! She'd never blown him like she did these lucky bastards.

Morgan was pissed, but he was also aroused. Sex with Pyrrha had been fun when she was a prude; he could only imagine how much better it'd be now that she was a complete whore. If he could see her now . . .

Well, maybe he could. There were a lot of people who wanted to find Pyrrha (presumably they hadn't looked hard enough to have found out what she'd been up to), and a few of them were pals of his. He'd learned a lot about organization and managing teammates' talents and skills. He began plotting how he could do that know to hunt down his ex-girlfriend . . .

Two weeks after posting the video

Ruby had one guilty pleasure. It wasn't her childish love of cookies and other sugary baked goods (why should she feel guilty over something so obvious?). It wasn't the way she gushed like new mother over her dog, Zwei (again, perfectly obvious reaction in her mind, and Weiss was the same, so what was the big deal?). It wasn't even her habit of sneaking up on her wife and stealing a kiss, or a hug, or copping a feel (Weiss enjoyed it as much as she did, and the white-haired woman's outbursts of fake rage were SO adorable).

No, Ruby's guilty, secret pleasure was this: she liked to snoop her big sister's internet history.

She'd first cracked the password when she was 16, not a particularly noteworthy feat as Yang was the kind of person who though using pet's names was a clever idea. Granted it probably would keep strangers out, but not anyone who really knew her. That was why Ruby had never told her
sister she needed a stronger password, in addition to how much trouble it'd cause between them.

Yang was under the bizarre belief that she still needed to shield her innocent, baby sister from the world around her. She probably wouldn't be happy to know that Ruby's first encounters with gambling, horror movies, and pornography had been on her computer. Not Ruby was overly interested in the last one; unlike Yang the idea of watching or having loveless, no-string-attached sex had never really appealed to her. She only watched the videos occasionally, mostly out of curiosity, or to get ideas for her romance novels. Even then, it was too much for ideas of what not to do than otherwise.

On this particular day, Yang had asked Ruby to run by her apartment to pick up a book. Obviously one left in the apartment by her new girlfriend. Ruby smiled at the thought; Yang was happy with Blake. It had been a long time since the blonde had been serious involved with another person, and Ruby was pleased. It seemed like Yang had finally found someone she was willing to stick with for the long term (with looks like Yang's, the opposite had never really been a problem).

She found the book in her sister's bedroom, but didn't leave right away. Jot with Yang's laptop lying there on her desk oh so obviously. One little peak through the history wouldn't hurt . . .

That night, Ruby sat in bed with her own laptop on her knees. Weiss wouldn't be home until later, so this was as good a time as any to check. She punched in a few keywords into the search engine. A few seconds later, a list of disturbing titles appeared on the page. Biting her lip, she clicked the icon. It opened the web page, where the video began to play immediately. OK, there was Yang, dressed like a cheerleader, and Blake, and . . . Was that Pyrrha Nikos? In pigtails? She kept watching, long after she'd convinced herself it was real. Then, she just stared at the screen.

She was still in that position when Weiss came home.

Chapter End Notes

Wow. I thought I disliked Pyrrha's ex beforehand. Now, he's kind of disgusting.

On the other hand, Raven, Adam, and Ruby and Weiss have been introduced! Let the fall-out begin!

P.S.

If you're all really good, I'll write the shower scene later.
Ruby and Weiss

Chapter Notes

Our trio of starlets from the last chapter face their first reaction from friends and family.

Also, let me say again this is not an indorsement of the porn industry--from what I've heard, it's a pretty shady business. This is just a bit of perverted fun, a sexual fantasy if you will. Do not take Yang's statement as an argument to join this profession.

OK, conscience assuaged. On with the show!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Barely Legal Lesbians Love Each Other

Yang had always celebrated her birthdays in style, and the newest one was no different: a huge party to which the entire crew of CBP was invited, plus her father, uncle, younger sister, and sister-in-law. One would think that putting her ignorant family in the same room as her co-workers in porn would lead to some awkward moments. And one would be right.

"Does Dad know?" Ruby whispered. She'd cornered Yang in the back hall as the blonde was coming out of the bathroom.

"Of course he doesn't!" Yang said, blushing. "And how do you? I thought you didn't go to those sites!"

"I do when I find them on your computer!"

"When were you on my computer?" Yang asked face scrunched. "Wait. How did you even get on my computer? I never told you the password!"

Ruby rolled her eyes. "Yang, your password is 'Zwei!' You always use pet names; I've known that for years!"

"You've been hacking my computer for years?" Yang asked, eyes narrowing.

"You're just mad you can't guess my password," Ruby said.

"That's only because you don't have any dirt worth digging up," Ruby snorted. "Please, Rubes, that bare-ly qualifies as a pun . . . Hehe."

"You're awful, Yang," Ruby said, still smiling. "Just awful."

"Aww, you know you love it, sis," Yang said, hugging her sister. Ruby hugged her back for a moment. When they broke apart though, the pair were both more serious. "Ruby, please promise you won't tell Dad. You know he'll just go nuts."

Ruby sighed. "All right. I won't, but . . . Can I ask . . . why do you do it?"
Yang cocked her head. "Because I like it, duh."

"You . . . like it?" Ruby asked.

Yang looked over at the others. Weiss was chatting with Coco about something or other on the porch. She couldn't see Blake, but she didn't think it would be a big deal if her girlfriend heard this. "Ruby . . . have you or Weiss ever . . . watched the other?"

"What?" she asked.

"Have you ever masturbated in front of the other?" Yang asked. Smiling as her sister blushed and stuttered (really, how many years had this girl been married, and she was still uncomfortable talking about sex)? "It's like that, except in front of a million people."

While Ruby was trying to stage a one woman intervention with Yang, Weiss had dragged Coco out onto the porch to talk. "What did you do?" she hissed.

The brunette blinked before recovering. "I'm afraid you'll have to be a bit more specific, Ice Queen."

Weiss scowled. She was not overly fond of the nickname she'd been given by the various high-society nitwits she'd shot down over the years, and Coco knew it. The two women had crossed paths before at various high society get-togethers where they'd developed a passing enmity towards one another. Coco blamed it on their being too much alike: both were the scions of rich businessmen who'd been raised to think of themselves as rightful owners of all they desired, taught to take whatever they wanted no matter the cost, and become angry and malicious to whatever and whomever didn't bend to their whims and wishes.

In other words, they were a pair of queen bitches fighting to be on top of the dog pile. Coco hadn't run into Weiss since before her parents' accident. Rumor had it the heiress had eloped with a younger woman, but Coco knew not to take stock in such things. She chocked it up to rising responsibilities as a business woman, or secretly going into rehab like so many other young, rich, and over-stressed women did. Oh, the irony.

Back in the present, her fellow queen bitch growled, "Yang. Ruby's sister. What did you do?"

"What makes you think I did anything to her?"

"Firstly, because I know you," Weiss snapped. Fair enough. "And secondly, why else would Ruby's sister be . . . be . . . exposing herself all over the internet?"

"Because I pay well?" Coco asked, rolling her eyes. "What do you care? I never knew you were such a prude, Schnee." This was true; Coco and Weiss had never put much effort into trying to get to know one another.

"I care because she's Ruby's sister!" Weiss snapped. "And I won't let you ruin her life for whatever game you're playing!"

"Ruin her life? She came to me!" Coco fired back. The truly hurtful thing--the thing which infuriated her beyond belief--was that, once upon a time, Weiss might have been right. In the not-too-distant past, before the loss of her parents, Coco had done some down right awful stuff to get ahead in the world or to get even with those who had wronged her. Or whom she'd thought had wronged her.
"She . . ." Weiss was having trouble processing her response.

"Yang walked up to me and Velvet in the coffee shop and asked to be one of our performers. She was our FIRST ONE!"

The former heiress, now CEO blinked as she tried to form a response. The vengeful part of Coco the model-turned-director was trying to repress wanted to take out her phone and snap a picture of the other woman's face.

"Hey, Weiss!" The pair looked around to see a blushing Ruby standing in the doorway. Beside her stood an all too pleased-with-herself looking Yang. "Hi, Coco. Listen, both of you . . . Yang had this idea . . ."

Ruby and Weiss sat on the bed, dressed in elegant lingerie. Red and white, of course. The two wore lacy silk teddies with matching stockings. Thin ribbons with opposite-colored pendants encircled their throats.

Ruby rubbed her fabric-covered leg. "I've never worn something like this before. It feels weird but . . . nice?"

"It should," Weiss said, smugly. "It's top of the line. Specially ordered from Paris."

Coco couldn't help but grin at the contrast between the pair. Weiss elegant and sophisticated (though less snooty than the last time they'd met). Ruby on the other hand . . . as soon as she heard what her wife said, she turned into a little kid, poking the fabric with delicate touches as though it would explode at the slightest friction. Her eyes wide and her mouth closed into a silent "Oooooooo . . ." that would no doubt drive boys who didn't know better wild. Rather than rolling her eyes as she once would have, Weiss looked on with amusement and affection. Love really was blind, Coco thought, her own eyes shifting to the Rabbit-eared girl fiddling with her camera, eyes focused like lasers, her mouth a tight little line with her tongue sticking out of the corner like a cartoon character as she tried to figure out the best distance and angle.

Shaking her head, the director spoke. "Concentrate girls. It's interview time."

How old are you?

"21," Ruby said, cheerfully.

"23," Weiss said, more stiff.

Have you done any modeling or performance work before?

"I have to do a lot of public speaking," Weiss said. "And when I was younger, I had a brief singing career."

"That isn't exactly the same as this, Weiss," Ruby said.

"You're right; pornography has much less in common with prostitution."

Ruby was reduced to a snorting laugh at that. When she finally recovered, she said "I haven't really done anything since school plays. I try to stay out of the spotlight."

What do you want out of this?

Ruby shrugged. "I'm hoping to understand my sister and her friends a little better."
"As am I," Weiss said.

"Plus, this could be fun," Ruby added, blushing. Beside her, Weiss shook her head and mouthed a single word. From where Coco stood, it looked like "Dolt!"

Deciding she'd seen enough, the ex-model gave the signal. "Action!"

Ruby leaned over and kissed Weiss. The former heiress responded to the kiss, deepening it and bringing her hands up to cup Ruby's face. They broke the kiss, then kissed again, their hands coming up to start caressing one another's bodies through the lingerie. Weiss began kissing down her cheek and neck. Reaching up, she pulled the cups her wife's teddy down to kiss and knead her breast, then moved over to the other one. Then she straightened up and began kissing Ruby's lips again, now kneading and fondling both breasts.

Ruby's own hands came up and mimicked her wife's, playing with Weiss' breasts through her teddy. Breaking the kiss, she shrugged off Weiss' hands. Her wife enjoyed her breasts, but Ruby sometimes thought her wife forgot or disbelieved how much Ruby enjoyed hers. Like the former heiress, Ruby peeled down the top half of Weiss' teddy, revealing her small breasts. Ruby knew Weiss was self-conscious about them and their size; as Ruby was concerned, though, anything that couldn't fit in her hand or mouth was a waste, and Weiss' breasts fit Ruby's hands perfectly. The redhead kneaded them, rubbing her thumbs over Weiss' nipples. As Weiss leaned back to moan softly, Ruby bent down to lick them and pepper kisses over their surface. Weiss cried again and brought her hand up to grip the back of Ruby's head; the redhead responding by taking one of Weiss' nipples into her mouth.

Ruby pushed Weiss down onto the bed, pulling down the rest of her teddy, kissing down her wife's soft belly. Ruby left the stockings on Weiss, adoring the way they hugged her toned legs. Instead of removing them, Ruby lifted one of the silk-clad limbs and kissed and licked up Weiss' thigh, enjoying the sensation of the cool, soft silk. She even the bottom of Weiss' foot, drawing a laugh from her. Then, Ruby lowered the limb and bent down between Weiss' legs, facing the trimmed patch of white hair at the junction of her thighs. The redhead placed a quick kiss on the place before diving in and licking the area fully. Weiss mewed and dug her fingers into Ruby's hair as the younger woman ate her out. Ruby was thorough in the task of pleasuring her wife: tasting and exploring Weiss' womanhood with her tongue, nipping and tugging her folds, and lapping at her clit like a thirsty puppy.

Weiss let out a high-pitched whine as she came. She fell back, panting as Ruby slowly kissed her way back up Weiss' body. It culminated in a gentle kiss on the lips, after which Ruby settled down beside her wife, spooning her.

It took a couple of moments for Weiss to recover from her climax. When she was ready, she rolled herself and Ruby over and settled her body between her wife's legs. Removing the remains of Ruby's teddy, revealing the redhead's similarly trimmed thatch in dark red. Weiss gently lifted one of the redhead's legs over her shoulder and positioned her pussy against Ruby's. Weiss began to rub herself against Ruby's pelvis, grinding their clits together. She groaned at the stimulation against her still-sensitive sex, while Ruby moaned loudly. "Uh . . . yeah Weiss! Keep doing that! YEAH! You know what I like! Uhh!" Ruby was a very vocal lover.

"Ooooh . . ." Weiss mewed. "Play with your breasts, Ruby," she whispered, thrusting even harder against her. "Play with them for me."

"O-KKKKKKKKKK!" Ruby groaned as she complied. Grasping her own breasts in her hands and shaking them, squeezing them, and pinching and tugging her nipples tightly. She cried out at the combination of her own self-stimulation and her wife's scissoring. "OH! This feels so good,
Weiss! Oh, I'm going to cum, Weiss! I'm going to cum! I'm CUMMING!" Ruby thrashed against the bed as Weiss continued grinding against her, crying out as she too came.

The pair still weren't done. Weiss collapsed back down on the mattress. Ruby pushed herself up and climbed over her wife, maneuvering into a 69 position. Ruby returned to eating Weiss out while the white-haired woman mixed her own tongue's movements with her fingers, probing and rubbing her partner's lower lips as she licked. The two pleasured each other with jerking, twitching movements, still riding out their shared orgasm. Over-stimulated as they were, the two soon reached their last climax and collapsed onto the mattress, panting and twitching. Ruby rolled off Weiss' body and managed to move herself back up to face her, wrapping her arms loosely around her wife's shoulders and placed a kiss on the pale woman's forehead as Weiss nuzzled into Ruby's neck.

"Cut," Coco whispered. The two didn't reply. They'd fallen asleep in front of the camera.

"You're Ice Flower?" Blake asked, jaw dropping.

Ruby blushed, looking down. Yang didn't think her baby sister had looked this uncomfortable when she'd been naked and fucking on camera. At last, the redhead gave a smile and answered Blake. "Yes?"

Blake struggled to find words, "but The Dragon and the Rose came out seven years ago . . . You couldn't have been more than fourteen!"

Ruby blushed further. "It hit the shelves two days after my birthday," she said.

"It was based on our parents," Yang said, throwing an arm around her sister. "Still my favorite book ever."

"And Ninjas of Love . . ." Blake went on calculating in her head, "You wrote that when you were eighteen?"

Yang struggled not to laugh as her baby sister's face turned the color of her namesake. "It was just after she met Weiss," the grinning blonde said.

Ruby shot her a dirty look. "It was kind of my love letter to her. You notice that the ninja shogun is all cold and elegant and badass, and the heroine is younger than her?"

"And a hyper, enthusiastic prodigy?" Yang asked, still smiling, but now pride was mixed with amusement. And why not? How many women who'd skipped higher education could brag their baby sisters had graduated college at 19.

Blake's face took on a thoughtful look, before she nodded. "Does Weiss know you were publishing your sexual fantasies about her before you even started dating?"

"She does," Ruby said, sounding as though she was remembering a particularly unpleasant conversation.

Blake grinned. "So how did the ice princess compare to your visions of her?"

Instantly, the younger woman's expression transformed. "Oh my gosh! Weiss is so much more awesome than I thought she was! I mean, I always knew she was hiding the best parts of herself behind the coldness and stuff, but she's so sweet and thoughtful, and she wants to make up for all the bad stuff her dad did, and she loves me back so much, and . . . !"
Yang sat back and watched Blake's reaction to Ruby's gushing about her wife. The blonde herself thought it was the most adorable thing ever and actually stirred the otherwise long-dead romantic within her. Blake on the other hand . . . There was amusement there, true, but there was something else too. A kind of melancholy look under the smile that Yang could recognize in herself whenever she thought about her deceased step-mother and her absent biological mother. It was the look of heartbreak.

Chapter End Notes

OK. So, that's one familial response to the discovery what our trio of starlets do down. Pretty positive, all things, considered. The next one . . . Won't be so lucky.

So yeah, Ruby is a romance novelist in this story (notice I mentioned in the last chapter she watches porn for "ideas") and is the author of Blake's favorite Icha Icha rip-off. For anyone who thinks she's too young to be published or to write well, Isaac Asimov was writing his own stories when he was 11 (even if he didn't publish until he was 18), and I have a younger cousin who's been published for years, and she's 16! (Meanwhile, I'm 26 and in Grad School for writing, and I've yet to publish anything another than fanfics. Ugh . . . !) I also had a friend in college who was about a year ahead of me, and he graduated at 18, so Ruby's graduating at 19 isn't that impossible either.

Also, yes Ruby and Weiss married fairly young. I basically wrote myself into that corner when I started revealing people's ages before I'd figured out what everyone's role in the story was, but it kind of works with Ruby's personality. I don't know if the dynamics of their lives will come up in-story, but I do hope to drop more details later. How'd I do with the scene? I wanted something more romantic, given that they are in a (by now) well-established relationship.

P.S.

Please don't take Yang's comments as disparagement against anyone who chooses not to attend college. While I am a firm believer in the value of education, I do know there are those who either prefer or are forced to join the workforce after high school. My parents both had friends who followed that path, and their lives turned out pretty well from what I can tell.
"Why do you want to do porn?" Coco asked. She was sitting with Velvet at the kitchen table with a potential new employee just as they had with Blake a few months previously.

The woman across from them shrugged. She was pretty, this Penny Polendina, cute even, with her bright orange chin-length hair, bright green eyes, and freckles. She was dressed in a simple gray sundress and dark pants. She had walked into the kitchen with a noticeable limp. "I would like to be able to take risks again. This seems like an excellent way to do so."

"What happened?" Velvet asked, politely.

Penny became very still. For a minute, the women worried if the question was somehow hurtful or otherwise inappropriate. Then, the redhead replied. "I was in the Army, in Afghanistan." Both women were startled at this. Coco wondered if they were risking trouble with the army if they hired this newest prospect. Velvet was more concerned about what story would be told next. Penny continued, slowly but more like she wasn't sure what and how to tell. "I was a helicopter pilot. On a mission . . . my last mission that is . . . I was shot down by insurgents. I survived, but I was . . . deemed physically and mentally unfit to continue serving. I received a medical discharge . . . the Veterans Affairs have paid for my therapy and surgeries. They also helped me to pay for my new leg."

She rapped her knuckles on her left leg, the sound it produced identified it as false.

Coco blinked in surprise, her professional mask falling at the revelation. Velvet by contrast had a more energetic reaction. The Rabbit-eared woman raced around the table and embraced the veteran, hugging her tightly. Penny stiffened in surprise, before smiling. "It is quite all right," she said, patting Velvet on the back. "My doctors tell me I have made excellent progress. I have even acquired a new career as a civilian flight instructor which I enjoy and which pays me quite well. I would just . . . It is very confusing." She frowned a little. "I did not care much about my physical appearance before the surgeries, but now I find myself needing confirmation that I am physically desirable."

Velvet lifted her head and made eye contact with her lover. Coco blinked rapidly before opening her mouth. "All right. We can do that."
Penny was a beauty, Sun thought as he sat across from her on the mattress. She was a scarred beauty, yes, but still one of the most attractive women he had ever seen. Her scars... they were shocking; there was no denying that, but once he got over the surprise, the tailed young man saw that the marks didn't subtract from her appearance but rather enhanced it. Beneath the calm, innocent façade Penny—or rather, Captain Polendina—was strong. A lot stronger he was, he thought without shame.

She had removed her prosthetic along with her clothes, as it would probably have just gotten in the way, and without it, her left leg ended above the knee. Aside from that, though, the left side of her body was unmarked. The right side was the complete opposite. The leg was whole, but it was criss-crossed with a web of scar tissue; Sun recalled her saying that her femur had broken in three places. More scars littered her abdomen, and the right breast was marked as well: small, thin cuts, one of which ran across the areola. Smaller marks peppered her arm and shoulder, a couple even marking her cheek, normally hidden by makeup but now exposed as the rest of her. Despite this, Penny had retained many attractive features. She was still very muscular, obviously still working out in retirement as much as she had in the service, and had very nice skin (it was surprisingly pale given she'd just come back from the Middle East, but he thought it suited her eyes and hair). Though one of them was scarred, her breasts were a nice size with large, delectable areolas that beckoned his tongue. She sat at easy, her thighs slightly spread to show off her once-shaven crotch which had begun to regrow its curly orange hairs. He imagined she'd originally shaved it in anticipation of this moment, but had chosen against re-shaving afterwards.

Sun's eyes traveled over her lovely form. They kept returning to her wounded breast, though and he couldn't help but cringe. "That looks like it hurt," he said to cover his mistake.

The young woman touched the scarred nipple. "I do not recall experiencing it," she said. "I was unconscious when I was rescued, and I spent much of the following week receiving morphine intravenously. I did not feel pain until later, and I am quite certain that was less than I could have experienced." She shrugged. "I suppose I was quite lucky."

"That looks like something that would make nursing hard," the Faunus said, before he could stop himself. Then he cringed as his brain caught up with his mouth. "I'm sorry. That was dumb. My mouth was just--"

"Oh, it's quite all right," Penny said. "I believe you would be correct, but it is a not an issue I will ever have to deal with. My womb was heavily damaged in the crash." She gestured to her scarred belly. "The doctors informed me I can no longer conceive or carry a child to term, so my ability to breastfeed is now quite irrelevant."

"Um... I'm sorry to hear that," Sun offered.

"Thank you. It is actually one of the more confusing things which has happened to me. I was never certain whether or not I wanted or was suited to become a parent." Penny's voice dropped. "At present, however, I am sorry I lost the ability to make that choice for myself." Sun nodded in sympathy. Penny just smiled at him again and said, "Thank you for your concern, however. I am glad that Coco and Velvet chose you as my partner for this."

The monkey-tailed Faunus actually blushed at her compliment. He almost missed Coco's cry of "Action!" off-stage.

At her command, the two moved in closer on the mattress. Sun kissed Penny deeply. It was a deep kiss, long and sensual. The kind of kiss usually reserved for lovers. His hands came up to stroke her sides, skimming over her scars without hesitation or reluctance. He marveled at the different textures of her body. Her own hands came up to rub his chest, her fingers almost
massaging his torso as she pressed them against his hard muscles.

One of Sun's hands came up to cup her breast, the scarred one. He broke the kiss and leaned down, licking the scarred flesh of the mound. The other hand came up to cup the its twin. It kneaded the flesh of the pristine breast, but his head stayed with the scarred one. Sun circled the areola with his tongue, before latching onto the nipple with his mouth, sucking it like a child. Penny moaned and ran her left hand through his hair, her strong arm anchoring him to her bosom. The second one traveled down his chest and grasped his hardening penis. The fingers so accustomed to joysticks now wrapped around his tool and began stroking up and down, enjoying the comparative warmth and softness of the flesh even as it stiffened in her hand.

Sun released her nipple and slipped his hands under her thighs to picked her up. Despite missing a limb, she was heavier than he would have guessed. Penny spread her thighs as her partner lifted her up and lowered her onto his lap. Her hand released his head and steadied herself against his chest while the one holding his cock guided it into its new home. He slid into her wet passage with a sigh. Penny in turn groaned as she settled onto his lap, his cock lodged deep inside her. She groaned again as he lifted her up and brought her down again. Up and down. Up and down. Penny embraced him as he rutted her, one hand running across his back, scratching him lightly whilst the other reached down to the base of his tail, playing with the surprisingly sensitive appendage. Sun returned the favor by running the tip of his tail along the length of her ass crack. His efforts to even the score failing, Sun collapsed lay onto his back, still holding Penny up. His hands moved from her legs to her hips. Now, however, he held her in place as his own pelvis began moving up and down. Going Smack! Smack! Smack! against her groin. Penny moaned at the treatment. Sun whispered a suggestion to her, and she reached down to rub her own clit. She groaned even loader at the new stimulation. In spite of it, she managed to submit her own suggestion to her partner.

Sun, despite his pleasure, stilled his hips. He helped his partner turn herself around. Now Penny was facing the camera, Sun beneath and behind her. Her hands braced against his chest, supporting her body along with her one good leg. Frowning in determination, Penny bent her elbows, lowering herself down onto him, then pushing herself back up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Picking up speed and force as she went.

Sun was a little annoyed he could no longer watcher her breasts which were no doubt shaking enticingly for the camera. Still, he could take part in the festivities. His tail wrapped around her left thigh, helping support her, while the tip reached around and teased her clit.

Penny cried out as she came, almost collapsing on top of him.

Sun gently helped her off his still-hard cock, and tried to set her down beside him but she pushed him back down onto the mattress. crawling on her hands and knees, she repositioned herself between his legs. Taking his cock in hand, she began to stroke it again, making Sun groan. She continued, now going down on him, sucking away at his member that had been wetted with her juices, while her dexterous fingers abandoned his shaft in favor of playing with his balls. Sun threw his head back and moaned as he released into her mouth, the ex-soldier eagerly drinking his seed.

Penny smiled at him before rising into a sitting position and turning around to face the camera. She opened her mouth to reveal her prize.

“Salutations, Sun!” Penny grinned.
“Hey,” Sun said, trying not to get embarrassed. True he’d just fooled her, but Human girls could be weird about stuff after sex. It didn’t pay to make assumptions. “What’s with the wheelchair? I thought you had a prosthetic.”

“Prosthetics shouldn’t be exposed to water,” Penny explained. “Most prosthetic users have wheelchairs.” She shrugged. “Would you be so kind as to help me get the chair set up?”

“Sure,” Sun said, taking the folded collection of metal, plastic and padding and opening it up. Penny meanwhile sat down on the bed. She allowed the monkey-tailed boy to lift her into the chair and wheel her into the bathroom and the shower.

“Thank you, very much, Sun,” she said. “I promise to be out as quickly as I can.”

“Sure,” Sun said. It was amazing really, all this woman had been through, and she was still so . . . friendly. “You need help?” he asked. She just looked back at him owlishly. He hurried to explain. “I mean washing your back or something? . . . I’m sorry, that was dumb, and insensitive. And—”

“I would be most grateful,” Penny replied, cutting him off. The wounded warrior's face broke into a smile that was wider than any Sun had seen her wear all night.

Chapter End Notes

Penny is a seriously hard character to write for. She processes the world through a different lense; in the show, it’s because she’s actually so much younger than she appears and has spent most of that time with minimal socialization outside of military personnel. Here . . . Eh, she’s just different. Chalk it up to the accident affecting her psychologically. Or maybe she’s always been more soft-spoken and introspective. We can’t really say until and unless we see what she was like before the crash (and before you all ask, no I haven’t decided whether or not I’m going to do that).

The bit about her infertility was inspired by Black Widow in AVENGERS: AGE OF ULTRON. I know some people were hacked off that she was so broken up about not being able to have children but I do think that the traumatic way she lost the choice could have lain heavy on her.

Apologies to Eltoxicdog for not including the bit about the banana leaves and such. At least not yet.
Yang and Neo (and Coco and Velvet)

Chapter Notes

Doing things a little different this time around. First comes the sex. THEN, the story . .

WARNING: This is not gonna be a very happy chapter. Also, please remember not to take legal advice from the characters in this story.

“Are we sure she’s legal?” Yang asked. She stood in the filming room (the guest room), dressed in a bright yellow night robe.

The pale woman with the pink-and-brown hair and pink-and-brown eyes who sat on the bed dressed in a robe of her own, Neo, arched an eyebrow, clearly asking Are you?

"She has a driver's license, a birth certificate, and a passport that says she is," Coco said. Not that she could understand where the blonde was coming from. Their newest performer was all of four foot, nine inches. On top of that, she was slim and had a rather childish face, further giving her a childish appearance. Really, if it wasn't for her (small) breasts and the sly look on her face, Coco would have thought her a child. "Anyway, let's get this show on the road. Roll the camera, Cottontail."

Neo's interview was somewhat different from the others' as the woman suffered from a psychological condition (one Coco wouldn't even try to pronounce) that kept her from speaking. As a result, she was given a dry-erase board which she wrote her answers on and then held up to the camera. To cut down on editing time, Velvet had also given the new star a list of interview questions.

"How old are you?"

27. Yang frowned at the sight, clearly still having trouble believing her. In fairness, if she hadn't seen the woman's identification, Coco wouldn't believe it either.

"Have you ever done any modelling before?"

A little. Believe it or not, a model who can't talk is considered less desirable. Yang frowned at that; Coco nodded. Yeah, the industry was full of idiots.

"What do you want out of your modelling career?"

SEX! Neo was smiling as she held up the dry erase board. It was a charming smile that did absolutely nothing to help with her questionably-legal appearance.

"Action!" she called before she could changer her mind.

Yang sat down on the bed. Neo crawled over to her and climbed into her co-star's lap. The two embraced, kissing. No, making out. Neo wrapped her arms around Yang's neck and her legs around the blonde's waist. Yang in turn encircled the smaller woman's ribcage with her own arms.
The two mashed their lips together, kissing, breaking apart, kissing again. Sucking lips, tongues exploring mouths and dancing together. Neo broke the kiss to pull her partner's robe open, exposing her full breasts to view. Her hands came up to cup Yang's breasts; she took to the massive boobs an interest that somehow belonged to both an innocent and a connoisseur, lifting them, squeezing them, running her hands over every inch of their fullness, bending down to kiss all around Yang's puffy nipple, then doing the same to the other one. Giving each one a long, full lick before taking one into her mouth. Her hand pinched and tugged the other. Then she switched. Yang moaned before shrugging out of the robe and yanking Neo's open and off as well. Her own hands roamed over the smaller girl's body, stopping when they gripped Neo's butt.

Neo smiled as she returned to Yang's nipple. Her ass might have been small, but it was as tight as you could wish, the result of a lifelong love of dance and gymnastics. She left the nipple, giving it a farewell lick to make Yang moan. She looked up at the blonde. Return the favor? her eyes asked. Yang complied, lifting the smaller woman up and bending down to nuzzle her breasts. Yang opened her mouth to suckle the nipple like an infant. Her mind was still lucid enough to appreciate the irony, given her earlier comments and the differences in their body shapes. It didn't stop her hands from continuing to knead her lover's buttocks, however.

Neo made a quiet sound that was almost a purr and leaned back. She did a kind of back flip, so that Yang was now facing her pussy. Like her head, the hair that grew between her thighs (thick and uncut to remind her partner that she was in fact and adult) was both brown and bright pink. Yang licked her lips and dug in. She lapped at the small woman's womanhood. Her tongue ran over her slit several times before spearing between them, tasting her passage. Yang explored the warm, wet tunnel eagerly before refocusing her efforts on Neo's clit. Lapping it repeatedly before latching onto it with her mouth and sucking eagerly. Neo wrapped her legs around Yang's head, drawing her face in tighter. The small woman arched and let out a short, sharp cry as she came all over Yang's face; the blonde kept licking until there was nothing more to lick. Sweet, she thought.

At length, Yang pulled her face back and lay Neo down onto the mattress. Looking down at the small woman's panting form, Yang leaned in to kiss her. Neo's arms immediately wrapped around her, gripping her tightly despite her recent climax. The tri-colored woman spun them both around so that Yang was now on her back with Neo on top of her. Neo smiled down at her in that cat-cynary way. She began kissing down Yang's body, kissing both nipples before closing in on Yang's shaven crotch. She kissed a line up Yang's thigh. Then the other one, before she went to work on Yang's cunt. She didn't start by licking, though. She rubbed Yang's swollen lips with her hand. Then thrust two fingers into her. Neo began thrusting her fingers in and out. Her second hand came up and her thumb ground against Yang's clit. Drawing more cries from the blonde.

"OH, YES! YES! KEEP IT UP! OOOO-OOOOOHHHHHH!" Yang cried out.

Neo's smile widened as she doubled her efforts, switching form her thumb to her index and middle fingers and rubbing harder and faster against Yang's clt. She played Yang's sex with all the skill of Mozart at the piano. Yang's screaming devolved into incoherence as she came with a single long shriek. "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!"

With her eyes closed and her body arching, she couldn't see Neo's smug smile.

"Coco! Coco!" Velvet said, shaking her sleeping girlfriend.

"Mmmm!" Coco groaned against the pillow as she was shoved back into consciousness. Lifting her head, she mumbled, "Bun-bun?" Or, maybe it was more like "Bunhh-unnh?" Looking over at the alarm clock on the table beside her, the digits 3:02 flashed back at her like the clown that just sprayed seltzer in her face.
"There's someone knocking on the front door!" Velvet hissed, gripping Coco's arm tightly.

Coco sat up, now very much awake. She couldn't hear anything, but she could see how Velvet's ears quivered. Gently removing Velvet's fingers from her biscep, she got up, glad to be wearing a T-shirt and boy shorts rather than lingerie to bed this night, and got out of bed. On the way to the door, she stopped by the kitchen to grab a heavy-duty flashlight—the kind that was essentially a large metal pipe with a lightbulb at one end. Then kind that can survive a hurricane, let alone swinging into a person's head. Velvet, clad in brown, flannel pajamas, followed behind her. The Faunus had grabbed her phone, but was holding her ears down as she approached. Coco noted that it looked pretty uncomfortable for her. Which meant the ears were even more sensitive to sound than she'd thought, and this close to the front door, the volume was pretty loud.

**THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!**

Coco stepped in front of the door, debating turning on the porch light. Sparing a look back a Velvet, she decided against it and opened the door while simultaneously turning on the flashlight.

"AH! FUCK! Turn out that light!" The speaker was a curvy woman with a mane of thick, black hair, not unlike Yang's. Coco couldn't see her face as she'd raised her arms to block the light. No great loss.

"It's 3 in the morning. You've been banging on the door, hurting my girlfriend's ears, and probably woke up the neighbors," Coco said. "Who are you, and what do you want AT 3 IN THE MORNING?" The ex-model did, however, switch on the porch lights and then turned on her flashlight.

The woman lowered her arms, and Velvet gasped. Coco couldn't blame her; earlier she'd noted the woman's hair was like Yang's. Now she saw the face and figure were too. The woman shook her head, blinking her bright red eyes. Then she scowled and demanded. "Where's Yang?"

"What?"

The scowl deepened. "I said, where's Yang? You have her address, don't you? She's your 'employee' after all." The woman stepped forward, trying to cross the threshold. She stopped when she walked into the bulb-end of the flashlight, held out like a leveled gun.

"Velvet's dialed 9-1-1. I have a big metal club," the model said calmly. "You are not welcome here. If you take another step, you will be illegally entering my home, and I will have the right to use this thing to beat the stuffing out of you and then hand your sorry ass over to the police when they arrive. I think that'll take at least ten minutes." The woman growled in reply and seemed to be weighing her options, so Coco gave her another one. "Or, you can leave and come back tomorrow afternoon, and we can have a reasonable discussion like mature adults."

The unknown woman growled again, but turned around and stomped off. Coco waited until she'd disappeared down the street before she closed the door and turned off the porch light. "I swear, if she shows up before 12:01, I'm slamming the door in her face," she groused, rubbing her eyes. Turning back to Velvet, she said, "Remind me to call Yang in the morning and ask what's up with that, will you?"

