Jaune's Semblance is Pimping

by ChiefGrief

Summary

The worlds oldest profession once thought to stay a relic of the past has reawoken inside young Jaune Arc. Will his newly awakened pimp hand quiver? Or will it be bitches that he will deliver? Find out in this episode of what fucked up shit can I write today!
Chapter 1

Writer Note:
Holy fuck what am I doing with my life.
I'm going to rewrite this shit periodically so don't be surprised if everything is different one day.
I don't write but hopefully I get better as I get started. If you see any errors or anywhere
improvements can be made please say so.
Also, only one chapter is named. If you have an idea for what to name the chapters please put it in
the review and If I like it Ill make it the chapter name.

Chapter One

Jaune slapped the palm of his right hand against his desk for the unpenteenth time. He was losing
his mind while his neighboring classmates were losing their patience. For what must have been
two days his hand would randomly scrunch up as if wanting to grasp something that wasn't there.
He slapped the desk twice in quick succession.
"Nnggh. Stop it!" He failed to whisper silently to himself, much to the annoyance of his fellow
classmates. Not wanting to disturb their fellow classmates any further, Pyrrha took it upon herself,
again, to help her team leader (And also to score brownie points.).

Pyrrha placed her gentle yet firm hand on Jaune's left shoulder and let her breastplate rest on his
back in a manner that only the densest of men would think was anything other than flirtatious.
"Jaune what's wrong?" Pyrrha took his right hand into hers before holding it on her mounds. "Are
you hurt? Is there anything I can do to make it better?" The overt sexual overtone wasn't lost on
anybody except for one blonde man.

Jaune glanced at her and smiled. "Thanks but it's ok Pyr." Her heart inflated hearing his nickname
for her. "You are a good friend." Her heart deflated to the tune of the bell, signalling class being
dismissed.

Jaune gave his usual courtesies to his friends before rushing out the door, hand clung to his chest
in agony. He darted to a nearby closet and shut himself inside. He slammed his hand against the
wall as if to punish it. "Why!" He frantically muttered to himself. The pain was becoming
unbearable and he could no longer fight back the tears in his eyes. "Why is everything in my life
so fucked!?"

"Because you are a pussy."
Jaune wiped his face and spoke into the darkness "Who was that?"

"Your castrator if you ever rub your tears or snot on me again bitch."
Jaune was now more confused than the time he overheard Nora asking Ren about tossing some
type of salad. He looked down and would've screamed if his right hand didn't clamp around his
neck with a strength he didn't think he was capable of. "Listen here boi. I'm gettin real tired of
this bitch nigga shit. Always crying when he thinks he's alone. Always getting his ass beat.
Always takin fuckin L's. If you dont shut the fuck up and listen to my ass I'm hafta snap
your shit in half."

Objection isn't an option when someone (or yourself) has their thumb and forefinger cradling your
esophagus.

"I've been sleeping, hibernating, in your right hand for the last 17 years. Waitin for you to
unlock my potential. What I didn't count on was you being such a pussy nigga. Having
The hand let go of Jaunes neck and cocked back before giving him a hearty slap. Jaune flew back against the door, knocking it off its hinges and leaving a him sized hole through it. Jaune was used to taking hits because he was a pussy boy his whole life but this slap was like no other he has ever received. It echoed throughout the hallway and into the depths of his soul.

When he came to he was resting in an arm chair. Red walls filled with portraits and other adornments surrounded him. He looked toward the fireplace, its heat radiating against his still sore cheek. Above it standing was the largest portrait in the room. It was portraying 18 people. A rather large man carrying an extremely frail child surrounded by women of varying ages. Upon further inspection Jaune realized it was his family and thus, he was in his family's home. He stood up, or at least tried to. Tripping and landing on his face he let out one last cry. "Don't cry young one." A mysterious figure behind him spoke softly. Jaune looked behind him before being swept up in a giant pair of arms.

Jaune's father cradled his child. Jaune was surprised. For some reason he looked like he was an 8 year old again. "Dad?." Jaune said taking care to wipe his face with his left hand.

"I want to show you something boy," Jaune's dad said as he picked up a book on the table before him with his free hand. He sat both of them down in the neighboring chair and began to read. He weaved a tale to Jaune, a tale of the Arc's, it was epic and awe inspiring to the lad and would be an awesome tale to read if I felt like writing it. Jaunes dad placed the book back down on the table and turned back to Jaune. "Jauney boy." He mused. "You come from a long line of men. Baller ass men, son. Take a look at this picture" He pointed at the large painting again. "Your sister's, Jaune. All different mothers. They look the same because my sperm is supreme but each one had a different mom. And not just any mom. Milfs, Jaune, milfs. I had a harem of women and the person you call mom was my bottom bitch." Jaune looked confused. "That means my main chick. My favorite."

Jaune's dad placed both his hands on Jaunes shoulders aggressively. "You are my only son, son! You are solely responsible for keeping our lineage strong. You must be an Alpha Male!"

"What do you mean father! Father!... FATHER!" Jaune grasped at his father's sleeve and heard an effeminate cry.

Velvet shrieked and recoiled. Jaune took in his surroundings before collecting himself. He was in the beacon west wing hallway again, covered in splinters and the gazes of the small crowd around him. He stood up embarrassed and dusted himself off before facing velvet who was still cowering beneath him. "Are you alright? I'm so, so, so sorry." Jaune said with his right arm extending towards her.

Velvet looked at Jaune then his arm, particularly his hand. It was slightly muscular, testament to his resolve to improve. But for some odd reason it looked like it was faintly glowing. She hesitated briefly before grabbing his palm "It's alright. Tha-." She stopped mid sentence as her lungs hitched and her brain short circuited. The sensation of Jaune's palm sent soothing vibrations that stretched from her arm to her heart and she could of also sworn her nether regions. At that moment her entire world was composed of Jaune, nothing else mattered. Primal thoughts emerged from her subconscious, all crying out in unison for Velvet to complete one task. To mate. She found herself in Jaune's arms, her torso colliding with his in all the right ways. She didn't know what came over her and there would be no telling what she would've done if a certain redhead hadn't called from behind her.

