Sense of Semblance
by sandstormhero

Summary

In the early days of Beacon Academy Jaune Arc awakens his semblance seemingly by chance. Gifted with the power to stop time itself, rather than grow to become the hero he dreamed to be, he finds his attention being drawn to other, more pleasurable pursuits. Save the world and live up to his family name? Yea, sure, whatever. But let’s see if it can get him a girlfriend first. Or six.
A/N: Hello, just wanted to say hey to anyone new to my stories. And welcome. This will be my first attempt at a RWBY fanfiction, though I have been a fan of the series for quite some time. Being the first chapter, this will mostly be about setting the tone and motivations for Jaune, the protagonist. Hopefully, you can get a taste for my style of writing, and enjoy it enough to sign on for more.

And for those of you who do know me... well, he-he, enjoy. You know why you’re here.

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Chapter 1 - Semblance

Beacon weather shone pleasantly in the afternoon. The sun overhead was as bright as the future of its students casting a comfortable warmth through the air, trees in the distance waved in the force of a gentle breeze, and nearby, the soft sounds of birds could be heard whistling to their own songs. Unfortunately, all of this positive energy was subdued by the incoming fist aimed directly for one Jaune Arc’s face.

He stared at Cardin, owner of said fist, in open shock. More so, the blond haired boy couldn’t help but look at everything around him in a disarmed expression. And that was because of one tiny, itty-bitty, detail.

The breeze, the birds, the trees, and, most importantly, the fist were all standing stock still, while shrouded in an eerie silence cast upon the world. It was strange, so alien that Jaune’s instincts screamed at him that such an emptiness shouldn’t be possible. Yet, all he could do was stand there, mouth agape while he tried to understand what had happened.

The day had unraveled like every other afternoon since he’d joined the prestigious school of Beacon. Classes had just ended leaving most students to work on homework, their training, or to simply enjoy the good weather that seemed to perpetually shine down on their illustrious academy. Jaune, in particular, had been indulging in his most frequent pass time as of late; hiding from team CRDL.

Unsuccessful, obviously. The penalty for, and to quote, “having a stupid face,” was deemed to be a hearty and brain damaging fist to the offending area. It wasn’t exactly the first time Jaune had been forced to pay for that certain crime. Although, usually he didn’t start hallucinating until after the blinding pain and crunch of his nose.

Flinching back to protect his most treasured feature, Jaune had waited for what seemed like an eternity for the punch that would never come. It was only after his ears picked up the eerie silence that now permeated his world that he’d been brave enough to peek. And even then, the sight of Cardin’s fist not five inches from his face was enough to send the blond reeling for a time.

However, understanding that he was no longer in any danger, Jaune had the chance to observe this new reality - confusion so profound that his mind couldn’t even begin to form the questions to ask replacing the fear.
“C-Cardin? Buddy?” Letting out a meek laugh, the thin boy stared at his tormentor, looking for any signs of change in his expression. Frozen in a mask of sadistic glee, it looked as though he’d been stopped at the peak of his triumph. Otherwise, Jaune couldn’t find any answers in his statuesque posture.

Around him the three other members of team CRDL stood around, their jeering cheers stopped dead on their lips. Jaune inspected each one of them in hopes of learning something about this anomaly. But they were as empty as their leader, urging Jaune’s thoughts to reflect inwards.

‘It was like everything has just stopped,’ he observed. Reaching out he cautiously touched a finger to Cardin’s face. Warm skin gave way to his touch. But when he pulled away, the slight dimple in his cheek remained. An invisible force keeping his skin from reforming back to its regular shape. Still, the boy made no sound, much as the rest of the world.

“I… I need to find a teacher!” Jaune suddenly blanched. Whatever was going on was way too much for him to handle by himself. Cardin may be a jerk, but Jaune didn’t want to see the guy seriously hurt. Embarrassed, sure. But there was very real possibility that whatever this was could be dangerous.

Unfortunately, leaving the secluded back area of the school where the team had dragged him, Jaune would quickly discover that finding help would be much more difficult than he’d imagined.

Running, Jaune turned the corner into the courtyard, expression open with growing panic. He only made it a few more feet before the figures and bent trees finally caught his attention. The grass crunched under his feet as his steps slowly fell to a halt.

His breath stopped cold in his chest. Licking his now dry lips, his neck craned in sharp, quick movements as he looked all around the spacious lawn. But each direction told the same story.

All around him the student body of Beacon could be seen standing about, smiling and cheerful as usual. Yet, what should have been a heartwarming scene was twisted by their immobility. They dotted the open space as statues of their former selves.

Jaune quickly felt his heart drop to his stomach. It wasn’t just Cardin and his goons. But then, how far was this really spread?

Everywhere he looked the picture was the same. People, people he knew, frozen in place - stuck doing whatever they had been doing when this phenomenon had struck. Most were simply seen standing with friends. Others had been on their way to some destination they would never reach. But all of them were completely stuck, seemingly all but Jaune Arc.

It didn’t seem like an attack and this couldn’t be a natural event. But Jaune couldn’t remember anything like this coming up in any of his class either. Granted, he’d never been the most focused student, but he wanted to believe he would be able to recall if a teacher mentioned something as extraordinary as the world and its people grinding to a halt.

It was at this moment, frustration and fear gnawing on his mind, that he took notice of the bright light shimmering around his clenched fist.

Eyes wide, he stared at the elusive substance feeling an odd mix of awe and fear. It clung to him like a second skin across his entire body. Twisting to getting look at himself, he could only blink in amazement at what could only be his first time seeing his Aura. True, Pyrrha had been kind enough to help unlock the stupid thing. What good it had done for him up to this point, however, had yet to be seen.
He wiggled his fingers watching the light play off his skin. Could this be what was protecting him? He knew it acted as a shield at times. Yet, he couldn’t help but feel it was wrong. This was a school full of talented Hunters after all. If aura was all they needed, they’d all been using it a lot longer than he’d been. Eyebrows drawing together, he frowned in contemplation.

He didn’t feel any pressure or pain or any other signifiers that something was attempting to reach him. In fact, closing his eyes, he thought he could actually feel his Aura... leave him. Almost like it was being drawn into the air around him or, or spent as small branching wisps slithered into the air – more smoke than energy. Jaune tried not to gasp.

“No way!” he failed.

Whatever… this was, whatever had happened was leaching off his aura by the second. Yet, to his understanding, there was only one thing in the world that had the ability to do that. And that was… was-!

“Semblance.”

The word fell from his lips like a prayer. One he’d repeated many a time in his younger days. The power that each Hunter was born with. Oh, how long he’d waited to understand what amazing ability his own Aura would create. But he’d never expected this. Whatever this was.

What had before seemed like a twisted and horrific disaster now dazzled Jaune as he looked towards a groups of student. Curiosity drove him to inquire about just how this power of his worked. And he quickly found himself rushing over to the nearest person. Stopping at a nearby bench, he forced himself to calm down enough to inspect the girl sat in front of him more closely.

She was a Faunus. A pair of rabbit ears sat atop of her long brunette locks easily gave her heritage away. She was also very cute, Jaune always took the time to notice, with a small frame and legs long enough to bring about a brief pause. He’d thought he might have seen her around campus sometime but couldn’t quite put a name to her face.

Tucked away in the corner of the courtyard, she was all on her own. In her lap, she rested a thick book that she seemed to have been reading with moderate interest. Jaune took in the peaceful picture feeling his curiosity get the better of him. Before he knew what he was doing, his hand reached toward her.

He tugged at the book only to blink in surprise when it moved easily out of her relaxed grip. Holding it in front of his face, the white glow around him flowed over the pages like running water. He turned a page, curious to see how it might be affected. But in his hands, the book was as average as any he’d seen.

With a pondering curiosity, he dropped the object and watched the white glow bleed away in a matter of seconds – the last of which left it suspended in midair. Jaune stared at the strange image with growing amazement.

For her part, the girl didn’t seem to notice his interference. Calm faced with a peaceful smile to greet the world, her eyes didn’t so much as flinch as their point of focus was moved. She simply continued to stare at the space her book had been unaware that anything had at all changed.

First with Cardin and now the book, it seemed he was free to manipulate whatever he touched. Curious, he turned his attention to the girl beside him before, once again, cautiously reaching out.

The tips of his fingers brushed one of the long ears sticking straight out of her head. The moment
their two appendages met, his aura spread around the animal feature, consuming the soft brown fur but stopping short just above her hair. He didn’t know what he expected- for her to suddenly gasp to life, maybe? Instead, he found himself simply enjoying the soft texture of the furry appendage.

After a handful of minutes, Jaune realized what he was doing. Jumping back, he flinched as though he were expecting the girl to suddenly burst out in anger. But she didn’t. Losing its source of aura the soft light eventually bled away and the long ear drooped just a few inches before returning to its frozen state. All the while she continued to sit in peace, eyes trained on her lap.

Jaune found his face warming. For some reason, he felt like he would feel better if she had been able to yell at him. He gave the girl an apologetic look, his eyes lingering on her cute ears. He forced his hands to stay at his side.

From what many would consider a small village, Jaune’s interactions with the animalistic people had been limited to the point of nonexistence. He’d been quite surprised to see a number of students attending Beacon sporting some form of the animal appendages, the female half especially. And though he’d been itching to feel one for himself, it wasn’t until today he’d had the chance.

Happily walking away from the girl, Jaune decided to do some more testing. Picking up various objects. Testing the weight of things that would normally strain his strength. More or less, his actions were small and childish, but all that seemingly led to the same answer.

His semblance actually seemed to stop time. Or, more accurately, it seemed to protect him from it. Actually removing him from the dimension of reality altogether.

It was awe-inducing at first, to think he’d been gifted with such a raw, unbridled power. Just imagining what he could do with this, the number of Grimm he would be able to slay; it brought a large and avaricious grin to his face. “I have got to tell Pyrrha,” he swore, his voice echoing in the void of stagnant air. But as soon as the words left his mouth, he only needed to look around to remind himself of the real issue at hand.

As amazing, unbelievable, and incredible as his semblance was, that didn’t mean much if he couldn’t control it. Which begged the question, could he undo what he’d done? And, if so, how?

He tried to think about the information the school had provided on semblances, but that didn’t amount to much. There were a number of theories, but the power and application relied so much on the user that it was impossible to find any one way to describe its use. The only thing that was generally agreed upon was that it was an extension of one’s aura, and from that, an extension of one’s soul.

Okay… so how was he supposed to control his soul?

Reflecting back to the moment that everything had stopped, Jaune tried to recall what had activated it in the first place. Blind panic? Hmm…. That may be hard to recreate. Although, it did remind him of something that might be useful.

He’d been so focused on the thought of Cardin’s fist, on the pain, that he recalled simply wishing with all his might that it would stop. That the moment between the punch being thrown and meeting his fragile face would last forever. And then… a flash.

His eyes had been clenched closed, flinching for all the help it did. So he’d assumed the light had just been his own life playing before his eyes. Yet, now that he thought about it, he did recall a sensation right in the pit of his stomach right before it had gone off. Again, he had simply passed this off as his own waste attempting to fill his shorts.
Assuming this was not the case, Jaune found himself looking within himself for anything that could match that description. Thankfully, fully visibly and permanently activated, he found his aura much easier to manipulate. A slight handy cap that allowed him to flex and spread the elusive substance into his own body.

What he found was both surprising and familiar, like remembering a muscle he’d never known about.

It was like a… a tiny ball of energy sitting in the center of his gut. His aura reached into his body brushing against the sensation with all the substance of passing cloud. The more he tried, the less traction he managed to create, all while wholly unsure if this was even what he was meant to do. Suffice to say, it was going to take a lot of trial and error before he found anything out about his new power. Thankfully, he suddenly found himself with quite a bit of time on his hands.

His struggle continued for an insurmountable amount of time. Without sound, without people, without anything but his own heartbeat to count the seconds, an entire year could have passed for all he knew. Well, okay, maybe not that much. But it did have an… effect on the psyche. Enough to bring a small amount of panic towards the end as his attempts became more and more desperate. Which turned out to be just what he needed.

His aura pressed against the hard, button like sensation with more and more force. It was almost like he could feel a groove or texture for him to find a hold. In a single instant, he felt the power inside of him clench and then shut off. And suddenly it was like the shining bulb inside his body went dark.

Ironically, that was very similar to how it felt. There was no surge of power, no rush that he felt he needed to feed. Inside of his body was a switch that either left the world in a state of perpetual molasses, or at its average pace. And whatever after effects the use of his powers gave, well he was about to find out.

The world came back with a flash, just as it had left. All of the sounds and voices that had been swallowed by the void rushed back in a single wall of white noise, threatening to bring Jaune to his knees. Hands around his ears, he struggled against the length of a nearby tree. Leaning on it for support, the jumble of noise eventually scattered to recognizable sounds.

The book hovering in midair fell the grass with a soft ‘thump.' Blinked wildly, the girl on the bench’s now bare lap stood apart from the reality she had been used to; earning a quizzical and wide-eyed stare. He collected himself enough to give her his full attention, rising to his full height while careful to remain peaking over the edge of the bark biting against his palms.

Finding the book she was reading torn from her hands without warning was enough to force a small yelp of surprise from the young women. She immediately stared at her fingertips, the very ones that had just been holding the phantom novel. Confusion continued as she reached up to touch her treasured ear, gently itching the very place Jaune himself had taken the time to exploit.

Her attention turned towards the empty lawn around her, as if she could see whatever had happened, or even if anyone else had seen the odd phenomenon. She was disappointed on both fronts as the spacious, open area displayed nothing but the familiar idling teenagers enjoying a warm afternoon. From her perspective, it was a perfectly normal day. She hesitantly began to reach for her book, warry as though it had decided to try and fly away by itself.

Suddenly he was bracing his back against the tree allowing his subject to get back to her day. It was enough to make Jaune stare down at his arms and consider the amazing power all over again. Like a child given a new toy, it was all he could to keep from jumping up and down, a very unmanly squeal emanating from his excited expression. He forced himself to calm down.
“Alright, once is for chumps, Jaune. Let’s see if we can go two for two.” Pepping himself up, the young man wasted no time searching for the switch manifesting as his semblance and flipping it with his Aura. It took a few tries, but the simple fact that he knew what to look for was a great help. And to his amazement, he felt the switch flip as the world began crawling to a halt before becoming the soundless oblivion he’d just escaped.

Now free from the public’s view, the first thing he did was give into his childish whimsy. Jumping, cheers rang from his lips and dissolved into the void. He began to grasp the tremendous power that laid with him. It was only after he started calm down, his cheeks burning from the width of his own smile, that the young man looked around him.

All of that being said, he did feel he may be underutilizing his potential here. Rather, maybe he should be thinking about what this incredible strength could do for him. And right away, he knew where he was headed next.

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The twisted malice that had once consumed Cardin’s expression now reflected his own stupidity. Mouth agape, he appeared in the middle of looking around the shaded back building, no doubt wondering where the dweeb that was supposed to be on the other end of his fist had gone. “Well, I’m right here, Cardin.” Jaune smiled confidently, possibly for the first time in his life. “So why don’t you come get me?”

Jaune stood in front of the muscular boy. Shorter by a head, many would question the picture of his grinning face if they’d been able to see it. Jaune relished the alien sense of safety in the twisted team’s presence.

Jaune wasn’t an angry person by nature. At the peak of his frustration, he was more likely to curse himself than lash out at others. Even faced with his bully, he had no real drive to cause him pain. That being said, testing his powers on the Faunas girl had only made him more curious about this strange reality of his. And, more importantly, how it affected the real world. He figured one little punch to the jaw would be a great place to start.

The lithe muscles coiled around his shoulder and bicep flexed, larger than ever in his life while still being smaller than practically every other male in the school – and a few females. His fist lifted back almost comical in comparison of the larger boy. But that wasn’t the point. Jaune knew he didn’t have the muscles to cause any lasting pain. However, Cardin had the unfortunate position of being unable to defend himself in even the slightest of ways. And for once it was Jaune’s turn to take advantage.

His fist connected against the square jaw. For a moment satisfaction flared to life, a month of pent-up frustration and fear and anger finally releasing in one large blast. Unfortunately, the pleasure didn’t last nearly long enough. And with reality came the blinding realization that punching someone actually really hurt.

Open shock played on his face as he reared back, almost stumbling as he hissed under his breath. He immediately moved to cradle the offended appendage with his undamaged hand, each beat of his heart sending another throb of stinging numbness through his clenched fist. “How the heck did Cardin do this every day?!” he wanted to scream. Instead, he embarrassed himself, skipping around the group of frozen boys until the pain faded to a manageable heat.

For all his effort, Cardin didn’t show much of a reaction. Snapped to the side, the force of Jaune’s punch was enough to smack his face in the opposite direction. Still holding his own hand, the blond boy scurried off around the build’s corner to watch from a distance. Hopefully, this would work out like he’d intended.
“Ah!” Gasping, Cardin’s confused expression morphed into sudden pain as he cradled his aching jaw. Curses flew from his lips while each of his teammates were left to stare in utter confusion as their leader cradled his wounded face. It was a wonderful sight, and one Jaune knew he would never forget.

He’d learned a lot thanks to the meathead, and he felt he didn’t need to take it any further. They were a bunch of jerks, and if he saw them messing with either him or anyone else, he would gladly step into dole out justice as he had today. But for now, the young man decided he’d done enough for revenge. And with that decision made, he began to walk away, the loud cries from a group of ne’er-do-wells gracing his ears as he rushed to find his friends.

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Jaune’s pace was calm as he made his way towards Beacon dorms. A kind of easy gate that belayed the confidence he was just beginning to experience. Already he could feel his mind racing with the possibilities of his power. And, more specifically, how he could show it off. His partner was the first to come to mind, unmitigated pride filling his chest at the mere thought of finally meeting her aspirations.

He couldn’t wait to tell Pyrrha. He knew the redhead would be just as excited for him as he had been. Finally, he could add something to the team that didn’t get them laughed at. Not that the Huntress had ever seemed bothered by it. Despite her fame, she was a one of a kind friend that stuck by him no matter the issue. He couldn’t believe she had even gone so far as to offer him training. Although, whether he’s actually improved because of it remained to be seen.

On that line of thought, his mind wandered to who else he could tell. It did not take long before his mind strayed to his one and only ice queen, Weiss Schnee.

Mock his guitar? Fine. Deny his request for a date? Sure. Ridicule him on almost a daily basis? Okay, that one actually kind of hurt… But it didn’t matter! Because once she heard of how amazing and strong his semblance was she’d be the one asking him out to dinner!

And you know what he was gonna say then!?

Yes, he was going to say yes. Of course, he was going to say yes. This is Weiss Schnee we’re talking about, what’s wrong with you?

Then there was Ren, Nora, Yang, Ruby. Heck, he’d even march right up Ozpin himself and brag. This was going to be sweet. After so long on the bottom rung on the totem pole, this was finally his chance to make something of himself. To prove to his parents that, not only could he live up to his grandparents and great-grandparents, but that he was going to succeed them. The name Jaune Arc was going to be remembered for generations! And it all started today.

Finding the familiar building, he quickly made his way up and toward Team JNPR’s dorm room. He made it about halfway before an idea came to mind, stopping him mid-stride.

Jaune Arc was nothing if not a man of showmanship.

Sure, he could just walk in, tell them what he could do and be accepted as the next living embodiment of the All-Creator-Oum. Or, he could really make an impression and show them what he was capable of. Appearing out of thin air sounded like a good way get everyone’s attention. He could already see their faces. Nora might even be too stunned to speak! …Okay, maybe that wasn’t possible. But she’ll still be surprised! Confident in his decision, the blond looked around at the empty
hallway before ducking into a stairwell.

Slipping into the comfortable setting of his own world, Jaune immediately felt himself relax into the quiet space. It was amazing how at home he felt in this alien environment – free of both noise and presence. Yet, he couldn’t deny a sense of calm under the near all-consuming excitement that appeared to seize his body every time he used his power.

In here, nothing could hurt him, nothing could call him names, and nothing could make him feel as weak as he always knew he was. He was safe, powerful, practically almighty, even. And he liked the difference. More than he might be willing to admit.

Taking a moment to enjoy the warm sensation of his own aura, Jaune finally moved to the last flight of stairs and onto his floor. Nearing his dorm, he was surprised to find his teammate Ren not inside of the room, but just outside of it.

The Mistral teen lazily leaned back against the wall. A scroll hand, the light basked against his bored expression. Jaune tried not to feel too disappointed. Of course, it would have been better to have the team together for the big reveal, but maybe this would teach Ren not to be so antisocial around his teammates.

Jaune considered a repeat performance, but at the cost of pizazz? No thank you. Nope, Ren would just have to be known as the only member of Team JNPR that wouldn’t be able to say he was there when Jaune revealed his amazing power.

The blond felt bad for him, honestly. But, hopefully, Ren would be able to go to bed at least a few nights without weeping for his loss.

He spared his friend a single pitying glance before moving to open the door. Unfortunately for him, he wouldn’t realize his mistake until much too late.

Driven by his own excitement, Jaune hadn’t even stopped to question as to why Ren would be stuck outside the door. If he had, he might have remembered one of the core ground rules set the day team JNPR had entered their dorm, only to realize it was co-ed. One that clearly specified, at any time one or both members of the opposite sex needed to change, the other gender would kindly step out of the room and wait for the all clear.

It was simple; with no complications, and all members of the team trusted each other to refrain from doing anything regrettable. That is to say, Ren trusted Pyrrha to keep Nora from doing anything regrettable. Of course, it wasn’t until Jaune was staring at the female half of his team frozen mid-changing that all of this information came rushing back.

Just as frozen as the rest of the world for that briefest of moments, eventually his mind caught up with the images he was seeing. “Sorry!” He shouted, his cheeks lighting up to a bright shade of red. He just made out the picture of Pyrrha’s naked back and Nora’s bare thighs when he slammed the door closed, his breath near hyperventilation.

“Dude!” he exclaimed at the stock still Ren, “why didn’t you warn me!” The obvious answer being obvious, Jaune watched Ren stare lifelessly into his scroll for a full minute before turning away, embarrassment consuming him.

At least no one had seen him. The last thing he needed was Pyrrha thinking he was trying to make a move on her. He couldn’t imagine how she would respond to that. No, he should just step back for a few minutes and wait until everyone was dressed to make his entrance. He even bet Ren would be in the room. Perfect! So… why wasn’t he walking away? And that, Jaune realized, was the staple of
his little dilemma.

Try as he might to reject that he’d seen anything at all, the image of Pyrrha’s toned, and pale skin was burned into his retina, even at a glance. He wasn’t quite sure how to feel about this discovery. From the very beginning, Pyrrha’s strength had stood out more than anything as average as beauty. And Nora… well, she was Nora. The fact being, female wasn’t the first word that came to mind for either of the young ladies when they had all first met. And now he found himself wondering how he could have thought of anything else.

Soft skin crested into even softer curves. Red hair on each, although in startlingly different shades, appeared softer and shinier than he ever remembered in the past.

Jaune, like any healthy straight young man, held more than a small fascination with the female body. But he forced himself to remember that these weren’t just some girls, they were his teammates. Even if he hadn’t taken the time to look at them, surely he couldn’t be considering invading their privacy like that.

But he was. Because no matter how good his heart was, at his core he was still just a teenage boy. One that had his first opportunity to see real, living women without their clothing. And unfortunately, for all parties included, the promise of boobs was too much to pass up.

“Don’t look at me like that,” Jaune glared at Ren, who was still just as frozen as he’d been three minutes ago. “It’s just going to be one peek, that’s it!” Again, Ren didn’t respond, obviously. “God, this is so like you!” Jaune nodded his head nevertheless, nervously reaching towards the door.

He could feel a nervous excitement fluttering in his chest. It was enough to make his stomach turn sour. Of course, this didn’t subtract from the bouquet of beauty that awaited him as soon as he worked up the nerve to peek inside.

Pyrrha and Nora remained unchanged since only a minute ago, twin statues of feminine grace and youthful allure. Dressed in little else than her skirt, it looked as though his partner was in the middle putting on her bra when he’d frozen time. And facing away from him, his gaze was filled with the image of back and bare shoulders. Not something he normally considered attractive, but he couldn’t deny the sudden warmth in his cheeks – as well as other, more southern areas.

Not to be ignored, Jaune was greeted with the sight of Nora just to Pyrrha’s right. The excitable young woman was in a bit more substantial stage of dress with a white blouse buttoned up to her navel. Her breasts and lower half were already covered by her purple set of bra and panties. Thought, she was no less interesting because of it.

The fact that he was seeing his teammate’s underwear at all was a shock to his system. Once you looked past the hyperactive activity and loud voice, she was actually a fairly pretty young woman. Ren was a lucky man. And while they technically weren’t together, Jaune still felt a seed of guilt in the pit of his belly.

“Sorry,” he looked back at his pink haired friend. He did feel bad, just not enough to actually stop. He made this point especially clear as he walked the rest of the way into the room, closing the door behind him.

Turning his attention back to the two women, Jaune made the entirely unnecessary effort to move as stealthily as possible. As though they could suddenly awake and discover his insidious plan.

‘Just a small peek,’ Jaune reminded himself, repeating it every so often to ward off the feelings of guilt. Though, if he were honest, he would recognize most of what he was feeling was in fact
excitement.

Creeping around the edges of the room, he was able to see what he’d come for. Big enough fill a palm, Pyrrha seemed to have gotten a head start on puberty. While not as large as Yang by any means, her armor hid more than Jaune had been expecting, which was certainly a statement in of itself. It wasn’t as though she were the most conservative girl after all. He really hadn’t been paying attention.

Soft and graceful, the tissue of her chest sloped against her ribs. A kind of pear shape, they drooped ever so slightly – rounding towards the bottom while sloping forward in a blunt tear drop. Her pale skin seemed even more so in this area, only making the light pink of her nipples stand out that much more.

Pointing slightly up and apart, the areola itself was on the smaller side, two patches of puffy flesh raising out from her already pronounced bust. In comparison, her stubby nipples sat in the middle of each, short and flat.

Jaune found his eyes widening with every passing second. Every now and then he would look up, staring at her face before returning to her breasts. It really nailed in the fact that the first breasts he had ever seen belonged to Pyrrha Nikos, the invincible girl, the one whose snores rivaled that of a Boarbatusk and who beat the ever loving snot out of him on a daily basis.

Jaune moved by instinct, stepping toward the girls to get a better look. Pyrrha had on a beautiful expression, seemingly laughing at something the other ginger had been saying. Jaune couldn’t help but feel the urge to reach out and touch her soft skin, brushing his thumb along the soft, flower pink lines of her lips.

Flawless skin wrapped around toned, trained muscle sculpting an impossibly arousing figure. Slim shoulders and breasts tapered at her waist, allowing for a feminine shape. Compared to her upper half, her lower stood out making her hips seem even wider, and her thighs more full. Underneath the surface, he could see the definition of tight muscles. And while lithe and compact, it was nothing close to bulging or burly – only adding to her beauty.

Jaune’s face erupted with color. This was… getting a little intense. He knew he had to be careful, but that didn’t make the temptation any more manageable. Just to hammer this point home, his eyes turned to her hips. Where long legs stretched from her skirt, opportunistically bare of their usual tights. Taking advantage of the school’s shorter shirts he could even enjoy a peek at her thighs without reproach.

He circled around her figure a few more times, face open with awe and interest as he drank in the image of her naked shape. He could honestly say there were very few things in the world more interesting than a half-naked woman – with the exception of two half-naked women. Giving his partner another lingering stare, he slowly found his gaze becoming drawn to the second girl in the room.

Her face was a little more animated, no doubt for the effect of whatever inflated story she’d been in the middle of explaining to their friend. Fingers twisting the buttons at her navel, the front of her shirt was still very much open, giving just enough of a view that Jaune could look inside and see the swell of her breasts encased in the purple prison.

Whereas Pyrrha physic could be described as tall and lithe, Nora’s figure stood out in other ways. Her chest, especially, was a much more reasonable size for her age. Two perky mounds budding out the front of her chest. But easily a head shorter than everyone else on the team her breasts almost seemed larger because of it. Sticking out against her frame in a way that was hard to ignore. Her soft
cotton bra cradled each mound against her chest while cleavage peeked through the top along her collarbone. And two small bumps shining through the otherwise smooth surface.

While her breasts were a sight to see, Jaune found his attention focus much more closely on the pair of purple panties clearly visible under her uniform blouse. Still wet from her shower, the soft cotton hugged her curves making a small outline of her sex visible to Jaune’s prying gaze. Her thighs were spread just enough for him to make out a defined line down the crotch of her underwear.

It wasn’t anything to obvious. The pale light color of her thighs disappeared beneath the thin strip of cloth guarding her womanhood. But it was a snug fit, and the material was thin enough to paint the picture of her lips against the cloth while a bit of it had even been pulled up into the crease. It was the closest Jaune had ever gotten to seeing what the opposite sex hid under their skirts. And he had to say, he was not disappointed.

The heat in his ears only encouraged his behavior. Crouched low, Jaune went through the effort of enjoying the girl from a different angle. Directly behind her, the white hem of her shirt bunched over the curve of her rear. Two rounded cheeks that pressed out against the material of her panties. Cut for comfort, the material failed to cover her backside in its entirety, allowing the corner of each cheek to peek out at the young man. Gentle curves met the meat of her thigh which carried down to the firm, pert shape of her legs.

He stared at all of this trying to remember how he’d looked at the girl before, and wondering how he ever would again with her tight bottom coming to the forefront of his mind.

“Wow,” Jaune sighed. “I love my semblance…” The words faded into the soundless void.

Between the two he continued to switch from time to time – each having their own points of interest. And Jaune made sure to appreciate each one. His semblance had given him a rather unique opportunity.

He doubted many young men had had the chance to so openly view the opposite sex. At least outside of their scrolls. Yet, rather than enjoy the moment for what it was, Jaune mind slowly began to turn. Entertaining other ideas that would have rendered him a stammering fool if it had been just a few hours ago.

Eyes training on the hem of Pyrrha’s skirt, Jaune was amazed to find his own hand reaching out towards the garment.

‘Is this really what you want to do with your power?’ the voice in his head came quick, taunting. The tips of his fingers almost brushed the collar of her skirt before stopping suddenly.

Jaune’s face froze. The sound was familiar, too familiar. The same mocking tone that followed him, waiting to strike at the moment he began to feel even a spark of confidence. It never failed to repeat his shortcomings, or his lack of ability, reminding him of who he was as soon he thought otherwise. ‘Really doing your ancestors proud.’ It seemed even gaining the power to stop time wasn’t enough to completely erase his lack of self-esteem.

Jaune wanted to curse. Hating his own negativity. But like every other time, he couldn’t find it in him to shake its words off.

Standing between the two women, a strange sensation settled over him. Not guilt, so much as the disturbance he felt realizing that there was none. What he was doing should be questionable to anyone. Yet, he’d walked in with very little hesitation, if any. For the first time, he couldn’t help but question his actions.
He’d come to Beacon to become a great warrior, a man worthy of the name he’d been born into. Yet as soon as he obtained that power, this was the first thing he did – peep on girls? An image of his father’s disappointed face immediately came into view. And if there was any pleasure that hadn’t already bleed away, that more than did the trick.

Jaune’s mind turned towards the consequences of what he’d done. Some of it rational, most of it not. Getting such an intimate view of his teammate, if they ever found out what he’d done…

Suddenly his frozen world didn’t feel as good as it had half an hour ago. Suddenly the lack of sound, of motion seemed suffocating.

Jaune eyes flickered around the room anxiously. Drawing deep breaths, his lungs pulled at the stale, still air. Sparing the pair of girls one last glance, Jaune Arc did the one thing he knew how to do when the going got tough.

He ran.

A/N: And there is the first chapter. For any of you worried about possible dark themes that may appear as a result of Jaune’s new outlook, rest assured this fic is intended to be a fun, smutty read. And that any manipulations will be met favorably by most, if not all, female characters given enough time. That being said, if it still doesn’t sound like your thing than thanks for giving me a chance. However, if the first chapter has left you hungry for more, please feel free to follow and review. It is always appreciated.

Next Chapter: Reassurances: Running from your problems rarely works out, which Jaune is quick to learn. Catching her friend in a moment of panic, Yang manages to calm his fears while unknowingly volunteering herself for more experimentation of Jaune’s new powers. What was so bad that it made Jaune run from his team? How will Yang react when she becomes its focus? Read the next chapter to fine out.
Reassurances

A/N: For those of you wondering, I split the first chapter into two for more manageable reading chunks. I hope you guys enjoy the more edited versions. They should read a lot easier. Okay, enjoy.

Girl(s): Yang

Tag(s): Manipulation, Groping, Stripping.

Words: 6621

Chapter 2 – Reassurances

To his credit, he didn’t make it very far.

Running from his friend’s naked bodies, from his powers, and even himself the young man managed to stumble out the front door of his dorm before staggering to a breathless pause. The weight of his frozen reality bared down around him from all sides as impossible to ignore as it was all consuming. Panicked, he scrambled to release the switch of his power, only to flinch back at the corresponding wall of information his semblance had been keeping at bay.

Blinding light and a roaring boom of sound broke over his hunched figure. And yet, Jaune breathed a sigh of relief, savoring the fresh air of the regular world.

The next few minutes of his life were spent pacing back and forth in front of the building that he’d just fled, trying and failing to calm the anxious dread of his own thoughts. People around him watched on, oblivious to his distress but enjoying it none the less as the laughed and offered quire stares. Those unlucky enough to be forced to squeeze past him did so with lingering raised eyebrows. Not that any of their attention registered. Too lost in his own mind, the world might as well have been frozen for all he noticed. Which is why, when a hand settled on his shoulder, the increasing pace of his heart nearly stopped in his chest.

Yang had just been on her way back to her room when she’d stumbled across a small crowd gathered outside the first year’s dorms. Today she’d been lucky enough to enjoy another wonderful class taught by Goodwitch. And while the blonde didn’t particularly care for the sour woman, the opportunity to show off her skills and work off some steam through mock battles never failed to put her in a good mood.

Humming to herself as she strolled through the campus, the blonde’s thoughts were filled with an afternoon of video games with her little sis, capped by a long hot shower. This new development paused those thoughts, although, not as much as one would expect from a girl who claimed to be a friend.

Yang stopped and frowned. Staring at his pinched face, she wasn’t particularly surprised. He always seemed to be worried about something or other. He just had that nervous, skittery disposition – like a squirrel or goffer.

Amused more than anything else, her laughter quickly ended as she realized she would need to get past him if she wanted to get to her room.

It was very tempting to try her luck and shoulder past to the door. As close as their teams were, she
wouldn’t say she was exactly friends with the other blond. If not for Ruby, she very much doubted they would talk at all. That being said, Yang could just picture her sis’ puppy dog face, tears and all, should she find out her big sister had left her friend to have an aneurysm on the front steps of their dorm.

Damn her kind heart.

“Yo,” Yang gave a two-fingered salute. Staring at the boy, her trademarked, easygoing grin slipped to an expression of distaste. In the afternoon sun, his already pale skin had turned an even lighter shade. Dark stains marked the neckline of his uniform, making the wet trails lining his forehead and neck that much more apparent. ‘Oh yeah, that’s attractive…’

Yang put on a forced smile. Memories of their first meeting immediately came to mind. “You’re not… gonna throw up again, right?” Yang laughed like she was only playing. But it was hard not to notice her sudden backtrack, three long steps taking her away from the splash zone.

Jaune found himself blinking at Yang’s sudden arrival. Dressed in her combat attire, the familiar flash of her toned belly and amble cleavage was the last thing he wanted to see after escaping the debacle that was his own dorm. Eyes lingering just a bit longer appropriate, he finally just let his head hang.

“Hello, Yang…” came his reply, tired and anxious all at once. Her response was to simply smirk, looking far more amused by his state than concerned. Jaune groaned.

“Ah, don’t be like that,” the girl chirped. “You seem down! Why don’t you take a seat and tell good ol’ Yang what’s got ya down.” Daring to step closer to the pallid young man, she gave his back a hearty pat that nearly sent him to the floor. He winced accordingly.

“Ah… Thanks, Yang,” he stared cautiously, “but I don’t think you can help me.” Much like Yang, Jaune was very aware of how close they were to each other. What he couldn’t figure out is why she decided to take the time to sit and talk to him. Then again, when had Yang needed a reason to do anything?

“Okaaay,” the blonde girl chuckled. “Cuz, you’re acting a little more spastic than usual. Which is actually kind of impressive. Bet that wasn’t what you were hoping to improve on coming to Beacon, huh?” Jaune stared at the smiling woman, more amazed than anything else. It took a special kind of person to be so blatantly inappropriate.

Jaune blinked, his panic attack momentarily forgotten. “Thanks…” came his sarcastic reply. Her overall effect could be annoying, but no one could say Yang wasn’t a good distraction. Even though he couldn’t notice, the small tremor in his hands had already calmed. But Yang did, and seeing her results, her smile only widened, happy to have someone appreciate her special brand of comedy.

Drawing himself up, Jaune could still feel his heart pounding in his chest. Glancing over at the blonde, she was still staring at him, an encouraging light in her eyes. It was becoming increasingly obvious she wasn’t going anywhere. Biting the inside of his cheek, Jaune considered her proposal.

He couldn’t tell her everything, obviously. But he would go insane if he was stuck listening to his own fears. Her reasons be damned, Yang was offering an ear that he badly needed. And rather than shrug off a helping hand, he should take advantage of this rare opportunity of kindness.

“I screwed up,” Jaune finally bit out, his finger drumming nervously against his leg. Yang could see his expression was pained. Trying to keep the mood light, her smile slipped seeing a person she knew in a real panic. “I screwed up,” he repeated. “Oh man…” he sighed heavily.
“Need some held hiding the body?” Yang tried again. This time her attempt at laughter didn’t so much as faze the young man. He remained slouched, pathetically staring at his own feet. It was Yang’s turn to fidget.

“Ah, come on,” the young woman nudging his slumped form with her shoulder. “Can’t be that bad.”

“Pretty bad,” Jaune returned, sharp and short. He sighed heavily. Yang just rolled her eyes, fairly certain that whatever trouble he’d gotten into, she could handle it. He wore a bunny onesie for Monty sake!

“Okay then,” she tried again, what looked to be an attempt at a serious expression taking her face. Settling up next to the boy, she quirked her head to the side. “Who got hurt?”

Blinking, Jaune looked over at her expectant face, shifting nervously. “Well… no one, but-.” Yang just smiled, nodding her head before he could go on to explain.

“Great! Then what did you break? Anything expensive?” Again, Jaune was left to fidget while she waited for his answer.

“I guess nothing got broken… But-!”

“Sweet! Then just one more question. How late are you?” Smiling as innocent as ever, Yang silently enjoyed Jaune’s lost stare. Eventually she explain, “you know, since your last period?” The following expression of embarrassment alone made Yang’s stop worth it. She made sure to enjoy a long line of laughs, even when Jaune began to walk away from the dorm. She quickly pulled him back.

“Okay, Okay! So to recap, you haven’t hurt anyone, haven’t broken anything, and as far as you know, you’re not pregnant?” In response, Jaune simply gave the girl a dry stare, one she easily shrugged off. “Sounds like a good day to me. Heck, better than I can usually manage.” It took a moment for Yang to realize what she’d said. “The first two I mean!” Finally, Jaune managed to find a small smile.

Jaune took a moment to consider Yang’s words. To be honest, it was less about what he’d done than why he’d done it. When he’d first come to Beacon, the first thing he’d dreamed about was learning how to be strong. It was just a little startling to see the first thing he did with strength was something so questionable. That being said, maybe Yang could help him after all.

“Hey… you’re strong,” Jaune pointed out, much Yang’s glee. With a triumphant smile, she made a show of pretending to be bashful, complete with a playful shove.

“Daw, and you’re… getting there,” she tried to return. Jaune brushed the insult aside.

“No I mean you’re strong. Have you ever used it for something… not responsible?” The resulting bark of laughter could be heard from most of the campus.

“Jaune, dude, buddy,” simply gesturing to herself, she stared at the younger man clearly asking if he knew who she was. Recalling Yang’s long history with broken property and boys who thought it was okay to treat a lady by how she dressed, Jaune understood how his question might be a bit redundant.

“Then, does that mean it’s okay?” he tried again. Face flushed, he couldn’t quite grasp the concept. All his life he grew up hearing the great tales of heroes. How they selflessly gave their lives to protect their fellow hunters. How they saved thousands of innocents from the hands of Grimm. How they didn’t use their semblance to peek on girls changing clothes. “We’re supposed to be hunters,
saving people, that sort of thing. Isn’t it bad if we’re abusing power?”

“Probably,” came Yang’s short reply. With a shrug of her shoulders, the blond woman rarely dealt with things like indecision. Jaune gapped.

“Listen,” Yang sighed, not at all guilty. “I’m no saint, okay? No one is. If I’m sitting at a bar, and some creep can’t understand the concept of screw off, I’m not gonna feel bad about punching him to the next room.”

“Aren’t you under ag-?” Jaune questioned, confused. Yang continued as though he hadn’t a word.

“And if I need to punch out a bouncer who thinks he can keep me from enjoying a night on the town, that’s not my problem either. Is it selfish? Probably. Should I feel bad about being a Huntress and attacking civilians for seemingly no reason? Absolutely. Unfortunately, I like to spend my weekends at the club. And if my training can make that happen, why not use it?” All Jaune could do was stare at her, shaking his head in disbelief.

“That’s… wow.”

“Thanks!” she answered, one hundred percent sincere. She couldn’t sound any prouder.

Crossing his arms, Jaune knew that she was crazy. But he had to hand it to her. She knew how to make a sale. As much as he wanted to deny her logic, he also couldn’t argue the possibility that maybe he had been the one who overreacted?

“And I’m not even the only one.” She went on, happy to see Jaune’s mood lift. “Ruby sleeps like, an extra half hour every morning after everyone else has left cuz she knows she can just run to class. Not to mention Blake using her semblance as a stand in for whenever we get stuck with Professor Port. You’d be amazed how little she actually bothers to stay for class.” It was strange to consider, until remembering how little the black haired teammate of theirs actually spoke.

“Weiss?” he found himself asking. He couldn’t imagine the prim and proper girl using her equipment for anything other than their intended purpose. The glint in Yang’s eyes told an entirely different story.

“You didn’t hear from me,” she teased, glancing around like it was some big secret, “but little miss millionaire uses fire and wind dust to blow dry her hair.” Putting on a wide expression, Jaune found himself returning it. Using pure dust crystals for something so menial, it was about as close to whipping your butt with hundred dollar lien as you could get without actually going through the trouble.

Jaune blinked for a moment, letting all of this sink in. Yang just rolled her eyes. “Look, when it comes down to it, life’s too short to constantly worry about what’s right and wrong. You’re a Hunter! Kind of… If you happen to get in a little trouble, just think about all the people’s whose lives you’re going to save! What’s a wall or two compared to that?”

Jaune was finally starting to nod his head. It wasn’t exactly the same. Compared to his own actions, sleeping in, skipping class, and drying your hair sounded paltry at best. But, he’d really grown to admire the group of friends he’d made. So to hear that these powerful warriors so casually exploited their strengths… it helped. It helped a lot.

Why should he be any different? Maybe he exploits his new power just a bit. But who would it really hurt? In fact, if he used it like he’d been thinking, it would even help people. …in its own way. With this rationality in mind, Jaune finally gave the blond girl a big smile.
“Thanks, Yang!”

Yang returned his bright expression, glad to see the awkward boy return to his childlike enthusiasm. “Don’t worry about it. You’re one of the good ones. You only stare at my tits, like, half as long as the rest of the guys in this school.” Jaune blushed but otherwise retained his good mood.

“Um!” his ears were bright red. He could feel them erupt with heat. “Sorry?” it was weak, but honestly, how was he supposed to apologize? I didn’t mean it? Somehow that seemed worse.

“Aw,” she waved me off. “Like I said, you at least try.” Her hands moved to cup each generous mound, relishing the wide expression on his face. “And, I mean, who can really blame you? They are pretty awesome.” Emphasizing her point, her hands moved giving each breast a generous squeeze.

Jaune, feeling the tips of his ears start to burn, turned away. Though that did little to help block out the sound of her uproarious laughter.

Cheeks hot, Jaune could only sigh at the blonde’s behavior. No one could say she was the shy type. That being said, it was just that attitude that helped him when he was lost. Maybe it was bad to look for a certain kind of advice, but the thought of someone like Weiss or, god forbid, Goodwitch finding him instead sent ice up his veins.

Speaking of his Snow Angel, Jaune had some serious thinking to do. While simply hopping in on her next shower would be more than satisfying, the young hero was interested in more than just her body. His ultimate goal was, and always would be her heart. His mind returned to when he’d been in the room with his team and to what he’d been about to do.

Unbidden, Jaune’s line of thought drew his eyes to the blonde’s breasts. Still proudly thrust out, it was hard not to. Seeing his attention, Yang’s teasing expression narrowed, though not enough to completely whip the smile from her face.

“Hey, that wasn’t an invitation you know…” Hands on her hips, Yang gave the boy a sardonic smirk. Half amused by his attention but more so annoyed. Unfortunately, frozen midsentence, her words seemed to stretch and deepen until finally stopping completely.

Feeling the world slow to a stop, Jaune turned a guilty smile towards the frozen blond, trying not to let his cheeks grow too hot. ‘She was the one who told me it was okay to abuse my power,’ he explained himself. And what he had in mind could only be described as such.

He’d seen that the things he did with his semblance translated to the real world, he had Cardin to thank for that. Initially meant towards combat purposes, surrounded by nearly naked women had led his mind to wander towards other possibilities. Ones that might convince a certain heiress to go out with him.

If pain translated well enough, why couldn’t pleasure? Focusing on certain areas of the body, it should be easy enough to summon the desired effect. Let’s hear Weiss tell him she isn’t interested when her blood and body starts to burn just by standing near him. Though, that’s only assuming this actually worked. Thankfully, his beautiful assistant had all but volunteered to be his first test subject. And if that required him to remove just a few layers of clothing, well, he’d just have to find some way to cope.

“So… thanks for your advice,” he expressed his gratitude. It was strange. His mind went through the same reasoning as Yang’s, considering their relationship, or lack thereof. This only made him reaching for her chest that much more awkward. “Um, and I hope you don’t mind if I…” he trailed
off, his hands lowered to her undo the front of her jacket.

Still proudly presenting herself, her chest was easy to reach as he struggled with the front of her jacket. Touching his aura, the fabric joined his place in time becoming soft and pliable. The button holding the two pieces together eventually popped free, revealing even more of her bright yellow strapless belly shirt – which did little to hide her exposed midsection and cleavage.

Jaune dropped the jacket into the open air. Low cut, and short enough to show off the slim firmness of her waist, the material of her top seemed thin enough to detail the shape of her chest. Perhaps a size too small, the young man could only imagine how difficult it was to find shirts that fit around her maturity. The yellow material strained to do just that, pulled taut against her bust.

She was easily the best endowed of their year. At seventeen, the figure she’d been able to develop was even more impressive than Pyrrha. And while his intentions were pure, well, as pure as they could be given the situation, you’ll have to excuse him if he didn’t take a small amount of liberty in the mock exam. This was Yang Xiao Long after all.

Jaune marveled at the opportunity he’d been able to make for himself. Sure, he’d gotten the chance to glance every now and then. But, like Yang had pointed out, he’d always made a point to look away. Out of respect for Ruby if nothing else. What kind of friend would he be if she caught him ogling her sister’s breasts?

He couldn’t help but give a wry smile at the sheer contradiction.

His hands shook slightly, pulling at the hem of her shirt. Unlike her jacket, the springy yellow material was much easier to adjust. The only thing holding it up without her thick jacket was her own generous proportions. A few tugs were all it took for it to snap over the peak of her hills and pool at the narrowest point of her waist. No longer hidden, the full view of her breasts both surprised and thrilled him.

“No bra?” Jaune found himself blinking in surprise. He looked up at the girl’s smirking face, impressed. “Bold,” he commented, Yang offered no rebuttal, her sarcastic expression only adding to the view of her breasts. Only the second pair in his life after having already spied on Pyrrha.

They were bigger, which he had been expecting. And he could see the added weight effect the shape. From her collar, the mounds hung maybe a bit lower than his partner, towards the bottom of her ribs. But this did nothing to effect the full shape. Also different from his partner, where her tips had jutted away from her breast in natural points, Yang’s tanned peeks flowed naturally into the smooth shape, with the exception of two prominent blunt nubs breaking the surface in opposite directions. Against the equally generous mound, the large caps fit perfectly against her figure, the obviousness of her beauty made even more impossible to ignore.

Jaune felt his heart pick up, eyes widening as he took the time to appreciate the sight before him. Even if he tried flirting with the other blonde on occasion, he never dreamed he’d get the chance to see her famous chest. At least, not any more than she showed the rest of the world. He stared for another few moments, before finally working up the nerve to approach her.

Jaune could clearly hear his own heavy, nervous breathing in the void of his world. Swallowing against his dry throat, his hand reached out slowly before finally settling on the smooth, flat surface of her stomach. Defined in the best of ways, he could feel the subtle muscle glide under his fingers as the smoky light of his aura left trails wherever he touched.

He stood at her side, one hand on her front while the other held her back. Between the two, he took his time, gently exploring what it felt like to touch a girl’s skin. She was soft despite the firm tone of
muscles sculpting her figure. Under his fingers, he pressed the digits against her feeling the smooth skin’s texture. Yang may not be the dainty thing that he looked for in Weiss, but no one could deny her femininity.

The warmth of his hands seeped into her skin, gentle sensations teasing it into waking. Goosebumps lined where he touched, reacting to Jaune’s care. It was the first sign of his theory coming to life. And it only encouraged him. Looking up, he dared to brush her hair over her shoulder and out of her eyes. He could see the still smirking expression glaring into empty space.

Pressing against her side, he could feel her bare shoulder press against his chest. He’d taken his time exploring her body, tracing the different lines and curves that she so regularly showed off. The entire surface of her upper body glowed with his aura, the dim light bringing her to life. With only her breast left to explore, the slight flutter in his stomach only increased.

A nervous Jaune’s eyes stayed locked on her features, looking down only as he felt his hand cup the underside of her famous breast.

Cradling the swell of flesh, he could feel its unexpected weight. Soft, it felt solid in his hands. A unique texture that left his heart pounding in his ears. He ventured to give the supple skin a gentle squeeze. His fingers naturally sank into its firm texture.

Repeating the motion, his stiff posture slowly began to relax. Shoulders began to slump, and the stiff tension in his fingers eased to a more comfortable grip. Watching his own handy work the mound against Yang’s chest, the soft flesh naturally rolled and shifted from its own weight. He could only marvel at the girl he was currently fondling.

Jaune recalled how they’d met and shook his head. He’d been a bit dizzy at the time, but it was safe to say he, in no way, thought he’d ever reach this position. Though, vomiting on someone rarely did. He could only imagine she still saw him as the airsick boy who’d ended up losing his lunch on her shoes.

He moved to her other breast and gave it a generous squeeze. Against his palm, he could feel the flat nub of her nipple press against his palm and across its callused surface. Rubbed raw from the hours spent attempting to learn how to swing his sword, the skin was anything but smooth. This turned out to work in his favor as the resulting friction created the first delightful sparks of arousal in Yang’s body.

She was slow to respond, but washed in his aura her breasts started to awaken. He could feel them warm in his hands.

Working the flesh gently, as time went on and he grew more comfortable with what he was going he felt himself handling the girl’s body a bit more firmly. Still careful, the added pressure appeared to be appreciated as a gentle blush began to build beneath the surface. Kneading them, he did his best to give each breast the same amount of attention. And without any mind to suppress the sensations being forced upon her, Yang was helpless but to respond the way nature intended.

A young woman and flushed with hormones, her body did the only thing it was supposed to in such situations. Jaune could feel her tips hardening, tightening and swelling with warm blood that only made her more susceptible to the ghostly manipulation. Firm hands and earnest attention worked better than his more tender approach. And with an eager smile, Jaune’s chest swelled realizing what he’d been able to accomplish.

Jaune couldn’t help but feel an immense swell of pride. Paying special attention to the swollen nub, he pinched the pert flesh testing its hard yet malleable tenderness. The rough surface of her puckered
areola ran along his fingertips.

In all rationality, this was probably more than enough to test what he’d been looking for. But rather than pull away, the young man felt himself moving closer.

Settling himself against her back, his other hand wrapped around her front to handle both breasts at the same time. The hunter in training slowly worked them, massaging the tips, until they strained against themselves.

The sensitive nerves wound into a tight pillar of a nub. By this point, Jaune was well aware that he was just enjoying himself. But flexing his fingers around the base of Yang’s breasts, and pressing his face into the soft, fragrant tresses of her treasured hair, he quickly decided he didn’t care.

Compared to the terrifying girl he was used to seeing, the girl he was holding now seemed like an entirely different person. Wrapped in his arms, she actually felt small. Fitting into the plane of his chest like she was made for it. Using the whole of his hand, Jaune rolled the heavy softness against her chest, squeezing gently to watch his fingers mold her body.

The bright light of his aura wafted off his skin like smoke, clinging to whatever he touched. Practically saturated by this point, the two mounds fell naturally against her rips, the stimulation naturally flooding the tender skin with warmth and blood.

By the time Jaune was finished, the normally pale feminine curves were flushed and swollen- their tips aching with the attention he’d delivered.

It was good enough, more than necessary in fact. Unbidden, Jaune found his mind drifting to the rest of her body. It was almost too tempting to undress the rest of her, a half skirt and a pair of short black shorts being the only thing standing in his way. Hand leaving her breast, it settled on the warm curve of her ribs. But as beautiful of a sight he knew it would be, he was actually more interested in the results of his little experiment.

Besides, even if things did not go as he’d planned, there wasn’t any reason he couldn’t double or even triple check. One more time, he found himself shaking his head, trying to clear his thoughts. It was with great reluctance that he finally stepped back, the front of his pants noticeable tighter despite his best attempts to control himself.

With nothing else to do, he set out to begin the arduous task of redressing her. Fixing the stubborn buttons of her jacket back under her bust, he stepped back and was satisfied to see the usual amount of cleavage peeking out. It was almost a relief to see her back in clothes.

It certainly made thinking clearly less difficult.

It was strange to think of Yang as anything but the powerhouse she was. But after today, Jaune couldn’t help but remember how she’d felt nestled up against him. He’d always have his eyes set on Weiss. But if things didn’t end up working out for whatever reason the blond young man didn’t see any reason why he couldn’t turn his attention on the buxom boxer.

Jaune tried to reposition himself the same as when he’d frozen time.

Returning his eyes to Yang’s breasts, he was surprised to find a calmness about him. Heart still pounding with excitement, the contrast was strange but not unwelcome. Rather, he just didn’t know what to expect. With any luck, his first conclusion would prove true, and Yang would have some kind of reaction. But even if this turned out not to be the case, it was hard to complain after you’d spent an afternoon fondling a beautiful woman’s chest. Now it was just time to see if it was worth
more than a cold shower.

Jaune stared at her features a moment longer—almost sad that the frozen moment really couldn’t last forever. But like all things good in the world, this too had to end. He could only hope that it wouldn’t be too long before the next one. With that as solace, Jaune just smiled. Reaching into his own stomach, the now familiar texture of his semblance brushed against his aura and snapped off.

Unfrozen, the world around him unwound at an increasing pace. Slowly, the people and sounds melted into action. Yang’s voice shot back from the void, the stretched out syllables contracting to recognizable sounds. Jaune waited for all of this to come to a point, eyes wide as they watched the girl come back to life.

“-vitation you know.” Still smirking at him, Yang’s brow quirked, new and strange sensations slowly working their way to her brain.

Hands on her hips, Yang blinked, suddenly feeling as though something was off. Starting small, like a bug tickling the small hairs on her arm, the sensation quickly grew. Almost as though it fed off of her awareness.

Her chest felt… tight. A flush of warmth rose to her cheeks seemingly from nowhere. It wasn’t until she shifted, rolling her hips to balance on her other foot that the motion forced her breasts to brush against the inside of her shirt. All at once, her shoulders tensed, a startled hiss escaping her clenched teeth.

She seemed to completely forget her current company, openly turning to stare down at her covered chest. At the same moment, she couldn’t help but cross an arm over her bust. “W-What the…” she mumbled to herself. But the sensation of her own hands did little clear anything up. And soon the warmth saturating the supple orbs began to bleed throughout the rest of her body.

Yang, from her perspective, was entirely confused. Standing in front of the dorm, she had just finished up giving one of her sister’s friends the pep talk of a lifetime. Catching him glance at her breasts wasn’t entirely surprising. Though it had been a while since anyone had been brave enough to do so quite so brazenly. Rather than let it slide, she thought it would be more fun to catch the boy and watch him flounder. Nothing about that explained why her nipples were suddenly, almost painfully, hard.

Breathing deeply, Yang could feel the warmth in her cheeks as the rest of her body seemed to catch up with whatever effects had focused on her chest. Far from unpleasant, she almost wished it was a pain radiating across he skin. Better than than this frustrating tingle that seemed to tickle her spine.

In a single moment of horror, she found other areas begin to be affected. Namely the sudden warmth in her panties. It was only slight, but she still couldn’t help but press her thighs together in a halfhearted attempt at fending off the unwanted arousal. Maybe forgoing a bra that morning hadn’t been the best idea?

It was impossible to ignore the delightful friction they caused brushing against the slightly abrasive material of her combat attire with every breath. It only served to further scramble her already short-circuited brain. Which is why, hearing somebody’s voice, Yang was horrified to remember she wasn’t anything close to being alone.

“Everything okay?” Still an arm’s length away, Yang’s eyes widened when she watched him take a step closer. That, under normal circumstances, would be totally okay. But at this moment, the last thing she needed was to be closer to a boy.
That’s just what she needed, Vomit Boy, of all people, watching her flushed and flustered. For an irrational moment, she wondered if he could see what was happening to her. She rejected the idea as fast as it had appeared. She refused to even acknowledge that possibility. Instead, she forced her tight expression into a grimace of a smile, trying and failing to appear as her regular self.

“Mhmm!” Not trusting her voice, her breath was already harder to catch. Only after she was sure she could make it through a sentence without stuttering did she attempt words. And even then, it was impossible to miss that something was affecting the poor girl.

“Just, ah, little heat stroke. I think I’ve been out in the sun too long.” It was a pitiful excuse, but it was still better than explaining that her nipples were suddenly hard enough to cut glass. Hands still braced over her chest, she lifted a single arm to wipe away the sweat that had begun to build on her brow. It had been quite some time since she’d been able to feel these sensations, making their effects that much more potent.

This time the flush in her cheeks was more than arousal, but honest embarrassment. Almost as soon as she finished talking, a look of confusion swallowed her features. This was quickly followed by a deep flush of color that seemed to devour her otherwise pale cheeks.

Wracking her mind, she tried to make sense of what could have caused this reaction. She liked to joke that her ‘girls’ had a mind of their own, but this was ridiculous. Unfortunately, stood outside in the middle of the courtyard, there wasn’t much regarding stimulation. Not unless she’d suddenly taken a liking to tall, blond, and scraggly.

She would have laughed if not for the sudden drop in her stomach.

Impossible, surely… Though he had been staring right at them. Maybe she’d liked the attention more than she’d thought? Still grinding against her shirt, the tightly wound flesh left sparks of pleasure with each action, only deepening her frown. It was crazy… but there wasn’t much else that could have triggered such a reaction. She glanced back at the boy, trepidation clear in her purple gaze.

For the first time in her life, Yang found herself considering the boy. Looking for something that she might have consciously missed. Looking for anything that she normally found attractive.

That’s not to say she thought of him as unattractive, especially when she usually enjoyed other blonds. But his weedy frame and nervous disposition always made it impossible to see him in any real light. At least, that’s what she had thought.

Then there was her little sister to consider. While it didn’t seem all that serious, he was still the first guy ever that she’d interest in – small as it may be. What kind of big sister would she be to try and swoop in and steal that away?

It couldn’t be that part of her enjoyed Jaune ogling her, could it? The very thought soured her stomach. Sure, she liked being the center of attention. But not that much!

Yet, the more she thought about him, the more her body naturally responded to the source of its pleasure. Bathed in his aura, her breasts couldn’t help but react to his presence. She could feel her nipples tighten just glancing in his direction.

The realization was both unnerving, and curious. The steady pulse throbbing in the blonde’s chest demanded the rest of her attention, and Yang came to a decision.

Whether Jaune was the source or not, it was time to retreat to a more private location. Her slight motions and fidgeting were doing nothing but making things even worse. The slight heat in her
underwear had even turned humid. And her hammering heartbeat only seemed to fan the flames.

“So, I should probably get out of this heat,” Yang forced a calm expression. Fanning the warmth still burning on her face, it was all too easy to explain the slight sweat beading on her brow. In reality, the longer she stayed, the longer mind continued to fry.

Jaune, who’d watched all of her behavior in silence up until this point, was slow to respond. “Ah, oka-.” And even when he did, the other blonde didn’t bother waiting for him to finish, her cleavage heaving with the deepening breaths.

Finally, she’d had enough. “Glad you’re feeling better. See ya!” She forced in a rush.

Shouldering past the boy, Yang didn’t even bother to hide the slow jog she broke into as she barreled past him and into the building. The up and down bounce of her breasts was a special kind of torture. And she struggled to keep the breathy moan out of her panting tone.

Past the threshold, Yang finally allowed her hand to reach into her jacket and actually touch the hard nub pressing through her thin undershirt. Pleasure arcing up her spine, she could only decide if what she needed was a cold shower or a very, very warm one. She shook the thought from her head before turning to start the path leading towards her dorm.

Unbeknownst to her, the expression she left on Jaune’s face wasn’t confusion, but excitement. His cheeks were bright red, making the excited smile on his face that much more apparent to those walking by. He stared after her, his features somewhere between amazed and turned on. Yang Xiao Long flustered was one thing he never expected to see in his time spent at Beacon.

The test was positive, that was the only explanation. If what he thought happened had really just happened than what he could do with these powers was much more nefarious than he’d originally thought. That’s to say, the possibilities that were opening up made the young man’s mind race.

Even for him, a guy who normally struggled to find anything positive about himself, he couldn’t deny that for a brief moment, before she’d run off, Yang had actually looked at him – had thought about him, if only for a second. Even if that was all he accomplished, it was still farther than anything he’d been able to pull off before.

A chance – a moment of doubt was all he needed to win Weiss over. And with this power, he might be able to achieve just that.

Jaune’s smile carried him to the steps of the building. Rather than go inside and face his teammates, he sat on the bottom step and found himself considering everything that had happened. And to think the day wasn’t even over.

Just a few hours ago, he seemed like another person. Afraid and skittish, the small crane of his neck that bent into his chest no longer plagued his posture. For the first time in his life, he felt like he didn’t need to hide. He looked ahead and stood, sat, proudly. Finally convinced that he might not have been born into the wrong family. And that… that was new. But it also wasn’t the only thing he’d noticed.

Staring down at his hand, he could still feel the soft texture of Yang’s breast. It was surprising, amazing actually, to think he’d actually gone through with it. The guy he was, the guy he was used to being, he wasn’t sure if he would have been able to.

For the first time in his life, he didn’t have to worry about what he was, a failure - a disgrace. For the first time in his life, he was able to actually discover who he was as just… Jaune. Whether that was
for good or for worse remained to be seen. But there was one thing he did know for sure.

No more excuses. He didn’t have the luxury of blaming himself for his failures anymore.

First Weiss, he would use these powers to get the girl of his dreams and make her his. And after that… save the world. He would protect everyone, and go down in history as the greatest hunter that ever lived.

That’s what it took to be an Arc. That’s what it meant to have the power he’d been gifted.

**A/N: F&R**

**Next Chapter: A Brick To Build A Castle:** The after effects of Jaune’s abilities make themselves known while Yang contemplates her new reaction towards the blonde hunter. Meanwhile, the white knight himself enlists the help of one Ruby Rose to aid him in his conquest of his beloved. Will he get the chance he so desperately needs? Or is even the power to stop time not enough to sway Weiss’ frozen heart?
A/N: Oh don’t mind me. I’m just standing here, showering in the never ending stream of reviews, favorites and follows you’ve seen fit to befall me. Seriously, there must be bunch of dirty, dirty perverts out here on the internet. Who knew?

In all seriousness I want thank everyone who liked, favorited and was kind enough to leave a review. The amount of love for the first chapter blew me away and I love each and every one of you all for it. For those worried about dark themes, there will be another Author Note at the end addressing that issue. But until then, here’s a slightly more light hearted chapter to ease some of those worries out there. Enjoy!

Tag(s): N/A

Girl(s): N/A

Words: 5749

Chapter 3 – A brick to build a castle

The sound of sword on shield echoed through the surrounding forest. At its very edge, the towering castle-like structure of Beacon Academy loomed, its pale features washed in the bright orange and pinks of the rising sun.

The day had hardly begun, and Jaune was already finding the rich taste of soil filling his mouth. Shield braced overhead, a particularly large blow rattled the bone all the way up to his shoulder. Knocked off balance, there was nothing he could do to stop long, toned leg from sweeping across his shins and sending him sprawling. The hunter in training just groaned on his back, a long drawn out sound that earned a look of honest concern from the redheaded warrior stood above him.

“Jaune?” her nervous tone asked, “are you sure there’s nothing wrong? You seeming…” she was hesitant to continue, choosing her words carefully. “Distracted,” she finally voiced, and she had no idea.

While not the most proficient in battle, this morning the young man seemed particularly clumsy. Hidden behind his shield for most of their spar, he seemed to be avoiding her. Or, more accurately, avoiding looking at her. Unknown to Pyrrha, the bright flush of Jaune’s skin had little to do with the warm morning air. Even now, flat on his back and his joints screaming in protest, he couldn’t find the strength to look in her direction. Less his bright blue orbs travel to more dishonorable locations.