"Um, sure." There was something that was off in her voice, but it didn't sound like she was concerned, so Coco was willing to ignore it. The pair went back to the bedroom. Coco crawled back under the sheets and felt herself drifting off, until she heard Velvet's hesitant voice. "Um . . . Coco?
"What?" To the Human's credit, it didn't sound like a groan. She turned around and looked at her lover. The Faunus was blushing and looking away from her. Now, Coco did groan. "My stunt at the door turned you on, didn't it?" She already knew it had. Velvet loved it when she showed how tough she was.

"...yes," Velvet admitted. "I'm sorry, Coco. You just go back to sleep, I'll just--" Coco grabbed her and yanked her down. She kissed Velvet hard before rolling over to pin the Rabbit-eared woman beneath her.

"You're making breakfast in the morning," she whispered.

Velvet gave a whimper that sounded like agreement, and Coco kissed her again. The Rabbit-eared girl gripped Coco's hips with her hands, kissing back. Coco broke the kiss to sit up and ripped her shirt off, exposing her breasts to the night air. Then she did the same to Velvet's top. Velvet gasped and reached up to grasp her lover's breasts. Coco groaned a little and pulled the Faunus up to make out with her. One of her hands slipped between Velvet's legs, rubbing vigorously at the Rabbit-eared girl's pussy. Velvet moaned against her mouth and reached down to reciprocate.

"Tell me you love me," Coco growled.

"I love you!" Velvet cried.

"Say it again," Coco demanded, grinding her hand faster and harder against her girlfriend's womanhood.

"I love you!"

"Again!" She hissed into Velvet's human ear.

"I LOVE YOU!" Velvet cried out as she came, the hand on her lover's breast tightening. Coco followed after, bucking her pelvis against Velvet's hand and crying out in triumph.

"UUUHHHHH!" The pair flopped down on the bed again, panting. Coco took Velvet's drenched hand in her own, intertwining their soaked fingers and bringing them up. "I love you, too, Velvet," she whispered, licking their joined hands before leaning in and kissing her lover gently.

Raven walked up to the house for the second time at 1 p.m. on the dot. The only reason she'd waited that long was so that the bitch who lived inside couldn't shut her out again by complaining that she'd shown up too early. Said bitch hadn't told her not to pound on the door again, though, so she did.

Unfortunately, the bitch opened within the first couple of knocks. "Good afternoon, Ms. Branwen," she said, smiling a smug smile. Raven's scowl deepened. How did she know her name? The bitch stepped back and opened the door. "Come on in. We have a lot to talk about." Inside, Raven saw three other figures at the kitchen table. One was the bitch’s Rabbit-eared girlfriend. Beside her sat the Cat Faunus that had “appeared” with her daughter in a couple of films.

And beside her, sat Yang.

“Hello, Raven,” Yang said, glaring at her.

Raven was surprised Yang knew her name. She wasn’t sure Tai would have told the girl about her, especially as Summer had swooped in and replaced her pretty damn fast after Raven had left,
though Raven couldn’t blame Tai for that. “You know who I am?”

Yang snorted. “You’re the woman who gave birth to me. Now what do you want twenty-three years later?”

Raven scowled. “I came to ask what the heck do you think you’re doing?”

“What do you care?” Yang asked.

“I care because my daughter has apparently become a whore!” Raven snapped. “Don’t you have any shame?”

“YOU FUCKING HYPOCRITE!” Yang yelled, slamming her hands down on the table and jumping to her feet. “Do you even know what shame is? You abandoned us! Me, Dad, and Uncle Qrow!”

“You don’t know anything about that!” Raven retorted.

“You’re right! I don’t! So tell me, Mother, did you wait a week or did you sneak out of the maternity ward that night?”

“So self-righteous!” Raven spat. She walked up to the table. Leaning in to address Yang face to face. “And what will you do when you get pregnant fucking anything that’ll meet your price?”

“I’ll fucking raise it!” Yang spat. She walked around the table and stood face to face with her parent. “I won’t leave it with the father and disappear for twenty years!”

“What are you going to do, fucking propose to the father? I’d ask who taught you to be a tramp, but I think I already know the answer!”

POW!

The room was dead silent as Raven lay sprawled on the floor. She lifted her hand and touched her eye. It was already puffing up into a bruise. She looked up at Yang, whose fist was still extended. The blonde was panting.

“Don’t you dare insult my Mom,” she said, lowering her arm. Raven opened her mouth, but Yang cut her off. “You are not my mother. You gave that up when you ditched me. I don’t care what your reasons were. I don’t care why Mom and Dad got together so soon after you left. She raised me. She fed me. She told me stories. She gave me a baby sister. She taught me right from wrong.”

“And she did such a good job of that!” Raven spat, getting to her feet, hands clenched.

Yang took a step forward to punch her again, but the brunette bitch stepped between them. She was facing Raven though, not Yang. Staring the red-eyed woman down. “I think it’s time you left, Ms. Branwen,” she said, no longer sounding smug. Sounding like she was hoping Raven would refuse so she could join Yang in trying to beat her into the ground.

Raven stared them down. The Cat Faunus had come up beside Yang, a hand on her shoulder holding her back, but the look on her face telling Raven she would back up Yang if it came to a fight. The Rabbit Faunus also came up, frowning. Raven was no weakling. Nor was she a stranger to a fight, but she knew when she was out-gunned. She couldn't win this fight. And a tiny voice of reason in her head told her she didn't want to anyway. So, she spun on her heal and stomped out the door, slamming it behind her on principle.
She tried to work out a new battle plan. Raven had an idea. One she hated, but it might work. She just needed to buy some booze first. This would not be pleasant.

"How are you feeling?" Blake asked. She and Yang were sitting down at the table again. Coco and Velvet had decided left. After Raven had stormed out, Coco had declared she was hungry and offered to go pick up a pizza for lunch, taking Velvet with her because she needed help with the food and not because she realized Yang and Blake needed to be alone. Velvet had poured the pair coffee and promised that if either one needed them after they came back, the pair would be there. What a couple.

Yang shrugged, lifting her cup taking a deep drink of the steaming brew. "When I was a kid, I wanted to find my birth-mother and bring her back into our family. As an adult, my birth-mother found me, and I punched her in the face. I guess that's ironic, huh?"

Blake tried to smile. "Ask Ruby. She's the writer."

Yang chuckled weakly, taking another drink. "Part of me wants to have another threeway just to piss her off. Maybe get knocked up on screen just to really rub it in." Yang shook her head. "Nah, that's dumb. It'd be weird enough to have to explain to the kid they were conceived during a porn shoot. The whole revenge conception thing is too much."

Blake cracked a smile. "So you meant what you told her; you'd keep whatever child you conceived in this line of work?"

Yang shrugged. "I've spent almost my entire life wondering why that woman didn't get an abortion if she never wanted me or Dad in the first place. Makes thinking about getting one myself way too weird to consider." She scowled as she spoke her next words. "And I refuse to give my own child up for adoption because I won't be like her."

Blake frowned. Having spent quite a few years on the nastier side of life, she understood that there were reasons why a woman would decide giving her child to someone else was the best decision available. And she'd seen children who would have been better off if their mothers had done so. Before she could try to think of how to explain this to Yang without implying her girlfriend was one of those women, Yang spoke again. "Besides, it's gotta count as child abuse or something. Bringing a person into the world just to get back at someone else? Who does that?" She gave Blake a cocky grin and began tracing on Blake's thigh. "Now a threesome on the other hand . . ."

Blake couldn't help herself; she burst out laughing. "Tell Coco when she comes back!"

Then Yang joined her, leaning over to hug her as she too was overtaken by laughter.

**Chapter End Notes**

Well, that was a thing. At least you got two lemons out of it.

Can I just say I never thought Yang would punch Raven before I started writing the scene? On the other hand, you insult someone's Mom, you should expect to get punched. That's one of the rules of life.

4'9" is, according to the official RWBY height chart, Neo's actual height in the show.
Do not mess with Velvet when Coco is nearby. Especially do not wake her up in the middle of the night to do so.

For those wondering why Raven went to Coco's to ask for Yang's address: She REALLY doesn't want to go to Tai or Qrow (since they're not Hunters in this world, they haven't had any reason to keep in touch until now), so all she can do is go to her daughter's employer and demand an address. How she got Coco and Velvet's address is another question, but as they work from home, made its on their tax statements or something.

Also, no, Yang will not be discussing her stance on "revenge conception" with Pyrrha. Pyrrha hasn't told anyone her plan other than Coco and Velvet (and Fox) who were not around to overhear this argument. So, yeah, that's still on the docket.

Well, I don't know about you, but I want to do something a little lighter next time. So, next chapter Yang joins Blake and Fox in the sequel to their original scene!
Chapter Summary

I started this chapter as soon as I posted the last one, but it took me this long to finish it. Appropriate, given how this is my first day home for holidays. Consider it my gift to you all. Thanks for all the support for this bizarre, perverted experiment of mine.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Yang was dressed in a bright yellow ensemble. A corset encompassed her torso, pushing her already impressive bust up. A pair of low-cut panties hid her crotch and between the two was a black garter belt that held up her black stockings. "I feel silly," she said.

"This was your idea," Blake pointed out. She was dressed slightly more simply. She wore the purple baby doll she'd worn to her audition, combined with matching panties. Rather than stockings, a ruffled black and yellow ribbon encircled her thigh. "I just grabbed the costumes I thought most . . . appropriate for your vision."

Yang snorted. "Vision. You mean my perverted fantasy."

Blake smiled. "Are any fantasies non-perverted?"

"If you too are done flirting, we can get this show on the road!" Coco called before Yang could reply. The former model was again stuffed into the closet of the guest bedroom along with her girlfriend. Yang had almost teased them about that, but Coco had threatened to take the camera and leave if she did. It was cramped enough shooting in the closet; she didn't need to be mocked by the actress she was indulging on top of it. Needless to say, Coco was still rather tired.

Fox walked into the room and paused as though surprised. "Well, well, Ms. Belladonna, may I ask what's this lady is doing here? No offense, Ma'am."

"None taken," Yang drawled.

Blake smiled. "It's your birthday, Mr. Alister. I thought I should do something . . . extra for it, so I hired this lovely lady to . . . assist us."

Fox cocked an eyebrow. "Oh, really. I presume you screened her, of course."

"Of course."

"Well then," Fox said, pretending to look Yang's form up and down. "Shall we begin?"

Yang stood up. "Sounds good to me."

Together, the pair sauntered over to Fox, hips swaying. Blake slid into his arms. The pair kissed while Blake began unbuttoning Fox's shirt, and Fox himself began feeling up Blake. Yang, meanwhile, dropped to her knees and began undoing Fox's zipper. Like the eager whore she was portraying, she freed his semi-hard cock and immediately began stroking it firmer, running her
tongue over it for good measure her other hand fondling her balls. When it was to her satisfaction, she took it into her mouth and began to bob her head up and down on it. Fox groaned at the stimulation.

Then, the two women switched places. Blake knelt down and took Fox's hardened member into her mouth, while Yang straitened up and began planting kisses all over Fox's chest. Fox returned the favor by exploring Yang's body with his hands. They gripped her bare buttocks and squeezed her covered breasts.

Fox tugged on the strings on Yang's corset, letting it fall open, revealing her bountiful tits. He reached up and gripped them in his hands, squeezing them. He bent down and latched onto a nipple, sucking. Yang moaned. Meanwhile, Blake leaned in, gripping the other breast and teasing it with her own tongue.

The pair knelt before him, taking turns pleasuring his cock. Yang bobbed up and down three or four times, then moved back to allow Blake to grip him and lick up and down his length. Then backing off for Yang to have another go at him.

Now they were sure he was hard enough, the pair stood up and began kissing and fondling each other. Yang pulled Blake’s babydoll over her head, kissed her again, and began caressing her girlfriend’s breasts. Blake knelt down, kissing down Yang’s front until she reached her panty line. The Cat Faunus lulled then down before moving in to licked at her bare crotch. Yang moaned as Blake’s tongue teased her. She whined as Blake moved back and straightened up, shimmying out of her panties as she did so.

She grinned at Yang, leaning in for a peck on the lips. Wrapping their arms around one another’s waists, the pair turned to face their “employer.” Fox was beaming. Although he couldn’t see them, he had heard what they’d done and could smell their arousal.

Blake and Yang knelt side by side on the bed on their hands and knees. Fox knelt behind them. He inserted himself into Yang’s pussy, moving in and out of her as he fingered Blake. Then, he pulled out and thrust into Blake's pussy. As he moved in her, his fingers repeated what their counterparts had just done to Blake. The two women moaned at the combined stimulation.

Yang reached over and began rubbing Blake’s mound vigorously, adding to her lover’s pleasure. The Cat Faunus yowled as she came. They trio paused for a moment while she recovered. They knew she had when she pushed Yang over, flipping the blonde onto her back. Fox resumed thrusting in and out of her—her breasts undulating for the camera—as Blake lapped at her clit like a bowl of cream. Soon, Yang joined her girlfriend in orgasmic bliss.

Fox himself still hadn’t cum, though, but they would soon remedy that. He moved up and knelt over Yang. The blonde pushed her tits together around his dick as he began to thrust back and forth between them. “I’m gonna cum,” Fox grunted.

"Do it, Mr. Alister,” Blake whispered into his ear. She was flush against his body, her own breasts pressed against his back? One hand braced against his pecs to hold herself in place. The other reached down a diddled Yang’s clit. “Cum all over her pretty face.”

"It’ll . . . cost you . . . Extra!” Yang the escort informed them.

"I can afford it,” Blake said. “Do it, Mr. Alister! Paint her with your seed!”

Fox grunted as he did as she asked. His cock twitched, as his spunk sprayed out. One burst after another landed on Yang, first in her open mouth, then all over her face, before finally—as it ended
and Fox rolled off of her--onto her generous breasts. As he lay down panting, Blake leaned in and licked Yang's face and breasts clean before moving into a deep kiss with her.

Coco was just about to call "cut" when Yang spoke first. "Wow. Any chance you two would like to do that again?"

"How are you feeling?" Blake asked.

Yang shrugged. "All right. I can't say tit-fucking is my favorite position, but it wasn't bad. I still think I prefer when a man cums inside me, no offence."

"None taken," Blake replied. "That's not what I meant, Yang. How are you feeling about—?"

Blake's question was cut off as Yang's phone started ringing. "Hold on a minute," Yang said, checking the number. "It's my Dad, I should answer this. Hello~" She practically sang that word into the phone. Blake smiled. Despite her rather hostile and 'crude' (as Weiss put it) attitude, Yang had a beautiful singing voice.

The blonde's father was less impressed than the Faunus. Even if Blake didn't have an extra pair of highly sensitive ears, she probably still would have his words. "YANG? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN DOING, YOUNG LADY?"

Chapter End Notes

Well, that’s enough fun. Next chapter: back to the angsting with Pyrrha and her ex!
Pyrrha stood in the shower, the water beating down on her. Sadly, it was only lukewarm. Not only would steaming up the shower be unhelpful right now, there was no way Coco and Velvet’s hot water heater—impressive though it was—could possibly keep up the high temperatures during filming. The redheaded athlete stood between Fox and Yatsuhashi, the two men enjoying her together. Fox stood facing her, thrusting in and out of her pussy, while behind her, Yatsu’s enormous member probed her ass. Pyrrha moaned under the stimulation; it was more than she’d ever experienced before in her life. If not for her co-stars holding her, she might have fallen over in spite of her still impressive-leg strength.

She moaned again as Fox dipped his head and began nuzzling her neck, smelling her shampoo despite the water. His hands, meanwhile gripped her hips, squeezing once before sliding back to grip her buttocks. Yatsu meanwhile held her breasts in his massive hands, lifting and kneading them, teasing her nipples with his palms.

Fox let go of her butt to grab her thighs and lift them up, her legs weakly wrapping around his waist as he continued slapping into her crotch. "I'm about to come," he said.

"Me, too," Yatsu answered.

"Almost there," Pyrrha said. "Don't either of you dare finish without me."

Fox growled in response and angled his hips, thrusting harder and faster than before, while one of Yatsuhashi's hands dropped from her breast and his fingers began to tease her clit. Pyrrha's own hand replaced it on her breast, mauling her own boob as her head dipped back against Yatsu and she let out a moan as she came. The boys groaned in response, releasing their loads deep inside her channels.

They withdrew from her, still supporting her as Velvet brought the camera in close to observe the sperm dripping from her pussy lips then panning over to see the same effect from her ass.

"Cut!" Coco said. "That's a wrap people. Now, to actually use the shower for what it was intended for."

"Actually, can I lie down a minute?" Pyrrha asked, still leaning against Fox. "I'm a little tired." Coco was about answer in the affirmative (or more likely, let Velvet answer for her and hustle Pyrrha into the guest room so she could rest) when she was rudely interrupted.
"Pyrrha!" Jaune came bursting into the room. Everyone turned to him; he was holding an open notepad in his hand. "Pyrrha! There's... someone who wants to talk to you!" he said.

"Who?"

"His name's Morgan Ochre," the blonde answered, not missing the way Pyrrha reacted to the name. "He said he's a friend of yours?"

“Pyrrha!” Morgan said, standing up and embracing her. “Good to see you, sweetheart!”

“Morgan,” Pyrrha replied. Her voice was stiff as was the rest of her in her ex’s too-tight embrace. She tried to return it, but it felt wrong. "What are you doing here?" The pair were meeting in an open-air cafe not far from Pyrrha’s apartment. It was the first time they’d spoken since the breakup.

"I just wanted to see you, babe," he said. The strawberry blonde man wore a smile that had once melted Pyrrha's heart. But now, for whatever reason, it had less of an effect on her. Maybe because she’d seen what other expressions that face could make. Maybe because there were new smiles in her life.

"Why now?" Pyrrha asked.

"What?"

"Why didn't you call earlier?" Pyrrha asked.

Morgan shrugged. "I was hurting, Pyrrha. You left without a trace, what was I supposed to do?"

Pyrrha frowned. "You hurt me, too, Morgan," she said.

"I know, and I’m sorry, Pyrrha," Morgan said. “But I want to try again.”

Pyrrha frowned. “It’s not that easy, Morgan. You broke my heart. And there’s someone new...”

Morgan shook his head. “A lot of someones, so I hear. How hard is one more?”

"Oh my..." Pyrrha choked on her words. There was no curse strong enough to convey what she felt. “You bastard!” she hissed. "You saw my videos?"

"Yeah, what of it?" Morgan huffed, his patience coming to an end. "You didn't seem embarrassed when I saw them. I mean, wow, babe! Where was that slut when we were dating?"

"That slut," Pyrrha seethed, "didn't exist until everyone I loved and trusted turned their backs on me!" She stood up and threw some money down on the table. "Goodbye, Morgan. Don't ever come looking for me again."

"Pyrrha—“ Morgan tried.

"Fuck off!" Pyrrha yelled. The profanity was enough to make him stop dead in his tracks. The former athlete didn't care. Nor did she care about the people staring at her as she stomped away. She got to her car and sat in the parking lot for a moment, still seething, before she reeled back and punched the steering wheel. She hit it again. And again. Meanwhile, tears seeped out of her squeezed shut eyes. Pyrrha wasn't sobbing; she'd done plenty of that last year during the breakup and the mess going on with everyone else Pyrrha had once thought of as being on her side. When she was done, she dug out her cellphone and hit a number on her speed dial.
"Hey, Coco? Do you remember that scene I said I wanted to do?"

"Pyrrha," Coco said, slowly. "Are you sure about this?"

Pyrrha nodded. "Yes, I'm sure!" The unfortunate thing was, Coco believed her; she just wasn't sure Pyrrha was in the proper frame of mind to make the decision rationally.

To set the mood for the scene, the furniture had all been removed from the room, and the windows and walls had been covered in heavy black cloth. Pyrrha stood in the middle of the room on her tip-toes; she had to, her arms were bound together, and tethered to the ceiling. Aside from the thin chains and handcuffs, she was totally nude. She looked around the room, silent but fearful. Behind her, the boys stood, dressed in black robes that looked like they came from "Bob's Discount Cult Supplies." They also wore plastic white masks that covered their upper halves of their faces but left their mouths exposed.

This was apparently all Pyrrha's idea. Coco thought her friend might have secretly been discussing this with Blake before hand, but she couldn't bring herself to care right now. Now, all she could think was that they should probably attach a "Viewer Discretion Advised" notice to this one.

"Action!"

"Greetings, Mortal!" Jaune intoned in his best cult leader/villainous mastermind voice. It was better than anyone would have have expected. Loud and pompous An day only slightly goofy. "I see you have awoken! Good! We shall want you awake for the ceremony!" The lines didn't quite work; they'd only given Jaune an outline of what to say, so most of this was—regrettably—adlibbed. Still, the blonde's shear enthusiasm made up for any defects in his word choice.

"Ce-cemony?" Pyrrha asked, twisting around on her toes.

"Yes, Mortal!" Jaune intoned. You have been chosen to become bride and mother of our order!"

"What? Bride and mother?"

"You shall be gifted with our essence, and shall birth the next generation of our esteemed order!" Jaune raised his arms. "The Moon is high! The stars are aligned! Let the ceremony begin!"

As one, the men shucked their robes, revealing their semi-erect manhoods, though they kept the masks on. Jaune approached her first. Pyrrha tried to back away from him, but the rope didn't give her much room. Jaune reached out and grabbed her hips, pulling her in, and forcing his lips against hers in a rough kiss. Breaking the kiss, he spoke again. "Resistance is futile!" Seriously? His hands left her hips and moved up to grope her breasts. One reached down to cup her sex. "Enjoy it," he breathed. "It's going to be a long night."

Pyrrha stifled a moan, and Jauned kissed her again. His hand slipped to lift up her legs, and he thrust into her, drawing another stifled moan. Jaune laughed as he began to thrust in and out of her.

"Yes," he declared. "You are enjoying this, I can tell."

"No!" Pyrrha forced the word out, tight and high.

Jaune laughed again. His hand continued groping her breast. "Fight it all you want, Mortal, soon you shall realize your inner slut!" He continued thrusting in and out of her. "I'm going to come soon, Mortal. What about you? Are you ready to come?"
Pyrrha whined in despair.

"Yes!" Jaune cried. The hand that had been groping her dropped to lift her other leg. He began slamming into her. "That's it! Come with me! COME!"

Pyrrha screamed her release as Jaune howled in triumph, continuing to slam his dick into her cunt. The two stilled, panting. Jaune pulled out of her, his cum dripping from her pussy, his manhood glistening with her juices. ". . . Let . . . the next . . . take his place," he said after a moment.

Ren was the next to approach, walking up behind the victim. Pyrrha moaned weakly in protest as he lifted her leg. The Asian man thrust into her, pushing his chest flush against her back. He began slowly thrusting, one hand still holding her thigh up, the other wrapped around her belly. His head bent forward and nuzzled her neck.

Pyrrha moaned a little, her sensitive pussy being stimulated by Ren's talented cock. She groaned further when his hand left her stomach and cupped her breast, his thumb rubbing her erect nipple. She yipped as Ren switched from nuzzling to nipping the skin of her neck. Soon, she came again around his member and Ren bit her neck as he released into her.

Ren kissed the mark on her neck as he withdrew from her limp body. Jaune gave the order to let her down. The ex-athlete lay on her back as Sun made gentle love to her.

The shoot took several days, a first in CBP history. Every one of her partners got to use her pussy on his own, filling it with rich seed. Then, they began to join in groups. And Pyrrha took it all without ever once considering using the safe word. She lay on her back as Fox and Yatsuhashi spit-roasted her. Sun and Neptune embraced her in front and back and shared her cunt together. In a seated position, Jaune took her anally for the first time while Ren fucked her vaginally with Pyrrha jerking and sucking Fox and Yatsu while Sun and Neptune jerk off themselves—all of them coming together, painting her face and body.

When they were done, Jaune picked the exhausted starlet up and carried her to the guest bedroom where he laid her on a towel Nora had laid out on the mattress. The last thing Pyrrha remembered before she fell asleep was the other redhead wiping her clean with a warm, damp towel.

Morgan Ochre sat on his bed, laptop open, trolling through Purrha’s videos. His account had been disabled on the CBP website, but nothing on the internet was exclusive; you just had to know where to look. He examined his ex’s most recent posting, the longest sex scene on the site to date. He looked at her slutty performance, her willingness to do things for other men she’d never done for him, to act like a complete whore after playing the shy school girl who won him for so long.

He opened his phone and punched in a number. For a moment, he paused and contemplated what he was doing, weighing the risks and rewards, the benefits and the consequences. Then he hit CALL.

Chapter End Notes

So . . . That happened.

I feel like I don't need to say this, but . . . there will be consequences.
I actually didn’t originally intend for Morgan to have that scene at the end, but I didn’t like him leaving without a trace. I’m a little concerned how similar this is to Raven’s scene a couple chapters ago, but, eh, I like it anyway. The good Mr. Ochre will be back, sad to say, and when he is, it’ll be so much worse . . .

P.S.

This chapter brought to you by Bob's Discount Cult Supplies. This week's special: Half-off Fire Vampire Summoning Kits! Supplies are limited, so get yours while you can! (Bob's Discount Cult Supplies is not responsible for severe burn damage, loss of sanity, conflict with rival cults or the local community, or accidentally drawing the attentions of Cthuga. Product not legal in the state of Massachusetts where monster summoning or communion with the Elder Gods has been illegal since 1937.)
Taiyang sighed, looking deeply into the cup of coffee in front of him. “And there’s no way I can talk you out of this?” he asked.

Across the table, Yang shook her head. “No, Dad. My mind’s made up. This is my job, love it or leave it.”

Tai sighed. “I’d prefer if you left it, but I guess if Ruby couldn’t talk you out of it, I had no chance.”

”Nope,” Yang said. After a moment, she asked. “How’s Uncle Qrow?”

Tai shrugged. “Drunk.”

“So . . . Perfectly normal?”

”Pretty much. He’s pissed as all heck Raven came back after all this time just to yell at you.” Tai frowned. ”And frankly, I agree.”

Yang perked up. ”Really?”

”Really. I don’t know why Raven ran off and left us—she says she has a good reason, but I don’t know what to think anymore. But I do know this: she doesn’t have the right to disappear from our lives for more than twenty years and then show up out of the blue and assume she has the right to criticize you or insult the woman who did raise you,” Tai said, unknowingly echoing his daughter’s words. “Leave her to us, Yang. I promise, she won’t be bothering you anymore.”

Yang looked ready to argue, but she nodded. “Sure, Dad, I’ve got nothing left to say to her anyway.” She looked down at her watch and frowned. Sorry, Dad. I gotta go.”

”Work?” Tai asked, not exactly looking pleased but not looking terribly disapproving either. After having spent the past week going over this, Yang accepted it as a good omen.

”Yep,” she said. ”And if Blake’s right—and she usually is—maybe helping set up some lovebirds in denial.”

Tai smiled. Yang had never dated anyone as long as she had Blake, and he could tell from the tone in her voice, the Cat Faunus really made his little girl happy. “You really like her, huh?”

His daughter smiled back. “Yes, I do, Dad. She’s the greatest.”

”All right, but remind her that your old man’s a gym coach and a ex-MMA fighter. So, she’d better think twice before she does anything that might make you cry.”
Blake leaned down and wrapped her hands around Sun’s length, slowly stroking it. Achingly slowly. Played with his balls. Made him whimper behind the gag.

Yang stood behind Penny. Reaching around her, the blond began playing with the amputee’s breasts. Groping them. Fondling them. Pinching and tugging the nipples.

The two women moved away from their respective charges, causing them to groan behind their gags. The two waited, then returned to their partners. Blake bent down and slowly licked up the length of Sun’s member. She took him into her mouth, engulfing him in her warmth and began bobbing her head. Yang meanwhile did the same to Penny: slowly licked up the length of her slit. Once. Twice. Then inserted her tongue into the other woman’s pussy and began exploring her passage, making sure to taste every corner.

Dor a third time, the women moved away from their victims. “We’re going to let you two finish each other up,” Blake said.

"Just think of who you wish was doing it."

The pair positioned their victims. Yang lifted Penny up and deposited her on the bed on her back. Reach down, forced the veteran’s legs wide. Blake meanwhile gripped Sun’s bound arms, maneuvering him like a cop would a prisoner. When he stood at the foot of the bed, between Penny’s spread legs, she gently pushed him forward. His cock brushed against Penny’s wet slit, and both moaned behind their gags.

Blake Undid the bindings in his arms. “Use your hands to brace yourself; don’t touch her,” she instructed. The other Faunus obeyed. Blake gripped his shaft in her hand and lined it up with Penny’s entrance.

"OK,” Yang said. Go to town on her, lucky boy."

Sun didn’t need telling twice. He thrust forward, burying himself in his unknown partner’s warm wetness. Her muffled cryspurned him on and he continued.

For Penny, the feelings were sensational, literally. With her eyesight cut off all her other senses went into overdrive: the scent of her lover, the sounds their bodies made moving against each other, even the taste of the plastic gag on her tongue was erotic. And the tactical sensations were nothing short of cosmic!

Yang leaned down and whispered into her ear. “Who do you wish was doing this to you? Jaune? Yatsu? Fox?” She asked, reaching over to pinch her nipple. “Sun?”

Above, Blake was doing something similar to Sun. Wrapping herself around him from behind, pressing her breasts against his back, his tail trapped between them, she whispered the same question into the other Faunus’ ear. “Who do you wish you were fucking? Me? Pyrrha? Yang?” She licked his ear. “Penny?”

"Think we should let them know?” Yang asked aloud.

"Hmm . . .” Blake pretended to think. I suppose so.”

The pair undid the gags first, resulting in some of the most interesting noises as the two simultaneously tried to exercise their newly released jaws while moaning in pleasure. Then their partners undid the blindfolds.

"Pe-Penny?” Sun gasped.
“Su-u-u-unnnnn!” the veteran responded.

The two continued on, forgetting about their other companions. Their arms came up to wrap around each other. Sun pressed his chest against Penny’s breasts. Or, she pulled him to her. The cried out in release together.

Neither Blake nor Yang complained about being left out.

“All right,” Yang admitted. “They’ve definitely got something going on together.”

Blake smirked. “They just needed a little push is all. And for Sun to get over his human hang-up.”

“Are you sure he’s over it?”

Blake’s cat ear twitched. “I assume so. He just asked her out.”

"Awesome!" Yang said, punching the air with her hand.

Blake practically purred, "I know I am."

"Wrapping her arm around the Cat Faunus and pulling her close, Yang whispered. "I know you are, baby. I know you are."

Raven sat at a bar, nursing a bourbon on the rocks. She should be careful, she thought, or she’d wind up like Qrow. Downing the glass and waiving the bartender over for another, she decided it didn't matter. He family hated her. With good reason, she realized, taking another drink of her refilled glass.

Yang's words had cut deeper than she'd been willing to admit, and Qrow's tongue lashing later hadn't helped. Neither had the smell of booze on his breath or the sight of the flask in his pocket. When had that gotten there? Why hadn't Tai stopped him.

And Tai . . . Tai . . . She took another swig of alcohol, letting the ethanol burn her throat to distract her. It didn't. Tai hadn't been angry. Well, it'd been there, in his eyes, but it wasn't the only emotion. He hadn't raised his voice the way Yang had even as he repeated his daughter's words back to her. She hadn't realized, when she'd left all those years ago, how much she'd hurt him. Oh, she's known he wasn't exactly going to be happy about it, but the look in his eyes. Anger had been there, yes, but also sadness and fear. How many times, she wondered, had he asked himself why she'd left him and their newborn daughter? Did he wonder if it was his fault? Or that she'd been planning this all along? Had the police come by? Revealed everything about her?

And why had he remarried so soon after she'd left? She grimaced. Just thinking of his answer to that question cut her. "Because Summer was there, and you were not," he said. It was perfectly obvious from the way he said "was there" that he wasn't just referring to her disappearing act singling him up again. Now, it wasn't about being there physically . . .

She had the bar all to herself, aside from the bartender. She was so invested in her drink that she didn't hear the door open and the two men come in. But, she certainly heard the click of a gun being cocked behind her head. And she heard the big man's voice say "Drink up, Bitch. You're coming with us."

Raven finished her drink and turned around. Two men stood behind her, stereotypical mob
toughs, mean scruffy, faces atop professional-looking suits. The suits didn't distract from the dull, cruel looks in their eyes that said they were perfectly happy breaking legs and shooting people for money. Apparently, someone had heard she was back in town. Raven smiled. She loved hit men; no matter what she did to them, she didn't feel bad. She eyed the duster one of them was wearing. The weather was getting cooler, after all. "Now, that's a fine-looking coat you're wearing," she observed. She really should be dressing more warmly, and a long coat like that would make it much easier to conceal a large weapon . . .

Chapter End Notes

Well, that's Raven's plotline . . . not at all tied up. We'll get to see more of her (and her relationship with Tai and Yang) later on as the story progresses. But for now at least, we've dealt with the immediate fall out from her reappearance in Yang's life, so we can set them on the back burner. On to other traumas! Be warned, the next chapter is ANGSTY (with a happy ending).

Well, we got a few more hints about Raven's past. Apparently, she's unpopular with both the police and the mob; that's not at all a difficult feat to pull off. Yes, I did steal the ending exchange for this chapter from SIN CITY. What can I say? It was a memorable moment in a memorable movie. Yes, it's dumb, gratuitous violence and sex, but it's well-made dumb, gratuitous violence and sex with some interesting characters. Blame it on Robert Rodriguez being just that good a director and the cast being such talented actors (and, once upon a time, Frank Miller could actually tell interesting stories).
ATTENTION: I am posting this chapter and the previous one together, if you’re reading this after the most recent update, go back and read the previous chapter first (unless you only care about Pyrrha’s storyline).

Some folks wanted a pick me up after the orgy. So, I’m posting these two together. This chapter has a lot of angst near the end, but it’s important so wait it out. I promise the ending is worth the effort. After this, the next chapter or two (or three, if we’re all really lucky) should be light, fluffy things. Then, we’re back on the angst train. Enjoy!

Pyrrha had surprised Coco with how eager she was to do another film less than a month after her last one. Actually “surprised” wasn’t the right word. Worried was more accurate. “There is no way this is a healthy attitude,” Coco told Velvet as the pair sat down to dinner that night.

"I know," the Faunus replied. “Coco, you need to talk to her.”

"What, I should just say ‘Hey, Pyrrha, take a break from all the fucking; you’re acting like a damn nympho?’” The former model snorted. “Yeah, that’ll go over well.”

Velvet resisted the urge to look down, fighting the years’ old habit to run from aggression. She knew Coco wasn’t angry at her. She was angry at herself and how helpless she felt. “You’re her best friend, Coco. I’m sure she’d listen to you.”

“I have an idea,” Velvet said. The next couple of hours consisted of a convoluted phone tree as Velvet called Ren and Nora, who called Jaune, who needed to check with Velvet and Coco to make sure he’d heard right. Then, after a single awkward conversation, he had to call Ren and Nora back to give them the news before he called Coco and Velvet back to give them the go ahead to call Pyrrha about their proposal. Then, the blonde recalled his bosses to ask if there was anything he needed to do to help set up. Coco told him she’d call Fox Andy Yatsuhashi in the morning to work out the details, and she’d call him afterwards; Velvet suggested he pack warm clothes.

In the morning, Pyrrha and Coco has their first real fight. "Coco, I thought we had an understanding," Pyrrha said.

Coco bit down her retort. Pyrrha wasn't trying to hurt her, she reminded herself. Lashing out wouldn't help her friend. "We do."

"Then why are you asking me to . . . ?"

"Because, I'm worried about you!" Coco snapped. Then, to cover up how concerned she was about her friend's mental well-being, she continued. "You've put your body through so much, isn't it time to slow down for a while?"

Pyrrha's answer was short and contrite. "I'm fine."