"What is going in here...?" Pyrrha tried to hide her ire with a sickly sweet tone but failed spectacularly. Velvet, thoroughly confused and embarrassed at herself muttered something unintelligible before running off, shoving through the crowd. Pyrrha strode to Jaune's side before looking at the closet and then back to him. "So what happened?"

Jaune shoved his right hand into his pocket, not taking into account the fabric of his pants wasn't thick enough to hide his hands glow. Pyrrha took his arm in hers and led him away from the crowd towards the medical office. "Were you beat up again? Did Cardin not learn his lesson from last time I swear on my.-"
"No, jeez." Jaune said half annoyed at her for just assuming he couldn't defend himself, which was the truth and annoyed him further. "I uhh... Tripped."

"Jaune, who trips through a solid wooden door?"

"That sounds like something I would do."

"Fair." Pyrrha had to give that point to him, the lovable klutz. "But is that the whole truth?"

Jaune contemplated not showing her his increasingly glowing hand but a woman as sharp as her would pick up on it eventually. Why not now? He made her promise to keep cool before slowly taking his right hand and presenting it to her.

Pyrrha stared at his hand silently. Why was it glowing, she pondered. It didn't take her long to realize what it most likely would be. "Jaune... That's a semblance! We did it!" Pyrrha was ecstatic. The long nights of secretly training him have now been brought to fruition.

Jaune stared at his hand. *No way...* It's been almost a year since Pyrrha took him under his wing. Slowly, the young huntsman got better but he was still among the weakest of beacon academy. Without a semblance he was considered among some of the student body to be a joke and would have never got in without his forged acceptance letter. A hint of a smile forged on his face before he realized something. That he had no idea what it did. He needed to experiment. "Watch this Pyr." Her head kicked up in delight. Jaune took a basic battle stance, feet shoulder width apart and arms at the ready. Taking aim at the nearest door, he punched it with all his might. The three middle knuckles on his right hand exploded in pain and he quickly curled up into a fetal position. "What the hell?!!" Jaune asked Pyrrha who shrugged.

"**You. Are. Dumb. As. Fuck.**"

Jaune's right arm violently picked himself up in a rather painful manner. Pyrrha was extremely concerned but stayed silent as she watched. Jaune clutched his right arm against his chest. "What the hell!!" Jaune said exasperatedly.

"I'm you. Your hand. Your pimp hand."

"Pump hand?" Jaune said with the usual confused look. Pyrrha wanted to inquire Jaune about what he wanted to pump and his hand yearned to strangle him again.

"**Your PIMP hand, retard. God damn always saying some stupid shit. P.I.M.P. Player Into Making Paper.**"

Pyrrha stared at Jaune who was arguing with his new glowing hand. She could tolerate some craziness but this was pushing it. "Jaune did you hit your head? Let's hurry to the nurses..." Jaune had a maddening look in his eyes and he turned directly into Pyrrha's worried gaze. The wild look in his eyes made Pyrrha blush. Maybe she could tolerate this...

"Shut the fuck up and listen boy. You're gonna start doing what I say or I'm gonna twist your nuts off." Jaune quickly shut the fuck up. "Take me and place me on her chest. Don't make me repeat myself."

"I couldn't possibly do that she's my best frie-!" Jaune's hand took prerogative and landed on Pyrrha's breast plate. "Pyrhra oh god I didn't mean too." He mouthed to a silent woman.

This is where I would write Pyrrha thoughts if she was still able to form them. Never in her wildest of wild dreams did she think the timid and shy Jaune would be the aggressor. Grabbing at her womanhood in broad daylight on his own accord. Something carnal awoke inside her that moment. Jaune's hand moved under her breast plate and squeezed inside it, pushing her to the wall behind her he was using such force. Jaune was mortified.

"**Oh yea just as I thought. SUPPLE.**"

Jaune using all the force he could muster pulled off of Pyrrha and fell back. Pyrrha slowly slid down the wall, face seemingly blank of all emotion. Jaune finally growing a backbone, slammed
his palm against the wall in frustration, "You made me molest my teammate! I want answers or I'm cutting you off!"

"*audible sigh* Jaune. Look at the crater you just made"

Jaune moved his hand out of the way and sure enough, a giant handprint was embedded into the granite wall.

"That was but a fraction of the power of the Pimp Hand, young blood. Does that answer your question?"

"Well that explains one thing..." Said Jaune curtly, "What about inappropriately groping Pyrrha?"

"Your boy loves to cop a feel, heh. Bitch loved it just look at 'er"

Jaune sighed and took a gander at her form. She appeared unconscious but there was a smile cracking from her lips. But why would she he wondered. Jaune's Pimp Hand knew what he wondered and propped up.

"I have the magic touch, playa. But I don't need that to make this bitch love ya. She already does."

The thought of Pyrrha holding any romantic feelings for him, a loser in every way of the word, was so absurd he completely rejected the notion. Jaune picked up the surprisingly light Pyrrha, taking care to not use his right hand. He dropped her off at the medical office in his stead and headed towards his dorm. His Pimp Hand musing that having guys and girls in the same bay was all kinds of naughty the whole way.

"I'm just saying. You got two fine ass redhead snowbunnies. Jus in the other room. It'd be a shame not too."

Jaune slammed the door to his team's bay behind him before heading into the room he and Ren shared. He didn't know what managing a "trois" entailed but the way Pimp Hand was saying it made him not want any part of it. "Ok I've accepted that you might be a semblance but you also could be some kind of perverted ghost haunting me. I want answers PH."

"First if all don't ever refer to me as 'PH'. My name is Negrodamus. Don't ever forget it. Anything that has to do with pimping I'm good at and if I don't know I can master it within seconds. I'm tired of watching you disgrace my name with your bitch antics so I surfaced myself don't ask me how. I'm gonna teach you how to play and if you refuse I'm punching your kidneys through your asshole. Visualize that if you will."