What Pyrrha would say if she knew the truth – that the reason he failed to accurately track her movements was that he was too busy watching her move? That the reason he refused to meet her eyes was that they only made him think of her breasts. Ironically, Pyrrha would probably find her partner’s thoughts wonderful, if not a bit embarrassing. Even if, for Jaune, it had opened a door he found himself too weak to close.

Seeing his teammates half-naked had changed something in the way he saw his friends. Forget about training, even simple interaction proved to be a challenge. He couldn’t even hear the sound of poor Nora’s voice without a brief flash of purple consuming his thoughts.

Sadly, that wasn’t even the worst of it. His power, the power to freeze time, was incredible. So
much, that now that he’d discovered its use on the female gender, he couldn’t help but consider them all. Friends and strangers alike. It was just too easy to find himself stopped in the middle of some thought or action, wondering what they looked like beneath their skirts and layered uniform.

He’d been just a boy when his father had given the offhand comment of the Arc libido. Eight children didn’t sprout out of thin air after all. It hadn’t meant a thing at the time, but now the young man couldn’t help but give his old man’s words some consideration.

“Sorry,” he apologized. Still ducking his gaze, he pulled himself to his feet. “I don’t want you to think I’m ungrateful. Really, I can’t tell you how much I appreciate what you’re doing, training me. I know you don’t have to. I guess I just… have something on my mind.” Putting on a tight smile, his gaze lifted enough to peek at the revealing nature of her short chest piece and even shorter skirt.

Seriously, how had he never noticed?

“If you would like to talk about it…” Pyrrha offered in a hopeful tone. Gloved hands clasped together, a nervous smile lifted her face. She looked to be the picture of anticipation. Unable to see any of this, Jaune just waved her off, pretending to examine his shield.

“It’s nothing you should worry about.”

It wasn’t a lie, not entirely. He did have a lot on his mind, namely a certain Schnee heiress and how exactly he was going to go through with his plans to make her fall for him. Since his little experiment with Yang, it had been about all he could think about. Among other things. A heavy sigh fell from his lips.

“Oh?” Disappointed, she tried not to let it show. Instead, she placed a comforting hand on his shoulder trying to make him see that she could understand his plight. Even if she couldn’t be further from the truth.

“Jaune, don’t lose hope. You’ve already come so far in just a few weeks, I hope you can see that.” Perhaps taking advantage of their partnership, she took another step closer, enough that she could smell the heavy scent that came with a heavy workout. Her heart clenched. “I know you might not be where you want yet, but there’s power in you.” Her hand reached to touch the front of his breastplate. “I can feel it.”

Pyrrha, mistaking his distraction with frustration, seemed to think he’d lost his will to continue their training. When, in fact, he’d never been more motivated to improve his abilities. Jaune smiled to himself, unable to help it. His teammate’s words struck closer to home than she would ever realize.

Chuckling in the back of his throat, his eyes met hers – if only briefly. “You know what?” he raised an eyebrow, “you’re right. Thanks, Pyrrha. When I’m a world famous hunter, I’ll be sure to let the world know you were responsible.” Back straitening, a cheeky smile earned him a look of surprise from the girl. “You won’t mind sharing a bit of that fame, right?”

Teasing, the response was so out of place and character the red-haired warrior had to take a moment to blink. “Yes! Well, I believe I will just have to manage, now won’t I?” she finally answered, mirth in her features.

As deep as her feelings ran for the only son of Arc, it was heartbreaking to watch him struggle with his own confidence. So, seeing him so boisterous, and even bragging, Pyrrha’s smile was honest and bright.

“But if you plan to be the best, you’re training will certainly need to be increased. If you’re up for it,
of course.” There was a challenge in her eyes. Still fueled by the pride in his abilities, Jaune seemed to forget himself and raised his sword in preparation.

“Don’t go easy on me?” he smiled foolishly. And go easy she did not. The sound of a body hitting the forest floor echoed soon after.

XxX

Jaune’s gaunt expression betrayed the lack of physical wounds his aura had already healed. Carrying his breakfast towards a group of tables, his mind was still on the utter torture Pyrrha had been able to dish out. His bravado had failed quickly, about as fast as the endless rain of blows against his shield, in fact. Her attacks had appeared to come from all directions at once while losing none of the strength that pounded flesh and bone alike. He’d been cocky and paid the price. Now even the smallest of motions forced his joints to cry in protest.

School had actually saved him. With classes starting, the two couldn’t stay any longer than they had if they wanted to shower and eat. Though, dragging his feet, the pile of bacon and eggs he’d picked up did nothing to inspire any kind of apatite.

His friends were already seated, team RWBY and team JNPR’s tables pressed together as they usually spent their meals. All of them watched in silence as he made his way over. Pyrrha’s eyes shone with worry.

“Guys, serious. I’ll live,” he finally promised. He was glad to see they cared but he wasn’t that fragile… probably. Reaching the group of students he took his place between his partner and the fellow leader of team RWBY. The young girl stared at him a moment longer, her silver eyes wincing at the way he cringed just from crouching down. Thankfully, Nora was always more than happy to steal the group’s attention.

“Now that’s training!” Seated across from Jaune her eyes were alight with passion. “How can you even call it a workout if you can’t taste a little blood?” Puffing up her chest, she shot the boy a thumbs up. “Way to set the example, team leader.” She turned to her companion, seated to her left. “Ren! We’ve been slacking! Get ready because tomorrow morning we’re gonna double, no! Triple our work out!”

She held up her arms, face alight with anticipation. In contrast, the Mistral boy seemed exceedingly less enthused. “Nora, we’ve don’t have a morning schedule.” Without so much as a blink, Nora’s smile turned even more voracious.

“Quadruple, then!” Ren knew better than to try and put up a fight. Slouching over his cereal, he stared down into its milky, grain flecked liquid and seemed ready drown himself in it. Jaune took the picture in, already feeling sorry for the boy.

“Jaune?” a quiet voice sounded to his left. Peeking over he could see the youngest girl eyeing the last of his remaining cuts.

“Wow,” her eyes were laughably wide. “Pyrrha really went all out on you, huh?” she sounded more amused than anything. Jaune shrugged his shoulders. Said girl had apologized profusely after understanding what she’d done. She’d gotten caught up in his optimism as much as him, only realizing afterward his cries hadn’t been from motivation, but fear.

“Kinda my own fault,” he had to acknowledge. Ruby tilted her head, smiling.

Like most mornings, conversations among the groups drifted in and out of focus. Eating at a casual
pace, they all had more than enough time to enjoy their meals before running off to class. Falling unusually quite, Jaune easily slipped through the cracks of their click. Which was fine by him.

Out of everyone at the table, Yang found herself the most affected by Jaune’s arrival. It wasn’t by accident she’d picked the farthest end of the table to sit. Away from the other blond and hopefully far enough to keep whatever weirdness had occurred yesterday from happening again.

Like a scar that ached whenever its donor was near or that small excitement you feel when an old friend is close, the body had a tendency to imprint different emotions depending on the person. And though neither Jaune nor Yang was aware of it yet, he’d left his mark.

Smiling and joking around on the outside, she did her best to keep her sidelong glances at the boy from being too obvious. It was the first time she had ever found herself behaving in any way other than her normally bold and boisterous self. But the memory of her unexpected arousal was not easily forgotten.

Escaping the boy’s aura had helped her condition, but not nearly as much as she would have wished. Her entire team had been relaxing in her dorm, and the last thing she wanted was to be around her little sister while her toes were literally tingling. The lockers being the only place to escape to, her joke about a cold shower had turned into reality.

The only thing worse than feeling her body’s state was seeing it stripped down in the bathroom. The swollen shape of her breasts was only made more striking by the sharp points refusing to relax. Tinged pink, her slightly tanned completion looked feverous as she’d walked through the small group of young huntresses milling about. And for the first time, Yang found herself shying away from the attention, rather than flaunting her normally proud assets.

Cool water on her heated skin had left her shivering, but not in the ways she’d hoped. Still tingling, she couldn’t remember the last time she’d been so worked up. And by Jaune Arc of all things! Even now, peering at him out the corner of her eyes she watched him lazily push around his now cold eggs – every bit the admittedly awkward guy he was.

Lean, shaggy, passive, he wasn’t at all the kind of guy she normally went for. At seventeen, Yang wasn’t ashamed to have already gotten a good amount of experience in the ways of the bedroom. While nothing that would give her a reputation, well, more of a reputation, there had been enough boys that she’d found interesting enough to try and learn what she liked. And what she liked was nothing close to Jaune. So why the hell couldn’t she look away? She wasn’t the only one wondering.

“Why are you staring at Jaune?” The buxom blonde blinked, torn out of her thoughts to find a pair of piercing yellow eyes glittering in her direction. Of course, if anyone was going to catch her it would be Blake. But that didn’t make Yang any less embarrassed.

Eyes wide, she matched Blake’s suspicious stare trying and failing to come up with some kind of explanation. She ultimately failed – deciding she might as well make use of her crafty partner.

Blake had been kind enough to at least try and keep her voice down keeping their other two teammates from joining in. Looking around, Yang leaned in closer, speaking in hushed tones. “Okay… so try and stay with me here.” Blake simply raised an eyebrow, her lazy eyes lifting a fraction of an inch. Yang took that as her sign to continue

“Have you ever…” she looked for the right way to continue, “Have you ever thought Jaune was attractive?” There, she’d said it. And if Blake’s suddenly wide expression was anything to go by, it was the last thing she was expecting to hear from her partner.
Taking a moment, Blake slowly leaned back in her chair, keeping her eyes on her partner. Finally turning to look at the awkward blonde, she tilted her head curiously before shifting back, her face no more understanding. “Wow, really been that long, huh?” The accusation wasn’t lost on the blonde who immediately went on the defensive.

“Hey! I haven’t come back to see any of your socks on the doorknob either miss erotica.” Blake didn’t even flinch, although her cheeks might have darkened for a moment. In a move that was perhaps too casual, the book she’d been reading was shifted from the table to her lap.

“I’ve, have bad experiences dating. Books are a better fit for me.” Yang couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow. Ink and pages over sweat and skin? Well, it wasn’t what she would call a Friday night but to each their own. Blake was an odd one after all. She tried to return to the matter at hand.

“Seriously though, dry spells aside, what do you think? Bangable?”

“If you’re into that. I guess so?” she wasn’t impressed.

“But I’m not!” Yang answered, eyes wide and pitiful. This only continued to confuse her friend, who tried to understand the situation. “At least, I wasn’t. Not before tomorrow!” The interest returned. And Blake’s eyebrow rose expectantly.

“What happened yesterday?” she asked in a dubious voice. She could hardly imagine anything strange enough to inspire an attraction towards the boy. Not that she found him particularly unattractive. But more, it was hard for her to see him as anything worth chasing. Then again, her choice in men had a less than perfect track record. So maybe she shouldn’t be so quick to dismiss her.

Yang would have groaned. If not for the memory of the day than for someone else knowing about it. Still, keeping it to herself had done nothing but haunt her. And if anyone was going to know, it might as well be the girl that hardly talked.

“I have no idea!” she admitted. And shook her head. “One minute were just talking, and the next I’m nearly falling over trying to stop my nipples from punching through my shirt.” It was certainly a picturesque description, but Blake wasn’t offended. If anything her interest was only more peeked.

“Because… of Jaune?” Almost in disbelief, both of them turned to glance at the boy who slowly brought a piece of bacon to open mouth, only to flinch at the first bite. Neither was very impressed watching him struggled to so much as eat in the aftereffects of his teammate’s training.

“I don’t get it either,” the blonde agreed as they turned back towards each other. “I mean, he’s nice enough, I guess. But now it’s like whenever I get close…” she trailed off heat flooding her cheeks. That earned a small smile from her friend she leaned in expectantly.

“Whenever you get close?” she led.

Yang’s face pinched, but she still whispered back, “Whenever I get close I can feel my…” she paused, gesturing towards her impressive bust, “get excited.” Her cheeks couldn’t have gotten any redder if they were pained.

Blake paused at the information. “Just your breasts?” she asked. And Yang nodded her head energetically. That was certainly odd, but not any stranger than Jaune having any kind of effect on a woman. This time when she turned to look at him, she tried to look past his goofy appearance and see what Yang apparently was. Maybe there was more to him than she’d thought?

“I guess you can only ignore him then,” Blake supplied. “Unless you want to see where this goes?”
Asked more than told, Yang’s answering dry stare was all the dark haired girl needed to see where she stood. Blake found herself smiling in spite of herself.

“Fine, just a few days to get whatever this is out of my system.” Yang supplemented. But even if that was her plan, the memory of the sensations she’d felt that day were hard to forget. And even without the aid of Jaune’s aura stimulating her body, a spark of pleasure snaked its way from between her legs and through her body. A shiver shook her, and she stared stubbornly at her plate. All the while Blake watched on, a secretive smile peeking her interest.

Well, today had certainly started in an interesting way. With a cautious glance toward her sulking partner, her book opened back to the place she’d been. But suddenly, it seemed a bit less interesting that it had just moments ago. Instead, her attention lingered on the two blondes.

For some reason, she couldn’t shake the feeling that there may be more to Yang’s story than she’d let on. And that, perhaps, it might be worth keeping an eye out for the pair.

She lifted her book back in front of her face. But this time to hide the small smile that had formed.

While Yang and Blake sequestered away in their little corner, little did either of them know the object of their discussion was planning to begin his own plot. The culmination of his time at Beacon finally heading to how he could convince a certain heiress she was in love with him.

Left to his own devices, Jaune gave up on eating after so much time and found his eyes turning to his left. Across from Ruby, a girl as pale as freshly fallen snow casually picked at a plate of fruits. The young man watched her bring a red grape to her lips, its splash of color stark against her lips, and take a bite. He swallowed nervously.

His plan, as plans went, was fairly simple. Get her on a date, show her a good time. And, if she looked unimpressed, do his best to persuade her that she might feel more for him than she might think. All by whatever means he had at his disposal. It wasn’t the best plan by any means. But Jaune had certainly chased after her with less. However, to get this chance, he would need to enlist a bit of help.

“Psst! Ruby.” Hearing her name, the smiling girl turned her attention to her friend, brows raised.

“Whaaaaaat?” she whispered back in the same exaggerated hushed tone. This seemed to tickle her, made obvious by her dimpled grin. Thankfully she managed to restrain herself from giggling.

“You think you could help me something? Something really, really important?” His tone was pleading and his expression pitiful, both things that delighted the fifteen-year-old sat next to him. Rolling her eyes at the dramatization, she could only feel her amusement increase.

“I kinda need to know what it is first?” she answered. Scrunching up her face, she looked around them at the table full of their friends and quietly added, “Also why are we whispering?” And doing a poor job of it that. Gone unnoticed by everyone, Blake’s bow seemed to twitch. They continued completely unaware of the spy in their midst.

Jaune fidgeted, eyes nervously flickering around the room. Finally settling on Weiss, Ruby followed his line of sight, only to groan when she finally understood what this show was about. She promptly turned back to face her meal, eyes drawn in disinterest.

“Nope,” she chirped, stuffing her face with a spoonful of cinnamon-y, surgery oatmeal. Even Jaune’s insistent whining didn’t sway her. She just shook her head.

There were a lot of things that Ruby still didn’t understand in her world. Why people felt the need to
hurt each other when Grimm were still doing a wonderful job. Why cookies were never shelved in the same part of the store as milk. Why heels were ever invented and why she was expected to wear them. But most of all, Ruby would never understand relationships…

Growing up, Yang had certainly been popular enough for young Ruby to catch onto to what went on between boys and girls. Then, her old school, Signal had been rife with budding teenage hormones. But every time her sister or one of her friends talked about how cute he was or what a hottie she was, Ruby could only stare at them blandly.

Whatever part of the brain that made people act so stupid around the opposite gender, she seemed to have been born without. Which was just fine by her.

“Please!” Jaune begged, for the third time. Sagging against her chair, the young woman finally turned to look at him.

“Jaune, I don’t think she’s interested,” she explained. Quickly realizing that her words could be offensive, her expression pinched in worry. “B-But don’t take it personally, I mean she doesn’t really like me either. Or anyone…” And that only made her remember her strained relationship with her teammate.

Jaune didn’t even blink. “I have a plan!” he swore, “totally foolproof.” Returning to her bland expression, Ruby didn’t seem convinced.

“That’s what you said about the guitar!” she glared. “And your pickup lines. And that thing you tried to do with the hand puppets, that I don’t really understand, but it didn’t work!” Crossing her arms, the little rose was beginning to realize how much she’d been getting dragged into the blond’s crazy schemes. And, that her partner might start to like her more if she didn’t help someone terrorize her on a nearly weekly basis.

“But this time for real!” Hearing the same whining tone, Ruby just slumped in her chair, knowing that eventually she was going to give in.

“Fine…” she huffed. Jaune immediately stared at her, a great smile on his face. Ruby’s face felt strangely warm for a second. “Tell me what you need.”

“Just help me get her alone,” he asked. When Ruby stared at him, eyes wide he rushed to explain himself. “Nothing weird, promise! Just tell her you want to talk near the east wing entrance before classes, okay? I’ll do the rest.” Ruby continued to stare at him, hating that she already knew how it was going to end. With a pissed off Weiss and a depressed Jaune, neither of which she wanted to see. Still, she couldn’t say no. Not while he was staring right at her. She begrudgingly nodded her head.

“Awe, Rubes, you’re the best!” he swore. And once again Ruby felt her cheeks increase a few degrees. Maybe she was getting sick? Eh, nothing a tall glass of milk couldn’t solve.

“Just… don’t feel too down if your plan doesn’t go exactly as planned, okay?” She hated seeing her friend like that. But Jaune wasn’t listening, already off in his own world imagine exactly how his date was going to go.

“Sure, sure.” He waved his hand. “I’ll pick you up a box of cookies as thanks.” Backing away, he picked up his tray and was the first to leave their group of friends. Ruby watched him leave, dread pooling in her stomach.

“Triple chocolate please!” she yelled after him. The group of teenagers turned to look at their
youngest friend, but she ignored them. Maybe if he was upset, she could share them with him? Thinking about it, the picture brought a smile to her face. One that didn’t go unnoticed.

XxX

The day had hardly started and already Weiss could feel a headache coming along. Preparing for the day’s first class, she’d been blindsided by the hyperactive girl that was her partner. Running up out of nowhere, she suddenly exclaimed that she wanted to talk with her all the way across the school near the east wing. When asked why she couldn’t simply speak where they were already standing, the little girl had just stared at her with the widest eyes possible. All before running off, with the words, “Okay, see you there, bye!” almost too rushed to comprehend.

Weiss shook her head and closed her eyes. Why she had to be paired with such a… a, a child, she would never know. Skilled as the younger girl was, there were times that seemed the two of them had been put together simply as a test for her patience. A long, long test.

The ‘click’ ‘clack’ of her buckled, black shoes on the floor echoed whilst she neared her destination. Classes would begin shortly, and most of the students were already safely tucked inside. Weiss should be able to make it as well so long as whatever her partner wanted didn’t take too long. But if this was a waste of her time, it would be a while before Ruby could expect anything from the pale girl besides the coldest of shoulders.

She turned a corner, only to blink at the picture in front of her.

Jaune Arc, of all people, stood leaning against the wall in a pose all too cheesy. Eyes closed, his smile was far too confident. And one that Weiss had learned to avoid at all costs. Knowing that it was statically impossible for her to just happen upon such a scene, her brain connected the dots leading to a surge of irritation. One that only multiplied as soon as the buffoon opened his mouth.

“Snow Angel,” he nodded, smirking for all it was worth. Staring at him for a full five seconds in silence, she simply turned her heel and left the same way she’d come.

“W-Wait, wait!” Jaune called. Dropping his suave demeanor, if it could even be called that, he scrambled to chase after her. Around the corner he watched her walking only a few feet away, her red skirt swaying. “Where’re you going?!” He cried.

“Too class,” she pointed, as though it was obvious. Turning around her bitch face was in full force as she found herself dealing with this, of all things, so early in the morning.

“Aren’t you going to hear what I what I have to say?” Jaune asked, almost whining. Weiss stopped, turned around, and actually seemed to think about it for a moment. “Fine,” nodding her head, she gave the boy a stare that could only be labeled as glacial. Perturbed, the boy found his confidence waning, as it did so many times in the heiress’ presence. Squaring his shoulders, he did his best to appear collected.

“Mrs. Schnee, would you be so kind as to join me this-.”

“No.”

Blinking, his eyes went wide as he wasn’t even allowed to finish before getting turned down. Weiss didn’t give him another second before turning back towards the hall, long, pale hair whipping back and forth as she strode forward. Jaune gaped after her.

“No!” he called. And once again found himself chasing after her. Not bothering to stop, Weiss sighed as soon as she realized the boy intended to follow her. Considering all the trouble he went
through just to get her there it shouldn’t be too surprising, but she was still irritated, nevertheless.

“That is my answer.” She was being cold, yes. But after trying to gently turn him down so many times the small part of her that felt sorry for his misplaced feelings had died. She was only being as harsh as it would take to get it through his thick skull.

“But you didn’t even let me finish.” Shaking his head, he couldn’t believe how things were turning. It wasn’t at all how he’d imagined it. Weiss’ response was just as quick and cold as a frozen blade.

“Do you really think it would have made a difference?”

Stopped midstride, Jaune found himself staring after her, helpless as she retreated farther and farther down the hall. All he could do was stare at the back of her head, scrambling for a way to save his “foolproof” plan.

Too bad it wasn’t Jaune-proof.

Idea’s racing, he bit the tip of his thumbnail. There was something he could try, but it was dangerous. And certainly a last resort. If things didn’t happen like he planned, if he was wrong in his assumption, then there would be little hope of him ever wooing his dream gal. In a snap decision, Jaune made up his mind and chased after her. What did he have to lose?

“Weiss!”

His voice was far away, but the distinct sound of running meant he would be upon her soon enough. More than anything, Weiss just wanted to sigh. She didn’t enjoy hurting him. Really she didn’t. She wasn’t so cold as to be unable to notice he was nice enough when he wasn’t hitting on her. If not for his feelings, she would even go so far as to say they could be friends. Well, as much of friends as she’d managed with her team anyway. But if she needed to break him for him to realize that there was none, no way, a snowball’s chance in hell of them getting together, then she would. Crushing was what Schnee’s did best, after all.

“Weiss.” He approached her and was delighted when she actually stopped to look back. What he found in her eyes was not the beautiful expression he’d come to love, but something cold and hard.

She opened her mouth, no doubt getting ready to tear him a new backside. But this time, it would be Jaune who interrupted her.

“Weiss!” he begged, stopping her before she could even start. “Just hear me out this one last time, okay?” She glared at him, but he just held up his hands. “Like you said, what’s it going to change?” Having her own words thrown back at her, Weiss temper’ cooled, if only enough wait another moment before hurting the teenage boy.

“You think you’re not interested me,” he started, earning a scathing glare right from the start. “I understand that,” he promised. “I do. All I’m asking is for a chance to change your mind, to, to show you that I can be the guy you’d want to date. So… here’s my proposal.” He took a deep breath before continuing.

“You think you’re not interested me,” he started, earning a scathing glare right from the start. “I understand that,” he promised. “I do. All I’m asking is for a chance to change your mind, to, to show you that I can be the guy you’d want to date. So… here’s my proposal.” He took a deep breath before continuing.

“One date,” he held up a finger in her face. “One date, tonight. Just you and me. We’ll have dinner, and then a walk in the park. And then” he stopped, worry taking his features. “Then… if you still say you don’t feel anything for me, anything at all, I promise I will never ask you out again.”

There it was, his last resort. His ace in the hole. If this didn’t work, he really would lose her. And that’s only if she didn’t decide it was easier to just turn him down now. Shocked out of her hard expression, it seemed Weiss hadn’t been expecting his deal either. And in a single, long moment, she
silently considered what he’d said.

She should say no, she knew that deep in her heart. Nothing good can come from leading him on in any way. That being said, the school year had only just begun, and spending the next how many more months being chased by a boy she had no interest in was not how she wanted to spend that time. It was bad enough her entire team thought she was this cold, emotionless witch. Maybe killing this obsession now really was her best option. It was with growing horror that she realized her only avenue of choice.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this,” she groaned, her expression the same as if she were agreeing to open heart surgery. In contrast, even that small of an admission brought the largest of smiles on Jaune’s face.

“You understand that this will change nothing?” Weiss demanded, needing him to hear it. “And that ultimately this will only be a waste of my time and your finances?” Jaune nodded his head, happy as if she’d already just agreed to be his girlfriend. “And yet you still insist on this farce?” Again, he nodded his head, faster this time. Realizing that there was no way of talking him out if it, Weiss crumbled.

“You get one hour,” she pointed a finger in his face. Glaring, it was hard to stay angry against what could only be described as unbridled joy. Did it really make him that happy? Slightly dazed by the thought, she continued until she was sure he’d heard her. “That’s it, that’s all you have. Not another second. And you do not want to find out what will happen if you decide to go back on your word.”

“Arc’s honor,” he held his fist against his breast in some kind of salute. The effect was slightly lessened when he decided to give her a small wink. “But don’t blame me if you lose track of time.” The sheer audacity would have been enough to earn a smile if she wasn’t sure it would only encourage the boy.

“I’ll be counting every second.” And this time when she walked away, Jaune was content to just watch her. Her petite frame and slim hips swaying with her natural pace. Jaune would have swooned if he wasn’t sure his crush would see him. When she finally disappeared, he looked at a nearby clock and jumped, almost late for class.

Right now he’d worry about school. But tonight… tonight he had a date. The first step towards achieving his dream.

A loud cheer could be heard in the classroom’s passing by.

A/N: Okay, so a lot of you out there seemed to express some concern about the less than consensual themes being expressed. I want to assure all of you that Jaune will not be raping anybody and that all sex that occurs in this fic will be done with expressed verbal consent of all heroines. That being said, obvious Jaune is going to need to do a few things for his ‘plan’ to work. Which includes, but is not limited to, the removal of clothing and stimulation of feminine areas. If that bothers you, than I will at least tell you that it is my plan for the each of the girl’s to eventually find about this and even exploit it for their own enjoyment. And yes, I did leave that purposefully vague. Anyway, if even that isn’t enough to ease your calm than I can only ask that you keep reading in the hopes you see for yourself.

Big thank you again to everyone that dropped their love last chapter. Can we see if we can keep it up?

Next chapter -To Melt a Snow Angel: having begrudgingly accepted Jaune’s invitation to dinner,
the night of dread turns sweet as Weiss Schnee begins to feel new and strange sensations in the blonde knight’s company. Doing her best to resist and deny the pleasure she finds herself suffering, as the night continues she only finds her condition growing worse. Will this be enough to finally sway the young princess into Jaune’s arms, or will it simply leave her hot, wet, and embarrassed? Hehe, then again, why not both? Read to find out.
To melt a snow angel

A/N: Okay, so first I want to take a moment to thank each and every person who was kind enough to leave a follow, favorite, and review. Nothing makes me happier than to see people enjoying my story and looking to read more.

Next I want to apologize for the long wait. I’ve probably written this chapter four times in four different ways. But that’s only because I this is what kind of sets the tone for the entire story.

The good news is, if you read this chapter and like it, you don’t anything to worry about. **Jaune won’t being going any further with girls without their permission than he does in this chapter.** Sit back, relax, and enjoy.

**Tag(s):** Time-Stop, Groping, Light-Petting, Public-masturbation.

**Girl(s):** Weiss

**Words:** 14076

**Chapter 4 – To Melt a Snow Angel**

“Okay…” a hesitant sounding voice started, “how about this one?

“Loving it!” another returned.

“Um, alright. What about this?”

“You are working that color!”

“This?”

“That’s it! That’s the one! You are H-O-T, hot!” Blushing despite himself, Jaune threw the shirt he’s been holding against his chest to the bed and glared at the grinning redhead.

“Nora, this isn’t very helpful if you just compliment everything I choose!” Said girl shrugged her shoulders, happily watching from her own bed while her teammate struggled to choose a simple shirt.

“What can I say? I’m not a picky girl.”

The entirety of team JNPR rested in their dorms after a long day of schooling. Jaune stood alone in front of the closet’s full-length mirror, clothes spread around him in a chaotic mess. Nora rested on her stomach, legs gleefully kicking in the air while Ren sat watching the show, seeming more confused than anything.

“Ren, Thoughts?” Jaune tried, hoping that the only other man in the room could give him a little insight. Unfortunately, he wasn’t going to be as helpful as the blond hoped.

“It’s…” the quiet boy paused, seeming to search for the right words, “a shirt?” Curling his brow even
further, it was clear the dark haired boy failed to appreciate the finer points of fashion. He and Nora
really were made for each other.

“Pyrrha, you’re my last hope. Anything to add?” Nora looked ready to speak again. “Anything
helpful!” he specified. Nora closed her mouth.

Out of everyone in the room, Pyrrha looked to be the most out of place. Still dressed in her school
clothes in bed, she sat cross-legged with her face bent towards her lap. Trying her best to hide it, a
dark cloud lingered over her deep red head – so thickly, one could almost expect actual rain to begin
peppering the furniture around her.

At the sound of her name, she looked up, pain clear in her eyes to everyone but the blond. News of
his date had not been accepted well. And even while putting on a brave face, fear seemed to
consume the once thought invincible girl as she realized the point of her affection could be taken
away before she ever had the chance to tell him how she felt. And now, all she could think about
was all the time she wasted, hiding and keeping her heart hidden.

“Just tell me one more time, Weiss really agreed to go on a date? Just like that?” She tried not to
sound too shocked, but Jaune didn’t seem to care. A smile on his face, he nodded while appearing to
exhume happiness. The light to Pyrrha’s shadow.

“It took some… persuasion. But yea, more or less.” He held up the collar button down against his
chest and stared at his reflection, trying to see what Weiss eventually would. “But I don’t think I’m
going to get a second chance. So it’s really important that I impress her tonight. Any ideas?”

As much as she cared for and believed in Jaune, Pyrrha had never once thought his affection for
Weiss would be returned. Not that he was lacking in any way. But more in that, she did not find
Weiss to be the type of girl who would appreciate the qualities she saw in her blond leader every
day. So now, the thought of her snapping him up like some kind of Nevermore left the warrior queen
gasping. While also desperately fighting the urge to reach for her weapon, go across the hall, and
claim what was hers.

“Let me,” she finally decided instead.

The room watched the young woman approach the closet and rifle through the small selection still
hanging up. She seemed to consider for a moment before pulling out a long sleeved button up,
classy, but not overdressed. She handed it to him doing her best to smile.

“There, try this. She won’t be able to resist.” Unknown to the two, on the other side of the room,
Nora and Ren gave each other a shared look of sorrow, silently pitying the poor girl. “It brings out
your eyes.” Pyrrha stared at them, sighing internally. Her expression showed an emotion of care and
longing that sent a painful stab echoing through her chest. Jaune just smiled.

“You’re a lifesaver.” He grinned. Without thinking, his arms reached out to embrace his partner.
Eyes wide, she felt his arms around her and her pain increase. She slowly returned the gesture, only
to tightly pin the boy against her when her arms finally encased his broad back.

“I’m happy to help.” What a lie that was.

With his wardrobe no longer an issue, Jaune went about finishing the last preparations for his date.
His wallet was secured in his back pocket. His hair was combed to perfection. And after the seventh
reassurance that his breath was indeed minty fresh, he deemed himself presentable for his fair
maiden. With one last wave to his team, the three members offered a heartfelt good luck before
sending him off across the hall.
Jaune stood in front of team RWBY’s dorm, smiling as best he could despite the unease chewing through his stomach. It was like riding an airship all over again. Except if he threw up this time, he might have to freeze time and spend the rest of his days wandering the earth. Hopefully, it wouldn’t come to that.

Three quick wraps on the door and Jaune pulled back. Not a second later, the door swung open to reveal a grinning, positively ecstatic blonde young woman.

“Weiiiiiiss,” she sang, “your date is here to pick you up!”

Dressed in his baby blue shirt and dark pants, Jaune couldn’t help but feel like he was fourteen again. Nervously waiting for his middle school date to come to the door to the dance. Yang, featuring the overbearing parent, was all too happy to play her part. Especially at her teammate’s expense. “Oh! Look how he dressed up! Weiss!” Said girl made a point of jabbing the girl painfully in the ribs with her elbow, forcing her way to the door.

“I’m five feet away you oaf,” she glared. “Clearly I can see who is at the door.” As much as she would have liked to keep this debacle from her teammates, it was fairly clear they would catch wind of it eventually. Better to tell them now than have it spring up some other time. Though, now that she was experiencing the full brunt of Yang’s teasing, she was seriously regretting that decision.

His date coming into view, Jaune perked up immediately. Long white hair only made more striking by her equally pale complexion. Despite her amazing strength, she looked so small and dainty, almost like a doll.

Unlike himself, she hadn’t seemed to bother picking out any kind of outfit. Choosing instead to wear the familiar snowflake embroidered jacket and combat dress. Hardly disappointing, its low neckline especially appealed to his less than honorable half. The pale material followed the natural curve of her breasts. And while not nearly as blessed as Yang in that area, her petite curves fit her frame to give her, her own type of appeal.

‘Time to make a good first impression…’

Stood in the doorway, Weiss seemed to take in his attire with something close to mild disinterest. Not that she would have said anything even if she was impressed. Grasping for the power in his center, he felt his aura flare around the point before bearing down. Time itself tightened and tensed, forcing everything but the smiling boy to grind to a halt.

The picturesque scene of smiling faces remained even as Jaune stepped toward his date. Unlike her peers, the snow queen wasn’t quite so excited by his arrival. As evidenced by her narrowed eyes and pinched lips. To the boy, it was no less beautiful.

He’d been giving the evening a lot of thought. Though, that didn’t mean he was prepared for the real thing. And standing in front of his crush, the only thing standing between them being the few layer of clothing, Jaune couldn’t stop his heart rate from increasing. The entirety of his attention trained on the gentle hill of her bosom.

The subtle curve of her breasts pushed against the light-blue cloth. Black frills splayed out from its plunging neckline if only there to hide the cleavage. The jacket aside, her outfit was entirely strapless. Meaning it would be all too easy to ease the material around her waist and free her breasts.

Hands stubbornly on her hips, he didn’t even need to angle her posture. His chin just reached the top of her head, only further marking how tiny the powerhouse really stood against him. Hands reached out, his ears burned a light pink. He settled on the relative safety of her ribs just below her pert
mounds. Even this much earned a small shiver of delight.

Innocent enough, this was still closer than he'd ever gotten to the frigid teen. The stale air around them shifted enough with his movements to carry her soft lavender scent. Her skin was warm through her clothes. Shifting his grip, the teen raised his hands until his thumbs hooked over the top of her gown. And even then he could feel the transition of her collar to the softer mounds he would be exploring.

Just over his date’s shoulder the ever-grinning face of Yang still beamed. His attention drifted to her for a just a moment, a silent thank you cast out as he remembered he had her to thank for making this possible. Without her helpful advice, there would be no way he’d be bold enough to attempt something as daring as removing Weiss’ top.

If he were honest, he knew perfectly well what he was doing was wrong. But that only meant, when he did get Weiss to fall for him, he could make it up to her by being the best boyfriend he could be. He’d only go as far as he needed to, that decision had already been made long before anything else had been decided. That being said, even if there was an amount of guilt on his conscious, he saw no reason not enjoy the actions as they were done. And watching Weiss’ dress give, and seeing more of her skin come into view, Jaune knew he couldn’t say he wasn’t enjoying it.

The material slipped over down just as easily as he’d expected. The curves of her breasts gave way to a narrow waist, making it a simple matter to pool around her womanly hips. Left in only a strapless bra, it was still enough to leave Jaune wide eyes and breathless.

This far into his teenage years, Jaune never really thought of himself as a pervert. Sure, he’d always appreciated the female form. But never any more than the next guy. But after his teammates, Yang, and now Weiss he was finding it hard pressed to uphold that argument.

A simple band of black fabric wrapped around her breasts bound her curves into place. Unlike Yang, she didn’t seem quite so keen to going commando. Appreciative all the same, it’s what laid underneath that Jaune sought. He didn’t even need to bother removing the garment. Instead, he just pulled it down like the rest.

As much as he enjoyed what he was doing, that didn’t mean that it was without purpose. Tonight he couldn’t have Weiss be the same stubborn woman he’d fallen for. He couldn’t have her seeing him as nothing more than the mooning teenage boy. And to make sure that happened, he decided it would be best to go on the offensive.

Let her feel the slight tingle of pleasure the moment she set eyes on him. Let her breath catch in her throat before she ever has the chance to lash out. Given enough motivation, even she couldn’t deny she felt something for him. And that was all he needed. A chance. An opportunity to show her how devoted, and earnest a boyfriend he would make.

As Weiss’ breasts spilled into view Jaune fully intended to complete what he intended. But first, he knew he would need at least take a moment to appreciate the view. After all, it’s not like he didn’t have the time.

Just as pale as the rest of her, the bright pink tips stood out like two lighthouses in a world of fog. Slightly reddish, their size was just as small as the rest of her. Marked by thumb sized areola and pebble-shaped nipples. Their domed shape beckoned to him to reach out. And he did just that, his hands settling perfectly around their soft texture. Before anything else, he allowed himself to indulge in a gentle squeeze, the supple orb molding to his strong, callused fingers.

The wispy surface of his aura rushed onto her pale globes as though it was acting at the behest of his
intentions. Waking to the feel of his touch, her already warm flesh was defenseless against his attention. After a few minutes of being kneaded by the young man’s hands, the perk skin began to flush with subtle color, as well as a building warmth connected to her very core.

The first thing Jaune noticed as he felt his crush’s chest was how differently the flesh filled his hands compared to the much bustier Yang. The smallest on her team, even behind a girl two years her junior, it would make sense. Though, Jaune couldn’t help but marvel at the sensations. Whereas Yang’s breasts had swallowed his fingers with little resistance, in comparison this tender tissue seemed to fight back just a smidge. The womanly shape felt wonderfully firm and pert.

Still soft and malleable, Jaune enjoyed himself all the same. Rolling her breasts in his palm, he was just happy to have two bests to compare at all. If someone told him he’d even get to touch one the day before last he would have wept tears of joy.

Jaune continued to enjoy himself right up until the end. Perhaps even a bit more than he intended. Slightly swollen and flushed a soft pink, no matter what she thought of him, her body seemed to approve.

He was satisfied that he’d done his job and stepped back. It wasn’t like he was trying to get her to jump him from over the table, after all. He just needed to inspire a spark of arousal. Just enough for her to question herself and open up to the possibility of his company. After that, his blinding wit and charm would do the rest. Probably.

He gave her nude upper body one last lingering glance before fixing her back up back to how he’d found her. It was a shame, but he took solace in the fact that, by the end of the night, he’d have ample opportunity to coax the girl into a more reasonable disposition.

Bras and dresses were still very much a mystery to the inexperienced boy. Hopefully, her dress wouldn’t fall the moment he released his ability. And yet, at the same time, he couldn’t find himself minding the possibility either.

Time returning, Weiss awoke to the same irritable state; while completely unaware that anything was amiss. Stuck between two blond idiots, she found herself eyeing Jaune’s attempt at dressing himself with what could only be called contempt.

The blue of his shirt matched his eyes nicely, though she would never admit it. And it fit off his gangly limbs well enough that the budding frame of muscles shown through. Even the Nevermore nest he called a head of hair had been tamed to a partial degree. All in all, the white-haired girl was rueful to admit he’d done a fair job cleaning himself up.

Lost in her own thoughts, she unconsciously moved to cross her arms over her chest. That same instant, the new sensations of sensitive skin made itself known as the thoughtless action forced a small burst pleasure through her body. Tinted a soft pink, the color flowed up her gown and into her collar.

So unexpected, her already tight expression furled even more. Shifting one more time, her surprise turned to horror as the satin material of her underwear left a small ache of satisfaction as it shifted over her breasts. Eyes wide, she looked down at herself, trying and failing to understand what could be causing the reaction.

“Ohhh!” Yang’s voice suddenly boomed. “Looks like somebody likes what they see.” Cheeks warm and face turned downward, it would seem to anyone that she’d suddenly found herself taken by the moment.
It took much longer than she would have liked to realize that the gorilla was talking about her. But when she did, Weiss didn’t hesitate to rear back, the color in her cheeks darkening that much more as she shot the blonde a scathing glare.

“I assure you, I have no idea what you’re talking about.” She scoffed. All the while doing her best to fight back the heat in her face. ‘What a ridiculous notion.’ She continued in the privacy of her mind. As stubborn as ever, a kind of shiver tingled over her shoulders and down her back. The effect was as enjoyable as it was frustrating. Which only made her want to stomp her foot that harder.

“You look nice too, Weiss.” Jaune chipped in, only adding to her irritation.

“What?” she barked. Catching him eye her blouse she couldn’t help but be a little defensive. After all, this date might as well be a hostage situation. Did he really think she was going to go out of her way just for tonight? Ha, no thank you. The sooner it was over, the better.

“Nothing!” Jaune quickly answered, putting his smile back to where it had been. “You just look beautiful is all,” his grin turned devious as he raised an eyebrow. “As always.” Weiss scoffed at his attempt and brushed past him into the hall.

“You are officially on the clock.” Over her shoulder, her pale blue eyes met his own. “And hurry up? I’m hungry.” With that, she sauntered forward not even bothering to look and see if he was following. All the while doing her best to ignore the way her breasts moved with each step. Not even two minutes in and she was already praying for the night to end.

“Oh!” Jaune gasped and turned back into the room. Yang still smiled deviously while the other two watched from inside the room. “Before I forget.” Briefly sprinting back into his room, he ignored the looks from his teammates and grabbed a small bag he’d left on his bed. Returning to the all-female dorm, he pushed past the buxom blonde and towards a seated brunette.

“As promised,” he grinned, giving the girl a smile. Ruby blinked down at the bag of cookies and frowned, markedly less excited than she’d been that morning. “I couldn’t have done this without you.” Staring up at his smiling face, the young woman’s frown only deepened.

With Weiss waiting, he didn’t bother sticking around. “Thanks again!” He called out, rushing out the door. Ruby watched him leave before turning back to the bag of sweets sitting in her lap. Glum-faced, her bed shifted with the weight of her sister sitting down next to her.

“Want a glass of milk?” Yang offered, not bothering to question her little sister’s unusual silence. Ruby frowned, but after a moment nodded her head. Yang wrapped her arm around her in a brief but tight hug before moving to get her sister’s drink.

Ah, to be young again.

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Catching up to Weiss the two continued out of the academy and towards the city. Thankfully close enough not to require airships, Jaune doubted any amount of powers would help him if he ended up throwing up on his date. Weiss didn’t care to comment on the lengthy stroll, preferring to avoid looking at the blond entirely.

Without anyone egging her on she was willing to acknowledge, in the privacy of her own mind, that the fool in front of her impressed her, if only for a moment. However, his appearance had never been the real issue, if she allowed herself to think on it. There was certainly nothing outright wrong with him, besides his complete lack of manors and class, of course. There just wasn’t anything that
particularly interested her either.

Still, that moment of weakness was behind her. And now she could focus on surviving the next, she glanced at her watch, fifty-five minutes and three seconds. After that, she would be free, and Jaune could turn his attention of the next unfortunate girl.

Jaune led the both of them through the streets accepting Weiss’ silence with surprising ease. To be perfectly honest, she’d expected the worst. That being, him constantly nagging for her attention. Inane stories she never asked for. Pointless small talk that would do more to irritate her than entertain. He even refrained from his usual barrage of galling pet names. Not that she was complaining of course. If they could go the night without a single word, she’d be tickled pink. It was more the way he carried himself that left her staring.

If he were simply struck dumber by his nerves that would be one thing. But by his confident gate and easy expression, the blond almost seemed relaxed, which was nothing like what she was used to seeing. If nothing else, she almost would have preferred his usually sweaty self. At least then she’d know what to expect.

Before Weiss could think on it too long, the restaurant of his choice came into view, earning a look of honest surprise. Everything else seemed to fade away as she shot the boy an inquiring stare.

“Really?” she turned to ask him. “Here?”

Just another building in a long strip of shops and stores, a bold sign was hung just above the open door reading, *Ginger’s House*. Certainly not the most expensive restaurant in town, but it was still better than most their age bothered spending.

Jaune was proud to finally hear something close to recognition in her tone, even if it was a little insulting. He answered her with a smile that was only slightly smug.

“Expecting a burger and fries?” he led her inside the door, to which she was reluctant to follow. Soft candles lit the room from the center of each table. Drapes of red hung off of each wall in a way that seemed to make the room glow. Here and there, other couples could be seen seated together and enjoying a romantic evening. The atmosphere was almost too warm. Especially when Weiss remembered who she would be spending it with.

“Yes, in fact,” she hummed, “minus the fries.” Jaune snorted, glad to have something close to a conversation in the making. She sent the boy a sidelong glance, the heat in her chest still present enough to make her shift uncomfortably.

It seemed he was intent on making the most of their evening. She simply hoped he wasn’t going out of his way. With a spark of fear, her mind drifted. He wouldn’t go too far just to impress her, would he? That fear only grew when she realized that yes, yes he would.

“You…” she paused, careful at how she wanted to word this, “can afford this, can’t you? Because I’m just going to tell you now, starving for the next month won’t make me any more interested in you.” Jaune looked up at her, blinking. After a moment his face broke into an honest smile.

“Weiss,” laughter glimmered in his eyes, “didn’t know you cared.” When her nervousness turned to indignation, he laughed that much harder.

“You don’t have to worry about my wallet, Weiss. We won’t have to scrub dishes just to pay for our meal.” She didn’t look convinced, dubiously recalling his cheap clothing and armor. As if reading her mind, the young man sighed, considering what he wanted to say, before continuing.
“Let’s just say I made sure to save up some money before I ran- I mean, left for Beacon.” He had to, after all. Professionally forged acceptance letters to Beacon weren’t cheap. Unfortunately, his answer failed to satisfy the nervous edge in his date’s belly who continued to frown at the upper-middle-class atmosphere. It was nothing compared to what she was used to, obviously. But it was still enough to give her pause.

After a brief wait, the woman standing before a podium called them over. Asking for a name, Arc was smoothly supplied; met with a welcoming smile. Weiss half expected to be escorted back into the street. Instead, they were waved in, led past the number of other dinners before being placed in a booth off in the corner. Weiss would have much-preferred something a little less private but didn’t allow herself to say the words out loud.

“Allow me,” Weiss stood by as Jaune went through the motion of pulling out her seat. An irritatingly flirtatious smile on his face, she was half tempted to take the other chair just on principle. Still, he was trying to be polite. *Trying* being the word to pay attention to. She wasn’t about to lower herself even further than the blond fool. So, being the lady that she was, she held her head up high and accepted his offered hand before lowering herself into the seat. That is, she would have, if not for time and space bending to the will of a seventeen-year-old boy.

The flickering light of the candle on their table froze in an instant. The quiet rumble of conversation in the background stopped as though a knife had cleaved through it. All of this left Jaune standing in the candlelit room, the same smile on his face and his attention drawn to the small, pale hand still clutched in his own.

She’d seen him, and she felt a spark of pleasure. Touching him, however, would deserve a bit… stronger of a reaction. Nothing extreme, but if his last attempt had left her flustered, this should defiantly make her stumble.

He brushed his thumb over her knuckles enjoying the soft skin. It was hard to imagine just how much damage this hand was capable of. But then, Jaune already knew her as the powerful huntress that she was. What he was interested in getting to know was a tad more intimate.

Like before he took his time undoing her shirt, the soft mounds of her breasts spilling into view. They’d retained their flushed appearance. Which was good to know. The way she’d acted, it was hard to think she was walking around with this to nag on her. But then, she was a Schnee. Jaune simply picked up right where he’d left off. His fingers immediately seeking out the malleable nubs of her nipples.

The whole of her breast easily fit his hands. Massaging them in light, circular motions, the tips seemed to darken from the light pink to a harsher color. And the small, elegant shape swelled and stretched until they stood on end.

It was definitely a sight Jaune never thought he’d ever see. The prim and proper girl, topless and visibly aroused. The bright red nubs almost seemed out of place on the composed face she was putting on. But that just made it more interesting. He finished up after another moment of fun, just to make sure. But he needed to remember why he was going through with this.

If he just wanted sex, he could simply have her right then and there. But Jaune prided himself knowing that even with the allowances he’d given himself thus far, he would never fall so far from the boy that dreamed of being a hero. That could be easily achieved, as wrong as it was. But no, his goal was something far more elusive and valuable.

What he wanted was her heart.
Weiss blinked, her haughty expression just a bit lighter when she felt her hand land in her date’s. Large and warm, there was nothing overtly disturbing about it. It was more that she’d allowed herself to be put in a position where it was necessary. Her sister would be so disappointed.

Halfway between lowering herself towards her chair and rolling her eyes, she became aware of the sudden ache in her breasts and their tips. Not at all the semi-painful strain of overtaxed muscled. But rather, what she was feeling could only be described as a throbbing, radiating sensation that spread through her like wildfire.

Eyes wide, her breath stopped in her throat. Which was good, because it was the only thing keeping the startled mewl of pleasure from making its way past her dignified lips. She nearly doubled over, thankful for the chair beneath her to keep her from falling on her rear in public. Her awareness of her own chest was never more obvious. But it was all she could do to keep from grabbing them in a useless attempt at protecting herself.

“Is everything alright?” Jaune’s voice made itself know. Face a molten red, the young woman looked towards him but didn’t quite have the nerve to open her pinched lips. “I’m happy to see you like holding my hand so much, but I think I’ll need it to eat.” He teased. “Or keep it. I’m happy either way,” she turned to look at their still conjoined hands, her own instinctively squeezing down on his own. She immediately pulled away. So quickly one could have guessed he was made of fire.

“I’m fine!” she snapped, entirely too sharp considering the innocence of his question. All the same, Weiss wasn’t in a state of mind to think rationally – the opposite, actually. Her heart was pounding in her chest. Whatever was wrong with her seemed to spread to the worst of places. From the tips of her breasts to the nape of her neck, and, worst of all, between her legs. Face clenched, it was becoming increasingly difficult to deny what was happening to her.

Contrary to popular belief, Weiss Schnee was no stranger to arousal. A young woman in her own right, she’d gone through all the same hormone-fueled bouts with temptation as any other girl her age. The only difference? She’d been taught to deal with them quietly and privately after having been caught indulging only once by her older sister at the ripe age of fourteen. So, to suddenly feel her body come alive in public, and on a date of all places, the young woman found herself vastly unequipped to deal with the situation.

More than anything else, she just wished knew why it was happening.

“Maybe you should take off your jacket?” Jaune supplied. “You look a little warm.” And as much as Weiss wanted to snap at him, in her elevated state the fabric seemed too clingy and constricting. She could already feel a bit of sweat building on her forehead and collar. While she loved her clothing, white tended to do embarrassing things when wet. And she found herself nodding in a terse motion.

In her chair, she shrugged out of the material. Finally free she couldn’t help but sigh in relief. The cool air against her heated skin was a small blessing. She had to resist the urge to fan her baking cheeks. Without the extra layer, she was left in what basically amounted to a strapless dress. Perfectly acceptable for the evening at hand. If a bit more than she wanted to allow the boy to see.

“Here, I can check it out front. Go ahead and start looking at the menu. Try not to miss me too much?” he gave another one of his goofy grins, and Weiss responded with a dead stare.

“One stain and you’re taking it to the cleaners,” was all she said before thrusting the garment forward. Jaune didn’t seem to mind her attitude in the least, accepting the bundle of white cloth with ease. His fingers just happened to brush along her own, the innocuous action becoming anything but as Weiss found her ‘condition’ spiking in a sudden rush.
Last time she’d been able to keep her voice from announcing what was happening to her body. This time she wasn’t quite so lucky. A mixture between distress and pleasure bleeding through. Jaune, pretending he hadn’t heard a thing, simply continued his grin.

“Back in a sec,” and wandered away he perfectly aware of the pair of the ice blue eyes widely staring at his retreating form.

Heart pounding, nipples tingling, Weiss expression was impossibly wide as she tried to rationalize what had just happened. It had only lasted a second, even less than that, but the results were the same. Whether she wanted to admit it or not, something about Jaune was making her into… this. And she wasn’t quite sure what think about that.

‘I’m sick,’ she rationalized, ‘very, very sick.’ It was the only explanation she would accept considering the circumstances. And it was definitely preferable. A hospital had to be better than discovering you were attracted to Jaune Arc.

She shivered, the mere thought enough to unsettle her stomach. The rest of her body seemed to disagree, however, as another wave assaulted her every sense. The epicenter of which focused on the juncture between her thighs. It was to her growing horror that she recognized the familiar dampness of arousal blooming in her underwear.

‘How could this be happening?’ Her answer, unfortunately, came in the easy gait of the blonde. Her mind seeming to leave her as he took his seat across from her

“Anything look good?” he smiled. She didn’t dare answer. This didn’t make any sense. None of it made any sense. She’d spent how many months turning him down? What with his drab clothing and pathetic attempts at romance, it certainly hadn’t been difficult. So what had changed? What was different about the nervous, awkward teenage boy she’d come to tolerate, and the… guy sitting in front of her. She intended to find out.

“You seem… different,” she finally voiced, eyes narrowed as she stared at him. Jaune, hearing her skepticism felt his smile freeze on his face. The two stare at each other like this for a time, before Weiss finally continued, “Why?”

Jaune stopped for a moment, stumbling for the first time that night. However, rather than flounder and break into a nervous sweat as he’d been known to do, his composure returned shockingly fast. A thoughtful expression taking its place.

“Well,” he started, and seemed to consider his words carefully. Weiss could feel her heart still thumping against the front of her chest. Despite everything she did to put these… feelings aside and focus on the blond boy in front of her.

“Would you believe me if I said I have a new lease on life?” His smile was bashful, if only because he knew exactly how flippant a response he’d given. Weiss seemed to mirror his thoughts as her brow furled in an unsatisfied frown. He shrugged before beginning. “When I first came to Beacon, I was looking for answers. I guess you could say I found a few.”

“And those answers led to you asking me to dinner?” came Weiss dubious reply. He could say he was a changed man all he wanted, but from where she was sitting he was still just the same incessant annoyance he’d always been. Rather than flinch away, Weiss felt her cheeks brighten at the sudden warmth in his gaze as he turned his full grin in her direction.

“They told me not to waste any time.” He leaned on the table, shoulders hunching in a way that
should be Neanderthal-esque, but Weiss found herself actually admiring. “To stop holding myself
back and bottling everything up. Sooner or later it all comes out in some way. And I decided it was
time to stop going after things half-cocked.”

It wasn’t… the worst mentality to have, Weiss conceded. And certainly displayed a certain level of
maturity most boys his age sorely lacked. Deplorable table manners aside, Weiss found her
heightened state of arousal allowing thoughts that might otherwise not have surfaced flow to the
forefront of her mind. The worse being that he was actually beginning to fill out his once gangly
frame nicely. Her eyes blinked rapidly to banish it away. But Jaune wasn’t done.

“Weiss, I know you don’t think you like me. And even if that turns out to be true, that’s fine.” A
small lie. And Weiss seemed to sense it as her eyes narrowed against him. “Because, if nothing else,
I get to say that I got a date with the most beautiful, and one of the strongest huntresses in Remnant.
Further than I ever got before, right?”

“If you think compliments are going to make me reconsider anything than you better have a plan B,
mister.” Came Weiss’ biting reply. Though, something about her tone seemed to lack its usual
stinging cold. If only because of her cheery red cheeks.

The heiress turned away from the blonde, indignation chewing at her patience. Honestly, did he
really think that was all it took? She’d been called beautiful all of her life, and by men with much
more charm than his pathetic attempt. Unfortunately, that only raised the question of why she
couldn’t meet his eyes.

Making an attempt, her heart picked up, and this time it had nothing to do with Jaune’s gift. How
many times had she been forced to sit through the faked goodwill and forced compliments of those
looking to gain her family’s favor? That being said, this was the first time she’d seen anyone appear
so… genuine. And that, she found, was more than enough to twist her stomach.

The way he looked at her made her uncomfortable, which was why she couldn’t meet his brilliant
smile. Not to say he leered at her like some young men felt entitled to. But more in that she could
actually see the truth in his eyes. He really thought of her as beautiful, though that wasn’t really
news. Perhaps what touched her even more was that he actually recognized her prowess as a
huntress. Something her own father couldn’t even manage to do.

“So, what do you like to do in your spare time?” The question came from nowhere, and Weiss found
her brow furling because of it. Torn from her own thoughts the iridescent brilliance of his blue eyes
seemed to have lessened allowing her to return to her comfortable terse disposition.

“You asked me a question,” Jaune reminded her, seeing the confused tilt of her head. To which she
just blinked. “Now it’s my turn. A dates a date even if it’s only once. And I want to get to know you
better. So…” He stopped, waiting for her to answer his attempt at small talk. Which she did, after
five long moments of cautious consideration.

She’d made an earlier remark about dreading such inane activities as small talk. But to her surprise,
the words came easily and unforced. The two’s dinner went by well enough, all things considered.
The food was good, and the topics remained light-hearted. Each time it was his turn to ask her
something about herself, he stayed to her interests and preferences, all but forgetting about her family
or her life before coming to Beacon.

Whether by coincidence or on purpose Weiss couldn’t rightly say. But because of this, she found
herself actually relaxing halfway through the meal, finding the blond easy to talk to and endeared by
the fact that he actually seemed interested in such base topics as her favorite color and foods. Perhaps
even more endearing than the thoughtfulness was his genuine interest in what she had to say.
He wasn’t simply going through the motions while putting on a polite expression to mask his boredom. He actually seemed interested in what she had to say. About herself, as Weiss, not the Schnee heiress. It was a welcomed change from the type of dinners she was used to attending. If nothing else, Weiss appreciated the effort.

Perhaps compelled to return his level of courtesy, she even went so far as to offer her own inquiries. Her reward being brief but amusing tales of a younger Jaune fumbling through life in a way that seemed so him. It was pleasant, despite the ice pick one would need to force the confession out of her. And she found herself silently dreading the reality of what that could mean.

A half hour came and went in the blink of an eye, and Weiss found her own eyes widening when she glanced down to see how much time had already passed. Their plates in front of them, now empty, had left them both full and comfortable, a word Weiss never thought she’d find herself associating with the young man.

“And I think that’s when I realized battle axes were not my thing.” Finishing the story of yet another weapon he’d failed to master, Weiss found her lips lifting despite herself. Covering the response with a tactful need to dab her lips with the corner of her napkin, Jaune smiled all the same as though she’d burst out laughing. It was strange for Weiss to see how much power she actually had over his emotions. But not entirely unpleasant either.

Weiss blinked remembering that it was once again her turn to ask the blond a question. She opened her mouth, preparing to inquire about what music he enjoyed or perhaps another story about his teammates when she found herself stopped, something else nagging the back of her mind. She tried to push it away and to keep from broaching anything that she might otherwise regret. But then, she always had been a curious child.

Allowing her features to return to a mask of aloof disinterest, her high tone peeked in the way it tended to when people found themselves much more interested than they meant to be.

“Why do you like me so much?” Even with the best of her control, Weiss found her cheeks burning at the bold question. But she honestly could only wonder. She insulted him, berated him, humiliated him, and yet he still seemed just as enamored by her charms as the first day they’d met.

Normally she would assume that he simply wanted something from her. And honestly, she might have even preferred it. That, at least, was familiar. But as annoying as Jaune could be he simply didn’t seem the type. So that left her to wonder, what did he see in her that she didn’t?

Face still open with surprise, Jaune felt his cheeks warm at the sudden pressure. He… hadn’t been expecting that. But part of him couldn’t help but wonder, could this be a sign he was on the right track? Feeling a smile threaten his lips, he forced it down knowing the girl in front of him would only bristle – and instead, put on a thoughtful and bashful face. Weiss’ eyes glanced skittishly.

“I don’t really have a reason.” Matter of fact and no doubt lacking the emotional impact Weiss was no doubt hoping for, almost immediately she could be seen rearing up in indignation.

“Well!” she huffed, glared off to the side despite knowing she shouldn’t care in the least. “I’m so relieved to see how deep your feelings really run.” Still looking away, she couldn’t see Jaune’s wide eyes, nor his excitement upon observing her reaction. Thankfully, he already knew how to continue before she would have the chance to get too upset.

“I mean,” he stressed, amusement bleeding into his tone. Weiss’ icicle gaze now stared him down, her past coyness all but obliterated by her temper. Somehow, this seemed to fit her more. And Jaune took a moment to enjoy the direct attention.
“I mean,” He repeated, “that’s not how feelings work. At least I don’t think so. Things like why or reason, when has it ever made sense? It’s just something you feel.” He hesitated, a nervousness taking over as he struggled to keep his tone even. “Like, for instance, maybe butterflies in your stomach or… a tingle. You look at them and just… can’t help but feel good.”

Eyes shying towards the edged of Weiss pale form, Jaune saw her suddenly stiff posture. Across from him her hard expression was gone, replaced by unease. She stared at him, hands tightly balled on the table; but otherwise didn’t say a word. But that was okay because as far as Jaune was concerned, he’d said all he needed to.

Confusion was her first reaction, and then rejection. His words had caused her heart to pick up all over again despite the comfortable peace she’d managed to find halfway through their date.

Still aroused, and still pebbled against the front of her dress, her own body’s betrayal had been pushed to the back of her mind where she could at least attempt to keep from embarrassing herself. That being said, the blonde’s words had all but pressed her face into her own hormones as she found herself considering them despite her mind screaming the alternative.

A tingle? Was that all this was? Again she was reminded of how it all started. Of his arrival at her door. The sudden flush she’d found herself suffering as soon as her eyes had laid on him. Was that how it had been for him that day so long ago? It better not have. Because that would mean all this time, he’d been feeling the same emotions and sensations as she was now. And that was not a thought she could entertain.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” she found herself saying. Eyes glued to the rim of her glass, her warm cheeks wouldn’t die even as she went on to dismiss him. “This isn’t some fairy tale entertaining such childish notions as fate or love at first sight.” But Jaune just shrugged his shoulders, the ever infuriating ease and boyish expression unwavering.

And then he smiled, an expression Weiss found herself unable to look away from.

She didn’t say another word. Not for a while. Eyes cast towards the last scraps of food she’d been unable to finish, her attention drew back into her own mind as she fought to reject his casual declaration. Now if only she could stop her darn heart from pounding she might actually be able to construct a coherent thought!

The way he talked and the things he said, he just seemed so sure of it all. About his feelings, about her own. Quite the bold notion considering she herself couldn’t seem to claim as such. But that admission left her reeling. Was she really confused? Had her mind been changed about the blond? But searching for the answer, Weiss’ lips tightened into a line as she realized she had to admit, yes, yes it had.

Okay, he was a bit rough around the edges. But that wasn’t anything a firm hand couldn’t resolve. And sure, a change in wardrobe was a must. But, it wasn’t as though she lacked the resources for such a venture. After those issues were dealt with, when it came down to it, she had to admit he wasn’t really so bad of a guy.

He was kind, in a kicked puppy kind of way – submissive. Which meant she’d never have to worry about such things as him attempting to order her around or any such nonsense. Plus… he really did seem to care for her. No matter what she could say about him, that could not be refuted. And maybe that was enough.

It would have to be taken slow, obviously. And it wouldn’t do to give him any clues about these
thoughts. But, maybe… possibly, a second date wouldn’t be out of the question.

Weiss thought about it some more, weighing her own new feelings against what she knew about him. Part of her still knew that it was a bad idea. But an evening of sensitive skin and a dry mouth had left her brain flushed with all kinds of teenage hormones.

It was a losing battle to keep any kind of rational thought. By the time ten minutes had passed, she’d already convinced herself enough to question why she’d been so adamant to turn him down in the first place. The brief laps could only last so long, however, as she remembered she had had a reason besides her own stubborn sensibilities – her father.

The remainder was like a cold bucket of water poured over her ever warming core. It also dashed whatever ideas of selfish indulgence she might have allowed.

When it came down to it, didn’t all her problems seem to stem from her family? And this was no different. How could she possibly even pretend to think about being in a relationship without considering the effect it would have on the Schnee name. Or, more specifically, her father’s name.

*What standing does he claim towards Remnant economics? What's his family's name? How much money does he have? How much influence?* These are the questions he would ask her. Not, did he make her happy? Not even how they met. And she would have to tell him, each answer more depressing than the last.

Things like love or affection or even compatibility meant nothing in the frigid lands of her home. Even her own parent’s union had been one of convenience, a story that sounded as though it came from a century past rather than in this day and age.

Nevertheless, her father had been the son of a substantial and influential shipping magnate, the same one that was now responsible for shipping their mined dust all across the world. He’d married into the Schnee name through her mother. Though, the way he swung the title about he might as well have been born with it.

She shook such thoughts from her mind, both unhelpful and unbecoming. It wouldn’t do any good to entertain such a derisive mindset. He was her father no matter what.

The fact of the matter being, it had been a fun and quaint notion to entertain. But that was over now. It wasn’t as though she were heartbroken, after all. Maybe it would have been nice to see where these new feeling could have led to. But knowing what ultimately waited for them both at the end of it all, it only made sense to end it before it could even begin. This would be their last date.

Too busy being lost in her own mind, Weiss failed to see the conflict her sudden bout of silence caused in her date’s expression.

He watched her, casual as he could while deliberations ran through her mind. Her face swaying from reluctant to thoughtful and then back, it was impossible to tell how she’d responded to his not so subtle lead. If anything her downcast expression only made him more nervous. And grasping for what could have gone wrong, Jaune found his nerves spiking with the familiar cold grasp of anxiety.