Coco sighed. "Listen, Pyrrha. Don't you think you're being a little silly. Is sex with only one
partner such a big deal?"

"Yes."

The ex-model slapped her face. Given Pyrrha's reasons for doing this, she should have seen that coming. "Look, honey. It's Jaune. He's the nicest guy around. He won't put any weird pressure on you or anything. Just give it a chance." Her friend didn't answer, but Coco could hear the wheels grinding in her head. "Listen, you come up, try the shoot, and if at any point you feel uncomfortable, just say the safe word and we'll stop. I promise."

". . . This seems like a lot of work for something that may go nowhere."

Even though she knew the former athlete couldn't see it, Coco shrugged. "Eh, maybe you can make another video playing with yourself. Yours is the most popular." That was a lie; between all the payments for videos, Coco couldn't really keep track of what was the most popular anything. Still, she couldn't believe people weren't buying up Pyrrha's earliest escapade, so she didn't feel particularly dishonest.

The pair hemmed and haaed for another good twenty or thirty minutes, but in the end Pyrrha agreed.

They'd returned to the cabin for this shoot. Ironic, given it was where Pyrrha had first met Jaune. They were inside this time, dressed flannel pajamas that weren't exactly sexy but were warm and comfortable. Pyrrha's were red, and Jaune's were sky blue which she thought went well with his eyes.

Jaune kissed Pyrrha slowly, his hands gently holding her hips, not moving a muscle. After their last movie together, he seemed to want to let her take the lead. Compared to her previous pairings, it was . . . different. Sweet, in a way. Pyrrha leaned in and kissed him a little deeper. Her arms snaked up to wrap around his neck and pull him closer. Breaking the kiss, they looked into each others' eyes, then kissed again.

Breaking the kiss, Pyrrha looked into Jaune’s eyes and saw he was eager, yet timid. She was certain now that he would let her take the lead in this. She smiled, feeling inexplicably shy. She brought her hands down from around his neck and unbuttoned his shirt. She pushed the folds of cloth open like curtains, revealing his well-muscled frame. She ran her hands over his pecs. She leaned down and kissed them too while her hands trailed down to his abs. Feeling daring, she licked one of his nipples, making him gasp.

Taking her actions as indication, Jaune’s slowly reached up and began unbottoning her top. But when the buttons were all released, he hesitated. Amused by his shyness, Pyrrha opened it herself, exposing her breasts.

Jaune reached up and took them into his hands. He squeezed them in his hands, kneading them. He bent down and licked her nipples, kissing them. Jaune straightened up and kissed her again.

They lay down on the rug. Jaune kissed her breasts again, then down her stomach, pausing to hook his hands into the waist of her pants and pull them down. Pyrrha lifted her pelvis to allow him to remove them.

Spreading her legs and Maneuvering himself between them, the blonde lowered his face and kissed Pyrrha’s sex. She whimpered as he went about the task of licking her slit, then thrusting his tongue into her passage. Pyrrha’s hands came up to hold his head in place. Jaune didn’t seem to notice,
continuing steadily on his mission to taste every inch of her channel, until he raised his mouth just a little to focus on her clt.

Pyrrha moaned and arched her back as she came. She fell down again, panting quietly while Jaune went back to placing light kisses on her quivering groin. After a minute or so, the redhead had recovered enough to sit up and push Jaune over onto his back. She crawled up between his legs as he had done to her and pulled his pants down.

The blonde’s impressive length was already hard. It occurred to Pyrrha that she had never seen Jaune expose himself to her without an erection. It gave her a warm . . . unidentifiable feeling inside that she seemed able to incite such a reaction in him.

She bent down and kissed the tip, before opening her mouth and sucking in the whole shaft all the way down to the base. Jaune groaned as we began moving her mouth up and down on him, but unlike Pyrrha, his hands stayed down, gripping the carpet. He still wanted to let her have control.

Pyrrha released his member from her mouth, replacing it with her hand, immediately pumping up and down. Her head moved lower, taking one of his balls into her mouth and sucking.

"Pyyyyyyyyyyrrhaaaaaaaaa . . ." Jaune moaned.

The ex-athlete again switched her hands and mouth, massaging his sack while returning to blowing his cock, running her tongue over the now achingly hard flesh. He was close.

“Pyrrha,” Jaune hissed. “It’s—I’m going to come!”

Pyrrha replied by increasing the speed of her bobbing head. He erupted into her mouth. Pyrrha drank it down and continued sucking. She sucked him until he was hard again.

"O-oh," Jaune moaned at the sensations on his now tender manhood. He was so disoriented with pleasure that he almost didn’t notice when Pyrrha released him from her mouth. Smiling at his prone form, the ex-athlete slid back up his body, kissing him lightly on the lips. Then she sat back and positioned herself above his member.

"Ooooooo!" the pair moaned in unison as Pyrrha sank down, enveloping his cock within her pussy. She sat still for a moment, savoring the feeling of him inside her. Resting her ha rest on his chest, she pushed herself up, then sank back down. Up and down. Up and down.

Jaune’s eyes were locked onto her. The look of pure bliss on her face was even more captivating than her bouncing breasts. Although, that’s didn’t stop him from enjoying them when she took his hands in hers and brought them up to again grasp the undulating flesh.

Pyrrha herself had never felt so complete. Her walls hugged Jaune so perfectly, like her body was made for his. She moaned as his hands squeezed her breasts, as her inner muscles squeezed his cock in turn.

"Jaaaauuuuuune!

"Pyrrrrrrrrrrrhah!

The pair came together. Pyrrha flopped down on top of him, panting. Jaune was panting too; he wrapped his arms around her weakly. Pyrrha felt herself drift off to sleep, rocked by the melody of his heartbeat.
Pyrrha leaned back from the toilet, her stomach empty. Her first bought of morning sickness. The first sign she was really pregnant.

She shuddered, curling up into a ball on the bathroom floor, hugging herself. What had she been thinking? She’d been angry and hurt, and for that she’d ruined her whole life. Not just hers, she realized, as her stomach dropped. Her arms dropped down to hug her mid-section. She was pregnant, pregnant with a child she’d conceived out of anger and spite. What in Heaven's name had she been thinking? What was she going to tell the poor thing when it asked who its Daddy was? Oh, good gosh, what about when they started surfing the web and found . . . her?

Jaune knocked on the door. "Pyrrha, are you all right?"

"Go away!" she said.

"Pyrrha, what's wrong?"

"What's wrong? What's wrong is that I turned into a whore to get back at my parents! What's wrong is that it's all over the internet for everyone to see! What's wrong is that I picked a fight with my best friend when she tried to talk me out of this! What's wrong is that I'm pregnant, and I don't know who the father is! And someday, I'm going to have to tell them that!" The tears came again, shaking her whole body. She heard the door fly open as Jaune rushed over and put his arms around her. She tried to shake him off. She was dirty and didn't deserve to be touched. But, he held on, held her tightly.

Strangely, she heard him whisper "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Still, it comforted her. Maybe it was just how incongruous it was. Or maybe it was just that Jaune felt . . . nice to lean against. Just as he'd felt nice to lie down on earlier after the shoot.

That thought, for some reason, made the crying flare up again, but Jaune just kept holding her and apologizing. Finally, she stopped. They sat in silence for a few moments, before Pyrrha asked "Why?"

"'Why' what?"

"Why are you apologizing? You didn't do anything wrong."

Jaune sighed. "Because this baby might be mine," he said. "Because I should have thought things through before I did . . . that."

Pyrrha sniffled. "I just keep thinking, what am I going to tell him or her when they ask who their Daddy is?"

"Well," Jaune said. "You can say it's me."

Pyrrha turned and looked up at him. "What?"

Jaune shrugged. "You can tell them I'm the father," he said. "Besides," he started rubbing the back of his head, "I meant to talk to you about this earlier, but . . . if either of you ever need anything, I'll be there for you. I promise. So, you can say I'm the father."

Pyrrha's eyes widened. "But it might not be yours. Goodness, as soon as it's born, we'll know who the father is." The potential candidates were all very distinct from one another when you cam down to it. Certainly, Sun and Fox's genes would be easy to identify. And it was odds on that Yatsuhashi’s offspring would inherit his size.
Jaune frowned. "Oh, I hadn't thought of that." He shrugged. "Well, at least we can lie to them while they're young, you know before they learn about genetics and stuff." He turned serious. "And, I'll still be there for you, Pyrrha. I promise."

"Really?"

He nodded. "Really."

"Why?"

He shrugged. "Well, it takes two to tango, as my mom always said. I took a chance same as you, and I'd be a pretty scummy person if I didn't accept some responsibility for it. So, I figured I should try to provide for what might be my child, but then I thought it'd be really horrible to just stop taking care of it after it's born just because I wasn't actually the one who won the Russian Roulette. Or lost, or whatever." He paused. "And, it's not just me. I spoke to Ren and Nora earlier. We were all going to tell you later, but they both agreed. They'll help out whatever you need regardless of whether or not it's Ren's."

Pyrrha looked him dead in the eye. He was serious. Utterly and completely sincere in his words. A warmth filled her chest that she didn't understand, but welcomed all the same. Turning around, she embraced him as tightly as she could. "Thank you," she whispered.

Jaune, blushing although she couldn't see it, awkwardly returned her hug. "Anytime," he said.

After a moment, they let go of one another. "So," Jaune said. "The reassign I was knocking on the was that I was wondering if you wanted to go out and get something to eat? I don't know about you, but I'm famished, and there's nothing in here."

Pyrrha lifted her head and smiled. "I'd like that, Jaune."

The blonde got up, offering his hand to Pyrrha, who accepted it. Neither noticed they held on longer than was strictly necessary.

Chapter End Notes

Well, how'd it go? The scene between Pyrrha and Jaune was something I've been thinking about for months, almost since I began this thing. Basically, I realized a lot earlier than she did that creating another living, thinking, feeling person just to get back at someone else is kind of a jerk move. Not to mention all those awkward questions she'd inevitably have to answer.

To everyone who said they hoped Jaune was the baby daddy: this is the closest you'll get for a while. I haven't entirely decided exactly who the father is (although I'm currently leaning heavily in favor of NAME REDACTED), but it doesn't really matter. Jaune's claimed the child as his own, and he's going to follow through on that. Granted, aside from maybe Neptune, there's really no doubt in my mind any of the guys would follow through on paternal responsibilities to the child, but Jaune and Ren were the only ones that mattered for reasons that should be apparent if you scroll back up to the top. Anyway, Jaune's still going to be the "official" parental figure, much as Summer Rose was to Yang. I know this wasn't exactly what you wanted, but... it feels right to me. Blame it on BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES being such a big
part of my childhood; the relationship between Bruce and Dick was always something that stood out to pre-teen me and helped shape my views on non-blood relationships. And then there was Uncle Ben and Peter Parker. And now there's Joe and Barry's relationship on THE FLASH, which is reason enough to recommend the show even if you took away all the goofy superhero stuff (Suddenly, I'm remembering Hunter Zolomon's comments on Barry having "an ample number of fathers," and now I'm picturing Zoom having that conversation with Jaune and trying to figure out how to turn Pyrrha's baby into a superhero. Wow, has this story gotten weird).

Let that be a lesson for you kids; don't do anything on the internet if you aren't prepared talk to your kids about it when they find it on the internet.
Emerald and Mercury

Chapter Notes

I’m putting this here to try to make it more likely that it’ll be noticed. The member Kaptian pointed out to me that Penny shouldn’t be considered Autism Spectrum given her origins I, and I was out of line making that comparison. So I’ve cut that part from the notes for that chapter.

I’m sure at least someone will argue with my choice here to “cave to pressure” or whatever (this is the internet, so of course plenty of people will disagree), so let me just say this: I know next to nothing about Autism except that it exists (Oh, and some idiots think it’s caused by vaccines which is a dumb idea for multiple reasons). This is why I usually try to avoid discussing it, so I don’t misrepresent it or do anything offense. This is one instance where I broke that rule, speaking out of my butt about a real and serious subject I didn’t understand and was appropriately corrected by a person who actually has this condition.

To any reader who either has Autism or knows someone who does, I humbly apologize and hope we can move forward together to a better fanfic experience.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emerald and Mercury were not CBP’s usual breed of aspiring porn stars (in fairness, though it was kind of hard to determine what the “usual breed” exactly was).

For one thing, they were a couple, like Ren and Nora or Ruby and Weiss, except that they weren’t married. Just a pair who’d been together for a while and expected to continue for a while longer. It had been Yang that had introduced them to the crew. Apparently, the two trained at the same gym she did, and the blonde had a kind of rivalry with Mercury. Coco wondered if they’d have another fight scene leading into a sex scene like with Yang and Blake.

However, for their first movie, the pair had chosen something relatively subdued. Just an interview in bed before rutting like bunnies. Coco cringed at the thought and shot a look at Velvet. Her girlfriend was fiddling with the camera and didn’t notice it. Granted, Velvet had no issues with that particular phrase as long as it wasn’t direct at her or another Faunus. Still . . .

She shook her head and returned to the scene in front of her. Admittedly, it was a distracting sight. The stars had decided stripping was for losers and had elected to do their interview nude.

Mercury sat on the bed without his prosthetics, his legs ending at his knees. While the image was a touch unsettling (Velvet had read once that amputees trigger the uncanny valley response), he was undeniably an attractive man: all lean muscle, silver hair styled to look careless and messy, and cool, blue eyes. His back was propped up with a collection of pillows, giving him a somewhat regal look. The expression on his face matched this image rather well: a look of smugness worse than Neptune’s in his first movie. It would’ve been off-putting to most women but seemed to only make Emerald more aroused.

She was hot, no argument. Rich dark skin, bright red eyes, and neon-green hair cropped to chin length at the sides, but ran down her back in the . . . well, back. She wasn't as muscular as Yang,
but she had toned, athletic limbs and a flat, taunt belly. Her long legs ended with a tight ass on one side and shaven lips on the other, and her bust was a respectable D cup. Smaller than Yang’s, perhaps, but not by much.

The woman lay on her side at Mercury’s knees, her body at right angles to his own. Much like her boyfriend, she looked arrogant, though her expression was tinged with something more predatory. Coco wouldn’t admit it aloud, e pair turned her on. Hopefully, their customers would feel the same.

Swallowing, she began the interview.

How old are you?

"26," Emerald answered.

"Same here," Mercury said. "Though I hear it isn't polite to ask."

Do you have any experience?

"No. We've decided to have our first time on camera, in front of a gang of strangers," Mercury said, rolling his eyes.

Emerald retched back (stretching her body gloriously in the process) and slapped his thigh. "We've never done anything like this, no."

Coco wanted to call bull crap on that considering how comfortable they were being nude in front of an audience, but she let it go. One of the rules she and Velvet had agreed on was that they would always treat anything an actor or actress claimed in an interview as truth. No arguments.

What made you want to do this?

"Yang said it was fun," Emerald said.

"And I'm not letting her beat me in a contest of desirability," Mercury added. This resulted in Coco could see Velvet making a face behind the camera, but she ignored it. It sounded a little messed up to her too, but who were they to talk. Still, time to get this show on the road. “Action,” she called.

Emerald made the first move. Rolling over, she began crawling up the length of the bed—right over Mercury. As she passed over him, she began rubbing the length of her body against his cock. The green haired woman smirked as her partner moaned. In response, she paused to grind her pussy against his manhood.

Mercury’s hands came up to her waist and tried to force her onto this member, but she was expecting the move and slid back while simultaneously pushing herself up and out of his reach. “Nuh, uh,” she whispered, bending forward to kiss her boyfriend.

Said boyfriend sat smoldered in reply.

She continued. "I don't think you're ready, yet." She then proceeded to give Mercury what was probably the most provocative sort of lap dance. She straightened up and put her hands behind her head. She began to shimmy, shaking her hips from side to side or in a circle, moving her torso in time with some music only she could hear. Mercury reached up to grasp her jiggling breasts, but Emerald grabbed his wrists. She curled back away from him. "Nuh, uh," she repeated, smiling
cruelly. "Still not ready, dear . . ."

Mercury groaned floppin back on the bed.

Emerald smiled and bent forward and again dragged her body up Mercury's front, licking his erection as she passed it, then his stomach, his neck, before pecking his lips, all whilst dragging her breasts over said erection, then her stomach, then her pussy. Mercury felt a bit of moisture from between her labia against his coak and groaned again. And, again, he reached up to grab his girlfriend, but Emerald shot up and batted his hands away. To add insult to injury, the man now found his dick trapped between her ass cheeks. Emerald's dark smile grew, and she even went so far as to rockham up and down against her boyfriend's penis. She again began teasing him, rubbing his dick between her buttocks, showing off her toned stomach and full breasts, and running her hands through her cropped hair.

Mercury hissed. "Damn you, woman."

Emerald's grin turned smug. "Awwww, do want me?"

Another hiss. "What do you think?"

Looking even more smug, Emerald replied. "I suppose I'll give you some help~" With that, she put her hands down and pushed against his chest, lifting herself up off him. Taking his dick in her hand, she steadied it, before sinking down onto him, taking his cock into her pussy. Emerald hummed in pleasure before pushing herself up and lowering herself onto him. Up and down, up and down. Mercury watched her breasts bounce and his manhood disappear in and out of her shaven crotch. Watching the lips of her cunt kiss his groin. Growling, Mercury shot up and wrapped his arms around her. This time, Emerald wasn't able to push him away before he captured her. The silver-haired man may not have been able to stand or walk unaided, but he could still undulate his pelvis—a fact he demonstrated immediately, thrusting up into her snatch.

Emerald cried in surprise at the assault, before he slammed his lips into hers, cutting her off. The pair began kissing or rather attacking each other's lips. Bruising, sucking, and biting. They began moving on to other areas, cheeks, chin, jawline.

Mercury buried his face into her neck and began biting it. "Uhhhhrrrr!" Emerald let out a cry that was not a groan nor a growl. She yanked one her arms free and yanked back on his hair, revealing the fresh hickey mark on her neck. "Bastard," she hissed before pushing his head down to her breasts.

Mercury had no complaints as he took up his previous activities at a new location. Now, he began licking and biting her breasts and nipples, leaving red marks all over them tugging on the peaks with his teeth. His hands meanwhile fell to her butt, squeezing her ass cheeks as he continued thrusting.

Emerald wrapped her legs around his waist tightly. "Keep it up!" She ordered. "You son of a bitch!"

Mercury did indeed keep it up. He undulated his hips faster and faster as Emerald did the same with hers. The rhythmic sound of flesh slapping against flesh as his crotch and her buttocks collided into one another filled the room as the pair rapidly approached their rele awe.

Then, it came. Mercury finished first, throwing his head back with an animalian roar as he slammed his cock up into her cunt and shot his seed into her.
Emerald followed suit, howling like a coyote and dragging her nails down his back as she hit her own climax. The sting of her claws only heightening her lover’s pleasure.

Mercury flopped down onto his back against the pillows, panting. Just as winded, Emerald slid off his shrinking cock to lounge beside him. Eyes still filled with mischief, she reached over and took her boyfriend’s limp member, wet with their combined juices into her hand.

“Uhh!” The silver-haired man groaned. “Freakin’ nympho tease.”

Emerald only smiled at the comment, before leaning in to place a kiss on his cheek.

"Cut!" Coco declared, deciding they’d had quite enough for one session.

"So?" Coco asked. "How was it?"

Emerald shrugged. They were standing in the halls waiting for Mercury to finish cleaning up. “Eh, I’ve had worse.”

The ex-model realized that this was likely the highest compliment the surly young woman would give her. Emerald was clearly the type who gave out affection sparingly, as anyone who watched her and Mercury's violent style of lovemaking. "How long have you been together?" she asked.

Emerald shrugged. "On and off since we were kids. We've dated, been friends, and wanted to kill each other at various times. Eventually, we gave up and realized we belonged in each other's lives."

"Wow, that's pretty romantic," Coco said. Although she was smirking, she actually meant it.

"Bite me, bitch," three green-haired woman replied. Coco translated that as both “Thank you,” and “I agree.” She was well versed in the language of Bitch.

Chapter End Notes

So that’s that. Short but sweet. Well, maybe not sweet exactly, but you know what I mean. Sorry it’s not longer given the long weight, but I made the mistake of thinking I should do another two updates at once before realizing that was unnecessarily slowing me down. Hopefully I’ll get the next chapter up soon.

The bit about the Uncanny Valley is taken from the excellent web series Extra Credits (though I usually watch their spin-off series Extra History these days). They brought up amputees as an example of the sorts of people who evoke feelings of discomfort in the rest of us because they no longer fit our mental checklist for “Human,” and subtly remind us of our own mortality. The episode was "Symbolism 101 - How Horror Games Instill Fear,” and I recommend it to anyone interested in a quick lesson on unsettling imagery or ideas.

Part of me worries that I’m repeating mistakes, calling amputees creepy after just apologizing for my misrepresentation of people on the Spectrum. The thing is, as I understand it, it IS very common for non-amputees to have a negative reaction to seeing people with lost limbs or appendages, and as I see it, I might as well own up to it.
Emerald and Mercury aren't exactly my favorite characters, but I think this fits with their personalities and interactions.
Yang and Blake and Neo

Chapter Notes

Not the shower threesome I promised, but hopefully good enough.

Also, to be clear, in this setting the White Fang aren’t the top-tier global civil right group turned top-tied global terrorist organization they are in the show. Here, they’re more like a street gang. Still have decent numbers and resources, still filled with angry Faunus who want to make the humans pay for the generations of discrimination, still very dangerous, but nowhere near as powerful as in the show.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ilia was initially disgusted by what she saw. Any member of the White Fang would be. Blake, one of their founders and leaders, one half of the power couple that had gundesirable them in their struggle against human oppression for years, had joined the enemy. There was no other way to put it. She was now living with—and rutting with—a human! To say nothing of working for another one!

The Chameleon Faunus’ skin had turned a bright cherry red at the thought. Even the fact that Blake had also apparently abandoned them to sell films of herself fucking didn’t gall her so much. Ilia knew that Blake had been a stripper. All the women (and even some of the men) in their organization had worked that profession or been full on prostitutes, herself included. Degrading though it was, the White Fang needed a steady source of income to fund their operations. It was sadly one of their more respectable "business ventures.”

But as Ilia watched, she felt her anger fade as the facts asserted themselves. Blake and her girlfriend . . . her human girlfriend seemed genuinely affectionate with each other. What’s more; they weren’t the only mixed couple Ilia saw: the Monkey Faunus was apparently dating the heavily scarred human woman, and their boss was living with a Rabbit Faunus, whom she showed a surprising level of gentleness. While the dark-haired woman was often rude, she was equally short with all her employees, regardless of species.

Adam, unfortunately, was less moved by her news. Or rather, he was moved but only to greater levels of anger. “Any Faunus that ally with humans are traitors!” He shouted. “She betrayed us. She betrayed me!” He stomped off, still ranting to himself about Blake’s betrayal.

Ilia watched and shuddered. She wondered if Blake hadn’t made the right decision, running when she did. She also worried for her friend—and herself; it was only a matter of time until Adam blew his top and did something rash. She had the feeling she wouldn’t like it when he did . . .

Yang and Blake had returned to the school where they’d had their threesome with Pyrrha. Yang was always a little annoyed that they didn’t actually get to shoot a shower scene. And so, filming for Lesbian Shower Threesome began. Blake was just as happy to do the deed as she was, though Pyrrha begged off, wanting some time off after her last film. Instead, Neo volunteered to take her place. Together, they made quite the picture.

Yang was tall, long blonde hair that fell to her ass, and well-muscled with large breasts topped by
puffy nipples and wide hips as well as a perfectly shaven cunt. Combine it all with her boisterous smile, boundless enthusiasm, and sexual adventurousness, and she was many men’s fantasy made real.

Blake was slimmer, with toned legs and a tight butt. Her breasts were smaller. Her nipples were dark brown and, combined with her straight dark hair and golden eyes, gave her an exotic beauty she had spent years in strip clubs learning to use to her advantage. Unlike Yang she’d only trimmed her pussy hair, leaving a small patch above her lower lips. She was a master of the Smokey Eyes and the teasing smile, making her the ideal woman of mystery.

Neo was the smallest, her body compact but innergetic. Her tri-colored hair and heterochromia gave her an even more exotic look than Blake. Her breasts were small but firm, and she’d let her snatch grow untrimmed to prove her age. She was mute, but her eyes, smile, and posture conveyed power, confidence, and mischief.

The trio didn’t start the film all together. Instead, Yang, already stripped bare, turned on the first faucet all alone. Much like with the shower in Coco and Velvet’s home, they couldn’t turn the water hot—there was no way it would last the length of a film. Besides, Yang doubted the school’s boiler could even do hot.

Yang stood under the showerhead. Soap in hand, she began the process of sudsing up. Running her hands over her legs, being sure to turn herself in profile, so as to show off her butt as she bent over to wash her lower limbs. She uncurled and turned around so that her back was to the wall, washing her hips, her ribcage, running her hands over her arms. Then she brought her hands down and ran them over her stomach and then up to her breasts. Caressing her skin with her hands and the bar of soap. Covering herself in a generous coating of bubbles. She made a show of tossing her wet hair over her shoulders.

Blake walked into the showers, nude. She stepped under the showerhead next to Yang. A minute later and Neo (as all natural) entered from the opposite direction and took the shower on Yang’s other side. The trio began washing themselves. They began flirting with one another, bumping hips, reaching over and trailing and arm over each other’s sides. Smiling mischievously, Yang leaned over and kissed Blake on the cheek. The Cat Faunus smiled and returned the favor. Then, the two shared a kiss on the lips. Embracing beneath the shower head, they rubbed their soapy, wet bodies against one another.

Neo wasn’t one to be left out, though, and came up behind Yang, wrapping her one arm around the taller woman’s waist. Grinning triumphantly, she brought her other hand up and speared Yang’s cunt with the first two fingers.

The blonde broke the kiss, moaning. “Sor-ree, b-abe,” she said as Neo continued fingering her. “Didn’t mean to leave you out.” Placing one last peck on Blake’s lips, Yang separated from her girlfriend, turned around, and bent over, cupping the smaller woman’s face in her hands and kissing her.

”We’ll be more considerate~” Blake puffed as she walked around the pair to get behind the tri-colored girl. She reached out and took Neo’s breasts into her hands, squeezing.

Neo couldn’t moan, groan, or squeal the way another person would to communicate their pleasure, so she turned to other avenues, reaching up and taking Yang’s boobs in her own hands. Kneading the large, soft orbs just as Blake was doing to her own smaller ones.

”Mmmmmm!” Yang said breaking the kiss. “I think she likes what you’re doing, Blakey.”
After a moment, Neo broke the three-way make-out session. Releasing Yang’s breasts, she turned 180 degrees so that she was now facing Blake’s bosom. The mute kissed them each, then took one brown nipple into her mouth and began to lash at it with her tongue. Her hand reached up to pinch and tug at the Faunus’ other hardening peak. Blake moaned and wrapped her left arm around the smaller woman’s shoulders; with her right, she reached over to fondle one of Yang’s now unattended mammaries. Yang in turn reached down and grasped Neo’s pert butt, giving it similar treatment.

Neo suckled Blake’s teat for a moment longer, then released it. Stepping out of her embrace, Neo walked over to stand beside the Cat-eared woman, and both turned their hungry gaze on Yang. Blake walked, no stalked, over to her. Once again, the Faunus pulled the blonde in a tight embrace and passionate kiss beneath the spraying water. Slowly, conscious of the slippery floor, Blake lowered Yang to the ground. Breaking their lip lock, Blake kissed her way down Yang’s body, licking up droplets of water as she went: first the collarbone, then between her breasts, then her navel, then just above her smooth slit. Blake smiled, spreading Yang’s thighs before spreading her pussy lips with her fingers. The area was slick both with water and Yang’s own juices. At last, as Yang was positively whimpering in anticipation, Blake began to lick the exposed pink passage.

Meanwhile, Neo strutted around the pair until she was behind Yang’s head, apparently admiring the view. Smirking, she dug her hands into the taller woman’s scap, burying them into Yang’s golden mane, before pulling her face into her tri-colored partner’s hairy, dripping snatch.

Yang eagerly began her unspoken task, lapping her smaller partner’s labia and clit before pushing her tongue in deeper into her love tunnel. Neo silently groaned and pulled Yang’s head in tighter, grinding herself against her talented mouth and tongue. The mute reveled in the power she had over the larger woman as much as in the act itself. One hand left Yang’s head while the fingers of the other dug deeper into the flesh of the blonde’s scalp. Neo’s now free hand reached up and cupped her own breast. Pinching the nipple hard.

They each held out for as long as the pay could, but all too soon, Neo threw back her head and gave a silent scream, arching her body and grinding her pussy even harder into Yang’s mouth as she came.

Her pleasure was intensified as Yang screamed her own release, loudly, finally succumbing to Blake’s talented tongue. The Cat Faunus continued lapping up Yang’s fluids as the blonde rode out her climax, until she was a quivering mess lying on the shower floor.

Blake climbed up and cuddled into Yang, lying down beside her and holding her. Recovering somewhat, the blonde rolled into her lover, onto her stomach. The couple kissed tenderly. Yang smiled back and reached down with her hand. Blake gasped as her girlfriend began to massage her womanhood, rubbing her folds before a single finger entered her. Yang continued planting kisses on Blake’s cheek and neck.

Meanwhile, Neo again circled the pair. This time she finished behind Yang, a position which gave her an excellent view of the blonde’s ass. Kneeling down, the small woman buried her face between the generous buttocks and launched an assault on Yang’s nether lips.

“OHHH!” Yang cried out. Her cunt has been rendered quite tender after her recent orgasm. “OH!” Despite the distraction, she returned to her mission to pleasure her beloved, slipping a second finger inside of Blake. Meanwhile, her head bent down to the Faunus’ breasts.

Blake purred as Yang lavished affection on her bosom: kissing, licking, and sucking every inch of them. Lapping at her nipples, circling the areolae with her tongue, and leaving little love bites everywhere else. All while the blonde’s fingers continued to pump in and out of her pussy.
“Yang!” she cried. “I’m going to—“

“I know!” Yang gasped. “Me tooooooooOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“YEOW!” Blake screeched as she joined her girlfriend in sexual satisfaction. The trio lay on the shower floor, a boneless heap of pleasure. For a time, there were no sounds except for the lovers’ heavy breathing and the still running shower heads.

“So . . . Pyrrha’s pregnant,” Yang said. She was sitting in the passenger seat of Blake's car as her girlfriend took her home where they would nap a while before enjoying a late dinner. Neo had already left to do whatever it was she did.

”Not surprising, given her last video,” Blake replied. Despite the distracting memory, she kept her attention on the road. Today had been too good to end with a car accident.

Yang continued. ”I know, I know. It’s just . . . Wow!”

”Yes, ‘wow’ is a good way of putting it.”

The two sat in silence for a moment before Yang adied, “Nora said Pyrrha’s gonna ask Coco to be the godmother.”

”Really?”

”Yeah. Talk about your odd couples.”

”Isn’t that what people say about us?” Blake asked, smiling.

”Pfft! Oh, please,” Yang said. “They’re too busy drooling over us.”

Blake chuckled. “The buxom blonde and the Asian cat girl. Who could resist us?” And the pair laughed. Once upon a time that name would’ve angered Blake. Now, she could accept it, without feeling like it defined her.

Then, Blake's ears turned up and she immediately spun her head around to face Yang, eyes wide. Everything slowed down. The blonde turned her head to look out her window, to see what Blake saw. Each degree she moved felt like it took a whole minute, but it couldn’t have been that long. A low rumble, like the growl of a vicious beast rose like thunder out the window. The last thing Yang saw was the car that barreled head on into her door . . .

Chapter End Notes

Well . . . That was a thing.
Following the events of the last chapter, we finally learn Blake’s backstory. And, surprise, surprise, Adam is a massive tool.

Also, 260+ kudos! WOO-HOO! Thanks for all the support. I promise to do my best to keep earning it.

Thanks Blake opened her eyes. She felt sore and light-headed, but not in a post-coital way. It took her a moment to hear the steady beep of machines.

"Blake?"

The Cat Faunus turned to the voice. Sitting beside her bed was Ruby and Weiss. The younger woman had red-rimmed eyes; she looked like she’d been crying. Weiss was being strong for her spouse, but there were a lot of emotions in her eyes. Concern, worry, frustration, anger.

"How are you?" Ruby asked.


Ruby sniffled. Weiss answered. “She’s in another room nearby. Tai and Qrow are with her. You were in a car crash.”

A car crash. That was bad, but Yang was alive, so it couldn’t be too bad, right? "How is she?" Blake asked.

Ruby sighed. “Still unconscious; her head got hit pretty hard, but the worst . . . the worst is in her arm.” Ruby sniffled again.

Weiss took her wife’s hands in her own. "The doctor says they’ll have to amputate her right arm. There was too much damage."

Blake curled over, dry-heaving. Yang was losing her arm. Yang was a competitive fighter, and now—would she ever be able to fight again?

"There’s more,” Weiss said, her voice growing colder. Blake looked up to see her frowning. “The man who drove the car is unconscious, but he had a White Fang tattoo on his arm.”

Blake’s heart dropped.

Weiss continued. “Naturally, the police were very curious as to why a member of a multi-city crime ring drove his car into yours and Yang’s car. They spent quite awhile questioning me and Ruby about what her sister might have done to get on the Fang’s hit list—besides being my sister-in-law, of course. Some very long and annoying questions. Would you have anything to say about this?"
“Weiss,” Ruby said, with a touch of reproach in her voice, but Weiss didn’t back down. The smaller woman was glaring at her with the fury of a frozen sun. And Blake wilted under it. “This is all my fault.”

"It’s not," Ruby said.

"It is," Blake said. "You'd better call Coco; she needs to hear this, too."

It didn't take as long as Blake would have liked to get Coco and Velvet in her room. Apparently, the pair had been waiting in the hall—along with Sun, Penny, Pyrrha, Jaune, Ren, Nora, and Neo. Blake got a little choked up. She had gained a lot of friends in this business. She would be sad to see them go.

"All right, Blake," Coco said. "The gang's all here. What's up?"

*The gang*, Blake wanted to wince at her boss’ choice of words.

Blake could see from Sun's expression, the other Faunus had already guessed the truth, though probably not the whole story. Velvet, the poor thing, still looked too concerned to have figured it out. Well, she was an immigrant, after all, probably hadn’t had the time to learn much about a local gang.

Blake took a deep breath. “A few years ago, a few friends and I . . . We we young Faunus. Young and angry over the injustices that were still being committed against our people. And we were unhappy that none of the established organizations seemed to be able to do anything. So, we got together and founded a group of our own. We called ourselves . . . The White Fang.”

There was a collective gasp from everyone in the room. Some of them were scowling. “I thought you said you were a stripper,” Coco said.

Blake chuckled. “We were young and dumb. We all dropped out of college or hadn’t even started. We needed money, and . . . Adam came up with an idea for some.”

"Adam?" Coco asked.

"Adam Taurus?" Weiss asked.

Blake nodded to the former heiress. "Our leader," Blake explained for the others. “My ex-boyfriend.” Que more gasps and shocked stares. Doing her best to ignore it, Blake continued. “Since we were all young and fairly good-looking, Adam figured we could make some change exotic dancers.”

"So you founded a gang of domestic terrorists?" Sun asked.

"No!" Blake shook her head. “Not at first. At first we just protested, loudly and aggressively, I’ll admit but that was it. Then we started trying to ‘patrol Faunus-heavy neighborhoods, trying to keep them safe from gangs and such. But it was taking its toll on Adam; he was getting angrier and angrier over how little an impact we seemed to have. He was also getting more and more desperate for money. By this point, quite a few of us had moved on from just stripping to actual prostitution.”