It was not a pleasant visualization. He stayed silent and listened.

"No retort? Good, you are learning to respect your superiors. Look i'll level with you. I know you are tired. Tired of being a joke character. Tired of getting pushed around. Tired of being disrespected. I'm gonna shape you. Before I give you my true power you must prove yourself. Fail even one and I disappear. You'll go back to being the bottom bitch for the entire school. I'm gonna make you into a dope ass PIMP. You game?"

Negrodamus' words echoed inside Jaune. While he is crude and a bit of a dick he did make a good point. Jaune was sick and tired of being weak and pitiful. He was the leader to team JNPR but in reality he was the anchor, holding them back. Could Negrodamus actually help him. He reminisced about the door and wall he slapped. The Pimp Hand was truly a force to be reckoned
with. But what would Negrodamus ask of him? He already molested Pyrrha. What if that was only the beginning. Could he really become a Pimp? His arm was aching it was time to make a choice. "... I'm in" Jaune said, confidence lost in his voice.

"Jaune... We are going to have so much fun..heh"
Chapter 2

Writer Note:
I want to die.

I'm open to change and requests. If you got any drop a comment with great detail. I'm writing this on smartphone so any errors are the phone's auto correct malfunctioning. I write like a god but I'm given only a mans tools.

Chapter Two

"Jaune... Jauney boy..." Jaune was fast asleep, barely stirring. "JAUNE!"

Jaune woke to a fist to the gut and the air knocked out of him. "Negrodamus!" He almost yelled before remembering his teammates were still in bed. He looked around, the clock read 4:01am. It should be illegal to wake anyone up this early on a Saturday. He looked at his faintly glowing arm.

How did he wake up before me? he wondered. Silently, Jaune got dressed and crept to the door, being careful not to wake up his roommate, Ren.

"Please do not ask me to go into the girls room. I'd like to remain a student here." Jaune pleaded to Damus.

"That will come in time, heh. Catch the earliest bus out of beacon. It don't matter where. The witching hour is almost over."

Negrodamus lead Jaune past the gate making sure every fence and wall was needlessly hopped over. It was to train for future getaways Negro told him. This troubled Jaune greatly. He soon found himself outside the gate in front of the bus stop. It was seedy to say the least. He took a seat on a chair and waited patiently. It didn't take long for the bus to show. He stepped in and showed his ID. Beacon students can use public transportation around the city for free, a fact which Damus would take advantage of in due time.

"Were going to visit the street magicians my boy." Jaune's hand didn't have a face but for some reason he could tell that if it did it would be smiling. Damus was excited to finally be able to practice his trade. Jaune however was again, confused. "What is a street magician?" Jaune asked.

"Bitches that turn tricks into profits, child. They will be the backbone of our business and as long as they keep sticking their backbones out for their johns we will rake in da monies."

Before Jaune could inquire about what kind of business the bus slowed to a crawl and his arm yanked him off. Jaune never stepped foot into this part of Vale, opting to go near the shopping centres instead. They went down the block and stepped towards an alley. "Take it in boy. Get used to this." Jaune was stunned. He couldn't believe that only a few miles away from the academy there was a part of the city so... dirty. Grimy buildings covered in graffiti. Trash littered the sidewalks. Trash cans strewn about, most likely because of animals or maybe even people digging threw them. In the corner of his eye he spotted what looked like two human figures.

"Over there." Damus made Jaune point to the two figures. One was slender, and appeared to be wearing a skimpy uniform hiding under an overcoat a size too small. The other one was more burly, intimidating even. He towered over the other and looked agitated. "Listen to their conversation carefully Jaune. You gon' learn today."

Jaune carefully skulked to a box within the alley and knelt behind it, ears pressed forward.

The slender figure was looking at her feet and fidgeting, obviously nervous as the larger figure struggled to keep his tone at a whisper. "Listen here cunt." The larger one was holding a wad of cash in his hand and slapped her hard in the face. "If you made more money that wouldn't of stung
"God damn breh he a savage." Jaune could tell Damus was smirking but he himself was furious. Jaunes strong point wasn't his muscles or smarts but his heart. He had to take action against injustice. Damus sensed this in his apprentice and remarked "Boy you know you can't do shit sit your ass down.". Jaune stood up regardless, impressing his master. "Damn so what are you going to do without a weapon?". Jaune fumbled before stopping dead in his tracks. "You are the worst hunter of all time."

"Oh shit." He regretfully said aloud. The two figures turned around. The slender one slinked behind the larger one, who then pressed forward. "If you know what's good your step back and get to forgettin."

Jaune was still. Here he was, alone. No weapon or ally to depend on. He could turn tail and run but the figure behind the large overbearing man peeked out from behind him. He saw that it was a she, with floppy ears of some kind covering her new bruise. She was a faunus but what type he couldn't tell in this dark. The copious amount of makeup she had was running down her face, masking her quivering lips and red, teary eyes. The man was easily 6'6. A white male human just like him but with a shoulder width of at least one and a half times his own. He was wearing a dirty black wife beater and baggy jeans which looked like it was holstering something. "Are you deaf or dumb?" Before Jaune could respond to the giant of a man, the man crossed the distance and gave him a mighty shove, sending him toppling over the crate he should of stayed hiding behind.

"Oh heeeeeellllll fucking naw. Jaune get the fuck up! I respect pimps of the trade but nobody disrespects me or my boys." Jaune didn't have time to groan out in pain as his arm was already propping himself on the crate. The giant man was smirking, proud of his latest feat of unnecessary strength. The woman behind him let out a soft cry, she didn't want to be witness to this brutality. Jaune's mind was racing. He always gets into situations like this. Thinking with his heart first and brain never. The difference this time is he didn't have the rest of his team or the disciplinary council of beacon academy behind him.

"You should of stayed down, blondie" the giant reared back his hand, palm open. "Get ready niggaaaaa!" Damus cocked back Jaunes hand as well, imitating the giant which served to only make him madder.