He’d thought the date was going okay. But how could he really be sure? At the moment he was basically firing a gun in a dark room and hoping to hit a target, which didn’t leave room for much confidence. It seemed to be working, if only for a minute. But looking at her, waiting for some kind of response, self-doubt crept through his mind. Enough that he found himself seriously considering what had gone wrong.
She’d been aroused, he didn’t doubt that. The picture of her pink cheeks and warmed skin still played crystal clear in his head. But perhaps he hadn’t gone far enough? That rationality sent a sharp sensation through his belly. One that made his gaze shift a fraction of an inch from her petite features to the rest of her.

He still had twenty minutes. But that was it. After that, he would lose her forever. The only question was, how far was he willing to go to keep that from happening?

Weiss snapped out of her thoughts, movement from her date catching her attention. She was surprised to find him standing from his chair, a handful of lien on the table and his attention turned towards her in the form of a nervous, if a bit intense, smile. She answered with a cocking of her head.

“I don’t know about you, but I could use some exercise after all this food. Ready for the park?” he asked. Again, Weiss noticed a certain lilt in his tone, but not one she could immediately recognize. Rather, she found her thoughts falling back to her earlier consideration of the blond earning a resigned grin.

“That sounds lovely,” she answered. And it did. She might have decided to give up on any kind of relationship with the boy, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t enjoy what remained of their evening. He’d proved to be a gentleman, or at least as much a one as he could manage. And she figured she could, at the very least, behave in kind. Which is why, seeing him approach her side of the table, Weiss did her best to ignore the increase in arousal his presence seemed to inspire. Although, the sight of his outstretched hand did give her pause. Biting her lip, her cheeks were already warming when her smaller, daintier appendage reach out at a cautious pace.

Setting in the calloused warmth, she waited anxiously for the burst of arousal – but was instead caught off guard by another sudden event. That being, Jaune’s face lowering to their embraced appendages. Lifting her hand to meet him halfway, the sensation of his lips laid a chaste brush along her knuckles. It was over in an instant. But oh, how much can happen in even that short of time.

Jaune was prepared, already slowing time as he brought her hand to his lips. Freezing at the moment of contact, he lingered for a moment, the gentle smell of her skin suddenly much stronger. And the soft texture of her hand giving easily under his lips. He took this as a moment for himself. Pulling away after a moment to settle his nerves.

Releasing her, she remained in that position, hand outstretched and eyes wide with exclimation at his forward gesture. He knew she would no doubt blink at the out of place action. But after everything he’d already done that night, for what he was about to do, he needed something a bit more… intimate.

Ready to stand up, her body was turned in his direction, the pale expanse of her legs braced against the floor. Jaune allowed his eyes to follow them all the way up to where they disappeared into her fluffy white skirt. Feet locked into place, he struggled to swallow around the knot that had been forming in the back of his throat.

He would be lying if he said this wasn’t one of the first things that had come to mind when planning for the date. That being said, Jaune was relieved to be able to say he at least hadn’t hoped for it to be necessary.

Was he excited? Well of course he was. How couldn’t he be? But that fact didn’t distract from the discomfort of knowing he was still going to be forced to invade even more of Weiss’ privacy.

Fidgeting, he lowered himself until his weight settled on a single knee in front of her frozen figure.
Long in both leg and torso, even bent as he was he still managed to level his eyes with her own.
Admiring the pale blue color, another moment passed before his gaze fell back to her waiting legs.

His head flashed back to Yang, and how it had felt removing her shirt that first time. Somehow this
seemed… more. More than what he couldn’t say. But definitely more.

Reaching out, his hand settled on her knee; hard but still warm under his hand. Poised to stand, her
legs were already somewhat parted. This made the flimsy curtain of her skirt that much more
daunting. Doing his best to keep from passing out, he forced himself to work his way higher.
Watching the ethereal light of his aura move and shift with each inch he dared to steal for himself.

This, in of itself, brought with it a curious realization.

Caught up in the progress of his hand, which was now just inches from the line of Weiss skirt, the
brilliance of his aura seemed to be glimmering in another location as well. That being, a soft but
apparent light glimmering through the front of her shirt. Jaune’s eyebrows rose in confusions.

As far as he’d been able to tell, his aura disappeared as soon as he stopped touching whatever he’d
been focusing on. At least, that’s what it had done when he’d tested it. That being said, there was no
denying the color and movement of his aura clinging to the delicate place of her body.

It was faint, and nowhere near as bright as the smoke like material that now coated the girl’s left leg.
But there was a clear amount of something shining through the layers of her clothes. And all without
his touch.

This all came as a blunt reminder of how little he knew about this power of his. Did he even
understand what it could do? Jaune stored the information in the back of his mind, adamant to find
out what it could be when he had the chance. Such as, when he wasn’t in the middle of looking
under a schoolmate’s skirt. Which immediately brought him back to the matter at hand.

His finger brushed the material of her skirt like he would a dangerous animal about to bite. The cloth
itself was soft and surprisingly light for something that was supposed to protect her in battle. But
then, her style had always relied on speed and range to take to opponents down. She could probably
fight in the nude and it would still suit her style. Of course, that brought an image to mind that Jaune
forced himself to push away – or at least shelve for later.

Jaune moved from his position to get a bit closer. Hands under her skirt, he urged the material higher
and higher as more and more of her smooth thighs spilled into view. Anticipation and arousal
mounting, after a long breath, the first splash of color came into view in the form of a pair of muted
blue panties.

Unlike her bra, which was simple enough to serve of purpose, this part of her wardrobe looked
styled in a somewhat exaggerated fashion. The frills especially caught him by surprise, wavy white
cloth circling the waistband. And in the very center of her pelvis, the smallest white bow had been
sewn into the fabric.

Now, Jaune wasn’t a stranger when it came to feminine underwear. Eight women in one house
resulted in a good number of bras and panties when laundry day reared its ugly head. A chore he
himself had been assigned to at one point. That being said, this was the first time he’d gotten the
chance to see the fabled garment actually worn by a woman. And Jaune found his cheeks burning at
the sight of the thin material wrapped around Weiss’ pale hips. Opening her knees just a bit more, the
crotch of the underwear was pushed into view. And Jaune found himself growing light-headed.

It was a small amount of relief knowing he wouldn’t need to actually remove anything to get the job
done. Something about exposing that part of her just didn’t sit right with him. The material was thin enough that he should be able to work through it. Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on who you were, this didn’t deny the fact that he would still be touching this aspect of her person. A moment and realization that the boy didn’t take lightly. Even moving towards his goal, he made sure to regard her body in as respectable a manner as the situation provided.

The skirt stayed up on its own, frozen by his spell. Trailing a hand along the top of her thigh, the skin seemed to cook with a gentle heat just a fraction higher than considered normal. Shifting towards the inside of the soft, firm surface, this sensation only increased – and continued to do so as he made his towards the apex of her person.

The blonde found himself surprised at her warmth. To match, the skin here seemed flushed with a pink color swirling beneath the skin. The hue darkened further up her limbs, eventually disappearing just underneath the blue material. The slim strip of fabric was just big enough to cover the fact of her sex. And just small enough to expose the point where her legs met. Reaching this point, a small shutter rushed through his body. One that shook his nerves as well as his hands as the heat seemed to take a turn – becoming slightly damp much to Jaune’s fascination. This all came to a point when his fingers finally settled on the front of her underwear, soft skin giving under his firmer fingers.

It took a moment to absorb the light of his aura before the physics of Weiss body return. Wet and humid, the slick arousal that had been building in her lap since the start of their meal returned to its liquid state as soon as it broke free from time’s shackles. Without restriction, it seeped from Weiss shielded lips and into the cotton it was now pressed against. Leaving a small but noticeable dark line in the otherwise spotless garment.

Jaune felt his eyes widen as the sensation of something wet broke against his fingers. Pulling back, she had been worked up enough that a small amount had bled through the sewn material onto his fingertips. Clear and sticky, Jaune brought it close to his face in a way that would have horrified her if she’d been aware of his actions. Its easy musk slowly seeped into the surrounding air.

Well, that about proved he’d been doing something right in his execution. Just not enough to actually change her mind about anything. Seeing the proof of his efforts emboldened him some, and he regarded her open legs with a firmer focus.

Returning his hands where he’d been, Jaune cheek’s burned as soon as he realized, sight or no, he could actually feel the individual folds of her sex through the material. He should have been expecting it, and he chastised himself a bit for not thinking of it sooner. But captured by the new discovery, Jaune allowed his fingers to begin a slow, cautious path up the crease of her sex.

Already aroused, the swollen skin of her vagina responded the only way it could, increasing the amount of liquid already seeping onto the crotch of her underwear. The thin line of moister soon began to spread, the heat and humidity of her lap swelling enough that even Jaune could take notice.

The skin between her legs was soft, giving easily under his touch. Jaune tried to pay a small amount of attention to what he was doing, seeing if there was a particular way she enjoyed being touched. After all, once she let him do this of her own volition, it would be nice to be able to surprise her. That said, Jaune’s light touches grew firmer as time went on. The increase in friction being just what that part of her body craved.

Just touching, nothing invasive, those were the limit’s Jaune had instilled on himself. But even this proved to be an exciting prospect. Switching between the whole of his hand to individual fingers, the crest of her sex slipped easily over the lone digit. Allowing him to see the way the pale blue fabric pressed between the petals.
Caressing each one, a smile bloomed across his face to see her inner lips were especially sensitive, an increase in heat and dampness marking this as truth.

This went on for… five minutes? Fifteen? It was actually pretty hard to keep track of time when you weren’t a part of it. Not to mention, you know what they say about having fun. The result being a much hotter, and much more moist Weiss Schnee.

The skin of her thighs were now a bright red. And the faded blue of her underwear had all but been dyed a midnight blue with the combination of her juices. The stain consumed the front of her crotch which continued to drip down her center and towards her rear. Peeking underneath he could even see a small mark starting to seep into the seat’s cushion. It was actually kind of amazing seeing just how much wetness could flow from such a small girl.

It was hard deciding when it was time to stop, for… multiple reasons. His own pleasure aside, Jaune pulled his hand back after a few more minutes only to find the appendage covered in the young girl’s liquid pleasure. He stared at the glistening substance with no small amount of awe,

He didn’t know how this was going to turn out. Erring on the side of Caution, he’d pushed her sex as far as he knew how to employ. Whether this actually worked or not, he had no way of knowing. But he did feel confident that he had earned some kind of effect. For better or for worse, it was time to reap what he’d sown.

Wiping himself clean on the tablecloth, he went about correcting her position and clothing. Skirt laid flat, and legs returned to their much more modest position, she looked exactly how he’d found her – sans a slightly pinker set of knees.

Using her outstretched hand as a guide, it was all too easy to take up his own position. His face, on the other hand, was just a bit harder to rein in. The picture of her open legs and panty-clad sex had all but been burned into his mind. And as he glanced towards her shocked expression, all he could do was think about what lay underneath that thin scrap of soggy cotton.

A flash of light surged throughout the room. Not that anyone but Jaune could see it. Soon, the stagnant air began to stir, and the low hum of conversation rose back towards a comfortable volume. Jaune pulled his lips from her knuckle as soon as he felt her flinch back with awareness. His flushed cheeks and thundering heart were all but impossible to quell even as he stared into her blue eyes. Utterly unaware of the sensations about to crash through her.

Weiss bit her lip, a wrinkle forming between her brows as she tried to decide how she felt about him doing such a thing without her permission. She all but forgot about her earlier cautious and why she’d been nervous to touch him in the first place. That is until a curiously sudden sensation made itself known between her legs.

Bypassing her breasts all together, it struck directly at her core. Leaving her mind in a kind of white noise. Already wide-eyed, her expression didn’t change with the exception of her pupils dilating wildly. Instead, her face seemed to shift, as her gaze dragged to literally any other direction.

She remained frozen for a handful of moments. Yet, even immobile, she couldn’t stop the blood in her face from flowing and flowing, until her cheeks appeared to glow against the gentle light sat in the middle of their table. Eventually, the heat between her legs became too much for her to just ignore. And she found her breath quickly escalating until the fabric of her gown strained against the deep intake of air thrusting the small orbs out towards the boy kneeling at her feet

“I need to use the restroom!” The words flew from her lips before she could even think to be embarrassed by them. Unaware that her exclamation had drawn the attention of even other patrons,
she lifted herself to her feet with Jaune’s still offered hand.

Stood upright, the sudden crack of electricity between her legs didn’t subside. Her legs wobbled, now with the added side benefit of feeling her lower lips suddenly heavy and swollen. It was nearly enough to send her falling onto the floor. She resisted the urge, thankfully, her expression turning frantic as something warm began to drip down her inner thighs. Her brief moment of cognition left her once again as she returned to the reality of white nose. Her body acted on instinct as she hurried as fast as her legs could carry her to the nearest bathroom.

What she must look like, and what the other customers must think, did not escape her notice. But, between intestinal distress and the truth, the young woman wasn’t actually sure what she preferred him to believe.

Said blonde stared after her, a new kind of worry gurgling up from the pit of his stomach. But watching her disappear into the nearby ladies room, there wasn’t much he could do except worry. Worry that he’d actually managed to hurt someone this time. Worry that he’d let his dream of a perfect date get carried away. And worry that there was still a chance for his plan to work.

Left to do nothing but wait, he made his way back to his seat and sat back down. An anxious expression taking place as he could only hope that Weiss was okay.

::::

Weiss wasn’t okay.

Locked in one of the five stalls available, her breathing wouldn’t settle no matter how long she sat there. The muffled sound of her gasps were the least of her problems, however, as she struggled to control the steady pulsing between her legs.

Shaking with each step, she’d hardly had enough time to check and make sure she had the room to herself before locking the door. But even solitude wasn’t enough to ease the stress of what she found happening to her body.

A fine line of sweat covered her forehead and underneath her arms. It was disgusting, not at all a state a young lady should find herself in. And yet even that wasn’t as bad as the mess she’d found under her skirt. Just the sensation of her panties fixed to her skin by her own juices sent horrified shivers down her spine. And when she dared to lift her skirt to try and see what could be affecting her, the humid smell of herself reared up in full force, as ripe and musk-laden as a wild animal.

Weiss immediately forced the fabric back across her lap, cutting off the scent but unfortunately leaving the memory of its heavy aftertaste disturbingly sharp. Tears would have come to the surface, but it seemed her body was a bit busy expelling every other liquid in her body! Huffing, she did her best to calm her racing heart.

Fist gripping her skirt, she couldn’t help but press the fabric between her legs. Answering the never-ending call for attention, the small admission arched a bolt of pleasure up her core, and her breath halted in a muffled squeak. Aghast at what she’d just done, she couldn’t quite find the strength to remove the offending hand. Instead, she actually found herself moving to press even harder against her swollen mound.

‘Disgusting, in public, what would father think,’ all of these ran through her mind. But slowly increasing the weight of her ball up fist between her legs, her breath only seemed to grow shorter and her pulse faster. It happened without her intending to, slow but firm motions of her fist against her center. The resulting pleasure was impossible to ignore, earning a clenched expression of breathless
Once again, Weiss was no stranger to pleasure. Or, at least as much as a person was able to give oneself without help. That being said, it had never felt like this, making her all the more lost as to how it had happened. The only conclusion being available stemming from a certain blond with impossibly blue eyes.

Her body was worked up enough that any kind of mental stimulation would have sent her thighs quivering and knees numb. Unaware of this fact, when the admittedly boyishly handsome face of her date sprang to mind her body seemed to thrum deep in its core, seizing her lips in a tight clench – both of them. The top of her breasts heaved with her breath as she shook her head in a hope to clear her thoughts, to no avail.

A kiss on the hand. Surely she couldn’t be so sensitive as to lose herself after something so bland? But something appeared in her mind, just a few words the blond had spoken at the very beginning of their meal.

‘They told me not to waste any time. To stop holding myself back and bottling everything up. Sooner or later it all comes out in some way.’

Poor advice from a boy who couldn’t possibly understand her at the time. But, locked in a bathroom stall and furiously attempting to resist the urge to rub herself into even an even worse frenzy, Weiss found herself giving the suggestion another thought.

Could this be what was happening to her? Some kind of… hormonal or emotional backlash? But a backlash of what? School hadn’t been going so long that her private time had been so forgotten. But if not sexual frustration, then she couldn’t really understand what other form of torture she was experiencing.

Her thoughts returned to his handsome face, her sex riddled mind lingering on the slim figure of the boy who had kissed her hand. How the candlelight warmed his already tan skin or the way his shoulders had pressed against the back of his shirt. Less than repulsive, her body responded in kind with the fantasy-like rendition of Jaune Weiss was playing in her mind, without even realizing.

‘You think you don’t like me, I’m just asking for a chance to show that you do.’

Good lord, did she? Weiss hadn’t thought so, but her body had been arguing against that statement throughout the night. Tingling and flushing every time the blonde had come within so much as an inch of her person. The prospect that she’d been feeling such things the entire length of her time at Beacon was a startling one. And forced her to consider how such a thing was even possible. Had she really grown so cold that she couldn’t even feel like a regular person?

Thoughts of her father immediately sprang to mind. His frigid expression and heartless demands that put stress on their entire family growing up. In her heated state, the older man actually did quite a good job of calming her enflamed blood. If only by a fraction. But remembering her childhood and the way she had been brought up began to build a flame of a different type in her veins.

Of course it was possible. She’s spent her entire life around the man that seemed to personify what it meant to be heartless. Sure, he would pretend to care. So long as it benefited him. But his self-serving attitude was no secret among his children. Who had at one point seemed to compete with each other just for his favor.

Winter had been the smartest among them, leaving the first chance she had. But against her little brother, the sole male heir, Weiss had always felt a kind of pressure. To be better. To work harder.
To prove, without a doubt, that she was most deserving among them. It was only later after the damage had already been done, it seems, that she began to understand just what it meant to be the type of person her father recognized.

But not soon enough. It appeared she was more like her father than she had thought. A realization that shook her even more than the throbbing between her legs.

*Don’t embarrass the family name. Remember your status. Never make a scene. You don’t get to be like other girls.*

Memories of her father’s admonishments rained down like ice. It was no wonder she denied her own feelings and emotions. She’d never been allowed to so much as *have* them, appearance taking priority. Even tonight, just a few minutes ago when she’d recognized a spark of fondness for Jaune, her first reaction had been to think of her father. To push her feelings down until they were forgotten. Well, they didn’t seem like they wanted to be forgotten. And the alternative being the numb disposition of her father, Weiss found herself focusing back on the heat in her lap and the shocks of pleasure still singing through her body.

By now the small motions of her hands had been augmented by a rocking of her hips. Seated on the toilet, her legs had opened to accommodate the position. Awkward and lewd, Weiss first reaction was to reject the pleasure, to be ashamed of it. Certain realizations coming to light, she found herself second-guessing her guarded reaction. An anxious expression furling her brow.

With purpose this time, she allowed her hand to open and cup the heated space through her skirt. Curling her fingers into the crease of her lips, the direct attention was rewarded with more of the tingly warmth that poured up and through her body from this point. Her tight expression didn’t relax even as she closed her eyes. But it was enough to allow the fact that she was in a bathroom to fall towards the back of her attention.

She was already close. She’d been close the moment she’d woken from Jaune’s spell. The only thing holding her back had been her own iron will, a thing she’d finally allowed to let go – albeit slowly. Resulting in the familiar, but alien sensation of her own body clenching into a single clenched muscle.

Her mind returned to Jaune, her interpretation of the situation urging the action. As pleasure crested and broke like waves of the sea, his ever-present grin flashing on the back of her eyelids. It had been annoying at first, infuriating as he’d continued to persist. But now all she could feel was bliss.

The coppery taste of blood splashed against her tongue as her lip broke under the strain of her clenched teeth. Besides the now desperate gate of her breathe, she all but swallowed the sounds of her release. Euphoria and endorphins flushing through her pink form. But, like all drugs, the decisions made in the middle of and after the rush quickly clashed.

Her mind was slow to return. An uncharacteristically relaxed smile paying on her features. But with awareness came realization. Both of the fact that she was still in a very public bathroom, as well as the musky scent that now perfumed the private enclosure. Her cheeks erupted. The nagging sensation of arousal that had been plaguing her all night was finally gone. But in its place remained shame, indignation, as well as the memory that the object of her newfound affection had been waiting for her the entire time she disappeared t-… to pleasure herself.

Even thinking about it left her eyes wide. Of course, this was nothing to compare to the knowledge that he was still waiting for her. Stinking, soaked, and entirely unprepared to face him as she was.

She couldn’t go out there. Weiss realized this to be a truth akin to the sun would set, and the moon
will rise. Even if she was still figuring her feelings out for the blond, she knew she couldn’t let him see her like… this! She crossed her arms across her hypersensitive torso.

If anyone told her even an hour ago that she would feel self-conscious because of Jaune Arc, she would have laughed in their face. Obviously, this wasn’t her ideal date, but it was enough to make her at least consider what her feelings towards Jaune were. And, as impossible as it seemed, she didn’t want to turn him off of her before she ever had the chance. And somehow, waking out of the bathroom reeking of sex did not seem the best way to start any kind of relationship.

She rose on shaken legs, actually needing to lean on the pallet of textured plastic separating the stalls. Thankfully no one else had walked in on her episode, a relief by any standard. But she still felt the need to creep out in slow, quiet motions; eyes scanning for anyone she might have missed. She hadn’t been in the most aware state of mind, after all. Seeing no one that could put her face and name to the crime, she breathed a small sigh of relief, emphasis on small.

Could she sneak out? If she avoided their side of the restaurant, she felt that it would be the best options. But there was always the possibility that he was waiting for her out front. The fear of the unknown and her slightly scrambled coordination made any prospect of walking out into a room of patrons less than ideal.

It was while she fretted over this that a small rectangular window caught her eye high up on the far wall. Should she? Could she? She gave it a long hard stare before sighing.

Her father had been right about one thing. Her life would have certainly been much easier if she’d just stayed home.

Jaune checked his scroll for what must have the hundredth time since his date had disappeared – the bright display of time constantly reminding him of how badly things had gone. The panic of watching her run off had bled away for the most part. But a more rational fear still gnawed at the pit of his belly, the lack of knowledge and understanding of his power really hitting home.

He should have practiced more. He should have at least tried to consider what his power did to people. He’d seen one result, Yang, but even that was questionable now that he looked back on it. He’d just been so excited about finally getting with Weiss. Maybe a little too excited if he was honest. If he’d been more rational, more thoughtful, this whole mess might never had happened. It might even have gone in his favor. It seemed, even with the power that could shake the world, it didn’t change the fact that he was still Jaune Arc.

Jaune’s self-deprivation paused a moment as a waitress approached him. His attention immediately shifted, expression opening to see what she had to say,

“Is she okay?” his tone was earnest. After twenty minutes had passed, he’d been forced to send somebody in after her. He hoped there was nothing seriously wrong, but time alone with nothing but his thoughts had concocted a myriad of horrifying and debilitating outcomes from his influence. He was pretty sure his lingering aura hadn’t actually begun to eat away at her skin. But better safe than sorry, right? The waitress lips pinched into a line.

She was an older woman, maybe twenty-seven. Dark, almost black, hair grew and ended at her chin in a manageable bob. Pretty by most standards, at the moment her features were somewhat twisted in a formal expression that Jaune didn’t really recognize. Eyes wide she attempt at a smile that just didn’t qualify. Almost like she was trying her best not to appear in a certain fashion. She opened her mouth to speak, hesitating for a handful of seconds before sound actually followed.
“I’m very sorry sir. But it seems there is nobody currently in the female restroom.” Beneath the professional politeness laid a small fleck of pity for the young man who had obviously gone through quite a bit of trouble to put the night together. She stood another few moments, a conflicted expression playing across her already tight face. Finally, whatever moral battle she’d been fighting came to an end as she added, “sorry.” Pity coming out in full force, she quickly made her way back to the rest of her tables. Leaving being a wide-eyed young man.

Oh…

A/N: Alright people, that’s it. That’s as bad as this story is going to get in terms of Jaune taking advantage of women or convincing them that they have feelings for him. Only outside stimulation. Nothing invasive, even if he does move or remove underwear in the future. I understand that for a few of you this will make you more than a little uncomfortable and that you do not wish to continue reading. And for that, I apologize and understand.

But for the rest of you, I hope you enjoyed the chapter and are looking forward to more. Especially because in the next chapter we are going to get our first, actual sex scene. I know it’s taken a while but I really needed the chance to build the characters and their relationships first to make this the compelling story you all seem to enjoy.

Next chapter – Alternatives: Faced with Weiss’ seeming rejection and the reality that he needs to understand how his powers work, Jaune decides to reveal a bit of his abilities to his partner, who seems only too willing to help. Meanwhile, Weiss continues to struggle with her now confused feelings while the rest of Team RWBY is forced to watch in confusion. Will she come to terms with what she thinks she wants before it’s too late? Or will she be forced to watch as he’s snatched up before she ever gets the chance? Read to find out.
A/N: Wow, so it’s been a while huh? *Laughs awkwardly while seven months stars him in the face* um, anyway, sorry about that. Suffice to say, I hadn’t realized how long it’s been since I decided to check about a month ago and… life and responsibilities kind of got away from me. So, sorry about that. However, I do have good news. During my little hiatus, I’ve taken the time to create a more structured schedule so this kind of thing doesn’t happen again. It might not be as quick as some of you might prefer, but this way I can at least promise that something like this will never happen again. Please look at the bottom of the chapter for more information.

I would also like to let everyone know that during my break I’ve also taken some time to go back and edit past chapters. I’ve cleaned things up A LOT so they should read quite a bit easier for anyone that wants to go back catch up after so much time. You’ll also notice that I’ve split the first chapter into two separate pages. And that’s for flow more than anything else. It didn’t need to be that long and I felt it works better as separately. Okay, I’ll let you get to your story know. But please feel free to leave a review or follow for more content if you have the time. Like I said before, updates are coming to relax and look forward to more of Jaune’s smutty adventures.

Girl(s): Weiss
Tag(s): Public arousal
Words: 9432

Chapter 5 - Alternatives

Weiss stood in front of Jaune’s dumb, hopeful expression twisting the front of her skirt. Despite her best attempts to keep the warmth from reaching her porcelain features, she could feel the warmth bloom beneath her cheeks. The self-control she had prided herself on her entire life appeared fragile in front of the boy who had broken her reality. To the point that she didn’t even feel confident in her own emotions any more, least of all the ones surrounding his impossibly blue eyes and broad shoulders. The heat grew worse.

“I…” In the middle of the classroom, minutes before the teacher was meant to arrive, she was acutely aware of the many eyes on herself and the boy she’d set out to talk to, her teammates included. However, despite practicing this conversation repeatedly before approaching the blond Huntsman, actually faced with his boyish features, she found the words failing to rise from her parted lips. A week, that’s how long it’s taken her to work up the courage to approach him. A week of her team’s odd stares and a week of dealing with the death glares from the rest of team JNPR. So why on earth couldn’t she just say what she’d approached him to say? That, while their last date ended… unfortunately, she would like to invite him on another night out to make up for her reprehensible behavior. Presenting herself as casual as to refrain from eliciting any kind of expectations on her part, emotional or otherwise, while still displaying enough interest to keep him from giving up completely.

“That is… I-” And yet here she was, struck as dumb as any young women in the face of their crush, her pale cheeks warm with life blood and with a heartbeat that didn’t know what it wanted to do. Her entire life, she’d thought she would be above such trivialities. She was a Schnee! Taught by only the
finest on how to present her words and body language. She’d faced great men her entire life, generals in the Atlesian army, even! So why was she having so much trouble with a seventeen year old boy?

Her body answered for her, sending yet another lingering pulse of pressure between her legs that very nearly had her falling to the floor.

Approaching Jaune, she’d been fine, confident even; with the same cool mask of confidence that had carried her through so many situations. But the moment she stood in his presents, that same damned tickle that had tormented her throughout their date returned. Less powerful, but just as distracting as she felt her breasts and privates warm beneath the skirt and blazer of her uniform. Biting her soft, pink lips and blinking against the sensations, her mind was emptied of everything she’d been preparing to say, as well as all the scheming she’d put forth to claim her new found feelings.

Jaune blinked up at her, his expression wide and oblivious to her current state. It was the first time he’d done anything but frown down at his lap since shuffling home from the restaurant. And it made Weiss’ heart thunder that much more because of it. He was waiting for her. Waiting for some kind of explanation or remorse for her actions. It would be so easy to explain herself! If only she could form the words. Instead, she found herself focusing on the pleasure she’d been trying to ignore.

Starting to overwhelm her slight frame, the combination of anxiety and impending humiliation ignited her sense of self-preservation. And before she could stop it, she found herself snapping at the lad she’d been hoping to apologize to.

“Stop sulking already, would you!” she barked, crossing her arms and glaring down at him even as she felt the crotch of her panties moisten with building arousal. “Honestly, there really is nothing more pathetic than a man so fixated on the past.” Doing her best to appear confident, her face remained set in the same pompous mold that the upper-class were so famously known for. “You’re depressing the entire classroom, so perk up for goodness sake!” Her bright red cheeks ruined the image a bit, but not nearly enough for Jaune to pick up on. His bright and hopeful eyes dimmed back into that of a broken heart.

It hurt to do, but this wouldn’t be the first time Weiss’ pride got in the way of communicating her emotions. Yet another lovely trait drilled into her by her dear and loving father. Faced with the consequences of her thoughtless actions, again, Weiss’ harsh expression froze. But not before she turned on her heel, a long pale ponytail whipping in her wake. She hurried back to her seat as fast as dignity would allow, all too aware of the pain she’d left in her wake.

Jaune stared after Weiss, his face a mixture of confusion and pain. Drawn together, he slowly let the furl in his brow relax to the forlorn loss it had been set in before Weiss had shown up to randomly berate him; that it had been set in ever since his “date” had ended and he’d been forced to report the awful outcome to a room full of expectant roommates. Turning back towards his desk, he could only ask himself what he’d been wondering then, what had he done wrong?

More than the heart break, even more than losing Weiss, Jaune was rife with regret at how the night had ended. Not only ruining his chance with his crush, but doing so because he’d tried to run before he even thought of walking. Before he could stop himself the events played through his brain as clearly and sharp as the day it had happened.

Starting so well, the night had continued to look promising until he’d stuck his hands under her skirt. The thrill of it had been… exhilarating, dangerously so. And there was no trying to deny that he hadn’t enjoyed manipulating the young woman’s sex. But what good was that one moment of fun if it might have cost him a life time of happiness? And what good was a memory when he would have to live with the fact that he could never have the real thing? At least, not in the way that actually
mattered.

It was the same type of behavior that had gotten him into Beacon with falsified paper work. Once he got an idea in his head, it was like nothing else existed, other options or consequences. The light that been shining from the girl’s breasts immediately came to mind. There was so much he just didn’t understand yet. And if he’d just taken his time to learn more about what he could do before exerting his power on his crush than he might have actually have had a chance in swaying the ice mistress. But he’d rushed it. And now she was gone from him forever.

Sighing, for what felt like the thousandth time that week, he laid his head on the desk bemoaning his own impulsive behavior. In the privacy of his mind, he returned to the question of how to continue, or how he could fix what he’d ruined. As usual, nothing came to mind. And the young man was left to peek put from his folded arms, a longing stare cast towards the Huntress’ retreating figure.

Weiss wasn’t much better as she took her seat next to her partner. Palming her face, she shook her head in disbelief at how horribly the confrontation had gone. The fact that she was even farther from her new crush was as depressing as it was ironic.

Said partner looked at the heiress, cool silver eyes suspiciously alert as she glanced at her friend. She was twiddling her thumbs and fidgeting in her seat. Never one to handle stress calmly, her patience ran as fast her legs, and it seemed like no time at all before her voice was aimed at her forlorn friend.

“So how’d it go?” Bright and chipper, no one would think anything was wrong with the younger girl. Her bright face and smiling grin were as innocent as ever, as though she were too cute to be the dangerous Grimm slaying prodigy that she was. Except, looking closer, the light in her eyes glittered a bit too bright, and the line of her lips was just a bit too thin to seem natural. When Weiss looked up from her hands, she took one glance at the conspicuous girl before rolling her eyes.

“What do you think?” she sighed, furling her fair features into a light grimace. Seeing Ruby’s expression unchanged, Weiss had to take a long, slow breath before continuing. “Poorly, Ruby, I feel safe in saying that it went very, very poorly.” The words hurt even more to say out loud and the rich young women uttered a deep groan before returning to her repented position.

“Oh!” Ruby answered, her tone brighter than she’d intended. “I-I mean, oh.” She corrected herself, forcing her face to match the shadow surrounding her depressed friend.

Hearing of Weiss’ change in heart towards the awkward lad had been a shock for everyone in team RWBY. Yang was naturally ecstatic, her grin big enough tear her cheeks at the prospect of something so spectacular, Blake had actually looked up from her book, and Ruby, Ruby had just stared.

In the wake of Yang’s gushing and Weiss’s displeasure at being the center of attention, it was easy to miss such a subtle reaction. Especially considering how quite the younger girl could be at times. But unlike the rest, Ruby’s awkwardness had continued into the next day, carefully watching her partner with emotions she didn’t quite understand. In Weiss’ planning to explore these new feelings, those emotions had only evolved into what now itched beneath the fifteen year old’s skeleton.

The fidgeting returned and the silence that stretched between the two girls grated against Ruby’s sanity; who still struggled to understand this strange energy that seemed to spark whenever she was around her friend. For some reason whenever her fellow team leader came up, she found it impossible to sit still, more so than usual.

Weiss didn’t want to talk about this anymore. Ruby could see that Weiss didn’t want to talk about this anymore. And she knew just letting it go would be the right and polite thing to do after such a
spectacular failure. But the empathy and kind heart the young girl was known for was notably absent the last few days. And her starved curiosity demanded that she speak up.

“It’ll be okay Weiss,” she started gently, although a stress in her tone tainted whatever compassion might have been there. Her silver gaze shifting away from the girl in a suspicious gesture. “I’m sure things will work out. I mean, how long has he liked you?” An awkward silence followed as she waited for the girl to answer. Face down, Weiss remained silent. “Like… forever!” the younger girl finally forced the conversation. “Even when you weren’t interested at all. I mean, you really shot him down. Like, painfully.” Ruby’s eyes went on to wince, as though her words weren’t biting enough.

Surprisingly enough, her partner’s topic did not cheer Weiss up. In fact, they seemed to make her feel even worse than before, reminding her of how cruel she’d been over the time Jaune had chased her. Were it anyone else, she would almost swear the girl was backhanded in her approach. But sweet, innocent Ruby? Weiss shook her head. She really was losing her mind.

“But now it’s fine!” That same ‘innocent’ girl went on to fill the silence, unable to help it, “you want Jaune to like you now. Because now you like him! Which is… so great, really. After just one date, even. Really must have been some night, huh?” Her prompting was followed with an awkward chuckle, even by her standards. Weiss responded by flushing a deeper red, coughing as she looked in the other direction.

“I don’t really want to talk about it,” the pale girl finally answered. It was the same answer she’d given every time she was asked about that night. Ruby nodded enthusiastically.

“Of course! Totally your business. I’m just saying how surprising it still is. I mean, whaaaat? You and Jaune? Who could’ve seen that coming? Certainly not you! I mean, I actually thought you hated him a little bit.” Weiss sank in her seat a little lower. “But now you’re in love with him!”

“I-I’m not in love with him,” she quickly retorted, as though she could get even more embarrassed. “I just think maybe I should give him a chance is all. Just another date. Maybe two?” Her panicked expression fell, missing the stress that added to the young women’s grin. “if I haven’t already blown it.”

“Still,” Ruby’s chipper tone pushed. “That’s quite the progress. And after just one date! Which is just so great. Have I said that yet? So, so great. Just makes you wonder, you know? Bout what could have happened to change your mind and all that. Knowing you, it had to have been pretty impressive.” She paused, giving the girl a blatant stare. “Really impressive.” She stared harder. "It just makes the mind race with-!" Weiss cut her off.

“Ruby,” she exclaimed, “stop! Goodness, I told Yang, and I’ll tell you the same thing, I don’t want to talk about my date.” The light in her cheeks was a bright as ever. “Let’s just say, I might have realized I like him more than I’d thought. Or, at least part of me does.” She pressed her knees together against the still damp texture of her panties. “Just leave it at that, okay?”

“Okay,” Ruby muttered, deflating, but Weiss had already pulled out her notebook, apparently hoping that facts and monstrous diagrams would distract her until she calmed down. This left the younger woman beside her to slump in her seat, suddenly drained now that Weiss’ reprimand sapped her anxious energy. Unfortunately, what was left was lethargic, glum, as well as a sadness as confusing as her earlier bout.

Why did she care so much about what happened on Weiss’ date? Why couldn’t she just stop thinking about it? She had more questions in the past week, most along this vein, while some pointed towards a more internal struggled.
For the first time in her life, she hated how introverted she tended to come off. It had always been an obstacle in her life, but never one that she felt interfered with anything that mattered. Now it felt like she was dealing with something she had no idea how to confront, or even identify for that matter. She knew it was going to be difficult coming to a school where everyone was to years older than her, but only lately had she begun to understand how large a gap those two years created.

Should she talk to Yang about it? For some reason, the idea made her stomach clench uncomfortably. It had been doing that a lot lately for some odd reason. But differently, and for different situations.

When she imagined talking to her big sister about these weird emotions, her belly felt like it did when she ate too much candy, sour and icky. And when she was around her partner, it was closer to when she ate too much, period, leaving her slow and like she never wanted to move again. And whenever Weiss started to talk Jaune… Ruby’s frown deepened, and a lone hand reached out to cup her flat belly where she could feel bubbly… tingly… blegh! Yea, that was the word, blegh. Expect before she’d started school, that particular sensation had been reserved for her beloved Crescent Rose. Which only made the situation weirder.

Taking a deep breath, an odd smell in the air caught her attention forcing her attention from herself and back towards her friend. Rising an eyebrow, she blinked at the pinched expression winding against Weiss’ face. Huh, maybe she had a tummy ache of her own? If only reality could be as simple as the young girl’s imagination.

Her notes weren’t working. Weiss’ expression furled, and the heat between her thighs urged her knees together. Unbidden, her eyes flickered towards the clock ticking above the teacher’s podium. It was five minutes before class started, but she more worried about what would happen if she was stuck sitting through an entire hour of professor Port’s lecture in her current condition.

Going against everything she’d ever been taught, her flushed figure moved to stand from her seat already mapping out where she would find the nearest rest room, perfume prudently packed in her book bag. Ruby’s sullen features followed her up, worry replacing her glum, slumped shoulders.

“Again?” the brunette whispered, although not nearly quiet enough for Weiss’ taste. Glaring down, she couldn’t disguise the blush on her cheeks. Ruby’s brow drew up to match her expression. “I thought he took you someplace nice? If your stomach is still this sick, you should really call some kind of health inspector.” Weiss groaned, hating the excuse she’d offered after her teammates had inevitably noticed her frequent trips to the lady room as of late. She put it out of her mind for now.

“Its fine!” she napped, shifting and fidgeting like there were ants under her skirt. “I mean, it’s getting better. I won’t be gone long so just take any important notes for me and if Professor Port asks, tell him that I am… unwell.” Her eyes flashed. “And only than I am unwell.” Ruby nodded, oblivious to her friend’s dilemma.

She dutifully opened her own notebook to satisfy the platinum blonde’s anal tendencies. But Weiss wasn’t even looking, instead focusing on those around her as she tried to casually exit the full classroom without drawing any excessive attention to her weak knees and awkward gate.

Her proud expression was ironically classy, considering she was about to leave to rub one out in the nearest bathroom. Again. She might have been able to avoid this if she’d had time that morning before the rest of the girl’s had awoken. An equally humiliating alternative, but one that was at least convenient against the stress of her newly increased libido. Never before had she hated the fact that she shared a room with three other women. And that was saying something…

Unfortunately for Weiss, Ruby wasn’t the only one wondering about her sudden change of heart.
And just a few seats away, the other half of team RWBY watched Weiss stand and start towards the door, a pair of sly grin’s matching their equally devious stares. Yang let out a snort.

“So… what do think happened?”

The two older girl’s watched their other teammates from above, only two rows higher, and yet the perfect distance to watch their resident heiress fumble and fall. It was better than any sitcom or reality TV show either had bothered entertaining. And the show just continued to unfold for their amusement. Surprisingly, it was Blake’s muted tone that had spoken up, her eyes glued to their teammate as she stumbled into the hall.

Yang could count the number of times Blake had instigated a conversation on a single hand since their ragtag group had been clumped together. But staring at her little sister and her partner, the blonde bombshell found herself just as, if not more, curious about this entire situation. Which only made the fact that she had no idea about it all, all the more frustrating.

That was the question, wasn’t it? It’s certainly been Yang’s. Watching their teammate return into the room, much later than intended, the blonde had been giddy with the amount teasing she’d prepared. That is, until she’d caught sight of Weiss’ wet hair and new change of clothes. Whatever mocking retort she’d arranged had died before it ever had the chance to leave her lips. Instead, she’d watched on in shock even as the pale girl had tried her best to pretend as though nothing about the situation was at all strange. The stunned silence hadn’t lasted for long.

The fact that she had decided to shower before returning to the dorm wasn’t lost on any of them. And yet, despite it having already been a week since the aforementioned night, her sister’s teammate hadn’t uttered a single word about what had happened during her outing. Which only just about tripled the interest of everyone around her. It didn’t help that JNPR wasn’t even talking to their team, for whatever reason. If they knew what happened that night, they weren’t talking either.

Blake sent a sidelong look at her partner. The silence lasted for another moment before Yang’s hesitant tone surfaced. “Still no idea.” She laughed, enjoying the situation nevertheless. “I mean, what could have happened to make her go from avoiding the guy like the plague, to…” and then she gestured to the scene they’d already watched unfold, shaking her head in disbelief. Blake found herself nodding in agreement.

They had been expecting a lot of things waiting for their teammate’s date to end. Anger, at being forced to go in the first place. Annoyance, at whatever trick Jaune had tried to pull to invite her out. Hell, they’d even been ready to be surprised in the off chance she’d actually fallen for the goof. But this… they hadn’t been prepared for this.

In the privacy of their dorm, Weiss’ behavior remained off ever since she’d walked into town with her blonde suiter. Hugging her pillow against her chest at night when everyone else was asleep. Seemingly random, stubborn expressions that really would have hinted at indigestion on anyone else. But most confusing of all was the gentle flush that seemed to swirl beneath her pale complexion at random intervals. Out of nowhere her mind just drifted off, only to return with conflicting emotions. And nine times out of ten, it wasn’t odd to see her make a sudden departure towards the showers or bathroom soon afterwards.

The three girls who shared a room with Weiss really had assumed she’d picked up some bug on her date after so many instances of sudden departures. But as the week continued and her “condition” remained unchanged, Blake was beginning to think of other possibilities.

Along with night vision, Faunus were known for their other abilities, depending on their genetics. A cat Faunus herself, Blake had been blessed with a slightly heightened sense of smell. One that had
been picking up certain, musky scents for the last few days – no matter how hard the heiress tried to wash away her shame. Rather than ending badly, the black-haired girl was beginning to suspect the date had gone much better than anyone had expected, Weiss especially.

“You don’t think it looks a little… familiar?” Blake aired her suspicions. Without warning, Yang’s mocking grin died in an instant, and she found a sudden interest in the textbook she’d all but ignored since the start of the semester. And would continue to feint ignorance so long as her partner dared to bring up her own embarrassing situation. The inside of her arms move over the front of her mature breasts, an unconscious gesture she’d adopted ever since, well…

Blake’s eerie yellow eyes stared a moment longer before rolling them in the direction of the boy in question.

First her partner and then Weiss, something was different about the blonde boy that she couldn’t quite put her finger on. Maybe a shift in demeanor or a stronger confidence that had been absent until lately? The cat eared girl could only assume that Yang was too close to the situation to see the similarity between her and the girl she mocked. Or, possibly she just didn’t want to. But Blake could see a shared conflict. Maybe not as strong in the blonde, but the fact that they were purposefully sitting as far from the young man as the class raised a number of eyebrows.

Whatever it was about Jaune Arc, it wasn’t isolated to just Yang. And Blake was beginning to become too curious for her own good as to just what it was that had changed. Retrieving her own book from her bag, Blake kept one eye on the boy still resting face against his desk and smiled. Things just kept getting more interesting.

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On the opposite end of the room, Blake’s eyes weren’t the only ones stuck on the young man’s back. Just a few desks away from him, in fact, two young women watched on while he sat with seemingly no expression, the haggard weight of his face drawn towards the floor.

“Look at him, broken, so sad. Like the world is just gonna swallow him up at any second.”

Pyrrha nodded her head, eyebrows drawn up into arch of pity,

“A young man with a broken heart, oh woe is she who shatters the innocence of such pure infatuation.”

Again, Pyrrha nodded; knowing that Weiss was the one responsible for her partner's pain. Did she blame the other girl for not returning Jaune’s feelings? Of course not. But what Weiss had done, leaving her partner to be humiliated in a restaurant full of people, was unforgivable. If she had an explanation for such behavior, the red-haired Amazon couldn’t think of it. And it was only the knowledge that she would only create more problems for their blond haired leader should she try and confront the girl that kept her from outright demanding an explanation.

“To find a cure for such pain, such sorrow, oh, what can one do to relight light that once shined so brightly?”

Oh, if she only knew. Pyrrha wouldn’t stop at anything to see a smile return to his face. She’d thought time had been the answer. It’s why she’d done her best to give the boy his space instead of cradling him in her arms like she ached to do. But that had been a week ago, and he looked no better for her efforts.

“Yes, one would need bravery, strength, and feelings just as pure to awaken the flames that had been
snuffed out. Only with this would you be able to push him down, pull down his pants, and make him forget any other girl even exist-!”

Pyrrha’s nodding stopped, and she paused for a moment as the words cycled through her mind. Her eyes widened with a stifled gasp, and her cheeks became inflamed as she turned towards the orange haired girl who continued to smile, innocent as can be. Towards the end, she’d lost the poetical waxing, the brass and even crude reality of her words impossible to misinterpret.

“Nora!” Pyrrha interrupted before her friend could even finish the sentence. Appearing scandalized, in her heat she fidgeted trying to cool her cherry face. “I believe I’ve already asked you to stop suggesting I…” she paused, flush darkening, “do that.” But said valkery simply rolled her eyes, far less sensitive.

“And I’m telling you to get over there and pounce while you can. Who knows when you’re going to get another opportunity like this?” When Pyrrha didn’t answer, looking closer to a spooked cat than confident woman, Nora sigh with pity. She’d thought, hoped, after being forced to watch Jaune get ready for a date with another girl that Pyrrha might actually manage to grow a backbone and smarten up. Jaune wasn’t going to wait for her forever, after all! But her friend had fallen right back to the passive, skittish girl she always was. Nora really did want Jaune to cheer up, but if that also included getting two of her friend’s together, well then, she was just the best teammate that ever was, wasn’t she? But neither of those things were going to happen if Pyrrha didn’t get her big butt moving and into the action.

“Look,” she tried again. “Just look at him!” And they did, taking in his broken demeanor, “He looks like somebody just kicked his missing, terminal, puppy.” She thought for a moment, “which also talks and gives him life advise!”

“But,” Pyrrha hesitated, “isn’t it wrong for me to try and take advantage of the situation? He’s emotionally pained, surely the last thing he’ll be interested in is a relationship right now.” And to that Nora just shook her head. Oh, poor naive Pyrrha.

“It’s the only way to get over an old crush.” She informed her, as though she herself had plenty of experience. “Trust me, the only time he’s going to start feeling better is when he finds somebody new. I’m just trying to make sure you’re that somebody.”

“By sleeping with him?” Pyrrha felt the need to confirm. Okay, so she wasn’t the most knowledgeable when it came to the social aspects of others. But that seemed like quite the step to take. “And quite forcefully, by your advice.” But Nora just waved her away, like her fears were completely baseless.

“I’m just kidding,” and then, almost too quick for the other girl to notice she added, “mostly.”

“I just mean you have to make your move, you know? Stake your claim? Besides, you do want him to start seeing you as a woman, right?” and Pyrrha hesitantly nodded. “Well that’ll get the job done, and then some! You’re a total babe, you’ll knock his socks off.” Caught off guard by the sudo-compliment, Pyrrha wasn’t quite sure how to respond. Settling on a disquieted groan.

“I suppose it won’t hurt to at least think about it,” she conceded if only to get the other girl off the topic. Nora responded with an explosive grin, satisfied to see another job well done.

“Aww, what are teammates for? Just be careful not to wait too long.” Pyrrha accepted the warning with a certain degree of patience. Still, her friend was simply showing that she cared. In her own… special, special way.
“I’m very lucky to have a friend that knows so much about these subjects. Tell me, is this how you were able to confess your feelings for Ren?” Still grinning, the light in the ginger girl’s eyes faded, though she forced herself to maintain the rigid smile.

“Ahhhh….” She paused. “Yep! Mhmm, totally. Worked one hundred percent, haha!” If Pyrrha could see that she was lying, she chose not to comment. “Hey, ah, how about we go back to spying on Jaune, hmm? When that did stop?” Pyrrha allowed a small smile to play on her lips. If that’s what she wanted… Although, gifted with a few moments of silence, the Amazon did find her mind lingering on their discussion.

Not the pushing him down bit, goodness no. But the thought that revealing her feelings might cheer him up did give her pause. After all, would it really be so bad? For him to know that he was wanted, cared for? She might not personally understand the sting of rejection, but surely acceptance can be the only cure?

Was it really so audacious of her to assume she could fill the hole in his heart that Weiss had left? Pyrrha had always been so cautious as to never allow her confidence to become cocky or inflated. But… yes, she thought so. Even if it took some work to turn his gaze towards herself, Pyrrha was fairly sure that she had what it took to make him happy. She just needed to the opportunity.

“I think we’ve given him enough space.” She spoke. Staring at the far off boy, her eyes had hardened to show a kind of determination. “I’ve given him a small break, but I think both of us would benefit to a return to our routine. Tomorrow morning I’ll wake him to go train, and it’s my hope that it will give us a chance to work out his troubles. Together.” Nora stared at her a moment longer, before letting a joyous grin blossom in congratulations.

“Sounds like a plan,” she agreed.

A sigh passed her lips. Her team really was lucky to have her.

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Another peaceful day in Beacon Academy came and went leaving the student body to tuck in for bed and prepare for the coming day. Team JNPR was the same. As emotionally distressed as Jaune appeared during the day, come night he slipped away as easily as the next teenager. Even if he awoke to a shadow of regret at the edge of his consciousness. This morning, however, was different.

Wet grass slipped under Jaune’s boots as he shuffled after his partner, slowly, exhausted. Waking up, she had greeted him already clad in full armor while dropping his own equipment onto his chest with a solid thump. Forgetting his woes for a moment, he’d obviously enquired as to what was going on. But Pyrrha’s answer had been short and clipped, with a nervous energy itching at her posture. One that persisted even now as the young man stared after her pace, anxiously fidgeting with each step.

Training, she had called it. Returning to their schedule, she had explained. He’d done his best to explain that he wasn’t in the mood, but she had all but ignored him, awkwardly insistent that he dawn his sword, shield, and armor. Finally, he had been forced to give in, if only to step away from her intense gaze for even a minute.

He shouldn’t have been surprised, really. Something was bound to break at some point. His entire team was worried about him; watching him when they thought he wasn’t looking, glaring at Weiss, even though this entire mess was his own fault. He knew he should be better about putting on a brave face, but it was ironically difficult to keep his heart from his sleeve. It was a good thing no one would ever outright ask about his mischief because he already knew how quickly he would fold under even that much scrutiny.
In the days following his date with Weiss, all he could do was remember what he did wrong. How he could have picked a better restaurant. How he could have dressed better or picked better things to talk about. But deep down, even he could recognize that none of those things had been the real problem.

No, all those things were fickle compared to the glaring issue. His powers. He’d rushed in, used them without fulling understanding their effects. And now he paid the price. If he’d just trained more, and maybe practiced its effects, then he might have been able to control the night’s outcome. But now he’d lost Weiss forever. And even worse, she seemed to hate him more than ever.

The other day was a perfect example. God, she’d been so angry her entire face had been red. She couldn’t even talk to him anymore, she seemed too upset. And that was probably the worst of it all. Even if Weiss had never loved him, at least they had been friends. Or, something close enough to it. Now, though, he had lost even that. And he had no one to blame but himself.

Pyrrha led him farther and farther into the forest towards a nearby clearing they often used. Normally her mind was busy planning drills and tactics that she would try and instill in her partner. But today her mind was preoccupied with a much more pressing issue. And for the first time in a very long while, she could feel a nervous flutter in her chest which only grew worse with each step.

Today was the day. She was going to tell him how she felt. She was going to expose her feelings for the blond boy who had captured her heart without even trying. And she was going to make him forget the name, Weiss Schnee.

She glanced over her shoulder, carefully checking to see his expression. Unfortunately, her wakeup call hadn’t done his mood any good. And she was resigned to find that his frame of mind seemed even worse than usual. The air around him that was usually so bright and pure was now tainted with dark cloud constantly pouring and fighting against his shoulder. But with any luck, she would be able to cure that.

She took a deep breath, tasting the flavor of wood and leaves in the air. Up high the sky was just beginning to brighten even though the sun hadn’t yet appeared. And it would be another few hours before the rest of the student body woke up to greet the day. She and Jaune were alone. This was her best chance. Her only chance. And she had to believe that she had what it took to capture her crush’s attention.

It was almost laughable in a way. Looking between the two, no one would guess Pyrrha would be the one worried about not being good enough for the other. After all, she was a champion! A Huntress, accomplished in both her career and popularity. Though, the two were closely intertwined. But really, that was the biggest issue. And one the red-haired girl would continue to struggle against for years to come.

Yes, people loved her. It wasn’t as though Jaune was her first romantic pursuit. Far from it. Many, many people have flocked to her side over the course of her life. But always in search of something that she had. Be it the money she won from her tournaments, or the connection her fame had earned, everyone she had ever met only seemed interested for the fact that they could say that that they knew her. Or, in on particularly heartbreaking instance, that they had slept with her. To people, she was a trophy in of herself. A thing to be won. To show off. And that is why Jaune was so important to her.

And yet, it was also entirely possible that it wasn’t really even about him, but instead that he was just a person who didn’t know about her. Not her fame or money or anything that made people say and do things just be near her. No, he only knew her as her and part of Pyrrha seriously had to wonder how much that really was worth? In that way, he was like her own personal test. A way to prove to herself that she was worth anything on her own. That she had value just by being Pyrrha.
That’s not to say she didn’t care for him at all. Oh no, she liked him quite a bit. It was just that initial freedom and curiosity had allowed her to open herself up to look past his awkwardness and lack of training. To see the kind-hearted boy underneath who so readily charged forward for his friend even when he had the most to lose. He was the opposite of everything she ever knew about people. A spark of light in a world of greed and hate. And if Weiss was too dumb to recognize that then, well, Pyrrha was ready to step up.

The clearing came into view, appearing untouched since the last time they’d appeared. Breaking through the foliage, the red-haired Amazon could almost feel a fraction of her stress disappear, as though this was her own world away from the world. One where there was no Weiss, no competitions. Where she could just spend her time with her partner and enjoy his company, just the two of them. Turning around, Jaune joined her a moment later looking markedly less at peace.

She frowned for what must have been the hundredth time at his long features. He always made her feel so safe and at home. Now it was her time to return the favor.

“Jaune,” she spoke, the lyrical tone of her voice just slightly off under the pressure squeezing at her chest. Holding a hand over her breastplate, she could feel her heart thumping wildly underneath. In such a way that even battle had not managed to inflict.

At his name he looked up, blinking as soon as he caught sight of the sudden intensity of her gaze. Of course, he had been expecting this. It was only a matter of time before his friends felt the need to interrupt his sulking. He still found himself unsettlingly caught off guard. When she motioned for him to move closer and to join her on a nearby fallen log, he did so, awkwardly shrinking under her attention as she searched his sad blue eyes.

“Jaune, I- I just need you to know that I understand that pain you are going through. Your feelings for Weiss, even misplaced, were true to you. And I will never understand how she could have hurt you like she did.” Pausing for breath, emotion flashed across his face, but Pyrrha rushed in before he could stop her. She’d thought so long about how she wanted to do this. On how she would tell him about her feelings. But if he stopped her, she knew she might not have the strength to pick back up.

For Jaune’s part, he didn’t quite know what to think. All of this sudden encouragement made it even more difficult to meet her eyes. She was so worried about him, horrified that he was in pain over getting rejected by Weiss. When the reality was much more complicated – and not to mention less noble. Would she still be this nice to him if she knew the truth about that night? About everything he’d done? Rather than help him, he found his mood dropping even lower, guilt in addition to the disappointment of losing Weiss forcing his head to bow and shoulders to hunch.

“I know you feel that what happened was your fault. You’re always so hard on yourself. More than anyone else. And i-it hurts me to see you in pain. There is a reason I brought you out here today. And I need you to listen to me when I say that you deserve to be happy. You are a wonderful man and I know I’m not the only one who can recognize that. You are kind and thoughtful and considerate and…” again she had to pause, the words failing to rise no matter how much she struggled. But she was Pyrrha Nikos. And nothing stood in the way of her goals. Not even herself.

“And any girl would be lucky to date you.” Finally, she allowed herself to stop, an uncharacteristically fearful light blooming in each of her green orbs. And yet still she gazed at him. Searching.

Jaune’s expression lifted, glancing towards his friend with something close to surprise. He’d always know that Pyrrha had thought well of him, but not to this degree, certainly. The last thing he wanted was to worry the people who cared about him. Lifting his head, he found his eyes turned towards his partner’s. Unsure, a tight smile pulled at the corners of his mouth, more for her benefit than anything
else. And yet even that small show of appreciation for her efforts was enough to redouble Pyrrha’s wavering confidence.

“J-Jaune!” she answered his attention, her tone just a bit too high to seem casual. She flinched immediately, but Jaune didn’t seem to notice at all, smiling pleasantly. Biting down on her own features, it was painfully obvious how wide her eyes were. Like a child chasing after a piece of candy.

“I just wanted to add-,” she paused shaking her head. “I mean, I just thought you should keep in mind, that... Weiss, Weiss could have just been a poor match for you, understand? Clearly, it seems like the two of you weren’t compatible.” Her hands shook against her breast. “But that doesn’t mean you should stop looking! Any girl would be lucky to call you there’s. I’m sure you already have plenty of young women who would be interested.”

Gazing into his eyes, Pyrrha’s own emerald pair glimmered with such intensity, silently begging him to hear her and understand what she was saying. When he remained silent she nudged him even further. “Perhaps one even closer than you would imagine?” she tried, so obvious Zwie would be able to pick up on the signals she was sending. And to her wonderfully horrified eyes, he actually seemed to consider what she was saying, staring at her so thoughtfully the world seemed to freeze. If only.

In reality, Jaune’s thoughts weren’t anything close to what Pyrrha was no doubt imagining. What would have been obvious to anyone else urged his mind in an entirely different direction.

His first thought was how strange his partner was being. Cheering him up was one thing, but something about her words seemed... strange. Though, he couldn’t really place his finger on why. That thought was quickly consumed by another before it had the chance to expand or take root. Instead, he found his eyes widening as a wave of realization washed over him.

The answer he’d been looking for...

Could she be right? Was his mistake not that he’d ruined his chance with Weiss, but that he’d thought of her as his only option? Initially, he’d imagined himself with a number of woman as possible alternatives. But his infatuation had with his crush had narrowed his vision, and had allowed himself to forget that other women existed. And that this one set back didn’t change the reality that he still had his powers.

Yes, he cared about Wiess. And yes, he was genuinely heartbroken knowing he would never get to be with her, but just because he’d ruined one possibility, why should that stop him from pursuing others? He had made a mistake. He’d rushed in before knowing he was ready. But he should learn from that, instead of giving up completely.

The realization hit him like a slap to the face. If he just took the time and actually learned how to use his powers and their effects than maybe he could seriously get a girlfriend. There was still time. Although the question did remain, how exactly he was supposed to do that? It wasn’t like he had many opportunities to just go out and use his power without attracting too much attention. People might not figure out it was him, but he was pretty sure rumors of some kind of perverted ghost would draw the attention of the faculty pretty quickly. If he was going to do this, he needed it to be centered around one woman, and it would need to happen away from where others could catch wind of what was happening. But where on earth was he supposed to find an attractive Huntress who regularly isolated herself and who he had regular access to? Hmmm....

And slowly, he found his gaze sliding back towards his partner who was still quietly waiting for his
response despite the near panic that had taken her features.

Actually, wasn’t this the perfect opportunity for just that? Jaune knew Pyrrha, at least enough to recognize any strange behavior inflicted on his part. But even better, they trained every morning. Which meant he had the opportunity to practice on her at least once a day without anything getting in the way. And as far as being attractive went, admittedly that didn’t really matter in the long run, but it was a personal preference. And Pyrrha was about as beautiful as a girl could become.

His eyes turned from her gaze, flicking towards her exposed skin and skimpy armor for the briefest of seconds. He didn’t really need to look, but it felt like the right thing to do, considering his current train of thought. But no, he knew what she looked like. And now he might get the opportunity to see even more than ever before.

Of course, that did still leave the question, should he use his friend like that?

She worked so hard to be a good friend to him, even going so far as to drag his sorry ass out of bed just to give him a pep talk. Somehow returning the favor by feeling her up didn’t quite seem appropriate. And yet, wasn’t it that same drive to help him that should encourage him to go forward with his plan? She was the one trying to tell him that he should keep looking for a girlfriend, after all.

He knew his friend and knew that she would do anything in her power to help him if he asked. In this particular case, asking would just lead to more problems than if he simply went ahead with it. Maybe it was wrong to take advantage of that friendship, but he would do the same for her in a heartbeat – and intended to as soon as the opportunity presented itself. Hell, maybe he could even help her get a date after he found his own lady. Was she interested in anyone? He would have to try and find a way to ask.

The reality that he was going through with it transitioned with shocking ease. Although, part of him might always have intended to go that route, regardless of the reasoning he took to get there. There was a disconnect forming between his actions in that other world and this one. Almost as though he could pretend nothing he did there actually happened – or had consequences. Leaving him to wonder… just where did the end of this road go for him?

Unfortunately, he wasn’t allowed to dwell on such thoughts for long, as other matters demanded his focus. Namely… how the heck he was going to pull this off. He might need to start with a few fibs.

While all of this was going through his mind, Pyrrha waited with baited breath to see if he had picked up on any of her cues. It was strange how she could want something so badly and be afraid of it at the exact same time. But what else could love be except for a combination of all the heart’s strongest emotions? Finally, her patience was rewarded as Jaune’s contemplative frown focused on her, and he moved to rest his seat even closer than they had been. Her heart leapt in her chest.

“Pyrrha,” he started in a tone that sent shivers down the redhead’s spine. She could feel the heat of his body against the cool outside air. Her eyes widened accordingly. Staring into his gaze, she waited for him to say the words she’d been waiting to hear since she had first come to recognize her feelings. She watched his lips part to speak, as though she could see them forming as he spoke. ‘Go on, just say it. I feel the same way… say it.’ But instead…

“Train me.”

Huh, no. Not that…

She blinked, all of her previous anticipation shattered as her brain attempted to reset to process the current situation. Instead of a word, all she could manage was a muted, “huh?” Jaune’s hardened
“Train me,” he repeated, oblivious to the obvious disappointment mounting his friend’s features with each moment her fantasy was peeled away. The reality of his voice was much more grim. “You were right, and I’m tired of feeling sorry for myself. Even if things didn’t work out with Weiss, that doesn’t mean I should just give up. But rather than dating, I think I need to focus on me first, you know? Get stronger, learn to be more confident.”

‘And practice my semblance,’ went unsaid. “It kind of feels like a lot’s been happening lately. I just need to slow down, maybe try and think about my decisions first. And I think the best way to start is to tell you something that I… I’ve been keeping a secret from everyone, something I should have told you from the start.”

With each word, Pyrrha found it harder and harder to maintain the understanding smile she had forced onto her face. Doesn’t want to date? Wants to improve himself? He wants to slow down?! It took everything she had not to simply reach out and start to shake him by his breastplate. And even worse, everything he was saying was completely reasonable!

How was she supposed to be angry with him when he was making such sound decisions? Well, she was, but she knew she shouldn’t be. He was trying to grow as a person and as a Hunter and were it any other person she would applaud them for such a mature decision. But this was Jaune. And all she could hear was that she’d waited too long. Again.

Could he still have misunderstood her intentions? Did she actually have to hold up a sign with an arrow pointing to herself with the words, “wants to date you!” written in bright, eye attracting colors? Surely not every girl had to be so blunt. So what was wrong with her? What was she doing wrong that she required such drastic maneuvers simply to expose her feelings to the boy she liked? Or perhaps, maybe it had less to do with what he did, and more to do with the boy she’d fallen for.

After everything she said, for him to still remain so oblivious she felt that there really could be only two options. Either, Jaune’s known about her feelings for quite some time and simply did not understand how to explain he did not return her love… or… or the very idea of even trying to think of her in a romantic light was so impossible that it refused to even cross his mind. He didn’t see her as a woman, or even female. Just a good friend, and at times, a handy tutor to help improve his abilities.

Blinking, she realized she’d begun to tune his words out while slowly experiencing her own downward spiral of despair. Forced back towards the surface, she tried to recall what he had just said to her, marked by a nervous guilt that had her genuinely curious. A secret? She sighed and did her best to put her own feelings behind her. Her partner needed her after all… he just didn’t want her.