Blake paused for a moment, waiting for the othere to ask the obvious question. Sun opened his mouth to do so, but Nora drove her elbow into his side. Penny shot her a glare, but didn’t press the issue. Strangely, considering her current profession, Blake appreciated their tact.
“But now, Adam was starting to seriously consider more illicit forms of income—like drug smuggling. His ambitions were becoming more and more illegal too: he wanted to ‘take the fight to the enemy’ as he put it. I knew it couldn’t end well, but he was listening to me less and less. We began to drift apart emotionally, but this only made him more possessive of me. He simultaneously started pressuring me more and more to start hooking and yet became angrier and angrier over any male who looked at me or even touched me in a platonic way.”

“So, I left. One night, Adam and I had a big argument in front of all the others. I told him I was leaving. He begged, argued, and demanded that I stay, but I wouldn’t listen. I packed a bag, took all the money I could, hopped a bus, and didn’t look back. I spent the next two years trying to build a new life. Then, I saw your ad and . . .”

“Well, that clears things up at least,” Coco said. Her voice was hard, though not hostile. “Here.” Reaching behind her back, she took out a small, black object, cylindrical in shape. Blake pushed a switch, and it instantly extended into a baton. Her boss continued. “I’m pretty sure you’re not allowed to have that, but all things considered, you should probably keep it on hand. We’ve been talking, and at least one of us will be staying with you and Yang while you’re here.”

Blake blinked. “What? Are you—? I don’t—”

Coco nodded to Ruby who fished out her phone. She opened a picture and handed it to Blake. The Cat Faunus almost dropped it when she saw. It was a picture of an inside wall, presumably an apartment wall. Blake recognized the off white paint. A giant image of the White Fang logo had been spray-painted onto the familiar apartment wall in red. Below it were the words “REMEMBER YOUR PLACE, WHORE.”

Blake swallowed. “They’ve been to our apartment,” she said.

Ruby swallowed. “They trashed the whole place,” she whispered. Despite finding out that Blake was indirectly responsible for what had happened to her sister, the younger woman still looked at her with concern.

“So, yeah, we’re not leaving either of you alone,” Sun said.

“And if anyone shows up who shouldn’t, we’ll break their legs!” Nora declared. She was smiling enthusiastically. Ren’s own lips quirked up a little.

“It wouldn’t be the first time I hurt someone to keep my friends safe,” Penny mused aloud.

“Shouldn’t we leave this to the police and not discuss vigilante activities?” Fox asked.

“It’s more like unpaid bodyguard activities,” Yatsu suggested.

“Who cares?” Ruby asked, and her voice was harcher and stronger than Blake’s eyes watered. “Thank you,” she whispered. “Thank you all.”

“Any time,” Velvet said. “Just as you’d do for us.”

Coco grunted. “Yeah, What she said. Anyway, the docs don’t want us to stress you, so we’ll leave you be.”

One by one the group assembled group walked out. Weiss was the last to leave. Before she left, she leaned in and whispered to the Cat Faunus. “Blake, you’re a friend, and you might one day be my sister-in-law, but listen closely. If you endanger Ruby or her sister again by keeping secrets, or
anything else . . ."

Weiss let the threat hang in the air, and Blake had no doubt that she would follow through if she thought Blake did anything to endanger Yang or Ruby again. She didn’t blame the other woman; if fact, she felt her respect for the smaller woman rise. She nodded without fear, and Weiss straightened up, nodded back to her, then calmly walked out after the others.

Weiss and Ruby were once more decked out for their shoot. This time, instead of just lingerie, they were wearing wedding dresses. It had been Ruby's idea. In the wake of her sister's accident, she wanted to do something . . . romantic. Something that reminded her of better days.

After their first video together, the couple hadn’t committed to performing in any more videos, but in the wake of what had happened to Yang and Blake, it seemed right to step up and take their place. Besides, Coco and Velvet were determined to help pay the medical bills, and if there was something they could do to make it easier (which in turn would help Yang and Blake), they would do it. They were family now, bound together in a unity born of tragedy.

Ruby and Weiss held each other’s hands and kissed gently, like they had at the altar years ago. They kissed again, and again. Each kiss growing more and more passionate. They moved into each other and embraced as they made out. No, making out was too crude for what they were doing. The pair’s mouths were making love.

They broke apart and began to undress. They undid their skirts, letting the fabric fall to the floor around their feet. The pair also undid the tops of their dresses, letting the go as well as removing the veils. Beneath the dresses, the pair were seriously decked out. They both wore Lacey white bustiers that covered their stomachs. Beneath these they wore white Lacey panties along with white garter belts and stockings. The pair balanced on white high heels. Ruby had needed Weiss’ help to walk in them; the ex-heiress was as graceful on the heels as without them.

Around their throats, each wore a white ribbon with a silver pendant. a rose for Ruby and a snowflake for Weiss.

The two returned to kissing, running their hands up one another’s barely concealed forms, over thighs, stomachs, and backs. Cupping each other’s breasts, butts, and crotches. Ruby whispered as Weiss ghosted over the front of her panties with her fingers. Weiss purred when Ruby stroke a strip over exposed skin above the hem of her stocking.

Weiss guided her wife over to the bed. They sat down, beside one another. Leaning in to kiss each other once more. The former heiress pulled down the straps of Ruby's bustier, pulling the top further down to reveal her breasts. Weiss brought up a hand to cup her bare breast. She brought her face down to the other breast and kissed the nipple. She opened her mouth took the bud inside it. She sucked lightly on the nipple, her tongue gently massaging it. Her hand squeezed the other breast, her palm and fingers running over every inch of it.

Ruby pulled Weiss head back and kissed her wife again. She pulled Weiss’ top up over her head, and then her hands were on Weiss’ breasts. She kissed Weiss again on the lips, then moved down and licked her wife’s breasts, her tongue running over the small but warm mounds; it circled around first one nipple and then the other.

Weiss pulled back and kissed her again. She removed her wife’s bustier and then pushed Ruby down onto the bed. She kissed her again to keep her in place. Then Weiss straightened up and pulled down Ruby’s panties, revealing her trimmed, dark red hair. Weiss leaned down and kissed her wife there. Ruby moaned as Weiss’ tongue darted out and began exploring Ruby’s well-
traveled passage. She reached up with the index and middle fingers and probed the tunnel. Ruby whined at the sensations. But, before she came, Weiss pulled back and left her, walking over to the table beside the bed. The white haired woman opened a drawer and pulled out a box. She put it on the edge of the bed and opened it. She removed from within it a dark blue dildo.

She inserted the toy in Ruby’s snatch, the redhead groaning a little at the intrusion. Weiss dragged it back and forth within her, testing it. Then she withdrew the toy.

The ex-heiress hit the switch, and the dildo became a vibrator. She re-inserted into Ruby, drawing more whines from her as Ruby clawed at the sheets. Weiss reclined beside her, kissing her wife as she used the toy on her. Ruby’s hand came up and pulled Weiss into the kiss. The other hand came up to fondle her own breast.

Ruby broke the kiss, violently shaking her head and shrieking as she came.

Weiss removed the vibrator, flicking it off. The phallus was now drenched with Ruby’s fluids. Weiss brought it up to her wife’s lips. Ruby tentatively licked it.

The younger woman pushed herself up and gently pushed Weiss down. She kissed her wife’s lips. Then she began trailing kisses down the woman’s body, between her breasts, down her belly, to the line of her panties. Ruby curled her fingers into the fabric and pulled them down, kissing Weiss’ groin. Her wife hummed with pleasure.

Ruby gently proved her wife’s folds with a finger. “You’re really wet, Weiss.”

"Of course, I am, dunce,” Weiss said, softly. “I’m making love to the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Ruby blushed under her wife’s praise before taking the vibrator in her hand and flicking it in. She ran the buzzing toy over Weiss’ swollen lips and clit. Weiss hissed in pleasure before Ruby plunged the Phyllis into her. Ruby pulled the toy in and out of her, twisting it around inside Weiss while her tongue lapped at Weiss’ clit.

Weiss gasped, her eyes wide. She reached down with her hands and placed them on Ruby’s head, holding her in place. Not that Ruby bhad any intention of moving as she lapped up Weiss’ button. The younger woman changed the angle of the vibrator and thrust in harder.

“Gah! Ah!” Weiss didn’t scream as she came, but she yelled as the spasms shook her body, her fingers fighting their grip on Ruby’s hair while her toes curled as tightly as they could. Ruby didn’t let up on her ministrations until Weiss rode out the last wave of her orgasm.

After she collapsed, Ruby turned off and withdrew the vibrator, lightly tossing it back in its case. The younger woman crawled up the bed and into Weiss’ arms. The pair kissed gently and cuddled against each other, the picture of wedding night bliss.

Blake stirred in her bed. Without opening her eyes, she palmed the baton under her pillow. A new scent was in her room; a new person was in her room.

"Hello, Blake.”

The Cat Faunus shot up in bed. Her hair got in her face, and her abdomen screamed in pain. She was distracted by it for only a moment. As her hair got out of her eyes, she saw a familiar face to go with the familiar voice. “Ilia?”
Well, that was that. You got any idea how hard it is to write a scene with more than a dozen people in it? Hope I don’t have to do that again anytime soon.

Now we begin what I’m dubbing the White Fang Arc like this was a manga. This should last for the next few chapters and then go on hiatus in favor of other things.

I hope no one will be too hard on Weiss. Like she said, Blake is a friend, but she isn’t family. Not yet, anyway.
"What are doing here?" Blake asked, eying her. The baton was still in her hand under the pillow. Ilia has been a friend, someone she trusted, but . . . Adam had been all those things too, once.

Her voice was cracked as she spoke. “I . . . I’m so sorry, Blake,” she whispered.

Blake’s Faunus eyes saw tears trialing down her face. “What happened?” She asked. Ilia was one of the toughest and strongest people she’d ever known. What had happened to do this to her?

The Chameleon Faunus sniffled. “It’s . . . This is all my fault! I should’ve . . . I should’ve known . . . !"

"What did you do?"

Both women jumped as Yang’s Uncle Qrow stormed into the room. He was followed by Sun and Penny, the later armed with a pair of ascrima sticks and the former with a pair of honest to goodness nunchaku. Qrow didn't have any weapons out, but he looked furious beyond all belief. Ilia instinctively tried to run but the older man’s arm snaked out and grabbed her.

"Who are you?" Sun yelled.

"What are you doing here?" Penny added.

"She’s my friend,” Blake said, making everyone in the room pause. Then Ilia burst into tears.

It took some arguing, but Blake eventually convinced the others to let Ilia go. A big part of the convincing was the result of Ilia herself promising to come back later and talk to everyone. A bigger part was Blake pointing out that if they didn’t let her go, they could be arrested for assault and/or kidnapping.
The meeting was scheduled for the next evening—Coco and Velvet had to shoot an audition for a new model in the afternoon. Then, Ilia kept out the window to disappear again. Qrow grumbled about that, and Penny began to discuss security concerns with him regarding the now very real possibility that White Fang agents could sneak into rooms through the windows.

In more positive news, Blake was deemed well enough to walk around the hospital the next day, though she couldn’t expect to be discharged for until the day after that. Yang was awake, so she went and visited her girlfriend.

Yang herself was pretty out of it; she was still on morphine for her arm and the various other bruises to her bones and organs the crash had caused. Still, she smiled as Blake sat next to her and took her remaining hand in her own.

"Hey," Yang said with a (literally) dopey grin.

Blake’s own smile was tighter, but she replied in kind. “Hey.”

They’d chatted about mundane stuff until the nurse left the room. Then, Blake took a deep breath and told Yang the truth. Told her about Adam and the White Fang and how Blake had left them both. She told Yang about how this was all probably her fault. She ended with Ilia’s arrival the night before as her promise to meet with them later that day.

Yang was silent through it all, and Blake felt her heart crumble. The others had forgiven her, but they hadn’t lost a limb to her bad decisions. She waited for Yang’s rebuke.

"... Am I a hypocrite for hating your ex for trying to make you a hooker when we’re both porn stars?” Yang asked, her hand tightening around Blake’s.

"Maybe, but I think it’s forgiveable in this case,” Blake said weakly.

“I’m glad you left him, Blake. You deserve better.”

Blake felt her eyes sting. “You really think that?”

Maybe it was just the drugs, but Yang didn’t seem to get her confusion. The blonde cocked her head to the side and said “Of course. I said it, didn’t I?”

Blake fought off the urge to cry. She’d never felt so loved, so respected with Adam. Unfortunately, moment was ruined.

"Let me in!” a familiar voice roared from outside the door.

“Fuck off,” Qrow said.

"Raven,” Tai said. I don’t think this is a good time.

"She’s my daughter, you bastards! Let me see her!”

"You’re here now that she’s lost her arm, but where were you when she broke it in 2nd grade? Where were you when she got her tooth knocked out in 4th? Where the fuck were you when she started smoking in High School?

"You were a smoker?” Blake asked as the voices continued to argue outside the door. Yang never smelled or tasted like nicotine, so if she was, she must have quit.

"Eh,” Yang said. “I was a rebel.” Her girlfriend snorted. “No,” the blonde insisted. Seriously. I
went through this whole teen rebellion phase where I wore dumb leather jacket and hung out with idiots and poisoned my lungs. Wasted a whole year of my life on that crap.” Yang frowned, trying to remember something. “I think lost my virginity to one of them.”

Blake squeezed Yang’s hand in comfort. Trying to lighten the mood, she asked, “And the physical injuries?”

Yang blushed. “The arm was an accident. I was climbing a tree. I fell.”

Blake smiled. “And the tooth?”

Yang squirmed a little. At this moment, she looked amazingly like her younger sister. “It was only a baby tooth. It would’ve come out anyway,” she whined.

Blake wasn’t satisfied. “What happened?”

“... I got in a fight,” she mumbled.

The woman who sat on the bed was a beauty, though older than CBP’s usual actresses. Glynda Goodwitch was middle-aged, and Coco hoped she was so well-preserved at middle age, with smooth skin and full breasts untouched by gravity. The woman’s pale blonde hair was tied back in a tight bun and the small glasses she wore gave her the look of a teacher or principal. Her body was covered by a puffy white robe, although that couldn’t do much to conceal her curvy figure. The woman had long legs, generous hips, and large breasts. It was like a peek into what Yang would look like as . . .

Coco shook her head to try to dispel the sad thoughts the tried to work their way into her mind. Yang wasn’t dead. Scarred? Yes. Crippled? That was one word for it. But she wasn’t dead, and—as Penny and Mercury had proven—losing a limb wasn’t the end of the world. Yang was strong. She’d recover . . . Eventually.

In the meantime, everyone else had to pick up the slack, and that meant Coco had to get her head back in the game and evaluate the wannabe new actress. “Action!”

At the signal, Glynda opened the robe to reveal a flattering set of bra and panties. It wasn’t anything too fancy, just black lace. Not minimal covering. Not transparent. They looked rather elegant in fact. Coco hesitated to call them lingerie.

She gently draped the robe down first one shoulder, then the other. It was a move that forced her to twist her torso to the side, showing off her body from different (but pleasing) angles. Glynda got up and whisked the robe off the bed. She then walked around the furniture, showing off how she looked from behind. It was a good view.

The older woman sat down on the bed, leaning her back against the piled pillows and the headboard.

Glynda ran her hands over her body. Starting at the shoulders, they glided across her collarbone and breasts, down her sides. She bent over to skim her thighs. Then she brought them back up the same path.

Then she cupped her lace-covered breasts, squeezing gently. Then she brought them down her stomach to her crotch, rubbing her hands over her panties, rubbing the fabric against her womanhood. “Hmmm . . .” she purred.
Glynda's hands left her covered cunt, coming up to reach up and pull the straps of her bra over her shoulders. Then she reached behind herself and undid the clasp. She kept hold of the back straps, pulling the garment down as she moved her arms back in front of her. Tossing the garment to the side, Glynda revealed her breasts. Coco guessed they were at least a double D. The full orbs were terminated into large, flat areolae and small nipples.

The woman took the masses of boob into her hands and began to fondle them. She squeezed their voluptuousness in her fingers and bounced them for the camera. Then she let them go and slid her thumbs into the waistline of her panties and pulled them down, revealing her almost bald pussy. Only a thin strip of hair over her slit remained. Glynda ran her fingers over the labia on either side of the hair strip. Then slipped her index finger inside, swirling around as she continued playing with her breast. The finger came out and began to flick her clit.

"Hmmm . . ." The woman purred again. Coco got the feeling she wasn’t the most vocal of lovers.

Glynda’s hands left her body and reached under the pillows to find the object she’d stashed there earlier. A small black dildo.

Glynda gave the toy a single lick before bringing it down to her nether lips and inserting it. Glynda made a kind of purr/groan sound as she thrust the phallus in and out of her pussy. Her free hand returned to tweaking her clit. The look on Glynda’s face was pure ecstasy, expressing all the feelings her voice didn’t.

Then she moved her fingers from her clit to reach under her leg to finger her rosebud. She slid her index finger into the tight hole. Coco's widened in shock; none of the other women had gone there their first time.

Glynda removed the toy from her snatch and rolled over onto her stomach, scooting down on the bed so she lay flat on the mattress (Coco was glad they were shooting on multiple cameras now; the Go-Pro mounted on the wall would capture her profile—including her breasts smooshed against the mattress). She reached around and pulled her ass cheeks apart to show off her second hole. She sank her finger into the opening. Then, she pushed the dildo into her asshole. Again, she let out that half-purr, half-groan as she resumed thrusting the toy in and out of its new hole.

Again, she reached up her leg with one hand, but this time, it was resume playing with her clit. Glynda rolled over again and continued. Her breasts jiggling as her body shook with pleasure as continued probing her butt while fingerling her pussy. She bit her lip as every muscle in her body clenched itself and she came.

And Coco knew she had to offer a new contract.

To say that Ilia was happy to reunite with her old friend was a complete and utter lie. There was just no way to get around the fact that the current predicament Blake and her girlfriend found themselves in was her fault. Deciding to come clean to her friend about it had been the hardest decision of her life. Now, as she sat in the hospital room surrounded by their friends, none of whom looked particularly happy to meet her, the Chameleon Faunus realized that "hardest decision" was a relative term.

"So," the gruff-looking Human who’d grappled her said, “how is my niece’s condition your fault?"

"My name is Ilia," she started.
"We know," the brunette who ran the film company said. “Blake explained that. She said you were in the White Fang with her."

"We were. When you—“ Ilia tried to look at Blake but dropped her eyes in shame. “When she left the Fang, I stayed. A lot of people were upset over it. I was too, for a while. But Adam was . . . mad. Angry and kind of crazy. He ordered a couple of guys to look for her online."

That brought a matter of discomfort from the others. “And that didn’t raise a red flag to you?” Coco asked.

"Yeah, that’s stalker behavior,” Fox said.

"You’re right,” Ilia said. “I see that now, but at the time, I just felt so betrayed that I didn’t care. And I never thought—I never imagined Adam would do something like this. He loved Blake so much. At least, I thought he did."

"No one that controlling actually lives anyone,” the Schnee heiress said. Ilia looked up at her and bit down a retort. This woman was being a better friend to Blake than she had been. Her skin probably still turned red, revealing how she felt about the woman, but at least she kept quite. And, because she wasn’t allowing herself to be blinded by anger, she saw the frown on the small woman’s face and watched her wife reach out and pull her into a hug. The redhead whispered something into her ear—as a Chameleon Faunus, her ears weren’t sharp enough to hear what—and the heiress relaxed a little. Ilia filed that way for later.

"What will Adam do now?” the third redhead woman asked. She was holding hands with a blonde young man, and Ilia couldn’t help but notice she was starting to show.

Ilia thought for a moment before answering. "Nothing, for a while at least. He wanted to send a message to Blake, or punish her. Or both. I think he’s going to wait a bit to give her chance to return to him."

"Seriously stalker,” the scarred man said again.

"What are you going to do?” the Rabbit Faunus asked. “Adam doesn’t sound like the type of person who would let you criticize him.”

"He won’t,” Blake said.

“I know what I have to do,” Ilia said to the group. Looking them all dead in the eye, she announced, “I’m going to take the White Fang down.”

Chapter End Notes

Duh, duh, DUUUUUUUH! To be continued in the next chapter.

To any disappointed Glynda fans, don’t worry, I promise she’ll get to get her fornication on later. Just wait. And yes, she will wear her costume from the show; there will be a naughty teacher scene, I promise.
Jaune and Nora

Chapter Notes

I just want to say that I stole Jaune and Nora’s scene from an actual published work. It’s the scene “Bridget of Bristol: The Bawdy Brigandess” from YOUR SWASH IS UNBUCKLED by Jeff Goode, most of the first three quarters or so is lifted wholesale from the script. Naturally, the play doesn’t have actual sex (it is in fact a comedy rather than erotica), but it does feel like something Nora would enjoy acting out.

Hopefully, this will shut up the people who think Jaune is too emasculated or whatever. I’ve blocked most of those comments, not because I particularly disliking any of the characters I write about, but because those comments have an unsettling strain of machismo/sexism to them (the idea that nice and/or goofy guys are undesirable).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nora had a scarier mind than Pyrrha, Coco decided. She didn’t know that was possible after Pyrrha’s gang rape fantasy, but this . . .

OK, in fairness, this wasn’t entirely Nora’s idea; she was ripping it off from a play she’d read once and had just decided to make a sexy version of it. Coco and Velvet seriously discussed the merits of bringing this up with Ren. Odds were he knew about it already. Still, Velvet said, he should probably be made aware of it.

Coco had countered that Nora wasn’t the type of woman to hide her fantasies from her partner. He probably already knew about all her weird and scary kinks. For goodness sakes, remember that the pair were already swingers before Coco and Velvet had met them.

Meanwhile, Jaune was having an awkward discussion with Pyrrha. “You’re sure you’re good with this?” Jaune asked. The pair had been dating for a few weeks now, since the episode in the bathroom of Coco’s cabin, and while they hadn’t made a formal commitment to each other, Jaune was fairly sure you weren’t supposed to sleep with a woman when you were taking another one out to dinner every Friday night and regularly meeting her for lunch or breakfast to talk about the baby she’s having—the one you’ve claimed as your own for all intents and paternal purposes.

Pyrrha smiled. “I’m sure, Jaune.

He was less than convinced. Sitting there with her hands on her belly (she was just starting to show), she looked so . . . Jaune couldn’t help but see her as some precious treasure to be protected and cherished. As a queen to be waited on hand and foot in exchange for whatever smiles or thanks she would deign to give him.

"If it was anyone other than Nora, I might not be,” Pyrrha admitted. “But with her it just feels right, somehow.”

Jaune examines her face and saw that, unsurprisingly, she was being totally honest. And, if he was to be likewise, he kind of had to agree with her . . .
The film opens on a public road. Jaune, dressed in a cheap reproduction of medieval peasant garb, kneels in prayer.

Jaune: Saints forgive me for what I am about to do. But what choice have I in it? There'll be Heaven to pay if I do naught. Marry an' there will. (hears a noise). Someone is coming. Courage, man!

Enter Nora dressed in a revealing costume that vaguely resembles medieval peasant garb, singing mostly on-key.

Nora: Sweet Briony sailed a brothel ship
That moored just off the town
And when she ran her bloomers up,
the seamen all ran down!

(spoken) What's this? (she draws a dagger) Who's there? Come out with ye!

Jaune enters, sword (the metal one) drawn. He does not look confident. Neither does his character.

Jaune: There's no need to fear, lass.
Nora: Then why are ye trembling?
Jaune: I mean that I mean you no peril.
Nora: Ye've a curious way of showin it, with a blade pointed at me breast.
Jaune: I want only your gold and whatever valuables you have about you.
Nora: And what if it's me heart that's golden? Will ye have that, too?
Jaune: What? No, just your pocket coins'll do.
Nora: There's a shame for that's the least of me assets. (she hands him her money pouch).
Jaune: Why What else have ye?
She draws a sword and attacks.

Nora: Well, there's me fightin' spirit. Me sparklin' wit. Me bodice cut low for easy access. An' that's just a few o' me priceless commodities.

Jaune retreats
Jaune: I don't wish to harm you!
Nora: And I am taking it under advisement.
Sh presses the attack and handily defeats him.
Jaune: Mercy, sweet angel, have mercy!
Nora: You call this highway robbery?
She takes back her money.

Jaune: I confess I am new to this field. 'Tis only me first day.

Nora: Well, it takes a bit o' practice.

Jaune: Will you kill me now?

Nora: Oh, there's no cause to cower. Get up.

Jaune: No. I'm asking—Will you please kill me? 'Twould be a benevolence on me, for I've naught to live for. I have failed at every job I ever apprentice—goldsmith, silversmith, locksmith, tinker.

Nora: You couldn't even tink?

Jaune: And now I am a dismal cutpurse, to boot, for I could not mug a wee damsel.

Nora: Y'think I look wee in this outfit?

Jaune: There's no hope for me!

Nora: Now, don't be so hard on yourself. You had no way of knowing you'd accosted a professional.

Jaune: You? You're a professional highwayperson?

Nora: Uh . . . No.

Jaune: A swordswoman?

Nora: No.

Jaune: Hired blade? Mercenary? Pickpocket?

Nora: Let's just say I'm a professional and leave it at that. The point is, I am no stranger to being accosted in the woods by strangers.

Jaune: You've been waylaid before?

Nora: Before, aft, you name it.

Jaune: Then you can show me how it's done!

Nora: Now why would a pious lad like yourself want to take up thieveing?

Jaune: 'Twas religion drew me to it, lass.

Nora: Ah! That old story.

Jaune: I have fallen sinfully behind on me tithings of late.

Nora: The Good Lord'll forgive it. Ye'll make it up to Him next week.

Jaune: Aye, but what if I am struck by lightning in the meantime?

Nora: Sounds like you've been talking to Abbot Filcher.
Jaune: Aye, he's a good and saintly man. Saved me with a Sabbath day loan.

Nora: That old shylock? He charges thruppence on a shilling.

Jaune: And now I am into the Abbey for 3,000 thruppence. And the Abbott's henchmons have sworn to break me legs, if I don't pay it prompt.

Nora: Aye, I know the monks well. And they are, indeed, hard on the legs.

Jaune: Are you church-going yourself, lass?

Nora: Nae, it's mostly the church that comes to me.

She glances at her anachronistic watch.

Nora: I suppose I can give you a few pointers, afore me next appointment.

Jaune: Thank'ee, miss. Ye'll nae regret it.

Nora: Too late for that.

She draws her sword. They spar.

Nora: Now the first step, when you've got a coney cornered, is not to let her know you mean her no harm.

Jaune: It is?

Nora: You do mean her harm.

Jaune: I do?

Nora: In fact, if she's not careful, you may harm her just for the sport of it.

Jaune: 'S not very sporting.

Nora: You may harm her in ways she's never imagined!

Jaune: Such as?

Nora: Use your imagination.

He does.

Jaune: Oh my! No, I would never—!

Nora: Yes, you would.

Jaune: Tis nae polite.

Nora: That's sweet, lad, but it lacks desperation. A wild-eyed look and a disheveled mane will do more to strike fear in the heart of a man—

She tousles his hair

Nora: —and strike a few other things in parts of a woman—than any amount of skill with a blade. Though bladework is also desirable.
He nods.

Jaune: Yes, ma'am.

Nora: A passion for the crime inspires confidence in one's robber.

Jaune: I wouldn't want to disappoint my victims.

Nora: Will you have my money, then?

Jaune: I will. I must! For I am at desperation's door. And on the brink o' madness!

Nora: Nice. And if I do not cooperate?

Jaune: I will harm you in ways you can only fantasize about—I will pillage and plunder you. Demean, despoil, and ruin you. I will strip you of your dignity, ravage your reputation, and desecrate the temple of your self-esteem! I will wrench your innocence from its socket and return it to you sullied and bent—if I return it at all—which I don't think I will, as I quite like it!

Nora: Well, uh . . .

Jaune: Too much?

Nora: Close enough. Second, you must not be so timid with your blade. Bandy it about. Fit the buckle to your swash, as it were. Be aggressive.

Jaune: Arr!

Nora: Be aggressive without letting your guard down.

Jaune: Hurr!

Nora: That's better.

Jaune: Is it?

Nora: Not really. Where's your vigor, lad? Do you want Mother Church to get what's coming to her?


Nora: Then have at me! You fight like ye're fighting a girl.

Jaune: But I am.

Nora: But you are not. You are fighting a man.

He fights harder.

Nora: You are fighting a very large man.

He fights even harder.

Nora: A great ogre of a man.

He bellows and charges at her.
Nora: You are fighting Abbott Filcher!

Jaune: DIE!

Nora: And all his monks.

Jaune: YARGH!

He disarms her.

Nora: Now you have won.

Jaune: I have, at that!

Nora: Now what?

Jaune: Now you would give me your money, I think.

Nora: I think not.

Jaune: No?

Nora: Now I would flee.

Jaune: You're right. They've been doing that. But, how do I prevent it?

Nora: How indeed?

Jaune: I should seize you.

Nora: Seize me, please.

He does.

Nora: Oo! Snug.

Jaune: Now you are helpless in my arms.

Nora: So it seems. But you must learn to fight dirty.

Jaune: How dirty?

She knees him in the groin. He reacts predictably.

Nora: About like that.

They fight dirty. After a struggle, he recaptures her.

Jaune: Aha!

Nora: (melodramatically) What, will you have your way with me?

Jaune: What—No!

Nora: Yes!

Jaune: I just want your gold.
Nora: No man wants only gold.
Jaune: They don’t?
Nora: I see the way you’re eyeing me bodice.
Jaune: It seems rude.
Nora: Well, yes, that’s the appeal.
Jaune: And the ladies like this?
Nora: Well, they have no choice, do they?
Jaune: I suppose not.
Nora: Go on, then, rip it!
Jaune: What?
Nora: My bodice, rip it!
Jaune: But it’s such nice fabric.
Nora: Never mind, I’ll do it. (She does so, revealing her breasts to the camera).
Jaune: Milady!
She grabs him and kisses him.
Jaune: Honestly, lass, I have no desire to despoil you.
Nora: Yes, you have!
Jaune: You’re right. I have!
Nora: You’ve waited your whole life for this moment.
Jaune: Longer!
Nora: And ye’ll let nothing stand in your way.
Jaune: Nothing with feet!
She slaps him.
Nora: Inhuman brute! Will you savage my chastity? Here in this dark, lush, and picturesque forest. With what looks like a nice, soft pile of leaves over there.
Jaune: Well, I hadn’t planned—
Nora: Then you’d better improvise.
Jaune: All right, I will have my way with you!
Nora: Yes!
Jaune: But first the gold—

He snatches her belt purse.

Nora: No! First the way!

She snatches it back. Kisses him, then punches him.

Jaune: Ow!

Nora: And that's just a taste of what's in store for you if you dare to lay a finger on me!

Jaune thinks for a moment.

Jaune: Well, my fingers could use the exercise.

He undresses, turning his back politely, so that she can do the same. She doesn't.

Jaune: Do not think to flee while my back is turned, for I will surely follow you to the ends of the Earth, and when I find you, I shall have my way with you there. And it will be cold there. So it's best to stay and do it here, where there's leaves.

While he speaks, she's about to make off with his pelt pouch and his sword.

Nora: And speaking of leaves, it is time I took mine.

Jaune: What—where are you going?

Nora: I'm sorry, lad, but I have business in the town. And you know the monks don't like to wait.

Jaune: But I am learning so much.

Nora: And I am learning naught. And earning less. So I must go, and I'll have your gold for me troubles.

Jaune: What about my troubles?

Nora: Yours seem quite beyond resolution. (As she exits) Remember what I have taught you, and there'll be a monk along in half an hour to try it out on. Oh, who am I kidding? He'll be along in six minutes.

Jaune: Will you leave me thus unsatisfied?

Nora: Not to worry, lad—(she kisses him)—I'm sure I'll be back

Jaune blocks her path

Jaune: No! I will not let you abandon me so.

Nora draws her sword.

Nora: you forget you are overmatched and unarmed

Jaune: you forget I am desperate (que sword fight)

Nora: you are a quick study; I give you that
Jaune: you’ll give me more than that, wench!
Nora: I like your sparky a few cinders more, and you’re like to have a fire!
Jaune: I want what’s rightfully mine!
Nora: I thought you wanted the gold.
Jaune: And the gold!
He disarms her. They wrestle on the ground.
Nora: Villain!
Jaune: Harlot!
Nora: Libertine!
Jaune: Bedswindler!
Nora: Hooligan
Jaune: Witch!
Nora: Craven potmender!
Jaune: Brazen call damsel!
Nora: Insufferable—
Jaune: Curvaceous—
Nora: Incompetent—
Jaune: Shameless—
Nora: Marauding, lascivious criminal Adonis!
Jaune: Ravishing, strumpeted, ruby-lipped vixen!
Nora: I love it when you talk bawdy. You are victorious.
Jaune: I am Jaune. Victorious is my horse.
Nora: I am Nora Valkyrie.
Jaune: Nora Valkyrie, the parish harlot?
Nora: You’ve heard of me?
Jaune: You run a bawdy parlor on Devon Street that rents by the hour for seven pounds three.
Nora: Does it bother you, that I earn my keep the old fashioned way.
Jaune: Why it’s the best news I’ve heard all day!
They copulate.
Jaune leaned down and kissed Nora fiercely, and she returned with equal enthusiasm. Jaune reached down and grasped her breast. His hands encircled the mammarys, gripping them, squeezing them as he brought his mouth down and kissed her nipple, then took it into his mouth, sucking it.

Nora moaned aloud as he did so, and his other hand moved up to pinch the other nipple, tweaking it between his index finger and thumb. Then he switched his mouth to the unattended teat, and his hand went to work on the now abandoned breast.

Jaune lifted his head from her breast.

Jaune: Should I rip your skirt, too?

Nora: You learn fast.

He does.

Jaune fiddled with his pants, freeing his hard member. He rubbed it against Nora's opening and discovered it was quite damp.

Jaune: I see you're eager for this wench!

Nora: More eager than you know, brigand!

He impales her pussy with his cock. Nora cried out in pleasure as Jaune began to thrust in and out of her. Jaune reached under her knees and pulls her legs up to rest on his shoulders. He thrusts even faster and more fiercely.

Nora: Yes! Pillage my whorish cunt, you brute!

Jaune: Yes, madam!

They fuck enthusiastically. Nora pulls her legs further back so Jaune can lean in closer. They kiss fiercely. Jaune’s hands come up to grope her breasts in his hands. He leans his head down to nip and nibble at the generous flesh. His tongue lashes out, trying to taste as much of the breast as it can. His mouth latches onto the nipple.

Nora: Ooo! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Jaune can only groan, his mouth biting down harder on her nipple. Nora screams in further ecstasy.

Jaune: That was . . .

Nora: I walk this path at least once a week.

Jaune: I shall endeavor to lie in wait for you, madam.

After the film, Jaune and Nora showered off. Jaune of course let Nora go first. The water wasn’t too warm, since he was in going after Nora, but it wasn’t cold; Jaune could wash off the sweat and stuff in lukewarm water. As for the soreness in his muscles, when he got back to his apartment, he’d fill up the tub with hot and soak in it for a while.

When he walked over to his car, however, he was met with Pyrrha, Nora, and Ren. “Um, hey,” he said.
"Hey," Pyrrha said. "Ren and I met up during the filming."

Ren nodded. "We got to talking about our situation."

Jaune nodded. It was one thing for him to be the couple’s occasional lover when he was single, but now he was dating. And he had just had sex with Nora without her husband, something he’d never done before. And before that he and Ren had twice been with a woman without Nora. This was well outside the bounds of their earlier relationship.