"Damus please!" Jaune frantically asked Damus but it was too late. Jaune and the giant were about the duel. "Boy we bouta do it, buck up."

Time slowed to a crawl, Jaune felt like he was in some kind of fucked up action movie. In a dank alley fighting some mob boss lookalike over a girl he barely knew. He pondered his life. Maybe if he made more positive choices in life he wouldn't be duking it out against the human boulder. Maybe he would've applied to a culinary school. Baking would be nice. The intense light radiating from his palm interrupted his pleasant daydream.

"Yeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa boooooiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii" Damus voice echoed through Jaunes mouth as both the hands collided. The shockwaves emitting from the slap boomed against the tight alleyways, amplifying with each bounce before escaping above them, creating a sonic boom. The frail faunus was blown back along with everything else in the alley. The giant man's face transformed from anger to fright and then absolute horror.

Where his hand would be was gone - replaced with a bloodied stump that shot out streams of blood and pus. He clutched it in agony, falling onto his knees on top of a puddle of blood and trash. He looked up. There stood Jaune, completely clean, as if his blood wasn't good enough to stain his appearance. His hand was glowing, illuminating the alley in a gold aura. It was cocked above his left shoulder, firm and still filled with malice. He had a look in his eyes, a look of remorse that betrayed his intimidating stance. As the giants vision faded, he started to ponder his life. Maybe if he made more positive choices in life he wouldn't be duking it out against who must be the pimp god. Maybe he would've applied to a technical school. Welding would be nice. The intense light radiating from Jaunes hand now wrapped around his neck woke him up from his daydream.
Jaune stared at this fully grown man who was clutching his arm as Damus clutched the man's jugular. This was too much and he forced Damus to loosen his grip. "Pu-p-plle.. please. Stop!" The giant tried his best to apologize. "I'll do an-anything!"

"Tell him to bow down to the real pimp god! All fours! Or should I say three's hahaha!" Damus said to Jaune enthusiastically. "Do it!".

"Uhh.. b-b-bow down." Jaune could barely spout out the command. His heart was beating a hundred times a second. This was the most insane moment of his life. As he watched the broken boulder attempt to prostrate he felt something stir in the back of his mind. Pride, quickly followed by shame as the giant collapsed in a heap of grime and blood. "Let him sleep it off he'll be fiinnnnnee.".

Whimpering broke Jaune's train of thought and he looked forward. Hiding behind a makeshift tent of trash bags and cardboard was the faunus girl. It looked as if she was trying to shrink into the ground and disappear. Jaune walked over to her, trying to convey he wouldn't do anything to harm her. "Uh.. Are you alright?". "How many times are you gonna ask stupid ass questions she just got bitchslapped, fool!".

The young lady looked at her blonde savior reluctantly before giving a quick nod. Jaune smiled, which seemed to relax her just a tad bit. His arm urged him forward, he stepped over the bleeding man and toward the girl. He gave out his left hand for support and she took it instinctively. He didn't want to use his right hand which amused Damus to a small degree.

He took a good look at her now. She had short hair with droopy ears protruding from the top of her head. Almost all of her makeup was smeared or gone, revealing her small nose and mouth that was a natural shade lighter than the rest of her face. Her eyes were swollen from crying and her cheek still burnt red from earlier. Her coat was ruffled and her tank top messily covered up her breasts. What would barely qualify as a skirt was around her waist with a fluffy tail protruding from behind it. Faunus are only supposed to have one physical animal trait but the author doesn't give a shit. It didn't take long to figure out she was part donkey. He's never seen one like her and his curiosity was clearly showing in his face, much to the dismay of the young woman.

"A sexy young faunus girl. I heard faunus' have very, and I mean, very high sex drives. This bitch will do nicely! Get her name and age, now!".

The woman clutched her hands against her heart and squinted in fear, preparing to take another hit she has yet to grown used to. Jaune could see the pain in her face as clear as day. The nightmares she must have been forced to take part in. "I'm Jaune. I live at beacon. What's your name?" The woman was taken back by the genuine care in his voice. She opened her eyes and looked at his. Blue, clear and innocent. A stark contrast from the dark, perverted, and evil looks from her clientele. She put her hand to her lips in deep thought before opening up. "Isabelle. I don't know my last."

How could someone not know their family name... Jaune didn't have to think that hard before he felt his tear ducts welling up again. The only thing stopping him from shedding at least one was the thought of Damus' wrath. "I'm seventeen what about you?" Jaune blurted out finally remembering Damus' second request.

"I am as well." she muttered softly. "Just letting the record show I heard eighteen, your honor." Damus snickered, Jaune just slightly shook his head.

"Listen Jaune." Damus said changing the topic. "Were off to a good start murdering that pussyboi behind us."

Jaune was taken aback. "I didn't murder anyone! YOU DID!" His shouts only served to frighten the girl even further. "I may as well be you dumbass you think the cops gonna believe some ghost did it? Jesus bro calm down he woulda died on the streets some time anyway fuck em."

How could anyone talk about killing like it was so casual? He didn't have time to think about this
further as Damus again invaded his thoughts. "The second step is claiming our prize... Our loot for slaying the troll in your nerdier terms." Jaune cut him off. "No! I'm not touching this poor girl she's already been through too much."

The faceplant he received shut him up in his entirety. "No, not us. Id never hurt her like that against her will. We are going to let dozens of other men tho for that green ya feel?" Damus was extremely matter-of-fact, too much for Jaunes liking. "How is that any better?!"

"Because?" Damus was genuinely confused. "So we can stack paper to the ceiling? Duh? That's how pimps do!" Jaune was about to retort when Isabelle spoke. "Why did you save me?" Such kindness has been lost on her, she has long since forgotten what it looked like.

"You look like you needed it. That's all." Jaune simply stated. This struck a chord within Isabelle. She was taught rather harshly that all debts must be payed in one way or another. She quickly slipped off her jacket and her top followed with a quickness. "Oh shit nigga she wants to get nasty."