“I… think I discovered my semblance.”

She stopped. The pain in her chest momentarily forgotten as she looked at him and realized what he’d just said. “Your semblance?” Her tone was brighter than she had any right to feel, but that didn’t matter right now. Instead, she found herself looking at the blond in a whole new light. “Jaune… that’s, oh my, that’s wonderful!” she cheered for him, and could even feel a smile start to pull her features.

To have unlocked his personal abilities so soon… well, it was unexpected, to say the least. Normally, people had to work with their aura for years before they were able to come about that special power unique to them and them alone. There were exceptions, of course, gifted young children who activated their abilities as naturally as breathing. Young Ruby Rose came to mind, but a majority of Hunters were unable to reach that point until the late into their middle years in school. Whereas Jaune
had managed it only a few months? Not for the first time, Pyrrha looked at the young man in front of her marveling at just how much potential there was to be tapped.

“Y-Yea?” he managed, not sure how to handle her sudden interest. Although, part of him couldn’t help but smile at her enthusiasm. It was too easy to remember his own eagerness that first day, and how he’d nearly exposed himself to his entire team right then and there. It was funny to think about, how his life would have changed if his partner and other female teammate hadn’t picked that moment to return from their shower, how would things have changed? Unfortunately, the ability to reverse time wasn’t included in this package.

“I mean, I’m pretty sure? It’s a little weird.” He continued, beating around the bush. But perhaps she’d had enough of suspense. “It’s why I was hoping… I mean, you wouldn’t mind helping me train it, right?”

“Of course! Would you be comfortable showing me how it works?” she waited for him to perform. Which, well, she said she’d help him… and so, without any further ado, Jaune activated his semblance for the first time in a week, casting the world into a soundless void of isolation.

A/N: UPDATE SCHEDULE: okay, so the way things have been going is less than ideal, to put it simply. Even though I’ve effect dropped all of my stories except the three most popular, I’m still not updating as fast as I would have liked. Thankfully, a new development has encouraged me to set up a time table for all of my stories. Which, is as follows:

Genjutsu Gone Right: will now be updating at LEAST once a month. Depending on the length of chapters, I may be able to work in two shorter updates, but no matter what by the end of the month I am going to do my best to give you a regular update to look forward to. Hopefully this will quell the reviews crying out for me to reconsider abandoning this story (Which I have never even considered, BTW.)

Sense of Semblance and Vault 69: From now on these stories will be updated on ALTERNATING MONTHS, which means in addition to GGR updating ONCE a month, I intend to update one of these stories to go with it. Whichever story does not get updated, it will be updated the following month. Since I’ve updated Sos in October, that means the next update won’t be until December.

Next chapter – Training never felt so good – December: Taking advantage of their morning drills, Jaune Arc will take the time to explore the very limits of his powers. Observing his abilities in the middle of combat, Pyrrha won’t even notice the odd warmth slowly starting to flow through her body until it is too late. What will Jaune learn through these exercise? And more importantly, how will his partner respond to overwhelming pleasure after Jaune so easily overlooked her confession? Read the next chapter to find out. F&R
Training never felt so good

A/N: Whoo boy! By the skin of my teeth, ah? This chapter took me a while but I managed to get it in on time. I just want to say, for everyone who’s taken the time to migrate over from FF, good to see you. And thanks for enjoying the story enough to go out of your way. a lot of people have been waiting for this chapter (sex) and I’m glad I managed to give it to you. Just keep in mind, Jaune is still a virgin in this story and Pyrrha is near enough to be considered one. And that does affect how I treat the scene. As the story progresses and characters learn more about sex the scene’s themselves will mature as well. Now, please enjoy and look forward to the next chapter.

Chapter 6

Tag(s): Groping, Petting, Fingering, Cow-Girl.

Girl(s): Pyrrha

Words: 14,868

Pyrrha didn’t move. Instead, she just stood there with the same level of excitement forever enshrined in his own personal world. All he could do was look at her for a moment, immediately feeling the calming sensation that always came with the silence and isolation of his own world. Taking a deep breath, his ridged posture deflated.

That had been… difficult. But she had asked him to show her what he could do. To her, it will probably look like a kind of speed semblance, or maybe even teleportation. Both of which were about a thousand times more likely than the truth. He hadn’t exactly lied to her, after all, he did tell her his secret. Just… not everything.

He needed this opportunity, this chance to use his power without anything else getting in the way. They were alone, in the wilderness, and without anything around them for a good mile. Maybe it was a little underhanded getting her to agree to help him when she didn’t know exactly what that entailed, but he’d never said how he wanted to use his semblance. Besides, she seemed… oddly optimistic about his ability to find a date. Clearly, she wanted him to find someone. And today she would do just that.

He knew where he went wrong last time. He needed to learn how to control their reactions was all. Yang had been a fumbling first attempt, and Weiss had been too fast. He’d most likely hurt her, overloaded her before she could even start to think about why she was feeling aroused. If he found balance, he knew he could manage to excite a woman without it overwhelming her. He just needed practice. And now he had the perfect subject.

He took in his friend’s figure, feeling a warm heat start beneath his cheeks. Even just standing there it was hard not to see how impossibly beautiful she was. But it was even harder not to see just how ironically accessible her body was dressed in only her armor.

His eyes found her skirt, bizarrely short considering it was made for combat. Like most girls at Beacon, his partner had somehow managed to master the art of fighting without flashing her panties.
to everyone within eyeshot every time she moved to kick or flip. But in this world, there was very little stopping him from pulling the short circle of material over her hips to expose her lower half. Likewise, her breastplate was just as bad. For the simple fact that he only had to pull it down to free the breasts he’d first laid eyes on so many days ago. And if he was planning to start slow, that seemed like a good place to start.

The upper half her armor was more of a leather corset than any real metal, though hardened bits did stand apart from the rest. Reaching up, Jaune was still amazed at how easy it was becoming undressing his friends when they just stood there. He recalled that first day when he’d been too shy to so much as look at her naked back and marveled at how much had changed.

Just as he’d imagined, the fabric around her breast was malleable enough to be manipulated. Laces in the back pulled the material tight around her figure. But without any straps or a collar the shape of her body made it easy to urge the armor over her ribs as soon as it passed the hill of her breasts. What lay underneath forced Jaune to pause.

Rather than a traditional bra, Jaune found himself staring at a layer of bandage wound around the woman’s breasts. Under her armor, he’d never known, but it seemed like this was the reason why she’d been able to keep her larger chest from getting in the way of battle while fitting them inside her breastplate. Jaune only had to take one look at them to know if he tried to take it off, he did not have the skills or knowledge to replace it after he was done.

It was a conundrum, and he had to wonder if he could move forward like this. Maybe it would be better to try this again when they were both wearing their school uniform? He knew for a fact that she wore regular bras then. But the thought of losing this golden opportunity to test and measure her reactions didn’t sit well with him. Perhaps she wouldn’t notice?

Maybe he was getting cocky after his date with Weiss. He was starting to get too confident in his ability not to get caught. But the more he did things like this, the more he was starting to realize that he could probably get away with a lot more than he originally thought. Even things that couldn’t be explained, like clothing suddenly disappearing, wouldn’t immediately draw attention to himself. His power was too impossible for even him to believe at times, let alone anyone else. And in the end, that made the decision for him.

Around her back he found the end of the bandage tucked towards the bottom of her wrap. Pulling it free, he lifted her arms and started the comical task walking around her body while pulling the white tape free. Eventually, the material loosened enough from her breasts that he could simply pull it free, balling it up in his hands as he finished. Looking around, he paused before catching sight of a nearby bush and quickly disposed of the evidence. Finally, he was free to return to the point of focus, or rather, the two of them.

Free from her top and makeshift undergarments, Jaune was free to admire his partner’s breasts in all their glory. And unlike the last time he’d been lucky enough to catch a glimpse, he didn’t waste any time in allowing his hands to settle around the shape; drinking in the soft feminine flesh that had started this entire dilemma.

His hands cradled his partner’s chest from behind enjoying the soft weight found only in this part of a woman's body. His fingers sank into the pale flesh, kneading gently while a single finger moved to brush along the point of her tips. His aura, which visibly covered his entire body, quickly leached into the only other living figure, seeping into her body everywhere that he touched. Soon, the wispy smoke like color could be seen wafting off of her shape, bringing it to life in this stale, motionless environment.

He noticed her smell first, finally allowed to rise off of her body and hair. Leather and cinnamon
made an interesting combination, but he found himself breathing it in nevertheless. His face already so close to the bright red ponytail tickling his cheek. He was amazed he’d never noticed how good she smelled before. Unconscious of his of his own actions, he naturally pressed himself harder against the warm softness of a woman’s body, allowing the hard knot of flesh trapped behind his jeans to settle against her round bottom.

His hands worked slowly, rolling her breasts in gentle motions. He left her nipples alone for the most part, brushing against them occasionally to test their shape. It was very long before the soft rises in her flesh began to wind and tighten under his attention, a fact he was growing increasingly proud of. He had to stop himself from going any longer, knowing that he didn’t have that freedom this particular morning. Guess it was time to see if she noticed anything.

He pulled up her corset in a single firm tug. Its golden trim usually did a fine job of keeping her cleavage modest. However, without the bandages keeping her mounds in check, he found the tops of her breasts spilling over the top of the material no matter how he tried arranging it. He gave an awkward chuckle before ultimately giving up, taking several steps back from the place he’d been standing before doing his best to copy the anxious frown he’d been wearing. He gave a deep breath, said a prayer, and looked to see how his partner would cope with the sudden shift in her person.

Pyrrha’s wide eyes blinked, her warrior instincts suddenly screaming that something had changed. Strangely enough, she was left with the distinct impression that the floor beneath her feet had shifted or slanted. Likewise, taking a breath, the familiar discomfort of her binding had noticeably changed. Her armor felt tighter for some reason. And her breasts... Her rosy cheeks darkened as soon as she noticed how sensitive they were. Glowing with a kind of warmth, the sensation slowly spread until she could feel a light sheen of sweat start on her forehead. And yet even all of that didn’t attract the brunt of her attention. Instead, her eyes moved, shifting a few feet from where she’d been starting to see her partner’s adorably shy self suddenly appearing without so much as a hint of disturbance in the air around him.

“Teleportation?” she gasped out loud. Forgetting the oddity of her chest and balance she could only look at Jaune who stared back with odd focus. She actually pulled back, feeling her cheeks warm and her heart beat strangely fast. Their earlier conversation must have affected her more than she thought. She glanced away for a moment to collect herself before continuing in a more calm tone. “Jaune, this is-. Do you even understand how incredible this?” She looked back to see a slow smile tugging at his face.

“I guess?” he offered possible. “I mean, I can see how it would be useful.” He was a terrible liar, but it was kind of hard to get excited about something when the truth was so much grander. Pyrrha was still too amazed to notice, thankfully. “But um, I still need to work on how I might be able to use it in a fight. You wouldn’t mind helping me with that, right?” Pyrrha immediately nodded her head.

“Oh, of course! But, I think I need to learn more about it before trying to integrate it into your style. Can you tell me if there is a limited number of many times you can use it? Or, perhaps have you tested the distance?” Ever the fighter, the young woman shifted in the blink of an eye imagining all the ways that she could help her friend perfect his abilities. Semblance application was what made or broke hunters after all. Her own seemingly passive abilities coming to mind. Against creatures made of bone and darkness, what good could polarity manipulation really be? But it was how she used it that made her great, a legend even. Possibilities flashed before her eyes as she once again turned from a young woman in love into a battle-hardened warrior.

In the back of her mind, it was a little sad to acknowledge the fact. Jaune already knew her as Pyrrha the champion. She had wanted to avoid this type of talk; she’d wanted to try just being a girl with a
boy. She so rarely had the chance. But… maybe it was just time she accepted the fact that to him she was more valuable as a fighter than a woman. If Jaune couldn’t see her feelings after everything she had said then clearly he wasn’t interested. Or, at the very least, he couldn’t even entertain the thought of her as a woman enough to consider she had been talking about herself in her examples. The pain stung, mingling with the mild pleasure that had bloomed in her chest. So she ignored both, putting her pain out of mind by focusing on Jaune’s training. Or, at least she tried.

“I haven’t tried pushing it like that yet,” the blond admitted. Pyrrha put on a thoughtful face before nodding, thoughtlessly tracing a hand along the hem of her breastplate.

“Then I suppose that’s a good enough place to start as any. We should just spare as we usually train and see if you can use your semblance in the heat of battle. If it takes too much concentration or time to prepare than it might be harder to implement into your style. But no matter what, I fail to see how it can’t be useful in some way. Are you able to use it again?”

She moved to take her stance, shield and spear prepared in each hand. Jaune simply nodded, knowing that he shouldn’t have any problems. Activating his own weaponry, he braced against Pyrrha’s impending attack, angling the white sheet of metal against his arm exactly as how she’d been instructing. The red-haired woman gave no further signals, simply launching herself forward to test the strength of his arm. But thrusting her weapon from her body, the impact she’d been expecting to land suddenly pierced through the open air as Jaune vanished before her very eyes.

She landed with a roll, the change in momentum and balance too off to manage anything else. Whipping around, her eyes scanned the field looking for where he’d disappeared; only to find him a few feet behind where she’d been standing. Narrowing her eyes, she moved faster this time. Too focused on the battle at hand to notice the new found sensations ticking the tips of her breasts as she charged forward.

Thrust! He was gone.

Sweep! He disappeared.

Throw! Her weapon embedded in a tree unfortunate enough to be standing behind the space Jaune had previously stood. A quick motion of her hand and a black aura could be seen enveloping the discarded weapon before it flew back into her outstretched grip. She barely managed to turn in time before he was gone again, this time further back.

Even as she shifted her weapon, firing three dust infused bullets in his direction, he managed to vanish before she could even stand up from her crouched position on the grassy floor. Finally, after jumping through the air and impaling her spear into the ground where he had been standing, Pyrrha’s stance slumped as she turned to see him looking as calm and refreshed as when they’d started. As opposed to herself who could be seen breathing in the cool morning air at a slightly elevated rate.

She was far from panting, but if she paid attention she would have been able to tell her state had little to do with a bit of exercise. She was a champion after all, one who’d marathoned entire tournaments with hardly a few beads of sweat to mark her armor. A few minutes of jumping around wouldn’t be enough to excite her pulse. Instead, a different kind of stimulation had begun to draw on her stamina, a kind she was entirely unused to. And one that she didn’t even notice had gotten worse with each time Jaune’s figure blinked out of reality.

A few more attacks were tried, each time forcing Pyrrha to push harder than she’d ever needed against her leader. She was so used to holding back; it was hard to look at the boy she loved and think of him as a serious threat. But she was quickly learning that to be a mistake. And by the time she faltered, her shoulders were visibly rising with each of her breath.
Bare to the cool morning air; both were sporting a healthy pink glow that extended over her collar up to her cheeks. She sheathed her shield on her back, once again absentmindedly reach up to correct the snug fit of her armor as her ribs expanded in a breath. For some reason, her tips were becoming increasingly sensitive from the irritation, and she flushed feeling them rub against the softer fabric lining the inside of the metal and leather piece. Goodness, when had morning become so warm?

Seeing her sheath her weapon and shield, Jaune moved to do the same. Although he couldn’t stop from staring at the state he’d working her towards. With each attack, each time he vanished before her eyes the young woman had no idea that he was using the opportunity to manipulate her arousal. Still cautious, he moved with gentle actions that encouraged the pleasurable reactions without actually forcing them through her body.

He stuck with her breasts, occasionally allowing his hands to massage and grope other parts of her upper body. By now, he knew for a fact that his partner’s nipples were hard as the steel lining the muscles along her arms and legs. During his last pass, he’d finally allowed himself to pay attention to the pink spots, watching their color shift to a darker red. And by the looks of her, Pyrrha didn’t even notice. Not consciously, at least. Which was exactly what he’d been hoping to see. A small smile started to play against his boyish features as he moved to approach his teacher.

“So?” he grinned. And was that confidence in his voice?

Pyrrha didn’t answer right away, blinking away the strange head rush that left her thoughts… fuzzy. Her hips shifted, and hands reached out for the staff still embedded in the ground for support. A cool breeze passed through the wooded area brushing against the exposed skin of Pyrrha’s thighs. Without warning, she found her knees wobbling. A prospect she had to resist from gaping at. Instead, she was forced to focus on her partner, lest she fail in even this roll.

“I… yes.” She shook her head. And her familiar smile came to life. “It’s… quite impressive. I don’t think I’ve ever needed to push myself so hard against you. And yet, you hardly look as though a thing has changed.” Some awe crept into her voice as she realized how true that was. Usually, by this point in their training Jaune’s body was covered in dirt and bruises from being cast to the cruel ground, time and time again. His shield arm was getting stronger, but still not enough to deflect or defend against the full weight of her spear. But this new ability of his appeared to work around that weakness almost entirely. “However,” she continued… and he frowned.

She wasn’t the fastest or strongest in the world by any means, but Jaune appeared to be able to activate his power faster than anyone could actually move to stop him. And if the strain of this ability was as minuscule as his appearance led to believe then he didn’t even need to worry about enemies attempting to exhaust him into submission. She herself was feeling the consequence of that particular strategy. Still, she couldn’t help but notice one outstanding flaw.

“However, I couldn’t help but notice you never managed to try and attack me back.”

Pyrrha could feel her pulse thrum against the inside of her bracelet. She took a deep breath, shuddering at the odd sensation that followed. The resulting friction only worsened her condition, speeding up the pace of her heart and thus demanding more and more air. Even though she was standing still, she found her breath growing worse rather than recovering. And her hands now rested on the top of her breastplate, pulling and yanking it between words in a futile attempt to find the comfort she was used to.

In reality, the constant shifting forced her tips to scrap back and forth, drawing more pleasure from her flesh than even Jaune could claim. Before she knew it, her words had started to stumble, and her thoughts struggled to keep up past the increasingly insistent inch below her leather and metal corset.
“And, um… that is,” she shook her head, before clearing her through. “Battles of… of attrition are well and good if you… need to direct the enemy.” A hot sigh blew from her nose. “But if you find yourself in a position where you need to finish them off quickly than it’s important that you learn to integrate attack as well as…” she closed her eyes, pinching her lips in a repressed frown. “As defense. We should try again, this time focusing on your sword posture and balance between jumps.”

Finished, she gave a sigh of relief, happy to see Jaune’s attention turn introspective as he considered the instruction. She tried to be subtle turning her back on him. But after a solid minute of trying to adjust her gear, she finally had to give up and give her armor her full attention away from the boy’s eyes.

Pyrrha frowned down at her self, rolling her back and shoulder while trying to understand why it felt like her armor had shrunken overnight. Looking over her chin, she was greeted by a veritable shelf of cleavage for all the world to see. The top of which moved and rose with each of her startled breaths, completely free to shake and move under the layer of thick material.

Some things finally started clicking into place. Her awkward balance; the complete lack of room to so much as breath comfortably, as well as the… tingling warmth of her tips. She had begun to notice each in the back of her mind, but only now addressed the issue. And naturally, a terrified blush started under her skin.

Had Jaune noticed? She only had to take another glance at her chest to realize that he must of. It was practically impossible not to unless it was right under your nose, like herself. And yet why hadn’t he said anything?

Pyrrha knew her outfit was… sparse, in some areas more than others. But attraction or seduction had never been the purpose. Her combat skirt showed so much of her thigh because she needed the full rotation of her hips and legs during battle. She didn’t bother with straps or collars because anything along her shoulders could make awkward or restrict the strength of her blows. She did her best to correct these open areas by guarding her arms legs and neck in separate attire. And yet people only ever seemed to focus on the skin in between.

Obviously, she was aware that there were people out there that ignored the combat benefits, focusing instead on the charms her armor afforded. But she did her best to ignore those type of fans, disliking the stares that itched against her skin.

Good Oum, how long had she been running around like this? Her eyes widened comically, before shooting an alarmed glance towards Jaune. Thankfully the blonde appeared to be mulling over her broken advice; eyes turned upward in a thoughtful expression. Still, that didn’t mean he hadn’t been able to see through their entire battle. The way she was pressing out of her armor, it was amazing nothing had just popped free. The very thought was enough to elicit a silenced gasp. But for the life of her, she couldn’t remember when she could have lost the vital equipment.

She remembered putting it on that morning, even after all this time it never failed to drag on and pinch in the worst ways. Still, she was unfortunate enough to require such equipment, less her entire center of balance lift. As well as this very situation. But that could only mean sometime during the walk through the forest and their light spar it had just… fallen from under her equipment. Now knowing that she was all but naked underneath the revealing breastplate, she found herself self-consciously yanking it up even harder in a vain attempt at protecting her modesty. Unfortunately for her, Jaune’s consideration had finished. And he was ready to resume their “spar”.

“Alright,” he called at her back, “I think I got it now. Ready for round two?” Her heart leaped in her chest.
Rather than turn around, Pyrrha’s fearful expression glanced over her shoulder, hand still pressed over the exposed tops of her breasts. She couldn’t fight like this! But… but she couldn’t tell him to stop for the day either, not after she just explained what he needed to work on. She could explain why she needed to end their morning early, but she couldn’t ignore the slim possibility that he really hadn’t noticed her lack of equipment. And even thought of bringing it to his attention was more than her fragile heart could take.

Her eyes clenched, a deceive whine smothered against her pinched expression. For a moment, her eyes stared at the forest edge around them, pondering the possibility of simply disappearing for the rest of the day. But in the end, she still found herself turning to face the boy, her shield quite obviously pulled against her front to guard her exposed cleavage.

“R-Ready,” she managed. The smile on her face was so forced even Jaune could see how uncomfortable she was. And yet he continued to pretend not to notice. Although a flash of guilt did manage to pass through the eager energy that compelled him to continue their battle. Not enough, however, to keep him from taking his stance and waiting for Pyrrha to do the same. Instead, he took a moment to smile at the girl, genuine appreciation shining through.

She really was a great friend. His alternative goals aside, he had to acknowledge how lucky he was to have been partnered with somebody who was as kind and great as Pyrrha. She trained with him every morning, kept his secret of sneaking into Beacon, and now she was even cheering him up after a bad date. He’d never known someone outside of his family who would go so far out of their way for him.

And now, even if she didn’t know it, she was even helping him get a girlfriend. He was touched, and couldn’t help pausing the next part of their fight to offer her a heartfelt smile.

“Oh! Um, whenever you’re ready!” she chose instead, arming her spear as much as she could with her current posture. Just looking at her appeared awkward and cumbersome. She didn’t even notice his gaze until she looked up from triple checking her shield, only to be stopped short by the emotion suddenly set onto her. For a moment, her wardrobe malfunction was forgotten, and she found herself lost in his stare. Reading everything she had ever wanted from their depths.

And then he had to speak.

“Pyrrha,” he started, his tone just as heartfelt as his gaze. The poor girl felt her throat close up, any words she might have returned blocked by her own brain’s sudden departure. “I just want you to know…” Yes? She hung on his every word, “that if I ever managed to find a girlfriend, I can only hope she’d be half as great as you. Really, I can’t imagine having ever found a better friend.”

And just like that… her world froze.

Friend. Friend? Friend… The word played in her mind a dozen times, each more painful than the last.

He… wants to find a girl half as good as her? Then… then why couldn’t he just date her!? The reality of what he was saying laid against her like a blanket made of despair and lead. He really didn’t see her at all. He couldn’t even imagine himself romantically with her. What was she even doing here anymore? What was the point? But all she needed to do to answer that question was look back at his grinning face, which less than an hour ago had been drawn and pale and lost. It had hurt to see him then, but it hurt to look at him now. It was a different pain, maybe even worse. And yet still she chided herself. Still, she forced herself to return the smile and still tell herself that this was okay.
Being Jaune’s friend wasn’t horrible. Goodness, no! They had a wonderful friendship, and she was happy to see him happy. Which is why, maybe… maybe she needed to consider that this was just for the best. That this should be the kick she needed to recognize that her feelings just weren’t going to come across. He clearly valued their relationship as it was, and she should do the same. It wasn’t what she wanted to hear, but she forced herself to accept a future where they remained as they were. And would that really be so bad? She forced herself to say no.

Unaware of all of this, Jaune remained his happy self, getting ready for the next bout of their exercise. He armed his sword and shield, taking a pose and waiting for Pyrrha to join in. Which she did, after a few moments of standing early still with her face towards the ground. Looking towards the boy, something paused in Jaune’s brain at her expression, a certain dim light in her usually brilliant gaze.

Pyrrha’s thoughts continued down that same line of thought. That this was for the best. That she should be satisfied with things as they were. But the more she allowed herself to dwell on such things, the sharper she found the pain in her chest. She needed to accept things, fine, okay, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t try and distance herself from the heartbreak threatening to shatter her kind and supportive demeanor. Instead, she looked at her weapons and then Jaune’s and then knew how she could distract herself.

She would be whatever Jaune needed her to be. That’s what it meant to love someone else. And if he wanted her to be a trainer, than she would happily give it her all.

If it were any other time, he might have stopped to ask if anything was wrong, but she launched her attack before he had the chance. He barely managed to parry her spear off of his shield before it could be buried in his chest, stopping time before she had the chance to arm a second attack. Slowing midair, the tight coil of strength that was the red-haired amazon’s figure was suddenly suspended in place, leaving Jaune to wipe away a bead of sweat.

She… hadn’t been holding back on that one. And it was almost horrifying to realize how much she had been over the course of his training. Flickering forwards fast enough to almost leave an after image, it was only the hours and hours of being on the receiving end of her blows that had allowed his reflexes to respond in time. Pulling his arm from his shield, Jaune stared down at his rattled forearm, flexing and relaxing his fist as he waited for the tingles to die down.

Feeling returned after a few seconds and he turned a different kind of attention on his friend. Heart fluttering nervously inside of his chest, he stepped forward to walk around towards her front. His reward was a vicious expression of a warrior locked in mid-battle. But as attractive as his partner’s angular features were, his eyes slowly started downward.

His eyes blinked, and he froze on the spot. Looking up and then down again, he repeated the nervous gesture a few times before confirming what he’d suddenly discovered. That Pyrrha’s breast… at least they appeared to be… glowing?

The pink, flushed air of her ample cleavage still poured from the top of her armor. She’d lunged forward, still careful to keep her shield braced over her chest. But that had been pushed aside easily enough for better access. From his position, he could see the womanly mounds carrying a bit of what he recognized as his aura. A thing that… shouldn’t be possible.

He blinked again, eyes wide as he drank her in. Reaching out, he needed a better look. But as his hands settled around the hard leather, he was shocked again to find the ghost-like essence suddenly brighter and reenergized. He repeated the gesture a few times reaching back and forth between their bodies, and each instance he was amazed to find the light of his spirit reacting to his proximity. With a final tug, he reached out to grasp her armor, this time succeeding in exposing the full shape of the
young woman’s breasts. Although, now with an ethereal quality that made this entire experience even more strange.

Still pale and blushing, the flesh of Pyrrha’s breast appeared already saturated in his spirit. In every other instance of his experiments, his aura had always bled away as soon as he lost physical contact. Although, technically that wasn’t true was it? His brain quickly returned to his date with Weiss where he’d discovered the exact same thing…

At the time he’d been understandably preoccupied with other responsibilities, namely sticking his hand under her skirt. But it had left a nagging question in the back of his mind. Or, it would have if he’d done anything but sulk over the past week. But he remembered now, and even better, he had a chance to explore this facet of his powers.

A few different ideas came to mind as he looked his partner over. One especially dangerous. After all, it could just be that Aura lingered longer on living people than it did inanimate objects. But… what if it was more than that? What if his mark never went away? What if the more he touched these girls, the more they got pulled into his protection until they were eventually aware? And what if touching them once was all they needed, and slowly their aura was already absorbing his semblance?

Fear started in his belly, and he found himself staring at Pyrrha’s breasts more than even before. Unfortunately, there was markedly less joy in the activity than before now that he watched for any sign of spread or activity. After a minute of staring, he found his attention span slowly drawing to an end, and he was left to scratch his head wondering if there was a better way to go about this. In the end, he was left to shrug at the phenomena, taking heart in the continued stillness of the rest of her body.

Whatever this meant, Pyrrha didn’t look to be on the verge of waking up anytime soon. Which meant it might be time to move on to the next stage.

He stepped back, leaving her glittering breasts out as he moved to stare at her skirt. Up until this point, he’d reserved himself to exploring her upper half, partly from fear of what happened last time he ventured this far and partly because he wanted to gradually work his partner’s arousal up, lest she notices his meddling and start to question what was going on. Thankfully, for whatever reason his partner seemed very distracted today. It was a boon he hadn’t been expecting, but was happy for nevertheless. But he’d explored the woman’s breasts as he could, and if he wanted to go further, it was time for him to really turn things up.

He swallowed against his throat, staring at the burgundy leather combat skirt wrapped around her upper thighs. One more time he marveled at the length, or lack thereof, and found himself grateful for the easy access to the space between her legs. Weiss attire was all fluffs and lace, but Pyrrha couldn’t have made it more easy. Which is why, when he reached down to urge the material higher, he couldn’t help but enjoy the exposure as her underwear flashed into view.

Pyrrha’s mature figure was never more obvious as her hips came into view, wrapped in a surprising shade of black. The material of her panties appeared smooth and shined, differing from the usual cotton pair he’d gotten used to spying on. The dark color played against her pale skin, framing her sculpted and strong thighs nicely. And where they met, the front of her sex disappeared beneath the thin strip of cloth. It was a surprisingly mature choice and one he found himself enjoying more than he should allow.

Her stance was wide for the balance of the impending impact of her lunging a few feet away. He didn’t even need to touch her knees to open her for his inspection. Instead, he was free to duck down, admiring the apex of her thighs and all the secrets that aspect of her person carried. Unbidden, the pressure inside Jaune’s pants leaped at seeing so much of the beautiful amazon. And he couldn’t
keep the blush from his cheeks from springing to life.

This next part was hard to rationalize. But deep down Jaune knew it was true. He’d tried being the gentleman. He’d tried being conscious of his friend’s feelings as he used them for his experiment. But the truth of the matter was, it could very well be those very same cautious emotions that had led to Weiss reaction.

He’d just jumped in without even thinking of what he was doing, without even trying to learn from the experience. A woman’s body was all kind of complicated, that part especially. And for him to assume that he could just manipulate it without even understanding what he was touching; it was foolish. And a mistake he regretted.

Reaching towards the front of her underwear, he knew that he needed to learn about this part of a woman most of all. But pinching the material between his fingers and urging it towards the side, he couldn’t help but find all of that logical reasoning slipping out the window as he became just a young man suddenly seeing his first living vagina.

His eyes widened, and his heart appeared to triple in speed. Which was good, considering the rate at which the blood in his body rushed in two very different directions. Relaxing his fingers, he allowed the panties to slip free, which immediately froze in place the moment his aura evaporated from its material.

It was… different than what he’d been expecting. Not, bad different, the opposite really. But aged diagrams from year old textbooks hardly painted the same picture as real flesh and blood. He’d gotten a hint of what to expect from his fingers tracing across Weiss’ clothed slit, but the fact of what he was seeing trumped even that experience.

This part of her body was just as pale as the rest, unsurprisingly. But against her white complexion, a line of reddish folds split the otherwise smooth length of her femininity. Tucked inside, the darker shaded lips appeared neat and shapely, hanging hardly an inch from her core in a soft line leading all the way towards her rear. The outer pair pressed out from the juncture of her thighs in an outer shell of softer flesh. And at the top of it all, peaking out from under her panties, a maintained thrush of dark red hair peeked out in a sparse mane of mature fuzz; decorating her lower half and marketing her as the adult she always seemed.

Jaune didn’t move for several moments, more than content to just remain posed bellow her to burn the image into his brain. He’d wanted to do this from day one, but had refrained from obvious moral complications. It should worry him now that he’d finally given in, and so easily. After all, what did that say about his own moral compass? But like before, rationalizing reason quickly simmered to the front of his thoughts, explain away all of the guilt that should have been there.

He wasn’t hurting anyone. It’s not like she would ever know. And after all, hadn’t she been the one who promised to help him find a girlfriend? He needed to learn how to control this part of his powers. And as his friend, she would want to help him however she could. Even if she might be too embarrassed to actually accept the methods herself. He was just taking the initiative for her. And he knew he would pay her back as soon as he had the opportunity. After all, having a guy that can stop time in back pocket was never a bad thing. But that would be later. Right now, he needed something from her, and that was to see what affected her, and how.

He stared at her folds doing his best to make sense of what he was seeing. There were so many parts, and each one would affect her different. What he needed to figure out was how, and how much he needed to exert to get there. Tensing his fingers against his hip, he forced the long, callused digits to reach out towards the inside of the girl's thighs where he would start to learn about what it means to arouse a woman the right way.
Three fingers outstretched, Jaune’s awestruck face didn’t know where to start. Approaching the whole of her lips and sex, when he finally pressed against her softer aspect, he could only marvel at the sensation reaching his brain. Suffice to say, she was amazing. Women’s bodies were amazing. And he’d only just started.

He had to take a deep breath to slow himself down and remember why he was there. He couldn’t lose himself in the moment. Not like Weiss. Instead, he forced his attention on a specific part of her incredible body, allowing the tips of his fingers to trace the delicate, but full mound of her heavy outer lips guarding the more intricate pair settled between their fluffy shapes.

A few hairs rose to tickle his fingers, creeping down from what he could see of her lower hair tucked beneath the impossible sexy black pair of panties. The deeper he explored, however, the less he found, until finally, smooth skin was all that remained. The surface there was especially soft, almost pillow-like until finally giving way to the hard bone of her pelvis. And towards her farthest reaches, he could feel the smooth sensation of skin dip into a dangerous dimple, and one he knew better than to explore at this moment.

He continued exploring her body, taking advantage of the small limitations he’d placed on himself. In no time at all, the light around his hands rushed from his body to meet hers. Almost as though it were eager to join with the girl’s body and bring it to life. And bring it to life it did, much to Jaune’s amazement.

There wasn’t anything too spectacular, unfortunately. But it was to be expected, considering he’d picked the least sensitive part of her organ. But still, the friction of his fingers and intimate exploration would have to cause some reaction. Expressed now through a sudden swelling and warmth below the champion’s belt. Already slightly aroused, her inner lips flooded with renewed blood forcing a darker shade into their already pink tone. Accompanied by a slow heat that he was only now starting to enjoy. She had already been so warm. But now he could almost feel the arousal wafting from her core.

When he had to pull back, he did so regretfully. But it was time to test his actions. Knowing where the woman would land, he took the time to march several feet across the field and stop. Perfectly calm, he pulled his sword from his sheath, preparing to swing as soon as time returned to the world.

Pyrrha blinked as her momentum suddenly… twisted. It was an odd sensation, almost as though her center of gravity had suddenly shot up by a couple of inches. If it were anyone else, they probably wouldn’t have noticed. But she wasn’t just anybody.

She did her best to adjust, still managing to land on her feet. Unfortunately, a sudden weakness in her legs made it hard to properly spring forward as she’d prepared. Eyes widening, a gasp fell from her lips at the… tingling in her hips. But she wouldn’t be allowed to ponder it for long. Before she could blink, a sword was swinging for her face. Dodging just in time, she made up for her lower half by biting the earth with her fingers and pulling herself across the field in a flourished flip. Red hair trailing behind her sailing form, it would have been a beautiful sight. But right where she was going to land, Jaune was suddenly there, sword poised.

Shifting to a rifle, she fired two shots before he was gone again and she was forced to roll to a new position. Spear back in hand, she swirled to face her opponent, shield coming to life in the other.

She prepared to accept Jaune’s next blow, shifting her top-heavy balance and impaired stance as best as she could through a wide gate. But already Jaune had disappeared back into his own world, watching her now statue like visage with renewed curiosity.

The air was once again silent as he took a deep breath, already lightly winded from even that much
combat. He didn’t hesitate to stare deep into his partner’s striking features, taking notice of the slightly anxious expression that had taken root. She hadn’t noticed it yet, not consciously. But the world-renowned fighter’s instincts had certainly taken into account the added strain he’d pilled on to her struggling figure. And he was about to add some more.

Jaune found himself back on his knee’s before the war goddess that was his partner, cheek laid against her thigh as he gazed back up at the panty-clad sex. Faster this time, he moved to shift the garment out of the way and her skirt over her hips.

The fabric bent easily. Jaune’s eyes honed in on the faint glow already starting to take root around the inviting line of skin and folds that made up the woman’s most intimate area. He’d started with the least intimate aspect of her body, but it was time to go deeper.

Swallowing against his throat, Jaune’s still blushing cheeks reddened further as he moved to press two of his fingers against the redhead’s thinner lips, which naturally parted around his eager digits. His already wide eyes stretched even further as soon as he felt the sensation of smooth warmth envelope the tips of his fingers. Like before, her soft body naturally sank under his touch. But this time it surrounded him as he touched inside the fluttering crease.

At her core, arousal eagerly waited until a line of honey like clear fluid ran down towards his knuckles. Without missing a beat, the young man didn’t hesitate to spread the sticky pleasure across her sex, massaging his hands up and down her gash until the whole of her lower lips glistened in her own lust.

Once she got started, Jaune was amazed to find her body wouldn’t stop, all too happy to express all of the pent-up emotion and stress she’d been under ever since she’d set her eyes on the oblivious blonde. The fact that his fingers remained pressed against her lips certainly didn’t help matters. But petting her sensitive inner folds, he couldn’t help but enjoy himself. At some point, unfortunately, he needed to validate his actions by spying on what effects this new attention wrought. And something told him he could expect an interesting show…

Pyrrha once again shifted back into reality, completely unaware of anything but the battle forcing her live in the moment. Which is exactly what she needed right now.

Fierce and confident on the outside, inside her mind still rolled with the boy’s comments that had forced her into action, lest she be consumed by the soured poison of her own incredulity. “Half as great as you, half as great as you, half as great as you,” Even as she was forced to roll, dash, and duck across the battlefield she found the words stealing whatever battle hardened focus she’d learned over years in the field and tournaments.

Her heart hurt. And what was worse, she couldn’t even be angry. Not at Jaune. Maybe at herself. Because though she knew better, even though she knew she couldn’t force the other boy to develop feelings for her, a part of her still wanted to blame him for being so stupid… and herself for loving him, regardless.

He already held her heart in the palm of his hand. It wasn’t his fault; he hadn’t asked for it. But it was still his, nevertheless. She needed to remember that it wasn’t fair for her to force her feelings on him. That it wasn’t his fault that she felt the way she did. She forced herself to remain logical, talking her way through the pain radiating through her chest. But love, romantic love especially, was not logical. And conflict naturally arose.

Her attacks increased in ferocity, the anger and frustration she tried so hard to keep at bay seeping through the seams of her consciousness as she threw herself into battle. It was her only escape, the only place that she felt truly in control of her life; and she hated that. Usually. Not today though.
Today, she took comfort in the familiar burn in her limbs as she was forced against her limits.

She just wanted to forget about everything. She just wanted the pain to go away. But unbeknownst to her, as she struggled to block everything out, her body was beginning to come alive with a new emotion and sensations that would push her frustrations past her usual limits.

She was oblivious to it all, almost as though she couldn’t recognize the pressure of arousal swelling inside her womanly shapes. Her sensitive nipples stood out harder than ever against the firm fabric of her corset’s cloth interior. And the tingling in her hips had spread down to her thighs making her movements even more sluggish. If she were in her right might, she would be horrified to find her body in such a state, especially in front of Jaune. But she wasn’t, and even as the cool breeze blew against the wet interior of her thighs, the information stored in the back of her mind.

“Attack, roll, defend,” became her mantra. The unexpected strength of Jaune’s semblance allowing her to truly need to fight at her best. But for the first time in her life, even that wasn’t enough. Despite her own ample strengths, she was up against an opponent that could attack from any angle, at any time, and would never tire. Against her own stressed body, the added tax of Jaune’s interruptions quickly burned through her stamina until her pale skin erupted into a steaming, full body blush of exertion. Against the pink and red rising sun, sparkling drops of sweat coated her entire body. Jaune drank all of this in between his jumps, eyeing the impressive shelf of cleavage still budging out from her top. Except now he could see each mound glittering with the strain of the girl’s efforts.

It shouldn’t have been as arousing as it was, but part of him took pleasure from seeing such a rare sight. After all, how many could really claim that they’d push the invincible girl this far? Encouraged by his own hormones, as Pyrrha crouched low to charge him before he could teleport, he figured it was time to push his experimenting even further.

Frozen in a half squat, her open knees and thighs couldn’t have been better framed for his invasion. He allowed himself a moment to breathe, causally whipping the small amount of sweat from his own forehead as he regained his strength. At the same time, he sauntered over to where Pyrrha waited, excitement encouraging the nervous smile that had stayed on his lips throughout the morning. Except for this time, when he moved to shift her clothing, he found an annoyed tick steal from the moment. He stared at the girl’s panties feeling only slightly exasperated. While he did his best to refrain from doing more than she could handle, he couldn’t help but take a moment to continue what he’d started throughout the battle, throwing twig after twig into the steadily growing inferno of pleasure that was his partner’s arousal.

Suffice to say, working around her underwear was starting to get a little old, prompting a decision that Jaune should have known better to ignore. Soon, he was reaching under her skirt to pull down the offending garment, working the pair of delicate lace and thin material over her thighs and boots until her lower lips were completely bared to the forest air. He’d need to put them back before they broke for showers and class, but now at least he could jump in and out without worrying about adjusting too many pieces of clothes.

His fingers started at her knees, gliding up the pale pillars of soft skin and taut muscle, collecting the drops of sweat and arousal that clung to her blushing flesh. His fingers were already slick with aromatic honey before he even touched the soft bulb of her mound, now afire with heat that poured out from between her legs in strong waves. Her blood was on fire, stoked by his ministrations. And her sex was now a mess of her own lust.

He touched her most delicate of places with renewed familiarity, petting through her soft folds and downy hair. This time, however, rather than placate himself with running the tips of his digits through her delicate petals, he found his hand seeking out the part of her he’d done his best to avoid,
searching until his middle finger fell into a warm, wet dimple leading towards the very core of her being.

If Pyrrha were capable of any type of solace in her current state, she might be able to take it from the all-consuming blush stealing his usually pale complexion. Wide-eyed, a different kind of sweat poured down his neck and forehead, not from exhaustion or physical strain, but by the sheer excitement that roared through his being. Whatever small remained shreds of guilt or reservations that held him back till this point finally melted away as soon as his finger pushed up, plunging the sensitive skin of his finger into a vice of hot, wet, and smooth sensations.

Thrust into the thrill of combat; the human body naturally bared down in many locations that few would expect. Pyrrha was no different, her lower body especially as she prepared to leap forward, built muscles coiled tight to snap forward. Jaune was experiencing a particularly unique sensation against his invading finger, forcing it to shove deeper into her body despite the near vice-like grip doing its best to deny him entrance. But whereas the rest of her body could be made from iron and steel, this one part of her remained soft and feminine, giving into the strength of her partner as her body was meant to do.

Jaune didn’t mind in the slightest, mostly impart to not knowing any other kind of reference to look back on. To him, every girl was actually this tight. A fact that both thrilled, and intimidated him as he was forced to consider the same pressure around his member. Inside his pants, he could still feel himself being affected by the moment, straining against the front of his pants no matter how much he tried to distance himself from the sexual aspect of what was happening. Research he might call it, but even he wasn’t dumb enough to try and say that there was no other incentive involved in working his finger’s against his partners smooth inner walls. And in the silence of his world, the wet suction of skin and arousal seemed to shout into the void, all the while Pyrrha’s body greedily accepted his attention for the outlet that it was.

It wasn’t like Pyrrha was sexually frustrated or anything. Well, at least not too much. Living in the same dorm as her crush certainly exasperated hormones that many their age were forced to deal with. But there was a small understanding that appeared to be established throughout the woman’s showers. They were lucky enough to have separate stalls with a curtain that allowed a modicum of privacy. And while it should be, and was, very easy to make the telltale sounds of young woman “cleaning” herself vigorously, none even mentioned the gasps and dazed, blushing expression that followed as they were eventually forced to exit. After all, they were all human. and most found this arrangement preferable to coming back to their dorms to find their partners or teammates trying sneak out a quick one.

Unfortunately, being the private person that she was, Pyrrha had yet to take advantage of her classmate’s and senior’s customs, creating a building pressure that she hadn’t even noticed. But her body had. And Jaune’s attention was the first it had received in a good few months. And as such, it was more than happy to respond, swelling her lips and turning her crotch into a leaking mess of wet, sticky arousal.

Jaune watched the substance as it appeared to almost pour down his wrist. His motions were slow as he pushed and pulled his fingers from her hole. This was still his friend, after all. The last thing he wanted was for her to get hurt like Weiss. But as far as he could tell, she’d only been enjoying what he’d done to her. And her body appeared to agree. Whatever had happened with his snow angel, now at least he felt confident that he would be able to use his powers on his next potential girlfriend without this past weeks fear. Whoever he decided that could be…

Jaune remained keeling in front of his partner while he tested the smooth sensation of her innermost places for some time, buried knuckle deep as his finger flexed and curled. If his only way to judge
her initial reaction was her own arousal, then he felt confident in his abilities, watching the sleeve of his jacket grow darker with the musky smell. That being said, there was only so much he could learn without actually seeing her response. Which meant it was time to get back into the battle.

Like so many time before, the world shifted back into focus without Pyrrha’s notice who remained standing, poised to strike even as newfound juices rolled down her thighs. Catching up with her sex, the rest of her body exploded into action as soon as it recognized the changes that hadn’t been there a moment before. In a matter of seconds, sensations compounded with a fresh wave of heated blood flooding her nether regions, finally forcing the young woman to her knees as the quivering appendage gave out under her own weight.

For Pyrrha, all she could do was gasp. Her eyes were wide against the stinging haze of sweat dripping down her forehead and into the dark green orbs. Her lower half had become completely numb, despite the tingle still going unnoticed as it danced along her spine. In truth, she’d just orgasmed without even knowing what had happened, pleasure and arousal as far from her conscious mind as possible as her insides clenched against themselves, searching for the thick fingers that had just been exploring their depths. Unfortunately, rather than satisfying and a cure for her frustrations, the sudden release only heightened the young woman’s awareness of what was lacking.

The pleasure was hollow without someone else to help her over the edge. Her round rump sat against the cool grass and all she could do was sit there and gasp, trying and failing to catch her breath in the few moments she was allowed exist without the stress of Jaune’s attack.

“What… what was she even doing here?” The rational side of her dazed thoughts considered. Helping the boy who had just broken her heart, to the point that she’s become little more than a mindless beast throwing herself into each desperate attack? If she were sane, she would have called their “spar” to stop long before she’d become so exhausted. If she’d taken even a moment to examine the state of her own body, she would see that something was clearly wrong with this entire situation. But she wasn’t in the right state of mind, not by a long shot. No, she was in love.

A swing nearly took her head off as she rolled to her feet, still unsteady as her knees buckled and shoulders slumped. There was none of the grace of her usual battles. None of the impossible strength that was usually enough to force her opponents into submission long before her spear ever entered the picture. Right now, she was just focusing on winning, on the one part of her life that no one could take away. The battlefield belonged to her. The taste of victory belonged to her, and no one would ever take that from her. She was god damned Pyrrha Nikos. And Jaune or no Jaune, she was a champion.

Jaune continued teleporting throughout her attacks, always staring at her with this… expression. It was strange on his face, almost analytical, and it only served to continue to push the girl he was against even further past her usual limits, turning the once polite and socially awkward girl into a warrior set out to defeat her prey. Anger had finally been allowed to take root in her heart. And once set free, the emotion burned through her body with a heat equal to the itching pleasure that still demanded satisfaction.

“Half as good as you.” She swung her spear. “Half as good as you.” She threw her shield, pulling it back with her semblance just in time to defect his sword and throw her shoulder into his chest. “Half as good as you,” the words still played through her mind, now mocking as she let her true feelings explode from her chest.

It was all most too much to bear. He couldn’t be that stupid, could he? She couldn’t be that bad at communication, could she? But with the exception of outright grabbing him by the collar and forcing her lips on his, she didn’t know how she could have possibly been clearer. It was infuriatingly
frustrating beyond belief.

It hurt her heart, but there wasn’t anything she could do about his lack of feelings. The fact of what they were doing now only cemented that fact. To him, she was a warrior. To him, she was a teacher. Not a woman, not someone to be desired. Each swing of the sword reminded her of this fact.

Rather than hold his hand, she grappled for his sword. Rather than kiss his stupid, lovable face, she tried to punch it, only to miss and roll away from another attack. And rather than hold him and feel her body mold against his surprisingly masculine figure, she found herself pressed against the grass and dirt. Her frustration, sexual and otherwise, began to consume her focus, to the point that she even forgot that she’d was supposed to keep track of her unleashed breasts.

Under the emotional toll of Jaune’s thoughtless words, she’d kept half a mind to make sure her chest kept from spilling from her armor. At the pace Jaune was now able to fight it hadn’t been as much as she might have liked, needing both hands just to fend him off. But she’d still been doing her best to keep from jumping too much. Taking care to pull the leather and metal corset higher if the cool breeze started to blow a little too close to her tight nubs and keeping her shield braced over her vital area as much as possible. But as her breath started to strain and sweat started gliding across her exposed flesh, her mind slowly began to forget about the need for modesty, much more focused on dodging and agonizing over her own love life. And as a result, the heavy mounds of womanly flesh began to shake freely in the tight bowl of her clothing, keeping their weight close to her chest while wobbling with soft textures.

Every motion appeared to be their last, each roll her undoing, as she appeared a hairs breath away from exposing her upper half for all the forest to see. It was only after she was thrown onto her back, and the rolling mounds literally fell into view that she remembered the need for modesty, only for her to ignore it completely. Instead, she shifted to her feet, eyes dangerous as she took her pose and threw herself back into the fight.

Who cared anymore if he saw her body? It wasn’t like he cared in the first place. Maybe it would be good for him, in fact. Maybe she actually needed to pull down her armor and flash the shining knight her swollen, heady chest for him to finally understand that she could stand by him as well as any other woman in the world. Finally, she found herself hoping that he would look, daring him to, even, in the quiet of her own mind as the battle began to reach its end.

“Look at me!” Her thoughts cried as the spear tip neared the line of his jaw, missing only by a hairs breath as he appeared not even a few feet being her. But she was already moving to slap him with the blunt edge of her shield, anticipating the move even before she’d committed to the first attack. “Look at me!” she repeated, missing again but by an even shorter margin. This pattern would continue throughout the match, and in fact had been. Because, as impossibly broken as Jaune’s semblance was, and as addled as her own thoughts had become, Jaune was still an amateur who didn’t know better than to fall into a recognizable pattern. And Pyrrha was still Pyrrha. And Pyrrha didn’t lose.

With each attack, her spear was just a bit closer. With each miss, she found her instincts driving her even faster. Despite her exhaustion and despite torment rolling through her emotions, she was a honed weapon made for the battlefield. Because that’s what Jaune forced her to be.

For his part, the blond found himself shocked at how the battle had suddenly turned. Stopping time and adjusting his position, he found himself growing more and more weary to release his semblance. Every time he dared, suddenly he had a spear aimed for his face or a shield in his gut. Even backing away didn’t help, not when he could feel the wind from Pyrrha’s rifle whiz past his cheek. He never thought he’d find close quarters to be a safer bet faced against his partner, but distance left him utterly
defenseless forcing him to push in. It wasn’t until he was close enough to see her eyes that he started to consider, maybe he’d pushed her too far.

He had no idea about the emotional pain he’d caused her with his words. Which, on their own, were still a thousand times more impactful than anything he could have done with his hands. Which left him shocked at the intensity burning in her gaze as she took him in. There was no denying that their spar had taken a turn at some point he hadn’t been aware of. But now, it was he who was getting pushed to his edge without time to think. While Pyrrha’s thoughts appeared to roll at a mile a minute, everything that she’d been too afraid to feel or consider spewed forth in the form of a maddening battle haze. Until suddenly, finally, for the first time since their spar had started, she felt her body connect with something solid, forcing them both into the cool grass below.

The attack had come from nowhere. Jaune had been doing his best to end the fight as quickly as he could, aiming for her knees. Before he had the chance to send her to the ground, he found her desperate lunges finally landing, nearly knocking the wind out of him as her shoulder charged into his chest. He was literally knocked off of his feet and sent flying back. Slamming onto the ground, he felt the air get forced from his lungs as a second weight settled against his midsection just a second later. But when he opened his eyes, he stared at a gasping Pyrrha Nikos kneeling proudly over his strewn form.

Triumph coursed through her veins. The attack had stolen the last of her strength and left her unable to keep from falling after him as she landed on top. Petty as it might be in the end, the small satisfaction of finally catching Jaune filled her with enough joy and accomplishment that it appeared to radiate through her wide grin even as she struggled to regain the breath her lungs desperately craved. As dirty and stressed and exhausted as she appeared, she made an incredible picture, thighs splayed on either side of his hips while her lungs explained with each breath her already spilling mounds out and up. All while her flushed, sweaty expression grinned from above.

Jaune actually couldn’t look away. Eyes wide as he stared up at her, he visibly traced the shape of her body taking in everything that he’d forced to the surface. Nervous for only a moment, now that the fight was over he could see that was far from in pain. If the bright blush covering her body had anything to say about it.

Reveling in the moment, her vision finally cleared enough for her eyes to meet Jaune’s blue pair. And suddenly, she began to take notice of everything she’d been blocking until this point.

The pain in her overly stressed muscles. The smell of her own sweat cooking inside of her armor. The fact that she was nearly topless and sitting on top of the boy she loved. But most of all, she could feel the arousal Jaune had forced into her body, nearly stealing her breath a second time as she marveled at the pulsing heat weeping from her core and down her thighs. In a sudden moment of horror, her mind was clear enough that she immediately wanted to try and move and cover her shame. But the expression on Jaune’s awed face stopped her, and her hazy thoughts returned, though different in tone.

He… he was looking at her? Pyrrha stared down at him from his lap, knowing she should cover her breasts, but couldn’t move her arms to do so. He was looking at her, finally looking at her. And rather than pull away or try to hide, she found her broad shoulders and muscled back arching for him to get a better view. And suddenly, her own pleasure flooded through the hypersensitive nerves throughout her body.

“Look at me.” The thoughts of her crazed mind echoed, now so alien it felt as though they’d been imagined by an entirely different person. “Not his fault. Half as good as you. What do I need to do to get through to him?” Sitting there, everything that had happened through their fight appeared to play
through her mind, forcing a conflicted expression to play across her face even as she enjoyed the sight of her partner so obviously enraptured with herself. And then more words came to the surface of her lust-addled mind, twisting her reasoning with the drug-like pleasure and satisfaction playing against her moral. "Grab him by the collar and force my lips on his." And just like that, her eyes drifted just a few inches lower.

"Look at me." He was. "What do I need to do to get through to him?" She had an idea. The only problem was, did she have the courage to actually go through with it? Thankfully, unlike every other time in her life that she was faced with such a question, she had the advantage of being so aroused and stressed that she just didn’t care anymore. Without a word, without a hint of warning, the hand that had been clutching her shield so tightly moments ago relaxed, only to wind its way toward the hard metal of Jaune’s meager breastplate. Before he could so much as blink, the face he’d been admiring was suddenly thrust in front of his as her lips desperately sought his own.

Let’s see what he made of this…

How many times had Pyrrha imagined her and Jaune’s first kiss? Probably too many for her to ever admit. But not one of them could have ever played out as impossible as this.

It wasn’t sweet. It wasn’t romantic. There were no candlelit dinners or picnics at the park. He didn’t start by holding her hand and gazing intimately into her eyes. Instead, she’d been forced to pin him under her weight and literally hold him down as her lips moved against his. And yet, feeling her heart throb between her legs and tasting the slightly chapped texture of Jaune’s lips against her own, Pyrrha couldn’t think she was ever more satisfied.

Meanwhile, Jaune found himself too stunned to respond. Pyrrha took her pleasure from him, still gasping past their lips as she sucked against his face. Her motions were rushed and hungry, almost harsh as she pulled him by the chest. As though someone else was controlling his actions, he felt his lips start to kiss back. Slowly at first, but then faster and faster until he was struggling to catch up with the more experienced girl. Just like in their sparring he could only ever hope to match her. Thankfully, Pyrrha was more than happy to play the teacher this time around.

If anything, his slow participation only increased her fever. Without her knowledge, her body began to act on the pleasure still burning throughout her veins. Laid over his body, she began to rub herself against his firm figure, her breasts and crotch especially. Apple finally in hand, the polite, courteous girl she’d been was forgotten, and was replaced by this beast only out to satisfy her own desires.

She was tired of being nice. She was tired of always thinking about other people’s feelings. For once in her life, she just wanted to consider what she wanted. To say, “Too bad!” if anyone else had a problem with her. That anyone just happened to be Jaune in this case, though he didn’t seem to be putting up much of a fight. The freedom of throwing her reservations away only encouraged her thoughtless actions. And soon the girl could be seen running down the path of reckless fulfilment.

Her lack of underwear only made matters worse. There was nothing between her enflamed sex and the now obvious tent standing out against the front of Jaune’s pants. He hadn’t noticed the steady rocking of her moist heat against his tip yet, still amazed by this impossible outcome. His partner was actually kissing him. His first kiss at that. And to think it could be with a girl as beautiful as this… Whatever mind of plots and plans he might have had were forgotten, replaced by the simple excitement of a teenage boy locking lips with a beautiful girl. If only she could be so easily satisfied.

She was on fire. Every part of her burned and Jaune’s touch only fanned those flames. It was infuriating, chipping away at her sanity until it felt like there was nothing left. It wasn’t like anything she’d ever felt before. Touching her crush should help relieve the pressure in her loins. And yet the closer she forced herself against his body the more she ached, almost as though she could feel his
fingers and hands on her body all at once. God, she could almost swear she could feel him inside of her! It didn’t make sense, it should be impossible, but all it did was make her want even more than what she had as she tilted her face to suck against his lips. Unfortunately, they were already as close as they could be without breaking a rib. Or, were they?

“Push him down, pull down his pants, and make him forget that any other girl ever existed!” This time it was Nora’s voice that shouted from the white noise of Pyrrha’s mind. Her words from the day before shot through her at the worst time, resonating through her body as another shiver wracked her frame. At the time she’d balked at the crass words. But here, now, she couldn’t help but notice she’d already completed one-third of her friend’s advice… and how easy it would be do the rest.

“No, no,” the small part of her that was still in control of her actions tried to say. That was insane! Everything about today was insane. But then she remembered how good it felt finally seeing him see her. And how that had finally come about. He was an idiot. Her idiot. And unless she showed him how much she loved him he would never understand. It was the only way. She had to do it. Or, at least that’s what she told herself as the hand that gripped at his front slowly began to make its way between their bodies.

For Jaune’s part, his mind was slowly starting to come back. Enough that he could manage a clear thought. And enough to recognize what was happening on top of him. Or, at least he thought he did until he felt a hand close around the bulge of his pants and the zipper start to unravel. At first, he thought, “Hey, maybe I’m was just that hard. Maybe I was literally bursting out of my pants.” Considering his position, it didn’t seem so impossible. But then that same pressure against his cock reached inside his pants, all the way through his boxers until the sensation of fingers wrapped around his rigid flesh, pulling it into the cool morning breeze.

Jaune’s eyes widened, his vision suddenly filled with the close-up picture of Pyrrha’s clenched blushing expression as she fished him out of his own pants. A cramped fit, she’d needed to lift her hips off of him for a second, the round shape of her backside swaying slightly as she maintained their lip locked connection. It was all she could to keep from fainting, knowing what was in her hand. But her need kept her strong, it became the only thing that mattered besides showing Jaune her feelings. After all, that’s what this entire day was supposed to be about. It just turned out that it needed to happen in a different way. And afterwards, Jaune could finally relax in knowing he wouldn’t need to find a girl half as good as her when he could have all of her. Every last bit.

Anticipation literally rolled down her thighs as she aimed herself above the thick spire of throbbing flesh and heat. Spreading her thighs even wider, the material of her skirt slabbed even further up her body until her pale, blushing ass flashed the entire forest. Her lack of underwear didn’t even register as something to worry about. The fact of the moment, knowing what was about to happen, it sent her heart thumping inside of her chest. Next time they would take things slow. Next time they could explore each other’s bodies how she usually enjoyed. But now, she needed to feel him inside of her and sate this itching hunger.

Her hips lowered, and her lips kissed his crown in a sinful embrace. Even this much encourage a burst of pleasure to arch up Pyrrha’s spine, satisfying a sliver of the desire she was still struggling to understand. Already impossibly aroused, she was wet enough that his length was covered in seconds which only left her to slowly and steadily allow more and more of her weight to settle against his tip.

The sensation of Jaune entering her body was very much the same as air filling her lungs after a deep dive. So simple and natural, and yet satisfying in a way that screamed towards the more animalistic half inside of every person. And just when she felt like there was no more room, that she would burst if she even dared, she managed to find just a little bit more. Until finally, there was no more left to fill her aching body and she was allowed to sigh, feeling the round muscle of her backside rest against
his clenched thighs.

She gasped, choking on the air for a moment before the noise turned into a moan. Eyes clenched up until this point, when they opened the dark green orbs seemed to stare miles away, possibly towards the very future that enticed her so. It wasn’t like this was her first time. It was her second, kind of. Her first time, if it could even be called that, had been a horrible, painful affair that left her sore and slighted in the days to come. But remembering how much the last time had hurt, she could only marvel at how different the experiences were. Almost as though, the pleasure she was feeling now was proof her and Jaune’s compatibility.

They were connected now; even he couldn’t deny that. But she needed to feel more of it. Looking down, she forced her eyes to stare into his before lifting her hips to start feeding his length into her smooth innards again and again.

She started at a run, lust, and pleasure stealing what was left of her senses as she rode him with all of her strength. By this point the top of her armor had slipped down her hips to expose the full shape of her breast, giving Jaune his first naked view outside of his time warping abilities. Each time her body slugged down on top of his, the large shapes rippled with the weight of their size. Their pink tips wobbling and bouncing in a dizzying display. Jaune found himself unable to do anything but lay there and marvel at what was happening, what he was seeing. It was so much. Too much. Which is why, when he felt the pressure in his loins rise, there was nothing he could do to quench the euphoric sensation.

To Jaune’s credit, this was his first time. Nor had he been prepared to find his partner suddenly mount him and steal his virginity before he even had a chance to think about what he wanted from this situation. Although, considering the part he had to play in Pyrrha’s actions, he couldn’t exactly be upset with her ravenous appetite. That being said, he’d nearly blown his load just feeling her nether lips settle against his top, and a thousand times more along his path to fully penetrating her core. Now that she was actively fucking him, the pleasure and sensation proved to be too much for him to handle.

The first blast flew from him with what felt like enough to kick to rival Crescent Rose, leaving him breathless as he painted the inside of his partner’s body. The second wasn’t far behind, but this time he couldn’t help but thrust up into Pyrrha’s bouncing figure, his first active participation in what was going on since she’d tackled him to the floor. At the same time, his hands reached up to grab her thighs and hips, smooth skin meeting his touch as he forced her against him. Like this, he would continue to feel burst after burst leave him to collect in the redhead’s most private of places.

For Pyrrha’s part, it was as though molten metal had spilled into her stomach, leaving her expression wide and breath still. This is what she’d been craving; this is what her body had wanted so desperately that even reason had failed to reach her. Feeling her partner’s seed infect her body, all she could do was gasp, marveling as her own release quickly followed.

There was so much to fill her. Weeks of sexual tension and playing with other girl’s without any kind of release for himself had left his balls rolling with access specimen. By the time he finished, copious amounts streamed down the girl’s thighs and along Jaune’s stomach, mixing and joining with Pyrrha’s own juices. Finally, the two were allowed to come down from the stress and arousal that had pushed them this far. But with that freedom came awareness. And with that awareness, regret…

The world appeared to spin as Pyrrha regained her senses, a dumb, satisfied smile playing against her face as she could feel her the muscles flutter along her core around Jaune’s girth, quaking in post-orgasmic relief. Accompanied by the pleasant hum that resonated through her joints and limbs.
erasing the pain of battle. If there was a heaven, this sense of peace and harmony was as close as
humanity was ever going to get. However, slowly the pleasant sensation dimmed to a lesser degree.
And she remembered this was actually not normal, and not something she was used to experiencing.
Which is why, when she opened her eyes and saw the boy still trapped beneath her naked backside,
a slow expression of horror started to replace the ditzy smile as she realized what she’d done. Until
the hands that been clutching Jaune’s stomach rose to her face, cupping her stretched mouth.

What… had she done? Oh god. Oh goodness, what had she done? The question played against her
thoughts again and again while she stared, mute at the picture of Jaune’s still dazed expression. Her
eyes trailed down to his bare stomach where the proof of their coupling still pooled from her body,
and then lower still to where she could see the base of his erection disappear into her body. And
finally, her own breasts, out in the open and swollen with arousal, the tips of each mound standing
out and proud in the cool morning air. Suddenly, the sensation of his cock inside of her felt markedly
less soothing than it just had.

Her eyes continued to dance around the scene, always returning to Jaune’s awed expression before
flickering towards some other sign of what they’d done. No, she. What she had done. Jaune had no
idea what was happening. Not until she was already attacking him and tearing at his clothes like
some deranged beast. He was going to be disgusted with her. And that was if he didn’t outright hate
her for what she’d done.

That expression, that emotion on his face and aimed in her direction, she couldn’t bear to live
through such an event no matter how much she might deserve it. She needed to apologize. She
needed to find some way to explain how she… how she had… what? What on earth had happened
to her? Unfortunately, before she could follow that line of thought any longer, she felt the thick
length of manroot inside of her throbb and Jaune’s legs tense as he started to come back from his own
bliss. In that moment, ice raced through Pyrrha’s veins, and she knew what she needed to do.