What Ren said surprised him, though. "We need to get closer.

Jaune blinked. Closer? He was already having sex with both women, occasionally alongside Ren. Short of having intercourse with the other man as well (which was unlikely; Jaune was straight as a ruler), he couldn't think of how they could get much closer.

Nora piped up. "Can we go to dinner together? I’m hungry, and this looks like it’ll take a long time to work out."

Pyrrha smiled. "That sounds nice, Nora."

"Sure," Ren remarked. "Join us, Jaune?"

Jaune knew he wasn’t the sharpest knife in the drawer. He knew and accepted it. But he was sharp enough to know there was more going on here than he was aware of. Oh well, only one way to find out what. "OK. Where are we going?"

Ilia walked into building. The polite woman at the desk listened to what she had to say, took down her information, and asked her to wait on the benches while she contacted the appropriate person.

"Hello, my name is Inspector Ironwood. I’m told you have information on the White Fang."

Chapter End Notes

Yep, Ilia’s plan to bring down the Fang is to squeal to the cops. I know that isn’t what a lot of you were hoping for, but this isn't the Fantasy/Action-Adventure series the original is (Faunus characters aside). No one here has superpowers (again Faunus characteristics aside) or the kind of technology or even training that could make something like that remotely possible. An out and out war with the White Fang would leave most, if not all, of our heroes dead. Going to the police is literally the best decision any of them could make.

Also, let me state before anyone complains to me; I am a religious person myself, but I also have a history degree, and history teaches us that the clergy is no more immune to corruption than any other organization with power and authority, and in the Middle Ages, the Church had A LOT of authority. That's just how it goes.

Different style of writing here, how'd it work?
Blake and Yang and Ilia (and Neo)

Chapter Notes

300 Kudos! I have 300 kudos! Holy cow! How did that happen? In all seriousness, this is amazing. Thank you all for your support.

Let me just say that I know jack about street gangs and drug trafficking, so if approximately 2-5 hundred kilograms (the dictionary lists a couple as 2-5) of contraband isn't a particularly large amount for one street gang . . . sorry. I also apologize for whatever I may or may not have gotten wrong about witnesses and police investigations; I'm just running on what I've seen in cops shows, folks.

I stole the drug Z-fen from the excellent and criminally under-appreciated OTHERWORLD series by Yasmine Galenorn (specifically books 3 and 6, “Darkling” And “Demon Mistress”).

Also, I'd like to thank Pawnshop57 for the suggestion about the scene referenced between Neo and Blake and Illia and Adam's reactions to it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ilia gave the police everything. She named everyone she knew of who was in the White Fang, what crimes each one had committed, and the crimes of the group as a whole. The police kept it under wraps at first, but as they finally began to make arrests, the news hit the, well news, and it all came out. As the evidence went to trial, even Blake was shocked at how far the White Fang had fallen. She’d known Adam was losing his perspective—anyone who convinced his female friends to start stripping and then hooking was certainly not in his right mind—but she hadn’t expected him to amass this many charges since she’d left him. Some of it was not terribly surprising; in addition to the pandering, there was also shoplifting and drug use. Blake had honestly suspected a few of her friends of doing such even before she’d left. Drug dealing, on the other hand, was a big shock, but it was one of the White Fang’s most lucrative operations, along with car theft. Likewise, Blake couldn’t say she was shocked that the “patrols” the Fang has previously gone on to keep violence down in Faunus-heavy neighborhoods had devolved and into gangs patrolling their territory. Which naturally meant assault charges or illegally ownning weapons were now a part of the growing list of charges.

“But selling guns?” she asked. “That’s insane. And look at these reports—racketeering, armed robbery, murder for hire?”

“Yeah, and their vandalism’s gone from graffiti to arson,” Qrow sighed. “What a mess.”

The two were sitting at a table in the house Qrow shared with Tai. Yang was there too, testing out her new prosthetic arm (complete with mechanical fingers she could scurl into a fist by flexing the muscles in her remaining stump). It was metallic yellow, the same color as her beloved motorcycle, Bumblebee, and the blonde fallen in love with the new limb from the first moment she’d seen it.

“Makes you realize how lucky we got off, huh?” Yang said, with a grin.

“I don’t call losing an arm ‘getting off lucky,’” Raven said from her place beside her brother. After
much arguing, her husband and brother had finally consented to allow her to meet with Yang. What Qrow had been very clear on from the beginning, however, was that it wasn’t her arguments that had changed his mind; it was Yang and Blake’s. Both women are argued passionately that it was wrong to keep her away, and that Yang was old enough to make her own decisions regarding Raven; if the two men had said no, then Yang would’ve gone behind their backs and seen her anyway.

Raven continued, “Yang, these are some seriously nasty-ass jerks. I don’t want you going anywhere until they’re all in jail.”

“What am I, seven?” the blonde asked.

Tai interjected. “No, I agree with Raven on this one, Yang. Neither or you,” he gestured towards Blake, “should be alone until this mess is sorted out.”

“Ditto,” Qrow said, taking a drink.


“I’m sorry, Yang, but they’re right. Adam and the White Fang have become seriously dangerous. You already lost your arm. I don’t want to lose the rest of you, too.”

Yang groaned. “Fiiiiiiiiine, but one of you has to tell Ruby and Weiss before they figure this out on their own. I don’t need to go through this a second time.”

Blake smiled, but even her lover’s humor was enough to lift her spirits. What had happened to Adam to have turned him from someone who sought justice and equality into such a devoted criminal? Maybe, a voice whispered, this was what he always was, and she just hadn't realized it.

On that note, the thing which bothered her more than the nature of the crimes was the way they were distributed; Adam’s prejudices were clearly influencing him now. The White Fang sold guns exclusively to Faunus and limited their drug sales and thefts to humans. Humans were also the main victims of their “protection” business, but the Fang did sometimes extort Faunus.

Ilia had explained that. Apparently, Adam had a fondness for using property damage to try “teach a lesson” to Faunus whom he viewed as traitors to their race, much as he’d done to Blake and Yang’s apartment. Successful Faunus who wouldn’t support the Fang, or those who spoke out openly against their actions were among their victims. One Faunus policeman had found his car trashed after he’d arrested a couple of low-level White Fang dealers.

Blake shook her head. Whatever Adam's reasons were, they weren't good enough for her. He was dead to her now. She just hoped this mess would resolve itself soon. For all their sakes.

The police needed Ilia for more than she would've expected. She'd thought she just needed to explain everything to Detective Ironwood, and the man would organize a S.W.A.T. team or call a judge to get the necessary warrants, and that would be that. As it turned out, it wasn't that easy. She ended up having to tell her story multiple times to multiple different people, including the attorney the ex-heiress had hired for her. That a Schnee was willing to provide a defense for her was almost enough to scramble Ilia's brains. Granted, she'd been informed that Weiss was actually only the former heiress, her father having disowned her for defying his orders too many times, but that didn't help much.

It just went to show how wrong her perception of reality had been. The Fang had become worse than the people they were fighting against, and some of those people hadn't actually been their
enemies. Ilia felt like a fool for not seeing it before, especially as she saw the list of crimes taking shape right before her eyes.

As events went on, Ilia found out that she'd only seen the first layer or depravity that Adam and the Fang had fallen to. But other layers were exposed as Ironwood began launching raids on White Fang hideouts she'd informed him of: chop shops, front businesses, and even a couple of motels and apartment complexes the Fang had taken over. Meanwhile, some of the men he'd captured began to squeal on each other and on the higher ups to save their own skins, and Ilia found herself wishing she had had the courage to speak up sooner.

This was because inside the various Fang compounds, the police confiscated a couple hundred kilograms of marijuana, cocaine, and even meth, far more than Ilia would've imagined they'd actually had. Not to mention countless bottles of prescription pills, presumably stolen or illegally purchased from pharmacies. And that wasn’t counting the guns: TEC-9s and Uzis and sawed-off shotguns, along with handguns of various calibers and brands. They’d even discovered baseball bats, machetes, combat knives, and more than a few explosives. Plus the cash hordes that some of the gang’s bosses kept.

It got worse. Amongst all the drugs, there was a small supply of white and black tablets, tablets which the CSI's had positively ID-ed as Z-fen.

Z-fen was a new drug, one with similar effects to both roofies and ecstasy, but it was out-competing originals as the date-rape drug of choice because it was much cheaper to produce and, unlike roofies, highly addictive. A few doses and the poor sucker was hooked for life. Worse, the drug usually had a minty flavor, so it was easier to get kids hooked on the crap. The overdose rate was ridiculous, but that wasn't the worst of it. No, the worst was that the highly addictive nature of the drug made it popular with pimps to control their stables. Ilia knew that Blake was already heartbroken that the Fang had begun selling poison to people in the form drugs, but Z-fen . . .

Ilia shook her head, trying to take her mind off such thoughts. She hadn’t even been aware the date-rape drug had been in the Fang’s possession, though, given the drug’s ability to incapacitate people, she suspected it may have been used to subdue people who needed to “disappear quietly” rather than what it was intended for. She hoped so. Still, she couldn’t shake the worry that, well, other gangs were known to use drugs to control their sex slaves, even before Z-fen had been created. A nagging couple of thoughts kept digging into her brain, like a knife stabbing her mind again and again and again. How many of her "sisters" in the Fang had voluntarily started turning tricks for the group? And, if she hadn't turned on them, how long would her mind remain her own?

Those were questions she never hoped to answer; questions about her past could remain in her past. In the present, she’d given enough information to be granted immunity. The police were able to make a couple hundred arrests, effectively ending the White Fang as a presence in Vale or any other city. Granted, a few managed to slip the dragnet—including Adam, unfortunately—but even united, they’d never be able to rebuild the Fang to what it once was. The White Fang was over. End of story.

That didn't mean they were completely powerless to enact some form of petty vengeance, of course, against Ilia or anyone else. The police had even offered to put the Chameleon Faunus into the Witness Protection Program, but, despite the danger, she had declined. She’d spent years of her life hiding from the world; come what may, she was ready to live in it again.

“And you think becoming a porn actress is the best way to do that?” Blake asked.
Ilia blushed but nodded. “I guess I can’t do anything small anymore. Apologizing, betraying, stepping into the spotlight.” Ilia was meeting the other Faunus at Yang’s Family home. Qrow sat across the room, ostensibly keeping an eye on her, but with enough distance to allow the pair some privacy.

“We don’t actually use spotlights,” Blake said. “Although Coco’s been pretty flexible when it comes to bringing my ideas to life, so if you really want one, she might be willing to swing it.”

The Chameleon Faunus blinked. “You have ideas for . . . Scripts?”

Blake nodded. “I enjoy roleplaying; almost every film I’ve appeared in had a story, and I always at least helped make it. Sometimes the idea was mine from the start, sometimes not.”

Ilia digested that information. If that was true, then that meant . . . “So you never did anything you didn’t want to?”

“Never.” Blake shook her head. “Coco’s always been good about respecting boundaries.”

“Then, you were OK with . . . After Adam found out about you, well word spread fast. A lot of people were really eager to see you naked.” Ilia pauses, turning pink. “They had been jealous of Adam when you were with him.”

Blake blushed herself. “I’m aware.”

”Anyway, one guy found a video, and it created kind of a ruckus.”

”Really?” Blake asked. ”Which one.”

”It was the one with you and . . . um . . . I believe her name is Neo . . .”

Blake’s eyes widened. ”But without Yang?” she asked.

Ilia nodded.

Blake nodded back. “I can see where that might upset some Faunus.”

”Upset” was putting it lightly. The video in question was a pet play video—and Blake was the pet. For about half an hour or so, she padded around on all fours like a cat with a bell and collar around her neck and a cat’s tail plugged into her butt, purring and mewing like an animal. She’d been petted and scratched and massaged, and in turn, she’d nuzzled and licked the smaller woman all over her body. It had ended with Blake bent over, cheek pressed against the floor, butt in the air, yowling like a cat in heat as Neo pounded her pussy with a large strap-on.

Ilia struggles for words. “How did . . . Why did you do it?”

Blake shrugged. “I was . . . curious.”

Ilia’s jaw dropped. “Why?”

”Would there have been anything to complain about if we were both human?” The Cat Faunus asked.

Ilia closed her mouth and frowned. “No, I suppose not.”

”So why should it be an issue if a Faunus wants to try it? I’ll admit, it wasn’t my favorite thing; I don’t think I’ll try it from the pet position again in the near future. Maybe someday, but . . .”
"What do you mean ‘from the pet position . . .?’" Ilia asked.

“How would your Faunus pride feel about playing mistress to a human pet?” Blake asked, smiling. As she asked, Ilia’s skin flushed a bright pink. Blake quirked an eyebrow. “Have you thought about it?”

“. . . At first . . . “I was as incensed as the others,” Ilia admitted. “The idea of any Faunus submitting themselves to . . . That. But that night, as I slept, I started having dreams of . . . us doing that scene.”

"Us?”

Her skin darkened. “You and me, all right?”

Blake smirked. “And what role were you playing in these dreams?”

Ilia turned fuscia and mumbled something that sounded indistinct even to Blake’s ears “Weewirnbltrlls.”

"What was that?"

"I said . . . ‘We were in both roles . . .’"

Blake smiled. “You wanted to play both mistress and pet.”

Ilia nodded without speaking, and Blake continued “My, my, that must have been confusing to you.”

Ilia nodded, eyes locked on the floor.

"How would you like to act it out with us?”

Ilia’s head whipped up at light speed. “WHAT?” she asked, a little too loudly.

"To reiterate my earlier question,” Blake said “how would your Faunus pride feel about playing mistress to a human pet~?”

Blake and Ilia sat in the parlor, drinking tea, chatting about nothing in particular. They were dressed well: Blake wore a nice button-down shirt and a black skirt while Ilia wore a button-down shirt of her own with slacks and a jacket.

"So, Blake,” Ilia said, trying to sound bored and refined. “I hear you have a new pet.”

Blake nodded. “I do. Would you like to see her?”

"Very much so.”

Blake lifted a little bell and rang it. At the sound, Yang walked in. The normally loud and proud woman was subdued. Dressed in an honest to goodness French maid uniform, albeit with a noticeable collar with a golden dog tag hanging from it. Yang’s hands (both real and prosthetic) were folded in front of her, her eyes pointed downward, and she spoke softly. “You rang, mistress?”

Blake gestured toward the blonde. “This is Yang, my pet. Do you like her?”
Ilia nodded, trying not to let on how shocked she was at the sight of a Human wearing a collar and acting so submissive to a Faunus.

"Would you like to see more of her?"

Ilia nodded again.

Blake smiled. "Yang, strip!" she ordered.

"Yes, ma’am," Yang replied, then immediately untied the apron, took it off, and folded it up. Then she reached back and undid the buttons on the back of the dress. Yang slipped it off her shoulders and folded it up as well. She paused for a moment, dressed in a push-up bra and low cut panties, with white stockings and garter belt, the collar, and black high heels. The little hat on top looked almost too cute.

The hat was the first thing to go. Then the shoes, the garter, and the stockings. Finally Yang reached back and undid the bra; her still impressive breasts bouncing free. Then she bent forward, giving Ilia a very nice view of her backside. The she straightened up and again placed her hands in front of herself, now seeming to block the view of her crotch.

"Drop them," Blake ordered, and the blonde’s hands moved to her sides. She stood there, nude aside from the collars—and the prosthetic arm if one wanted to count that. Ilia didn’t; it looked very nice on her.

Blake spent a moment admiring her. "Would you like to join us in the playroom, Ilia?"

The Chameleon Faunus hoped she couldn’t be seen swallowing—this was so much more intense than anything she’d ever done before. Trying to keep her voice level, she replied. "Thank you, Blake. I’d be delighted."

The trio got up and walk into the “playroom” (really the living room of Coco and Velvet’s house with all furniture and decorations removed except for the couch). Yang stood before Ilia, while Blake remained a couple steps behind her.

Blake smiled admiringly at her lover. Missing arm or not, Yang was still the most beautiful woman she’d ever seen. "Gorgeous, isn't she?" she asked.

Ilia nodded, walking around and inspecting Yang’s body. "You are so very lucky to have her, Blake, and I'm lucky you're willing to share."

Blake's smile turned sultry. "Never let it be said I am ungenerous to my friends."

The Cat Faunus closer the distance between herself and the blonde and cupped her breast in her hand. "Stay still," she commanded.

Yang shuddered a little, but otherwise remained motionless. Blake pulled herself flush against the blonde's back, wrapping her arm around Yang’s waist. She licked her lover's neck, then moved up to kiss her cheek before whispering in her ear, "What do you want, pet?"

Yang let out a whimper before she responded. "I want you... to fuck me... Mistress."

"And what about Ilia?" Blake asked, nibbling on her ear lobe.

The blonde’s voice was strained. "Her too."
Blake moved back and smiled. "What an eager pet you are." She kissed her cheek. "Ilia, why don't you come get a closer look at my pet?"

Ilia walked over. She hoped she was hiding how nervous she was. She'd fucked humans before; that was something you did when you were a Faunus and a prostitute. But that had always been about humiliating the Faunus (or rather sometimes it was; she was beginning to consider the possibility that some of her clients had just thought she was hot and wanted to rut her for that reason alone. Ilia had been learning that there was more to humanity than an eternal hatred of Faunus). So, she’d never taken the lead. this was new territory for her.

Deciding to just be direct, she cupped Yang's chin and angled her to look her in the eye. Nodding as if she approved, Ilia leaned forward and kissed her. Unlike her clients, Yang's lips yielded to hers, parting and letting Ilia's tongue within. Their tongues didn't restle, because again Yang yielded to her, this strong, beautiful human submitted to her. Ilia broke the kiss. "That was . . . acceptable."

"Yang," Blake spoke. "Undress her, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Yang replied. She reached forward slipped her hands, flesh and metal, under Ilia's jacket and pushed it off of her shoulders, catching it before it fell to the floor. Examining it, Yang asked. "Shall I fold them, ma'am?"

"Yes," Ilia said. "Over there." She pointed to the ground.

Yang folded up the jacket. Then she began unbuttoning Ilia's shirt, starting with her collar and then moving down. One button at a time. Ilia fought not to shiver. How was something so simple so incredibly arousing? The Chameleon Faunus was doing her best to control her skin, but it was darkening.

Yang undid the last button, then pulled the shirt out of her pants. She walked around behind Ilia and slipped it off her shoulders, revealing Ilia's black bra. Yang kept her head down as she folded up the garment and laid it on top of the jacket. Then she came to stand before Ilia again and knelt before her. She lifted one foot, undid the laces, then slipped the shoe off her. Then she pulled the sock off as well. She placed the foot on the floor. Then, she repeated the process with the other foot. Looking up again, Yang reached up and unbuckled Ilia's belt before slowly pulling it through the beltloops. Ilia was aware she was probably noticeably darkened at this point, but didn't care. Yang unbuttoned the slacks and pulled the zipper down to the floor. Again, she lifted first one foot then the other to remove them, before folding them.

Ilia stood before her, dressed in only her simple black bra and panties. Yang stood up again and walked around behind her. She undid the clasp of Ilia's bra, removing it as well. Then, she returned and again knelt in front of Ilia, slipped her fingers into the edge of the Faunus' panties, and gently pulled them down off her, revealing Ilia's mostly shaved pussy (now that she was no longer required to keep that area bare for "work," Ilia was experimenting with allowing the hair to grow out again). Yang folded them up but remained kneeling in front of her.

"Very nice," Blake said.

Ilia almost jumped, having all but forgotten about her friend. Whilst Yang had being removing her clothes, her friend had stripped down on her own. Now Blake stood nude before them, aside from a strap-on that rode low on her hips. "Yang," she said. "Come." The Human nodded and crept over to her mistress. "Ilia," Blake said. "Perhaps you'd like to prepare her." Ilia watched as Yang took the false cock into her mouth and began to first lick then suck it as though it were flesh.
The Chameleon Faunus knelt down behind Yang. She reached around the Human's back and groped her breasts. The Human moaned around the phallus as Ilia squeezed and fondled her boobs. They were certainly bigger than any Ilia had ever held before, she though as she pinched and tugged her nipples. She slid her hands down Yang's torso to her hips. One hand roamed over Yang's buttocks, pausing to squeeze and slap them.

"You like her ass?" Blake asked.

"I do," Ilia replied.

"Perhaps you can have it after I have her cunt. Speaking of which . . ."

Understanding the unspoken request, Ilia's other hand dipped down between Yang's legs and thrust two fingers into her bald pussy. Yang moaned again as Ilia thrust in and out. Blake gripped the blonde’s head and did likewise into her mouth.

"She's very wet," Ilia said.


Yang removed herself from Blake's strap-on. She lay down on her back on the floor, spreading her legs. She made for an amazing sight, Ilia thought: nude but for the collar, face flushed, breasts heaving, sex glistening. Blake rolled a condom onto her wettened plastic cock, then knelt between her legs, taking a look at the eager looking Human for a moment before thrusting into her. Yang moaned as Blake began moving in and out of her roughly. "Yang, Ilia's made you feel good hasn't she?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Don't you think you should return the favor?"

Ilia positioned herself above Yang's face, supporting herself on her knees. Yang immediately lifted her head up and began licking her. Ilia groaned in pleasure and began grinding herself on Yang's face. It had been a while since anyone had been willing to perform cunnilingus on her. As a former prostitute, she was more accustomed to giving pleasure rather than receiving it. When was the last time she'd had a partner who had really wanted her to feel good?

Too long, she thought, spreading herself further to allow Yang deeper access to nethers.

"Does my friend taste good, pet?" Blake asked, lifting up her lover's thighs and thrusting harder into her.

Yang moaned into Ilia's cunt, who shuddered at the feeling.

"Do you want her to fuck your ass?" Blake asked, reaching up to grasp one of Yang's breasts.

The Blonde moaned again.

"What was that?" Blake asked. "What did you say?"

Yang threw her head back and cried out. "Yes, mistress! I want your friend to fuck my ass!"

"Don't stop!" Ilia cried, pulling Yang's face back into her pussy. She immediately went back to eating her out. Blake thrust even harder, feeling a climax coming quick and hard. She felt herself come as Yang's body began making familiar movements that signaled she was orgasming too. The
Blonde cried out into Ilia's cunt. The Chameleon Faunus hissed. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

She came into Yang's mouth, the blonde lapping up her release like, like an animal! The three collapsed together, one Faunus on either side of Yang. They lay there for a few minutes. Ilia smiled like an idiot. It had been much, much too long since she'd had an orgasm like that—had she ever had an orgasm like that? She couldn't say, but right then she didn't think so.

After a while, Blake sat up. She held out the toy, with the condom removed and the base cleaned off. "It's your turn, friend," she said.

Ilia tried on the strap-on. It sat comfortably against her body, a pair of straps running over her buttocks and one more running between her legs to hold it in place. She gripped her phallus in her hand, stroking it up and down, enjoying the feel of the base rubbing against her mons. After a moment, Blake offered her a fresh condom, and she rolled it over the dick. She looked over Yang. The buxom, beautiful human was bent over, ass in the air, head against the floor. Ilia never would've believed she see a human present herself like that to a Faunus.

"Ready, you blonde bitch?" She asked, trying not to shiver with excitement. The Human shivered too, just as excited. She liked being dominated by a Faunus, no being dominated by her, just her. Ilia, a person! "Yes, yes, you are~" She put her hands on Yang's hips, spreading her buttocks. Ilia pushed her hips forward, skimming Yang's rosebud with her phallus. Then she pushed forward.

Yang moaned as the plastic tool entered her. She reflexively pushed back against the toy, taking it deeper.

Ilia moved her hands to the blonde's hips, gripping tightly. She pulled back then thrust forward again, drawing another moan from the blonde. Ilia herself hissed at the friction against her clit. She thrust in and out of Yang's tight ass. Beside her, she saw Blake lounging on the couch, very much like a true cat; her right hand was between her legs. Her index finger traced the outline of her pussy, her golden eyes glowing with inner flames. It turned the Chameleon Faunus on even more, and she thrust even harder.

One of her hands left Yang's hip and reached down to her core. Thrusting her index and middle fingers inside, she was astounded by how drenched the blonde was. "So wet! You like being my bitch, don't you?"

Yang moaned in response. She moaned again when Ilia withdrew her fingers and placed her hand back on the blonde's hip.

"Touch yourself, bitch," she commanded. "Touch your needy little cunt."

Yang reached back with her real arm. She wobbled a little on her prosthetic one, but Ilia held her in place. The blonde reached between her legs and rubbed her aching clit.

Blake purred, her fingers dipping into her pussy to massage her inner walls. It was SO arousing watching her lover get taken in this manner. Heavy breasts swinging, buttocks deforming and recovering as Ilia's pelvis collided into them, fingers vigorously rubbing her own sex, eyes squeezed shut with mouth opening in unending moans.

Ilia bent over, using one hand to stabilize the pair and the other to grope Yang's generous boobs. She squeezed the amble flesh in her hand. "I'm gonna cum soon, bitch. Are you? Are you gonna cum for me?"

"Uh-huuuuuuuuh!" Yang moaned. Her fingers working faster on her clit.
Ilia pinched Yang's nipple roughly even as she leaned in a bit her neck. Yang cried out as she came. Ilia joined her almost immediately. Beside them, Blake did likewise, her walls shuddering around her fingers . . .

Yang lay spooned against Blake in the bed. Coco and Velvet had let them rest up in the guest bedroom after getting cleaned up. Coco of course had made a half-hearted remark about not letting it become a habit, but that was Coco.

The real surprise had been how the blonde's body felt afterwards. Yang was sore. Really sore. Barely able to move sore. It wasn't an unpleasant sensation—neither was Blake having to climb into the tub with her to help her wash all the aches and pains away—but it was a little annoying. She hoped it was just that she was recovering from the crash rather than because she'd finally reached her limits as a sexual partner.

"You OK?" Yang asked her girlfriend. Blake was petting her hair with one hand. The other was entwined around Yang's remaining fingers.

"Hm?" Blake asked.

"You're petting my hair," Yang said, turning to face her. "You only do that when you're nervous. What's up?"

Blake sighed, rolling onto her back. "I'm wondering if you wouldn't be better off without me. Adam's still out there, and he"

"Pull the covers down," Yang said. "Pull the covers off us," Yang repeated. "I need to show you something, but I don't want to let go of your hand yet."

"All right." Blake did as she was asked. Then, her world turned upside down, almost literally.

Yang yanked her up with her hand then twisted them both around. She let go of the fingers in order to grab Blake's wrist and force it up against her back. Yang pushed her bodyweight forward, pinning Blake's face into the pillow. Thankfully, her face was turned to the side, so she wasn't suffocating. But, despite her thrashing, she couldn't get Yang off of her. "Yang. What is this?"

Yang leaned forward and spoke gently but firmly into her ear. "This is me showing you that I'm not helpless, Blake. I was only playing a game earlier with you and Ilia; no one can force me to do anything I don't want to do. Even without an arm. I can keep myself safe Blake. And Ruby. And You. I've been doing it since I lost my Mom, and I'm going to keep doing it now."

Blake took a deep breath, breathing in her lover's scent, then exhaled. "All right, Yang, I believe you. But, there's just two things."

"What?"

"Adam. He's smart, and he's determined, and he won't just accept this."

Yang smiled. "So am I. What's the other thing?"

Blake bucked and twisted her body, and Yang collapsed onto the mattress. Blake climbed on top of
her and pinned her arm. With her free hand, the Faunus brushed the blonde's hair out of her eyes. "Don't ever undestimate feline flexibility, my dear~" she said before giving Yang a kiss.

Yang grinned. "Message received ma’am."

Blake smiled then relaxed her body, cuddling into Yang’s chest. The blonde wrapped her remaining arm around the Faunus. "Don’t underestimate Adam, either. Promise me you’ll be careful."

"I promise," Yang replied. Though really, she wondered, how much trouble could one ex-gang leader be?

In a dirty, damp alley, Adam gnashed his teeth in anger. Betrayed. He’d been betrayed at every turn. First Blake had abandoned him for those human bitches. Then, his underlings had turned on him and one another. Roman would probably kill him on sight if he ever saw the Bull Faunus again; he’d cost them too much. The White Fang was over; there was no way he’d ever be able to rebuild on his own.

That wasn’t to say he couldn’t have some manner of revenge. He might have lost most of his resources, and the few supporters who hadn't been caught had scattered to the winds, but he still had some supplies. He had a non-descript car he could use to get around, some cash he’d squirreled away in preparation for bigger jobs that were no longer viable, his machete, and plastic baggy containing a dozen or so white and black pills. Pills that he knew from experience made abductions much easier . . .

Chapter End Notes

And on that creepy note, we’ll be leaving Adam and the White Fang for a while. Don’t worry; we’ll get back to him soon enough.

Sorry that took so long to get out. I want to blame graduation, but honestly this was one of the harder sex scenes to write. I also learned that I can’t even imagine pet play, which is why we just got a mix of roleplay and Dominance. Hope it turned out well; I’m a guy, so I’m not an expert on using strap-ons.
Emerald and Mercury and Glynda

Chapter Notes

For those who were upset there wasn’t enough naughty teacher stuff with Glynda’s first appearance, enjoy.

Originally planned to use Sun and Penny, but then I thought Emerald and Mercury were more likely to get into detention than they were. Also, I have seen stories that feature EmeraldxGlynda, so . . . I’m using them.

The set today was a lecture hall in the local community college. Mercury and Emerald sat behind the desks in the first row. Neither looked happy to be there. Both were dressed in knock-off high school uniforms. Jacket, tie, pants/plaid skirt. Mercury’s tie, however, hung loose around his neck, while Emerald’s was completely undone. Both had unbuttoned the top three buttons, showing off an inappropriate amount of their upper torsos. Mercury was leaning back with his prosthetic legs on the table, reading an X-Ray and Vav comic. Emerald slouched in her chair flipping m&ms into her mouth.

The door opened and Glynda Goodwitch strode in. She was dressed in a white button-down shirt, tight black skirt, black stockings, and black high heels that clicked on the floor. Her hair was pulled back into a tight bun, and a pair of dainty glasses rested on her nose, their delicacy almost comic when compared to the rest of her appearance.

She reached into her desk and pulled out a black riding crop.

SNAP!

"Sit up straight!” Glynda commanded, slapping the riding crop against the desk.

The pair jolted up right. Glynda began to pace in front of them. "You two delinquents have been a thorn in the sides of your teachers for quite a while now. “Disrespecting teachers, failure to complete assignments,” she paused and looked them over, “noncompliance with the school dress code . . . The list goes on and on.”

The couple snickered as though proud of their “accomplishments.”

Glynda’s frowned deepened. "It’s time you both learned a lesson in discipline and proper behavior.”

"Now strip,” she ordered.

The pair looked at each other in confusion. Did she just tell them to . . . ?

"Strip!” the teacher commanded, slapping her crop against the table. The two jumped and this time did as she requested, hastily stripping off jackets, shirt, blouse, pants, skirt, socks, and shoes. The two stopped at their underwear. Glynda sniffed. “Who told you to stop?” she asked, raising her rising crop menacingly. The two gulped, looked at each other, back to her, and then the boxers, panties, and bra joined the rest of the clothes already on the floor.
She made show of walking around them, examining them. Trailing her crop across their skin, but not touching with her hands. She stopped, standing in front of them. “Now,” she said, gentler, but still in control, “strip me.”

The students approached her slowly, cautiously. Mercury reached up and began unbuttoning her top while Emerald bent down and unclasped her skirt, before slowly pulling the zipper down.

“Cuffs,” Glynda said. Mercury pauses in the task of removing her shirt before he looked down and realized what she meant. The buttons on her shirt sleeves were still done, negating any attempt to remove the garment. Embarrassed, he undid them, before slipping her free arm out of its sleeve. Glynda passed the crop into it so he could remove the rest of the shirt.

Emerald, meanwhile, tugged the skirt down off Glynda’s waist to the floor. The blonde stepped out of it, elegant despite the heels, and kicked it away. She stood before them in a lacy black bra and panties, although the latter were obscured by the skirt-like garter she wore that connected to her stockings.

Emerald reaches for the clasps.

"No,” Glynda said, causing both to pause what they were doing. “Leave them,” she ordered. The green-haired girl nodded and reached unneed garter to grasp the woman’s panties. Her fingers grazed the sides of the blonde’s mound as she did so. Glynda’s expression remained unchanged, but her body flinched at the contact, as Emerald grasped the garment and pulled it down as she had the skirt.

Mercury had by now already unclasped and removed the bra, exposing her bountiful bosom.

"Sit down, Miss Sustrai,” she ordered, pointing to the desk the students had been sitting at. Emerald did as she was told, plopping her bare butt down on the polished wood, and Glynda helped Mercury kneel down in front of her. “You’re so fond of mouthing off, Mr. Black, it’s time we put that tongue of yours to good use. Please her.”

Mercury did as he was told and leaned in. Opening his mouth, he started lapping at Emerald’s pussy the way he knew she liked. Emerald groaned and arched her hips, pushing her shaved mound into his mouth. She raised her hand to push into his head, but Glynda rapped her knuckles with her riding crop.

"Keep your hands on the table, Ms. Sustrai,” the blonde said. Emerald whimpered a little (an act) but did as she was told. Glynda smiled. “Good girl. Keep it up, and you’ll be rewarded.”

To illustrate her point, the older woman reached out and took Emerald’s breast into her hand, squeezing and molding the soft, warm flesh. Her index finger toyed with the dark nipple.

Emerald moaned again. Not acting this time. It was so hard to keep her hands down; the pleasure was driving her crazy. She was going to cum. She was going to—

“Stop,” Glynda commanded. Emerald gasped but made no other sounds as Mercury halted his assault on her sex. Her face betraying nothing, Glynda helped switch the two around. Now, Mercury sat on the desk, and Emerald knelt in front of him. Glynda reached out and grasped his hard member, giving the stiff flesh a few experimental strokes. Nodding in satisfaction, she let go. “Do it, Miss Sustrai.”

Emerald did, taking her lover’s cock into her mouth. Bobbing up and down. Her tongue swirling around his shaft. Picking his glands. Mercury grunted in pleasure.
Glynda leaned in and nibbled his neck, stroking his back. Moving her head down, she bit his nipple, earning a groan. Likewise her hand dipped lower and cradled his balls, playing with them. Rolling the small spheres over her fingers and gently squeezing them.

Like with Emerald, Glynda seemed to sense when he was close and halted their activities, letting go of his sack and pushing Emerald away. She directed him to stand. Emerald stayed on her knees and merely pivoted. “Now that you’re both warmed up,” she said, drawing them in, “it’s time for the main event.”

She kissed Mercury fiercely whilst pulling Emerald’s face into her crotch. The mint-haired woman pushed the garter up to reveal the older woman’s pussy. Glynda was mostly shaved except strip of dark blonde curls over her slit. Emerald ran her tongue over the outer lips and the clit before diving in, tasting every inch of her.

Mercury’s mouth meanwhile was removed from the kiss and pushed down. He latched onto Glynda’s left breast, sucking on the nipple and lapping at it with his tongue like a newborn. His hand came up to caress the other tit.

Glynda grunted a little in pleasure, but made no loud noises. Occasionally growling “Good,” to one of them in approval. Her hands dug into their hair, massaging their scalps as they mapped at her pussy and teat. Then, she ripped them away.

Her face flushed and her breathing a little heavy, Glynda silently directed Mercury to lie down on the desk. She and Emerald helped him do so. Then the blonde offered her hand to Emerald, allowing her to climb up and on top of the desk, positioning her above Mercury's face. The young man obliged and began licking and nibbling her again. His hands came up and gripped her hips, holding her in place. Emerald settled in and spread her hips wider, giving him more access.