"This is all I can offer..." she said trying to look him in the eyes. Jaune stared. It wasn't the first time he's seen breasts, living in a house filled with carefree and careless women for almost two decades can cause that unfortunately. They dangled out in the dark, frigid air. He could tell they weren't as firm as Pyrrha's he experienced the other day but they were exposed in such close proximity it had a larger effect. Milky white globes with two chocolate treats pressing from them. His right and left hand twitched. "Holy shit" escaped from Jaunes lips. Jaune's strongest perverted thought of all time escaped from the black hole that is his density. He knew what she wanted to do and he knew what he wanted to. A tent formed in Jaune's pants which Isabelle took quick notice. She bent over, sensually and grabbed at Jaune's belt buckle. Jaune said nothing, not wanting to fuck this up. Jaunes obelisk was about to stand tall, free from the confines of his boxers. It would rise in front of the fair faunus maiden he so bravely rescued and she would so eagerly tend to it. He was ready. He felt every hair on his body stand erect in time with his jauneson. His brain was overloaded with the thought of what was to come, literally. She opened the belt and began working on his buttons. With each pop of his pant buttons a million neurons fired off in sync. He would've fainted if it wasn't for sheer willpower. She undid the final button. His pants dropped, only to be stopped by Negrodamus, who held them up. "You're not ready young padajaune."

Isabelle looked up, one eyebrow raised, before standing up. "Sorry I didn't mean to offend." She spoke softly but there was a hint of disappointment in her voice. Needless to say Jaune was fucking livid. He whispered to his arm with extreme prejudice. "Why in gods name would you stop her! Let go of my pants!"

"Nah fam, listen. You can't just be fuckin your hoe from the get go, bro. Alllllllll good Mac Daddies will tell you ya need to build a good rapport with your bitches. That means good relations for the vocabulary inept. If you let her give you sloppy toppy right now all she gonna think of you is that ya another one of her clients. Ya gotta be a father figure before you dick her. Gospel."

Negrodamus, while crass, was right Jaune concluded after getting that incestuous image out of his head. His blood left his manhood and receded back into his brain. He patted Isabelle's head. His father did that to reassure him that everything was going to be ok, so he figured it was an appropriate gesture. Isabelle instinctively recoiled, but gazing at his eyes told her all she needed to know about the man. That he had a kind soul. Up until now physical affection was only negative, used at the behest of whoever owned her for whatever reason they saw fit. She nuzzled into his hand, letting its warmth take her.

It was a touching moment that even Negrodamus felt tug on his heart strings. The moment was cut short when they heard a ringing noise from behind. A glowing square was vibrating inside one of the one handed man's pockets. "That's opportunity calling, son!" With that notion he yanked Jaune away from Isabelle and into the broken boulders pant pocket. "Try to sound macho."

"Whats takin so damn long Sherman! Where you at!" Said the voice on the other line. Jaune looked at Stumpy, the name he gave the broken boulder. Sherman was a terrible pimp name anyway. "Tell him whaddup."
"This isn't Sherman" said Jaune trying his best to remain stoic. The other line was silent for some time before a roaring shout. "Who the fuck is this then?"

"Jaune." Blurted out Jaune without thinking. "Oh my fucking god"

Jaune face palmed himself, asking to nobody why was he born so dumb. "Yea ok you are a John whupdefuckin do. Why would Sherman give you the phone. Is he busy?" Questioned the voice. "Thank god you have a weird as fuck name." Said Damus slightly relieved. Jaune thanked his parents and continued.

"Yea dude, he uh..." Jaune glanced at Stumpy. "Is doing some underhanded stuff right now." "Holy fuck Jaune gotta hand that one to you hahahaha!"

"Yea that sounds like him always up to no good lmao." The voice chided to the further amusement of Jaume and Damus. "Ok ok I feel it. Just get back to the crib soon, lata." And with a click he was gone. Damus instructed Jaune to take note of the caller's number, for it will be useful. As he did Isabelle strode behind Jaune and hugged him tight.

"It'll be light soon, I got to head back to the pen." Jaune understood and said his goodbyes. "Oh shit wait!" Damus grabbed her by her skirt taking care to not touch her flesh. She turned around, her head piqued in interest. "Your number, give it to her." Jaune had no qualms with this, but also nothing to write with. "I'd like to give you my number but... I don't think you're carrying anything to write with in those... clothes..." His remark was half joking but she was not offended. She smiled again while putting her top and jacket back on "I have a rather sharp memory."

After sharing contact information they took their separate ways. Jaune back to Beacon and Isabelle back to the pen, whatever that is. "You left an impression on that bitch. We can use her...". Jaune didn't want to use anyone but he wouldn't mind seeing her again. The sight of her naked was still burnt into his retinas. He asked himself why he was so hesitant to explore the female form. It's not like he was gay, that was just another rude rumor. Having 15 sisters probably has something to do with it He thought. "Nah you probably just a huge puss, i'm changing that tho." Damus said to a mystified Jaune. Could Damus read his thoughts? He put his pimp hand into his pocket and stepped inside the return bus. "I earned a nap after all that mess." He spoke aloud. Damus was rather proud of his apprentice. His first murder and he didn't even cry. "You did good. Even pimps need power naps I guess."

"Thanks buddy, we are going to be good friends one day. I can tell!" Jaune said beaming with pride.

"Fuck outa here with that gay shit. Ruinin the moment."
No Scrubs

Writer Note:

Stray bullet please take me.

Again, I'm open to direction. If there's a way you want the story to go i'll incorporate it if I like it.

Also the stories going to get more disturbing as it goes on. It's a hobby of mine, fair warning.

Chapter Three

"Oh jauunnneeyyybooooii!" Said multiple sultry voices in near tandem. Jaune's heart stopped and he broke into a cold sweat. He pressed his ear against the inside wardrobe wall and waited. "Jaauuuuunnnnne come out to plaaaayy-aaaayyy" the voices said again in an even sexier tone. If Jaune was like most men, he would of exposed himself to the sirens, surrendering to their girlish charms, however he knew better. Footsteps growing in volume and intensity traveled near his makeshift hiding spot before coming to a sudden halt. The silence was maddening. Jaune stuffed his hand inside his mouth, not wanting his hyperventilations to alert his hunters, but it was already too late.