“I… I’m sorry,” she managed. Her voice almost in tears as she pulled herself off of Jaune’s cock,
only to allow a wave of their combined fluids to dribble free. Pulling her skirt back over her hips and
covering her breasts with her arm, she continued to shake her head, trying and failing to find the
words to convey the confliction rolling through her heart. “I didn’t mean- I’m sorry.” She finally
repeated, before collecting the last of her things and running into the forest and away from the scene
of the crime. Back at Beacon, she could finally think and make sense of everything. Until then…

Jaune, completely unaware of his partner’s turmoil, simply continued to lie there on the grass, cock
out and the dumbest of smiles slowly making its way across his face. The only reason he noticed his
partner’s abrupt disappearance was the suddenly cool breeze against his softening member. A stark
contrast to the soft, wet, warmth he’d just learned. But when he finally lifted his head and thought to
find out how Pyrrha was handling everything, he just barely managed to catch the sight of her long
red ponytail disappearing into the brush.

Left by himself, the young man was still coming to terms with how things had ended in his own
way. Although Pyrrha would be surprised to hear anger was not the emotion that first came to mind.
Maybe a small amount of guilt, but even that was overshadowed by the pure momentous excitement
that rolled through him knowing he’d just had sex.

His worry over his partner wouldn’t hit until later. Until after he thought to ask how she was doing.
Until after he stopped to consider what this could mean about their relationship. And until after he
came back to find her distant and almost afraid of his very face. Until then, he was happy just to stay
right where he was, satisfied that he’d found the way to use his power. And knowing that the next
time was just around the corner.
A/N: okay everyone, if you could take the time to leave a review or comment I’m always happy to hear from you guys. I know this change might be hard for some people and I’m a little nervous about it too so let me know what you think.

Next chapter – Kid in a Candy store – February: Jaune finds himself revitalized and eager to find his lucky lady after Pyrrha’s help. With the power and confidence to use it, he’s now left with the struggle of deciding who he wants to set his eyes on. Meanwhile, the number of women left in his wake continue grow and people are starting to take notice. Misunderstandings can only last so long. But until then, this blond haired young man will take his time choosing, deciding to peruse his options inside the woman’s locker room. Look forward to it.
Perverts can be knight too

A/N: Hello, everyone. Miss me? I sure missed you guys. Sorry for the long wait, but unfortunately, I ran into a bit of a computer problem a few months back. It took me a while to save up enough for a new one, but don’t worry. I am back now and updates should resume without issue. There is a small issue, unfortunately, that I think you all are going to notice if you read the last chapter’s teaser. And while I intended to get to the fun, smutty locker room shenanigans that I promised, this chapter got away from me a bit as I worked towards that point. Suffice to say, its still a good chapter but somewhat light on any nakedness. *shrugs* chapter 8 will have all the naked fun one could ask, however, so I want to thank you for your patience.

Tag(s): N/A
Girl(s): N/A
Words: 13,801

Chapter 7 – Perverts Can Be knights Too

“He won the lottery?”

“Doubtful.”

“Drugs?”

“I’ve seen him measure aspirin.”

“Maybe he actually won a fight?

“About as probable as the lottery.”

“Hmm…” Yang considered, eyes narrowed with curiosity. “Maybe…. Maybe he got laid?” Yang finally tried, looking over at Blake just as the cat faunus glanced up from her book. Yellow eyes met purple in a stoic exchange, one eyebrow raised as if to ask if the blonde was serious. Finally, Yang just sighed, rolling her eyes as she leaned back in her chair. Blake’s eyes lingered a little longer before slowly turning to stare at the same picture her partner had been trying to decipher.

Jaune Arc leaned back in his seat, arms thrown back behind his head while an obnoxious smile laid across his face. Not the kind that encouraged others to feel the same, or even the kind that made people feel happy for his good mood, but an irritating variation. The kind that made a person just want to go up and slap him across the face until it was gone. It was a secret smile, a proud smile, and a smile that said something amazing had happened. Which was… strange compared to his partner’s mood. Looking around, it was hard not to notice the red-haired champion’s absence. Especially after the commotion from the other day.

“Pyrrha hasn’t said anything?” Blake wondered. To which Yang let out a long sigh.

“nothing new,” the blonde answered, which left both of them more than a little frustrated. Team
RWBY had been slightly surprised to see their friend knocking at their door so close to curfew. But had been even more surprised hearing her ask if she could spend the night in their room. The friends that they were, they couldn’t exactly turn her away, but neither had they been able to resist voicing their concern. In the end, she’d stayed quiet for most of the night, flushing a bright red every time every time one of them tried to find out what had happened. Leading to a wide range of interesting speculation.

From what they’d been able to piece together from her guilty mumbling, they knew it had something to do with that morning and an incident during training. Beyond that, they were left to their imaginations. “Honestly?” Yang continued, “I thought she killed him.” Followed by a low snicker. Blake’s eyebrows rose but she otherwise didn’t comment. The thought had crossed her mind… “How about you? Anything interesting happen last night?” Unfortunately, not.

In the end, Blake had been the one to offer her bed and take Pyrrha’s. Considering what had happened with Jaune and Weiss and Jaune and Yang it had fallen to her or Ruby. Who had been willing, but the cat Faunus had seen a rare opportunity to spy on the blonde boy outside of the public view and had jumped at the chance to satisfy her curiosity. As for results, however…

“He seemed a little more down the other night, but so did everyone. I don’t think ren knows, but Nora at least has an idea of what happened. She looked almost as guilty as Pyrrha, for whatever reason. Actually, between the three of them, Jaune seems the least bothered. If Pyrrha really did do something, I don’t think Jaune’s nearly as upset as what she’s thinking.” Which meant there was yet another girl somehow connected to Jaune who’s suddenly started to act strangely. Neither of the girls had anything else to add, turning back to silence as the returned to their quiet contemplation.

In what was beginning to appear as a pattern to Blake’s curious gaze, when it came to the once shy blond boy, neither her nor her partner had any idea what was going on. Although, to be fair, she wasn’t nearly as interested as Yang appeared. Not that the black-haired girl would ever say so. And speaking of girl’s acting strangely, Blake felt her interest spike seeing Yang’s attention once more drawn towards their friend.

Her quiet gaze slipped back to her partner, the edge of her book keeping the lower half of her face hidden as she regarded the blonde’s intense gaze. The same stare she always seemed to develop lately whenever JNPR’s team leader came into view. At first, she’d tried to pass it off as mocking entertainment, and then idle curiosity as Weiss’ behavior shifted to what they were now all learning to tolerate. But as more days passed, and answers remained up in the air, it was getting harder and harder to ignore her partner’s… not an obsession, but fascination. Whatever Jaune had done to the blonde boxer, and that’s if he’d done anything at all, it had caught Yang's attention. Which, Blake was beginning to believe was a very dangerous position to be in. Whether the blonde recognized it or not, there was a pressure building. To what, she couldn’t say. But maybe she could help relieve some of that stress…

“You could just ask, you know?” Blake’s eyes glanced back towards her book, staring at the page without reading any of it. Her tone was challenging as ever, purposefully doing her best subtly give Yang a push. “Between this and everything that’s happened before, well, you don’t usually seem the type to just sit back and observe. If you think something’s up why don’t you talk to him?”

Of course, the same could be said about her. But in this particularly innocent mystery, she found herself drawn to the naturally unraveling clues she was allowed to lap up like milk from a bowl. For once in her life, she was free to enjoy the simple “drama” of everyday life without the fear of the White Fang and everything the organization entailed. No life or death decisions, no ethical or moral struggles. Since she’d joined Beacon, all she had to worry about were issues about crushes and who liked who. It was her own personal soap opera, and she wasn’t about to miss a single episode.
“I… I did.” Yang revealed, although oddly subdued in her delivery. Without looking at her friend, Yang’s face had taken on a subtle blush, just enough to turn her already tan skin a darker bronze. Arms crossed over her chest, they seemed to tighten ever so slightly around the proud curve of her breasts sticking through her jacket and hugged the orbs closer to her body. “This morning, actually. And ah… a few times before that. Usually early in the morning or when everyone else is already gone.”

Blake blinked at the news but didn’t move to interrupt. Yang’s hesitant tone followed, the color of her cheeks brightening with every word. “I mean, I try to, but…” she hesitated, continuing only after a not so subtle glance around to see no one was listening in. “but ah, every time I get too close, I start to… well.” And finally, she stopped, an unusually bashful expression taking hold as she dropped her face towards the desk. And all the while, the pleasure from these encounters echoed through her frame like a phantom, not nearly as powerful as the actual interactions, but just as sharp.

It was too consistent to be her imagination and just as powerful. No matter how much she worked to calm herself before approaching the blonde boy, as soon as she was close enough to reach out and touch him she could feel the pleasure start to infect her breasts like they had a mind of their own.

Beginning slowly, it always started with a gentle warmth suffusing the entirety of her upper body. Then, the heat narrowed, becoming focused towards the tips of her nipples which hardened to attention, becoming impossibly sensitive. And finally, and what seemed to confuse her the most, she could almost swear she could start to feel… hands, touching her, and caressing the sensitive skin of her aroused chest in a way she herself had never been able to copy. To that effect, whatever memory of what she’d been planning to say quickly vanished. Leaving her confused, bumbling, and quick to run away before the following humidity in her panties became even more of an issue.

It was… terrifying, but for Yang that wasn’t necessarily a bad thing.

Ever the adrenaline junky, that rush of blood, the tightness of the heart rate spiking, the sensation of cold sweat breaking across her forehead and palms, she lived for it. It’s the entire reason she decided to become huntsmen, besides looking out for her sister. Despite her better judgment, she couldn’t deny that what Jaune made her feel gave a very similar effect. To the point that she’d long since given up actually approaching him for answers, even if she hadn’t consciously noticed. But on those days she talked herself into approaching the boy, there was no denying that she did so with less and less intent on information. Instead, she sought out the pleasure only he seemed able to give her. Testing her limits in a way she’d never known. As impossible and maddening the very idea seemed.

Before she knew it, Yang could feel herself pressing her hips slightly harder against the classroom bench, the spot of heat at her core sparking to life of its own volition.

Hearing her friend fall silent Blake dared to allow herself to glance again in her direction. But seeing the hot flush beneath her cheeks, the heavy expression her eyes, the… lust, she felt her usually dull expression widen in silent surprise. And if ever she’d been able to deny the title of pervert because of her books, feeling her own pulse quicken and a warmth start in her crotch, Blake was forced to submit to her libido, the smallest of smiles only adding to her flushed expression hidden behind her romance novel.

School life really was the best…

xXx

Jaune arc couldn’t remember the last time he was this relaxed sitting in none other than Glynda Goodwitch’s classroom. Arms behind his head and a satisfied smile against his face, the battle arena below the halo of desks was usually enough to send a cold sweat along his thin frame. And yet,
taking in a slow and even sigh, all he could do was think back to just the other day and grin.

He’d had sex. Hmmm, yep, it still sounded just as awesome after the hundredth time. He’d had sex little over twenty-four hours ago, and he couldn’t stop replaying the magical moment in his mind again and again.

The sturdy weight of his partner against his lap as she pushed him to the forest floor. The hazy look in her eyes as she stared at him. The sight of her glistening breast spilling over the top of her armor as she gasped with a desperate need for air. And of course, the sensation of her hand pulling him from his pants before finally lifting herself to drop back down and surrounding him her hot, wet opening all the way down to his base.

Not for the first time, Jaune felt a stirring in his pants at the memory. It had been even better than he ever imagined his first time unfolding, and he’d imagined it quite a bit since being struck by puberty. But never did he think he’d ever manage a woman as incredible as his partner. But then, that just further proved how far he could reach with his semblance.

Still leaning back in his chair, Jaune’s eyes wandered towards a pair of girls walking past his seat. In Glynda’s class, he was usually too anxious about getting picked to fight to do anything but worry. That was clearly no longer an issue, however, and with that freedom came the chance to appreciate the different kinds of battle attire on the many huntresses in his class. Not that they were overtly sexual, these were still professional huntresses; which meant their armor was actually meant to protect something. But free body range was an important part of combat, which meant a certain amount of skin was required, usually around the joints and collar. For him, this meant he was allowed an especially pleasurable view of short combat skirts and tightly fitted chest armor.

Before he could think about being subtle in his appreciation, he realized the two girls had caught him, one making an embarrassed blush while the other glared. But if they were expecting him to fumble, they would be taken even further by surprise when instead he winked, even smiling in their direction. Looking towards each other, the two young huntresses blinked before speeding up, no doubt wondering what had happened to the once meek teenager.

Jaune smiled to himself, actually happy to find out he was capable of that much confidence. Its like part of him had just awakened in losing his virginity. For better or for worse, he couldn’t say. But he’d certainly lost much of the moral conflict that had been staying his hand for so long. And rather than feel guilt realizing he’d slept with his partner, he found his focus shifting instead on how he could make it happen again.

The two girls took their seats, and Jaune finally tore his eyes away from their fit figures. Arena days used to be his worst nightmare, but there was definitely a benefit to everyone needing to show up in their fighting gear. To that point, Jaune turned his attention to a different girl seated further down his row leaning forward enough to show off a wonderful shelf of cleavage. And then another girl further down who’s bare shoulders teased him from behind long locks of warm brown hair. There were beautiful women all around him. And rather than feel intimidated or guilty like before, he found himself genuinely excited by the prospect of finding a new lover.

It didn’t help that had he the power to see as much of these girl’s as he wanted. And the temptation was strong. It would be too easy to slip back into his frozen world and just take a quick peek underneath a few of these desks. But, his mission hadn’t changed; and while there was much fun to be had, his focus remained on finding a girlfriend, someone he could care about and love and who would love him in return. It was easy to get lost in the fun of it all, but he thankfully hadn’t fallen so far. Rather, his desire to appreciate the female form only encouraged him to hurry up and find a partner. After all, the faster he found his girlfriend, the faster he could have sex again. And he
wanted that very, very much.

Not the purest intentions to be sure. But neither was it any worse than ninety percent of his age and gender. But those were the benefits of youth. No one his age were looking for anything serious, usually. They were teenagers with what amounted to superpowers, all in great shape, and who were learning to be employed in the most dangerous profession known to Remnant. You couldn’t breed a more promiscuous environment if you slipped Viagra to a rabbit. All he was doing was looking forward to finally throwing his hat into that ring.

While Jaune continued to fantasize about his future girlfriend, more and more students spilled from the direction of the locker rooms to search for their seat. Time ticked away and the start of class continued to draw closer. It was only seconds before the bell sounded that a familiar red and bronze figure emerged from the female lockers. Quickly and gracefully rushing to the far end of the room as far from Jaune as the building allowed. This didn’t stop him from noticing, of course, prompting his mood to drop like a stone in a river.

Seeing his partner arrive, Jaune felt a myriad of conflicting emotions. The most prominent of which stood out as embarrassment. For, where he seemed to revel in the excitement of getting laid, his partner was having a markedly different reaction. Thinking back to the other day, he still felt his cheeks warm.

Walking back from the clearing, he’d still been slightly dazed. Students and the rest of beacon were already well on their way to starting the new day. The first thing he’d done upon returning was try and find his red-haired friend, naturally. Unfortunately, after a solid hour of wandering around campus and checking their dorm, he’d come up empty and with classes right around the corner. It was his first clue that things weren’t going as he’d expected. And he’d been forced to put his partner on hold until the school day was over. In the end, it would be much longer than that before he finally found his partner.

He looked in the library. He looked in the cafeteria through dinner. He even managed to talk Ruby into checking a number of bathrooms, all without success. By the time the sun began to set, real worry had started in his chest, tempting him to bring in even more help. Pulling his scroll from his pocket, however, Jaune jumped as it began to ring all on its own, only for a strangely worried Nora to speak from the other end. It was at that point he had to realize the fear that had been pooling in his stomach for the last hour. That the reason he couldn’t find his partner was that she was avoiding him.

Apparently, Pyrrha had asked team RWBY if they wouldn’t mind letting her spend the night in their dorm. This was, of course, his fault.

At the time it had made sense. To practice his powers on a girl he knew so well. He didn’t think about what would happen after. That their relationship could be affected by a little sexual tension. Especially on her end. But then, he hadn’t been expecting to end up having sex either. And now… now she probably thought he was in love with her or something. To the point that she felt like she needed to put space between them. Which did hurt.

It shouldn’t. He should be smarter than that. He should learn from his past mistakes. Unfortunately, despite knowing better, part of him had actually wondered if maybe his partner did like him a little.

Thinking back on how nice she had always been to him, the things she’d said in the forest, how desperately she’d jumped on him, he’d let his mind wonder. Maybe it didn’t need to be practice? Maybe he could try dating Pyrrha? But, of course, he learned he’d been wrong. She had just been nice like Pyrrha always was. And he’d let it get to his head, however briefly. And now she was even afraid to be around him, no doubt worrying he was about to propose just because they’d slept together. It was awkward and embarrassing and even worse, now his friends were getting dragged
into his mistakes.

Suffice to say, nobody had slept well the other night trying to adjust to Blake in their room. Nothing against Blake, of course, but the absence of their champion left a hole in their group felt by everyone. Ren wasn’t that different, although there had been an anxious glint in his otherwise passive pink gaze. It was Nora, however, that was the most notable. Jaune never thought he’d see the orange haired girl as anything but energetic, but she’d gone the entire night in silence, sulking next to her best friend while shooting Jaune the most worried glances. Ironically, it seemed Blake had been the most comfortable in the stifling silence, reading her books in silence until it was time to turn off the lights.

Strangely enough, nobody even tried asking him what had happened. He could only guess Pyrrha had asked them not to pry, if she hadn’t just outright explained their situation. Which was a relief. But also a hindrance. It was nice that he didn’t need to worry about anyone making this even more embarrassing for him, but at the same time, it made it a lot harder to reassure his partner that he wasn’t trying to make her kindness out to be something more. And that was frustrating.

It was one thing to be rejected by a girl, but he felt like he’d lost a friend, and his partner. Pyrrha had always been by his side, ever since his first day at Beacon. And now she couldn’t even be in the same room as him. Wracking his brain, he’d only been able to come one way to fix everything. And, ironically enough, it didn’t really change much of his plan. How does he convince his friend that he doesn’t want to date her? Just get a different girlfriend.

Pyrrha had been the one to remind him that he had a whole school of huntresses to choose from. And if he can get a girl as beautiful as Pyrrha to have sex with him, he should be more than capable of getting anyone else to feel something as simple as attraction. Then it was up to the good ol’ Arc charm to reel them in. He would have a girlfriend, Pyrrha and him can go back to being friends, and also important, he might get the chance to have sex again.

Everything was going to be just fine…

xXx

While Jaune worried about relationships and his friends, actual teaching continued in the classroom despite his lack of attention. Glynda, or Ms. Goodwitch as most were used to calling her, stood at the floor of the auditorium, the dust enhanced arena at her back. She discussed the finer art of combat, including strategy and form. She discussed the heroes of old, and how they helped develop the martial arts and weaponry they used to that day. Of course, the students didn’t show up dressed for combat just because it was fun. And as the lecture portion of the day came to an end, it became time to start calling students into the ring to test their abilities.

A glance towards her clipboard and two names were called down to battle. Neither were exceptionally talented, but both showed notable improvement since their last bout. Paying attention to the angle of joints and decision making in the heat of battle, marks were made beneath each of their names that would total their grade for the day. Equally matched through most of the bout, eventually the one with greater reach was able to outmaneuver her opponent who could do nothing to land a blow with his clawed gauntlets against her spear. Seeing his aura drop into the red, she called the fight to an end before reading the next pair of students from her itinerary.

The process repeated a few times, and with each pair she watched their bout with a critical eye to see where they needed improvements. It helped that most students relished the opportunity to show off their strength in front of their peers. The crowd was just as rowdy to watch, nearly gladiatorial in they way they responded to the flashy shows of might. It was distasteful, but Glynda was resigned to their excitement, satisfied they were at least paying attention to this part of her class. Well, most of
them, that is.

Glynda could feel irritation start in her brow as she looked up for the fifth time to see Jaune Arc utterly oblivious to the class around him. It seemed as though if he wasn’t staring off into space lost in thought than he was sending furtive glances towards the young women unfortunate enough to sit around him. Years of teaching teenagers had left the women with little patience when it came to the curse known as hormones. God knows how many young huntsmen she’d had to put up with more interested in flexing their muscles and trying to attract women than improving their abilities. With Arc though, she found herself particularly disappointed. Goodness knows he needed improvement more than anyone else in his year. The other huntsman might have been cocky egotistical beasts, but at least they’d had strength. Jaune though, she had never seen someone so underqualified so blatantly disrespectful of her classroom.

A glance towards her clipboard showed there was only enough time for one more fight before the class ended, and she’d already planned on a different pair. That said, it might good to remind her class what happened to those that failed to take their education seriously. While she considered this the current fight crawled to a finish, prompting her to call a winner as well as the final combatants. She’d made her decision.

“Jaune Arc,” her voice called out. He raised his head like a meerkat, blinking at the sudden attention. “I can only hope the reason you feel comfortable daydreaming in my classroom is because you’ve suddenly learned all I can teach in a single week?” He didn’t answer. “No? Well then, maybe you’ll be able to pay more attention to ring when you’re inside of it. Please retrieve your weapon and step forward, Mr. Arc.”

Glynda sighed, keeping a keen eye on the boy’s panicked expression. Rather, she would have, except he didn’t look panicked at all, just surprised. He looked around nervously, but after a moment grabbed his sword and shield before stepping forward without a word of complaint. There was a calmness about him the teacher hadn’t been expecting. This might be the first time she’d spoken to the boy without seeing him burst into a nervous sweat immediately afterward. Something was different about him. Of all the tools a Huntress can learn, instinct is the most important, and her’s was screaming… something. Nevertheless, she remained steadfast in her impassive stare, resigned to watch and see if the boy actually had something to put forward.

Of course, what was a challenger, without a challenge? As Jaune entered the ring, Glynda still had an opponent to choose. Clipboard forgotten, she looked at the blonde young man, before scanning the crowd to see who best could push him in the way she needed. Unfortunately, already seeing the woman in a poor mood, most shrunk back from her stare, unwilling or scared to stand in her focus. It wasn’t the first time her reputation had left its mark. But neither was she upset to see the first years recognize her authority.

That’s not to say Glynda Goodwitch was a cruel woman – if a bit strict at times. But over the years, her firm handed nature had created something of a reputation, which, admittedly, she did nothing to dissuade. If student gossip and other nonsense proved to help her in controlling the chaos that were arrogant first-year students, then all the better.

Fresh out of school with nothing but their peers and civilians to compare themselves to, it wasn’t strange for more than a few of the more talented crop to enter Beacon’s halls with more than a slightly inflated ego. Ms. Goodwitch simply took it upon herself to check them as soon as the opportunity presented itself. Her fellow faculty and headmaster had made it clear they weren’t up to the task. Better she do so quickly in the safety of a ring than allow them to discover how weak they really are when it might cost them their life, or worse, that of their teammate or partner.
And then there were cases like Jaune’s…

Her eyes narrowed slightly seeing the boy, his face impassive as he stared out at the crowd of peers without the usual anxiety and fear he usually presented. A note Glynda wasn’t sure how to address. Not to say that she held anything against the young man. At least, not personally. But from the first day he’d entered her class she’d known that, quite simply, he didn’t belong. Not as a hunter. Not as a fighter. Not as anyone who could actually do more than provide a brief snack to the nightmares that roamed their world.

How he got into her school, she had no idea. But, as much as she regretted it, such cases were not uncommon. She usually found at least one young man or woman who fit the same situation with each new year, if maybe not to such an extreme case as young Arc. People who, for lack of a better explanation, had been carried through the initiation that normally weeded out the weaker chaff. Being paired with none other than the invincible girl had certainly provided an opportunity for a boy as weak as he to fall into her class. Which led the good witch to face a more unpleasant task forced upon her position. Encouraging those that would not survive the profession of hunters to come to the same realization.

Once more, she is not a cruel woman. Nor does she enjoy killing the dreams of students. But she also knew the pain of being forced to send out children into situations that inevitably led to their deaths. And that is what they were, children. Take away the aura and flashy semblance and all you were left with were people too young, drawn into a life that fairytales told them would make them heroes. She would rather they see her as some cruel, emotionless monster than be forced to watch those same students one day walk off to their deaths. She was a teacher. But not all lessons were the same, or as gentle. And in that regard…

“Would Mr. Winchester please step forward.” The blonde teacher closed her eyes as she spoke, but otherwise showed no emotion as what many would call a bloodthirsty cheer rose up from the back of the class. To say she disapproved of the other young man would be an understatement. But for all of Cardin’s flaws, they were issues that could be worked out throughout his stay at Beacon. For now, his aggression and overbearing ego proved to stand as a point she hoped to teach Jaune. The strength required for a huntsman to stand on his own, and just how far the blond young man was from the rest of his year. Thankfully, Cardin never failed in his willingness to beat this lesson into Jaune’s frame time and time again.

Sooner or later he would understand that he couldn’t catch up and would leave of his own volition. Or, he might thrive in the tempered flames of pain and rise above what she’d come to know of him. It had happened before, though rare. And no one was happier to see such a development than her. After all, it was her job to see these young, ignorant faces and prepare them for a career that had notoriously led to unhappy futures. She could not protect and she could not coddle. Better they understand what they signed up for now than before it’s too late.

Cardin’s wide grin was mirrored by his team who only encouraged his attempt at intimidation. The rest of the class just rolled their eye at the display, seeing Cardin for the bully that he was. Much of the prior excitement quickly fled the room like a deflating balloon.

They all knew how this fight was going to go. The compassionate would say that Jaune put up a good fight while the indifferent would see it for the slaughter that it was. Unfortunately, Jaune didn’t have the strength to overpower the larger boy, nor the skill or speed to out whit him. Which basically resulted in watching the young man throw himself at a brick wall again and again until one of them broke. It wasn’t hard to bet on the winner. And what’s worse, they would have to put up with the ginger boy’s gloating for Oum knows how long. That’s not to say there wasn’t other’s in the crowd who enjoyed seeing Jaune flounder around the dirt field. They just knew how to be more subtle
about it. The only exceptions that stood out from the crowd were the people who actually knew the young knight.

Notably, four faces in the crowd responded with more than the usual grim realization. Most conspicuously, none other than Weiss Schnee.

Normally so reserved and hidden within her own expressions, it was rare to see anything other her normally cold exterior. As of late, her team had gotten to watch that mask start to crack more and more as the young woman tried to hide the changes her evening with the blond boy had started. Like the catalyst to a chemical reaction. In private it was harder, but so far she’d managed to keep her indecision private outside of the dorm room. Until now. Because looking down at the center of the ring, she knew what she was about to see. Jaune hurt. Jaune humiliated. And afterward, she had little doubt he would continue to feel the effects of Cardin’s sadistic nature, falling into the familiar pattern of dejection and shame.

Her response to such moping had been indifferent up till this point. Either too uninterested in the blond boy to really care or too cold. It’s how she’d been raised, after all. If someone fell, it was because they were meant to fall. Only the strong can stand on their own, and anything less is your own fault for failing. But Weiss had been reconsidering much of what she’d thought to make perfect sense. And now she couldn’t shake off the sensation of empathy already infecting her with the worry she had little doubt existed behind the boy’s strong mask of calm.

Ruby wasn’t any less distraught, cheeks puffed in anxiety. More than used to knowing what it was like to be awkward and anxious, bullies were one of the few things that managed to itch under her perpetually inclusive and joyful exterior. She’d never had to worry much about that herself; the kids would have to be suicidal considering who her sister was. But that didn’t mean she never saw it happen to others. Pulling on her hood, she could only look away, hoping that she would be able to cheer him up when it was over.

And finally, Yang’s face stood out in the crowd of unease and pity. Whereas others simply felt bad for the weak young man, her purple eyes flashed with the familiar fire that threatened any who harm those she considered hers. For a girl as free and flighty, labels really did matter little. Her friend, her sister, her partner, her boyfriend. They all boiled down to her’s in the end. And without even realizing she’d slowly started to recognize Jaune as such. He was her confusion, her favorite to tease, her guilty pleasure.

She’d always felt bad for her sister’s friend getting bullied, but never enough to actually get involved. Now, however, without even realizing it she found herself set on memorizing just what this Cardin jerk managed to do to her friend so after class she could find him and settle this bullshit hazing crap once and for all.

Three girls, all of them his friends, and all of them caring for him in ways they couldn’t understand in their own ways. But despite their best intentions, each of them committed the same sin as the rest of their classroom. Each of them had already accepted the fact that he would lose. All except one.

Everyone looked at Jaune’s clenched fists and blank expression and saw the fear, the pain yet to come, someone too weak to do anything but survive until it was over. But Pyrrha knew better. Eyes on her lap, she listened to the quiet murmuring of those around her, each already preparing their condolences for the young man. She’d done everything in her power to avoid looking at the boy she loved, terrified of what she would see after what she did the other day. But for this one moment, she couldn’t resist, no matter the consequences.

She forced her eye to look up and stare into his eyes. And in the deep blue color, she did not see fear. She did not see pain. She did not see weakness. Rather, glancing down to his rigid posture and the
fire burning within, she could only see something in Jaune she’d never seen before. Anticipation. So many times in this class she’d bowed her head sending a silent prayer to whoever would listen to give Jaune strength. So many times she had to watch him get beaten and humiliated despite knowing he worked harder than anyone just to catch up. But not this time. Pyrrha had the pleasure of being the only one in the class to know what was about to happen. And as she lowered her head once more, Jaune’s name wasn’t on her lips. But Cardin’s. He would need all the help he could get.

And Pyrrha was not wrong in her assessment. Rather, standing in the ring of desks and students, Jaune found himself genuinely excited for what was about to happen. That first day, that first punch he’d delivered to Cardin’s jaw, it had felt good. It’d hurt too, damn had it hurt. But instead of the usual accompanying shame, he’d been able to get his first taste of pride. He’d sworn to himself after that that he’d leave the red-haired boy alone. Or, at least that he wouldn’t go out of his way to hurt him. Just as long as Jaune didn’t see him hurting anyone else. And he’d actually managed to keep that promise. Cardin still came looking for him, oh boy did he come looking. But being able to freeze time made it all most too easy to escape whatever ambushes the mace-wielding Neanderthal had planned up with his team.

Unfortunately, it seemed without Cardin’s favorite punching bag, his already short temper had begun to build, growing more and more frustrated each time he found himself inexplicably outsmarted by the weakest huntsman in the school. Which is why, watching Cardin step into the ring, grin as wide as his ego, Jaune felt his own excitement spike. His warrior spirit finally emerging. Not that he let it show. Oh, no. He did nothing to betray his audience’s surprise that was about to unfold. Because despite his new power, and despite how good this was about to feel. Jaune arc, still, was nothing if not a showman.

He’d been wondering about exposing his power to more people after how well it had gone with Pyrrha. Not like this, exactly. Nor did he plan for it to be in front of so many people at once. That said, he wasn’t about to get his face punched in by this jerk again. Besides, somehow, something just felt right about Cardin being the one to mark the start of legacy into legend.

With his opponent’s arrival, the duel was ready to begin as they stood on opposite ends. Both young men wreathed in armor the two couldn’t have seemed more different as Cardin’s towering form stood in the perfect image of a knight in full shining armor. In comparison, Jaune could hardly compete. With his small shield, simple sword, and flimsy metal plates he called guards. To anyone unaware of the situation, they might think this an execution of some sort. And you know what? They would be right.

“No running away this time you scrawny coward,” Cardin called out for all to hear. His mace felt heavy in his hand, perfect for crushing over the nerd’s head. Still Jaune said nothing, much to Cardin’s Annoyance. “What’s wrong, too scared to even speak? This is going to be the easiest fight yet.”

Goodwitch called the young men to walk to their end of the field where Cardin prepared his charge, looking like a bull threatening to burst from his pen. In contrast, Jaune didn’t even bother to raise his shield, his eyes hot as he met Cardin’s gaze without flinching. With class quickly drawing to an end, Ms. Goodwitch raised her crop and the electric display above registered the two men’s auras as full. The match began as she suddenly chopped it down, thus allowing the red-haired young man to run at Jaune with all his speed, barreling towards his thinner frame like a train threatening to run down a lemonade stand.

The packed dirt crunched beneath his metal boots. The air in his lungs turned hot with each exhale, burning his nose on every breath. Screw dragging it out. Screw stopping at red. He wanted to crush the weakling in one single blow. He was going to take his mace and break it across Jaune’s knee.
And that’s if the momentum of his heavy figure and even heavier armor didn’t just reduce the young man to a hole in the wall. The picture amused Cardin. Enough that he even managed to laugh as he raised his prized weapon above his head, a little too curious to see if aura could stop a femur from cracking.

The sound carried with him the entire way, a terrifying sight to be sure. But Jaune continued to appear nonplused, simply waiting for the boy to arrive with the same ease as though he were simply waiting for the next bulkhead to arrive. Cardin promised himself he would knock the stupid expression right from the blond’s face. Twenty feet, ten feet, five feet, he could almost taste the pleasure of asserting his strength. So, you can imagine Cardin’s surprise when, just as his biceps flexed and he began to bring his weapon down, Jaune simply… vanished.

Cardin didn’t even have enough time to react. His swing followed through empty space and continued downward throwing his entire balance off. Combined with his speed and mass, there was nothing he could do to keep from falling to the floor. The phrase, the bigger they are… certainly came to mind as the crash followed throughout the room leaving Cardin to just lay on the floor for a moment and wince as more of his aura absorbed the impact. Above the arena, Cardin’s display reflected that damage for all to see. Totaling more in that single move than Jaune had been able to take from the other boy in all of his other bouts combined.

Silence stretched out the impossible moment as everyone in the room blinked at the sudden shift in mood. Every person watching seemed to notice separately, turning their eye from the picture of Cardin rising from the dirt to look for Jaune, only to see he appeared a good fifteen feet from where they had last seen him. Doing their best to remember if they’d seen him jump out of the way, suddenly the number of teenagers who brushed the fight off leaned forward to get a better look.

“Loser,” Cardin’s eyes flashed dangerously as he felt a number of bruises pang along his hip and shoulder where he’d done his best to take the brunt of his weight. Thankfully, most, if not all, of the pain was drown out by the newfound anger burning in his chest. His mocking grin took on a dangerous edge as he turned to face his mark, the grip on his mace tightening ever so slightly. “you escaped death once, let’s see if you get that lucky twice.” He charged forward without another thought, the possibility that there was more to Jaune’s cool expression not even rising to the surface.

This time people were paying attention as Cardin charged the blond boy once more. Like last time, he seemed to be relying on his brute strength, raising his mace high as his larger frame quickly seemed to dwarf the other boy. And like last time, Jaune didn’t even seem to notice he was in a fight, casually standing with his posture relaxed and shield and sword lazily left at his sides. Heartbeats passed and each moment the class waited for Jaune to get ready to jump out of the way, and each time they were disappointed. Finally, at the last moment, the children and teacher were left to stare in amazement as he simply vanished once again.

There was no mistaking his sudden disappearance this time. Eyes widened and a small gasp sounded from the back row. But scanning the small ring for only a moment, the many pairs of eyes quickly found the young man once again watching his opponent from across the room, appearing as though he hadn’t even a taken a step. “What?” and “Woah!” and other such expletives quickly began to rise as disbelief began to make its way throughout the crowd. Suffice to say, Jaune’s little performance had more than earned their attention. And he couldn’t be happier.

Jaune took a deep breath, fighting the smile threatening his face with every ounce of his strength. He could hear the small buzz of conversation starting around him, each in wonder at what he was doing and how he was doing it. He didn’t even need to look to know the entire room was amazed and staring at him in wonder. A fact that left him with a distinctly alien perception of himself, despite chasing it his entire life.
He... felt... cool.

He stood in the ring with Cardin without so much as a drop of sweat on his brow. If he hadn’t fought with Pyrrha, he might have been slightly nervous. But knowing he’d been able to push his partner so far without even trying to actually fight her, he found a kind of confidence most would call cocky stirring in his breast. The only difference was, cocky meant there was a chance for his pride to come back and bite him in the ass. And right now, Jaune was invincible. It showed in every step as he began to walk a casual circumference around his opponent, his cool expression cracking just enough for a smirk to come to life. “Wanna try for three?” Jaune taunted, the first words he’d spoken since Glynda had called him down; actually taunting the boy who’d done nothing but make his life a living hell.

The boy who had singled him out on the first day as easy prey. The boy who helped make sure the entire school knew how weak he was. The boy who loved to prove his own strength by picking on the small. If ever had there been doubts of exposing his power, they ended as soon as he saw the look on his tormentor’s face in this moment. Rather, he would use Cardin the same way the ginger boy had used him; as his stage to reveal the new Jaune Arc in front of everyone. The strong Jaune. The competent Jaune. And what better way to begin his new life than crushing the demons of his old?

Of course, Jaune might say that but he wasn’t so cruel as to hurt Carden. But some might say he was worse than that. It would be simple and easy to just freeze time and wail on the other boy until his aura was nothing. But Jaune wasn’t nearly as forgiving as most people most likely thought. He wouldn’t seriously hurt the bully, but he would drag this out as long as he could. He would give the larger boy the exact taste of medicine Jaune had been forced to swallow for months. And good, simple Cardin was all too happy to fall into his trap.

Jaune continued enjoyed himself, playing Cardin’s temper against him in a kind of teleportation bullfighting. Each time he vanished just as the larger boy seemed close enough to grab him only to appear at the other side of the arena. Much in the same type of exhausting exercise he’d tried on his partner. However, unlike his partner, Cardin wasn’t nearly smart enough to learn Jaune’s pattern. Or to even think to try. Early development and a naturally muscular form had conditioned the young man to break through any obstacle in his path, rather than find an easier solution. And for the most part, his strength had been enough that such a strategy worked. But for all his pride, raw power could only take a single human so far. It was almost funny. Ms. Goodwitch had paired the two young men together in hopes of teaching Jaune a lesson. But no one could have guessed that it would be Cardin getting schooled.

Speaking of the dower teacher, there were very few things in her time teaching at beacon that had shocked the woman enough to shake her iron visage and cold blue gaze. And yet, watching Jaune jump around the room, in and out of reality, Glynda found her expression wide, the light pink color of her lips parted in amazement at the impossible change of events. She hardly even noticed the other student’s whispers and gasps of amazement, far too focused on the semblance that had stumbled into her class. The analytical piece of her brain struggled to make sense of the scene while the rest of her was content to just watch, as wrapped up in the show as everyone else in the room.

Jump! Too slow.

Leap! Try again.

Skip! Ohh… kinda glad no one saw him skip. Feeling carried away, heat rose to his cheeks, and Jaune had to stop a moment to collect himself. Thankfully, he had time.

He took a deep breath in the void that was his own world. Sound, warmth, and even color was all
muted despite the cacophony displayed around him. Whereas before he was greeted with embarrassment and shame from his classmates, those same faces were alight with unbridled excitement at the show he put on. Everyone loved an underdog story. And what could he be called but anything else? Closing his eyes, he allowed himself to just soak the moment in. Free to enjoy it for as long as he wanted.

And enjoy it he did. Feeling pride in his chest, he could still hear the excitement his semblance cut short roaring around him. His classmates loved everything he was doing. And more specifically, the female half of the class seemed particularly amazed. Turning back to the crowd, he couldn’t help but grin at the wide smiles from the same girl’s who hadn’t even looked in his direction before class. Not all of them were so easily impressed, but he could see enough excitement in their motionless eyes to recognize an opportunity when it came. He had little doubt it would only take a small amount of time freezing coaxing on his part to push that excitement into something more. And by the end of the day, the entire school will have heard about his fight.

And it wasn’t just strangers. His friends were also quite animated, despite the drama of the other night. Nora was standing out of her seat, a glorious and blood hungry grin on her lips as she cheered him on. Ren’s response was more subdued, but the wide expression of his pink eyes was exclamation enough for the quiet boy. Even Team RWBY added to the noise, Ruby and Yang the most vocal. He couldn’t help but laugh at the raw joy on Ruby’s innocent expression. But it was her sister that seemed the most impressed. Grinning from ear to ear, her fist was frozen in the air mid-cheer. For him! Knowing he’d even managed to impress the blond boxer, Jaune felt his cheeks warm. Finally feeling like he’d been recognized.

Unfortunately, Cardin wasn’t having as fun a time. A quick glance in his direction and Jaune could see a thick layer of dirt and sweat marking an otherwise infuriated expression. Pulled taut over his broad features and square jaw, the boy’s face was etched into an enraged grimace, teeth locked to the point of cracking as his rage continued to mount. He was like an animal, attacking again and again with all the mind of an Ursa. And for the first time, Jaune was able to look at his bully and see him for what he really was. Weak. The unbeatable monster Cardin had worked so hard to build himself up as suddenly vanished. Leaving only a little boy with shiny armor and a very heavy stick. And on that note, Jaune figured it was time to end this.

He started time watching Cardin charge through the space he’d been standing only to release a frustrated howl upon realizing the smaller blond boy had vanished yet again. He whipped around without another thought, exhaustion stealing his thoughts as much as the anger coursing through his veins. And yet he continued to attack, a halfhearted battle cry bubbling from his chest even as he panted for breath. Stumbling for a step, Cardin charged forward yet again. Struggling to even raise his mace anymore as his speed fell to a brisk walk. Everyone could see that he’d already been defeated. Everyone but himself.

He reached Jaune, only to blink when the young man remained. Desperation fueling his action, Cardin did his best to capitalize on the opportunity, putting whatever was left of his stamina into a vicious swing of his mace. The metal shape flew through the air at a half-hearted speed. One Jaune was able to dodge even without the use of his semblance. Missing by a mile, Cardin finally fell to a knee, wracking breaths shuddering through his chest as he struggled to catch his breath. And all the while, Jaune just stood above him, proud, powerful, and untouched.

“This is the part where you lose,” was all he said, his voice even and without strain. The very same words Cardin loved to use against him. The humiliation of the suggestion was not lost on the ginger as he glared upwards, his eyes threatening to bulge out of his head. But Jaune simply continued, “yield.”
These battles typically ended in one of three ways. Either one person’s aura fell below a certain point, they were knocked unconscious, or they were forced to give up. And Cardin, for all his strain, hadn’t actually been touched, leaving his aura nearly full if not for his first charge into the floor.

Technically, Glynda could call a match whenever she saw fit. Such as a student about to be harmed passed what was deemed necessary for training. But she was not the type of woman to unnecessarily coddle students. These battles were meant to simulate real battle experience. And in real battles, no one could expect someone to step in and save you. Sans any type of maiming or other permanent damage, she made it clear she would not step in. Leaving the students to be as cruel or kind as they liked so long as none of the three criteria were met. But to yield here, and to Jaune, whatever respect Cardin imagined he’d earned at school would immediately be forfeit. And for a boy who had little else, the answer was obvious. He stood back up, clamping a fist over the quivering in his knees before shouldering his mace to charge again.

His small break had helped him catch his breath a little… but not a lot. Each attack still lashed out as though he was underwater, slow and easy to track. This didn’t stop him from trying though, chaining each attack into the next in the hopes of overwhelming the smug blond opponent. Unfortunately, dodging and running away might have been Jaune’s greatest strength even before he gained his new powers.

Rather than wear him down, Cardin quickly found himself stumbling after the blond with wide swinging arcs followed by guttural grunts as the last of his strength was spent. It was only the edge of the ring that kept him going, growing closer with each step. He convinced himself that if he could only pin the bastard there, he could land a hit and finish the weakling once and for all. The only thing he saw was his own victory. It was all that mattered. Which in of itself was just another flaw for Jaune to exploit. Which he did, generously.

Jaune was all too aware of the approaching barrier, using it as bait to attract even more attacks from the rampaging bully. It was to be his big finish, a flourish for everyone to remember as he defeated Cardin without even touching him. Instead, the overgrown brute was going to take himself out. Which is why, hearing the dust powered shield humming at his back, the blond knight allowed his eyes to widen in a feint of shock. He might as well have opened a vein in shark-infested waters. Cardin jumped on the opportunity, shifting his bulk forward so his mass could make up for the tremors in his biceps. He managed this just in time for Jaune’s image to flash out of reality.

Suddenly, the large young man’s weight was against him as he stumbled forward, the warn muscle of his legs no longer able to support him as he flew towards the wall. Or, he would have, if both young men hadn’t failed to remember the third person inside the arena. And rather than fall forward and earn a moth full of wall, like Jaune had intended, Cardin found himself landing on something just a bit… softer.

It wasn’t easy to catch Ms. Goodwitch unaware, much less when she was responsible for policing a fight directly in front of her. Unfortunately, Jaune’s little reveal had forced her attention elsewhere, namely, the data pad that better detailed the aura levels of the two young men. As soon as she’d managed to pull her eyes away from Jaune’s power, she’d immediately moved to better inspect what the room watched. And what she found was… odd.

It wasn’t speed. There were no after images, nor were there any streaks to be found left by the video feed. Running the stream frame by frame, she was forced into amazement as Jaune’s body literally vanished, no fading out or other such markers. And as if that wasn’t strange enough, a particularly confusing note was brought to her attention as she watched Jaune’s aura tick down throughout the battle. Not by a lot, mind you. Hardly even noticeable if not for the percentages displayed in her view. But sure enough, with each teleportation, she found the smallest fraction of aura being
A semblance that hurt its user? Such a thing shouldn’t be possible. It was a part of him. An extension of his soul. But then, it was possible that it was simply more of a backlash. Exceptionally powerful semblances were known to come with drawbacks, after all. Either because they couldn’t be controlled and ended up inadvertently dangerous, or an aspect of their abilities was inherently negative. A certain crow’s bad luck being just one example. Whatever the case, Jaune’s semblance was certainly powerful enough to fit into either category. A notion Glynda certainly never imagined herself considering. But then, this young man was just full of surprises today, wasn’t he?

The thought forced her to look up and consider the boy in question. Her already hard gaze tightened further, becoming almost sharp in her scrutiny of just how such a thing could have developed so suddenly. It was rare that her assessment of student abilities could be so far off. But then, how could she have imagined such a development? Feeling her lips pinch into a line, she watched his movements dodging Cardin’s attacks and still found him wanting in nearly every category of a huntsman. Slow, uncoordinated and just… weak. But in light of new information, she couldn’t deny her earlier assessment was no longer applicable.

Yes, he was weak, but there was potential now. Enough that… perhaps the capable good finally outweighed the inevitable death she’d assumed awaited his first foray into real combat without his friends by his side. He would still need to be trained. Trained hard. Hard enough to catch up with his fellow classmates. But supplementing his afternoons with remedial exercises, she felt confident she had the discipline necessary to whip the boy into shape. It was as she considered how to plan out his additional curriculum that her mind began to wander, coming back only as two hundred pounds of muscled, sweating, gasping teenage boy crashed against her shape sending them both to the ground.

The impact was jarring, but Glynda wasn’t a huntress for nothing. Rather than dazed, she found herself staring towards the ceiling in irritation, as the ripe stench of a sweaty, dirty, teenage boy rested on top of her. A situation she was not particularly happy to find herself in considering how much she already had to deal with the ever-flowing sea of adolescent hormones. It certainly didn’t help that Cardin’s face had inadvertently fallen to land in the cushion of her breasts.

The room’s bustling excitement was cut off as soon as they watched their teacher fall. None wanting to be the one to break the silence and earn the blonde teacher’s inevitable foul temper. Even Jaune reacted, his joyful finish cut short as soon as he realized his mistake. His good mood turned to horror, blood draining from his face at what he saw. Well, being cool had been nice while he was alive…

His fear continued as it appeared Cardin wasn’t about to get up on his own. Ms. Goodwitch didn’t hesitate to help him along, her semblance coming to life as the boy's limp body rose into the air only to be casually tossed with a simple flick of her wrist. Rising back to her feet, Glynda purposely avoided anybody's eyes, looking at herself instead.

Suffice to say, the front of her blouse was distastefully stained. Sweat, drool, and dirt mixing into a dark splotch. Even worse, Glynda could still smell the boys sweat lingering in her clothes. Years of working around those in the cusp of puberty had sharpened her nose to the scent. Before she could help herself, her lips tightened into a dissatisfied grimace. And against her already cool expression, she managed to strike a particularly intimidating picture.

When she turned to face Jaune, any pride on his part quickly fled. And suddenly he was the same quivering boy he’d arrived as. Reality altering powers or no. Thankfully, she didn’t linger on his shaken figure for long. Choosing instead to calm herself, closing her eyes and taking a long slow breath. When the crystal blue orbs finally opened, she turned her attention on the rest of the class, none of which dared breathe out of turn.
“Mr. Arc, that was an impressive display, and I’m sure the class would like to congratulate you on unlocking your semblance. However, please keep in mind that relying too heavily on one type of attack leaves you vulnerable to those smart or fast enough to react. That said…” she hesitated turning to look at him. And staring back, for the first time since arriving at beacon Jaune found something in her expression other than terror. “Good work.” It wasn’t much, but it was something. The first kind thing she’d ever said to him, actually. Jaune just stood there, blinking at the words until his mind finally caught up with him enough to remember the need to reply.

“Thank you!” he quickly exclaimed.

Glynda just nodded before addressing the class once again. “That will be all for today. Please hurry and change before your next class. And remember, Tomorrow is the day out class has been permitted to visit the Forever Fall forests. While nothing we cannot handle, Grimm are known to wander it’s territory so please bring your weapons and dress appropriately. Otherwise, class dismissed.” Not a moment later the students milling about the stands quickly stood to start towards the locker rooms to change and get ready for the rest of their classes. And finally free from the formality of class, the hushed whispered burst forth into full conversation as the small crowd was allowed to speak of what they’d just seen, a low roar that followed down both paths as the two genders quickly separated to their corresponding locker rooms. All except for Team CRDL who rushed to the aid of their once proud leader, doing their best to wake him up.

“A moment, Mr. Arc.” Jaune stopped dead hearing Ms. Goodwitch call his came. Turning from the group of boys, he looked for any of the cold fire he’d come to fear from the older woman. Thankfully, she’d apparently calmed some and broached him with her usual professional distance. “I won’t keep you long. I’m sure you’re looking forward to a shower. But on your way to your next class, I would appreciate it if you’d come speak to me in my office.” she didn’t bother elaborating, and Jaune wasn’t stupid enough to try and get more. Rather, he just nodded his head, even the thought of doing anything but what she said unable to form. She nodded him past to the lockers, which was good considering the small group just waiting for him to approach.

“Jaune, that was so cool!” Said blond hardly made it four steps before a tiny figure launched herself into him. Her face was stretched into a comically large smile, bell-like laughter peeling as she congratulated her friend. Literally jumping into his arms, Jaune caught Ruby without thinking, his own smile coming back to life as her arms wrapped around his neck. She wouldn’t even think about her actions until she suddenly found herself pressed against his body. Light as a feather, he just laughed at her excitement, not noticing the sudden flush in her cheeks as he looked up to see the rest of their teams slowly approaching.

Yang headed the group, her grin almost as large as her sisters as she approached the pair. The rest of his friends followed close by. With a start, Jaune’s eyes widened at the sight of Pyrrha standing nervously towards the back of the group. He was surprised, and then anxious, wondering if she was still afraid to be around them. But then she smiled, a small smile, and one that didn’t quite reach her eyes, but in that small moment she’d managed to look up and meet his eyes. He could see, despite everything, that she was still proud of him like the rest of their friends. Which, even if only a little, gave him hope that things wouldn’t stay this strained between them forever.

Jaune wasn’t the only one to notice Pyrrha’s presents. And Combined with the excitement of his reveal, it was like nothing had ever been wrong as the group of teenagers grinned and rushed to approach him. Hands on her hips, Yang shook her head, a dry chuckle slipping free. “Geez, and people say I’m flashy.” She couldn’t help point out, “quite the show you put on there. Just how long have you been hiding that little trick?” It was the most obvious question in the group, and most everyone was eager to hear the answer. Thankfully, Jaune had been expecting it.
Revealing his powers, or at least part of them to the class hadn’t been something he’d planned on that day. However, the subject of how to tell his friends and teachers had been on his mind since he first discovered his powers. His… experiments had slowed down that goal as he quickly learned the benefits to keeping his mouth shut for a while, but his foray with Pyrrha had shown him yet another alternative. This way he was allowed the best of both worlds, free to enjoy the popularity he’d always craved while still keeping the finer truths to himself. Teleportation might not be as amazing as the power to stop time, but his classmates still seemed impressed. And to prove this point, Jaune had to turn and look as a number of students patted him on the back as they made their way past the group. Jaune smiled at the attention before turning back to his friend’s and shrugging.

“a few days,” he admitted, a boyish smirk showing he knew exactly what he was doing. If anything, his response only earned more raised eyebrows as the two teams saw a side of him rarely seen. Many found their joyful expressions widening. While always nice and mild-mannered, it was a refreshing change to see their friend free from the usual self-deprecation and embarrassment. Even more than his power, the group of teenagers were proud to see him so confident in himself. It suited him well. And more than a few couldn’t help but notice.

Rather than hunched and defensive, his posture stood tall and relaxed. Eyes that used to jump around the room stared back with ease, allowing them to enjoy the crystal blue hue that few could naturally claim. Even his voice, while still slightly higher pitched than most would call pleasant, appeared free from the nervous stutter that broke up his sentences in the past. Yang especially blinked at the change, her smile wavering for just a moment as she found herself suddenly… nervous? She blinked at the thought, sure that there must be some other name for the anxious energy suddenly set in the pit of her stomach.

“You might actually survive a real fight for a second or two. How about it Arc, think your little trick is enough to take me on?” She blustered, falling back on her usual bravado and confidence in her strength. Unfortunately, rather than back down or start to sweat like she was used to exploiting, the young man’s eyes seemed to come alive at the idea, almost as though he were eager at the opportunity. Even more surprising, although Yang forced herself to believe it was a trick of the light, she could almost swear his eyes had dropped… lower for a moment, just before his smile opened to reply.

“Time and place, Xiao Long,” he all but dared, his voice unconsciously dropping an octave as arousal slipped into the words. Close enough to already be affected by his presence, his tone sent a shaper thrill between her legs that had Yang’s cheeks flushing a light pink. Violet eyes wide, all she could do was force a laugh, entirely unable to tell if he’d intentionally flirted, or if her own oversexed mind was finally turning on her. Days of constant arousal in his presence had already started her perception of the boy in another direction, however. And seeing him suddenly so tall… Yang found herself doing something she rarely ever practiced and quietly found herself shrinking towards the back of the crowd, away from any attention. Nora didn’t hesitate to take her place, letting Jaune know she expected her own match. To which he just laughed, happily replying that he was excited to actually stand a chance for once.

One step followed the next until, finally, she was at the back of the crowd, free to just breathe. She’d been a little too bold, allowing herself to step just within the range she’d found of Jaune’s effect on her body. It was impossibly strange, not to mention difficult walking up to a guy and trying to act naturally as her breasts started to warm and grow aroused of their own volition.

To say her thoughts felt somewhat scrambled went without saying. But seeing Jaune give back a little bit had been an unexpected treat. She’d run away before she’d actually had the chance to see if there was any more where that sultry look had come from. But that was the difference that mattered. She was actually curious enough to want to see; an accomplishment few men had managed to meet
in her eyes. Her tendency to tease was well known, after all. And she found, the only thing more enjoyable was finding someone who could actually give back as good as she gave.

Lately, it seemed the more time she spent around Jaune, the more she found herself enjoying the once awkward boy’s company. A prospect that would have sent her to tears from laughter had she even considered it only a week ago. But as more days past she was finding it harder and harder to keep up the pretense of uninterest or innocent teasing. Feeling her heart flutter, Yang took advantage of her position at the back of their group and allowed a hand to raise up and brush the pronounced curve of her bust. The sensitive shape tingled at the attention, the sensations focusing towards the puckered center sticking out of each orb. How much longer would she be able to resist? She found herself wondering more and more as of late. And more importantly, did she even want to?

To Yang’s credit, she wasn’t the only one affected on some level. Weiss for instance, found herself in a very similar situation appreciating his slim figure and strong expression as their little group continued to talk. Unlike Yang, she knew better than to get too close, and hung back in silence, allowing her cold demeanor to do its job, allowing her to seem far less interested than she was. She already knew the danger of Jaune’s proximity and lacked the masochistic thrill that seemed to drive her blonde teammate to constantly test her limits.

Her conflict over her feelings were already well considered. And the fact that they were for someone so below her usual standards was only more of a strain. But for a girl looking for any excuse to explain her fixation, it was almost a relief to stumble upon this sudden revelation. After all, better to say she was interested in a hunter with perhaps one of the strongest semblances in the four kingdoms then simply Jaune Arc, a boy that made her need to frequently change her underwear. As much as she was struggling to distance herself lately from the ideologies of her family, it still felt good to know your prospective love interest had a respectable future ahead of them. The part of her that still hungered for excellence couldn’t help but appreciate the young man’s sudden prospects.

Even young Ruby found herself drawn to the young man in a way she’d never experienced. The hug hadn’t helped, effectively scrambling what little sense she’d been able to make of herself lately. And rather than embarrass herself further, all she’d been able to do was slowly untangle her fingers from around his neck and slink back to the floor, face alight like the color of her namesake. Thankfully everyone’s attention remained focused on the man of the hour, allowing her to silently contemplate why she kept remembering the sensation of his flat stomach against hers…?

Thankfully, not everyone in their teams was as distracted. Most still had their minds free from their libido. Nora was especially exuberant, going so far as to personally recount Jaune’s battle in her own special… special way.

“and then you were all, zup! Fwap! Flash! Gone and that dumb Cardin was like, ‘whre’d e’ go?’ and then you when all, ‘this is the part where you lose,’” It was amusing to say the least. She even went through the trouble of voicing Cardin and his lines, although most of them seemed to be made up. It was hard not to laugh hearing her caricature-esq mocking rendition of Cardin’s voice. She even made Jaune sound kind of cool.

“Ah! That was awesome. Jaune! I’ve been waiting to see you kick his ass for so long!” she cheered, pumping her fists overhead. “I mean, I could have done with a bit more leg breaking, personally, but other than that, A-plus.” She offered a thumbs up. “Hope you don’t have anything else planned today, cuz you can bet your gonna give us the full story. I can’t believe you’ve been keeping this a secret!”

“It was unexpected,” Ren agreed coolly. “Although, I suppose that is the point of a surprise.”

“Makes you wonder what other kinds of secrets you have hidden away,” Blake hummed.
Coughing at the last bit, Jaune just forced a chuckle before responding. “It wasn’t easy, but ah, what can I say? It was worth the wait if I do say so myself.” Smirking a bit, more people walking by offered their congratulatory comments on their way to the lockers. “you guys had no idea how much I wanted to tell you. But… its taken me a while to control it. And if I was going to give my friends a show, I might as well make it a good one, hmm?” He chuckled, wondering if his lies sounded convincing. The way Blake was looking at him was more than a little unnerving. Thankfully, the rest of his friends seemed happy to be proud of him, with even Weiss speaking up from a safe distance.

“I suppose it was at least interesting.” She agreed, making it a point avoid looking at him lest her pale skin give her feelings away. Although, she couldn’t help a quick glance, only to feel her heart flutter seeing him looking right at her. “T-That is, it was nice to see you capable for once. And to finally shut that ignoramus up.” Her words came out faster, rushed. She dared another peak and could see him smiling even wider. That damned heat quickly rose up her neck and into her cheeks, forcing her glare at the far wall. “But don’t get ahead of yourself! Let’s see you fight someone with a brain larger than a walnut before you start patting yourself on the back!” Huffing, she didn’t dare risk another glance, already knowing he was still smiling that damned smile at her.

“Thanks, Weiss,” Jaune was indeed still smiling, marveling that even his favorite ice queen couldn’t help but be happy for him.

The next few minutes went on like this, with his friends asking questions and him doing his best to answer. How did it work? How much could he teleport? How fast? How far? Could he take anyone with him? And so on and so forth until a very obvious stare from Ms. Goodwitch as she walked passed urged them to hurry into the Locker rooms before they ran out of time. Even if they hadn’t had a chance to fight, they still needed to change out of their gear and into their uniforms.

“Nora, we’ll have all day to interrogate him. Don’t worry; you’ll get your chance.” Yang promised, literally dragging the girl in question towards the designated archway. Not that the redhead was making it easy.

“Awwwww!” Nora wined in disappointment, but managed to stop actively struggling. The rest of the girls were following after the pair, waving as they went to the pair of boys left behind.

“And don’t even think about running away!” the blonde called over her shoulder.

“You think, ah, you think she was serious about wanting to fight me?” Jaune nervously asked Ren.

The girls finally disappeared, allowing Ren to give his friend a quiet look explaining just how screwed he really was.

“That’s the price of being popular, I suppose.” Ren offered with little condolences. Considering the effort his leader had went just to show off, it was hard to feel bad for him for whatever attention he gained. It was at that moment two girls that had been hanging at the back of class walked passed the pair, a deliberate move if their obvious stares and not so subtle winks said anything. It was with a thrilling realization that Jaune recognized the pair as the same girl’s he’d been eyeing at the start of class. Only now they seemed much more receptive than before. Jaune couldn’t help but smile back at the pair, excited to see that part of his plan seemed to be working out as well. “of all kinds,” Ren continued in a dry tone, following Jaune’s gaze to the girls as they walked towards the locker rooms.

Jaune had stopped listening, of course, distracted by the pair of scantily clad huntresses as they made an effort to draw his attention to their hips. Combat skirts really were the best.

Jaune’s heart leaped in his chest. This was going to be even easier than he thought! Which made sense. Women liked men who were strong. Who were reliable. Who they could depend on. Which he now was. It all seemed so simple in hindsight. He might not even need to stop time to get what he
wanted. Not that the idea wasn’t still tempting. Watching them leave, he stared at their bare thighs as far up as he could go before hitting clothes. And that only made him want to see underneath even more. He was officially a pervert. But then, he’d been struggling to accept that fact for a while now.

Ever since he’d talked himself into peaking in his two teammates. As much as he wanted to be the good guy, to say he was doing all of this because he had to… the truth was that he wanted to. And that was okay. It was just like Yang said when she helped set him on this path. He was given this power to help hundreds and thousands of people. And he was going to. Happily. So, what did it matter if he used it to enjoy himself on his off time? He liked women, loved women. And now that he knew what kind of pleasure their bodies were capable of giving, he found his interest reaching a new level. He might never be the pure, shining knight his mother told him about as a child, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t be his own kind of hero. Rather, a perverted knight. Hmm, certainly had a ring to it.

A long sigh blew from his nose as he watched the pair finally disappear into the female locker room. Part of him wanted to cry that he couldn’t go in with them. Maybe that would help him decide between the two. Actually, remembering all the beautiful women in his class, he could only imagine the wonder going on just on the other side of that wall. It would only take another five heartbeats before he realized the obvious. Suddenly, he couldn’t look away from the locker room door, unbridled temptation overwhelming him like an explosion at the base of his skull.

“Jaune?” Ren asked, looking back as he started towards the boy’s lockers, “you coming?” in answer, Jaune licked his suddenly dry lips before grinning a new kind of grin.

“Right behind you,” he answered, not even looking at his only male friend before willing the world around him to start to slow. He tasted the now stale air on his tongue before moving towards the room full of beautiful, possibly naked huntresses. “I'll just be one second,” he promised the pink-eyed boy as he walked passed his frozen figure, still staring at the space Jaune had been. Finally, faced with the door he could hear his heartbeat in his ears, its heavy beat flooding all of his extremities with quickly warming blood.

If he was going to decide which of these lovely ladies to court, he needed to make sure he was going to pick the right one for him. And what better way to start than with a personal examination? As soon as he found the right girl, he could focus on her and no one would ever know about his fun along the way. Grinning to himself, Jaune reached for the door, finally accepting his faults for what they were.

A perverted knight indeed…

A/N: Alright, Jaune’s power is officially out in the open and more than a few young women have certainly started to take notice. Makes one wonder about just what type of conversations will be going on once said women are alone? I’m sure our newly dubbed perverted knight will be more than interested in finding out. In his search for his lucky lady, he’ll be finding more than he ever thought as a new aspect of his powers comes to light. Look forward to it.

Next chapter – August.

P.S – To anyone interested, I’m also going to be dropping a longish Last of Us Oneshot in the next few days on Ao3 and AFF. Just something I’ve been working on whenever I had the time. Small warning, it is between Joel and Ellie and takes place during the game, but is also
completely consensual. Check it out if it seems like something you would be interested in.
A/N: Okay guys, the chapter everyone’s been waiting for! This was a tone of fun to write and I hope it is just as exciting to read.

I also have some news that should make a lot of you happy. I understand that a lot of you like my stories, but are frustrated with the current update style. I want you to know that I hear you and I’m going to start doing my best to increase that pace. Which means, in addition to the guaranteed update every other month, I’m going to do my best from now on to include a second update in that time. Ideally, this means I’ll be updating every month, but I am not promising anything. Only that I’m going to try.

Nothing makes me happier as a writer than making all of you guys happy. Just please don’t be too upset if I miss an extra update every now and then. That’s all I have to say. Please enjoy the chapter and if you can I would love to hear what you guys thought.

Chapter 8

Girl(s): Pyrrha, Weiss, Yang, OCx2.

Tag(s): Molestation, groping, petting, fingering. (and a lot of it!)