Pleased at the sight, Glynda climbed above Mercury herself, grabbing his dick in her hand, she squeezed just hard enough to make it hurt, drawing a groan from Mercury. The blonde smirked, before she eased up. Bracing herself against his chest with her free hand, she lowered herself down onto him.

"Uhhhhh!” she groaned as she settled onto his member. It had been so long, too long since she’d last had a real dick in her.

Mercury groaned into Emerald's pussy, then continued on his task. Glynda slowly slid up his cock, until only the head remained within her folds. She paused for a brief moment before slamming back down on his hips. She rose again and slammed down again. Up, down. Up, down. Her walls squeezed him tightly. Her heavy breasts undulating.

In front of her, Emerald leaned forward to steady herself, her own impressive breasts swaying, tantalizing, just a few inches away. The blonde leaned forward and kissed her, her hand reaching up to squeeze the younger woman’s tit. Emerald moaned into the kiss; Glynda responded by switching her attention from the younger woman’s whole breast to her nipple. The blonde pinched the hardened peak, twisting it. Emerald shrieked as she came all over Mercury’s face.

Glynda paused in her riding, making Mercury groan a little. Smirking, she slowly lifted herself completely off his manhood, drawing a longer moan. His dick wobbled a little after she slipped out, shiny with her juices and looking painfully hard. Despite her own arousal, Glynda remained unhurried as she lifted Emerald off of Mercury's face and helped her stand. The younger woman's legs wobbled, but her lovers helped steady her. Poor Mercury looked like he was about to explode at any moment. Glynda walked around behind the desk. The others turned to face her. Reaching out, she gently stroked Emerald's cheek, twice. Then, she grabbed a fistful of green hair and
yanked the woman forward, so that she was pressed against the desk, her large breasts smooshed against the desk. The blonde lifted her skirt/garter to show off her almost-bare womanhood.

"Tell me before you finish," she commanded before grinding her pussy into the younger woman’s face. Mercury didn’t need any further instruction. He gripped Emerald’s hips and rammed his cock into her well-lubricated cunt. Almost instantly, he began pounding away at her sex. Emerald cried out at the rough treatment but pushed her hips back against her boyfriend’s tool. Then she continued her oral pleasuring of Glynda. She shoved her tongue deep into her passage, swirling it around and tasting every inch she could. Multiple times. Pressed her tongue hard against the other woman’s inner walls.

Glynda was too aroused by this point to resist. She came hard, her climax practically exploding all over Emerald’s face. She bit her lips to reduce the scream she wanted to release to a growl.

“Grrrrrrhhhhhhhh!”

The orgasm that shook her was so powerful, she almost didn’t hear Mercury across from her when he groaned. “Gonna be soon . . .”

Remembering her plan, the blonde forced herself back into focus. "Not in her," Glynda ordered, forcing Mercury to pause. The look on his face was so hurt, she almost regretted her decision. But Glynda Goodwitch was not one to be swayed from her chosen course of action. She reached out and gave him a slight push, forcing her out of her, drawing a groan of disappointment from both of them. Grasping Emerald by her shoulders, Glynda flipped her over so that she lay on her back. "Here. You may lose yourself anywhere on her you like. Just not in.”

Mercury took one look at his lover’s beautiful form, and it was too much to resist. He took his cock in hand and stroked. He was so close already, it only took four or five passes back and forth before his dick exploded, shooting ropes of cum onto her belly, right over her pussy.

"Good,” Glynda said as she came around the desk. Pausing to look over Emerald’s form, she took in the sight of the flushed, panting woman, her face wet with the blonde’s release and her stomach and crotch decorated with strings of semen. Her pussy lips parted and swollen, her breasts heaving. “This is a very delicatable look for you, Miss Sustrai. Alas, it cannot last.” Turning to Mercury, she ordered “Clean up her face.”

Mercury, who was looking rather tuckered out himself, made his way around the furniture to his girlfriend’s head. He bent down and cupped Emerald’s face in his hands and ran his tongue over her face, lapping up Glynda’s cum and pausing briefly to steal gentle kisses.

While he was doing that, Glynda bent down and began cleaning up Emerald’s lower half. She licked up lines of cum from her waist to the swell of her breasts, making the girl shudder and moan. Then, the blonde reached out with her hand to the semen that remained below her waist, rubbing it gently, with her index and middle fingers, spreading around over Emerald’s shaven mound, massaging her swollen labia and brushing her clit.

Glynda brought her cum-soaked fingers up to her lips and licked them clean before lowering her face to her lover’s cunt and imitating Mercury. She peppered kisses all over her lips, then dragging her tongue slowly and firmly over the area, then kissed her her lips again, before licking up the crevice of her folds to her clitorus. Emerald shuddered, moaned, and cried out under Glynda’s touch before finally screaming as she came.

“I trust,” Glynda said, slowly stalking back to her original desk, “both of your behaviors will be improved from now on?” She sat down—still nude but for her garter, stockings, and the glasses that had, despite all odds, remained on her nose—lounging contently before the exhausted couple.
I’d hate to have to see you two again.” The innuendo was thick on her voice.

The two looked at each other.

“Yes, ma’am,” Mercury said.

“We’ve learned our lesson,” Emerald said.

Glynda smiled evilly. “Good.”

Glynda sat at Coco and Velvet’s kitchen table, going over the footage on Velvet’s laptop. Watching the interview, she didn’t remember feeling quite as relaxed as she did on screen.

“How old are you?” Velvet asked.

“26,” said Mercury.

“26,” Emerald replied.

Glynda paused before answering. “41.” On-screen, her voice tried to maintain a strong, unwavering facade. Off-screen, she wondered if anyone was fooled.

“What made you want to try this scene?”

“Emerald and I can’t dominate each other,” Mercury said with a shrug.

“We tried,” she said. “Didn’t work. We either have to both be in control, or neither of us.”

“Need a third person, either way.” It was Mercury who finished it.

Glynda shrugged non-chalantly. “I don’t get out much anymore. My day job makes meeting people . . . hard.”

“You look like a big, bad teacher,” Emerald said. “It was pretty inspirational.”

“Thank you,” Glynda said, privately, she thought That makes sense given my day job.

“You know we’ve got to be fulfilling some Nazi’s fantasy.” Mercury snarked. “The tall, athletic, gorgeous blonde dominates the African American girl and the cripple.”

“Not our problem,” Emerald said. “Although I wouldn’t mind balancing it out with Yang later . . .”

Velvet hit the PAUSE button immediately before a knock was heard on the door. “Hello!” a man’s voice called.

“It’s open!” Coco called.

The door swung open, revealing a tall, handsome man. He had blonde hair, purple eyes, and tanned skin. His arms were muscled, and Glynda suspected the rest of him was too. His face was warm and inviting, friendliness mixed with a touch of embarrassment. “Hey,” he said.

“Hello, Taiyang,” Velvet said. “How are you?”

“We’re good,” he said. “Yang asked me to pick something up while she and Blake were running errands.”
"Sure," Coco said, getting up and grabbing a box that was sitting on the counter. “Don’t look inside,” she said as she handed it to him.

"um, sure. Thanks," the man said, color darkening his cheeks. “Oh," he said, turning Glynda’s way. “My name is Taiyang, Tai. I’m Yang and Ruby’s dad,” he said, extending his hand. Glynda stood and accepted it. “Glynda Goodwitch,” she said.

“Glynda, like The Wizard of Oz?” he asked.


Instead, all Tai said was “Nice.” Nodding to all of them, he said “Be seeing you.” Then he turned, walked out the door, and left. The three women sat back down and continued going over the film, but Glynda’s attention was no longer on it. For some reason, she was disappointed Tai hadn’t stayed.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to everyone who wanted Jaune and Pyrrha here. Maybe another time. On the plus side, they get to appear the next time Glynda’s on screen . . .

Yeah, I didn’t realize until I was already writing the scene that this scene kind of had Nazi-esque overtones to it (aside from the femalexfemale stuff), and by then I was too invested in the scene to change it. Oh, well. At least there’s the promise of our bad boy and girl having their way with Yang in the near future.

So, an idea recently occurred to me: I’m a little disappointed that this story didn’t quite go the way I wanted it to. Oh, don’t get me wrong; I love it. It’s just not the same story I set out to write. That happens sometimes. However, I am considering writing a companion piece to this one (yet another new fic), staring the cast of Naruto. Does that interest anyone?
Chapter Notes

You’d think I’d have realized the appeal of twins sooner. No, there won’t be incest; this is just a pair of sisters enjoying the company of the same lover at the same time.

Sorry this took so long. It was harder than I thought to write, and life kind of got a hold of me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Neo smiled as she settled herself on the bed between the company's newest actresses. Plural. The pair had joined CBP together. And best of all, they were twins! Melanie and Miltiades, “Miltia” Malachite were a pair of drop-dead gorgeous women with pale skin, dark hair, and the most exotic-looking yellow-green eyes. Neo was surprised they weren't Faunus with eyes like that, but the Human genome had plenty of quirks in it. They had almost identical figures: long hair, long legs, compact torsos, and D-cup breasts.

The main difference between the pair was in attitude. Melanie sat up straight, staring Velvet and Coco down as they set up the camera. Here face said "Prepare yourselves, mere mortals, to worship your new goddess." Maybe Neo shouldn't have accepted that Ninjas of Love boxset Blake and Yang gave her for her birthday; she was beginning to get a little over-dramatic. Melanie had coupled her arrogant persona with a lacey set of white bra and panties with white stockings that ran up to connect to her garter belt, under the panties.

Miltia, by contrast, was blushing so hard it was amazing she hadn't fainted. The poor girl looked out of place in her lingerie, a dark red that seemed so much more daring that the woman herself. Like her sister, she wore stockings, but hers were black and weren't coupled with a garter belt. Miltia also wore a pair of earrings; downy red feathers dangled from her ears. Melanie wore earrings too, but those were simple blue studs. Coco had voiced concern (read: disguised her concern by bitching) about the dangling piercings, claiming they could get caught on clothes or on the bedspread or something and risked damaging her ears, but Miltia had insisted; they were her lucky earrings, she'd said, and Neo has simply promised to be careful of them. Coco had huffed but accepted it.

Melanie had snickered. "What 'til you see what I've got." The others had asked her what she'd meant, but the white twin had refused to say anything, promising they'd be surprised.

Neo herself was dressed in a bright pink babydoll and matching panties. Like the twins, Neo had donned a pair of stockings, though she’d shared Miltia’s philosophy and only worn the stockings themselves. Hers were a dark brown, much like her main hair color. She was pleased that both sisters seemed interested by the outfit. Though, Melanie had of course tried to hide how much she was interested, Miltia smiled in open appreciation.

Sitting between the two, one authoritative and one shy, one white and one red, Neo was reminded more than a little of Weiss and Ruby. She smiled at the thought. Neo had enjoyed Yang’s company twice now, but ever since the blonde's younger sister had joined their merry little band, Neo had been curious to see if the redhead was just as passionate. Weiss was so very elegant and refined—until she got her clothes off. The couple was delectable, no doubt about it. Alas, they’d
made it clear they weren’t interested in letting others join their bed. A shame, but Neo respected their decision. She’d just have to make do with this set of lovely twins. Truly, she was a martyr.

Velvet finally got her camera ready and began the interview section of the video. “How old are you both?” she asked.

“We’re 24,” Melanie answered.

“Do you have any experience modeling?”

“I, uh, used to do theater in high school,” Miltia replied.

“Not me,” Melanie said. “This is my debut.”

Neo snorted. She was going to enjoy driving this arrogant woman-child crazy.

Velvet continued. “What made you want to model for us?”

Melanie rolled her eyes. “Getting paid to have sex, what’s not to love?”

Miltia blushed but nodded. “Melanie convinced me we had the looks for it, so here we are.” Neo was slightly worried about whether or not the red twin was really willing to be there, but the slight smile she sported suggested that she was.

And then, Coco said the magic word. “Action!”

Melanie bent down and kissed Neo. It was a good kiss, strong. The white twin reached down and cupped the diminutive woman's breast, squeezing lightly. Apparently, she wasn’t all talk, but Neo wasn’t one to let matters lie, and she reached out and stroked the other woman’s butt. They broke the kiss, and the pair turned to Miltia, who was looking at them with a mix of caution and desire.

Neo reach our and grasped her by the shoulders. She slowly pulled Miltia down towards her. Their kiss was softer than the one Neo had shared with her sister. Miltia was more hesitant; she didn't immediately grope her co-star. Instead, her hand came up to Neo's shoulder and held on. Neo's hands moved more, but she remained cautious, not wanting to spook her co-star. Her hands drifted down the red twin’s arms, then moved to her sides, ghosting over her ribs. Her arms crossed each other as they reached around the small of Miltia's back, pulling her into a gentle hug.

Their kiss broke, and Miltia pulled back slowly, and Neo allowed herself to feel playful. As her co-star pulled back, Neo’s hand glided back over her skin, sides then stomach, then it went up and gently squeezed the taller woman’s breast. Miltia’s breath caught, but she smiled at the movement.

Behind them, Melanie cleared her throat. Neo turned back around to discover Melanie had taken her bra off while the other two had been kissing, but that wasn’t the only surprise. Melanie had piercinged nipples; little silver rings dangled from the stiff buds. Neo grinned. Though she hadn’t undergone that procedure herself, she found it to be a huge turn-on. Her appreciation must have shown on her face, because Melanie’s smirk widened. She brought her right forearm up under her breasts, lifting them up and making them bounce. The rings bounced against her areolae, and that did it for Neo.

The diminutive mute pounced on the white twin, wrapping her arms around her waist and latching her mouth onto one of Melanie’s breasts. Melanie moaned and clamped her hand onto the back of her head, holding her there. Neo's tongue lapped at the nipple, curling around the ring and tugging on it. One of her hands left Melanie's waist and cupped her breast. Her thumb imitated her tongue,
running over the nipple, drawing more moans from her partner, then slipping into the ring and
tugging. Melanie's back arched and she shrieked in pleasure. Neo smiled and withdrew her mouth,
kissing the stiffed peak before drawing away; Melaine whined and tried to pull her back in, but
Neo's size belied the strength. She slipped out of her lover's arms, smiling merry as a child at
Melanie's sounds of disappointment.

Neo turned back to Miltia, who was now too busy staring wide-eyed to be conflicted about her
feelings. Neo leaned up on her knees to peck the red twin on her lips. Miltia smiled and kissed
back. Grinning, Neo reached around her partner's back, undoing the crimson bra and pulling it
down her arms. Miltia blushed again, hugging herself under her breasts, as though she weren't sure
whether or not to hide them. Neo just smiled up and her and pulled her closer. She began kissing
Miltia's neck to relax her, then reached up and palmed her breast, lightly squeezing as she ran her
fingers over the orb, examining its size and shape. Her fingers lazily dragged across the front, over
the nipple, drawing a whimper from the shyer twin.

Meanwhile, Neo felt the bed shift as Melanie moved behind her. The taller woman undid the
clasps to her top. The babydoll hung loose about her shoulders. Melanie gathered it in her hands
and lifted it up. Neo pulled away from Miltia long enough to let the white twin remove the
garment, then leaned back in and resumed kissing Miltia's collarbone.

Melanie's hands came up and wrapped around her breasts. Neo's small boobs fit comfortably
against her palms. She squeezed them, kneading them as Neo had kneaded hers. She caught the
nipples between her index and middle fingers, pinching and running them to stiffness. Neo bit into
Miltia's skin, drawing a cry from her. Meanwhile, the mute woman pinched Miltia's nipple
between her own index finger and thumb. She kissed her way down from the hickey mark she'd
left and over the taller woman's tit, and then kissed hardened nub. She ran her tongue over the
peak.

Melanie's hands left her breasts and grasped the sides of her panties. She pulled the garment down,
Neo undulating her hips to facilitate the action. Neo decided to do the same thing with her sister.
As the mute pornstar continued suckling and kissing Miltia’s nipples, she brought her hands down
and tugged at her panties. They caught on her buttocks, because Miltia was still sitting down, and
Neo let go to grip her hips, planning to lift her just enough to remove the underwear, but then
Melanie reached down and ran her hand over Neo's pussy. The diminutive woman jumped a little
at the action, because she hadn't been expecting it. She could practically feel Melanie's smiled as
the woman did it again, running her fingers over Neo's lower lips.

Neo froze for a moment, conflicted about what to do. She grinned as an idea occurred to her. She
moved back and pushed Melanie back. The white twin pouted at the treatment, but then Neo
turned and pulled Miltia up. She had to get off the bed and stand on the floor. She pulled Miltia
up to, then pushed her down into her sister’s lap.

Melanie wrapped her arms around Miltia's torso and pulled her close. Neo completed the act of
disrobing, removing the red panties. Miltia blushed, and her thighs automatically drifted together
but they didn’t close. She did nothing else to try to stop her, and she was still smiling.

Melanie’s head snuggled into her twin’s neck, in a way that could be sisterly, but the way she
snaked her ankles around Miltia’s own and pulled them apart, exposing the trimmed dark hair
nestled at the junction of her thighs. Neo blinked; again she was reminded of Ruby and Weiss.
Dismissing the thought, the woman crawled between the red twin's legs. The diminutive mute
trailed kisses up her left leg. Starting at the edge of the stockings, then up the inside of the thigh,
stopping just short of her womanhood. Then she did the same on the right. Then, she placed even
more kisses on Miltia, a line right above the edge of the woman's pubic hair.
Miltia whimpered again, squirming in her sister's grip, trying to buck her hips but Melanie held firm.

Neo smiled and opened her mouth, her tongue slipping out between her lips and diving right between Miltia's lips. The woman cried out and squirmed even more. Melanie drew in a breath as her sister's bottom rubbed against her own crotch. Neo swirled her tongue around her newest lover's passage, tasting every inch of her channel. She withdrew it and began to nibble and tug at Miltia's labia before dragging her tongue up both lips. Neo licked the hood of Miltia's clit, then kissed the clt itself. She bit down gently on the bud and began sucking on it.

Miltia screamed, thrashing against her sister's grip. Neo continued sucking, while her index and middle fingers came together and thrust into her lover's pussy. Curling her fingers, she found that o-so sensitive spot within her. Miltia cried out as she came. Neo brought her fingers up to her lips and sucked them dry.

Melanie gently rolled her sister off her lap. Then, she lay back and spread her legs. Unlike her sister, her cunt was clean-shaven, and it was pierced, a little ring in her hood. Neo grinned and crawled between the more decorated twin’s thighs. The mute woman licked Melanie’s hairless lips. The woman moaned and spread her legs wider to allow more access.

Miltia got up and crawled behind Neo. Though she was the shyer of the two, she reached out and spread Neo’s buttocks apart, exposing her weeping pussy. Bending down, Miltia kissed those lips, slipping her tongue between them and swirling it around in her passage. Neo's breath caught as she continued to eat out Melanie. It made the larger woman groan, and she saw the white twin take her own breasts in her hands. Squeezing them, kneading them. Pinching the nipples and then tugging on the piercings. Melanie had a bit of a masochistic streak apparently. Good to know.

Then she returned to her task. Nibbling and lapping at her lover's pussy (and pushing her own back into Miltia's talented tongue). She moved upwards and decided to experiment. She ran her tongue over the small jewel in Melanie's hood. Then prodded it with her tongue. She took in between her teeth and pulled gently. Melaine shrieked in pain and pleasure. But mostly pleasure, if the hand that snaked down and pushed her in closer was any clue. Neo grinned and thrust her index and middle fingers (not the one's that she'd used on Miltia) into Melanie's tight passage. Massaging its inner walls. Melanie through her head back and mewled, like a cat. Her back arched, and Neo felt her inner muscles clinched around her fingers before the taller woman’s juices flooded against them.

And then, Neo herself climaxed, releasing her pleasure to Miltia’s face as the red twin lapped it up.

 Afterwards, the cast and crew sat down to discuss Melanie and Miltia’s decorations. Now that she wasn’t in bed with them, Neo could see what the others had seen, that there was more than Melanie’s piercings. The white twin also had a tattoo on the small of her back, a Valknut. Surprisingly, Miltia also had a tattoo, a collection of small red flowers that grew on a twisting vine behind her left shoulder. When asked about it, Miltia had blushed and admitted she had gotten it on a date with her sister. On their 21st birthday.

"Didn't it hurt?" Velvet asked Melanie. When everyone focused on her, the Faunus blushed a dark red and looked down. "Piercing your nipples?"

"Forget her nipples," Coco said. "You got a fucking clit piercing. How did you not go nuts with that?"

Melanie smiled smugly. "I didn't get my clit pierced; I got the hood pierced. There isn't much there
to screw up. The clitoris on the other hand . . . yeah, don't pierce that. It would hurt like crazy, and it could deaden the nerves so it can't feel anything ever again.”

”Fucking sucks,” Coco said with a shudder.

”Why would you ever want to do that?” Velvet asked. She wasn’t blushing as badly now, the idea too shocking for her to be embarrassed.

Melanie smiled. “Because it feels so fucking sexy.”

”I still think it would’ve hurt,” Velvet said.

Miltia snickered. “It did. She was cranky for a month afterwards.”

”OK, yeah, getting it done hurt, but now my nipples are even more sensitive,” the white twin smiled and wrapped her arms behind her back, pushing her chest out just a little and rotating her hips a little. “I love how people look at them. And how it feels when they get tugged.”

Neo smiled widely and gave the other woman a double thumbs up. So much for humbling her. Maybe next time . . .

Chapter End Notes

Dang! This was tougher to write than I thought it’d be. It’s really hard to right a threesome where one of the pairings is more or less or off the menu (although I kind of cheated a little).

Anyway! We should be getting some more plot-related stuff in the next chapter!

Also, “Say Cheesecake” was updated yesterday. If you’re at all curious about the fic that inspired this one, check it out. Actually, check it out anyway, because it is just that awesome—Sexy, romantic, and plenty of Grade-A character stuff.
Jaune and Pyrrha Part II

Chapter Summary

How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is to have a thankless child—especially when she’s absolutely right.

Chapter Notes

Wow. Six months later, a new chapter. I am so, so sorry this took so long. Thank you all for not giving up on this bizarre, perverted story.

They were in the guest bedroom of Coco and Velvet’s house. Normally the thought of how many people had had sex in this bed was enough to make Jaune experience a strange sense of surrealism. Right now he didn’t care; those other couples, the crew filming them right now, the viewers who would watch this act later—none of those people exist for him. The blonde kissed a line over Pyrrha’s pregnant belly. She was several months pregnant by now, and while he couldn’t help but be cautious of the bump, he also couldn’t help but marvel at the sight of the life growing within her and the changes it brought to her body. Pyrrha felt the same way, which was why she’d asked to do this scene with him.

The redhead lay on her left side on the bed, nude and utterly relaxed as Jaune made slow, gentle love to her. Her eyes were closed, and she was gently moaning under his touch. He gently grasped her leg and lifted it up. Jaune kissed the insides of both thighs, drawing more groans from Pyrrha. Then, he kissed her slit. He dragged his tongue up and down, covering her labia before thrusting between them and swirling around. Pyrrha moaned and pushed her pelvis further into his face before he withdrew from her folds and began flicking her clit. She whimpered under his ministrations, her hand coming down and grasping his head, trying to keep him in place. Jaune gently probed her opening with his fingers. His movements were steady and unhurried; he didn’t move until he’d coaxed her to release.

Pyrrha cried a little as she came undone. She’d never had a partner who was so patient. Ren, Nora, and most of her other costars would work to give her pleasure, but none of them were as attentive and sweet as Jaune. Her prolonged treatment left her feeling boneless and weak, her swollen breasts heaving.

As she lay panting, Jaune crawled up and lay beside her up. Lifting her leg once more, he positioned his hardened member at her entrance. Pyrrha wrapped the leg around his waist, drawing him closer. Slowly, carefully, he thrust into her. It was a different angle than what they were used to, but it wasn’t bad. Adjusting his weight, he pistoned in and out of her steadily, not too fast, not too slow. Just as he had when he used his tongue and fingers. He reached up and grasped her breast, squeezing it. Her naturally large mammaries had swollen under the effect of the increase in hormones and blood flow, and they were both enjoying the experience.
Pyrrha reached up and groped her own breasts, squeezing them, playing with them. She knew Jaune liked to watch her pleasure herself, and she enjoyed the fact that playing with her breasts allowed him to focus on other aspects of lovemaking, like cupping her butt. Pyrrha pinched and tugged her own nipples, moaning at their increased sensitivity in her new state.

“Pyrrha . . .” Jaune breathed at the sight. The redhead smiled. She also loved the look on Jaune’s face when she played with her breasts. With Jaune’s eyes currently riveted to her swollen boobs, she decided to keep playing. She pinched even harder, tugging on the buds. The mixture of pleasure and pain rushed though her stimulated body and combined with Jaune’s still steady thrusting into her love tunnel. She threw her head back and cried once more as she came again. Jaune stilled his body to hug her close as she rode out her climax, watching her expression.

"Jaaaaauuuuuuuuuunne~” Pyrrha moaned. She squeezed her breasts even more.

"Pyrrha,” Jaune gasped. He pulled out, drawing a moan from his lover. Instinctively, Pyrrha’s hand flew down to her womanhood, and she began stroking her clit. Drawing back from his place between her legs, Jaune carefully climbed over her legs. He didn’t lift her leg this time, just gripped her hip with one hand. Molding his front to her back, he pushed his cock between her thighs. Sliding back into her, another moan escaped from both of them.

The blonde resumed thrusting in and out of his pregnant lover. His free hand came up to her breast and squeezed it while the other left her hip and entwined with hers so that they stimulated her womanhood together. Pyrrha groaned against him and reached up with one hand to wrap around his head and pull it in close; now his own breaths and pants sounded in her ear as an erotic soundtrack.

"I’m about to come, Pyrrha,” Jaune gasped.


Jaune groaned into her ear, his hips jerking against her. Pyrrha groaned as she felt warmth flowing into her, and body convulsed with one final orgasm. The pair lay cuddled up to each other, their strength fading, and they drifted off to sleep.

In the corners of the room, Coco called a quiet “cut,” and motioned for everyone to begin packing up. The group quietly filed out of the room, flipping off the light when they left. The couple on the bed just looked too adorable together to wake.

"Oh, my gosh,” Pyrrha groaned, not in the sexual way. She held her phone in her hands. A text message shown on the screen. By her expression, ine would think it came from the IRS.

"What is it?” Jaune asked. The two were standing in Pyrrha’s apartment, killing time before they headed out to meet Ren and Nora for lunch. He came up beside her but didn’t look over her shoulder to read the message. It wasn’t his business until she shared it.

Pyrrha took a deep breath and let it out for about a full minute before answering. "My parents.”

Jaune waited a few minutes for her to explain. When she refused to do anything but glare at her phone, he realized that was a losing strategy. “What happened to them?”

"They texted me,” she said. After a moment, she sighed. “. . . They want to meet with me.”

"Oh,” Jaune replied. “Um, well, do you want to see them?”
"Heh, heh." Pyrrha’s laugh had no humor to it at all. “I don’t think there’re giving me a choice. If I don’t show up they’ll ‘withdraw their efforts to protect me from my own mistakes.’”

Jaune tried to understand that. “. . . OK . . . I admit, I have no idea what they’re talking about. Aside from that being some kind of threat.”

"I don’t know," Pyrrha said, “But I have the feeling this traces back to Morgan. He promised he’d have some manner of revenge on me for not going back to him the other month.”

"But it's been two months," Jaune protested. “Wouldn’t he have done something before now if he was going to do anything?”

". . . He would have," Pyrrha admitted. “If he’d given up after the one meeting.”

"He’s been talking with you since then?" Jaune asked.

". . . He spent a couple of weeks emailing me and calling my phone," Pyrrha admitted. “He alternated between trying to convince me we could work things out and trying to slut-shame me into going back to him. I didn’t tell anyone.”

"You should have," Jaune said. “That’s . . . Pyrrha, that's stalker behavior.”

"I know I should have," Pyrrha said. "I just . . . Everything with Yang and Blake was going on . . . ."

"And Ilia," Jaune pointed out, gently.

"And Ilia," Pyrrha agreed. "And Yang's family drama was going on as well. I just didn’t want to give everyone anything else to worry about.”

"Yeah, I get that," Jaune sighed. Rubbing his head, he admitted, “I guess I would’ve done the same thing. Heh. So, what are we going to do?”

Pyrrha huffed. “I guess I have to meet them. If I don’t, they’ll just make trouble the way Morgan does. I don’t want to deal with all of them at once if I can help it.”

"OK," Jaune said. “Do you want me to come with you?”

Pyrrha blinked. "You want to come?"

Jaune shrugged. "Well, it sounds like you're going to be kind of outnumbered. I thought you might want to have someone on your side."

The redhead smiled faintly. "I'd appreciate that, Jaune. Thank you."

The next day, the two found themselves sitting at a table in a cafe waiting for Pyrrha’s relatives to arrive. They were already 10 minutes late.

"Jaune?" Pyrrha asked. "If it isn't too personal, what did your parents say when they found out you were a pornstar?"

Jaune shrugged. "Nothing."

"Nothing?" Pyrrha asked.
Jaune turned away. "Well, my Dad died ages ago. And my Mom kind of cut me off when I failed to join the Marines like every other guy in my family has. Then, she found out I was sleeping with Nora, and she kind of went on this really patriarchal and kind of homophobic rant about wanting me to find a wife and 'continue the Arc line,' and all that."

"I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault," Jaune said. "I get the feeling . . . sometimes I wonder if my mother ever really loved Dad, or if she just thought he fit some social criteria." He shrugged. "My sisters are . . . OK with it, I guess."

"You guess?"

"It's like when Ruby or Taiyang found out about Yang. They're not exactly thrilled, but they're still civil. It helps that we've stuck together ever since we figured out that Mom was crazy."

"And when was that?" Pyrrha asked, smiling.

"Well, there was the time she refused to let the twins join the Corps. after she made such a big deal about me not signing up," Jaune said.

"I can see where that might annoy them," Pyrrha said. "What about the others. You have seven sisters, right?"

Jaune nodded. "In addition to the twins, Violet and Mauve, I’ve got another sister in the military—Cerulean—but she’s in the Navy. My sister Saphron, well, as soon as she got to college and out of Mom’s thumb, she played ‘how much weed can I smoke’ and “how much booze can I drink” for a couple years. She cleaned up though, and now she’s involved with the youth group at her Church."

Pyrrha giggles. "I’ll bet she’s the one with the most complaints about your job."

Jaune nodded. "She would be, but her wife keeps her in line. Mostly she just pesters me to settle down and get married."

Pyrrha hmmed, not totally sure how to process that. "And what does she think of . . . this?" Pyrrha asked, gesturing towards her belly.

Jaune's eyes flicked to a spot behind her head, and his face fell. "Probably better than they do," he said.

Pyrrha turned around, and her inside fell into a deep back pit within her. Standing in the entrance to the cafe, stood her mother, father, and . . . "Morgan?" She whispered.

"I thought they hated him," Jaune muttered.

"Not as much as they hate me," Pyrrha replied, equally low. Her estranged family found her and Jaune and began walking towards them, all frowning.

Mrs. Nikos was dark-haired and dark-eyed, but Jaune saw that her face was surprisingly like Pyrrha's, especially in the scowls they fixed at each other. Pyrrha's father, by contrast, had eyes that were the same rich green as his daughter's; his hair was red, but a bright red, suggesting Pyrrha's color was the result of mixing between her parent's cares. And yet, the two looked so different from her. Because her face and his eyes were twisted and darkened with arrogance.

"Pyrrha," her father said.
"Dad," Pyrrha replied. Her eyes darted over to Morgan. "I thought you didn't like Morgan."

"We didn't like you getting knocked up by him," her mother replied. "But, since he was the one who brought your . . . recent misstep to our attention, we're willing to forgive him." Her gaze (or glare) flicked over to Jaune. "What is he doing here?"

"Jaune's been more concerned with my well-being than anyone else."

"Psht!" Morgan said. "I'll just bet he has."

"Maybe you and I shouldn't be here," Jaune said calmly. "Leave it to the family."

Pyrrha opened her mouth to say they could stay—although what she wanted more, Jaune's support or to pick a fight with Morgan, she didn't know—but her father spoke first. "Good idea. This is a family matter." Mrs. Nikos made a dismissive gesture with her hand.

Morgan looked at them in surprise but chose not to say anything and stood up from the table. Jaune muttered to Pyrrha, "I'll be right over there, if you need me."

Jaune and Morgan went to stand against the wall near the restrooms. Morgan was sneering at Jaune, looking like he wanted an excuse to throw a punch. Jaune positioned himself out of Morgan's arm's reach but kept his focus on Pyrrha and her parents.

"Here are your options, Pyrrha," her mother said. "Terminate the pregnancy, denounce those videos as being made by someone else, and restart your real career. Or, we stop protecting you and let the entire world see you as a whore."

"You really think you can make this go away?" Pyrrha asked. "I've made a couple dozen movies by now! How are you going to get rid of those? Do you think you can just delete them from the Internet?"

"After the pregnancy is terminated, we can claim the woman in the videos isn't you," Mr. Nikos explained. "We can then file suit against Adel and her company for defamation of your character and exploiting your name."

"What?" Pyrrha asked. "How do you think you can do that?"

"You just need to get an abortion in secret, then publicly appear not pregnant and in the right makeup," her mother explained.

"We can sue her easily. She'll be lucky if she doesn't end up in a homeless shelter when we're done with her," Pyrrha's father added.

Pyrrha snorted. "So, that's what it's all about then, isn't it?" she asked. "That's what it's always been about—money."

"Now, listen here, young lady—" Mrs. Nikos started but was cut off.

"No," Pyrrha spat. "I'm through listening to you. I'm through talking to you. And I'm through seeing you—all of you." She cast her eyes at Morgan. "Especially him." She stood up and started rooting through her purse. "Come on, Jaune. We're done here."

"Pyrrha," her father said, getting up. He grabbed her arm. "Sit down."

"Hey, watch it," Jaune said, practically teleporting to her side. He gripped The other man’s arm.
"She's not a kid; you can't just drag her around and order her around anymore."

"Simmer down, tough guy," Morgan said. "You don't want to start a fight." Despite his words, his hands were balled into fists.

"Fuck off, jerk," Jaune spat.

Beside him, Pyrrha temporarily stopped struggling in school. Jaune was . . . mad . . . Unfortunately, with herself and her friend distracted, her father had yanked her over towards himself.

"How dare you, you son of a bitch," the man spat at the blonde. "Pyrrha is my daughter and——"

"No, I'm not!" Pyrrha spat, her hand flashing out and palm heeling him in the chin. The man stumbled back, letting go of her arm. Her mother (and the rest of the restaurant) gasped, but Pyrrha didn’t care. "I'm not your daughter—I'm not your meal ticket—anymore. I've let you both control my life for too long. Stopping me from going to college, making my entire life about my public image, all but manhandling me into an abortion!" Tears were streaming from Pyrrha's eyes now, but her glare didn’t waiver. Her parents backed away from her verbal assault.

Morgan, although shocked into silence for a few minutes, out on a “charming” smile and opened his mouth to say something, but Jaune just positioned himself between the two. The scowl returned to the man’s face. Jaune pulled out his wallet and threw down some cash on the table. "Come on, Pyrrha," he said, and even though he was scowling too, his voice was gentle. Just as gently, he took her hand in his. "Let's get out of here."

Pyrrha took a deep breath and nodded. As they walked away, they paused. Without turning around, she spoke to her parents. "I guess I should thank you both for one thing: you've done a marvelous job teaching me how not to raise a child. Thank you both so much." Her words were pure venom. Pure, unadulterated hatred dripped from her lips.

"Hey, Wait a minute!" Morgan moved to follow them. However, a waiter appeared in front of him.