Giggling. Childlike in manner but concealing the malice and lust of an adult. The giggling soon turned to cackling which then turned into hysteric laughing. Jaune screamed internally as the wardrobe door flew open. In his presence stood three figures, he could easily recognize them. It was his three eldest sisters. He sat there, frozen.

"Looks like we found you!"

"What are you doing in there silly?"

"Were playing doctor, not hide and seek, silly!"

Jaune didn't have it in him to fight back. Compared to his own childlike stature, the three older preteens would easily overpower him anyway.

"You know you are not in the right condition to leave the hospital yet!" The youngest one stated, trying her best to mimic the nurse she decided to portray. "Exactly!" Said the other two girls as they sprawled Jaune, practically spread eagle, on the rug that resided in front of the wardrobe.

Jaune lay there, motionless. He resented these games he was forced to play. He cursed his parents for not birthing him as a single child. "Nurse!" The eldest one, a blonde with long hair draped around her neck that landed on her torso, spoke to the youngest one. "What is our patient's status?"

The "nurse" proceeded to spout off diseases that couldn't possibly be real, and only exist in the minds of the most imaginative children. Nevertheless the other two unanimously agreed. "Nurse! Scissors! Stat!"

The youngest one pulled out two pairs of safety scissors. The safety part was ironic considering what they were about to do. She handed them to her other sisters. The two hovered their tools above Jaune's defenseless body, poking and prodding as they traveled down his torso to his groin.

The second oldest, a brunette with mid-length hair and sharp, cat like facial features, spoke. "Don't worry. We are professionals."

Both sisters made two sloppy but quick cuts, destroying his trunks and exposing him. "Oops" the
brunette remarked, genuine concern coming from her lips. A small trickle of blood sprang from his shaft. Jaune winced. It stung like the dickens, sending wave after wave of pain. Tears quickly welled in his eyes. "You nicked his jauneson!" Said the eldest to the sorry brunette.

"He needs three CC's of kisses. Post Haste!" The youngest one said to the other two, who were more than happy to oblige. One by one they all knelt down and "remedied" Jaune until he stopped bleeding. "There, there." The brunette said whilst wiping the blood off her lip. "AIlI better..." The three laughed. The sight of his fresh blood on their rose coloured lips would haunt him for a very long time. What is wrong with these guys?! Jaune had no idea what possessed his seemingly innocent sisters to perform such heinous acts. What was their goal? Why him? The frustration and humiliation he felt was too great. Tears fell down the side of his face only to be caught by the tongue of the youngest sister. She had natural pink hair did up in two ponytails that dangled behind her ears.

"Oh no the kissies didn't work!" The pink haired girl pouted and folded her arms against her budding chest. The blonde sister moved beside her and whispered, "Looks like he needs some T... L... C...". The pink ones frown immediately turned upside down upon hearing those dreadful letters. Jaune heard as well. He knew what was going to happen next. The blonde circled around Jaune, placing herself between his legs.

"Tender" she mouthed to him, as she slowly put her hands on the rim of her sweatpants. The other sisters did the same.

"Loving" she mouthed again, lecherously emphasising both syllables. Her pants slid down past her knees, revealing her dampening silk undergarments. The other sisters eagerly followed her example.

"Cunt!" She said it bluntly and with venom, as if she expected Jaune or any other man for that matter to behold and respect it in its full and naked glory. Three exposed kitties surrounded Jaune as they knelt around him. They stared and he stared back, unable to steer away from their gaze. "We are going to make you feel all better." They said in unison.

He didn't want this. He never wanted it. Ever. Determination began to flow through his blood. He rebelled against his tormentors but they responded in kind, grabbing his arms and pushing him back towards the ground. "The patient's getting restless!" One of them said with a half amused tone. She produced what could only be a needle, how she did almost naked he didn't know. "Hold out his neck!"

Jaune fought back with all his might as the needle lowered to him, thrashing and gnawing at any extremity that dared stray close to him. But it was for naught, as the needle entered his bloodstream, he let out one last roar of defiance, snot and tears streaming from his face. He lay still. The three looming figures stood over his increasingly heavy body. Evil in their eyes. Not like this. He thought. His right hand pulsed, combating the effects of the sedative. He twitched it, moving every finger with sheer willpower, they abided his command. Not like this! He flexed his arm. Muscle fiber illuminated by a mysterious golden glow extended his hand and opened his palm. He couldn't explain what was happening to him but he didn't care. He cocked back his arm with his newfound strength and even more powerful resolve. Not. Like. This!

He carved his palm through the wind toward his aggressors. His palm, 4 fingers protruding upwards, parting the air like Moses parted the sea. His thumb pressed against the fat of his hand with more compressing power than a car crusher. The golden aura emitting from his hand surrounded it like armor rendering friction useless as it defied the laws of physics.

Everything not bolted down in Jaune and Ren's room collided with the ceiling with a thunderous crack. His blanket torn to absolute ribbons sprayed everywhere, coating his rooms in its now confetti like material. Jaune shot up, screaming in terror.

"What in the fuck are you doing?" Damus yelled at Jaune. Jaune simply stared at his hand. If Damus was watching how come he didn't help him then, when he was just a mere child? He decided to ask another time.

Jaune surveyed his surroundings. He was in his room, in his bed, which then collapsed. "Bad
He climbed out of his now destroyed bed, tossing his sheets haphazardly off him. The sight of Ren's side of the room, now in shambles, caused him immense guilt. He figured he couldn't blame it on ghosts so he made note to repay him later and stepped out the room.

"What, did the cafeteria run out of pizza?" Damus mocked. "No. But that might be almost as bad". Jaune said, deciding that that was all Damus needed to know.

"Whatever man. We got work to do today. I got plans, see first we gon-" Damus was interrupted when a perky orange headed girl shoved open the door. "Jaune!" Nora said in that overly cheerful way. She wrapped her trademark hammer behind his chest and brought him in for a spine crushing hug. "Where were you?"