Words: 11,609

Editor: Mr. G

As a whole, Beacon locker rooms weren’t anything so special despite the otherwise grandeur of the rest of the academy - rocket powered lockers aside. An enclosed cement and tile space lined with metal lockers, shower stalls hissed at the very back of the room. And towards the center, more lockers snaked throughout the empty space creating a maze-like pattern as well as some semblance of privacy to those changing their clothes within. None of which was nearly as interesting as the warm, soft bodies suddenly spilling into the room.

Women, young women, and huntresses at that quickly spread throughout the once quiet enclave, gasps and excited chatter tinkling as they gushed over the spectacle that they had all just witnessed. Suddenly, none of them were the trained, deadly warriors they’d worked years to become. Rather, they were just teenage girls, young faces stretching wide with grins and bright eyes sparkling as their giggles rang free. Spreading out to find their lockers, the number of women began working to remove the many belts and clasps of their combat attire, stripping without so much as a nervous glance towards the other women around them.

This usually tended to be the norm for hunters. A culture separate from the general populous that was hammered into them from an early age. Simple things like shame were liable to get most killed out in the field, after all. Who wanted to die because they were attack alone by Grimm because they’d been too embarrassed to bathe in front of their team? Better they get used to the idea of people seeing them naked early on than let it become a problem later.

There had been a similar exercise at the very start of the year when the culmination of potential first-
year students had been forced to sleep together in the main hall before initiation. Sleeping around each other, changing around each other, though most had done their best to keep from showing more than their underwear. These were still teenagers, after all. And just because this was a lesson that was taught, it didn’t mean everyone was able to learn it as well as others.

Ruby Rose was one such case. Which she demonstrated by keeping her face towards the floor as she rushed to one of the few more hidden alcoves before reaching to undo her cloak.

It wasn’t her fault she was so nervous changing in front of the other girls. Although, truth be told, she’d never enjoyed it much before her sudden scholastic elevation either. At least in Signal, she’d been around girl’s her age who shared the agony that was puberty. It was hard not to be embarrassed, still stuck in that awkward in-between stage between a girl and a woman. But that was no longer the case. And whereas before she was surrounded by gangly limbs and budding anatomy, these girls had obviously shed their awkward shells and filled out all the developments necessary to be called women.

Which is why Ruby found herself especially awkward standing among them. Just because the people around her changed didn’t mean she did. And she still felt very much the awkward fifteen-year-old that she was, intimidated by the maturity around her. It was the same issue she found herself facing nearly everywhere at Beacon. That she didn’t fit. And everyone around her knew it. Which is why it was so unexpected that this particular insecurity was relatively unfounded.

As far as figures go, Ruby wasn’t nearly as far behind her classmates as she might fear. Much like her sister, it seemed her body had developed fairly early in life resulting in a shape most would call womanly. Breast-wise especially she seemed to take after her sister, even if it was unlikely she would ever be quite that big. Even her hips had started to round out over the last year, drawing attention to the tight bottom she kept hidden beneath the rolls of her skirt.

In only a tank top and a thin pair of pajama bottoms, she might be surprised how many glances she’d gotten during their first day at beacon and how many young men had started the year on Yang’s shit list.

However, today her face wasn’t red because she needed to change clothes in front of a bunch of older girls. And her fingers didn’t fumble because she was worried what other people were thinking about her. Rather, these symptoms could all be attributed to one blond-haired individual, whom she had just thrown herself into his arms.

A low groan escaped her lips as the memory forced itself to the surface. She’d just been so excited, she hadn’t even thought about what she was doing until suddenly her body had been pressed against his. She hadn’t been expecting to be so aware of the soft firmness of his shoulders or the oddly delightful sensation of his toned stomach against her belly as she slid back to the ground. She’d been too embarrassed to say anything afterward, leaving her to stew in her own thoughts until now. Unfortunately, she’d always been the worst person to calm her own anxiety. And without her sister to talk her down, she found the odd stress in her stomach rising rather than settling.

Truth be told, she’d been thinking about her friend a lot lately. Sometimes at odd hours in the night or just random thoughts throughout her day. Just a young woman, she was struggling to understand the sudden interest in the boy, not even realizing that his gender was a factor at all. Only that her interest in one of her friends was suddenly stronger. And in a way that made her stomach cramp. Perfectly normal behavior that didn’t at all mean she’d contracted some horrible, flesh-eating disease. Or, at least that’s what she was trying to convince herself of. Unfortunately, it was getting harder and harder, each time she felt her heart start to pound and her skin tingle.

The same tingle she was feeling right then, in fact. And had been feeling ever since the
aforementioned hug. It was with a small shutter that she felt the sensation wash over the surface of her body, warm and stuffy and making her feel sweaty in her clothes even though she hadn’t even fought that day! She just wanted to sigh, and groan, and eat a cookie. Er, maybe more than one. With milk. And a nap. And then some video games. With Jaune? The thought seemed to sneak up on her, repeating the sigh and groan. The question she kept asking herself was, what had changed to affect her so much?

Unlike most people, she’d never disparaged Jaune for being weak or awkward. Actually, it was probably those reasons the two of them had grown to be friends in the first place. He was never intimidating like so many of the older kids. She never had to worry about being clumsy or messing up around him because she knew he was one of the few people at Beacon that understood that pain.

He was comfortable, he was nice, he was reliable, which was why she enjoyed spending time with him. She was never the best at making friends. Which is why she cherished the ones she had so dearly. It was only recently that these emotions had started to develop into something different.

It’s not like any of that had changed. Not really. It was just, lately, she found herself enjoying his company even more. Enjoying his smiles more. Looking at him more. Thinking about him more. And of course, she didn’t give any of this any special thought. It just meant they were even better friends than before, right? It was a good thing. Until it… wasn’t. Until she found herself wanting to spend time with him, and only him. And started to grow unhappy seeing him pay special attention to their other friends.

Besides Pyrrha, it seemed like she never had to worry about anyone in their group trying to monopolize her first friend. But that had changed lately too. Now it seemed like everyone wanted to spend time with Jaune. And for some reason, that made her feel icky.

It was weird. And dumb. And she hated it. Which is why she’d been so happy to focus on something so wonderful. She’d grown up hearing children’s stories about ugly ducklings and caterpillars that turn into butterflies; it was nice to see it actually could come true. It even kind of gave her hope for herself someday. He looked so much… cooler all of a sudden. More sure of himself. Lately she’d found herself just staring at him, or his arms or his hair with a fascination she usually reserved for weapons.

He also looked older. But not in a way that scared her off. If anything, it made her admire him. It made everything she’d been feeling before… more. And then she’d hugged him.

Oh god, stop thinking about that already!

More tingles. More heat. And yet another sigh. Maybe, maybe it wasn’t him that had changed? Maybe it was her? But that just made her even more confused. And all of this stress was exhausting. Lowering her head, she finished unlacing her corset, immediately taking the opportunity to take deep breaths in hope of cooling herself down. Not that it worked. With a slight frown, she pulled at her collar before looking towards the showers.

She might as well. The only thing worse than going insane was going insane and being stinky. It might even help her clear her thoughts. She just needed to think about something else! Anything else. Anything but Jaune. And Weiss. And her sister. And Pyrrha. And how all of them have been looking at him lately. And how that made her feel angry for no explicable reason. And-! Nope! No, not thinking about it. Taking a shower. Stupid, flesh-eating… ngahhh!

For some reason, her clothes just felt so stuffy all of a sudden. Her usual reluctance to undress in front of others became vastly diminished in her need to escape the clinging fabric. And pulling the zipper at her neck down her back, she immediately felt relief. The blush in her cheeks had visibly
spread down the slender column of her neck and into... areas. Not that she could see. Which was probably a good thing. Bad enough that she was struggling with the emotional aspects of puberty. The last thing she needed was to see her body suddenly alive with sexual energy.

While her mind and thoughts had managed to remain innocent in a corrupted world, her body could no longer stay that of a child. Creating the conflict that she now faced. Unfortunately, as much as she might want to resist, nature had a way of playing dirty. And young Ruby was already finding herself falling prey to one of the many temptations made available by adolescents. It was only a matter of time before fear and panic turned to curiosity. A shift that might be closer than anyone could have guessed.

Ignoring the sensations rushing through her frame, Ruby was finally freed of her combat dress, letting the dark fabric pool at her feet. Leaving her bare except for a pair of functional underwear. Her light complexion beamed in the fluorescent light made even brighter by her half-lidded expression.

It was a good thing everyone was too excited to pay her any attention. Ruby was correct in assuming these girls were all far more experienced than her. It would only take one look at her to realize what was going on. As it were, she managed to start towards the shower stalls without incident. Little did she know, it would take more than the warm spray of water to cool the heat building inside of her.

Of course, Ruby wasn’t the only one with a certain blond on the brain. Throughout the room conversation was alight, most notably centered around a small cluster of familiar young women. just because they’d had to leave him behind didn’t mean the two teams stopped talking about their friend’s spectacle. In fact, they seemed even more vocal. Giving voice to thoughts they hadn’t dared in his presence.

“So, was it just me or does Jaune seem... different?” Yang called out to her friends. Against one of the corners of the inner locker lanes the five women had managed to store their clothes fairly close to one another. Preparing their uniform, no one looked at each other as they got ready to change, making Yang’s forced nonchalance all the more obvious. It would be only after several long, awkward heartbeats that Weiss hesitant tone offered her opinion.

“I... have noticed that, yes. Something in his eyes, or posture maybe?”

“And that he's gotten a bit taller?”

“A bit.”

“Kind of, less Jaune-y”

“Not the most eloquent way to put it, but... yes.”

“Also, friggin’ badass!” Nora chimed, still grinning ear to ear as she glanced back at the pair of awkward girls. It took a moment for that to sink in, a sarcastic retort immediately coming to Yang’s lips. But as much as she loved to mock their mutual friend... it *had* been kind of badass.

“Yeah – I suppose,” the two girls agreed, more to themselves than the group. It was still a hard pill to swallow. To see the boy they all recognized as... challenged, suddenly as capable as the rest of them, if not more so. Their entire time at Beacon, the teams had watched him continue to struggle only to shoot ahead of all of them at the last second. No longer the one that needed to be protected. And no longer the joke, however well meaning.

“Bet you regret turning him down now, huh princess? Too bad he didn’t blossom before your little
date.” Yang’s grin turned teasing, yet underneath it all was the slightest hint of fishing as she glanced towards the pale-skinned teenager, watching for her reaction.

Weiss’ shoulders stiffened, hands pausing at her waist as she lowered her dress towards the floor. A heartbeat passed before she continued to undress as though nothing had happened. But Yang had seen the pause, and her expression dropped, narrowing ever so slightly.

Standing in just her black pair of panties and bra, Weiss stuffed her combat dress into her locker struggling to keep the heat from her cheeks. Damn Yang. And damn Jaune. Damn blondes in general. As much as she would have liked to deny Yang’s words, there did ring some truth.

It’s not like she was so shallow as to only consider dating Jaune after he revealed some kind of awesome power. But, neither did it change nothing. As if her feelings weren’t stressful enough, at least she’d had the freedom to walk the line between her interest in the blond and walking away. After all, attraction be damned there was much to consider before she threw herself into anything so reckless as a relationship. And while her body may have betrayed her, her mind had still been able to see a multitude of reasons they couldn’t be together.

A difference in wealth, in ability, in ambitions. Now, however… those gaps seemed suddenly less.

Jaune… he was going to be famous. The hunter of their generation. With sponsors and a future and everything she’d been using as an excuse to talk her libido down. The fragile wall that was her resolve was suddenly shattered, leaving her scrambling to find out what she was going to do. And how to fix what she might have ruined. First with her poor attitude. Then with her cowardice. And finally, with her inability to so much as apologize afterward. So, to answer Yang’s question, yes. She did regret that she couldn’t have known about Jaune’s power earlier. Not that she was about to give the bitch the satisfaction.

“You’re one to talk,” the heiress hummed, reaching behind her back to undo the strap keeping her petit breasts pressed against her chest. The elastic material snapped around her upper body as soon as she managed to disconnect the straps. Now topless, her eyes turned derisive as she met Yang’s stare over her shoulder.

“You must have been twice as loud as the rest of us in the crowd. And don’t think we all didn’t see your face when you asked him for a fight. Pretty bashful for someone you still call vomit boy.” Her words sharpened towards the end, becoming accusatory. Yang’s grin didn’t falter, however, instead hardening to meet her teammate’s challenge. The connection lasted for several heartbeats before Pyrrha, of all people, spoke up. What had been a moping and downtrodden tone turning shockingly bold for a girl usually so polite.

“I imagine quite a few people are going to start paying attention to him now that they feel like he’s worth something. Thank goodness all of us were able to see him for the kind, strong young man that he’s always been, hmm?” Yang and Weiss shivered at her tone, both turning their attention back to their lockers rather than look the woman in the eye. As if having their behavior towards Jaune thrown right back in their faces wasn’t bad enough, it was more than a little intimidating when Pyrrha Nikos, the invincible girl, was pissed at you. Both strong in their own ways, neither young women were inclined to get on her bad side.
“Alright, everyone. Let’s calm down. Don’t tell me you guys are actually fighting over Jaune?”
Blakes dry tone cut through the tension, perhaps the only girl in the locker room unaffected by the
day’s events. Buttoning up her blouse, her skirt and uniform were already almost dressed as she
listened to her friends not so subtly jab at one another. It was amusing, to say the least. To think that
one fight was all it would take to tip the scales. But the cat faunus was far from complaining,
watching each of her friends with keen interest.

“Please!”

“hardly!”

“Maybe…”

The two girls immediately denied, with Pyrrha muttering quietly to herself. The fact of the matter
remained, it was impossibly frustrating listening to everyone suddenly so interested in her team leader
after she’d supported him from the very beginning. She had always seen strength in him just waiting
to emerge, always trusted him and supported him. Only to have these… harpies swoop in and steal
what was rightfully hers? Oh no. Just because she liked to be nice and tried to think about other
people’s feelings didn’t mean she was above slapping a bitch. If Jaune really wanted someone else,
that was fine. She could live with that. But that didn’t mean she was about to go down without a
fight.

There was still the issue of her… assault. But, perhaps he wasn’t so upset with her? He didn’t seem
too angry when she saw him after the fight. He’d even smiled at her! Kind of. It was a small thing,
but just big enough to make her believe there was still hope of making up before it was too late.

The worst-case scenario was that he was afraid of her and only wanted to stay friends. Best-case,
maybe he could have even liked it? Just a little? He had seemed to cum quite a bit at the time. Oum
knows she’d been just as fast, which only made her that much guiltier. Even if it had only lasted a
minute, she would never forget the relief and pleasure she’d experience feeling him fill her.

If she were honest with herself, she would acknowledge that she missed that sensation, craved it
even when she knew she should only feel horror. She didn’t want that to be the only time they could
be together. But that wasn’t going to happen if she kept running in and out of the room every time he
showed up.

She’d wanted to give him space but considering his sudden popularity… she might need to act
sooner than she thought. Her brow creased as she considered this, battle plans already connecting in
her mind. Little did she know, the two women she considered friend’s minds were in a very similar
path.

Yang glared at nothing as she stripped frustratedly, quick jerking movements tearing her gear from
her body and making her softer aspect jiggle with all kinds of delight. Temper flaring to life, she
huffed in silence, wondering for what felt like the hundredth time why she was suddenly fixated on
the blond boy. Both Blake and Pyrrha were being ridiculous, of course, and just making things
worse. It wasn’t like she was really interested in Jaune. Just curious. But curious enough to step on
Pyrrha’s toes? Ha-ha… ah, hmm… why couldn’t she say no?

A tired sigh fell from her lips as she unbuckled her half skirt, pulling it down along with her spandex
shorts. Bronzed buns slipped into view over a yellow thong, just as toned and honed as the rest of
her muscular figure. Nothing ruined spandex like panty lines. Idly, part of Yang found herself
wondering what kind of underwear Jaune preferred. A ghost of a thought that had Yang admiring
her figure in her locker’s mirror. She tried to imagine him being affected by her as much she was by
him and a slow smile quickly crept onto her lips.
Again, just simple curiosity. But maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to just have a taste before she threw him back to Pyrrha? She didn’t seem like the type who couldn’t share. Suddenly her smile evolved into a full grin. Whatever it was that he did to her, she needed to find out. Blake had been right, she wasn’t the type to just sit back and do nothing when the answer was right in front of her. Well, she’d teased and tested enough.

Something about that fight, seeing Jaune standing over a crippled Carden and the fire in his eyes as he tasted victory, it had awoken something in her she’d never found in another person. Something she’d failed to notice, along with the rest of their school with the exception of Pyrrha. Who knows, maybe her body had been trying to tell her something this entire time. Maybe part of her had been attracted to him all along and she’d just never noticed until now. She didn’t know. What she did know was that the only way to find out if this was real was if she found out for herself.

Before reaching for her bra to start dressing, she allowed her fingers to trail down her breast, already imagining the pleasure yet to come. And that… that might be worth fighting Pyrrha.

Even Weiss found herself undeterred by the two other women. If anything, their sudden challenge only spiked her interest. Above all else, her father had made sure to instill in his children a competitive edge. And what else were relationships if not a competition? Did she really want Jaune? Somewhat. Did she really want to fight Pyrrha for him? Not especially. Was she about to let someone else have him? Not on their life. Better she claimed him quickly and decides later if that’s what she really wants.

Weiss frowned suddenly, pausing mid-sock as she considered if that was a little too cold. In the end, she just shrugged her shoulders. There would be time to work through her family’s issues later. For now, she had a boy to hunt. No more stuttering and chickening out. She already knew he wanted her, all she needed was to let him know she was available.

Unbeknownst to the rest of the room, an invisible line was drawn between the three women, each silently declaring a war for the blond boy oblivious to the consequences his actions sowed. His games and manipulation could only go so long before it came back to bite him in the ass. A situation that was quickly mounting. And all the while, he remained naïve to what was about to unfold, blissfully blind in his perverted quest to satisfy the hunger his powers created. If only they knew what the subject of their affection was up to right then. A stupid grin on his face as he forced time to slow to a crawl.

XxX

Jaune sighed, breathing a deep breath as he stepped through the door leading towards the women’s locker room. Leaving Ren behind, he didn’t hesitate to continue deeper, the promise of naked women too much for his teenage mind. Following the curved privacy hallway towards the larger open area, as he turned that corner his curiosity was finally sated as he stepped into what could only be called the promised land.

Jaune’s head turned left, and then slowly swiveled towards the right. Aesthetically, the room was identical to the men’s room just on the other side of a wall. The same green floor tiles and cement wall and ceilings. But is where any similarities ended. Because compared to the bland, manly view he was used to, there could be no equal.

Women, beautiful women, all tall and fit and in various stages of undress were spread out for his viewing pleasure. Frozen by his power, they were rendered immobile, little more than warm, living statues, stuck in the moment of his choosing. Some could be seen clustered around each other in groups, wide grins making their already lovely features more so, while others remained by themselves, quickly dressing and completely uninterested in the festivities of gushing over his little
show. And more still could be seen with towels in hand, wandering back towards the wall of showers Jaune was sure remained in the back.

For a long moment, he found himself unable to move, simply taking in the wonderful picture that was a huntress academy’s locker room.

Slow, he needed to take this slow. He could already tell it would be too easy to become overwhelmed in the near amusement park levels of enjoyment he was allowed in this room. He just needed to remember why he was there. To find a girlfriend. To find a girl he found best fit him. And to do that, he would need to get a much closer look.

Taking the first step into the room, Jaune allowed a warm breath to bellow from his nostrils while his smile threatened to consume his other features. With no better place to start, Jaune simply looked around for the first girl to catch his eyes, finally settling on a fairly voluptuous young women standing in little more than her underwear.

Long raven locks of hair fell down her back like a midnight waterfall. Her complexion was dark, a rich honey caramel that belied a Vacuan ancestry. Surrounded by a group of friends, her dusky green eyes seemed to twinkle even without time. Making her smirking expression stand out as especially inviting.

Shifting closer, Jaune allowed his attention to slip to other locations, starting with the ample curve of her breasts in a low-cut brassiere that just barely managed to contain the swells of her womanly flesh. It was like they were begging to tumble free, to let the fabric slip just an inch lower and expose even more of her womanly assets. So that’s what Jaune did, a tingle in each of his fingertips and he urged the material just a little lower, allowing a pair of tanned, deep brown nipples to wink into existence.

There was a moment of hesitation, a slight flinch as Jaune considered if he really planned to interact with the gorgeous view of the huntresses around him. But even that faltered all too quickly, the memory of Pyrrha’s supple body all the temptation he needed to decide he needed to compare.

Jaune’s breath was coming heavier with each second, his fingers lingering on the mysterious woman’s soft skin before trailing lower towards her toned stomach. His eyes were dry from not blinking, but he couldn’t find it in him to deny himself the pleasure of this moment for even one second.

He’d noticed this girl before in class. Compared to the much fairer complexions of Vale, it was natural that she would stand out. Normally quiet and reserved, he recalled an assortment of dust infused daggers as her weapons of choice, one of each element lining her thigh high leggings. This, of course, required an unusually short skirt to allow easy access. A perk more than one of the boys in class had learned to enjoy. But none of them got to see what Jaune was seeing now. None of them got to actually appreciate what was under that skirt. And trailing a finger down her ribs and towards the full curve of the girl’s backside, Jaune’s breath came out in a heated shutter as he gave the smooth cheek a gentle squeeze.

His gentle caresses continued as he made his way even lower, appreciating the legs behind the girl’s weapons. He stopped at her knees before circling back, tracing the smooth skin between her thighs all the way up towards their apex. It was as his finger brushed against the warm cotton of her patties, the lone strip of fabric meant to guard her sex, that Jaune took the time to really consider the girl and if she would be a good match.

From what he knew about her, she was nice. But a bit of a loner. She had a few friends, namely, the ones currently stood around them as Jaune played with her body. But he usually saw her alone more often than not. Her cool personality could be interesting and, well, sexy. But when it came down to
it, Jaune admitted to himself that he was probably looking for someone a bit easier to spend time with. Tracing the line of her sex a few times, Jaune finally pulled back with a sigh, admitting to himself that the exotic young woman just wasn’t a good match. Thankfully, there was plenty to choose from.

Jaune allowed his fingers to keep kneading the dark-skinned girl’s backside while he turned his attention elsewhere. Unfortunately, the girl’s friends were a little bit on the plain side. Attractive in their own right, but unable to stand out in a little room of naked women.

The blush on his cheeks was evident as was the arousal sticking out the front of his pants. Still, he forced himself to focus even as he appreciated the sensation of his fingers pressing into firm muscle, eventually finding another candidate a bit further down the row of lockers.

Stepping away from the cluster of girls, as Jaune crept closer recognition flashed in his blue gaze. Rain was her name, which he only remembered because of her impossible to miss bob of deep blue hair. No doubt a tribute to her namesake. What Jaune hadn’t noticed before, was that she was apparently covered in freckles. A delightful surprise that he took a special pleasure in memorizing.

By herself in the corner of lockers, she was wearing even fewer clothes than the rest of the girls, a conservative bra wrapped around her breasts while the blue panties she had been wearing were crumpled at her feet. A new white pair were clutched in her left hand, leaving her lower half completely bare for Jaune to enjoy. Which he did. Eagerly lowering his gaze towards the trimmed bush of darker blue hairs curling from her pale complexion. It was nice to say he could confirm that the carpet did indeed match the drapes. And in more ways than one.

Allowing his hand to reach out and settle on the firm plane of her stomach, Jaune traced the many orange flecks that mirrored those found on the bridge of her nose and shoulders. Though, he was much more interested in the spots hugging her cleavage and thighs.

Jaune couldn’t help his hands from wandering, spreading the white mist of his Aura across Rain’s body. Starting at her hip, his touch worked up her body to cup her medium breasts through her bra before sliding lower to tickle the hairs between her legs. Warm folds pressed between his fingers, unobstructed by underwear like before and allowing him to enjoy her most intimate area without reservation. He slowly massaged the soft bulb of flesh until a slick humidity began to seep into his palm.

Rain was a bit smaller than was considered normal, seeming more cute than sexy. A round face with slanted eyes and petite frame, she managed to match close to Ruby’s height while maintaining Weiss’ slender proportions. Combined with an ironically sunny disposition and near-perpetual smile and Jaune could see she was much closer to the type of girl he was looking for.

Except… he did recall she had a tendency to be on the… immature side. Not ditzy so much as carefree in a way that made it hard for her to take things seriously. And while he appreciated a girl that could kick back, at the same time it made it hard to have a sincere relationship with someone who couldn’t be serious. Not really a deal breaker, so much as someone he should keep in mind in case he can’t find a better option. Tracing a thumb over her nipple through her bra, he watched the pointed tip harden before turning back to look at the room.

And so Jaune found himself falling into something of a pattern. Wandering around the locker room like it was a library, he’d wait for a figure or hair color to catch his eye before getting a closer look. Where he would then take the opportunity to grope and peek at whatever he pleased while he considered their compatibility. Usually while taking the time to look down a bra or pull a pair of panties to the side. That is, when they were wearing them. Some girls he found nearly completely dressed, which was a disappointment. While others he found bend over, or sat on a bench, buck
naked with everything on display.

And that was before he even made it to the showers!

After half an hour, he hadn’t it made it through half the room. It was around this point, abandoning a dangerously seductive Mistralian archer, that he entered the center of the next ring of lockers. Only to stumble upon much more familiar faces…

Jaune blinked seeing nearly all of his female friends all in one place. A few other women were nearby, but none so interesting that it distracted from girl’s like he knew. Actually, stepping closer to get a better look, Jaune could safely say that after his jaunt his friends really were exceptionally beautiful, even compared to other huntresses. Considering for only a moment, he supposed a little walk down memory lane wasn’t such a bad idea. Oum knows he had the time. Besides, even if he’d seen them before, the familiarity did nothing to distract from the mouth-watering view of them all together.

Even closer he looked between his friends enjoying each of their unique qualities. Yang’s bronze complexion. Weiss’ near bird-like figure and slender arms and legs. Pyrrha’s flawless skin. Even Blake and Nora caught his attention for a few seconds. Blake, because of how startling her yellow eyes drew him in and Nora’s short but voluptuous figure. It was almost impossible to focus on just one.

In the end, it was the distance between him and his partner that made the decision for him.

Jaune approached his partner, smile dimming ever so slightly. Even if she couldn’t see him, it was nice to be next to her again. It was the first time he’d been allowed since their little roll in the woods. And he found himself once again struck by just how beautiful she was.

Reaching out, his hand settled on her cheek, a calm, almost hard expression on her face as she frowned down at her neatly piled uniform. His thumb traced the light red of her lips, remembering how it had felt when she’d pressed them against his own, how her face had opened with pleasure when she’d pressed him inside of her. His eyes darkened with arousal at the memory, slowly turning from her stern expression towards her body.

A note of pleasure hummed from Jaune’s nostrils as he took notice of the amount of bare skin available to him. In just her bra and panties, the matching red material played wonderfully against her natural red hair.

Turning his hand against her collar, the slender slope of her neck fit neatly in his palm as he slipped down to cup a breast. His fingers squeezed ever so gently, remembering how much he’d enjoyed exposing her out in the middle of nowhere and touching her to his heart’s content. Her body had been the one to finally tempt him into losing what little control of himself he’d struggled to maintain. Which made sense. She’d been the one to draw him into this lifestyle from the start, after all. Back when he’d been too nervous to do so much as peek through a door.

Jaune looked back on the boy he’d been, so nervous and afraid of everything that he encountered. He couldn’t say if what he turned into was any better. But he was at least happier. And that would have to be enough.

More memories played through Jaune’s mind as he grew more comfortable with his partner. Slowly his body drew closer, one step following the next until his front settled against Pyrrha’s back. She was tall enough that he needed to settle his chin on her shoulder, which only allowed him to breathe in the scant wisps of Pyrrha’s natural scent. All the while he continued to memorize her body, breast, hips, and waist.
Flowing lower, his fingers stopped at the band of her panties only to frown. And with little regard for what he was doing, Jaune didn’t hesitate to force his finger inside the undergarment, feeling the ticklish sensation of his partner’s wiry hairs as he searched for the soft nest of folds between her legs. However, finding it, Jaune was surprised when he found her sex already aroused.

The blond boy felt his eyebrows knit together as he pressed further towards the snug dimple deeper between Pyrrha’s pale thighs. This wasn’t just slightly aroused, or anything that could be attributed to sweat. With a single finger rubbing against her cleft, he could see she was almost dripping with pleasure – pleasure he hadn’t given. At least, not yet.

Pulling back, he stared at the clear fluid on his fingers wondering if his fight had been even more impressive than he’d thought. Thankfully, before he could get too cocky, his eyes glanced down to see a familiar white aura surrounding his partner’s body. The soft light growing especially dense on each of her breasts and between her legs.

Jaune stepped back from his embrace, regretfully. As much as he was enjoying reuniting with his partner, this was the third time he’d discovered his aura lingering on the girls he’d experimented on. They hadn’t been there before though, had they? Curious, Jaune’s fingers reach towards the ethereal light, only to blink at the sight of his own aura reaching out towards the condensed areas where his friend seemed to have absorbed his aura. And what he saw next could only be described as… strange.

Hand outstretched, the glow around Pyrrha’s boobs seemed to brighten, as if the aura that had remained stuck to her body could recognize its source. As if that wasn’t odd enough, Jaune then watched the smooth and creamy complexion of his partners décolletage start to turn red, or blush. Whatever doubts of what was happening was quickly pushed aside as soon as Jaune watched Pyrrha’s nipples start to stand out against the inside of her bra. Creating a pair of bumps that marred the otherwise smooth material hugging her soft mounds. Slowly Jaune pulled his hand back, realization just beginning to set it.

He hadn’t even been touching her, but her body had just… transformed. Becoming what he’d been learning to identify as aroused. Admiring the flushed, red tinge and taut nipples, there really was no other explanation. Unfortunately, that didn’t explain why it had happened. Or how.

Jaune looked from his hand to Pyrrha’s body and then back to his hand. Although, his hand wasn’t all that important to this little discovery, was it? Instead, he looked at his aura, still wafting from his body and still stuck to all the parts of his partner that he’d taken the time to explore. He needed it to use his powers as he had been, it was the only way he could affect his friends while the rest of their bodies were still frozen.

But what if… what if his aura did more than that now? Not because of his semblance, but because their bodies had learned how to respond to his own unique aura? Essentially training their bodies to react to his aura with pleasure while their minds were completely unable to resist the influence. It was as good an explanation as Jaune could come up with. Although, it did warrant further exploration. Thankfully, there were two more women just beside him who were more than available to help test his theory.

Jaune turned his back on his partner, eyes flickering between Weiss and Yang. He paused for a moment, before finally settling on his snow angel, for no reason other than he remembered spreading more of his aura across her body than the well-endowed blond. Stepping towards the heiress, his eyes raked across her nearly nude form, searching for any of the light he’d seen on Pyrrha.

He was terribly disappointed, at first. Giving an initial once-over, he couldn’t see any traces of aura still lingering to her chest or between her legs. Throughout their date, he’d spent a good amount of
time working both areas toward pleasure, all in the hopes of swaying her rejections into a semblance of his own feelings for her. Of course, that eagerness had ended up biting him in the ass at the end. Either overloading her until she couldn’t think straight or just outright hurting her with his fumbling attempts at third base. His memories of the evening were fond though, with the exception of how things had ended. But admiring her smooth, pale skin and shining white hair, he couldn’t help but remember why he’d been drawn to her in the first place.

His crush, his ice queen, and one of his biggest regrets if he were honest with himself. Knowing she wanted nothing to do with him anymore, Jaune still kicked himself knowing he’d screwed up any chance of being with her. Reaching out, the reason for his exploration lay forgotten in the back of his mind for a moment as he enjoyed the smooth skin of her hand. There were times when all he’d ever wanted was the chance to hold such a small, delicate thing. And now he was enjoying a nearly unobstructed view of her impossibly small shape.

She might as well have been naked, bra forgotten with only a familiar powder blue pair of panties to guard her virtue. Sat on a bench, she looked to be in the middle of pulling up her socks, one foot still bare while the other remained naked from the shin upwards. They looked like the same pair he’d peeked at on their date before he’d worked up the nerve to reach between her thighs and feel her most private of places.

Her breast were still as pert and perky as he fondly remembered, their cherry pink tips jutting out despite her hunched form. His hand reached without thinking, intent on rolling a stubborn nub across the pads of his fingers. His gestured paused, however, as the aura around his hands neared the small mound. His eyes widened watching her breast suddenly come to life. The glow he’d been looking for suddenly appeared, as though waiting for his presents to activate.

That… made sense, actually. Now that he thought about it. Perhaps it was less that his aura remained after he left, and more that the parts he touched were better conditioned to absorb his aura as soon as they made contact. After all, if they were constantly walking around with his aura on their bodies, and if they were affected by the white light like Jaune suspected, then they would obviously feel pleasure the entire time. Rather, they were just sensitive to his presence while their bodies reacted as soon as they were close enough to be affected by his natural aura.

But, wait, did that mean they were affected even outside of his semblance? Could he create the same effect without stopping time? The idea was immediately interesting, and a tool that would obviously be of significant help in his efforts of seducing a young lady. The only question was, how?

Jaune found the answer swirling around his fingertips. If their bodies reacted to his aura then he just needed to learn how to focus that, right? It was worth a try. And stepping back from his friends, Jaune found himself faced with something even more interesting than a locker room full of huntresses.

He knew what he needed to do to make this idea work. He just didn’t know if it was possible. Essentially, he was talking about projecting his aura away from his body in a way that was condensed enough so as to keep from dispersing. If that was possible… well, he would find out. Hunters did something similar, after all, controlling their aura. They needed to in order to protect themselves from strong attacks or great falls. That had basically been his first test after arriving at Beacon. But even projecting shields was relatively close to the body.

Thankfully, on top of being just generally overpowered and helpful, Jaune's semblance also helped in that it made his protective barrier visible, whereas otherwise, he would struggle to gain a sense of the power. But in this world, and learning how to control his semblance, he’d first needed to learn how to affect this power surrounding him. Now it was just a simple matter of pushing that pressure
forward.

Jaune closed his eyes, spreading his awareness to the smoke like layer protecting him from time itself. It was a strange sensation, almost like becoming aware of a second layer of skin. But the feeling was there. His aura was a part of him, an extension of his soul, and so he was free to manipulate it so long as he had the strength and will. He already had some practice in this regard, remembering that he needed to concentrate his aura towards his stomach to activate his Semblance. Now he just needed to do the reverse.

Hands outstretched, he took a deep, calming breath. Unable to see, he could still feel the light around his arms start to shift, their erratic floating movement starting to become more uniform in how it flowed. He stayed like this for what must have been several minutes, if such a thing could even be measured inside his world. And the entire time he focused on the sensation of throwing his shield away from his body, an action that was acutely disturbing in how vulnerable the action left him.

Which was stupid. He had more than enough to spare for this little experiment, and it wasn’t like he was actually open to an attack. But the act of pushing the lifeline that was his aura away felt… wrong somehow. In the end, it didn’t matter how he felt. After some trial and error, he learned the speed he needed to shoot his aura to make the glow actually leave his body. And even then, it was more like throwing air. In real combat, it was next to useless. But for what he had in mind, it might be enough.

Jaune opened his eyes to see the space around him filled with his aura. The light immaterial floated around him like a cloud. Not so far as to reach any of his friends, but still more than he was used to seeing so far from his body. He raised his hand, running it through the light to watch it swirl and bend to his will. He had a feeling, if he wanted, he could push it even further away, at a much greater cost to his reserves. But that would be something to explore later. For now, he had something much more controlled in mind and turned back to his pale-skinned princess to see just how useful his new skills could be.

She’d remained as she’d been, sitting on the bench about to pull a sock up her leg. The light on her breasts had dimmed somewhat. But the arousal his spirit instilled remained. Taking a deep breath, he focused on her hunched figure, trying his best not to be distracted by the beauty he’d admired for so long. Instead, he focused on pushing the light surrounding his arms towards the girl.

The effect didn’t occur right away. Holding his breath and pushing, it seemed as though nothing were going to happen at all. And then the smoky texture started to condense, hardening around his arms like he was used to seeing in his spars. The light material grew heavier, tangible, something that had a pressure he could press against and shoot forward.

Though, shoot might be an overstatement. In reality, the thick column of light began to creep forward, a ghostly imprint of his hands and arms reaching forwards towards the prone girl. It took a few seconds but eventually, his aura did reach his crush, only to break apart the moment its finger touched her shoulder.

The effect couldn’t be ignored. Much like he’d guessed, the light seemed to separate and condense in the areas he’d spent the most time saturating with his hands. To that effect, the light on her breasts and the one between her legs began to glow a bright white. Concentrated, Jaune could see it affecting her even more than the lazy wisps ever could.

Immediately her pale skin started to darken, red blood flooding the areas with arousal and warmth as her body responded to the light aura the only way it knew how. Jaune took the moment to look at his hands and smile.
Success.

With this he could do all kinds of things. Affect women just by being close to them. That would surely have some kind of reaction. No more bursts of arousal that sent them running or going through the motions of undressing and dressing them, however enjoyable he found the process. Heck, he might even be able to use this power from across the room if he got better at it. He could control their reactions, learn how much or little to use depending on the situation.

Testing this theory, Jaune repeated his new aura manipulation, sending another, weaker wave towards Weiss’ unsuspecting form. And sure enough, he watched the light of her body grow, although only at a fraction of his last attempt. The more aura he used, the more pleasure he could instill. A weapon that could only aid in his efforts.

While Jaune celebrated his new-found luck, his aura continued to linger around Weiss’ figure, encouraging all of the sensations she’d been struggling against. Unable to resist, her mind was forced to submit to the basic signals being sent throughout her body. Forcing her body to turn warm and sensitive even faster than if Jaune’s own hands were working her over. The fact that her entire body was being affected only helped in that regard, allowing blood and oxygen to flow throughout her small frame and to swell in certain areas.

Already her entire body beamed with a deep blush, practically glowing under her translucent skin. Jaune had gotten to a sample of this reaction in the past. But in only a pair of panties, her entire surface was exposed for him to see and explore with his eyes.

Admiring her from afar, Jaune felt his own cheeks warm as he enjoyed the unique beauty that was his pale skinned crush. It was painful knowing he’d never get the chance to really be with her. To hold her hand and just hold her the way he wanted to. Feeling that sense of loss, his eyes trailed lower towards the pair of panties still hugging her hips. More interesting, however, was the dark line of arousal suddenly visible between her splayed thighs.

It was immature and childish and even more wrong than what he was used to, mostly because he couldn’t come up with a validation. But Jaune found himself suddenly remiss that he would never get to see all of his ice princess. Sure, he’d touched, but seeing her all hot and bothered only seemed to make him want to see more of her beautiful body. She was already so wet, unable to help herself. He’d been in awe exploring Pyrrha’s sex, would it be so bad if he just peeked really quick at his past crush?

Okay, well, would it be any worse than anything else he’d done? Just that day? Didn’t think so.

Having convinced himself, Jaune moved forward, memorizing her posture before moving to position her better. Already sitting with her legs open, all he needed was to straighten her back and rest her socked foot onto the ground. Her furled expressions stared forward while her breasts naturally thrust forward. At the same time, Jaune didn’t hesitate to reach for the blue fabric around her waist, feeling the elastic stretch as he began to urge it downwards.

Lifting her for a moment, the underwear dropped easily, eventually slipping down her ankles. Here they would stay, wrapped around a single foot until Jaune was finished with his fun. He gave the garment no more thought as his attention focused on his friend’s apex. Placing a hand on each knee, he urged her thighs back open, exposing the humid, delightfully pink crease that lay between.

Jaune sucked in a deep breath, immediately punched by a musky, sweet scent of her arousal. Like a heavy vanilla. His little display, while not enough to animate the girl’s themselves, was apparently enough to free the air giving scent to the once perpetual void.
Finding the scent of his crush quite delightful, his eyes flickered to the tuft of white hair just above the bright red slit. Jaune wasn’t at all surprised to see that Weiss’ hair color was indeed natural. Nor was he surprised to see that she took careful measures to keep herself neatly trimmed. Less than Pyrrha’s, Weiss nest of hair stood out against the blushing skin, as unique and fascinating as the silky, snow like locks on top of her head.

A little lower, the proof of her femininity stood out like a bright red bulb. Neat pink lips sat between a normally pale outer pair, but at the moment her own arousal had transformed the silken folds, forcing them to swell and puff up while light glistened off the arousal leaking from her core. All the way from her knees to just below her navel. Jaune could see the red color, becoming darker towards her center.

Jaune couldn’t help but glance up to smile at her blank expression, amazed by the fact that he was seeing all of this incredible young woman. If anything, it only added to her beauty. But, of course, he hadn’t come this far just to look. And still grinning, Jaune admired the blush in his crush’s cheeks as he reached out, palming the whole of her sex without so much as blinking.

Warmth bordering on heat greeted his touch as his hand settled between Weiss’ legs. Jaune blinked, finding even her hair down there to be incredibly soft against his palm while his fingers pressed between the girl’s lips, seeking and feeling the smooth, slippery folds. If he wasn’t hard before, all he had to do was imagine the sensation of this girl around him, the same way he’d had Pyrrha. And suddenly his regret tripled.

He continued to touch his crush, determined to memorize the sensation of her body for later. While one hand ran along the glistening crack of her sex, the other remained just as busy, running up and down the length of her body, stopping only to enjoy key points, such as her breast or face. At one point he found himself admiring Weiss’ lips, drawing his thumb across the pink shape while his other hand did the same between her legs. Unfortunately, as much as he wanted to spend the next hour playing with the heiress’ body, he did remind himself that he’d come into the locker room for a purpose. At least, that’s what he told himself. It was bad enough he’d gone this far, no doubt making Weiss very uncomfortable as soon as she woke up.

If he went any further than he might run the risk of pushing Weiss past the point of being able to hide her reaction. Hopefully, he hadn’t gotten her too excited. Even saying that it was hard to ignore the amount of juices covering his fingers, as well as the amount of heat pouring from her lower lips. Her body was on fire and he’d been the one to stoke those flames. With any luck, she would need to run off somewhere and finish what he’d started. Which by itself only furthered the strain pushing against the inside of his pants.

That said, there was just one more thing he needed to check about this new power of his before moving on.

Looking to his left, the picture of Yang’s pert backside drew his attention like nothing else. Somehow, it was fitting that she’d help him perfect his abilities. Since she’d been the very first victim. But before things could get started, he needed to widen his target a bit.

Glancing down at his hand still saturated in Weiss’ arousal, the light of his aura flickered before condensing. He smiled to himself before approaching the soon to be naked blond.

Jaun sighed, feeling more than a little gluttonous as he took in Yang’s striking figure. Just as naked as he’d found Weiss, she didn’t even have the cover of a sock as she stood in her lone pair of panties, long tanned legs and generous curves on full display as she seemed to be admiring herself in the mirror.
Not that Jaune could blame her. It was one hell of a body to appreciate. Looking back, he recalled how tempted he’d been just to strip her in the middle of the courtyard right then and there. It was only now he realized how much he’d missed out by denying himself.

Her tanned complexion continued unbroken beneath the layers of clothes painting her muscular, feminine figure a deep bronze. She was unique like that, toned to the edge of appearing masculine without actually crossing that line. Oh no, her femininity was impossible to ignore, her wide hips and pronounced bust made sure of that. As if to make up for the strength coiled beneath her smooth, soft skin.

She was a Valean girl through and through, her blond hair just one familiar feature. Born in a family full of varying shades of gold, he’d grown up thinking he’d be sick of the color. But Yang’s special mane was impossible not to admire. Among other things.

Jaune smiled to himself before he moved to cup one of her breasts. They were so big even in his long-fingered grip, it was like they demanded the attention of everyone in the room. Knowing this entire time what the glorious orbs looked like beneath her top, it was even harder not to stare. The familiar softness brought back fond memories and Jaune found himself surprised by how much he missed the shapes in his hands.

Not that Pyrrha’s teardrop silhouette wasn’t wonderful, nor did he disparage Weiss for her less than impressive pointed shapes, but there was just something about a nice breast spilling over your palm that got your heart racing. Yang was one of the few young women he knew equipped to be capable of such service. And the fact that the rest of her was just as mouthwateringly pronounced only made her seem that much more impossible.

Something told Jaune that very few men would get the chance to see Yang Xiao Long in all her glory. Which only made his free access all the more gratifying. An emotion that only increased seeing a white light suddenly start to build from the glorious mounds.

Jaune pulled back seeing his aura take room, satisfied to see that the effect could last even this long. How many days had it been since he’d gotten his power? Weeks at least. But Yang still seemed as susceptible as the other two. Confirming one of his suspicions felt good. But there was still one more he found himself wondering. And for the answer he found his eyes dropping lower.

He knew his powers worked in the void of his world. But that wasn’t especially helpful. Not if he needed to stop time anyway. At that point, he might as well enjoy the pleasure of doing it himself.

What he was interested in finding out was if he could manipulate his aura the same way but without his semblance. Flexing the ethereal protection, he sent another wave towards Yang, more specifically towards the small triangle of cloth protecting her modesty. And just like he thought, breaking across the surface of her hips, the white light trickled down her thighs with no effect. For their bodies to become sensitive to his aura they first needed to have prior contact, it would seem.

Well, so long as it was in the name of science…

Jaune didn’t need to shift the tall blonde to reach for her thong. Still gazing at her impressive figure in the mirror, it was like she came already posed for his manipulation, hips cocked, chest pressed forward, and thighs parted just enough to look between the strong pillars of tanned muscle. Little more than string, the garment stretched easily around the young woman’s fanning hips before slipping down her thighs and knees.

As if her choice in underwear wasn’t enough of a clue, Jaune could now confirm her tanned complexion continued throughout her body. The toned, flat surface of her belly continued into what
could only be described as a generous amount of hair curling from her hips. Not to say that Yang allowed herself to grow completely ungroomed. There was an obvious shaping to the bush of golden blond hair keeping the mess from appearing too wild. But the hair that was allowed to grow did so and was apparently tended to as carefully as those found on her head. Despite himself, Jaune couldn’t help but smile, imagining fireproof panties…

Jokes aside, the weight of seeing Yang’s naked crotch was as heavy as had been Pyrrha and Weiss and even the few girls he’d peeked at on the way towards his group of friends. Part of Jaune wondered if he would ever get bored of seeing naked huntresses. A notion he happily dismissed. The day admiring beautiful women got old was the day he’d happily hang up his sword and retire. But that day was not today. And today, he was lucky enough for the opportunity to finger one of the most beautiful women in the school… without the risk of getting his skull caved in.

Again, for science.

The light of his aura condensed as he focused on saturating as much of the smoky material into Yang’s body as he could. Reaching out, he pressed his digit into the naturally soft folds, feeling the soft hairs tickle his palm as he began to rub back and forth, urging her body to come alive. Free from the shackles of time, this part of her body was helpless to respond to the sensations of Jaune’s slowly increasing skill. And repeating the motions he’d used on Pyrrha, it seemed to take no time at all before a light blush consumed her lower lips, forcing them to swell and open to his touch. He stopped only when his fingers were covered in the slick arousal of Yang’s pleasure, and even then, only to admire his work.

Breasts and privates fully aroused, Yang’s body only looked even more sexual. His fingers reached out to spread her lips apart allowing him to look at the pink inside, so soft and inviting. Aware that she was more than ready, Jaune moved to place a single finger towards the back of her slit, poking and prodding until he found her opening. With a little pressure, he watched his finger disappear into Yang’s body, warm, wet muscle easily gliding around the searching digit.

The familiar tightness enclosing around his finger once again brought him back to the evening with his partner. As brief as the interaction had been, the sensation of Pyrrha’s smooth walls enclosing around his erection all the way down to his base was forever burned into his brain. He had no doubt that Yang would be just as pleasurable. Not that he’d ever get the chance. Which only made him enjoy his moment, even more, allowing his free hand to reach up and cup the toned muscle of her ass as he slowly burned the sensation of his fingers into her body.

Kneading the round shape, Jaune could finally admit to himself that Yang really was the most attractive woman he’d ever seen. Which only made the moment he needed to pull himself free that much harder. Unfortunately, if he was going to test his newfound ability, it was probably important that he leave room to work. It wasn’t any good if he pushed her to her limit right away. Instead, he settled for pulling back, waiting for the light of his aura to fade from her flushed privates.

It took only a few seconds. Seeing the light fade, he brought his glowing fingers close to the now damp hairs above Yang’s privates, only to watch in satisfaction as a lazy glow began to build. Forcing some of his aura into the light, he could see a line of sticky arousal dribble from her swollen lips and down her thigh. All that was left now was to see if this power could actually be of use. Thankfully, he had just the trick to see things through with his own eyes.

It was a small matter getting the group of girls the way they’d been before he’d shown up. After adjusting some panties and cleaning away some very obvious arousal with a nearby towel, he turned towards the key to his plan.

A locker.
Thanks to Carden, Jaune knew he could fit inside no problem. All he needed was to find one unassigned. Therefore, unlocked. From there he could peek through the grates and see just how strong this new method of arousal could really be.

He got lucky on his third try, jiggling the metal latch open. He stepped inside without another thought, preparing himself for the chaos he’d no doubt spread throughout his fun. Groping and rubbing about ten young women would do that. And in the end, he still hadn’t found a girl he thought he could date. Well, he hadn’t found one that he thought would date him, anyway.

He’d been… surprised by Yang. Not that he should have. He’d always known she was beautiful. And even though he tended to be on the butt of her jokes more than he liked, he still did enjoy her sense of humor. But seeing just how beautiful, and with his own eyes and hands made it unlikely he’d be able to find anyone else who could compare. Not that he wasn’t willing to try, of course.

Just thinking about how many more girls were still in the room, topless, bottomless, naked… that wasn’t something a teenage boy could just walk away from without savoring. But that would have to wait until after his little project.

In the end, Yang would be helping him a second time. Maybe he should get her something nice for all her ignorant effort. A fruit basket? Hair care products? He wasn’t sure what was considered polite in this type of situation. Whatever the case, he appreciated her sacrifice.

Taking a deep breath, Jaune allowed his aura to pulse around his midsection, releasing his grip on the world to once again allow the rest of Remnant to continue with their lives.

Let the show begin…

A/N: hope you guys enjoyed the chapter. I would love to hear what you thought in a quick review or comment if you have the time. Have great day.

P.S. To anyone who likes my work and is a fan of Kim Possible, I’d like to announce a new story going up on AFF and Ao3 called mother knows best. A story featuring some non-consensual Incest between Kim and Ann with some Ron thrown in for fun. Be sure to read the tags and check it out if it looks like something you would enjoy.

Next chapter – Hopefully September, October for sure – Realizing his actions have turned his aura into something of an aphrodisiac, Jaune takes his time sending wave after wave of the stuff at the normally intimating Yang while watching her squirm. Meanwhile, we will follow a young Rose into the showers on her path through puberty as she learns more about her body and what those weird tingly sensations can lead to. If she thought not thinking about Jaune was hard before, she has a lot to learn. Thankfully, she is not alone.
A/N: Okay, first things first, those of you asking about VAULT 69 and where it’s update went, I will explain in greater detail next month when I post the new chapter. For now, I just ask you to please understand that there was something of a medical emergency that consumed nearly all of my September that left me unable to update. And I decided it would be better to simply skip that month rather than disrupt the entire schedule by trying to catch up. The update is coming, I promise, please continue to be patient.

As a side note, in the future if you’d like to inquire about progress of the next chapter of a story, please ask me in the form of a PM on FF. I will always answer this method of attempting to contact me no matter the question. Reviews that simply write, “Update,” however, will be ignored no matter how well meaning.

Please enjoy the chapter.

Chapter 9

Girl(s): Ruby, Weiss.
Tag(s): Masturbation.
Words: 8,500

Ruby Rose was still flushed as she walked past the lockers and into the shower area. Eyes down, a few other girls could be seen idling around the steam heavy area - all completely naked. Their bare complexions varied, either warm and damp having just finished with their shower, or still slightly grimy from class and about to hop into one of the cubicles.

Ruby didn’t bother wasting any time and darted down the long hall of stalls stopping only after she found a modicum of seclusion.

The line of showers consumed the back of the locker room. Metal dividers hung from the wall high enough to be called eye level while leaving a knee-high gap to the floor. It didn’t exactly afford the most privacy, and anyone tall enough could easily peek over the partition if they wanted to catch a look. And yet, it was the lack of door that made the fifteen-year-old girl’s heart quiver each and every time she was forced to step inside.

Putting up with everything else, she still looked at the flimsy plastic curtain wondering how a school with holograms and dust powered forcefields couldn’t afford locks!?! But she’d put up with it before and feeling her humid sweat still sticky against her body; she forced herself to step inside - taking special care to stretch the plastic material behind her as much as possible before turning to the shower.

Still in her bra and panties, it was only when she was away from the judgmental gaze of her gender that she started to strip in earnest. It was stupid, and she knew she probably got even more looks for walking into the showers in her underwear than if she were just naked, but as her bra straps dropped slack against her shoulders and her breast fell into their natural shape, Ruby couldn’t help but still
feel embarrassed. Not that they were weird or deformed, she simply wasn’t used to her body being so different from how it had been even just a year ago.

Puberty had hit her like bullhead, suffice to say, forcing her small frame and flat chest to stretch and fill out in a way that most girls could only dream about. But Ruby wasn’t most girls, and while others might celebrate the chance to attract more attention from the opposite sex, Ruby was more than content to ignore things like boys and kissing in favor of high impact dust ammunition and working out the best upgrades to improve her beloved Crescent Rose.

Rationally, she understood that all these changes just meant that she was growing up and that she was becoming a woman and all the other stuff Yang had explained that one afternoon Ruby still couldn’t fully repress despite her best efforts. But no matter how much her sister tried to comfort her or tell her that she would appreciate these things someday, Ruby remained stubborn in her less than enthusiastic impression of adulthood.

After all, what had “becoming a woman” ever done for her? It certainly didn’t help that she’d been introduced to this new chapter of her life waking up to a bed full of blood and the worst stomach ache she’d ever had. Like, cookies and cakes and pie and candy all in one day, kind of bad. Except, she didn’t get to enjoy the good part of eating all that stuff! The only thing that had made that horrifying morning worse was Yang explaining that it wasn’t just a onetime deal. NOPE! She got to look forward to all the cramps, spontaneous crying, and panicked Tai Yang once a month for the majority of her life just because she had to be a girl. A curse, she would learn, that did not stop there.

Even before all of that mess, she’d had to put up with her chest being sore and tender all the time, almost always followed by a trip into the city so she could buy a bigger bra she suddenly had to start wearing. And don’t even get her started on how annoying those stupid, pinchy, restrictive, demonic booby-traps could be. But as soon as she graduated from the B-cups, Yang made it clear that, no, she couldn’t just not wear one outside of the house. No matter how much she hated them or how they dug into her shoulders.

Then her hips started to get bigger, and her balance was all messed up; like she wasn’t clumsy enough. It was like she had to relearn how to move her whole body just to keep from falling over herself, let alone fighting.

It was frustrating and embarrassing because she couldn’t even go outside without everyone seeing her new developments. At least boys grew muscles and taller and other things that helped them fight. All she got were these useless things that made people look at her weird…

Maybe that was in part to why she loved her cloak so much. It was comforting to have the ability to just wrap it around herself anytime she wanted to hide. It was either that or she go through every day in a hoodie; which she had tried. Rather successfully, she might add. Until summer. That had been a hard summer…

Yes, so far Ruby didn’t care much for growing up. Although, it didn’t help that everyone in her life enabled these insecurities. Yang, her dad, Uncle Crow: after her mother’s death each one of them seemed happy to keep her little and safe for as long as they could, as though that could protect her from sharing Summer’s fate. And if she were honest with herself, Ruby knew she let them. Both because she knew how much they loved her and cherished that connection and because she never saw any reason to grow up. But no one can stay stagnant forever, and while Ruby might disparage puberty and all of its awkward stages, adulthood had its perks too. Of which she would quickly learn.

The tingling sensation along her skin continued even as Ruby bent over to slide the elastic of her
panties over her budding hips. A line furled between her brow as she felt the material tug at the folds of her sex, seeming stuck for just a moment before peeling free. As her pale bottom flashed into view, Ruby stepped out of the garment quickly, only to bring the pink material closer to her face where she could see a wet mark staining the otherwise clean surface. She blinked before giving the garment the smallest of sniffs.

‘Did I… pee?’ was her first instinct. Oum, as if everyone at the school didn’t think she was enough of a baby. The last thing she needed was everyone running around thinking she needed diapers. But giving her underwear another small sniff, the acrid scent of urine was nowhere to be found. Rather, she discovered something deeper wafting off the thin cotton in her hands. A smell she would one day recognize as musky, and that hung on the back of her tongue.

She didn’t linger on the strange fluid for long, another shiver running along her spine encouraging her to quickly return her attention to the reason she’d stepped inside the metal stall. Dismissing the stain as sweat, a now naked Ruby quickly stashed her underwear in a plastic bag she kept with her bathroom supplies before moving to turn on the shower.

Warm water poured from the faucet overhead soaking her red-tinged brunette locks. The liquid clung to her blossoming body, trickling down her thin neck, over the flushed complexion of her collar and breasts, along the flat surface of her belly, and through the sparse collection of wiry hairs that had only started to thicken as of last year. Trailing down her thighs and feet into the drain below, Ruby could feel the uncomfortable and grainy sensation of sweat start to wash away.

She sighed, turning her closed eyes up into the stream. It was a distinctly uncomfortable sensation not knowing what was wrong with her body. Flesh-eating bacteria had only been one of her theories. And by far the most believable. It was unfortunate that her lack of attraction to either sex up till this point in her life translated into her understanding of her own sexuality. Without having ever experienced desire, there was no way she could understand the strange pressure and urges that suddenly compelled her.

Surprisingly, something about the shower did seem to be helping. There was an immediate sense of relief as soon as she was free of her clothes, like it was easier to breathe. And the sensation of the water trickling down her flushed figure was even more pleasant than the usual satisfaction she found in the warm water.

She found herself almost hyper-aware of the feather-light pressure, especially around certain areas. But she didn’t have any reason to give this fact any special thought. Rather, she was just thankful for any kind of relief she could find, relaxing into the moment and allowing her mind to slow down and forget all the stress that had been piling up.

Naturally, without her conscious effort to avoid thinking of him, her mind quickly returned to who she was recognizing as an obsession. Not the hug that still sent her anxiety spiking, no, not that. Instead, she forced herself to think about the fight she’d just witnessed and how incredible the entire match had been. It was a weak compromise, and Ruby recognized that this probably wouldn’t help whatever was wrong with her. But she also had to admit, for as weird and anxious as her friend’s face made her, the sense of joy and simple happiness was just as strong.

Her body fell into autopilot as she reached for her favorite bottle of rose scented body wash. The pink goo squirted from a clear bottle into her dainty, battle-hardened hands. Rubbing it vigorously, a fragrant flower scent quickly rose amidst the steam of the shower bringing a sense of comfort as it always did. Ruby took several deep breaths before applying the rich lather her skin, rubbing it up and down the length of her arms before moving onto her body.

Ruby could still remember the shock on her face the first time Jaune disappeared. Without a flash or
step in a direction, she’d been left to stare in shock as he suddenly vanished. It took her and the rest of the room a good half a minute before they realized he was still in the ring. Except then, he had everyone’s attention.

How amazing it had been when her fear for her friend’s safety and self-esteem transformed into pride… She felt his victory like it was her own, so overjoyed to see him finally stand up to that bully. That moment’s excitement still sang in her heart making her want to giggle, no matter how silly it sounded.

A gentle smile rose to her pink lips as the pleasant sensations increased. It wasn’t a blast of pleasure that sent her heart aflutter, but rather something more comforting in the way it soothed the usually ever-present agitation that arose whenever she was in Jaune’s presents. Ruby unintentionally found her touch lingering along certain places and her washing just taking longer in general. She discovered a different kind of pleasure in the comfort of her soap that danced at the sensation of her own touch.

The rest of the fight had been pretty fun to watch too. Usually more interested in the weapons than the people who used them, it still wasn’t unusual for Ruby to enjoy watching fights, naturally susceptible to the rush of joining in on the crowd’s excitement and cheers. That class period hadn’t been any different, although, even she would admit that she had been unusually energetic crying out in triumph each time Jaune just managed to slip away right when it seemed like he should have been nothing more than a smear on Cardin’s mace.

There had been a part of her silently terrified that whatever miracle that allowed Jaune to do what he was doing would suddenly stop and they would all hear the bone of his skull caving in. But in the end, Jaune had crushed that voice, along with all other doubts when he’d stood proudly in his victory. Establishing once and for all the power he’d worked so hard to prove he had. The power he had earned.

He was like a real hero, like one from the stories her dad used to tell. It was kind of incredible if Ruby let herself think about it. Which… she did.

Ruby’s lazy smile continued as her fingertips left trails of warmth across her blushing skin somehow hotter than the gentle heat raining down from above. Along her arms and across her collar, lines of rainbow white suds sparkled and clung to her body. It felt good against her sensitive skin. And her calluses from gripping her scythe brought about a surprising texture that encouraged a slightly firmer pressure.

She really admired him for it. How many people had the strength to keep going when almost everything was against you? If it were anyone else, they wouldn’t have made it past the first day. But that just spoke of how brave Jaune really was. And even better, he never let his losses get him down; he never turned that negativity against other people. Rather, he reached out to people like her, helping her and becoming her friend.

Of course, this isn’t to say she was completely blinded by his new power. As cool and dashing as his little display had been, that didn’t erase the funny, goofy, fumbling guy who’d helped pull her out of a crater. Even with this new power, Ruby could see he was the same guy who didn’t even blink at hanging out with a girl two years younger than him; who played video games with her and knew how hard it was to be a leader.

But all of that just made him even better. To her, at least. Because Ruby knew that she would never be intimidated by Jaune like she was everyone else at Beacon. Even her teammates, even her sister, no matter how nice or inclusive they were, none of them really understood what it was like not to belong. Not like Jaune does. Not like Jaune did. But no matter how strong Jaune got, and no matter
how much he might grow, Ruby knew she could always count on him to understand. A simple thing that meant more to her than maybe even she realized.

Another sigh floated from her nose as she found her breath deepening. ‘I’m so good at making friends’ she quietly cheered, complimenting herself on not the quantity, but the quality of the people around her. Of course, she had no idea just how she sounded talking about her friend.

Brave, cool, understanding, strong, the words came so easily. But Jaune was her friend, so of course she would like him. And the more she liked him, the better friends they were. How could she know this feeling she so cherished was more than a super, awesome, mega best friend? And that it was, in fact, an admiration and fondness that could be called a crush. As well as… attraction.

Part of her understood that what she was feeling might be more than what was considered normal. After all, she didn’t think about any of her friends from Signal this way. And she’d certainly never thought of any of her old friend’s muscles before, either.

The fact that she was rubbing her breasts didn’t even register. To Ruby’s innocent mind, she never thought of her chest as anything sexual. They were just another part of her body, albeit an embarrassing one. The pleasure that answered her attention said otherwise. Twin jolts of tingly warmth that sparked with much more frequency than she’d been able to find scrubbing the rest of her body. Her dreamy smile widened ever so slightly as her back arched into her own hands.

Slowly, her attention began to drift from the complimentary admiration to something different. By this point, her awareness had all but dissolved in favor of the calming pleasure she found in her own hands. She became less focused on her pride for her friend and the excitement of his fight, and far more fixated on the last memory she had of him before walking into the locker room. Of his eyes. Of his smile. Of his broad shoulders and back and how big a difference just a bit of confidence made. The change was subtle. But already aroused, the combination of Jaune’s grin and her own hands might as well have been flame dust on a campfire.

Holding a pale orb in each hand, there was no more pretending that this was just another simple shower. But Ruby’s attention remained distracted, allowing her body to move with all the forethought of a nervous twitch. She was just responding as felt natural, listening to what her body was saying it needed. And the pleasurable fog that slowed her mind made anything but the picture of her friend incredibly hard to grasp.

Her body heat continued to climb. The pressure of her fingers rubbing into her skin grew firmer and slower, massaging the skin she could reach and spending an inordinate amount of time spreading the now nonexistent soap into her breasts to enjoy the sparks of pleasure that answered her attention.

In truth, the rich lather of soap she’d worked up had long since been spent, leaving her hands empty as they explored her body. But unlike the sparks of a fire, these pinpoints didn’t die as soon as they were born, but rather collected. Radiating throughout her body and towards the point just below her navel.

Before she could stop to think better of it, the infamous hug once again bubbled to the surface of her consciousness. She should have seen it coming, considering the path of her thoughts. But rather than flinch at the embarrassment she still didn’t fully understand, she found the emotions somewhat muted under the pleasure of everything else. In fact, recalling the sensation of his body pressed against hers, she unconsciously found the pleasure humming beneath her skin increasing.

Her breath deepened. She felt... giddy, like she was filled with this kind of energy just waiting to burst out of her. Not unlike the first and only time she drank coffee. She felt like if she held up her hand, it would be vibrating. The thrill was even enough to distract her from wondering just why she
was so interested in the sensation of Jaune’s chest pressed against her own. And the pleasure
certainly didn’t make her mind any clearer.

There was a slight hesitation, a part of her that wanted to question why she was enjoying the memory
quite so much. She enjoyed hugs after all, what could be wrong about that? But this was different
from the warmth in your heart kind of joy. But, at the same time, whenever she considered stopping
there was something inside of her that seemed to despair at the very idea.

Imagining her arms still around Jaune, a light tingling filled her chest. And she didn’t want to let that
sensation go. So, she didn’t; and in fact, allowed her imagination to wander as her hands continued
to stoke the embers of her budding hormones.