"Sir," he said, "we're going to have to ask you to leave."

"All of you," a waitress said, coming up behind Mrs. Nikos. She was helping the seemingly catatonic woman to her feet.

"Now," another waiter said, coming up to Mr. Nikos.

"FUCK OFF YOU FUCKING CUNTS!" Morgan screamed, punching the waiter in front of him in the face. The other one came up and the two men began grappling each other, until Morgan wretched his arm free and socked him in the face, too, knocking him to the ground. The waitress, however, snuck up behind Morgan and stomped on the back of his knee. Morgan fell to his knee, and the waitress grabbed his flailing arm and drew it back behind his body into a hammerlock.

"Nice save, Trish," the second waiter, more or less. As he was currently holding his swollen nose in his hand, his words came out somewhat distorted. His compatriot was out cold.

"Call the police, Jack," she replied. "And sign up for the next self-defense seminar, will you?"

Pyrrha stalked out of the restaurant like a soldier marching off to war. Jaune hurried after her. He looked back at the commotion that followed their exit, but seeing the waitress get everything under
control, he quickly lost interest. Pyrrha’s current mood was a bigger concern.

“Pyrrha, um, are you all right.” She didn’t answer. “Pyrrha?” She stopped at the car and stared at the window, her hand on the handle. Jaune unlocked the car and climbed in. Pyrrha was already in her seat.

“. . . I can’t believe I ever thought I loved them,” she let out with. “Any of them.”

“Maybe you did,” Jaune said. “Either way, he was a complete idiot to throw that away. They all were.”

Pyrrha looked at Jaune and smiled. “And that is how I know our relationship isn’t a mistake,” she said, taking his hand in hers. Despite the number of times they’d had sex on camera (sometimes with other people even), Jaune blushed at the intimate gesture and the words behind it. “You know what really matters, Jaune.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahh, King Lear—Literature’s most misguided parent.

Older readers will have noticed I renamed Jaune’s sisters. I originally posted this before I knew about Saphron and Terra (and Adrian), but since they’ve been revealed (and are a canon lesbian couple), I decided to go back and change the names. The original “give everyone a name beginning with J was always a joke anyway, and must’ve been awful to keep people’s names straight when they were kids.

Uggh! This chapter was a pain to write! First, I decided to research pregnant sex AFTER I started writing the scene. As such I discovered that the woman on her back is actually the worst position possible and doggy style is apparently very advisable (please do this research for yourselves if your expecting and still horny; do not take my word for it!). That was still preferable to dealing with the angst that was Pyrrha’s family drama. Trying to deal with that was a mess. I wish I could’ve found more for Morgan to do, but this was really about Pyrrha and her parents. Also, I was just sick of this thing and wanted to move on to other chapters. On the plus side, though, I was able to develop Mr. and Mrs. Nikos a little more beyond the generic villains I initially envisioned them as. I hope to bring them back later.
I have been waiting to post this chapter for so long. Read until the end, and you’ll see what I mean.

It was a pretty logical idea when you thought about it. They had the numbers; at this point, filming multiple movies at once just made sense. It was worth a shot, anyway, and Coco was willing to try it out. If nothing else, it would distract her from that fact that one of her employees—her friend, no less—had apparently been stalked for months and hadn’t bothered to tell her.

Pyrrha's confession had resulted in Coco screaming profanities and insults at her for about ten straight minutes. It probably would've been worse if Velvet hadn't been there to calm her down and get her to focus on the more important issues. Once again, one of their actresses was having trouble from an ex-boyfriend who didn't know how to handle rejection. That meant they should probably begin considering ways to improve security. Pyrrha and Jaune promised to move in with Ren and Nora for the time being just as Yang and Blake had done with Tai and Qrow. They would stay there until Morgan was thrown in jail, which wouldn't take too long considering he did assault someone in front of a couple dozen witnesses. Coco was still going to see if she could institute some sort of mandatory security system rule for her employees' homes, but that was a topic to be explored later. For now, she was going to make some dirty movies to take her mind off this whole mess.

And take her mind off it they did. It turned out that finding the people necessary to pull off such a maneuver was easier said than done. Numbers were one thing; allocation of resources was another. Since they were doing multiple movies at once, they needed at least two people in every role, including the director's chair. Granted, in their sort of films, the actors had a lot of freedom in how they "performed," but there was stuff that came before the sex: setting the stage, blocking the actors in the pre-sex stuff, telling the crew when to cut, etc. Heck, there was stuff that went on during the sex—namely making sure the actors and cameras were angled properly and making sure they changed positions often enough. Coco had been doing this for a while now, but it was someone else's turn to make their directorial debut.

The question was, who? Nora volunteered almost immediately, but Coco nixed her just as fast; if they left her in charge the resulting film would look like the creation of a foreign art student. Neptune also volunteered, but a quick interview with him showed he had no real idea beyond telling people to "look sexy." Then, there was a brief moment when Coco tried to convince Velvet to take over. This resulted in a long argument wherein Coco tried to convince Velvet that she had seen her girlfriend direct often enough to take over, and Velvet stubbornly refusing. The Rabbit-Faunus kept insisting that she would spend the entire time blushing and would be unable to communicate her thoughts to anyone.

Normally, Coco thought that Velvet's ability to still blush despite having filmed countless porn videos endearing. Right now, it was just annoying. The issue was solved when Neo walked up to the heads of the company and handed them a card declaring that she would take over for Coco. The ex-model initially questioned how the mute woman would able to shout commands at people.
Neo handed her a card that read "Ablist!" and then proceeded to show how she could use hand signs to get her point across. Velvet pointed out that during filming, Coco mostly relied on hand signs anyway, aside from yelling "Action!" and "Cut!" and the aviator-wearing woman gave in. Now, to figure out who to cast . . .

That part was surprisingly easy; Blake and Yang had both volunteered for on-screen duty as soon as Coco had announced her plan. After their own recent trials, they were still eager to get back into the thick of things (no pun intended). Coco had agreed (and secretly been relieved that Yang did not want to take the director's chair). As for what (or as Yang put it "who") they would be doing, Yatsuhashi had also thrown his hat into the ring. He'd been hinting that he was interested in working with Blake, possibly as another sequel to her first film with Fox. That was a no-brained to OK, and the relatively straight forward nature of the piece made it a good choice for Neo's first time in charge. For the other scene, Emerald and Mercury had been asking around for someone willing to sub for both of them at once. That was something Coco's greater experience (such as it was) was needed for, but otherwise it sounded good to her, and—luckily for all of them—Yang was quite willing.

So, the team made plans to shoot two videos the same day, tentatively titled Receptionist Pays Her Debts, and Busty Blonde Loses a Bet With Dom Couple.

It was surprisingly easy for Neo to take on the roll of director. She told the cameras to start rolling and the actors to begin with a couple of claps. They were loud and crisp, and her actors heard them and were able to get into character.

"Miss Belladonna," Yatsuhashi said. "I am . . . Rather angry with you."

Blake shuffled under his gaze. "I'm sorry you lost your job, Mr. Daichi, but you know it had to happen."

The pair were in a hotel room (actually the guest room, but kitted out to look like a hotel room), both dressed in what could be titled "after-work" attire. Yatsuhashi wore no tie, and both were missing their coats. However, they both still wore button-down tops, along with slacks and skirt respectively. The Cat Faunus sat on the edge of the bed while Yatsu sat in the chair at the small table. He was grinning smugly.

"Yes," the giant said, replying to her question. "We lost a lot of money in that Ponzi scheme. But that was your call, Blake, your bad decision, and yet I'm the one out of a job. And who replaced me? You. Does that seem fair, Blake? Does that seem right?"

"But, I have a sick mother!" Blake insisted.

"And the fact that you're screwing the boss has nothing to do with it?"

"What?"

Yatsuhashi grinned. "Fox's office isn't exactly soundproofed, and you weren't being quiet that first time."

"What do you want from me?" Blake asked. "Money? Do you want your job back? Is that it? I either resign or you'll tell the world I'm a whore? I can't do that! I really do need this job for my mother!"

Yatsuhashi shook his head. "No. I don't want that. I believe you about your mother, and I do have some prospects; I'm not desperate. I don't want to blackmail you, Blake."
"Then what?" she asked, eyeing him carefully.

He smiled. "I would like . . . Restitution," he said, reaching out with one finger to brush her face. "For just one night, I'd like to experience what Fox has been enjoying."

Blake shivered, but not in fear. Yatsu was a large, handsome man. Her character didn’t feel any emotional attachment to Fox; their relationship was strictly economic. Neither had asked for fidelity from the other. "Just for tonight?" She asked.

"Not even that, if you really don’t want to," he said. His hand returned to his side as he stood up. "If the thought of being with me genuinely offends you, then I'll leave right now, and you'll never hear about it ever again."

Blake smiled, coyly. "I never said that." Rising to her feet, she reached up, cupped the back of his neck with her hands, and pulled him down into a kiss. Yatsu returned the kiss, eagerly. Their kiss was strong, desperate. This was only for tonight, and they both wanted to make it worth their while. Yatsuhashi's hands roamed over he body. They slid over her back, her sides, her arms, her thighs, and her butt. Blake let go of her neck and undid his pants. Dipping her hand into his boxers, she fished out his half-erect cock. It was already an impressive length, and she had no doubt it would prove to be an enjoyable experience, as if she had any reason to doubt Yang's accounts. Yatsuhashi broke the kiss with a groan as Blake began stroking him, bringing him to full erection with just her hand.

"Very nice, Mr. Daichi," Blake purred.

"I could say the same about you, Miss Belladonna," Yatsuhashi replied. His voice was warm, but had an edge of excitement.

Blake knelt down and pushed his pants and boxers down a little more. Still holding his cock, she licked up its length three or four times from various angles. Then she opened wide and took it into her mouth. Sliding down part way, Blake gripped the base and continued stroking it with her hand as she moved her mouth up and down on the phallus. Inside, her tongue slid and squirmed over his glands.

Yatsu groaned under the treatment. Yang and Pyrrha were good at blowjobs, and enjoyed giving them, but Blake had the best technique. Her mouth was a warm, wet passage, and he couldn't help but wonder at how good her pussy would feel. He reached down to stroke the side of her face. He felt like a sultan or emperor, being pleased by his favorite concubine.

Blake let go of her toy and stood up, unbuttoning her shirt. Beneath it, she wore a lacey, black bra. Dropping her skirt, she revealed a matching set of panties.

"Very nice," Yatsu said. He began unbuttoning his shirt. "Shall we move to the bed?"

"Let’s," Blake said. Turning around, she sauntered over to the bed, her hips swaying as she walked. She climbed onto the mattress and kicked off her shoes. Reaching around, she unclamped her bra. She removed it, revealing her pale breasts with their brownish nipples. Hooking her thumbs in her panties, she bucked her hips as she removed them, sliding them down her lean, taunt legs. She lay down on her back, propped up by the pillows. A smoldering, inviting look decorated her face.

Yatsu recognized the invitation and took it. He joined her on the bed and crawled between her legs. With his large, muscled hands, he pushed her thighs wide, allowing him to properly examine her dewy womanhood. He smiled and kissed the trimmed arrowhead of black hair pointing
towards her slit. Following its guide, he moved down and began lapping hungrily at her pussy. His hands came up to knead her breasts. Blake moaned under the stimulation. Yatsu was really good, slipping his tongue in and around her cunt in a pattern that hit as much as he could whilst squeezing her boobs and rubbing her nipples. He wasn't as good as Yang, but Yang knew her body like no one else did. New how to make it react like no one else did. There was no competition.

So, it wasn't surprising that a part of Blake was pleased when Yatsuhashi pulled back from her body. The giant lay down on his back; his hard cock wobbled with the movement like a fleshy, thick metronome. Blake rolled over and sat up on her knees. Straddling Yatsuhashi’s hips, she reached down and positioned his hard dick at her entrance. She sank down, taking him into herself with a moan. He really was so big, filling her like no other man ever had. She still felt a little wistful for Yang, but that wasn't the point in all this. Leaning back, planting hands on his legs, and supporting her weight on them, the Cat Faunus began bucking up and down, her breasts bouncing with the movement. She reached up and gripped one, squeezing it as Yatsuhashi took her hips in his hands and began helping. She gasped as her partner brought her up and down faster than she could have on her own and began vocalizing her pleasure. "Oh! Yes! Yes!"

Yatsuhashi let out another low groan at how Blake's passage gripped his member. He was right; her mouth had been nothing but a good precursor to this. He moved his hands up from Blake's hips to her back and pulled her down against his chest, hugging her body against his. This new position mashed her breasts against his torso and allowed him to thrust up in and out of her rapidly. Blake cried out at his even speedier assault on her pussy.

Then, he stopped, just froze beneath her. Off stage, Neo had made the "change positions" signal. Yatsu pulled out of Blake, causing her to moan. He whispered into her feline ear. The mike didn't pick up what it was, but Blake nodded and moved off of him and got on her hands and knees while Yatsuhashi moved to kneel behind her. Grasping her hips once again, he thrust forward and speared her pussy with his hard cock and began pounding into her, smacking her buttocks with his pelvis and earning more moaned words of endearment from Blake as her pleasure mounted. "Yeah, yeah! Fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME!" Blake came; she came hard, and Yatsuhashi didn't even slow down his thrusting.

Finally, Blake collapsed onto the bed, but Yatsu was still hard within her. The giant pulled out of her and rolled Blake onto her back, her thighs automatically spreading as Yatsu pushed into her yet again. Taking her once more, drawing more words of pleasure from her. "Yes, yes . . ." she moaned. His stamina was insane. Blake could feel another orgasm rising within her, and he didn't seem anywhere close to finishing!

Yatsuhashi meanwhile admired the picture before him. Blake had a nice ass, true, and he'd enjoyed watching it as he fucked her. He enjoyed the sight beneath him now even more, though. His dick thrusting in and out of her swollen sex, her breasts jiggling as her body rocked with the force of his thrusts, her face a contorted mask of pleasure. One of his hands left her hip and played with her breasts, cupping it and twisting the nipple.

Blake threw back her head and cried as she came again. Seeing Neo making the signal again in the corner of his eye, Yatsu decided to change positions again. It'd be easier on Blake anyway. Pulling out, the big man helped the Cat Faunus roll on her side. She also reached up and dragged a pillow down for her head to rest against. Yatsu spooned behind her, molding his pelvis against her ass and as much of his torso as he could against her back. Lifting her leg up, he slipped once more into her warm, drenched snatch and began fucking her slow but hard. Because of their size differences, Yatsu could feel her cries against his chest. He reached down to move her obscuring hair out of her face, once more examining the view. Her eyes were closed, and were mouth hung open as she panted in tired pleasure. It was cute, but probably not as raunchy as their viewers
wanted. So, without withdrawing from her, he got up on his knees and pulled her leg up against his chest. He pounded into her harder and faster, the new angle applying even more pressure to their sexes.

Blake meanwhile was losing her mind under his assault. She’d never cum so many times with one partner. Yang had warned her Yatsu was good, but she didn’t know he was this good. "End it. End it, please," she gasped. Her body was too wracked with pleasure; she was exhausted and felt like a car that had been left running too long.

Secretly, Yatsuhashi was glad of her request. He pulled his aching dick out of her and rolled Blake onto her back once more, though keeping her head on the pillow. He didn't thrust back into her though; now was going to do something that Yang and Pyrrha were less fond of, but he knew Blake enjoyed. The giant climbed up and straddled Blake’s torso, his long legs keeping his enormous weight mostly off the tired Faunus. Blake smiled slightly and pushed her breasts together, surrounding his hard, wet dick. Savoring the feeling, Yatsu grabbed the headboard and resumed thrusting, titfucking the woman below him. Blake cooed encouragement. "Yeah. Give it to me. Give me your cum." Yatsuhashi groaned, and his movements turned jerky. Cum erupted from his cock; ropes of the thick, white liquid landing on Blake's collar, chin, and cheek. One long string ran the full length of her face.

Blake smiled as Yatsuhashi climbed off her. Reaching down, she dipped her finger into the beginning of her cleavage rubbing the traces of cum that hadn't been able to fly. "Thank you for being so understanding, Mr. Daichi," she said.

Yatsuhashi smiled back at her. "Thank you for being so generous, Miss Belladonna."

Blake hmm-ed in response as she brought her finger up to her lips to suck the tip. Neo clapped again, signally it was over. Yatsu sat back and asked if she wanted to use the shower first.

"Yes . . . please . . ." she said. Normally, she would have waited before washing off, enjoying the afterglow. Even now, her whole body was tingling with pleasure like never before, but felt a little cold, despite the warm mattress. If only Yang were here, the Cat Faunus thought. Cuddling up to the blonde always made her feel so warm and comfortable . . .

The other scene being shot that day, the one which was Coco’s responsibility, took place on their original set. A.K.A. Coco and Velvet’s living room. As always, Yang had made a comment about returning to her roots, but Coco had tuned it out. Judging form her co-star's expressions, it had been a particularly awful one. She just raised her phone to her mouth and announced to the people outside and inside the room, "Action!"

The door opened, and three people walked into the livingroom, all dressed in athletic clothes, short, light shorts and t-shirts; Yang had additionally tied her hair back into a ponytail. Emerald was in the lead, followed closely by Mercury, both sporting very satisfied smiles. Yang trudged after them, clearly annoyed. All three were sweating and flushed. Not from sex, of course, but the trio had spent half an hour out in the summer sun running, jumping, and generally goofing around so they could look like they'd actually been competing against each other in some way.

"All right," Yang said. "Let’s get this over with."

"What’s the matter, Yang?" Emerald asked.

"You regret making that bet with us?" Mercury asked. "You didn’t seem so angry earlier."

"Yes . . . please . . ." she said. Normally, she would have waited before washing off, enjoying the afterglow. Even now, her whole body was tingling with pleasure like never before, but felt a little cold, despite the warm mattress. If only Yang were here, the Cat Faunus thought. Cuddling up to the blonde always made her feel so warm and comfortable . . .

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"What’s the matter, Yang?" Emerald asked.

"You regret making that bet with us?" Mercury asked. "You didn’t seem so angry earlier."
"You were sooooo certain you’d win," Emerald mocked. "How’s it feel to lose?"

"It was two on one!" Yang snapped.

"That didn’t bug you earlier," Mercury pointed out.

Emerald’s smile widened. "You’re not trying to welch on us, are you?"

"I never welch!" Yang snapped. Grabbing her shirt in her real hand, she yanked it up over her head and her prosthetic arm in a move that looked impulsive but was the result of weeks of practice. She threw the article away with a huff—offstage, it landed on Velvet's head. Thankfully, the camera was on a tripod, so Coco didn't have to cut the action while she helped her girlfriend get the sweaty thing untangled from her ears. She might have called it anyway, if Velvet hadn't been waving at everyone to go on. Back onstage, all that covered the blonde's generous chest was a plain, black sports bra.

Ignoring the unsimulated drama, the simulated drama continued. "Good for you," Emerald said, also removing her top. Her sports bra was mint green like her hair.

"Good for us too," Mercury said, baring his own chest.

Yang removed her arm and gently laid it down on a nearby table with a towel already laid across its top. Then, she bent over, sticking her butt out, and undid the knots on her shoes with her hand before kicking them off. Still bent over, her ass swaying in the air with her movements, she removed her socks. Straightening up, Yang grabbed her sports bra by its edge and pulled it over her head, freeing her breasts. Then, she undid the knot of her shorts and shimmed out of them. One good thing about being down an arm, Yang had gotten really good at shimmying.

Underneath her shorts she wore a black thong that was totally dumb for exercising, but porn wasn’t exactly known for logic in its storyline.

"You sure you didn’t want to lose, sweetheart?" Emerald asked. She’d pulled her own shorts down. Standing in her underwear, she lifted her left foot and removed first the shoe and then the sock. Then she set it down, and did the same to her right foot.

"Dress like that, and we’ll think otherwise," Mercury said, dropping his pants and boxers. Unlike Yang, he didn’t immediately remove his prosthetic limbs. Instead, he walked over to the nearby table and opened a drawer. He removed something from it, then returned to the women. He held out the object to Yang, a black collar. "Put this on, Sweetheart. You’re ours for the night."

"Merc, you dumbass," Emerald laughed. "How’s she gonna put that on?"

Yang rolled her eyes and waved her right arm.

"Oops," Mercury chuckled. "Wow, you’d think I of all people would be able to figure that out. Ok. Em, will you hold her hair out of the way?"

"Sure."
The green-haired woman walked up behind Yang and carefully tugged on her ponytail. Yang shivered. Usually, messing with her hair was a good way to get her to blow a fuse, but right now, in the context of what was happening, all she could think was I should ask Blake to do this . .

Mercury wrapped the collar around her neck. "Comfortable?" He asked.

Yang reached up with her hand and felt her new ornamentation. "It’s good," she said.
"Good," Emerald whispered in her ear. When she spoke again, her voice was a growl. "And now that that's taken care of," she undid the ponytail without releasing Yang’s hair, “it's time to pay up, Bitch.” She pushed down on Yang’s shoulder. The blonde allowed her legs to relax until she was kneeling before Mercury.

Yang reached out, taking Mercury's dick in her hand. She stroked it, though it was already partially erect in anticipation of the coming festivities. Lifting it up, she leaned in and licked his balls, drawing groans from Mercury. She lapped the right one, then the left. Then the left again, followed by the right. Then she licked up the length of his shaft. When she reached the tip, she closed her lips around the glands and sank her mouth down. Her hand moved down to play with his balls as she moved up and down on his cock. Behind her Emerald wrapped her arms around the blonde, holding her in place, and reached up to play with her boobs. Mercury meanwhile, began thrusting into her warm, wet mouth. Yang arched her tongue to make sure his cock rolled over it with each pass. She moaned, the vibrations her mouth made pleasing Mercury's member even further, drawing a moan from the gray-haired young man.

"Wow. You really like that, don't you?" he asked. "You like sucking my cock?"

She did. Yang enjoyed rough sex; she enjoyed it when her partner took charge and had their way with her. Blake did it best—even if she was just watching while someone else did they actual touching, as she’d done with Ilia; Yang’s girlfriend could be as regal and commanding as a real cat when she wanted to be. The blonde imagined Blake sitting there on the couch, reclined like she had been during the the scene with the other Faunus woman, and felt a burst of warmth flood her belly and flow down to her nether regions.

Emerald released her and leaned back a somewhat. She pulled the sports bra up and freed her breasts. Then she moved back in and mashed her boobs against Yang’s back. The darker woman’s hands came up and once more took hold of Yang’s own tits. She squeezed them hard, drawing another moan from the blonde. "She does," Emerald said. "She's a slut who likes taking hard cocks~" She punctuated her sentence by biting Yang's neck while fingers pinched and twisted Yang's nipples.

The blonde moaned at the pain and pleasure that mixed in her system. Mercury pulled out with a groan. His hard, spit-coated cock bobbing in the cool air. "What's . . . a matter?" Yang asked, panting. Despite that she smirked. "Too . . . much for you?"

Mercury smirked. "Watch your tongue, bitch."

Emerald grinned, squeezing one breast and pinching the nipple of the other. "I can think of some better things she can do with that tongue." The green-haired woman pulled back, her hands sliding up to Yang's shoulders. She pulled and pushed so that Yang spun around. Smirking, Emerald leaned back. She hooked her thumbs into the waist of her panties and pulled them down, undulating her hips to get the article off. Tossing the undergarment aside, she leaned back and spread her legs to show off her shaven pussy. The labia were swollen, and her passage was obvious wet. The red-eyed woman reached up and fisted Yang's hair. She used her handhold to pull the blonde’s face down. "Get to work, whore," she said.

Yang, butt in the air and full arm folded under her, buried her face into Emerald's snatch and began licking. Like a cat at a bowl of cream (and she had to remember that metaphor to share it with Blake), Yang lapped eagerly at Emerald's swollen lips, tasting the fluid leaking out from between them, then moved up to her clit. Emerald moaned and began muttering profanities and groped her own breasts. "Fuck! . . . Yeah . . . Blonde bimbo . . . Fucking . . . UH!"

Mercury took sat back for a few minutes, watching the lovely sight before him; there was nothing
more beautiful in his mind than Emerald dominating someone, even himself (although seeing her get dominated was just as beautiful). However, his cock and balls were screaming for more fun, and he wasn't one to deny them. Crouching down behind the blonde, he pulled her thighs apart, revealing her own pussy. Reaching out, he probed her sex with two fingers, feeling around her passage, causing her to jump and drawing a "Fuck yes!" from Emerald. Yang was just as hairless down there as Emerald was, but Mercury didn’t know if his girlfriend had ever felt so drenched with arousal. Smiling at what he felt, Mercury withdrew his digits and gripped the blonde’s hips, digging his fingers into her muscled sides. Yang moaned into Emerald, causing the other woman to moan in return. The gray-haired man didn't line his cock up to her cunt, he just thrust in the general direction. Unsurprisingly, he missed, his dick sliding off her wet, engorged labia.

Annoyed, Mercury aimed more carefully in his second attempt and moved slower. This time, he was able to thrust into her, sliding into her well-lubricated love tunnel. Both women moaned once more, and Mercury joined them. He wasted no time in spearing his way up to the hilt. Then, pulled out and began jackhammering in and out of her Yang’s hot cunt, fucking her like a bitch in heat. The room was filled with the meaty-sounding slaps as Mercury's pelvis repeatedly collided with Yang's ass.

Yang moaned into Emerald’s cunt. Her large boobs were scraping against the carpet, particularly her erect nipples, and her knees were doing likewise. Her butt cheeks were probably turning red from the pummeling they were receiving curtesy of Mercury, and the man's dick was railing her passage like there was no tomorrow. Meanwhile, Emerald was just barely tugging at her hair, urging her to continue to devour the green-haired woman’s pussy. It was all so—

"OOOOOHHHH!" Yang moaned as she came, her walls contracting around Mercury's hard rod.

"Wow . . ." Emerald said, holding off her own climax that nearly came with Yang’s cries against her aroused sex. "You're so easy, aren't you?" Eying her boyfriend, she asked. "You still good, Merc?"

"Yeah . . ." He forced out. The man had stopped moving as Yang's pussy gripped his dick in orgasm. It was so, so hard not to give in and finish himself, but he couldn't. They had a plan. "Em . . . get the thing."

Emerald grinned and got up, grabbing Yang by her shoulders and pulled the blonde up and off Mercury's cock. Both her partners moaned at the movement. Pulling Yang to her feet, she ordered the collared woman "Get on the couch, Bitch."

Yang did as commanded and staggered over to the couch and flopped down on the coahions. Mercury sat down behind her and began slipping his legs off. Emerald meanwhile went to the drawer Mercury had pulled the collar out of and removed a harness and dildo, mint green like her hair. She slipped the phallus into its hole and stepped into the harness. Climbing onto the bed, the dark skin woman embraced the blonde and guided the artificial cock into her pussy. Yang moaned.

"Yeah, you like that don't you, Bitch?" Emerald asked as she started pounding the blonde the way Mercury had been earlier. The hard plastic rubbing against her erect clit.

Yang just moaned in response, eyes closed. "Yeah, yeah I like it. Oh, Blake, I love it."

Mercury paused in what he was doing, catching Emerald’s gaze as she looked over her shoulder at him whilst continuing her pounding. The pair shrugged—Coco didn’t say to stop, so they guessed it could be edited out later. Emerald spun herself and Yang so they rolled over without rolling off the couch. Now Emerald was underneath Yang, though it didn't inhibit her ability to fuck Yang
hard and fast. Meanwhile, Mercury crawled up behind and above Yang. With one hand, he grasped the blonde's ass and spread her cheeks. With the other, he gripped his own cock, still hard and still wet with his partner’s own orgasm and guided it to the blonde's puckered hole. Yang moaned while Mercury slid into her tight ass. He was well lubricated, and she wasn't resisting, but it was still tight enough to slow him down and force him to put in some effort, still tight enough to hurt just a little.

Yang loved it. She loved the feeling of his hot, hard rod pushing into her back hole. It almost felt like he would split her in two. Emerald had stopped her assault on the blonde's pussy and was holding her tightly, keeping her immobile. The two women's breasts pushed against each other as were their crotches. The two couldn't feel each other's cunts with the harness in place, but Yang felt the plastic rod buried up to the hilt in her pussy. Now, she felt two dicks in her, separated by only a thin wall of flesh.

Mercury reached up and grabbed Yang's breasts. The large orbs made good hand-holds—not that that was the only or even the main reason he was groping the well-endowed blonde. Emerald's chest was good, but Yang's boobs were so full and soft under his hands, he almost couldn’t believe they were natural. He squeezed them, and Yang moaned in response. Taking this as a sign that she was comfortable, the gray-haired man began to withdraw his cock from her bowels. It was slow going: despite her career, she was still gripping him tightly. Combined with their intense fucking from before, and it was a miracle Mercury didn't come right then and there. As it was, he closed his eyes and let out a long, slow groan as her walls gripped his cock, as though trying to keep him trapped within her. He withdrew until only the glands remained within her, then pushed in once more.

Yang moaned at the sensations. Her breasts were generally a target for partners' attentions, and as a result, they seemed to have become even more sensitive. Her nipples were brushing against Mercury's palms while his fingers dug into the flesh of her assets in a way that hurt a little, but that just turned her on even more. Speaking of pleasure mixed with pain, the hot rod invading her ass was loosening up the tight passage, allowing Mercury to speed up his thrusting as he once again slapped his pelvis against her spread ass cheeks. Emerald, meanwhile, had resumed her own hard thrusting. The green dildo was pistoning in and out of her cunt, while the two women's labia kissed, and Emerald's fingers dug into the blonde's butt like her boyfriend's did Yang's boobs.

Yang thought of what she must look like right now: a busty blonde woman getting double penetrated from above and below by the hot woman with dyed hair and her equally hot boyfriend. Her face contorted in pleasure and screaming for more, Yang must've looked like the biggest slut on the planet. Blake would love this, Yang thought, and it gave her another spasm of excitement. I really hope you watch this video Blake. I want you to watch this video.

Mercury's hips jerked against her. "Yeah! Take it, bitch," he grunted. His cock slammed into her and pulsed, and Yang knew what it meant an instant before she felt the wet warmth shoot into her ass.

Yang came again, bucking into Emerald's crotch and hugging the mint-haired woman tighter against her. "BBBBLLLLAAAAAKKKKKEEEEE!"

Emerald grunted as she experienced her own climax. It rocked her hard and fast and left her seeing spots for a brief moment. When the brunt of it had subsides, and only pleasant afterglow remained, she relaxed her grip on Yang's butt while behind their mutual partner, Mercury pulled his shrinking dick out. His actions drew a moan from the blonde. Flopping back against the arm of the couch, he spared a glance to her ass, now leaking cum, while beneath it, his girlfriend’s now still strap-on remained buried into her cunt. “We . . . Should beat you . . . More often . . .” he said.
“Definitely,” Emerald agreed, reaching down and undoing the straps of the harness.

Yang said nothing. To the world at large, she looked like her brain had been fried from pleasure. In reality, this was only half-true. In her tired, dreamy state, she was languidly going over her thoughts from right before her orgasm, pondering their significance . . .

After their respective videos, the pair met up again. Yang wrapped her arms around Blake and squeezed her in a tight hug. “Oof!” The Faunus grunted in surprise. Even down half an arm, Yang hugged like a trash compactor—though the experience was infinitely more enjoyable. “I missed you too,” she said when Yang relaxed her grip. As if to prove this was true, she leaned in and captured Yang’s lips in a strong, loving kiss.

Yang melted into the kiss, opening her mouth and letting Blake’s tongue in. She lost track of time until the need for air forces them both apart. “Wow,” the blonde said. “What did I do to earn a kiss like that?”

“Probably the same thing I did to earn the mother of all bear hugs,” Blake deadpanned.

Yang blushed. “Sorry, Blake. I just missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Blake said.

The pair stared at each other for a moment, then burst out laughing.

“Oh my gosh,” Yang said. “We’ve turned into one of those couples.”

“I don’t get it,” Blake said. “We’ve had sex with other people before.”

“Yeah,” Yang said. “But, it’s not the same anymore. Without you—even if you’re just watching like with Ilia . . . They weren’t bad, Emerald and Mercury. No way were they bad, but they weren’t as good.”

“I know,” Blake said. “It was the same with Yatsuhashi; we both enjoyed ourselves, but I think he liked it more than I did.”

“There was missing something,” Yang whispered. “Something that we only have with each other.”

Blake snorted. “I think the word you’re looking for is ‘love.’”

“Yeah,” Yang said. “I mean, I know we’ve been doing this for a while. Dating and even saying we’re in love with each other. But it was this that really let me know.”

“Know what?” Blake asked.

Yang reached into her pocket and pulled something out. A black box. Blake’s eyes widened as Yang got down on one knee.

“Blake,” she said, slower and with more solemnity than some of their friends had ever seen. “I love you. More than I’ve ever loved anyone who wasn’t family. And I groove with you better than anyone. So, Blake Belladonna,” she opened the box to reveal a diamond ring, “will you marry me?”

Chapter End Notes
Well, THAT was a lot easier to write than the last one. Granted, I’d already been working on the sex scenes and the basic outline while I was working on the headache that was the previous chapter, but that just goes to show how much less trouble this one was to think about and describe.

Did I too heavy-handed the relationship stuff between Blake and Yang?

Next time: New star.
Holy cow! I have been working on this thing for more than 2 YEARS! Where the heck has the time gone? At any rate, thank you everyone who has followed along with me over this bizarre journey. And thank you everyone else who joined later. Here's to further sexy adventures in this strange tale of sex, romance, and whatever else I can cram in!

I have a bunch of relatives who are in or who have served in various branches of the military, but I have no idea how the military works beyond having watched a ton of NCIS. So, if the series of events Ciel and Penny talk about is implausible or flat-out impossible, I apologize.

Also, I do not know much about PTSD. If I have presented it disrespectfully, I apologize.

I kind of feel like I should have gotten this out closer to Memorial Day, but I couldn't really bring myself to work on it then, also my family was dealing with moving out of our winter get-away, and I just wasn't in the mood to write on that trip. Oh, well. Hopefully, this is worth the wait.

Penny Poledina was not a heavy sleeper; she was not the sort of person who could sleep through an alarm or a phone ringing at four in the morning or awaken only just enough to silence it before dropping off again. So, when her cell phone did go off at four in the morning, she rose, yawned, and checked the caller ID. She did a double-take. “Ciel?” she asked. “Is something wrong?”

"Greetings, ma'am,” the woman on the other end of the line answered. “Negative; everything is acceptable, even satisfactory.”

"Oh, that’s sensational,” Penny replied. “I asked because you are deviating from your normal call schedule. Both in date as well as time.”

This wouldn’t have made much sense for some people, but Ciel was the most orderly and regimented person Penny knew. It was part of the reason the other woman enjoyed being in the army so much.

“I apologize for worrying you, ma’am,” Ciel replied. “I thought I should inform you; my contract is up, and I am not renewing it.”

"You mean you're retiring?” Penny asked.

"Yes, ma'am,” Ciel replied.

"But why would you do that?” Penny asked. “I was always given the impression you loved being in the military.” The pair lapsed into silence. “. . . Did something happen?”

“Yes!” Ciel said. Another awkward pause elapsed. “I apologize, ma’am.”
"It's forgiven," Penny said, blinking. She was still trying to wrap her head around the idea that Ciel would actually yell at her a (former) superior officer. "Would you like to talk about it?" Penny asked.

"I . . . I do not think this is a conversation to be had over the phone, ma'am," Ciel said.

"That is probably true," Penny said. Ciel had hesitated—another first for her. "Would you like to come visit me after you are discharged?"

"I would enjoy that, ma'am," her friend said. "Good night, ma'am."