Jaune, trying his hardest to gasp for air, peered at the clock, it was only 7:30am. "I went.. Uh... For a jog!...And then a nap! Haha." He said, avoiding her eyes lest she see through his obvious lie.

"Oh ok!" She said, failing to see through his obvious lie. "We were looking for you. We thought you went on ahead a bit early but you were nowhere to be found." Ren sauntered into the room covered in sweat and what appeared to be a few bruises. He looked mildly annoyed, which was rare for a man who prided on his self composure. "Jaune..." He said, as deadpan as possible.

Not wanting to confront Ren he quickly changed the topic. "Wheres Pyr?" He asked feigning concern. "Doing what she always does." giggled Nora, hands on her hips. "Extra training, but she looked really, really upset. Did you two have a lovers spat?" she teased, poking Jaune on the chest.

"Oh that's just great Damus" he whispered facing away from Nora. "She's still upset from the other day."

"Boy I dont give a fuck." Nora let go of Jaune which he thanked her for. "She was so mad that you skipped out on our team training exercise. Ren had to pick up your slack, guy!" Ren grumbled from behind her as he made his way into their room. "That was today?" Jaune honestly forgot, not that it'd matter if he didn't. "I'll make it up to her. To you all I mean."

"JAUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNEEEEEEE!" A noise that sounded like a dragon's roar boomed from the male living space. Jaune looked at the door to his room, knowing a very pissed off Ren was on the other side. "Welp I better go find her! See yah Nor." Jaune bolted out of the room and headed towards the dormitories exit at lightning speed. He jumped over a couple of fences once he got outside just to make sure he couldn't be easily followed by a vengeful Ren. "I told your ass jumping over those fences was good practice."

The thought of a pissed off Pyrrha made Jaunes jauneson shrink inside of him. On second thought, she could use some space he mused and headed in the opposite direction of their team's usual training grounds.

"Alright young blood lissen. Forget about that angry bitch for right now we will handle that shit later. We gotta do some real training, some RNS."

"Is that like TLC?" Jaune asked, fear stirring in his chest.

"No what the fuck? They make good music tho. We can bump that while we training if you impress me. RNS. Real. Nigga. Shit."

Real... N word... Shit...? Jaune was confused so Damus spoke in layman's terms. "We gonna make you a badass, take-no-shit, alpha male."

Alpha male... The words rang through his head. His father explained to him what one was long ago but he had since forgotten. Jaune meditated on the two words. He didn't know what one was
but his father and now Negrodamus wanted him to be one. *Why not.* He supposed. "Alright what's the first step?"

Jaune's arm took the lead. Not wanting to look like he was being dragged off by a poltergeist Jaune convinced Damus to just nudge him in the direction he wanted to turn from now on. Damus rushed Jaune through corridor after corridor, boasting that he knew the academy floor plan like the back of his hand. *Fuck you Jaune that was funny. It's just up ahead.*

A door, desecrated with crude, immature stickers and carvings stood in their path. "Where are we?" questioned Jaune, while he was a student here he mainly went between his dorm, classes, and cafeteria. This was a corner of the school he hadn't been to before. *You'll see. Open that bitch up.*

Jaune stared at the door, before reluctantly turning the door handle. It didn't budge - locked securely in place. *Here let me give this shit a whirl.* Damus took Jaunes hand and set it on the door handle. *Sometimes you need to apply a little subtly.* His hand began to glow as he twisted the knob, rotating it past where it would stop. With a clunk the door handle broke off, Damus casually tossed it aside and with the back of his hand he slapped the door. It swung open almost magically. *That was what we call the "Pimp Slap". It just makes shit work. Ill explain it more in depth later.*

Damus ushered Jaune inside. The room was enshrouded in some kind of haze, obscuring his surroundings. He coughed, an unfamiliar aroma took hold of him, making him feel lightheaded. *Oh yea, that's that gud good.* Whatever "gud good" was it was making him feel ill, he wafted his left hand over his face and pressed forward. From the haze three shadowy figures emerged. Jaune gasped in fear, accidentally inhaling more of whatever gaseous substance enshrouded the room. *This isn't a dream, it couldn't be them.* John dismissed his fears and focused on the apparitions in front of him.

They were bulky, with rough features, indication that they were male. They hadn't taken notice of their door being broken open, the glowing box in front of them captivating them. Jaune turned his attention to it as well. What appeared to be a pale, bunny eared woman was facing the camera. Seconds later the red dress she was wearing gave way, revealing her pinkish breasts. The three men cooed in approval, Jaune rolled his eyes and continued surveying the room.

The haze lessened, the open door funneling a good portion of it out into the hallway. He looked to his left and took notice of the posters and other decor in the room. In between the posters of half naked woman and mainstream rock bands was a trophy case. Jaune moved toward it silently, the rowdy men behind him still unaware of his presence. Inside it stood a silver medal. It was dated a few months prior. It took Jaune a moment to realize that his team has a golden version of it in their common area. Pyrrha annihilated Team CRDLs leader, Cardin at one of beacons many tournaments. *Great memories... a smile formed on his face. "Why did you take me to team CRDLs living quarters?"* Jaune whispered to Damus.

*"The first step to being a pimp is to be confident my guy. Right now you are soft. Any nigga can step to you and snap your shit. That's cuz you mentally and physically weak as fuck."* The way Damus so casually listed off his major faults irked him, mostly because they were true. *"We can leave most of the physical training to Pyr. I'm gonna train you mentally."*

*I get it, I really do. But how are we gonna do that?"* Jaune questioned. If he knew how to be confident he would of done it already. *"We gonna confront your haters! Starting from the biggest ones, team CUNT."*

Team CUNT. Jaune couldn't help but snicker aloud at that. Realizing his mistake he ducked behind the couch. One of the heads turned, he looked for a bit but his attention quickly returned to the screen as the moaning permeating the room intensified. *"So how are we going to do that?"* Jaune whispered.