Her peaceful smile slowly fell away. The relaxing calm the pleasure had allowed up till this point
seemed to change with her focus, becoming sharper and more focused. But this did nothing to pull
Ruby from her thoughts. Her mind fixed on the moment she jumped into his arms like a photograph,
how nice and excited she had felt before her mind had been able to catch up with her actions. But
here, she was free to cherish the moment as much as she pleased, without anyone to judge her for her
oddness. Even herself.

Her entire body sang with heat, but the pleasure most notably collected in certain areas. Idly, Ruby’s
hands had remained fixed to lazy circles and gentle groping centered around her breasts. But a
deeper sensation was already starting to make itself known lower beneath her tummy. Eyes closed
and panting ever so slightly in her steam soaked cubical, Ruby’s furled expression deepened as her
hands began to drift towards the new pressure of their own volition.

Ruby didn’t know how far she’d allowed herself to be pushed. But as the tips of her fingers pressed
through the thin nest of tangled brunette hairs above her slit and slipped between the cleft of virgin
femininity the resounding jolt of pleasure that arched up her spine finally snapped her out of the fog
that had consumed her mind, forcing her silver eyes to blink in a rapid drunken state.

“What am I…?” she mumbled, eyes widening as she took in the details of her own body. Her fast
breath, her swollen and heavy breasts, the puckered shape of her nipples standing out in the humid
air of the shower. Quickly, her mind began to speed back up to a normal pace allowing her to
understand.

“What was I…?” she continued, only for an even hotter flush to consume her face. Suddenly, her
eyes snapped wide in horror as memories of Jaune and just how she’d been thinking about her friend
registered. Immediately, she yanked her fingers from her slick folds, the heat emanating from her
core still burning their tips.

A long moment stretched as the young girl just stood there staring at her hand. A slight sheen
covered the tips of her fingers, distinctly different from the rest of the water trickling down her figure.
What’s worse, she could smell that same strange scent she’d found on her panties, but stronger. Even
as innocent as Ruby might be, it was very obvious what she was looking at. Even if she couldn’t
quite believe it had really come from her. Unfortunately, her time to panic was quickly cut short as
soon as she recognized the sound of hurried footsteps marching in her direction.

Panic seized all other thoughts as Ruby scrambled in her cramped cubical. Her first instinct was to
hide. As though whoever was approaching knew what she had just been doing. Which was crazy…
she hoped. In all honesty, a marching band could have run a parade passed her stall and she probably
wouldn’t have noticed. A fact Ruby was distinctly aware of in her embarrassment. But short of
outright bursting out of the shower and running into the locker rooms stark naked, there wasn’t
exactly anywhere she could go.
Ruby waited until the bare feet slapping against tile sounded right outside her curtain. The quick pace continued without pause turning to the stall right next to her instead. The sound of rushing water followed a second later, pouring from the nozzle overhead. Still cowering against the wall, another moment would pass before Ruby realized how ridiculous she was being.

Of course someone was just coming to take a shower. Considering where she was, that was a much more likely explanation than the entire school knowing about what she had just been doing. Even she didn’t even understand what she had been doing. Although, she had a really good idea…

Still too embarrassed to accept what she’d just found herself exploring, a new sound once again pulled her attention from herself to her new neighbor. Although, this one much stranger than footsteps. Was she… panting?

The sounds of heavy breathing sounded from the other end of the wall, just loud enough to reach Ruby’s ears over the roar of falling water. Curious, despite her current state, she found herself creeping toward the single barrier separating their wet, naked forms pressing her ear towards the strange young woman.

“Damn you!”

“Eep!”

The sudden exclamation nearly sent Ruby slipping onto her bottom. Reeling back, her head turned left and then right, terrified that her neighbor had somehow caught her eavesdropping. It was only when the panting breath increased, followed by what sounded like a groan that Ruby’s mind slowed down enough to realize that she recognized that temper.

It took a bit of convincing before Ruby could work up the nerve and approach the wall a second time. Rather than listen, however, she made the bold decision of slowly peering over the divider in an attempt to confirm her suspicions. After all, if she was caught, what was really the worst that could happen? You know, besides getting kicked out of the locker room and getting branded a pervert by the faculty.

…Ruby really hoped she wasn’t mistaken.

She was short enough that she had to stretch on her tippy toes to look over the divider. She could only hope that her first instinct had been the right one, and she wasn’t about to get sent to the headmaster for peeping. But as the top of her head cleared the metal wall and her silver eyes peered over into the adjoined space, the sight of none other than her partner, Weiss Schnee was confirmed.

A flash of panic nearly forced Ruby to retreat back into her stall. After all, the only person who might appreciate her attention even less than a stranger in the shower was her partner, the seemingly forever grumpy and proper young woman. But the instinct died as quickly as it had been born, especially when Ruby realized the chances of the white-haired girl catching her was very low. Her attention seemed to be focused… elsewhere.

A very irate Weiss could be seen hunched in the shower, face pinched and eyes clenched as she did her best to resist the pleasure currently assaulting her body. Gasping deep breaths, it took everything in her to keep her volume to a minimum. Both purposeful and accidental. Unaware of her audience, a string of mumbled curses continued to fall from her lips along with her suppressed moans as her fingers worked furiously between her legs.

“Stupid-. When I get my hands on him-. Getting worse-?” she never managed a full sentence, each attempt broken by an interrupting moan or stifled pant. It was all she could do to keep her frustration,
sexual or otherwise, from sending her already frayed mind even further past the edge. Ruby could hear everything, of course, remaining perched on the other side of the stall wall.

It would be difficult to confuse what was happening. And yet, Ruby’s eyes remained fixed on the picture of Weiss’ hand pumping from between her legs, stretched wide in a bizarre mix of fascination and horror. The voice inside her head told her that she shouldn’t be watching this. And that it was rude and an invasion of privacy. But then, she had more than enough reason to be curious.

Good or bad, it was hard to say what kind of luck could lead to Weiss barging in on her just as she’d been… experimenting, only to start in on herself as well. Even though she had trouble admitting it to herself, Ruby was very aware of what she’d just been doing; even if she didn’t quite understand the implications or rationality behind it. After all, she’d never been interested in that kind of stuff before. But having had even just a small taste of the emotion that was called lust, the very young woman could at least silently acknowledge that she could see an appeal.

‘Weiss definitely looks like she’s having fun,’ she idly observed, blushing down to the tips of her toes. Curiosity glued her to the wall, peeking like the pervert she was. Maybe she was simply fascinated by the first example of anything sexual in her life. But the more honest aspect of her mind could acknowledge that she was just as curious about seeing how someone else went about touching themselves.

Not for any particular reason, of course! It’s not like she wanted to see how other girls did it so she could learn or anything so embarrassing. No way! She wasn’t so socially stunted that she didn’t even know how to touch herself. Who could be that naive? Not her. Nope. Nah ah. She was as totally normal and well adjusted as any other teenage girl. Although… it probably wouldn’t hurt to just double check on a few things. Just to make sure!? Despite herself, Ruby’s eyes burned the image of Weiss’ motions into the deepest part of her brain.

And what a sight she made. Shifting from her hunched figure, the pale plain of her back pressed against the back wall of her shower for support while her knees bent just enough to keep her thighs splayed. Exposing her needy core, wide silver eyes spied on the line of bright red feminine folds and the fingers that rubbed against them at a speed that actually made Ruby slightly concerned. But if Weiss’ expression was anything to go by, there was only pleasure to be found in the rushed pace.

Head dropped and pale locks of wet hair dangling around her face, Weiss’ clenched expression only deepened as she enjoyed the hot need that had pushed her into such a state quickly coiling in the pit of her belly.

Sufficed to say, she hadn’t been planning on this little detour. But feeling her body suddenly combust with arousal, she’d hardly had enough time to grab a towel before she started towards the familiar line of stalls, her perky breasts bouncing in step with her hurried pace. She drew more than one glance from the other girl’s around the room. Most simply curious while other’s clearly understanding. Nearly overwhelmed, she seemed to react on instinct, immediately moving towards the one place that she was allowed to work out the building stress plaguing her nearly every hour.

It had been alarming feeling so much so suddenly. And if she weren’t so focused on her needs, even she might not be able to explain away the strange phenomena. But as it was, the memory of all her talk about Jaune with the other girls and their territorial egotism was enough inspiration for her oversexed mind to rationalize; happily brushing the complications away in favor of enjoying the benefits of her little trips.

She should be irritated at being so rudely jarred from her plans to get to her next class early. She should be worried that, if anything, her condition seemed to be getting worse. She should even be a
little angry, if only so that she could really blame this on Jaune like she wanted. But instead, all she
could feel was the relief of tending to the toe-curling pleasure pulsing between her legs. Whether
Jaune meant it or not, the young woman was quickly becoming addicted to the effect he presented,
going so far as to not even question the bizarre impulses that were beginning to control her life.

Taking a deep breath, her head started to float from the lack of oxygen. Somehow, this only made
the pleasure in her core throb hotter as she bit back another moan. But she knew how to handle her
own pleasure. If nothing else, she had that to thank from her sudden sexual discovery as of late.
She’d had lots of time to learn how to satisfy the burning need in her loins, after all. And she was
good at it.

Ruby’s expression didn’t change as she continued to watch, more and more in awe as Weiss exposed
herself. It was amazing seeing Weiss so… unlike herself. But even more than that, the pleasure so
clear on her features was enough to tempt even the purest of creatures.

‘Does it really feel that good?’ and other similar thoughts frequently rose the longer Ruby watched.
And she only needed to focus on her body to recall her own pleasure.

More heat flushed through her bashful expression as she admired the full body blush still swelling
beneath the surface of her skin. The tingling sensation she’d begun feeling around Jaune was
multiple times stronger and… pleasant in a very strange way. Now that she was in her right mind, it
was almost impossible not to feel the focus between her legs and the tips of her breasts.

Recalling how she’d touched herself, how good it had felt just before she’d stopped, her heart rate
spiked as the heat between her legs seemed to intensify.

The young woman looked at her body in shock, unprepared for such a reaction, but also enjoying it
nevertheless. Biting her lip, her expression became pained, frustrated by the discovery with no idea
what she was supposed to do with it. Only for her attention to immediately look back towards her
partner, critically observing just what the other girl was doing to her own body.

Weiss continued in her oblivious demonstration, fingers poised at her sex while the other took special
care in rolling the tight nub of her nipple between two fingers. The pace of her breath and motions
only continued to increase along with her pleasure. Ruby could actually see the other girl’s lithe
muscles clench against the sensation between her legs. And slowly, she allowed her hand to shift
from the wall to cup her own generous breast.

Her eyes didn’t turn from Weiss as she began to rub the sensitive flesh at the tip of her boob, doing
her best to mimic the older girl’s motions. Her effort was rewarded with a warm pleasure slightly
sharper than her more clumsy motions from earlier. And pulling an image of Jaune’s face to the front
of her mind, on purpose this time, she was shocked to find a sudden squeak leaping from her lips.

Touching herself felt good! But touching herself while thinking about Jaune…?

The implications were more than a little worrying. But that’s what denial was for! Not to mention
distractions. She would consider why it felt so good to include her friend while she touched herself
later. Much later. Much, much, much later. Despite already having a firm idea she just wasn’t quite
ready to approach that particular nest of confusion. Instead, she decided to tackle one issue at a time
and focused on her own body for now.

Thankfully, Weiss seemed to be wrapping things up. And still poised to stare over the wall, Ruby’s
fascination with sexual pleasure only increased seeing the other girl suddenly fall over the edge.

The naked girl openly bucked against her palm, relief drawing the thin, pale lines of her brow up in a
desperate expression as the pleasure she’d suddenly found thrust upon her was finally satisfied. Ruby’s own breath deepened as she watched Weiss’ fingers focus on the small bead at the top of her slit, a spot that seemed to be getting quite a bit of attention towards the end of her friend’s performance. Until finally the throws of passion were finished and the breath Weiss had been holding poured from her chest in a single long gasp.

If Ruby had to pick a word to describe Weiss afterward, drunk came to mind. Relaxed, dazed, even a bit happy if the satisfied and lazy grin on her face was anything to go by. She seemed content to just luxuriate in the warm water and do nothing else. It was the calmest the younger girl could ever remember seeing her partner. It was only after she was allowed to appreciate the aftershocks of pleasure and thoughtless calm that immediately followed that she seemed to remember herself and where she was.

Suddenly, the tense and anxious Weiss was back as she turned around to shut off her shower and Ruby decided that was the moment to retreat back to her own side lest she push her luck any more than she already had.

Ruby stood silently in her shower’s spray, her wide expressive eyes stretched to their limit. Doing her best to digest what had just happened, thoughts raced through her mind. It wasn’t every day you got to watch one of your closest friends so intimately. And part of her still wondered why she’d gone so far as to watch the whole thing. For that answer, however, all she needed was to look down at her own body to remember her own aching frustration.

Embarrassment slowed her hand reaching down towards the apex of her pink thighs. Bravado aside, when it came to the topic of sex Ruby knew that she was slightly… behind other teenagers her age. But this wasn’t exactly news. What had changed, however, was that this was the first time she found herself bothered by the fact.

She’d never cared before. She’d never had a reason to. Or rather, no one had given her a reason to care. Until now? The question burned in her heart, nearly as frightening and confusing as the boy who had started this entire mess. Because Ruby was finally starting to think these feelings might not be as innocent as she’d first thought.

She still wasn’t sure how to feel about her feelings… if that made sense. She wasn’t even sure what it meant to like someone in that way. All she did know was that whenever she thought of Jaune she felt… happy and excited, and the more he looked at her the more she felt that way. But… that wasn’t like a crush or anything, was it?

A deep sigh fell from her lips as she hung her head in defeat. This was the problem with growing up. Everything was always so much more complicated than it used to be. Friends were never just friends. Feelings always meant more than they used to. And her body only continued to confuse her, the same pressure in her loins pounding with each beat of her heart.

A shiver ran up her spine as she acknowledged the pent-up desire. Her frustration only continued to mount in her complete inability to address the hungry sensations. Feeling a frown twist her features, she found herself actually jealous of the easy and calm face Weiss had been able to make. The reminder of her partner finally brought Ruby back to the voyeuristic experience. Most notably, the few clues she’d been able to pick up from watching Weiss release her own stress. Looking at her body once again, the hesitation that had stilled her hand was suddenly much less halting.

Maybe… maybe it would be good for her to explore these new feelings? Maybe it would even help her understand what her feelings if she knew where they went? After all, she should at least try things once before she decided she didn’t like it, right? That was just, like, a rule! And, if she were honest with herself, the small taste of pleasure she’d felt just before she’d realized what she was
doing… did make her curious. And before she knew it, Ruby found the hand still pressed above her navel slowly reaching downward.

A moment later a shudder ran up her spine as she felt the oddly swollen but slick glands of her lower lips slide along the length of her fingers. Her hips were immediately flushed with a pleasant warmth that begged for more. Giving in, the bright light in Ruby's eyes slowly lowered into a half-lidded expression as she did her best to repeat what she’d seen from her friend.

‘Just… want to try it once,’ she reasoned, ignoring the part of her that shied away from what she considered yucky. ‘People are always making such a big deal about sex and all that gross stuff. But it can’t feel that grea-,’ she mused to herself, enjoying the sensation of her outer folds without pressing deeper. But as she continued, the need for friction encouraged her to press harder and harder against her sex until the slippery fluid allowed her digit to slip between the puffy shell of soft flesh guarding her mound. Suddenly, her eyes were once again wide as she felt her finger brush against the start of her opening, a bolt of sharp pleasure arching up her spine and turning her knees weak.

Ruby’s hand flew out to catch herself on the wall before she could fall. More heat flooded her cheeks as her eyes tightened into an look of desire. On her once cherub face, it made for an exceptionally sinful expression. Parting her lips, she took one shuttering breath before bracing her fingers against the cold tiled wall.

‘Oh…’ she acknowledged, only then starting to realize the danger of the path she’d started, ‘oooh.’ Her eyes widened, almost afraid of the truth she’d sought out. And yet, casting a shy glance left and then right, her eager fingers once again returned to the gentle sawing motion that split her core. Exploring her body for the first time and discovering all the secrets an adult body could hold.

XxX

“Yang?”

The blonde-haired huntress blinked at the sound of her name. Face turned towards the locker and bra in her hand, she’d been about to finish getting dressed when… something had stopped her. Brief sounds around her called for her attention, but her focus remained stuck on her body and the sensations that hadn’t been there just seconds ago. Namely, a much more pressing pressure in her loins that nearly had her knees buckling from under her. She did her best to blink out of the reverie and turned to face the pair of yellow eyes studying her every motion.

“Sup?” Yang grinned, her practiced ease displaying as just that. But Blake seemed to be the only one capable of looking past her bullshit and narrowed her eyes immediately.

“Um, Weiss?” was the brunette’s answer. Her eyebrow rose in a suspicious expression. “And Pyrrha? You did see both of them just run off, right?” Yang hadn’t… but something told her that wasn’t the answer Blake wanted to hear.

“Totally!” she put on a shocked expression. One that was just as believable as her last one, if Blake’s answering frown was any indication. “Maybe they have, ah, classes?” Her frown deepened. It was only slightly embarrassing being so easily seen through. Though, Yang felt validated in the excuse of her own distraction helping little in her performance. It was kind of hard to be believable when you also had to worry about pressing your thighs together in a feeble attempt at easing the pressure within. The warmth she experienced quickly spread throughout her body only making her naked skin even more sensitive. Blake finally called her on her bullshit.

“Okay, seriously, what’s happening? First that little showdown with Weiss and Pyrrha and now the
three of you are totally wigging out. Anything you want to tell me?” And there was… but Yang would have been considerably more comfortable discussing it if she wasn’t currently standing damn near buck naked while her libido suddenly decided to pick up like Ruby on a sugar high. Not ashamed of her body, neither was Yang super on board with her partner seeing her all hot and bothered.

“Nothing!” Yang insisted, a forced grin on her face as she finished wrapping the cotton elastic band around her torso. Hooks latched, she twisted her bra until the cups lined up with the heavy mounds of her breasts. The comfort of finally covering her hard nipples was only slightly mitigated by the new wave of pleasure that arose feeling the soft material slide against her sensitive tips. And Blake, of course, watched her the entire time, arms crossed over her own chest as her eyes narrowed in suspicion.

“Fine!” the blond snapped, bashful in a way most never got to see as she moved to quickly grasp the button up shirt of her uniform. It was only after the light blush brightened the color of her collar and neck that she continued, “It seems like… all that talk from earlier might have gotten me a little,” she swallowed against her throat fighting the sensation, “excited.” Suddenly, Blake’s frown lessened ever so slightly, replaced by a sarcastic roll of her eyes.

“Yeah,” the cat Faunus drawled, “think I managed to work that out that much when Weiss suddenly started sprinting towards the back of the lockers rather than the door. Pyrrha wasn’t exactly subtle either, although, she admittedly managed to carry herself better than you.” She smirked then, which only earned another hot flush from her blonde partner who had to struggle to keep from glaring. Yang settled for a huff instead, peering towards the showers where Blake said Weiss had run off.

“you think she’s…” Eyebrow raised, Yang didn’t bother finishing her question, but she didn’t have to. Blake snorted sarcastically, as though it was even worth asking.

“I could practically smell her before Weiss finally took off.” Blakes expression took on a disturbing note. Yeah, Faunus senses aren’t always as beneficial as Oobleck’s classes make them out to be.

“That’s… huh.” Yang ended up coughing, suddenly embarrassed for both young women while taking an obvious step backward for her own sake. Blake’s eyes rolled for a second time seeing the gesture for what it was.

“I seriously don’t get it. All of this just for one guy, seriously?” Her incredulity was mirrored in Yang’s dubious shrug. “this can’t just be me. I mean, this isn’t normal, is it? To have that much of a reaction talking about him? No one is that attractive.” And least of all Jaune, went unsaid.

“I don’t know what you want me to say,” Yang shook her head. Back still turned against her friend, her backside made a particular view as she shimmied her skirt into place. Pulling the zipper up her hip, she finally had a semblance of modesty even if it felt like she was poking through her top. “I don’t get it either. But, since when has this crap ever made sense? Are you telling me you were never attracted to someone that you couldn’t explain?” Naturally, Blake wasn’t touching that one with a ten-foot pole, changing the subject instead.

“Were you serious then?” she pushed, staring critically at the back of her friend’s head. “About going after Jaune. Are you actually going to compete against Weiss and Pyrrha?” The question was blunt and hard to address considering the conflict Yang could feel in her chest. Rather than answer, she made an effort to smirk the inquiry away.

“Like it would be a competition.” Finally dressed, she even felt comfortable offering her partner a seductive pose showing off her impressive figure while she peeked over her shoulder for Blake’s reaction. But the black-haired girl wasn’t laughing. And after a moment of her steely gaze, Yang’s
forced smile finally dropped into irritation.

“I don’t know, okay?” she huffed, reaching for her blazer next. “I just wanted to tease Weiss and the next thing I know she got all defensive. I just… let my temper get the best of me. I should probably know better by now.”

“So, you weren’t serious?” Blake continued for confirmation. Unfortunately, she was asking questions that Yang just didn’t have the answers too.

“I… don’t know about that either,” she hesitated to answer, surprisingly reluctant to claim she didn’t have any investment. And when Blake shot her a look of disbelief, Yang’s irritation quickly peeked.

“Look. Clearly, I must be subconsciously picking up on something that my eyes can’t see. I mean, if I can’t even talk about him without soaking through a pair of panties then there has to be more to this guy than I thought. And, yeah, part of me wants to think, hey, its just been a while and maybe I’m only horny. And once I get it out of my system, I’ll go back to my usual standards.”

“And the other part?”

Yang didn’t answer right away, toying with the ribbon tied around her collar. But when she turned to look at Blake, her expression was uncharacteristically thoughtful. “And the other parts starting to think… would it really be so bad to give it a shot? Especially after what we saw today. I mean, he was actually kind of, and I swear if you ever tell him I said this, I’ll kill you, but cool. And not just in a cool for Jaune, kind of way. But actually cool. I always thought he was just this passive wimp, you know? But there was something about the pleasure he took from utterly humiliating his opponent. Maybe we’re a better match than I thought.” She shrugged.

Blake wouldn’t have believed it if she hadn’t heard it come directly out of her friend’s mouth. It was surprising to see that Yang had been thinking about Jaune this in depth. Suddenly her curiosity over the situation flared up and she found herself helplessly drawn to seeing how all of this drama eventually settled. There was still some suspicion, of course. But that was simply her nature. In the end, all she could do was put on an exhausted expression before standing up to purposefully bump her side into Yang’s in a playful shove.

“I’m the last person in this school with the right to give anyone relationship advice. If you think you might like Jaune, I say go for it. At the very least, he doesn’t seem like the type to spread rumors or try and get back at you if you end up changing your mind. Worst case scenario, things get a little awkward between you two until he gets a new girlfriend.” Which wouldn’t take very long, if Weiss and Pyrrha’s intentions hadn’t been clear enough. Yang snorted as she considered her friend’s opinion.

“I’m done thinking about this.” Yang gave a large roll of her eyes. “we both know I’m not the type to overthink things, and if I keep worrying about Jaune, it isn’t going to help anyone. If we get in a mood that seems… eh, right then maybe I’ll test the waters. Otherwise, it isn’t like I couldn’t find another guy to scratch my itch.” A response that only earned silence as Blake moved to start towards the exit. Yang couldn’t help but giggle, quickly chasing after her partner and completely oblivious to the pair of wide blue eyes following her retreating figure from behind a locker’s metal grate.

A/N:Once again, a big thank you to everyone asking for updates and I do not mean that sarcastically. I’ll never be upset or annoyed at people who just want to read more of my work.
That said, if you guys could actually stop with the fucking Za warudo comments I would actually be very glad. Seriously, stop. I get it. Jaune can stop time. It wasn’t even that funny the first time… (even if I’m laughing as I write this) Have a great day everyone.

Next chapter – November – December: His plan to manipulate Yang took a turn as soon as he started to hear what the two women were talking about. Be sure to read the next chapter where we learn just how much Jaune managed to hear, what he thinks about it, and what he plans to do about. There is also Jaune’s meeting with the headmistress to consider, though it might happen a little sooner than the teacher originally planned.
A/N: Thank you for everyone and their patience. I hope everyone had a wonderful Christmas and New Year’s. Sorry I couldn’t get this chapter out on time as present to you all. I’ve had a lot of commissions stealing my time as of late and I actually had a lot of trouble with Glynda’s personality and I’ve actually had to rewrite a good portion of this story a few times. But, ultimately, I’m still glad I took the time to tweak things until they were up to my standards. I’d rather deliver a good chapter late than shove something out that no one will enjoy on time.

Don’t forget to comment and review!

Chapter 10

Girl(s): Ruby, Glynda.

Tag(s): Peeping, public climax, groping, fingering.

Words: 12,539

When Jaune first stepped into the empty locker, he was nearly bouncing with excitement at the prospect of unleashing his new-found power. And when his semblance switched off and time was allowed to flow, he’d quickly quieted his mind to reach for the intangible substance of his aura to pour towards his blonde-haired target. And everything had been going exactly as planned! At least… until he’d heard his name. At which point, any attempt at concentration had quickly failed.

What followed could only be described as pure and simple eavesdropping. Pressing his ear against the metal grate, he was lucky enough to just make out his friend’s voices over the buzz of the rest of the room, if only barely. Blake especially, what with her constantly measured tone, had turned out to be a challenge to make out. That said, as they’d both stood up and unknowingly approached his locker, any confusion over their topic had quickly vanished as Yang announced her possible feelings for none other than himself.

There had been other clues he’d managed to catch, all of which he’d dismissed immediately in his usual Jaune-esque fashion.

‘Wait, are they talking about me? Nah.’

‘Did Blake say something about going after me? That… probably just means Yang’s excited about our fight. Probably…?’

‘Hold on, d-did Yang say she thought I was cool?! No way, she must have just meant the other super awesome and impossible sparring match that I… didn’t notice.’

Until finally, he’d heard the words that no amount of low self-esteem and obliviousness could explain away. Leaving him to sit in his locker, a shocked expression etched in his brow as he accepted the fact that Yang… liked him.

“Or, at least might like me,” he forced himself to amend. But that was still way further than he’d ever imagined himself getting with the blonde young woman. Arguably the most beautiful woman in their school and objectively the sexiest. And he hadn’t even had to use his powers on her! At least, not in a way he was consciously aware of. So, the fact that she was suddenly considering him as a possible
boyfriend was fairly shocking, to say the least. But in a very, very incredible way.

He’d gone into the locker room in the hopes of finding a new woman who he liked enough to use his powers on. He’d never thought that he might find one who was already interested in him, though! And especially not Yang…

Yeah, she seemed like she was still a little on the fence. But considering his power? There were few better places she could be for him to sway to his side. If she wanted the right mood, he was fairly sure it was within his capabilities to create such a situation.

Jaune’s cheeks actually hurt from how wide his smile had grown. She was an… incredible girl, after all.

Bold, seemed the most polite way to phrase her unique approach to life. Not to mention as blunt and as explosive as the weapons she carried into battle. But where he’d seen her hot-headed and uncaring for people who didn’t concern her, he’d also had the chance to see her just as gentle and even maternal fussing over her little sister.

She was the type of person who would always say how she felt, and who couldn’t even be bothered to lie. But who was also more complex than she ever wanted anyone to think. Unfortunately, the more Jaune realized just how great a girl Yang really was, old instincts inevitably reared their ugly head as he found himself doubting his own traits in comparison.

His smile slipped, becoming worried as he stared at the inside of his locker. After all, that type of girl, who wanted so much from life, seemed a little overwhelming at first. If they dated, if he was dating Yang Xiao Long, what kind of relationship could they hope to have together? Did that kind of thing even have a hope of lasting a week? Did he?

He might be able to use his powers to get her to date him for a bit. He might even be able to fool her into thinking whatever initial attraction she’d found in him was real. But wouldn’t she eventually get bored of a simple guy like him? For all her excitement and love of life, could he really hope to stand beside her? Or wasn’t that type of mismatch doomed to fail from the start…

If he’d asked himself these questions only a few days earlier, his answer probably would have been… no, as painful as that was to admit. Yang just wasn’t the type to be held back by anyone or thing that couldn’t keep up. She was too carefree to be bothered by something like that, which was something he actually admired about her.

Maybe not maturity, exactly, but there was definitely something almost untouchable about her that he would be lying if he said that it didn’t intimidate him a bit. Not unlike the very fire that mirrored her own semblance. She burned with a passion and heat likely to hurt anyone unprepared or stupid enough to approach without understanding what they were dealing with. Be it the way she fought, the way she loved, or the way she laughed, she took everything to the extreme.

But whereas before, he could never have imagined himself as her equal, the distance between them didn’t seem as wide now as it once had, he was surprised to remember with a much slower but hopeful grin.

He wasn’t scared of the world anymore. He wasn’t this weight that needed to be carried by everyone else on his team. He was strong, he could fight back now, and, more importantly, he was actually starting to show the confidence he’d pretended to have since he’d started Beacon. There were still a few lingering doubts and insecurities, but those would only shrink in time as he embraced the fact that he truly belonged at Beacon and with the group of friends he’d somehow managed to make.
So… yes, he decided. As surprising as it was to admit, Jaune could finally say that he saw himself as the type of guy that a girl could like. Perhaps not the greatest compliment in the world. But it was still a large step for the once small and pitiful young man he’d been.

He wanted to try. And that made all the difference. He wanted to take the initiative for once, no matter how dangerous Yang’s flames. And maybe it was because of that risk that he suddenly felt so driven to test himself, to at least see if they were compatible before giving up without even trying. But also because… part of him felt that if they did work out, if Yang did decide she liked him, she would make for an incredible girlfriend. One that, given time, well… who knows?

He could easily see her with a family down the road. The way she cared about Ruby was almost too motherly at times not to see her with an actual child at some point in her life.

Jaune was blushing before he realized how he’d started thinking about his friend’s sister. And how ahead of himself he’d let his mind wander. There was a lot about her that seemed negative at first. But there were perks to being loved by someone like that. And if things went positively, well, at least he could say with a certain amount of confidence that he would never have a boring life as long as she was in it.

Did he like Yang? He’d never even allowed himself to entertain the possibility. But could he like Yang? Easily. Probably more easily than he’d ever dared hoped until it figuratively slapped him in the face.

Jaune knew the decision had been made before he actually settled on anything. He wasn’t going to shoot himself down before she ever had the chance. Not again. He wouldn’t let himself stay as that week and cowardly self.

The next chance he got, he would do his best to sway her decision towards giving them a chance. And with any luck… he might just not fuck it up.

See? He was more confident already.

‘And if things don’t end with a happily ever after… eh, I’ll still probably get the chance to have sex with her,’ The errant thought seemed to come of its own volition, although Jaune couldn’t find it in himself to deny the consolation. He was still a teenage boy after all. And even if this venture didn’t end with wedding bells, he was more than happy to enjoy every step leading up to whatever else lurked around the corner.

Jaune felt assured in his decision and was already looking forward to finding an opportunity to enact his plan. However, that didn’t change the fact that he was currently still locked in a locker in the woman’s showers. Something he immediately remembered as soon as a towel-clad huntress meandered across his field of vision, opening the locker right across from his own before she allowed the damp cloth wrapped around her body to drop. Suddenly his limited view was filled with naked, toned flesh and a pert backside demanding his attention.

For a moment, Jaune actually tried to remind himself that he’d just settled on trying to woo Yang. That said, another voice was quick to remind him that they technically weren’t even dating yet. And just because he’d finished browsing didn’t mean he couldn’t window shop a little bit longer. Heck, he hadn’t even made it to the showers before he’d stumbled on the nest of his friends! Surely it couldn’t hurt to finish his lap around the room before heading off to his meeting with Goodwitch?

As if he needed convincing. Soon, the room and the world itself was once again consumed by his semblance allowing him to finally step out of his hiding place.
The sound of conversation and hissing showers were suddenly cut short. Free to roam in a room of naked beauties, Jaune couldn’t help the new smile that formed on his face, this one much less pure than when he’d been thinking about his future girlfriend. He set off with impossible ease to once again explore the maze of lockers and women, making sure to appreciate every single view as they passed.

Unfortunately, Jaune would quickly realize that the forest of naked women had quickly shrunk in the time he’d spent tucked away in his metal cupboard. Much less anyone still in the middle of changing. Which... made sense when he remembered how long he’d spent messing around. All of this jumping in and out of time made it hard to keep track of how much time had passed for the rest of the school. The next class was probably just around the corner, and everyone was in a hurry to get going.

Of course, this disappointment only lasted as long as it took him to make his way over towards the showers, his last resort and one that paid out as soon as his eyes washed over the number of naked huntresses unlucky enough to still be on their way to their clothes when Jaune came upon them.

There wasn’t a lot of them. But of the few young women still hanging around the back of the room, Jaune was very pleased to find all of them looked fresh and flushed right out of their own shower – and even more importantly, all completely nude. Some of them had enough modesty to wrap a towel around their naked figures as they managed their shower supplies or stood around with their friends, but the majority seemed comfortable enough to let it all hang out, backs straight and arms at their sides. And Jaune had to say; it was a new kind of thrill seeing their skin so wet and glistening while their hair hung heavily around their vacant expressions.

If he had the time, he would have enjoyed taking a moment to physically appreciate the wide variety of figures available, but he resigned himself to a liberal viewing. Even if he had all the time in the world, he didn’t have all the aura in the world, and he was surprised to find himself somewhat drained after class, his first foray into the locker, and then his experiments.

It was a… strange sensation, and he might be imagining it, but he could almost swear it was getting a little bit harder to move his limbs. But finding his attention drawn towards a particularly daring young woman who’s bent over figure pushed her backside high into the air, Jaune decided he was probably still safe enough to think about the issue later lest his afternoon fun get interrupted.

And it was fun. There weren’t any striking beauties to draw his attention, but there was something to be said about being literally surrounded by ten odd naked women. Besides, even the average huntress was still about a thousand times more beautiful than anyone he’d grown up with in his small town.

Oh, how far he’d come.

Eventually, he finally found himself making his way towards the showers themselves, only to be very surprised by what he saw.

Class quickly approaching, there were even fewer girls still in the shower. Finding the stall walls to be delightfully short, he didn’t even need to push aside the plastic curtain to see whoever was inside.

Peeking at one girl rinsing shampoo out of her hair, the white soap pouring down her body was especially striking in Jaune’s frozen world. It and the water clung to her shape like a picture, making the view of her offered breasts even more appealing.

The next stall allowed him a similar view, this time of a dark-skinned backside. And in the next, the girl inside had already shut the water off, about to step outside. Jaune continued like this, enjoying each girl as they came like an exhibit in a zoo or art house until he found something especially
intriguing.

Without bothering to look up, Jaune’s eyes widened seeing the young woman who seemed to be in the middle of something much more intimate than a simple shower. One hand poised between her legs and the other cradling a single, well-sized breast, he could even see her skin blushing an unusually vivid red. And while a little on the short side, Jaune couldn’t help but admire what could only be described as an impressive figure.

‘There was a girl like this in class?’ Jaune’s idle thought flashed for the barest moment. A thought he would quickly regret as soon as he realized just who he was looking at.

His eyes traveled up her body slowly, an idiotic smile on his face as he enjoyed the fact that he got to see something so rarely intimate. Only to suddenly freeze as a familiar bob of red-tinged brunette locks peeked into view. Whatever arousal that had been welling up inside his chest quickly froze.

Ruby.

Sucking in a sharp breath, Jaune’s blue orbs widened comically as he looked at this young woman’s face for the first time. Eyes half-lidded and lips parted in a silent gasp, her features were oddly sexual in a way the blond boy had never seen on the younger girl’s face. It was only after warmth started to crawl up his cheeks that he realized his own embarrassment from the situation, even if Ruby couldn’t see that he’d caught her doing… that.

Not that he was one to judge, of course. It made sense. She was at that age, after all. Perfectly natural. Oum knows how often he’d indulged in himself when he’d been younger. Not that it had been easy in a house of 8 women. He couldn’t even count the number of times one of his sisters had just happened to barge in at the wrong moment, almost always resulting in some indignant rage on his part and mocking, but not cruel, laughter on theirs. That said, it was kind of interesting to be on the other side of that door for once. Even if part of him still couldn’t help but feel surprised at finding the seemingly pure young woman in such a position.

It was so easy to think of the younger girl as too innocent for such things. But that was more his mistake. She was as human as the rest of them, and it made sense she would have urges. Suddenly the warmth in his face increased, and he realized it might be time to wrap things up.

“I’ll just ah, leave you to it,” he spoke to the frozen statue of his friend. It was more for himself than anything. And his eye might have lingered a moment before he finally turned back around, once again taking a moment to consider the younger girl’s surprising… maturity.

Jaune started for the exit a very satisfied young man. He’d walked in with a purpose and was walking out with even more than his initial goal, the memories he’d made along the way only sweetening the experience. All he had left was to appear in the male locker, change out of his gear, and he could get started planning out how he was going to woo his fellow blonde.

Actually, hadn’t Glynda said something about a field trip tomorrow?

It certainly seemed like a good excuse to get Yang alone. There was even a chance some Grimm might show up. The perfect opportunity to show off once again, which seemed to have gotten her attention the first time. If she’d been impressed watching him play around with Carden, then just wait until she got an eyeful of his dashing figure slaying a Grimm in a single swing of his sword!

Or, at least, that was what it would look like to her. It certainly played romantically in his head. Yang was the kind of girl who respected strength. And he was more than happy to show off as much as she liked.
His idiotic grin only grew as he continued down the winding path of lockers. Part of him couldn’t help but muse on the fact that he was actually hoping for a Grimm attack, a mentality very different than what he was used to.

Unfortunately, his idle musing would be interrupted as he happened to roam by an unexpected picture. One that he didn’t even register until he’d already taken several steps past the lone figure hidden from the rest of the room. And stopping in his tracks, Jaune’s joyful expression slowly dropped into one of foreboding.

“Don’t do it,” he told himself, stubbornly refusing to turn around despite the temptation itching at his back. “Don’t you do it. Nothing good can come of you turning around right now. You’ve somehow managed to get away with all of this without getting caught. Do not push your luck!”

But of course, when it came to resisting his own perversions, he’d long since learned that such small things as morality and rational thinking could hardly sway his decisions. Which is why, despite knowing this would somehow come to bite him in the ass, Jaune still found himself slowly turning to find none other than Glynda Goodwitch standing along a well-hidden line of lockers with her top and skirt completely removed.

Underneath, a white bra far fancier than anything he’d seen on the women his age hugged the curves of her full breasts. Silk, lace, and a much thinner see-through material seemed to make up the most of the undergarment, giving a surprisingly feminine air from the usually cold and distant woman. And below, her pale complexion broke beneath the waistband of leggings that had been pulled up to her navel, a black stretchy fabric that molded to the shape of her full hips, thighs, and backside while remaining sheer enough to expose the equally fancy pair of white panties hiding the woman’s modesty.

His first reaction was to run. A natural and instinctual response born from his fear of this harsh older woman mixing with the… moral ambiguity of his current situation. If anyone was going to catch him, after all, he couldn’t think of anyone worse than Ms. Goodwitch herself. But he’d already long since understood the length of his power, and therefore forced himself to remember that the teacher couldn’t actually catch him in the act.

Knowledge that did surprisingly little for the sudden thumping in his chest. Nevertheless, be it the curiosity or his own damned stupidity, it still wasn’t enough to stop him from slowly creeping closer towards the half-naked woman.

Her nakedness once again drew his attention, his eyes drawn to the stained discarded clothes still marked by the impression of Cardin’s sweat and drool. Hands outstretched, the surprisingly dainty shapes of her fingers were already reaching for a replacement set nearly identical to the clothes the blonde teacher could usually be found wearing. Quickly, Jaune was reminded of his little finale and exactly how his show had ended. And it seemed like the teacher was smart enough to keep a change of clothes for just such a predicament.

“Guess you wanted to wait until most of the students were already gone,” Jaune mused out loud, slowly growing more confident as he dared another step in her direction. Suddenly, he was close enough to peek around her back to see her familiar expressionless features.

The sound of his heart in his ears picked up as he allowed his gaze to linger, drinking in the rare opportunity to actually stare at the beautiful older woman. Which was exactly what she was, Jaune noticed with a blush. For all the beauty he’d gotten to enjoy from these huntresses in training, all had been first-years, and all retained that youthful shine that most men preferred. That said, given a real chance to regard Glynda’s figure, Jaune felt some of his nerves giving way to something more appreciative.
His gaze slipped down from her face, getting his first real look at her breasts. The way she wore her clothing was strange in the way it displayed her feminine features while still coming off as conservative. Jaune could only wonder how many first-year young men had made the mistake of looking at the gap in her blouse when she could catch them.

Thankfully, he’d been both smart enough and cowardly enough to know better. The fact that Glynda scared the ever-loving crap out of him had certainly been a factor. But it was also why he found himself surprised at the generous shelf of cleavage contained in a sheer lace bra.

The creamy white complexion of her décolletage was fixed high onto her chest, the soft meat cradled in the cups of fabric. She was actually pretty stacked in the chest department. If not as big as Yang than certainly the closest Jaune had seen amongst the Beacon population. Although, she did have the benefit of being an adult. And that maturity certainly showed as his eyes drifted lower, following the tight curve of her toned waist until her figure suddenly ballooned outward into a pair of incredible hips than no simple teenager could ever naturally claim.

“You’re a lot less scary up close,” Jaune’s chuckle rang dry, especially considering the clear fear still on his face. But reaching out, he managed to place his hand against the woman’s naked shoulder with a surprising amount of courage.

He… wasn’t quite sure what he was doing. But finding his teacher half naked and with all the time in the world to admire her seemed too much to just walk away from. Another opportunity like this didn’t seem like the kind of thing that popped up regularly. And even more than that, he found his fear of the strict woman somehow making him even more curious about her softer aspects.

And she was soft. Surprisingly so as her warm skin tickled the tips of his fingers. The pleasurable sensation was enough to encourage him to trace a short path down the length of her arm all the way down to her elbow. Jaune’s face opened to allow a soft sigh to fall from his lips.

Despite his reassurances, part of him still actually expected her to jump up and scold him. As if there was no way his powers could overwhelm a woman as powerful as her. But it would seem even she couldn’t break out of his spell. And that, in of itself, only made Jaune’s enthusiasm for his current situation swell.

There was a different kind of pleasure in the act than the usual sexual thrill, no doubt an especially petulant reaction to catching the older woman so off guard when she seemed so impenetrable every other day of the year. But it would turn out she was as susceptible and soft as any other woman. A fact that stole much of the invulnerable, unfeeling mask she seemed so set on perpetuating.

A warmth started in his chest as he came to the realization. But it was one he found himself faced with again and again. As his own power grew, the skyscrapers he used to admire before were quickly cut down by reality.

It was at this moment Jaune was finally able to see the blonde professor as the woman she was. It was also the moment that a particularly devious thought happened to bubble to the front of his thoughts.

He never did get the chance to test this new power of his…

For the first time since walking out of the locker, Jaune’s eyes focused on the white sheen of his aura still coating the length of his body. A heartbeat later and his eyes turned back to Glynda’s, the green orbs still trained in front of her towards her locker. And suddenly, Jaune couldn’t help but tilt his head in a curious expression, honestly wondering how the teacher would look, face twisted with the pleasure he was capable of imprinting on her body.
Part of his aura was already emblazoned on a part of her, a thin and dim line along the length of her arm. Looking back at his hand, he forced the white light to shine especially brightly, a gesture that took more strength than it had just a few minutes earlier.

Not that it deterred him. Eyes unfocused, an image of the cold and stern woman’s face appeared in his head as emotionless as ever. His imagination surged the next moment twisting her face into a mockery of the proud woman. Suddenly, all he could focus on was the picture of her lips open in a gasping breath, knees quivering, skin flushed, and eyes alight with clear arousal. It didn’t fit her at all. And yet even the idea was enough to flood the young man with a sudden rush of excitement.

It was an amazing shift in tone considering how afraid of her he’d been up till this point. But whereas before he’d looked at her stern expression and overly polite voice and experienced fear, now he could only find an unreasonable urge to tease the older woman. To take her attitude and power as a teacher and see how much he had to push until it broke.

“I… kind of want to see that,” Jaune admitted as he stared at his teacher’s face, more surprised by himself than anything at the sudden curiosity.

It was by far the most malicious intent he’d experienced after gaining this power, while somehow still managing to come off as impossibly childish and immature. But that was what happened when a person started to get overconfident. Hubris that was never more evident as Jaune reached for the bra strap running between the woman’s shoulder blades, offering the smallest of pinches until the metal hooks finally unsnapped, falling uselessly to the woman’s sides.

His pinched lips and furrowed brow relaxed, becoming more intent as he moved to circle towards the woman’s front. Without the chance of getting caught, he allowed his eyes to draw and down her form, admiring the mature undergarments he’d yet to find exploring girls closer to his age.

The material was thin and see-through, hinting towards a soft pink color that stood out against her otherwise pale complexion. The hand on her elbow shifted then, following her arm up until the tip of his finger ran along the garments frilly rim. The young man swallowed against his suddenly dry throat, considering for the last time if he really wanted to take this risk. And the next thing he knew, he found himself with a literal handful of the terse blond woman’s naked breast sticking his hand inside of her bra.

He gave the orb a squeeze, relishing the soft, warm sensation as much as if it was his very first time. This time he couldn’t help his sudden grin as he let the moment sink in, looking from his hand to the woman’s blank expression multiple times before he could convince himself that this was really happening.

Glynda chewing out first years. Glynda lecturing a room full of teenagers. Glynda’s slowly cracking patience as she was forced to put up with yet another incident. Those were the memories that came to mind whenever the beautiful woman’s face came into question. But now? Now, Jaune could already see that he would have a memory all of his own. One that not even the woman in question would be able to guess whenever he passed her in the halls.

The sudden rush of groping his teacher’s breast without punishment only egged the teenage boy on as he allowed himself to grow more aggressive with his motions – going so far as to reach up with his second hand until each was able to cradle the soft shape of a woman’s curves. And all the while, Jaune’s excitement continued to mount as he watched the white glow of his body start to fuse with Glynda’s, the faint ghostly impression of his hands growing in intensity the longer he mauled her breasts.

Jaune’s fondling paused, however, as he couldn’t help but take notice of something strange. Cupping
the full weight of Glynda’s chest, as his thumbs traced the full meaty curve of her breast the sensation of her nipples were oddly absent. For a moment, Jaune feared that his technique was lacking in some way. But he would find his answer as soon as he urged the cups of her bra towards her stomach, forcing her breasts to pop free.

Staring for a long moment, Jaune just blinked at the unusual sight. The light pink color he’d noticed before was still apparent, and turning a much darker red. However, the small nipple usually at its center was completely gone. Or, rather hidden inside a small slit that peeked at the tips of each breast.

Jaune’s confusion continued until he finally remember one of his sister’s talking about something like this. He was pretty sure she’d called it… inverted nipples? Apparently, it wasn’t that rare a thing. Although, if that were the case, Jaune was surprised he hadn’t seen it more often. That said, tilting his head ever so slightly, the young man found the picture rather cute.

He reached out, a single finger running along the folded tip. The flesh was as soft as any other and gave easily under the pressure of his touch. For some reason, the blond couldn’t help but feel like this feature matched the reserved woman. An unusually shy expression but adorable never the less.

After enough time, with no mind to resist the sexual sensations suddenly forced upon it, Glynda’s body was helpless but to respond to Jaune’s touch, blood swelling beneath the pale surface and the light pink of her tips turning a slightly dark red beneath his rough and callused palms. Even her nipples began to harden under his touch, small nubs peeking out from their hiding places as if reaching for the sensation of his hand.

It would seem even this kind of cold woman could be warmed up with enough effort, which Jaune was more than happy to put in, spending an unnecessary amount of time kneading and rolling and even bouncing her breasts once they were infused with enough of his power to stand apart from the rest of the frozen world.

Free from her bra, the heavy shapes hung from her body with surprising perkiness, dropping just a bit lower than he was used to. Her nipples, however, stood stubbornly forward in proud defiance of gravity making her shape all the more arousing. And by the time he was done, the womanly curves were all but glowing with his power, his fingers and touch burned into them as well as any brand.

However, he wasn’t done yet. And allowing her chest to fall back into their natural shape against her chest, Jaune’s hands quickly slid down her waist until the elastic material of her tights tickled the tips of his pinkies.

Just how many men had gotten to see this woman the way Jaune was lucky enough to experience? He found himself genuinely curious as he began to ease the leggings down the woman’s stomach until her navel peeked out. The plane of the teacher’s belly was understandably flat, an impressive feat for a woman who was probably only a few years younger than his own mother. A thought that should weird him out, but in fact only prove to excite him more as he found himself suddenly eager to see if women really did improve with age.

The material stretched with relative ease until the dark nylon rolled over Goodwitch’s pronounced hips. Jaune urged the material all the way to her knees, long enough to pull it back into place after he was finished, and more importantly, short enough to expose the full color of the older woman’s equally white and frilly panties. But whereas before the underwear had teased at the pert sensitive flesh of her nipples, this garment seemed intended to expose the tussled and curly hairs consuming the woman’s mons.

Just a few shades darker than the blond strands of hair decorating her head, the veritable bush of downy fur was the first thing to be exposed as Jaune continued to strip his teacher, removing the last
of her clothes and exposing the worst of her dignity until he found the familiar folds of her womanly opening bared to the humid locker room air.

With her panties joining her tights at her knees, Jaune’s hand stayed on the warm, smooth skin of her inner thigh tracing his aura across the sensitive surface in slow up and down motions creeping towards her apex.

There was a reason for this, at least more than simple hedonism, as he found his experiments usually reacted faster the more of their bodies he took the time to saturate with his aura. But, of course, it also gave him an excuse to appreciate every inch of the teacher’s toned and well-shaped figure.

Which is all the reason he needed to reach out behind the woman, giving her wide backside a generous squeeze to enjoy the unsurprisingly firm sensation.

The idea of an invisible imprint of his hands stained onto the professor's backside brought an immediate grin to the young man’s face. First Yang, then Weiss and Pyrrha, and now professor Goodwitch, there was a part of him that seemed to greatly enjoy the idea of marking them in a way only he would be able to see. It didn’t hurt them, after all. Quite the opposite, in fact, leading him to dismiss the pleasures as idle fun.

His eyes turned towards the apex of her thighs with the same eager excitement. Her breasts had already gotten more than enough attention, made evident by the bright glow standing out against her pale complexion.

Hands running along her hip, Jaune put on a considering expression before his aura suddenly flared, flowing around the point of his fingers until a bright light flickered around his right limb. Call it overkill, but looking at the woman and everything he knew about her, he felt like erring on the side of caution might be for the best in this situation. The last thing he wanted was for the effect to be too weak.

The natural plane of her stomach slipped beneath his fingers as he moved closer towards his goal. Firm, toned muscle began to give way to softer more feminine flesh until Jaune found his fingers running through the much thicker mound of blond hairs cropped above the woman’s crotch.

The hair was thicker than he was used to, and yet not quite as wild as Yang’s, mirroring the teacher’s fastidious personality. And when his fingers broached even lower, Jaune's smile would turn into one of satisfaction as the now familiar sensation of a woman’s wet and warm sex burned against his flesh.

Starting with a gentle sawing motion, he gently urged her thighs wider apart for better access. He could then see the bright red curtains spilling out from between her crease, already slightly swollen from the effect of his touch. The white of his aura took to her skin like a sponge, burning the sensation of his touch into her body.

It was only after he started to feel the damp, humid sensation turn to real wetness that he urged his fingers even deeper between her legs until the wiry hairs pressed against his palm. He allowed his new position to aim a finger towards Glynda’s depths, baring the tip against her entrance only to feel the long digit start to sink inside of her.

Warm, smooth walls welcomed him as he began to pump his wrist against her pillowy sex. For his part, Jaune was actually a little surprised things were going so easily, feeling her arousal continue to build. For all her posturing, he'd naturally assumed her to be the, well, frigid type for lack of a better word. But no matter how much she liked to pretend to be an impassive wall of rules and regulation, her body seemed quite happy to accept his attention, somehow responding even more than a few of
the younger girls he’d been lucky enough to grope in his way up till this point.

Still crouching low towards the ground, Jaune’s eyes didn’t blink as he watched his finger disappear into the woman’s body. Her sex was completely swollen by this point, turning her skin a bright red that somehow glistened in the frozen rays of fluorescent, dust powered lights.

There was enough of the stuff to actually cover his hand, trickling down his digit and palm all the way down to his forearm. And the rest followed the natural curve of her body to stain the inside of her thighs, growing closer and closer to the silken panties tucked safely down her legs.

It got to the point where the smell of her seemed to fill the otherwise stagnant and frozen air that surrounded them — trapping Jaune in the ripe musk of a woman whose body appeared starved for affection.

It was a side of her Jaune never expected to see, a side of her he never would have seen if not for his power. Another familiar tone he found himself experiencing the more women he allowed himself to enjoy. But he liked that part of his powers. Liked that he could, at any time, step away from the real world and find these intimate little details usually reserved for lovers.

How women liked to be touched, where they liked to be touched, what happened when he touched them, all the things that usually took weeks if not months to slowly discover together suddenly out in the open for him to reach and test like a map. In a weird way, it was its own kind of power. Possibly even more formidable than the ability that allowed him to enjoy such luxuries.

Jaune took his time as he allowed his fingers to run up and down Glynda’s sex, mapping out every nook and cranny in a way that would make it impossible to ever take her seriously as a teacher. Grinding the heel of his hand against the front of her slit and bringing two of his fingers to test the tight sensation of her inner walls wrapping around him, Glynda’s body continued to react like it had been designed to fit in his palm.

Eventually, the bright red blush surrounding her genitals began to spread throughout her thighs and belly, crawling up her figure like vines of arousal threatening to infect her entire body. And it was only after that same color could be seen reflected from the tips of her toes through the otherwise calm and unsuspecting expression that he allowed himself to take a step back, pulling his fingers from her body and smiling at the way her crotch glowed with his power.

“Yeah… that should about do it,” Jaune’s tone turned somewhat wry as he admired the woman’s excited complexion. More to the point, his eyebrow drew up in a somewhat sarcastic expression as he admired the liberal coating of honey like liquid coating his own hand.

To say he went overboard would be… accurate. But if anyone could take it, it was Ms. Goodwitch. However, spotting her new shirt still safely folded away in the teacher’s locker, the blond boy couldn’t help but want to take things a step further.

It was a devious thought, and one Jaune honestly did his best to talk himself out of. Unfortunately, the idea of the prim and proper woman walking around in a cloud of her own musk seemed almost too fun to pass up. A sentiment that would only be repeated as the young man went about fixing what little clothes she’d been wearing, only to pause as he picked up her discarded bra.

“Well, that could be fun too?” he muttered to himself as if testing the possibility despite knowing, in the end, exactly what was going to happen next.

Xxx
Glynda Goodwitch found herself in an uncomfortable position as she moved to exit the female locker rooms back out into the open of the school campus. Not that she let this show on the outside, of course. Rather, she made a strenuous effort to keep her expression composed as she walked past a number of students still rushing for their next class. It was only after that the hallway finally cleared out, and she was alone that she began to let that emotionless mask crumble – along with the rest of her demeanor.

A deep shuttering breath wracked her frame as she had to pause mid-step, a moment of weakness slipping through as she braced herself against the hallway’s wall. It was a surprising moment of weakness that she hated herself for needing. But as sweat collected on the nape of her neck and she felt her genitals swell with the rhythm of her fluttering heartbeat, she decided to accept what little comfort there was in the fact that no one else had become aware of her condition.

It was a confusing situation, to put it lightly. She’d just been changing out of her soiled clothing when she’d suddenly felt overwhelmed by… pleasure. At least, that’s all she could think to call it. In reality, the warm pulsing from her privates was anything but enjoyable. And feeling the cold of the air-conditioned breeze against the still warm arousal dripping down her thighs, the sensation of overwhelming humiliation rose up threatening to burst a blood vessel as the dark red color surged up her throat to collect in her wide and panicked expression.

She didn’t know how to explain it. One moment she’d been standing and about to dawn a fresh blouse after what had happened with that oaf Winchester when the world seemed to turn on its head. The next thing she knew she found herself collapsing onto her knees; hands clutched around her midsection while her internal muscles seemed to seize up in an unyielding clench.

The sudden transition threatened to be more painful than enjoyable. Unfortunately, the resounding hum throughout her blood couldn’t mistake the episode for anything but what it had been.

The sound of footsteps cut her break unbearably short.

A pair of girls suddenly rounded the corner, their eyes widening at the sight of the blond teacher. Fortunately for Glynda, she was already standing upright, her face utterly impassive as she stared down at the obvious first years. Despite her internal suffering, she somehow managed to remain composed enough to utter out a single sentence.

“Please refrain from running in the halls.”

And just like that, she was walking past the stunned students who looked after her retreating form with no small amount of confusion. Thankfully, neither was foolish enough to look any deeper at the obvious first years. Despite her internal suffering, she somehow managed to remain composed enough to utter out a single sentence.

The idea of climaxing in the middle of the girl’s locker room, while students were still inside no less, was a black mark on her conscious that she feared could never be wiped away.

And yet, somehow, all of this somehow failed to be the strangest thing to occur to her that afternoon. No, that honor belonged to none other than her own bra suddenly disappearing without so much as a trace.

She hadn’t noticed right away, too busy panting and staring crazily at her own body. But in a rush to collect the last of her clothes and shield what remained of her dignity, she’d been about halfway through buttoning up her shirt before she’d noticed her suddenly very sensitive nipples rubbing freely against the silk of her top. The very soft, and very thin silk top that she was forced to cover the front
of with her clipboard lest the entire school become aware of her wardrobe malfunction.

Even as she walked, short and precise steps clicking against the hard floor, she could feel the generous size of her breast swaying with each step, small bolts of pleasure arching up through her shoulders as her tips enjoyed the textured sensation of her blouse.

In all her years of teaching-.

No.

In all her years of being alive, she couldn’t ever remember being so exposed. And what’s worse, she couldn’t even contact anyone for help, what with the Beacon faculty remaining frustratingly male — leaving her options somewhat limited.

At the moment, all she could focus on was retreating to the closest safe haven of her office where she might finally have the chance to sit down and consider what was happening. Apparently forgetting in the excitement of her episode the young student she’d requested wait for her there. A request she was suddenly reminded of the moment she rushed to open the door, only to find a very content and relaxed Jaune Arc leaned back in the chair across from her desk. And just like that, Glynda could feel her day growing from improbable to downright impossible.

“Mr. Arc?” she suddenly gasped, hating the hitch in her tone that came out far more breathless than she’d intended.

She had to struggle to keep down the whimper that threatened the back of her throat. Instead, she forced herself to compose her features, reminding herself that she was a teacher at Beacon Academy, a Huntress of the highest caliber, and that she couldn’t allow herself to fall to something so paltry as her own body. No matter how startling. The best she could do for now was to hurry up and get rid of the boy as fast as possible.

“Ms. Goodwitch,” Jaune smiled at the woman in a way she wasn’t used to, bright and… eager? “I was afraid you forgot about me for a second.” To which the older woman just squared her shoulders, quick steps carrying her across the room until she was safely tucked behind her desk.

She was finally able to allow her quivering knees to give out, slumping into the seat beneath her with as much grace as she could manage. Unfortunately, the impact had the sudden misfortune of allowing her unrestrained breasts to bounce with her. She forced her face to remain neutral even as her arms pressed the clipboard that much harder against their dangling shape.

She swallowed against her throat and licked her mouth only to find a salty tang dripping from her upper lip. And when she looked up, she was surprised to see his eyes still on hers, the intensity in his blue gaze somewhat unnerving in the casual setting of her office.

No, maybe intense was the wrong word. Giving him a second glance, she found his expression and bearing relaxed and at ease. Perhaps too much so, at least in her presence. She was used to students clenching up whenever she passed, conversations grinding to a halt and quick cautious stares sent in her direction.

It was an unfortunate side effect of being what equated to the law in their school. People called her harsh, or unfair. But the way she saw it, all the other teachers were simply too lax in their dealings with what equated to super-powered teenagers. She was all for giving them the room they needed to explore and find their own paths as hunters and huntresses, but not at the cost of their own safety.

The number of first years who seemed outright suicidal in their confidence, it never failed to baffle
her. And yet, whereas she was used to watching students walk up to Beowolves and Ursa without flinching, it had been a while since she remembered any of those same students managing to meet her own gaze without wavering at least a fraction. Jaune Arc, in particular, had always seemed to be one of the most affected by her demeanor. So, what had changed so much to…-?

Whatever thoughts Glynda found herself considering as she stared into Jaune Arc’s unusually confident gaze, they ground to a halt the moment she felt… something begin to stir beneath her shirt. More to the point, she could feel the shapes of her breasts suddenly burn with sensation as though a pair of hands had somehow managed to sneak up her shirt to start fondling her right then and there. The gestures was sudden enough that she was naturally unprepared for the sudden stimulation.

“Ms. Goodwitch?” Jaune’s voice called out. Glynda’s green eyes turned to him, calm, measured, in control. Somehow, she’d managed to keep from responding to the sudden sensations. At least, on the outside. Inside, her soul was ablaze with the indignation and uncertainty that turned her nails against the soft wood of her desk in her efforts to remain impassive.

“I am fine.” She managed, her tone slightly lower than normal under the strain but otherwise matching her usual cool inflections. “Thank you for your concern. It would seem as though I’ve… fallen ill with a cold of some type. So, you’ll forgive me if I try and keep this meeting brief.”

But she wasn’t nearly as calm as she wanted to claim. Especially when those fingers appeared to focus on the tips of her breast. Feeling something trace the lip of her nipples, her throat became distinctly dry despite her attempts to swallow back the groan in the back of her throat.

It was like whatever was causing this knew all of her weak points. After all, as embarrassing as Glynda found her chest, her own feelings were nothing compared to the dreadfully sensitivity her condition created whenever she or anyone else touched her nipples. Typically, it wasn’t so bad. But as aroused as she was, these new sensations only wound her nipples even tighter and farther out from her body.

All the more embarrassing was the fact that Jaune could see her face while she was experiencing some kind of phenomena. She closed her eyes for a moment, willing the sensation to go away. However, after several calming breaths and no signs of the effect lessening, she found herself faced with the fact that she would need to speak even as she felt herself being groped by invisible hands.

“Of course?” Jaune nodded, an odd quirk in his brow that made it seem he was confused for some reason. “let me know if there’s anything I can do to help.” Unfortunately, never the best liar, Glynda was confused to notice a slight frown pulling at the edge of his lips? Her gaze lingered on the queer expression a moment too long before she was able to bring herself out of it, unintentionally admiring the soft pink skin.

She caught herself a moment later, understandably horrified at the infraction no matter how passing. But lucky for Jaune, it also helped her forget about his odd mood.

Many students might be surprised by this fact, but Glynda was, in fact, a woman. A woman who, given the right mood, was as vulnerable to the pleasures of the flesh as any other human. A fact that Jaune, at least, was now well aware.

This proved to be yet another of the many reasons Glynda found herself using every excuse she could find to put distance between herself and her students. Which isn’t to say she was so base as to be the type to give in to her more animalistic cravings. But neither was she so impervious to arousal that she couldn’t at least recognize the fair amount of bulging muscle and youthful testosterone that ran through the halls like a drug.
If the students thought it was difficult being surrounded by so many attractive and young bodies, it was nothing compared to what the teachers found themselves going through. At least the male faculty had the fortune of feeling their urges die down with age. Glynda wasn’t so fortunate, however, and she was never more aware of the young men entering her school than when she entered her sexual prime.

For all their bluster and overbearing confidence, more than a few of the young men she taught could be described as... attractive. Which is why it was such a good thing their immaturity managed to turn her off so quickly. Handsome and energetic, yes. Anybody that she would actually consider approaching? Never.

Glynda liked to think she was better than the kind of women who could be taken by looks alone. It certainly helped that, even in her youth, she’d never been the type to enter relationships or seek sexual gratification casually. People had often called her unrealistic, but she preferred more of a connection with her partners than mutual satisfaction. She wanted an emotional connection, to know that her lover saw her for what she was and cared for her despite her flaws.

Yes, that was right. Glynda Goodwitch, of all people, turned out to be a romantic at heart. Going so far as to even ignore pleasure from her own hands finding such exercises unnecessary and pointless to a fault.

Which only made her sudden vigor that much more unexplainable.

It was like she was brimming with sexual energy that demanded to be released. To the point that, apparently, she’d even allowed herself to ogle the admittedly adorably naive young man sat in front of her. She could almost swear the sensations were actually getting worse…

She bit down on that thought, shaking it from her head before it could get any further.

“Jau-.” She coughed. No, distance. “Mr. Arc, I’m sure you’re aware of why I’ve called to meet with you like this.”

“My semblance?” he made the obvious guess, pointedly making an effort to ignore the small slip up. Glynda appeared set on doing the same, simply nodding her head in confirmation as she continued to suffer in silence.

“That is correct. I will be honest with you, Mr. Arc, in the time I’ve been allowed to watch your… progress in and outside of my class, I found myself dubious as to how long you would last before dropping out. You’ll forgive my presumptuous inference, but you should understand after so many years of teaching, I like to believe I can measure a young person’s potential fairly accurately.”

She paused then, somehow clinging to the professional tone in an effort to make it through what she needed to say. “I hope you can understand, then, just how surprised I was at your sudden,” she searched for the word, “advantage.”