She hung up, leaving Penny holding her phone. She contemplated calling Sun or maybe one of her other friends or co-workers for advice—certainly Jaune or Coco would knew how to deal with people going through an crisis—but then she remembered it was still in the early morning. They might not be in the best mood to advise her at present.

Two weeks later, Penny opened her door to greet her old friend. The first thing amputee veteran did when she saw Ciel was wrap her arms around her friend. “My condolences, Friend Ciel,” she said.

Ciel stiffened in her arms. “. . . Appreciated, ma'am,” Ciel said. She looked down. “I presume you contacted someone in the service?"

Penny nodded. “I did. Luitenent Colonel Cordovan felt giving me early access to the after-action report was sufficient to repay the debt she felt she owed me.”

"Ma'am!” Ciel cried. “It wasn’t . . . I’m not . . . you didn’t need to use such an asset to investigate me.”

"Nonsense,” Penny said. “You are my comrade and my friend, and you are a former subordinate; your well-being is my responsibility.”

"I . . . thank you, ma'am," Ciel admitted.

"You are welcome. Now let us sit down." So saying, Penny led her former subordinate to the breakfast bar and a set of stools. Ciel still sat straight, as though the pair were still in the army, and she was worried a superior might come by at any moment. Penny simply hailed her prosthetic leg up onto the foot-rest and was satisfied. She offered her guest coffee and cookies. The pastries were store-bought (Penny was a mediocre chef at best), but Ciel accepted them and began nibbling on one. Penny took the opportunity to examine her friend. Ciel’s dark hair was still pulled back into a tight bun. She was dressed in a plain white shirt and blue jeans, which Penny noted did little to highlight her figure, but the colors looked good with her friend's dark skin and brought out the blue in her eyes. The redhead had noticed she paid more attention to such things since she had begun working for Coco and Velvet.

After a while, Penny spoke again. She spoke slowly, not certain what she was saying was the right or if she was saying it properly, but she believed it was the right choice. “I understand that speaking about your problems can help you deal with them. Do you wish to speak about your experiences?"

“. . . I do not know if it will help,” Ciel admitted. Sucking her breath in, she admitted. “It was my first command, and . . .” She trailed off, then snapped her eyes shut. Gritting her teeth, she sucked in her breath. "Pull up!" she hissed. "Pull up! Pull up! Pull—"
Penny lunged forward and grabbed her in a hug. "It's all right, Ciel! You are on the ground! You are on the ground! You are on the ground!"

Ciel was very still for a few minutes. Then, she swallowed and gently pushed Penny back. "Thank you, ma'am. I appreciate it."

"It was no problem," Penny said, backing up. Looking behind her, she saw that her stool had fallen over with her lunge. She picked it up and resettled in it, thinking back to her own traumatic experience. At least it was only physical trauma, she thought. She couldn't actually remember being shot down; her last memory was being in the air, and then she vaguely remembered waking up after the crash. The emotional pain came from the knowledge that she had crashed and had been permanently scarred and crippled. The redhead veteran now wondered if she was unqualified to help her friend.

"Where were we?" Ciel asked. "Before my . . . episode?"

"You said it was your first command," Penny said. Trying to be helpful, she added, "The report cleared you of all responsibility."

"That is true, and I know I am being illogical," Ciel admitted. "But . . . I cannot stop myself from wondering if I could have done anything to save them . . . Some of the squad had children. One was barely an adult."

Penny hugged her tighter. "I have also lost men under my command. It is . . . never easy. Did you speak with a therapist?"

Ciel sighed. "I had to as part of my recovery. You know the rest, ma'am."

Penny nodded. "You were given medical leave to seek help for your post-traumatic stress disorder. Why did you instead choose to leave?"

Ciel looked away. "I . . . I know myself too well, ma’am. I cannot fix my problems in a timely manner. At this point, I am a liability rather than an asset."

Penny frowned, but said nothing. She wasn't certain she wouldn't have made the same choice if their situations were reversed. "Are you seeking therapy now? I have found it to be very helpful."

Ciel nodded. "Veterans' Affairs has provided someone."

"Sensational," Penny said, without her usual enthusiasm. Looking across from her, her best friend and former subordinate looked so dejected. She was doing a good job of hiding it (no one could do a better poker-face than Ciel Soleil), but not even a machine could hide all the pain they were going through. It brought back to mind how Penny herself had felt after she had been discharged. She had felt so lost and filled with self-doubt about herself and . . .

"Friend Ciel," she started. "Do you know what I have been doing lately . . . ?"

"Are you sure about this?" Sun asked. He'd done some weird things in his past relationships, but this was a new one.

"Most certainly," Penny said. The pair were sitting at the table of Sun's apartment. The Monkey Faunus had offered to cook dinner for them both, and Penny had been pleasantly surprised to discover that her boyfriend was a competent chef. At least, he could make chicken alfredo, toss a Caesar salad, and heat up breadsticks to her satisfaction. Setting down her wine glass, she asked,
"Is there something wrong? Do you not find Ciel attractive?"

"What?" Sun asked. "No; she's great. At least, she looks great." He took a quick swig of his own liquor, hoping to buy time to think or at least loosen up his tongue. "What I mean is . . . well, it's just, weird, that you're asking me to have sex with her."

"She is in a similar situation to the one I was in when I was discharged," Penny explained. " . . . You made me feel pleasure, but more importantly you made me feel desirable at a time when I doubted anyone would ever see me as such. Ciel is not scarred as I am, but she is dealing with doubts of her self-worth. I hope you can do the same for her."

Sun blushed. He could talk about having sex on camera all day, but someone praising him for being a good person . . . ? That was a little much.

Unable to think of any other way to say what he was thinking, he grinned. "You know, most women think it's pretty awful for their boyfriends to sleep with their best friends."

Penny blinked at him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I was under the impression that American Faunus are less concerned about such practices."

"Most aren't. Some are," Sun said. "But you're Human. It is an issue, for you, isn't it?"

"That seems very strange given our profession," Penny remarked.

"Yeah, but Ciel isn't a pornstar, at least not yet," Sun pointed out. "And you knew her before all this." He scratched the back of his head. "Honestly, it feels different."

"Oh," Penny said. "As I said, I wanted to make Ciel feel good about herself again, but I did not want to make you feel uncomfortable with yourself or our relationship."

"It's OK," Sun said. "I get it."

The two were silent for a moment. Then, Penny said. "All I can say is that I have faith in you, myself, and our relationship; I do not believe your having sex with Ciel will change anything for us. If you do not feel the same or if she does not interest you as a partner, then I will let it go."

". . . Ah, what the heck," Sun said. Downing another mouthful of wine, he added, "I'll do it."

Two days later, Sun and his girlfriend's best friend were sitting and standing in the guest room of Coco and Velvet's house. Penny had convinced the pair to give her friend a chance. The other women had agreed, but on the condition that Ciel use a pseudonym.

Ciel was dressed in a white t-shirt with blue shorts. Sun was dressed in his normal open shirt and jean shorts ensemble. They were portraying a couple who'd been out on a date and were coming back to Ciel's room to "seal the deal."

"You sure about this?" Sun asked. He was leaning against the wall, trying to look as non-threatening as possible. (Velvet decided to send a picture to Penny later; it was so awkward that it might be the most adorable thing she'd ever seen). He wasn't reading from the script; he was giving Ciel one last chance to back out before they did anything they might regret. He would stop if she said the safe-word, of course, but the thought of any partner of his having to resort to using a safe-word made him . . . uncomfortable.

Unfortunately he couldn't be certain his current partner hadn't missed his meaning entirely. Sitting
on the bed, the woman facing him presumed gave him the best poker-face he'd ever seen. "Of course," she said. "I would not have asked you to sleep with me if I was unsure of my desires."

The Monkey Faunus racked his brain to try to come up with another way to rephrase the question, but before he could answer, she had already stood up and was walking towards him.

Ciel didn't kiss Sun, as most of his partners had done to open their scenes. Instead, she knelt before him, opened his shorts, and pulled his boxers down, freeing his partially erect dick. Without bothering to remove her own clothes, she leaned in and began blowing him. She paused, letting go of his manhood and pulled her top up over her head, revealing her bare breasts. Then, she leaned back in and continued. Her right hand, the one furthest from the camera jacked his shaft then moved down and massaged his balls. Sun was going nuts; was Ciel really new to this? Not only was she genuinely skilled at stopped sucking him and removed his rod from her mouth. Holding it straight up in her hand and tilting her head to the side, she planted kisses up and down his shaft, her tongue sneaking out to lap it. She moved down and took one of his testes into her mouth, sucking it gently. Sun groaned in response, then moaned again as she moved to the other ball and repeated the process. He almost came under her ministrations—and she was only using her mouth and one hand!

Perhaps sensing her partner was close, Ciel backed off. She let go of his cock and stood up. Without preamble, she stripped out of her shorts and underwear. Sun didn't get a good look at her panties, but the sight before him was worth an exchange. She stood nude and let the camera observe her body. She didn't pose or tease or anything. She just stood there, allowing herself to be admired. Ciel was approximately Penny's height standing up. Her long legs and arms were lean with sturdy muscles hidden by coffee-colored skin that shone under the lighting. Her stomach was flat and strong-looking. She had perky breasts of above-average size and topped with chocolate-colored nipples. Between her thighs was a landing strip of dark curls.

She turned around, showing off her toned ass and walked over to the side of the bed. She climbed on and lay down across the mattress. She instinctively pulled up her knees and spread her legs. Sun swallowed at the sight. He wondered what Penny would look like if she hadn't been shot down? He shook his head, eliminating the thought. After all, if Penny hadn't been shot down, he never would have met her. He followed Ciel's path to the bed and stopped in front of her, standing off the bed. Leaning down, he grasped her waist and pulled her towards him. Kneeling down on the floor, Sun buried his face into her crotch. He dragged his tongue up her slit, over her pubes, her swollen lips, her hooded clit.

Ciel reached down and grasped his erection in her hand and aimed it at her pussy. Sun rocked his hips forward, sheathing himself inside her. So warm, so wet, so tight, he thought. He thrust in and out, alternated between fast strokes, and long, slow strokes, then fast again, then pulling almost entirely out to slam back into her.

Sun held onto her waist, watching as her breasts rocked on her chest. He reached up and grabbed one, squeezing it, but it was easier to fuck her with both hands than with one, so when he sped his thrusts up again, he returned the hand to her side. Ciel took over, reaching up and squeezing her own breasts. She also continued swearing.

"FUCK! Give it to me you FUCKING bastard! YES! OH YES! That's so gooood~" Despite her reserved demeanor, Ciel was quite vocal when it came to sex. Even more so than Yang. "Yeah! Pound that pussy!"

Sun saw Coco give the signal to change positions and stopped. He slipped his arm under Ciel's leg and lifted up (time to try an idea he'd gotten from Fox and Blake's first time). Now, she lay on her
side, facing the camera, showing off her body to the unseen audience. One leg was up, held against
his chest while the other was dangling between his knees, his body flush against hers. Now he had
to move back out before slamming back into her. Ciel screamed even more encouragement.
"YEAH! Let me have it! Let me have it!" Sun banged her at a steady pace, but he also took
advantage of their new physical closeness. Holding onto her leg with one hand, he reached down
with the other and slapped her butt. "Yeah! Spank my ass! Spank it hard!" Sun smiled
mischievously, before squeezing one cheek and lifting it, allowing his tail to snake through the
crack. He teased her puckered hole with the tip, drawing another "Yeah, baby!" from her.
Releasing her butt, Sun wrapped his arm around her leg again and focused on banging her cunt
while teasing her ass with his tail for a few moments. Ciel, meanwhile, reached down and ground
her fingers against her clt. Sun leaned his body down over hers, the new angle drawing even more
cries from her. He had to let go of her leg to use his hands to steady himself, but at this point it
wasn't needed. Sun shifted his weight to one hand and used the other to reach out and grope her
breast, while his tail continued to rub and twist against her asshole.

Ciel screamed as she came. Sun paused and let her ride it out before straightening back up
and lowering her leg and returning her to missionary position withdrawing from her. He pushed her
back towards the middle of the bed and climbed onto it. Gripping her ankles, he spread her
legs out as wide as they would go. Thrusting back into her, Sun resumed roughly fucking her. Ciel
continued to scream her expletive-filled encouragement.

"Yeah! Come on! Come ON! Give it to me! Give me your dick!"

The two maneuvered into doggy-style. As soon as he had slipped back inside of her, Ciel began
rocking her butt against his pelvis. Sun tangled his hand into her hair, pulling her head up. His tail
moved from her ass to tease her clit. He grasped her breasts, held her in place as he thrust in and
out of her. "Yeah, that's it! Squeeze my tits! Squeeze them good and hard! FUCK! I'm going to
come again! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Each of her expletives, was punctuated by a slap of her
buttocks against his groin. Sun gritted his teeth; he had to still himself, let her do the work, or he'd
go off inside her, and that was against their agreement.

"FUCK!" she screamed as she slammed against him and held herself there, her walls clenching
around his member. His tail kept working her clit, and his hands squeezed her breasts even harder
as he tried to keep from coming while she rode out her orgasm. Thankfully, once she had, she was
eager to return the favor. Ciel crawled forward off his member—earning a moan from the now
hyper-aroused Sun—and turned around. Kneeling before him again, she wrapped her mouth
around his dick and resumed sucking him off, not seeming to mind the taste of her own juices that
now coated her toy. She didn't have to work very long. Groaning, Sun pulled himself out; Ciel's
hand shot out and grasped his wet shaft, jerking him off. He erupted all over face, a little even
getting in her open mouth.

Sun's knees buckled under him. He was able to control himself enough to slow himself, but he
couldn't stay standing. He sort-of collapsed into a sitting position at the side of the bed, panting
hard. "Sun! You OK?" Fox asked. He must've heard the noise Sun had made settling onto the
carpet. The Monkey Faunus looked up and saw that Velvet and Coco had rushed over to his side
and were looking on, expectantly. Even Ciel seemed concerned.

He chuckled. "Yeah. I'm good. I just . . . whoo! That was something. Talk about a rush."

Ciel smiled. "You should ask Penny what flying an attack helicopter is like. That is a rush."

“Did you enjoy it?” Penny asked.
"Yeah," Sun said. He was lying in his bed in his underwear. Hours later, and he was still exhausted. "It was . . . nice. She was nice."

"That's good," Penny replied. "I know she can do things that I can't."

"What! No, she can't!" Sun said immediately.

Penny giggled. "That is a very kind thing for you to say, Sun, but you do know she has two legs, and I do not."

"Well, yeah, I guess," Sun admitted. "But, that doesn't matter. Penny, you're . . . you're gorgeous. I mean, really, really, beautiful. And, you're hot."

"I am?" Penny asked. "You like my scars?"

"Oh, yeah," Sun whispered. "I love them. I love tracing them, stroking them, licking them . . ."

On the other end of the line, Penny made a sound he didn't often hear from her. "Sun . . . are you . . . touching yourself?"

"What?" he asked. "No!"

"You should be," she said.

Sun blinked. Then, he reached down and tugged down his boxers, the only clothes he wore to bed. On the other end of the phone, he heard Penny messing around with her clothes. His cock was limp. He gently began stroking himself. "I am now," he said.

"That is excellent. Now, what were you saying about my scars?"

"I love them," Sun said. "I love running my hands over them, the feeling of smooth skin turning rough then smooth again. Your skin is like you, soft and tough at the same time. I love kissing the scars on your face; you're this big, strong army lady, but you giggle like a school girl when I do that. I run my hand over your arm and feel the muscle you still have there. Those scars seem to fit it perfectly, when I touch them I think they belong together. Then I slip my hand into yours, and your grip is so delicate, like you're afraid you'll break my hand if you grip too hard—and to be honest, I am sometimes, too."

"I know I shouldn't have to be careful," Penny said. "Your hands are strong, too. I enjoy how I do not have to be as careful with you as I would have thought I had to be with a civilian." Her voice was thicker than normal. In his mind's eye, he saw her naked, lying on her bed as he was, touching her sex. His cock wasn't limp anymore. Nor was he so tired.

"I love the scars on your breast," he said, his own voice husky now. "I love running my thumb over them, over your nipple. I love using my tongue even more."

"I like your chest as well," Penny said. In his mind, Sun saw one of her hands had moved up to cup her scarred breast. He imagined she was doing as he described, rubbing her hard nub. "I like the feel of all that hard muscle. I like the way you shudder when I like your nipples."

Sun shudders then and there, imagining her doing just that. "I'm amazed by the scars on your stomach. I can't believe anyone could survive all that, but you did. You did, and . . . you're the strongest woman I've ever seen"

"I like the way your abdominal muscles feel," Penny said. "They're so hard and well defined."
They make me think of a sculpture, but you're not a sculpture; you're a man."

"I love your pussy," Sun said. I love licking it, rubbing your clit. I love sticking my fingers in you."

"I, I like when you do that too," Penny admitted. "I like your cock. I enjoy stroking it as well as licking it and taking it into my mouth."

“I love it when I go into you,” Sun said. “I love it when you wrap your leg around my waist or my leg. I love it when you ride me.

They both cried into their phones. Sun exploded in his own hand, semen shooting out and landing on his stomach. Penny, he was sure, must have squirted. He imagined her arching her back as she buried her fingers in her pussy. The two say in their respective beds, panting. “. . . Penny . . .” Sun said.

”. . . Yes?” She asked.

"I . . .” Sun blushed and paused. “Can I see you tomorrow? There’s something we need to talk about.”

". . . All right," Penny replied.

Chapter End Notes

And, now we have our first instance of phone sex. Plus, a near-confession from two of our other lovebirds.

That bit about Faunus having a different take on sexual relations compared to humans was basically out of a desire to give more meaning to the fact that Faunus are a thing in this otherwise ordinary world. I know this story is just an excuse to write sex scenes, but I couldn't help but do a little world-building.

Never guessed Ciel would be so vocal during sex, did you? I figured I've written enough "quiet" women. It was time for a screamer.

Thanks to Blackvee for giving me the idea for this scenario. Maybe not the exact layout, but the idea of one of Penny’s war buddies joining the cast. Yeesh, between her and Penny, whatever unit they were in seems cursed.
Ruby and Weiss III & Coco and Velvet II

Chapter Notes

Anyone think we've had too many hetero lemons lately? Well, here's two lesbian love scenes to fix that!

Special thanks to Radaslab, author of "The Harem War" on Fanfiction which inspired the first scene. Another special thank you to ChatRWBYlette for . . . you'll see.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ruby and Weiss shared a secret kink, one they were somewhat reluctant to share with their friends. It wasn't that they were ashamed of it, exactly. It was their's, something for themselves and each other.

They liked watching each other.

It had begun in their early days as a couple. Ruby hadn’t been willing to violate the prohibition against pre-marital sex she’d been raised with, not only because of theological reasons but her own shyness. Even the idea of pleasuring herself in front of another person had been almost too much for her, but that had made the idea all the more attractive: it add her feel daring and naughty, and the way Weiss had looked at her as she did so . . . That was its own reward.

Weiss hadn’t been a virgin when she’d begun dating Ruby. She’d had a few hook-ups in high school and college, but those had always been purely physical affairs—scratching an itch (and silently rebelling against her controlling father)—quickly put behind her as soon as they were concluded. Ruby had been the first person she’d wanted to make love to, and it had scared her witless. So, the idea of a taking it slow, of sharing this cautious intimacy first before truly becoming one with her love was an appealing compromise, and the sight of a blushing Ruby showing her exactly what she wanted Weiss to do to her on their wedding night was even more so.

So, even though they preferred to touch each other, they still sometimes re-enacted their first night together. This had remained their dirty, kinky little secret, but working as pornstars had opened them up to new ideas. And, so they tentatively agreed to invite Coco and Velvet to record them in their private moment, albeit with the understanding that the video would remain with them until and unless the couple agreed to it. Coco had instantly agreed, partly for the sake or watching the show and partly out of the hope that she could convince them later to let her sell the recording.

Since it wasn't a proper video (yet) there was no interview; the film opened immediately prior to the action. The two young women stripped off their clothes in each other's presence. It wasn't a slow, teasing affair; they had walked into the room in ordinary clothes and were now taking them off efficiently, eagerly even. One might even venture to guess the two were excited to show off this part of their love life. Once they were both naked, they lay down on the bed together, reclining against the pillows. Ruby was on the left and Weiss on the right. Serendipitously, the two preferred opposite hands for pleasing themselves. The nude women cuddled as close as possible; not satisfied with being shoulder-to-shoulder, the two wrapped their free hands around each other, pulling each other as close as they could. They kissed each other quickly, like schoolgirls kissing their first crushes rather than grown women kissing their spouses of years. They even giggled at the smooch.
Content with their closeness, the two began to play with their breasts using their free hands, watching each other as they did so. Weiss pinched her nipple as she watched her wife knead her own larger tit. Ruby moaned, but it turned into another giggle. "Weiss, you know I love your breasts, don't you?"

Weiss frowned. "Yes, you've said that. I still—sssss" she hissed as she twisted her peak, "think it's unfair mine are so small. All the, all the women in my family are tall and buxom, except me."

"Mmmmmmm," Ruby said, her eyes glued to Weiss' chest as she continued to grope herself. "And I still think anything I can't fit in my mouth or my hand is wasted."

Weiss let go of her nipple to pinch the other one. "I like how big yours are, even if I can't fit them in my mouth."

Ruby looked up from her wife's breasts to look her in the eye. "Guess we're just lucky we match each other's tastes, huh?"

"Dolt," Weiss hissed, tugging and twisting her bud particularly hard.

"Your dolt," Ruby said, pecking her wife's cheek.

Almost as one, the pair's hands moved lower. Their legs parted; Ruby slid her thigh on top of Weiss'. "Hey," the white-haired woman whined. She didn't say anything else though, just reached down between her legs to her mound. She began rubbing up and down over her clit. Ruby meanwhile was rubbing her labia in a circular motion. They continued this way for a moment, Ruby moaning and Weiss letting out her occasional hisses. Then, Ruby leaned over and kissed her wife on the lips, while her right hand reached up and grasped Weiss' breast.

"Ruby!" The name came out through the kiss. Weiss' fingers went lower, entering her passage.

"I told you I love your breasts," Ruby pulled back enough to mumble. "Just the way they are."

"Dunce," Weiss growled. "I like yours too." With that, she reached up and returned the favor, gripping Ruby's boob in her hand while firmly kissing her love. Ruby moaned and switched her motions to rubbing up and down her slit. The two continued kissing and groping each other as they played with themselves.

"OOOOOOHHHHHHH!" Ruby said as her movements became faster. "I love you, Weiss! I love you. I love you. I love you."

"I love you too—uh!" Weiss gritted.

Ruby arched her back, crying a single, strangled sound while Weiss threw her head back groaning. The pair came hard, their orgasms crashing over them like express trains. They collapsed into a puddle of shared pleasure, minds half-wiped over the experience. This time, however, it was Weiss who leaned in and started planting soft kisses on her wife's lips. Ruby smiled and returned the gesture. "Love you," she whispered, rolling onto her side.

"I know," Weiss replied, rolling likewise. Their arms came around each other, heedless of where they'd just been. Ruby tucked her head under Weiss' chin. The two were asleep, or to wrapped up in each other to be concerned about the rest of the world. The crew quietly packed up and walked out.

Last to leave was Coco. She hung back, watching the pair, thinking about a certain woman in her own life and what she wanted to do for her.
Coco and Velvet fumbled into their bedroom, kissing and cuddling. Both were feeling in the mood to make love that night. Despite their occupation, they actually didn’t engage in intercourse very often, preferring rarer moments of greater passion. So, it was a surprise when the ex-model pushed her favorite camera girl away and went over to the dresser to begin messing with her purse.

Velvet giggled. “Coco, what are you doing?”

Coco grinned at her. “Just setting up your anniversary present.”

Velvet smiled. “Dinner wasn’t my present?” The couple had just returned home from their favorite restaurant. They were still dressed up. Velvet was wearing a white blouse and a dark skirt combination. A simple, gold pendant with an emerald hung from her neck, and she had topped the outfit off with a pair of low, strappy heels. Unsurprisingly, Coco had put much more time and effort into her wardrobe: she was wearing a brown cocktail dress that clung to her like a second skin. Rather than showing huge amounts of the skin of her torso (although the dress did leave her neck and shoulders bare and stopped only halfway down her thighs) it clung to and outlined her curves in stark relief. It was both concealing and revealing—the perfect piece of tantalization.

In the time since they’d become a couple, Coco had become more varied in her choice of accessories. Gone was her trademark beret and aviators combo. Instead, she’d gone to dinner wearing a think black scarf for a touch of modesty (that had gotten lost at some point since returning home) and a thin pair of champagne-tinted lenses that she’d taken off as soon as she’d started making out with her girlfriend. Tiny bracelet-bandoüieres of brass bullets clinked across one of her wrist, and she wore a pair of tall, brown stilettos that Velvet couldn’t even dreaming of trying to stand let alone walk in.

The human woman smirked. "Dinner was the first half. This is the second. I got the idea from Ruby and Weiss."

"Oh?"

Coco pulled her phone out of her purse and hit a few commands on the screen. A smooth jazz number came on. Coco began to shake her hips in time with the music. She placed her hands on opposite thighs. Slowly, sensuously, she dragged them up and over her skin—up her thighs to the hem of her dress. The hem caught at the edges of her hands; the brunette dragged it further up her legs by a few inches before letting it fall back down again. Her hands continued their languid journey. Up her hips, they crossed over her stomach them under her breasts. Coco cupped them, lifting her bosom up, threatening to spill out of the garment. Then, the flesh and cloth slipped through her palms; skin touched skin as Coco’s hands ran over the tops of her boobs, over her collarbone, her neck, her cheeks, into her hair.

With a lazy sweep of her leg, she turned around. Her dress clung tight to her back, and even tighter to her rear end. The Human swung her hips from side to side like a metronome. Velvet stared at the sight. There wasn’t a single panty line to be seen; was Coco wearing any panties, she wondered?

Her girlfriend seemed to predict her question. With a single finger, the Human lifted the side of her skirt higher up her thigh. Velvet whimpered as Coco slid her dress upwards inch by teasing inch. The skirt slid up Coco’s toned, creamy thighs, higher and higher, until it revealed a naked, pale cheek. Coco froze for a moment, letting her lover stare at her revealed flesh. The ex-model looked over her shoulder and smirked. The Rabbit Faunus blushed.

Coco grinned wider and dropped the fabric. She turned around again, still shaking her hips once more. Reaching up under her left arm, she took the zipper in hand. Slowly, she drew it down,
down her body. It came down to her hip; Coco brought her hands down and wiggled out of the rest. Velvet was left with a tough choice: where to look. Should her eyes focus on her girlfriend’s shaking hips or on her now exposed, bare breasts? The dress fell to the floor revealing that Coco had indeed been wearing underwear. Rather, she was wearing a tiny little black thong that was so small and tight against her mound, that if Coco's hair was darker, it would have looked like her bush. Coco stepped out of the fallen dress, still in her heels. Grinning, she turned around again; the thong was a G-string. It’s straps disappeared between her buttocks. She bent over against the dresser, and Velvet once more forgot to breathe.

Coco ran her hands up her body again. Up her bare thighs, her toned stomach, cupping her breasts in her hands. Coco squeezed her breasts for the camera. She bounced them up and down. She grasped them with splayed fingers, letting her cherry-red bumps peek between them. Velvet couldn’t help but pick up on how Coco ran the tips of her fingers over her nipples as she did.

“Hhhnn…” Coco moaned. No longer caring about a proper pose, she bent at the waist and pinched her nipples between her fingers. “I… I always wanted to do that in front of a camera…” she panted between breaths.

Velvet swallowed ”... You could charge whatever you wanted for it.”

“Hmmm, maybe we should have our own photoshoot sometime,” the ex-model mused.

“But, you you’re not done yet,” Velvet cried. She pointed her camera downwards, to Coco’s black thong.

“You beast,” Coco said. She was grinning widely, however; Velvet wasn't often so demanding when it came to sex. Pinching the waistband (or rather waist-string of) her panties, she pulled it out and waved it up and down. “You want this?” Her lover could only nod mutely. Coco's grin morphed into a satisfied smile. She bent over again, sweeping her panties to the floor before straightening up.

"Wow," Velvet whispered. She had seen Coco naked before, but it had been awhile. Actually, she hadn't seen her lover this way in weeks—not since she had undergone her recent surgery. Coco’s pale mound was mostly shaven, aside from a thin line of brown hair pointing to her delicate lips. And between them was a silver stud. The Rabbit-eared Faunus giggled. Coco frowned at that until her girlfriend whispered "Sexy."

The former model grinned. "I thought you might like it," she said, looking down. She couldn't actually see the stainless steel stud in her labium, but she had seen it in the mirror, and she knew it looked good. Still, it was always nice to see her lover thought the same way.

“What’s it like? Have you experimented with it?” Velvet asked. "Does it make you more... you know?”

“Yeah,” Coco said. She grinned wickedly. “I have, and it definitively does. Especially when I do this.” She ran her finger up and down her slit, soaking her piercing in her own wetness. She flicked the metal stud and gasped, her hips jerking violently.

“Oh…” Velvet said as she leaned forward. Her thighs began to rub together of their own accord.

She spent a few moments wishing she had her camera as she watched Coco sweep her finger back and forth over her nub, coming closer and closer to her edge. By the time her Human love released a shuddering cry—along with releasing her orgasm—Velvet had stopped thinking about anything else but the show in front of her.
“I . . .” Coco panted, “am going to remember that one . . . as the hardest . . . I’ve ever come.”

"Yeah . . .” Velvet said. She was panting too and rubbing her thighs harder than before. “I believe that—wait, you me I never . . . ?”

Coco laughed. "You always make me feel good, Bun-Bun, but that was the best I've ever had on my own."

"Oh." Velvet blushed at that (well, blushed more). "That's all right, I guess."

Her lover grinned smugly. Then she frowned. “But you haven’t come yet,” she said, her gaze dropping to Velvet's moving thighs. “This show was supposed to be for you.”

". . . Oops,” Velvet said, “I guess you’re just too distracting.”

"We’ll, let me make things up to you.” Coco’s frown morphed into a grin. Pushing herself back into her feet, not even wobbling in her shoes, she walked to the bed. She half-sat, half-collapsed bedside her lover. Her hands reached out and tugged the blouse out of the waistline of her skirt. She started at the bottom, unbuttoning the top. The bra she revealed was white, but elegant with an all but invisible ivy pattern embroidered into it.

Her hands were gentle—unbelievably gentle to everyone but Velvet who had seen and felt her this way before—as she pushed the blouse off her shoulders. The human leaned in and kissed Velvet’s cheek, then the other. She leaned down and kissed her beloved’s collarbone, a line of kisses from left to right, removing the bra-straps as she did so. Velvet shuddered under her mouth but remained still. Coco bent down and kissed the tops of her breasts.

Velvet moaned a little. She was shivering now, her hands stiffening on the bed; she needed them to hold herself up. Coco’s lips went down further to the mounds, to the edges of the bra, and her own hands came into play, squeezing the cups. Velvet moaned again.

Coco dropped her hands and undid the clip in the front of Velvet’s bra. It opened like a book, like a doorway, revealing her breasts. Coco cupped those breasts again, her thumbs coming up to rub her nipples. Slowly, she leaned in and kissed her beloved’s breasts again. Then she opened her mouth and took one peak inside it.

The long-eared woman couldn’t help herself then; her arms came up and wrapped themselves around Coco’s shoulders, embracing her. She let out a choked cry as Coco sucked the nipple hard while squeezing her breast. Her tongue lapped at the small pink peak. Pulling back, Coco switched to the other one, kissing, sucking, and licking the breast.

Coco pulled back and undid the button on her lover’s skirt. “Velvet,” she said. “I need you to give me a little help here.”

Velvet let go of her lover and stood up. Her hands were shaken as she slid off the skirt. Underneath it, she wore a pair of panties to match the bra, but Coco didn’t get much time to admire them. Velvet pulled them down to. She stepped out of them and moved to sit back down, but Coco stopped her.

Rising, the human held her loosely by the waist and kissed her lips. It wasn’t a chaste kiss, not a passionate one. It was soft and warm and said “I love you” without a word.

The Human led her shaking Faunus girlfriend to the side of the bed and helped her lie down. Coco climbed on top of Velvet and kissed her more deeply. She drew back and moved down kneeling between her legs. Spreading Velvet’s thighs, She paused, looking up and down her beloved’s body
she took in the sight of Velvet’s long ears, her long hair framing her face and neck like a brown halo, her pale skin, her large breasts with their erect nipples, her muscles thighs, and the trimmed hair of her womanhood above swollen lips. And Coco laughed.

"Fuck me . . . You are so beautiful!" Velvet blushed and looked away, as though she didn’t believe her lover’s compliment. Coco leaned down and kissed her pussy. She rubbed Velvet’s labia as she extended her tongue and began lapping at her lover’s clit.

"OH! CO-CO!" Velvet gasped. Her beloved smiled, looking over her body at her while thrusting her middle and ring fingers into her lover's snatch. Looking up over the Faunus' body, she smiled at the sight. Velvet's eyes were crossed, and she was panting. "Oh please! Oh, please. Oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please . . ." Coco began thrusting faster and faster while latching her whole mouth down on Velvet's pearl. The Rabbit-eared woman threw her head back, crying out an inarticulate cry "Aaaaauuuuuuggghhhhhhhhhhh . . .!" Her voice cut off, but her pelvis thrust up to Coco's mouth and fingers, and the human woman felt her beloved's tunnel convulsing around her digits. As Velvet collapsed against the bed, Coco withdrew her fingers from her and licked them clean.

Velvet was helpless to do anything but watch and pant. When she was able to form words again, all she could say was "Wow . . ."

Coco smirked. "Wow, indeed."

"Did you just . . . compliment yourself?"

Shaking her head, the former model replied, “I'm only as good as I am because I've got an audience worth performing for."

Velvet blushed. "I'm not that special."

"Yes, you are," Coco said, leaning down to kiss her gently. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Velvet. You're my heart, my conscience. You bring out the best parts of me, and you make me want to fix the worst parts."

Her blush and smile fading, Velvet turned serious. "I've never asked you to change for me," the Faunus said.

Coco smiled and lay down beside her, wrapping the four-eared woman in a gentle embrace. "I know, but you make me want to change without even trying. You make me want to be someone who deserves you."

“I’m not that special,” Velvet repeated. “But I know you feel that way about yourself too, and Coco, you mean the same to me. You took me in when I was just a nameless camera jockey. You believed in me, and you gave me a home. I don’t just mean this house. You gave me a job and friends and security and love. So much love. You make me feel special in a way no one else ever has, and I wish there was a way I could give you back everything you’ve given me.” Velvet sat up and shambled off the bed. Bending down at the bedside table, she pulled open a drawer.

“What you looking for, love?” Coco asked. Velvet wasn’t the type to keep sex toys in her table; that was more Coco's thing.

“My present for you,” Velvet said.

"Oh?" Coco asked, sitting up. She watched Velvet hesitate over the drawer. “I’m sure I’ll love it,” she said.
Velvet blushed. “I hope so, but I was mostly thinking how to do this.” Shaky, she climbed out the bed and knelt on the ground. It was a pretty attractive view—Coco thought in the back of her mind—Velvet looking up at her with such expressive eyes from the submissive pose. Then she saw the small black box in her girlfriend’s hand.

"Coco Adel,” Velvet said, opening the box, “Will you do me the honor of being my wife?”

Chapter End Notes

Apologies to ChatRWBYlette for stealing Coco's outfit and "scene" from her story "Say Cheesecake!" the fic that inspired this whole mess. I hope you at least found my theft for a worthwhile cause.

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