She waited for him to grow offended or perhaps angry at the fact she’d given up on him so soon. But he showed no such reaction – instead continuing to stare at her with that strange concentration. A moment passed before he finally thought to respond, putting on an understanding expression as he simply shrugged his shoulders as if to acknowledge her reasoning. She blinked at him for a moment before continuing,

“Right, well then, I wish to say that while your semblance proves to be a powerful one, no person can grow as a hunter or huntress on one ability alone. That said, if you’re willing, I’ve decided to-… to-.” Unfortunately, that was as far as she got before a new sensation suddenly made itself known.
This one came slower than the one still assaulting her breasts, which persisted to grow in intensity the longer she sat there trying to endure. This new pressure against her skin came upon her almost like a fog creeping up her legs. To her horror, Glynda thought that she could actually feel fingers begin to crawl up between her thighs despite the clear fact that she had them pressed together with all her strength. And they didn’t stop there, continuing up and through the nonexistence space between her legs until they found the one place she feared the most.

She was already so sensitive, so wet from her earlier troubles. Real or not, when these searching fingers made contact with her enflamed mound the teacher’s eyes widened to an impressive degree as equal amounts of shock and mortification swept through her stone still frame. She couldn’t stop her back from growing rigid, the length of her spine straightening as her chest thrust forward. She didn’t even think about the naked shape of her breasts suddenly all the more prominent. Far too focused on the painful tingling emanating from the throbbing bead of flesh at the top of her slit.

To her credit, those were the only reactions she allowed to slip through. Any lesser woman would have at least gasped or even jumped out of her seat at such phenomena. But eyes locked with Jaune’s still unbroken stare, Glynda found herself forced to endure the sensations in frozen silence.

Her breath shuttered, and her mind seemed to stop short as the sensation continued inside of her body. But no amount of concentration would be able to block out the effect of the ghostly impression sawing back and forth through her swollen lips, while somehow simultaneously pumping in and out of her clenched opening. The double assault was naturally a bit more than she could handle, sensations made even sharper by years of unintended celibacy.

“Ms. Goodwitch?” Jaune’s voice suddenly called out, oddly uncertain as he waited for her to respond after such extended silence.

It was only then after she noticed his eyes had… dropped somewhat that she remembered her current state of undress. And sure enough, too busy testing her nails against the now dented wood of her desk, she’d all but forgotten to shield the clear outline of her heavy and swollen breasts pressed against the thin white fabric of her top.

It was all too much. Her face threatened to erupt as his eyes suddenly drew up to meet her own, finally a hint of a blush starting on his cheeks. Thankfully, he made no other acknowledgment of her situation. A sentiment Glynda was desperate to copy as she made a very casual motion of bringing her clipboard back up to once again cover the outline of her breasts from the room.

He’d… seen her. For all the struggles Glynda had gone through in keeping her expression contained, that moment, in particular, proved to be a challenge as the two of them sat across from each other in utter silence, forced to pretend that neither was aware of what had just transpired. At least, that was exactly what Glynda had planned. And Oum save this poor fool if he thought any differently. Thankfully, as his sudden coughed broke the silence, the teacher was immediately relieved to see that she would have no such problems.

“You were saying that you made some decision?” he prompted, helpfully. Glynda grasped at the lifeline for what it was, silently thanking Oum for any kind of distraction.

“Y-Yes,” the teacher managed after a moment, closing her eyes once again as a small quiver of pleasure raced up the entire length of her spine before continuing again. “That is, I think it would be beneficial if you were given some private tutoring in an effort to hone your lacking physical capabilities. This is not something made available to many students, however-.” She paused again, clenching her jaw at the sheer amount of effort it took to simply talk while otherwise distracted.

It didn’t help that Jaune’s eyes continued to fixate on the forced calm of her face, her bright red blush
shining through no matter how calm she tried to pretend to be. And yet, Jaune’s lack of comment almost made her condition even more obvious. If anything, his eyes seemed to grow more focused as she continued to explain her offer. And Glynda would find herself shocked at just how much that unwavering focus unsettled her.

At least, that was what she chose to call her reaction.

“As I would be the one… personally handling any and all instruction.” The word fell from her lips with slightly more emphasis than she’d intended, but she couldn’t find it in her to correct the mistake. “are you willing to put in the work?”

The teacher nearly fell on top of her desk, amazed she’d somehow managed to make it through her message with only a few hiccups. Considering she’d been forced to perform while she was all but being molested, she decided those small mistakes could be forgiven…

“Wow,” Jaune managed, surprise turning his expression from flushed embarrassment into one of honest pleasure. “that’s very… tempting.” he finally managed.

He appeared to give the offer a moment of thought before continuing, another slow smile quickly working its way back onto his features. “I mean, one on one time with you?” Then, after a pause, “I can imagine more than a few guys, er, students call that lucky.” And as if he wasn’t already pushing his luck more than any mortal had the right too, Glynda would find herself blinking as his eyes dropped for a moment towards her still covered breasts.

Glynda’s eyebrows naturally shot up at the comment, only to furl with irritation. Addled as she might be, she wasn’t so lost to have missed his slight slip of the tongue. Nor had she mistaken the slight twinkle in his eyes as he glanced in her direction. Was… did he just flirt with her? And despite herself, a sudden rush of some long since forgotten emotion welled up in her moment of weakness.

Her eyes narrowed, a dangerous edge to her mood spiking as she searched for any sense of humor or mocking. Had she been wrong? Had he actually been aware of her condition this entire time, silently laughing at her expense?

However, staring back with his unflinching grin, she couldn’t find any sense of mocking or disrespect. Irritating arrogance that boarded on cocky, yes. But if she allowed herself to grow annoyed at every teenage Hunter who thought himself Oum’s gift to women kind then she would never have a moment’s peace. She also doubted a boy his age would have been able to keep it hidden if actually aware of her situation. At least physically.

So, if he was flirting with her… then it might be more genuine than she cared for.

She leaned back in her chair cautiously, a single nail tapping against her desk as she tried to understand the mystery in front of her. But while her mind tried to make sense of his actions, the other half of her reasoning found itself drawn to other interests.

In terms of strength, bearing, and especially appearance, James Ironwood and Jaune Arc couldn’t seem more different. One mature while the other young. One disciplined while the other wild. One respectful while the other… a teenage boy. And yet, despite herself, Glynda found herself unable to
separate the emotion in her heart from when the two of them had been… familiar, the same warm
throbbing in her chest as she felt Jaune’s critical gaze upon her body.

It had been a time of youth, of passion, the closest she had ever gotten to her real-life romance. But it
hadn’t lasted. How could it when the man’s love for her could never rival his love for his career and
country? And yet, no matter how things had ended, Glynda had never forgotten the last summer of
their long since passed school days. The freedom. The tender care. And, yes, the arousal she had
experienced feeling his much larger body pressed above hers.

He’d been the only person to ever bring such an undignified and selfish creature out of her that sex
seemed to create. So, why on earth was she feeling something even remotely similar just from being
watched by a seventeen-year-old boy?

But of course, she already knew the answer. How could she not when invisible fingers continued to
massage at all of her most sensitive places.

It was simply a matter of convenience, a coincidence that he happened to be around her while she
suffered so. She had little doubt that, given the company of anyone else, the stirring in her heart and
memories would have been just as sharp.

Unfortunately, it wasn’t someone else. It was Mr. Arc. And no matter how much she might want to
reason that this emotion wasn’t real, it was impossible to ignore the thoughtless attraction that drew
her eyes to his body.

If she had to claim a preference, she would say that she preferred more muscular men. Certainly not
the absurd and showy muscles that so many young men loved to work towards, but there was
something delightfully feminine about a pair of strong arms wrapped around her that she rarely got to
experience as a huntress of her renown.

However, Jaune’s slimmer shape wasn’t without its own appeal. She could feel her eyes trace along
the lines of his shoulders and arms knowing that, while new, the muscles beneath were of a lithe and
compact variety, which could arguably be called at least more physically appealing than the
alternative.

A shame she couldn’t get a better look at just what he had to offer. In either that ridiculous excuse for
combat attire or the many layers of his uniform, there was a certain mystery about him that was at
least interesting enough to allow her mind to wander and create its own image.

“Ms. Goodwitch?” Jaune called out – and had been calling out for some time if his stressed tone was
anything to go by. It was only then the teacher realized what she had been doing, her eyes trained on
the expose pale skin of his slender throat daring the topmost button to come undone.

“I-I’m sorry, what were you asking?” she managed, suddenly doing her best to look anywhere but
the young man easily half her age. Mortification reared up like a Nevermore as she realized how she
must look, staring at one of her own students like a beast on the hunt. It was exactly the type of
behavior she’d always admonished in her fellow faculty every time she caught a stray glance
lingering just a bit too long on the huntresses in training’s skirts.

If Port could only see her now…

It was Jaune’s fault, really! It might be idle fun for him to tease an old woman like her, but she was in
a particularly vulnerable state that made it all too easy to dredge up memories that had been long
since buried. It was bringing out a part of her that she didn’t particularly care for, and a part of her
that she was surprised to find was still alive and kicking.
“Just what days I’m supposed to show up?” he repeated, a sensible answer and one that should have been easy to answer. Should have been.

“Ah, yes, well,” Glynda coughed, the heat beneath her collar never more sweltering as she dared another glance in the boy’s direction. And catching his brilliant blue eyes and slight smirk, indignation threatened to rear up at the boldness of the gestures. Honestly, what had happened to the shy boy that had first stumbled his way through the entrance exams?

One meeting every other week was the answer she’d been prepared to give. It was honestly all the spare time she had to offer after teaching four full classes each day and then looking after Ozpin. It wasn’t like she needed to be present for the exercises, after all. She simply needed to guide him and check his progress every now and then while he worked through strength building exercises. What she said, however…

“Once every week should be proficient,” she blustered, impossibly straight-faced as she made an attempt at leaning back in her chair to casually disguise the horror in her soul. “Perhaps, starting next Friday? It’ll have to be late at night after I’ve finished with the rest of my responsibilities. That said, I feel your potential as a hunter warrants… special attention.”

‘Stop talking, stop talking, stop talking!’ the teacher repeated to herself again and again. And yet, the words left her mouth all on their own, sent out into the world where she could do nothing to take them back.

If Jaune was confused by her sudden investment, he didn’t let it show. Responding to the generosity with, “I’m sure you’ll take good care of me,” without missing so much as a beat. The possible intentions of the wording wasn’t lost on the older woman who all but blustered at the implications, settling instead for a tight-lipped grimace hidden behind her already emotionless features.

“If there’s nothing else?” he continued, glancing towards the door. And Glynda nearly fell over herself in her rush to agree.

“Yes, please. Thank you for taking the time to talk this matter through with me. It has been an… enlightening afternoon.”

“I couldn’t agree more.”

Glynda made the mistake of relaxing then, expecting Jaune to simply stand up and start towards the door, which is why her eyes widened when he suddenly pitched forward, his face growing unnecessarily close as he moved to lift himself from the chair. Of course, not before breathing in a deep breath, followed by a curious blink. He then continued upward without comment, staring down into Glynda’s suddenly wide and flushed expression.

“Thanks again for taking the time out of your day like this,” he smiled an innocent grin. Glynda could only stare as he continued, “oh and, ah, just wanted to say, love the perfume you’re wearing. It suits you.” And like that, he was gone. A frozen Glynda left in his wake who stared after him a full minute before her clenched figure slowly sank towards her desk until her rigid features pressed flat against the wood.

XxX

Meanwhile, a much cheerier Jaune wandered down the halls with a smile on his face and skip in his step as he mused over the meeting he’d enjoyed with the once fearful Ms. Goodwitch. However, after everything he’d just tried, that seemed to no longer be the case.
It turns out she hadn’t been the gasping flustered type. But, somehow, seeing her manage to keep a straight face despite blushing the entire time was somehow even better than what he’d imagined. Too think, he’d actually been afraid for a moment that his new powers might not actually work. But then he’d tried pushing a little more, and then a little more, and then a lot more until he finally managed to find the response he’d been looking for.

He’d nearly burst with joy. That excitement had carried into the conversation to the point that he found himself saying things to the blonde teacher that probably surprised both of them quite a bit.

Actually… for a moment there it almost looked like Ms. Goodwitch had been checking him out? But he shook that thought away as soon as it had come.

Going after Yang was one thing, but he wasn’t so stupid as to actually think his teacher was interested in him. That said, if given the opportunity, Jaune might not be able to help himself from flirting with the older woman again. If only for the sheer novelty of seeing the woman roll her eyes in exasperation. And wouldn’t you know? It looked like he would be getting just such a chance next Friday!

Suffice to say; things had worked out even better than he planned. And the next time he met Yang, he had little doubt he’d be able to use this new power of his to do whatever he needed to help her make up her mind.

Jaune’s easy pace took on something of a swagger as his mood only seemed to improve. However, hands slipping into his pockets, a strange vibration seemed to catch his attention as he moved to pull his scroll out to look at the screen.

His steps slowed, and his eyebrow rose at the sight of an alert of some type flashing a bright red. Flicking through the settings, it would take Jaune only a moment to realize all this commotion was coming from the app that was meant to measure his aura. Unfortunately, when he pressed the button to find exactly what was going on, he would find his jovial expression slowly sliding into a frown.

“Well,” he hummed, “that’s probably not good…”

A/N: Better late than never, right? Hopefully, a few of you managed to enjoy what this chapter brought. Jaune catching Ruby. Glynda’s response to Jaune’s new confidence. And, of course, more information on Jaune’s aura and perhaps some consequences of overtaking his reserves. But there is something about the next chapter I feel like I need to bring up.

Now, this might sound weird, but the next chapter is where this story will actually start pick up. I know, weird considering that we are already ten chapters in. but everything up till this point has, more or less, been spent setting up character relationships, establishing Jaune’s power, and progressing Jaune’s character to the point that he can start doing things that I’d like him to do without coming off as totally out of character. so from this point on, things are about to get a little more exciting. Look forward to it.

Please feel free to leave a comment letting me know what you think.

Next chapter – February: Jaune and the gang find themselves on a field trip to the Forever Fall forest where Jaune finally decides to make his move on Yang. Will his new ability be enough to woo her? And if so, how will she respond to an outlet to the weeks of unsatisfied arousal? As dumb as Jaune pretends to be, the consequences of his actions are not far behind. And he might find himself unprepared for the events that follow.
A/N: You know… I just want to point out that TECHNICALLY I am updating every other month. Just… not the month that I post. And at this rate, I’m afraid to correct the update schedule just because panic and deadlines are about the only thing that gets my ass moving.

All kidding aside, thank you everyone for being patient. This chapter was a bitch to write and I had some serious problems with it. That said, I made sure to take the time to make sure it was up to my own standards and I’m glad I did so. It is much better than what I had at the start of the month and even if it makes a few people unhappy, I would rather risk that than post a chapter I, personally, wouldn’t want to read.

It also didn’t help that I’m currently getting a costume ready for Anime Detour, an anime convention we have up here in Minnesota.

Please don’t forget to leave a comment/review if you enjoyed the chapter.

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Chapter 11

Tag(s): N/A

Girl(s): N/A

Words: 11,226

The culmination of teams RWBY and JNPR sat together in an air of tense silence. Their expressions ranged from worry, fear, and sorrow, all pointed towards the sole blond-haired young man whose clammy complexion and gaunt features spelled nothing but a sense of dread. With his situation growing more dire with every passing second, Pyrrha was the first to reach out, her hand finding his own and clasping it while she prayed to give him her strength.

“Please, Jaune,” she begged, the long elegant red lines of her eyebrows drawn up into a furl. “Hang on. You’re going to make it. I know you’re going to make it. You hang in there. For all of us, please don’t give up!” Her pleading would go unanswered as Jaune’s clenched eyes and exaggerated breathing went unchanged.

“Damn it; you’re stronger than this!” Yang suddenly pitched in with the same desperation. Her eyes stared with a seriousness that belied her usually carefree attitude.

Even poor Ruby was left to hover near Jaune’s left, an apparent struggle in her silver eyes as she fought between the urge to rush to his side and remain perched in her seat. It was the same sense of helplessness that everyone surrounding the sickly young man felt.

“You can do it Jaune.”

“Hang in there!”

“You can beat this, Jaune, we know you can.”
“We’re counting on you!”

“He’s not gonna make it!”

The cheers went on and on, each seeming more futile than the last. Until finally, the vibrations of the bulkhead’s engine began to settle, and the distinct rocking of air travel came to an end.

The doors opened with painstaking slowness before the metal ramp settled against the grass of Forever Fall Forest. The seven students didn’t hesitate to flee the interior compartment leaving Jaune’s hunched figure to suffer by his lonesome. They listened closely for the sounds of sickness they were sure would inevitably follow. Against all the odds, the group would find themselves proven wrong, however, as their friend stumbled after them a few minutes later, his face no less shadowed but blessedly vomit free.

“Motion sickness. Is more common. Then you think,” he panted, a sarcastic reply that lacked the emphasis to come off as biting. The assembled teenagers smirked at his obvious discomfort now that they were no longer in danger from the effect.

It wasn’t like he could blame them for their relief. Yang and Ruby knew the dangers better than anyone when it came to him and flying. So, when the two teams realized they were all stuck with him for over half an hour on one such ride, they were well within their rights to be a little worried about the consequences of his proximity.

Little did they know how close they had all come to suffering his intestinal spew.

It had only taken about five minutes into the ride before his face had taken on a greenish hue. He’d taken lengths to avoid too much food that morning for just that reason. Unfortunately, the gentle sway of the winds rocking against the large metal box of their transportation and the dizzying hum of engines still manage to tighten his gut.

There wasn’t a lot he could do in such a situation except use his semblance, a sanctuary in more than the usual way this time around. It was the first time in a while he’d used it without some ulterior motive, which was ironic considering he’d been stuffed into the ship with six beautiful women at the time. However, with his head in between his knees and a cold sweat shivering along his back and shoulders, he hadn’t been in the mood for fun at the time.

The only downside to this approach had been the simple fact that he needed to return to reality eventually; the rocking, swaying hell that it was. Thus, developing a rather unhealthy pattern that was somehow worse than the motion sickness itself — getting sick, freezing time until he was healthy, only to repeat again and again turning what should have been a short ride from their school into what felt like hours.

His line of thought quickly shifted when one young woman happened to deem it safe enough to approach him.

“Seemed a little dicey there for a second.” Yang breezed up, cautious steps taking her towards Jaune’s hunched figure. “Not gonna lie,” her smile lit up, coy and teasing. “I’d be pretty annoyed if you ended up costing me another pair of boots.” Jaune could only stare in response, the bright golden sheen of her hair and heart shaped features taking him off guard even more than the woman’s words.

Usually this type of teasing would be met with a flush and murmured grumble on his part. No doubt hilarious for the blonde in question. Little did Yang know, Jaune had heard quite the interesting secret the other day that left him partially immune to her typical prods.
But knowing that this beautiful young woman was interested in him romantically appeared to do more harm than good in the time it took for him to respond. He wasn’t the same stumbling nerd he’d been, however, and quickly rising to his full height, whatever remnants of motion sickness disappeared from his otherwise pale features allowing him to put on a calm, confident smirk of his own.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged, “maybe I could have gone with — helped you pick a pair out? My sisters always said I had excellent taste.” His smile opened then to reveal rows of even white teeth, a gesture just hesitant enough to still capture some of the awkward charm he was better known for.

It was Yang’s turn to be caught off guard, surprised enough that her lips opened without a sound, not quite sure what to say. It was pretty clear she hadn’t been expecting that kind of response if she’d been expecting one at all. Finally, an awkward laugh spilled out while her eyes broke their stare to glance away, showing an unusually bashful expression that sent Jaune’s blood racing.

He took a step towards the other blonde oblivious to the effect his proximity played on her young figure. It was far braver than he was used to acting, but her lack of outright rejection was just encouraging enough for him to press the small victory.

Yang noticed his aura right away, however, made evident by the way her eyes seemed to flash open, her pupils dilating like she’d just injected some drug. Rather than back away and run from the sudden onrush of pleasure, the boxer appeared to revel in it, suddenly reminded of why she’d been considering interest in the awkward boy in the first place.

A slightly challenging smile spread across her face.

“I got to admit. I’m pretty sure that’s the first time I’ve ever heard a guy try and brag about knowing women’s shoes.” She tapped her finger against her forearm as she put on a considering expression. “Although, I will say, you’ve got me at least a little curious.” And then, meeting his eyes. “You’re just full of surprises lately, aren’t you?”

Jaune didn’t dare look away. “I think I’ve got a few more up my sleeve you might be interested in.” This time Yang’s smile became honest, a much deeper chuckle rumbling as her blonde hair swayed with each slow shake of her head.

“Why do I believe you…?”

Jaune’s pulse picked up, and his eyes widened feeling the mood. Far more nervous than he let himself show, he hesitated only a moment before taking another step towards the girl, close enough that she had to look up to see his bold expression. Yang still didn’t back away, seeming to shiver as the sensations increased.

“Hey, so I was thinking-.”

“Hello!”

Staring into Yang’s purple gaze, Jaune watched her eyes widen at his hesitant tone, wondering if she could already see where he was going. It seemed like the right moment to ask her out on a date, anyway. Unfortunately, both of them appeared to have forgotten the fact that their friends were well within eyeshot of their obvious flirting.

The blondes suddenly jumped apart when they noticed Pyrrha and Weiss appear beside their female friend seemingly out of thin air.

“I wanted to say that I also appreciate you for refraining from any unfortunate accidents during our
flight.” Weiss complimented him in her own supportive way. “Quite the impressive show of willpower.” She met his eyes, but her expression remained impassive.

“I was expecting much worse!” Pyrrha joined in leaving Jaune to stare at the two women with no small amount of confusion.

“Thank… you…?” he eventually decided, which seemed to do the two just fine.

“Hey, you guys!” Yang practically glared at the pair of young women, her teeth clenched while her smile and eyes stretched purposefully wide to match her forced cheerful tone. “Man, you two just popped out of nowhere, huh? Almost like fungus…” Neither reacted to the overtly threatening tone, all but ignoring the blonde in favor of the boy suddenly surrounded by the three of them.

“We couldn’t help overhearing your conversation,” Pyrrha hummed innocently, leaving Jaune to blink at the admission. Had they really been that close? “And wouldn’t you know it, me and Weiss were also considering a short trip into Vale sometime soon. Isn’t that funny?”

Weiss’ expression didn’t change as she shrugged non-committal. “I try not to make a habit of spending recklessly, but I could use a few new outfits, I suppose.”

“Exactly,” the redhead nodded. “You wouldn’t mind if the two of us joined you two when you went out, would you?” Suddenly faced with his partner’s kind grin, Jaune found his own faltering.

A glance towards Yang proved fruitless, however, as she appeared fixated on burning a hole through the two other girls with her eyes alone. Finally, all he could do was nod his head, whimpering internally at the thought of his date turning into yet another group activity.

“Aren’t you…?” she sighed, head falling ever so slightly in disappointment. “The more the merrier, right?” Weiss and Pyrrha both smiled, their pleasure somehow amplified by Yang’s apparent distress. Jaune was left to scratch his head at the strange dynamic playing in front of him – his brain racing to find an explanation for their peculiar behavior.

“Students!” Ms. Goodwitch’s voice called out into the forest. Her figure emerged from the final bulkhead, eyes scanning the small groups of students that had naturally clustered around as they waited. “Please gather so I can explain the purpose of our outing. Listen carefully.” She fell silent waiting patiently for the teenagers to collect into one large group.

“Well,” Jaune chuckled awkwardly in an attempt at escaping whatever mood he’d stumbled into, “I guess we should go join everyone else?”

“Please.”

“After you.”

“Right behind you.”

The three girls acknowledged, never bothering to glance in his direction in favor of each other. Jaune simply stared at them a moment longer, before giving up and taking the first step towards their teacher – the three of them immediately following after.

Anything else that might have been said was suddenly pushed aside for later as their group melded into the majority. Unfortunately, unlike the rest of the students who were focused on their teacher, the four of them remained somewhat distracted in their personal exchanges.

Jaune, in particular, found his eyes lingering on his red-haired partner, a strange mix of anticipation,
anxiety, and hope making everything more complicated than they already were. It seemed like only yesterday she’d been outright avoiding him. Which was, you know, because it had been.

Not that he wasn’t happy to see Pyrrha back to her old friendly self. It was just a little jarring to have things back the way they used to be after she’d been so adamant about avoiding him. No matter how much he tried to think about what might have happened, no clues came to mind leaving him somewhat nervous.

Part of the young man kept expecting to see Pyrrha flinch or shrink away from him like she’d done so much in the day before, but ever since he woke up that morning it was like nothing between them had changed, and they’d never slept together.

It was all he could do to push past that instinct, to try and match her friendly demeanor with his own. However, a nagging voice in the back of his head couldn’t help but notice the redhaired young woman almost came off as too friendly.

Which was ridiculous! Pyrrha, too friendly? She was just about the friendliest person he’d ever met since coming to Beacon. Maybe he was overreacting because of the two days they’d spent away from each other. Given enough time, they’d fall back into their typical rhythm. He could only imagine Pyrrha was desperate for the same outcome.

He was happy enough to let things progress as they were. He’d missed his best friend, after all, and if she was willing to move on then he wasn’t about to stop her. If anyone was kind enough to move past that kind of obstacle, he knew it could only be his partner. Although, she wasn’t the only one acting weird.

His eyes shifted over towards the back of Weiss’ much shorter and paler head.

Possibly even more strange than his partner’s sudden about-face had been Weiss’. Maybe not as overtly as Pyrrha’s gestures, she’d turned out to be just as sociable and communicative since he’d bumped into her a few hours ago — apparently having woken up on what could only be considered as the best side of the bed.

He’d nearly fallen out of his chair when the white-haired girl had moved to voluntarily sit next to him that morning at breakfast, going out of her way to strike up a conversation and hold it for the majority of their meal. The entire time she’d remained, well, polite, and not in the overly, ‘you annoy me, and this is the way rich people tell you to fuck off,’ kind of way he was used to, but in a genuine and courteous gesture usually reserved for people she actually considered worth her time.

Suffice to say, it was more than he’d ever hoped to expect from the proud young woman after their ‘date’ had ended so poorly. But now it seemed like she was trying to be friends again. Well, actually, since she was talking to him, she was even nicer than when they’d technically already been friends.

He could only assume she was more willing now that he wasn’t trying to ask her out every other day. Which was… disappointing, but still better than nothing.

His only complaint was that all of this had to happen right when he was trying to start up a relationship with Yang! Why did they both have to have a change of heart right when he needed to focus on another girl? It wasn’t like he could exactly send them away, not without risking what was an already tenuous relationship.

It was almost enough to make him laugh. Here he’d been worried that he’d somehow ruined these relationships only for it to turn around so that they were all getting along too well. To the point that he didn’t have time to get a girlfriend! It wasn’t the worst problem to have, fortunately, and, so long
as he found some time to try and romance Yang eventually, he supposed he didn’t mind the distractions so much.

It was ironic that Jaune was so focused on the three women and yet utterly failed to catch the silent declarations of war being shared directly in front of him.

The air between them had become a rivalry as much as a race for who was going to be bold enough and fast enough to outmatch their competition. And this field trip was meant to serve as their arena.

Even though no words were shared, Yang’s enraged frustration, Pyrrha’s dangerous frown, and Weiss haughty flick of her hair said everything that needed to be shared as they focused on each other, faces drawn and resolute in their acknowledgment of what had become a clear battlefield for Jaune’s romantic interest.

Until one of them was picked as the winner, all of them needed to watch out for the other girls. The lack of established rules only meant their tactics could be that much more cutthroat – which apparently allowed for sabotage. A lesson Yang was keenly aware of after the two other girls had so blatantly teamed up against her. She made sure to convey that, win or lose, there would be revenge.

Of that there was no doubt.

“Let me repeat for those that may have not been listening.” Glynda’s voice rose enough that it managed to pierce the four student’s brains. Jaune and his girls could only flinch back seeing the teacher’s glare pointed in their direction, much to the rest of the group’s amusement.

“Professor Peach has been asking for a sample of the sap unique to the trees found in this forest and the faculty decided to make this a valuable learning experience for you first-year students. Rest assured, I am here to assure your safety. But Grimm are known to wander this area, so be on your toes and remember to stay vigilant. Every student is expected to retrieve one full jar of sap. We shall remain for three hours, so you have no excuse to fail this assignment. That will be all.”

The cluster of students slowly began to break off and explore the beauty that was Forever Fall forest.

Jaune allowed his problems to fade away for a moment as he did just that — his eyes sweeping across the perpetually autumnal landscape. Taking a few steps away from the group, the trees and grass were stained an eerie red that somehow contrasted the warm summer air blowing through the leaves. It had an illusionary effect giving the impression that it wouldn’t be hard at all to find one’s self lost in the haze of color.

Taking a deep breath, he smiled at the peacefulness of it all. The color might be off, but the natural feeling gave off a very similar impression of his home town. As exciting as the big city was, he’d yet to find a place as relaxing as the forested small town his family had picked as their home.

His observations were cut short as the sensation of a hand along his arm drew his attention.

“Jaune,” Pyrrha’s smiling face appeared.

Lingering for a few minutes, Jaune’s eyebrow raised when her hand failed to pull back. Instead, the tall redhead continued in her excited tone, “I was hoping you wouldn’t mind helping me with my jar? I just thought your weapon might have a better chance at thrusting through this thick bark.” She giggled in a way that most guys would obviously catch onto. Jaune, unfortunately lost in his single-minded pursuit of Yang, remained oblivious.

“You think my sword would pierce better than… your spear?” he clarified, clearly confused. Pyrrha’s smile tightened ever so slightly, but she managed to nod her head without coming off as too
awkward. Jaune felt a nervous sweat start under his hoodie.

Between that morning and the bulkhead ride over, it was like Pyrrha hadn’t left him alone all morning, which was unfortunate, if only in that he’d set that time aside the night before to try and get closer to Yang.

By this point in the day, he’d hoped to strike up a conversation with her at breakfast, entertain her and get her to laugh a bit, maybe talk some about his fight the other day. Just simple things that might help him convince her to take a walk with him in this romantic scenery where he’d be able to employ his real charms. And Pyrrha… kind of didn’t fit into that scene.

“Y-you know,” he hesitated ever so slightly and used those couple of seconds to take a glance around, searching for the familiar bold color of Yang’s hair. A search that went strangely without success, even though she and Weiss had been standing beside him what felt like seconds ago. But even after a quick scan, none of team RWBY could be seen, leaving him to scramble.

“A-Actually,” he stuttered, “I was already planning on, ah,” he stopped, finally glancing down at his partner feeling her hand suddenly clench around his arm.

Was… was she pouting?

Jaune blinked at the uncharacteristic expression, but there was no denying Pyrrha’s juvenile disappointment, eyebrows drawn up and pink lips slightly pursed with a frown. Compared to her composed and mature nature, Jaune almost couldn’t believe the picture for a moment, stumbling with his words.

“P-Planning on walking around with… ah-.” Her frown deepened, and her eyes became somehow more pitiful. Jaune had to swallow the sudden lump in his throat as he tried to look away, sweat starting on his temple at the effort. The not so subtle pressure on his arm couldn’t be ignored.

“W-With… you!” he suddenly broke, a laugh breaking free that was equal parts stressed and anxious. “I was already planning on walking around with you today. So, I would, of course, be more than happy to help you get some sap. Shall we?”

“My pleasure!” Pyrrha chirped, her expression shifting in an instant into a broad and familiar smile. The effect was so sudden it left the poor boy wondering if he’d just… imagined her frowning?

Seriously, what the heck was going on with these girls?

‘Guess she missed hanging out even more than I thought?’ Jaune boggled, laughing awkwardly at her… enthusiasm. Although, well, if he had to say whether he hated it or not, he had to admit it was kind of cool to have someone so eager to be around him, which wasn’t exactly the most common occurrence in his life so far, believe it or not.

Jaune glanced over at his friend, a more honest smile developing as she began to lead him deeper into the forest. This was pretty nice too. Maybe Yang could wait a few more minutes so he could enjoy the forest some with his teammate? He just needed to ask her out on a date. Hell, he’d almost done just that a few minutes after landing. What was the rush? He had plenty of time… most likely… probably… right?

His eyes glanced around looking for the blonde just in case, so he knew where to find her after spending a little time with his partner. Unfortunately, he couldn’t help but notice a distinct lack of… well, everyone they’d flown with – the rest of his team included.

“Hey, Pyrrha?” Jaune started hesitantly, eyes flickering around the slowly shrinking cluster of
Hunters as the two of them made their way deeper into the forest, “you haven’t seen where Yang might have wandered off to, did you?” He did his best to sound casual, but then, this was Jaune we were talking about. To her credit, the red-haired amazon managed to keep her pace with impressive ease as she merely tilted her head.

“Hmm, I don’t think so. Why do you ask?” She easily managed to accomplish the effect her crush had failed to achieve. Jaune’s answer was an awkward chuckle while his fingers reached up to scratch the back of his neck.

“Oh, no reason!” he quickly denied. And then much slower, “I guess… I was just hoping to, ah, talk to her about something before we got back to Beacon.”

“But it can totally wait until later!” He then picked up, worried about ruining his partner’s efforts to reach out to him. A worry that was quickly abated when the red-haired woman turned to smile at him, her cheeks lighting up a delightful pink as she walked close enough to stand in the effect of his aura before boldly reaching out to clasp his hand in hers.

“I’m sure you’ll have plenty of time to find her later,” she promised, only to suddenly giggle and tighten her grip. “But why don’t we try and enjoy our day for now? I can’t tell you how much I’ve been looking forward to spending some time together like this.”

Before Jaune could stop to think about the comfortable warmth of her hand in his or her casual dismissal of their blonde friend, the young man found himself suddenly jerked forward as his partner broke into a playful jog dragging him along as a result. Leaving him helpless to follow, completely unaware that his crush in question was currently looking for him at the same time.

XxX

“And you think my gauntlets would be better at piercing the tree than… your rapier?” The question in Yang’s tone surpassed dubious into suspicion as she stared at a far too innocent Weiss Schnee. The girl in question continued to stare back without so much as a flinch at the blatant lie.

The two of them stood with the rest of their team already within the red foliage unique to their surroundings. Picking a tree and sticking it with something sharp should have been a simple enough matter. Except, Weiss had been unusually anal as to what exact tree would provide the best quality sap, turning down tree after tree no matter how many Yang tried to pick out.

As if marching their team into the forest and demanding they get the best tree wasn’t bizarre enough. Complaints varied from, “Goodness look at the quality of these leaves! No, no this won’t do at all,” to, “I don’t like the look of this bark. A bit too… vertical, yes. Let us try again,” all the way up till, “This tree? You must be joking. Its roots are positively filthy!”

Which was infuriating enough all on its own! However, Yang’s sanity was pushed a step even further when she realized that she seemed to be the only person on their team to recognize the madness for what it was.

“Ah, Blake, Ruby? Any of this making sense to you guys?” The blonde fished out. Only to be disappointed when she was forced to turn around after the following silence.

“Hmm?” Blake hummed, an agitated expression painted on her feline features as she bothered to glance up from her book for what was probably the second time since they’d landed.

“Oh, uh, sorry,” the cat girl offered seeing the blonde’s expression before immediately glancing back down to turn a page. “This place makes me… uncomfortable. Just let me know when its time to fill
our jars so we can leave.”

Ruby wasn’t much better. Turning to her little sister, eyebrow raised, Yang wasn’t at all surprised to see her sister hadn’t even heard her, staring off into space the same way she had been since yesterday.

“Ruby!” The blonde tried again, only for the fifteen-year-old to finally snap out of whatever was wrong with her.

“Wha?!” The younger girl startled, blinking when she turned to see Yang and Weiss staring directly at her. Her face immediately flushed for reasons the other teenage girls couldn’t begin to understand.

“I-I wasn’t,” Ruby began to stammer, silver eyes widening each time they flickered between her two teammates. “I-I wasn’t thinking about-! Ah, I… I mean, he-. I-. um-. Ah!” her sudden exclamation was quickly followed by her face disappearing beneath her cloak, as the younger girl clutched the fabric around her small figure desperately. The sound of her indistinguishable mumbles continued from within a bit longer.

Yang and Weiss each raised an eyebrow at the display, but ultimately rolled their eyes in dismissal. They’d already long since given up trying to understand what the heck was going on with their youngest teammate, simply passing it off as puberty.

Well, those two were useless.

“That is correct,” the white-haired girl nodded as Yang finally turned back to face her, eyes narrowed with suspicion. “Besides, you heard Ms. Goodwitch.” Weiss continued in her proper tone. “This is a dangerous Grimm infested forest. I wouldn’t be a very thoughtful teammate if I let a dear, dear friend wander off on her own only to get hurt. It’s best if you stay with us for now. I’m sure we’ll find a tree worthy of our team soon enough.”

And the scary thing was? Weiss managed to say it all with a straight face. But that only made Yang all the more distrustful. A lot of convenient bullshit seemed to be occurring as of late with her always falling short for one reason or another.

First had been waking up to find her clock’s alarm conveniently disabled for seemingly no reason.

She’d planned the night before to put a small bit of extra effort in her appearance. Nothing too ostentatious, but she had her own weapons to employ, and she’d seen no reason why she shouldn’t be able to put on a little makeup and a bra usually reserved for her nights out when she wanted to draw more attention to her chest. As if her girls needed any help standing out, but she figured playing a little dirty was to be expected.

The way things had turned out, however, had left her with hardly enough time to shower and squeeze into a sports bra, while forcing her tangled mess of hair into a ponytail rather than the cascading golden waterfall she usually sported.

Then, even after rushing down to breakfast to find the team who’d so kindly left her to sleep in, she’d found both spots beside Jaune steadily claimed by the two women she was supposedly in competition with for said idiot’s affection. Watching both women monopolize his time the entire meal had been a real kick in the pants. But it had also given her time to plan exactly how she was going to beat Pyrrha and Weiss to the bulkhead.

A plan that was immediately ruined as soon as breakfast ended and the blonde realized she couldn’t find her scroll.
It was a quick but panic attack inducing moment that left her scrambling to find the expensive item all the way up till the departure time. Upon which she’d sullenly dragged herself towards the meeting spot only to discover Pyrrha had just happened to have picked it up and had been waiting to return it; but only after the redhead had already claimed her seat beside her partner with Weiss dutifully and smugly grinning from the other side.

Yang had gotten her revenge, of course, since the two girls had seemingly forgotten Jaune’s tendency to lose his lunch on these kinds of rides. Something… she had also forgotten. But it had been her turn to smirk as soon as Weiss recognized the boy’s green complexion for what it was, forcing the white-haired girl to nearly crawl into poor Blake’s lap in her attempts at escaping the splash zone.

All of that had been suspicious enough on its own. But hey, maybe she was just having a bad day. Maybe some cosmic karma had finally built up over seventeen years to crap on her all at once. Whatever, sure. Yang wasn’t the type to dwell on things either way and just did her best to focus on moving forward.

But now this? In addition to Weiss and Pyrrha’s little stunt after they’d all landed? Yeah, something was up.

Yang made a show of looking around. “Huh, you haven’t happened to notice Jaune and his team aren’t tagging along today, have you?” she droned in a bland tone. Weiss didn’t even pretend to have the courtesy to mirror her gesture before tilting her head quizzically.

“Interesting,” the heiress hummed, “now that you mentioned it, no. No, I haven’t.” Yang’s eyes narrowed as the other girl shrugged apathetically. “Oh well, it isn’t as though our two teams are joined at the hip. I’m sure their all off enjoying their own time to bond.”

“Right,” Yang snorted while rolling her eyes dramatically, “Hey, and I guess you haven’t so much as considered the fact that this means Pyrrha has Jaune all to herself at the moment?” This time Weiss did at least pretend to appear shocked. But even then, not very convincingly.

“You seem to be right!” she gasped, eyes wide but the rest of her features unmoved. And just like that, the effort vanished returning to a mask of innocents. “Oh well, I’m sure they will be fine for an hour or two. I mean, really, who would think of using a field trip to try and flirt?” She shook her head.

Yang sighed.

“Seriously?” the blonde asked one last time. “This is the story you’re going for?”

“I’m sure I have absolutely no idea what you’re talking about.”

“I’m going to find out what’s going on,” Yang threatened. But rather than shrink back or show fear, the blonde’s already short temper flared when the much shorter girl smiled back.

“Probably,” Weiss agreed, but didn’t seem worried much to Yang’s unease. “But until then, how about we finish that assignment?”

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“We’re… kind of far, don’t you think?” Jaune paused to look around only realizing their distance after the quiet of the forest reached his ears. “and where are Ren and Nora? Aren’t we going to find them?”
Looking around the bizarre red and black landscape, there was an almost unnerving tone to the complete lack of any living presence. Glynda had explained that this was technically Grimm territory which animals tended to avoid on instinct, but he hadn’t been able to grasp what that meant until they’d separated from the other group of hunters.

Closing his eyes, the blond could almost swear he was in his semblance if not for the warm breeze against his face.

“Not all that far,” his partner denied coolly. Her hands were busy positioning their jars against the trees they’d already sliced open to allow the sap to drip free. Fortunately for her, the dark pink fluid appeared to pour at a dreadfully slow pace giving credence to their teacher’s time limit.

“And last I heard, Nora wanted to spend some quality time alone with Ren. I thought it best to give them some privacy. Besides, I think between the two of us, we’ll be able to handle any Grimm that happens to wander by.” She giggled then, clearly amused by the stark understatement. Naturally, Jaune couldn’t help but preen under the off-handed commendation.

Even though he was turned away, the young man’s face stretched with an abashed but proud grin that filled him with a sense of pride. Of course, Pyrrha had never been shy when it came to offering him praise, no matter how far she had to reach for it. But now was the first time that he felt deserving of the recognition.

Between his semblance and Pyrrha’s…. well, being her, they could probably make it a fair distance through the Grimmlands without too much trouble. A few Boarbatusk or even Ursa weren’t a threat to the two of them anymore as long as they didn’t completely let their guard down.

It was a nice feeling. A feeling that left Jaune somewhat at ease at a time he was usually used to feeling shame or discouraged. But for once, he could take solace in knowing that his partner believed what she just said. But, more importantly, he believed what she’d said.

“You know, I never got the chance to talk to you yesterday after your spar, to congratulate you. It was remarkable to watch. When it’s not being used against me, that is.” Jaune turned then, still bashful but somehow compelled to see his partner face. She was, of course, already watching him, a gentle smile on her lips as she strode over to gently lower herself beside the tree he’d been sitting against.

“Geez, your gonna make a guy blush,” Jaune offered an awkward laugh as he did just that, purposefully turning his eyes away from the way the top of her corset dipped just before she settled. “But seriously, you should know you’re the only reason I survived to make it this far. There was a reason you were the first person I decided to show off to.”

He stopped then, eyes widening a fraction as he realized he’d just mentioned the day that shall not be mentioned. But turning towards his partner, he would be relieved to find her smile just as warm, if perhaps a bit warmer than he last checked.

“Yes, well,” Pyrrha squirmed, her cheeks an adorable pink. “I didn’t do anything all that important. I just... believed in you. I could see there was something special in you just waiting to break free. Remember Jaune, no matter what anybody says, a Semblance is always a reflection of a person’s soul. Of what makes you, you. Which means you’re just as incredible.”

Staring at her hands the entire time, she finally mustered her courage to lift her gaze and meet his eyes. What she found would only ever remind her of the feelings so dearly treasured in her heart.

“How are you feeling?” Pyrrha suddenly blurted when he didn’t respond right away. Jaune was
staring at her, eyes wide with surprise at the genuine emotion behind her words. She hated herself for changing the subject but couldn’t help it. “You look much better.” Thankfully, Jaune seemed to relax at the familiar topic and leaned back against the tree.

“Er, are you talking about the Aura exhaustion or the motion sickness?” Jaune chuckled despite himself, still more than aware of his failings. The difference now was that he could smile about them. “I’m fine, though. Had to spend second hour laying down but once I got some food and a nap, I was back to normal. Or, close enough. At least the teachers were nice. It’s probably what I get for showing off so much, I guess.”

“I’m… surprised you didn’t take it further, actually.” Pyrrha confessed. “After everything Carden’s done, I know you were so miserable for a time. I don’t think anybody would have blamed you for wanting… more than humiliation.”

She wouldn’t have, certainly. Even if she feared it. And yet, waiting to see that spark of darkness in his eyes yesterday in the arena, it had been an amazing relief when it never came. It would be so easy for Jaune to change from this power, to hate all the people who laughed at him before. But… that wasn’t him, and it never had been.

“Mmm,” Jaune considered, fidgeting a moment before confessing, “Okay, I’m not gonna lie. Basically, the first thing I did with this power was punch Carden in the face.” He didn’t look especially proud of this fact, but that didn’t mean there wasn’t the smallest of smiles at the memory.

“He-he, it felt… really good, but I was a little busy freaking out about unlocking this kind of power to waste too much time on him and his friends. I mean, it’s everything I ever wanted. It was a little overwhelming at first, actually. Almost like I wasn’t allowed to be myself anymore. That because of this power, I had to be more, that it meant more than being an average hunter.” His eyes took on a somewhat somber tone.

“Thankfully, I ended up getting some really great advice from a pretty cool person. And she made me realize, just like I don’t need to be an evil dick hurting people because I can, I don’t need to be a saint either. This is my power. And I’m probably going to use it in ways people might not agree with. But they don’t need to.”

“I’m only human. I want to look cool and show off and lots of… other things. But just as much as all of that, I can’t wait to see how much good I can do, either. How many people will I save because of this ability? People who are going to get to grow up and live their lives and have children who will do the same just because I was around to save them.”

Jaune smiled then, proud and joyful in a way that only enhanced his already passing attractiveness. “Besides, not sure if you’ve noticed but I have great role models to show me what it means to have power. All of you guys, you’re all plenty strong, but you’ve never held it over anyone. And, you especially. You’re probably stronger than all of us, but you’ve never let that define you. Which is better than I’ve managed.”

Pyrrha had to hold a hand against her chest to keep from bursting with emotion. Of course, that didn’t stop a smile from splitting her face. She was just so proud of him and amazed at how he continued to prove himself to her time and time again.

“You’ve always had your own strength,” she disagreed, “and I’ve learned more from you than I’ll ever be able to say.” And when Jaune turned to smile at her, the two of them all alone and basking in the warm mood, the red-haired woman could feel her heart swell beneath her armor.

The two fell silent after that. But a comfortable one. Their time together as partners had given them
the chance to understand each other’s rhythm well enough to know the difference. And after a moment, Jaune broke their stare to gaze off into the silent woods and appreciate a connection he’d never thought he would ever be able to share with another person.

His best friend.

Meanwhile, Pyrrha remained very much focused on his features, her cheeks blushing for an entirely different reason than the already maddening sensation his presence seemed to exude whenever she dared to come near him.

She’d been careful up till this point to stay just out of that range of whatever it was that had begun to draw her body. But feeling the breeze on her skin and gazing upon his far-off expression, she couldn’t help but dare another inch in his direction. And then another. And then another until finally, she felt the familiar tingle and ghost-like sensation of fingers begin to lick along her skin.

Pyrrha breathed a deep sigh as she allowed herself to bask in the feeling.

When it came to sex, she’d never been the most ravenous of people. But that could easily be ascribed to just how she’d been introduced to that aspect of adult life. Being perfectly honest, a large part of her had felt she’d never genuinely crave the touch of a man like so many women her age seemed to enjoy. But then, she’d never thought she would be able to connect with a person like she had with Jaune either.

She’d hoped, yes, she had hoped. But even in those most desperate dreams had always been a sprinkling of doubt. Of knowing that her life would never be more than the fans who placed her upon a pedestal she could never hope to live up to, and those that only saw her as something to gain from. But Jaune had taken away all of that doubt — all the fears that she would always be alone. He’d made Beacon a home when she’d had none to return to, and that she would forever cherish.

The sensations continued to increase as she decided to scoot over one last time before boldly lowering her cheek to his much broader shoulders. And a heartbeat would pass as she had to wait and see if he was going to react. Thankfully, after stiffening his shoulders for a moment, Pyrrha felt him relax.

It should have been such an innocent gesture, but all the red-haired young woman could focus on was the sudden intensity centered between her legs. In just her leather skirt and boots, she felt especially vulnerable even when she pressed her thighs together in a desperate attempt at either encouraging the pleasure or denying it. She honestly couldn’t tell which. However, rather than pull away, she forced herself to remain. To appreciate the sensations and emotions this strange and silly boy inspired in her that no other man had ever managed.

For Jaune’s part, he had reacted to his partner’s proximity… just not in a way she could notice. After all, she’d been waiting to feel him pull away or push her back. However, his tension lied somewhere a little bit further south, and of no fault of his own.

Unfortunately, as much as he wanted to focus on the present weather or the heartwarming exchange they’d just shared, now that they’d both settled down and he could feel her surprisingly light weight settled against him, the memories of her naked body popped up of their own volition.

Her breasts, her backside, her crotch. And then, led there, Jaune’s mind inevitably drifted back to the few moments he’d lasted inside of her. He doubted he would forget the sensation of her womanly body stretched around his erection until the day he died— nothing but wet, smooth, and hot muscle sliding down his shaft before he’d had a chance to realize what she was doing.
It was almost funny. Jaune wasn’t even aware of what he was focusing on, or the effect those thoughts were having on his rapidly hardening shaft. At least, not consciously. It was only after she shifted against him and he felt the hard armor of her breastplate brush against his arm when he turned his head to look towards her. And what he saw was… startling.

The long, dark bows of her eyelashes set against warm emerald eyes. The redness of her hair, long and soft in the way it fell against his shoulder. Even her smell, a cinnamon he’d always considered comforting, had become something *more*, creating a heat in the pit of his chest. And finally, his eyes lowered towards her lips, parted ever so slightly to allow a strained breath to slowly shutter through.

He… wanted to kiss those lips. Which summoned yet another memory of how it had felt the first time. He’d been a little startled at the moment, what with Pyrrha tackling him out of nowhere and pinning him down. But he could still remember the soft sensation pressed against his — if a bit too rough. Then there had been her tongue…

Strands of red hair tickling the tip of his nose returned his sense and let him jerk back before Pyrrha could notice he’d been leaning towards her. Hell, *Jaune* hadn’t noticed he’d been leaning towards his partner. Not until he’d been about to ruin the last chance he had of fixing his friendship. Eyes widening in silent horror about what he’d been about to do, now it was all he could focus on, suddenly realizing just how turned on he was, and how drawn he felt towards his partner. He wanted to hate himself for the weakness as much as he was surprised by it. The first time that he’s had the chance to hang out and be around his partner since their fight and the first thing he did was pop a boner? It was all kinds of awkward that he hadn’t expected.

Unfortunately, becoming aware did nothing to banish the thoughts and sexual energies assaulting his mind and body. Which left him confused.

Okay, yes, sure, he knew Pyrrha was a girl, woman, whatever. But more in the way that he’d always known his mom was a woman or his sisters. Technically they all had breasts and *other* womanly accessories, but he never thought about them before! Especially not in that much detail. Doing his best to ignore his bodies reaction, however, there was nothing he could do could when she was pressed up against him— soft, warm… pretty.

Not that this was the first time she’d laid her head on his shoulder like this. Pyrrha had always been a very… touchy friend, if that was a thing. Things like correcting his tie, running her hands along his shoulder or arms, just those kinds of small affectionate gestures. It had been a little weird at first, but he’d gotten used to it. He’d stopped thinking about it entirely, if he were honest, that used to his partner’s presence. So, what had changed?!

Oh… right, they’d had sex …huh.

It was at that very moment, eyes stretched wide and peaceful expression all but obliterated, that Jaune Arc realized… their relationship had changed. For him at least, and no matter how cool Pyrrha might be trying to be about what had happened, his dream of everything going back to how it had been might be harder to achieve than he’d initially planned.

That was a sobering thought and one Jaune wasn’t quite sure how to handle. He’d always heard how sex changed friendships but experiencing it for himself was another thing entirely. It made sense, he supposed. He’d seen her naked. Felt her body on his and watched himself disappear into her body. That was kind of a lot for a relationship to merely take in stride.

She was already his best friend. And now that he realized just how beautiful he found her, it opened all kinds of issues.
Oum, he was an idiot!

Liking Pyrrha had never been part of the plan. It still wasn’t! Yet, it seemed the friendship he’d thought he’d missed might have turned into something more without him realizing until she was right in front of him. Now it was all he could do to resist the draw of her figure, and to want to feel that connection again.

Whether that was just an effect of her body or if he felt an emotional connection, he wasn’t sure. But neither were an excellent start to his supposed new relationship with Yang, which was the real issue at hand.

Pyrrha was just a friend. A great friend for sure, but he couldn’t look for more than that. Especially when Yang already admitted that she liked him.

That first time, the only time, and the time his mind seemed so keen on remembering had only happened because he’d pushed Pyrrha to the breaking point with powers he was just starting to understand. It wasn’t real, and she didn’t really feel that way. Trying to force her might push them both down a path neither could come back from.

‘You’re just horny,’ Jaune mentally chastised himself, adamantly forcing his eyes to stare ahead and away from his friend’s cleavage pointed in his direction. ‘You had sex once, and now you want it again. Nothing wrong with that, just so long as you don’t let it make you do anything you’ll regret.’ Whatever these new feelings were, he just needed to set them aside until he had a real girlfriend to distract him.

A teenager’s hormones rarely responded to logic, however, and no amount of reason managed to quell the pressure throbbing in his pants.

Naturally, Jaune’s inner turmoil went completely unnoticed by the young woman all but panting against his side. She managed to keep her breath even by force of will alone, but there was nothing that could be done about the bright red complexion threatening to blend her in with the natural fauna around them. Not that Pyrrha was exactly complaining.

If anything, she felt gratified by the strange sensation even as she felt those same ghostly sensations crawl up between her legs and into her body. Her inner muscles clenched as a result, desperately trying to twist around fingers that weren’t there. All this did was make her imagine Jaune’s hand in their place — a dangerous prospect if ever there was one.

What Jaune failed to understand was that women enjoyed and thought about sex just as much as men, even if they weren’t quite as open about it in front of the other gender. Pyrrha wasn’t any more immune to the memories of their trist then he.

Past the horror and mortification, it was all she could do to stop from shivering at the memory of Jaune’s tool inside of her, in her hand, beneath her. Those memories were terribly sharp, in fact, to the point that she’d often dwelled on the sensations late into the night struggling to keep her hand above her blankets while the object of her affection slept on just the other side of the hall.

She was as human as any other, and the effect of her crush’s power only threatened to bring out that selfish, desperate part of her that she already feared more than anything else.

Because of course it was scary to remember how she’d lost control. To rationalize that there was a person inside of her, somewhere, who was the type that would push a boy down and just… take him like he belonged to her to be used and enjoyed as much as she pleased.
However, just as there was fear, there was also envy.

When Pyrrha had been like that, she hadn’t hesitated to show Jaune exactly how she felt… if perhaps, in not the clearest of ways. When she had been like that, she’d been the brave and immovable invincible girl she was on the battlefield. Even more, when she’d given in to her hunger, she’d been allowed to have Jaune in a way her normal self had never managed. In a way she feared her normal self would never be bold enough to have again.

Which had been fine up until this point. She’d been satisfied being his friend and his partner. However, her worst fear had finally come true, and now she had other women to worry about. Women who finally saw just how amazing Jaune was — how amazing she’d always known he was.

She didn’t have time to be passive anymore, and she didn’t have the strength to be so bold on her own, which is why she didn’t shrink back from the familiar wetness pooling between her thighs. Instead, she forced herself to remain by his side; and took comfort in the fact that this was Jaune and pulled strength from the sensations demanding that she press herself even closer until she was allowed to experience that satisfaction again.

Perhaps it was cowardly to throw herself so willingly into the flames of lust. But she was… far weaker than most gave her credit for, and she was willing to exploit any advantage she needed to gain the prize that was Jaune’s affection.

“I’m happy, you know?” there was a quiver in her tone that a more experienced man would clearly recognize. But lost in his thoughts of guilt and confusion, Jaune just tilted his head curiously, making a point to keep his expression faced forward lest he fall into temptation yet again.

Which was lucky on his part. If only because if he looked at his partner right then, sweaty, flushed, and quivering with arousal that cooked between her legs, no amount of willpower in the world would have stopped him from pressing her into the grass and taking her right then and there.

Pyrrha shivered once before collecting herself enough to continue in her deep, breathless tone.

“I’m really glad that we can… that we can still talk and be next to each other like this after…” She didn’t continue, but she didn’t have to. Jaune felt his figure stiffen realizing what she was talking about.

Pyrrha naturally felt his reaction and flinched internally. But where she might have faltered before, the dizzying effect of Jaune’s aura soothed her nerves enough to allow the red-haired woman to turn her face against his shoulder instead, breathing in the natural smell of a teenage boy.

“I was so frightened you would hate me. Terrified, actually. After the way I attacked you, I thought I’d ruined everything.” Finally, Jaune managed to turn his brain on enough to maintain a stuttering response.

Were they going to talk about it? He could have sworn it was going to be one of those things that they just walked around for years and years, always aware it existed between them but never brave enough to say or do anything about it. He’d been looking forward to that future… and now she had to go and ruin it.

“W-Wait, me, hate you?” he visibly blanched if Pyrrha could manage to lift her green eyes to look. As it stood, she pressed that much harder against his body until her fingers wrapped around the fabric around his stomach, dangerously close to the throbbing erection just a few inches below. “But I’d been afraid that you were the one who hated me… or, at least that you wanted to avoid me.” He blinked, and that was finally enough to garner a reaction.
Pyrrha’s expression jumped as she pulled back, the thin red lines of her eyebrows drawn up in utter confusion. “B-But I’m the one who pushed you down and…”

‘Yeah, but only because I used my semblance to stop time and molest you,’ went unsaid. Instead, Jaune found himself scrambling for another explanation.

“I mean,” he made a stressed expression, “I didn’t exactly put up much of a fight, did I?” If Pyrrha’s cheeks weren’t red before, she could nearly feel the tips of her toes tingle from the lack of blood flow.

No… no, he hadn’t. Although, Pyrrha hadn’t exactly given him a lot of time to fight back even if he had wanted to. She wanted to think that if she’d seen him resist or struggle that she would have been able to hold back. But at the same time, with how far she’d been gone?

“And then after you ran off all upset,” Jaune continued to ramble, “a-and I remember how strange you were acting. I should have known you weren’t feeling alright, but I still took advantage of you.” He shook his head slowly, “You were just so… I mean, I didn’t even think about trying to stop you until after you were long gone. And by then, I was sure I’d ruined everything.” And just like that, hearing the fear in his tone at such a possibility, Pyrrha understood the truth erasing the last of her worries.

All the fearful glances she’d caught from her partner hadn’t been because he was afraid of her, but because he’d been afraid he’d chased her away; and all the guilt she felt and blamed herself for, he’d been doing the same thing.

The two of them… were just too dumb to belong to anyone else. And somehow that thought brought her more joy than anything else that day. It also solidified the shaken resolve she’d been slowly building towards this moment.

“That’s why I was so glad you were talking to me again; you know?” Jaune continued, unaware of the sudden seriousness in Pyrrha’s eyes, and the fact that she’d stopped listening entirely, resolute in her decision. “I don’t want you to have to worry about me… wanting more than what we have. I treasure our friendship more than anything else that day. It also solidified the shaken resolve she’d been slowly building towards this moment.

Jaune startled feeling Pyrrha’s body slip from his. Still nervous, the sensation of her hand on his face burned against his cheek, aching and itching all at once in a way he’d never experienced. With a firmness that belied her dainty fingers, he found his face suddenly urged to turn towards his partner and no amount of resistance on his part could stop her.

He couldn’t even notice her flushed complexion or the visible sweat twinkling in the afternoon sun. Rather, he could only blink as his own body began to heat up, different from his previous arousal but just as powerful in the way that it forced sweat to immediately start dripping down his temple.

“Jaune,” the girl whispered, confidence abound as she forced him to look at her — at the real her and the effect he had on her. She was going to kiss him. And most important of all, she wasn’t going to run. Not this time and never again. There would be no more misunderstandings between them.

“Pyrrha…?” Jaune answered back, sounding slightly dazed by the effects of everything rushing through him. The burning of her fingers against his skin seemed to increase, almost painful in the way it affected him. At the same time, he could feel his breath grow raspy, a heavy weight settling around his brain that made it hard to think, much less speak.

It was all Pyrrha needed to hear, thankfully, before allowing her head to drift towards his own, getting closer.
And closer.

And closer.

Until…

“ACHOO!”

Pyrrha naturally flinched back, and her once confident eyes snapped shut as she found her face assaulted by an onslaught of spewed saliva and mucus. She didn’t have a chance to wipe the first wave away when another exploded against her face, and then a third. But by the fourth, the red-haired girl had thankfully moved quickly enough to escape the sudden barrage of sickness.

“Pyrrha…?” Jaune moaned in that same dazed tone. Except now the girl in question was able to hear a distinct confusion in her name where she’d thought she’d heard… amazement? Awe? Arousal? Some combination of the three? But, nope! It was snot… of course it was snot.

“W-What's on your hands?” he mumbled, his tone coming off nasal and stuffy. “They’re… sticky.” To which Pyrrha immediately jerked back to see what he was talking about. However, after a brief inspection, she would find that parts of her hands had been stained in the pink sticky tree sap they’d been set out to collect. Tree sap that Jaune, apparently, was quite allergic too.

“Tree sap?” she explained in a pitiful tone, “Oh dear, I think you’re having an allergic reaction.” Jaune only furthered her point by releasing another hailstorm of sneezes. “And it would appear as though I’ve gotten it all over you. Quite a bit, in fact.” Flinching, the huntress could only stare at the number of pink stains she’d left wherever she’d touched him.

The next thing she knew, Jaune was stumbling to his feet rubbing at the pink substance on his cheek in a vain attempt at wiping the sticky fluid away. And on his back, Pyrrha’s already horrified eyes widened to see even more of the substance, apparently leaking from the bark they’d been leaning against that entire time.

“Ugh, I think we passed a stream on the way here,” Jaune stumbled a few steps blinking away the itchy sensation in his eyes. He’d have rubbed at them if his hands hadn’t gotten covered in the demonic goop, and he didn’t want to think about what would happen if the sap got inside of his body. “Let me just wash this stuff off. I’ll be back in a bit.”

“I’ll go with you!” the redhead promised, moving to stand up and follow after her partner. But of course, at that moment, her Scroll just happened to ring. Eyes widening, Pyrrha appeared to react as though the entire world was ending — reaching down to fish it from her pockets and groaning at the message inside.

“No,” Jaune answered, even though in his current condition the sound he actually made was closer to, ‘Nuh.’ “I’ll just be a second.” And this time, Pyrrha was forced to sit there and watch him stumble away, frustration the likes of which she’d never experienced threatening to tear down the very woodland around them.

XxX

The sensation of cold water bit into Jaune’s fingers as he dipped them into a small creek trickling through the red forest floor. Standing in just his pants, the loud sound of him blowing his nose filled the quiet air. A gasp quickly followed, and the relief on the young man’s face couldn’t be mistaken.

He could breathe again! And even better, he no longer felt the need to scratch his cheek off. Suffice to say, he wasn’t going anywhere near that damned sap again if he could help it. A shame that his
hoodie had to pay the price.

He sent a forlorn glance towards the crumbled black fabric balled up along with his armor against a tree. He’d done his best to wash it away, but the sickly sugary smell he realized came from the sap appeared stained into the fabric. Nothing a quick wash in the laundry couldn’t solve, but Jaune wasn’t about to take any chances until he was back at Beacon. Thankfully, his t-shirt could be salvaged. Though, it might be a while before it dried.

A stiff breeze told Jaune that he’d washed enough.

Although, at the very least it had been refreshing to find out that cold river baths effectively worked the same as a cold shower. Jaune was fairly relieved to find the pressure in his pants had all but vanished letting some blood back to the brain he actually relied on. And with that clarity came equal amounts of disappointment and gratitude.

Things had been getting a little weird there at the end, and his boner hadn’t been helping his decision-making process. That might have been the worst possible way to find out he was attracted to his friend. In that way, at least, he should probably be grateful for the sap.

Was that how things were always going to be between them now? Him freaking out and wanting to have sex with her and feeling guilty whenever he accidentally enjoyed whenever she happened to touch him? Cuz that sound kind of pathetic, even by his standards.

He just needed to remember that this wasn’t permanent. He was just… pent up. Growing up in a house of eight nosey women and no lock on his door meant that he’d never exactly picked up the habit of taking care of that on his own. And walking around and groping a dozen-odd huntresses the other day certainly hadn’t helped his needs.

But maybe this could be a good thing? Maybe it could be motivation to kick his ass into gear and talk to Yang. It wasn’t like he was hesitating on purpose; life just kept getting in the way. However, nothing was stopping him now, was there? Rather than go back and repeat the awkward process of trying not to check out his partner, perhaps it might be better if he took this chance to see wherever Yang had wandered off too.

That didn’t make him a bad friend, did it? No way, Pyrrha would totally understand. Hell, she’d probably be happy for him. Yeah, this was a good plan. This was-. The sound of twigs snapping broke his line of thought.

“Oh my, what a coincidence,” a familiar voice called through the forest. “What are the chances I’d stumble upon a friendly face in my time of need?” It would take a few more steps before she broke through the underbrush to stumble upon Jaune’s little clearing. “I seem to have gotten lost. Jaune, you wouldn’t mind help-,” and that was as far as Weiss got before suddenly appearing, only to stop and freeze at the picture of Jaune’s bare-chested self casually standing at the edge of a creak and staring directly at her.

A/N: I hope everyone enjoyed this month’s chapter. We got to see a little more of Jaune’s confident side while exploring his relationship with Pyrrha. And for any of you frustrated with my little arkos tease, I’ll just say that you won’t have to wait much longer. I promise. Pyrrha already got some dick. Time to share with the other girls.

Next Chapter: April
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