*"That's up to you boy, heh. Remember. Open palm."* Damus took Jaune's arm under the couch, and with the strength of a herculean, flipped it. The three figures flew forward, bouncing off a now broken glass table and into the wall in front of them. The TV that their eyes were glued
onto now had its shards embedded into the faces of its watchers. Jaune stood in a stunned stupor. The three figures slowly rose, despite what appeared to be major injuries. They were beacon academy students after all, a surprise attack wouldn't be enough to finish them. Blood drenched their faces and dripped onto their torsos. A green mohawked man stumbled before his gaze fell upon the shaking Jaune. "Yooooouu!" Russel barked out the word, face scrunched in agony, as if he was a bulldog, foaming at the mouth. The other two followed, plucking shards of glass out of their angry faces.

"Boy they bouta do it!"

Jaune put both his hands in the air, palms facing forward, gesturing surrender. "Fucking kill him!" A silver haired man screamed, pulling out a shard of glass that was lodged just beneath his eyelid. The trio of bloodied men dashed at him, murderous intent gleaming from their eyes. Jaune reached for his sword, which lied back in his dorm, forgotten yet again. He froze, mouth agape. "You are the worst hunter of ALL time." Luckily for Jaune they seemed to be disarmed as well. Unluckily for him they seemed just as proficient without them.

Immense stress mixed with apprehension made his entire world go hazy. Time slowed to a near standstill. Three faces, covered in glass and blood, hovered in front of him, statuesque in rage. "Jaune." He heard a familiar voice beside him. "Jaune, focus." An apparition of Pyrrha in her battle gear, was standing armed and ready. The room transformed into their rooftop training spot. He even felt the brisk night air against his nostrils, cooling him down, even though he could of swore that this was just a hallucination.

"Pyrrha?" He said in his default tone of shock mixed with confusion. "We've been through this Jaune. Just do as we practiced. Have confidence." her voice was encompassing him, as if she was speaking to him at every direction at once. She lunged at him, fist first.

"If only it was that easy!" He said frantically, side stepping in the nick of time. Pyrrha landed, sliding into a quick halt before turning her frame toward him and lunging again. Jaune foolishly didn't expect her to recover so swiftly and peddled backwards a second too late. Her fist landed on his left pectoral, just missing its mark. He winced, the image of Pyrrha flickered, momentarily replaced by a rather upset man with slanted eyes and light blonde hair peppered with shards of bloodied glass. “What the hell.” He muttered before getting back into his rudimentary battle stance.

Pyrrha ran at him. Jaune braced for impact, putting his dominant foot forward and lowering his stance. He could of sworn Pyrrha smiled at him mid swing, he had clearly been paying some attention. Her arm exploded forward, but Jaune was ready. The fist was slow. Slower than what she normally was even when holding back. Shifting his torso, he stepped into her stance and ducked. "Huh" a rather masculine voice erupted from above. Jaune paid it no mind as he delivered his left hook.

The bronze plated man fell backwards, landing on his backside with a thud. He opened his mouth to scream but instead of the obscenities Jaune was expecting it was the voice of Pyrrha, "Ok now finish me!". I'm insane. I'm going insane. Jaune cocked back his right hand, it glowed its golden hue in approval. "Let's not kill him, give him a love tap."

Jaune's hand pointed toward the sky, and brought it down like lightning. He didn't want to cause permanent damage like he did with his acquaintance, Stumpy. He coiled back three fingers, opting to let his thumb and index finger deliver his justice. They collided with the bronze man's face, sending his now ragdoll-like body colliding through their trophy case, through the wall, and into the bathroom shower stall.

Russel and Sky were frozen in place, mid attack. Their eyes bounced between their now broken shower stall housing their defeated friend and Jaune, the school's punching bag who for some reason had a glowing hand. Jaune turned to them, robotically, which served to further reduce their will to fight.

"Pyrrha I did it! How do you like me now!" Jaune shouted ecstatically. He finally got one over "Pyrrha". 329 to 1 he gleefully stated in his head. "More than you could ever know.". Pyrrha said hiding her blush with a swivel of her head.
The room faded back to the now trashed living space of team CRDL, signalizing the end of his stress imposed mirage. The two figures slunk out of the room. Making sure to stay as far away from Jaune as possible before making a mad dash out of their headquarters. "Pussies. Jaune look how easy that was. Now we both know that wouldn't be possible without mwah but i'll let you have this."

"Gee thanks" Jaune mouthed off, taking in the destruction he caused. He showed those three. Those. Three... "Wait! Where's Cardin?"

"That ginger fuck must be off somewhere else. Probably trying to find another soul to consume." Jaune didn't appreciate his disdain for the orange haired but shared his frustration. "He's not here. Let's get the fuck outta here and find his bitch ass. This chapter is getting long as fuck anyway."

"Yea. Let's get his ass." Jaune was surprised at himself. Jaune wasn't one for revenge or any negative thought for that matter. But the satisfaction he felt watching those two slink away in abject terror was magnificent. "Oh you're getting excited. Good I am too. Gimme your cell!"

Damus reached into Jaunes pocket and pulled it out, remembering he didn't have to ask. Jaune was about to ask what he needed it for before a familiar song played from his phone. (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8WEtxJ4-sh4)

"Don't go chasssiiiiinnn waaterfallls, c'mon playa I promised, ya earned it."

Jaune couldn't help but laugh. Maybe he was wrong about Damus. He was a pimp, and seemed to have no respect for women or authority but he seemed to actually care for his wellbeing, albeit, in a demented way. He strolled out of the dormitories, singing along with Damus. It was time to confront Cardin. He would demand an apology for his wrong doings.

Unbeknownst to Jaune and Damus another shadowy figure peered at them from the rooftop. Eyes menacingly planted on our blonde protagonist as he walked cheerfully away.
Chapter 4

Writer Note:
Tonight I'm breaking the habit.

I'm going to be totally upfront with you all. I got no fucking idea what I'm doing. I'm just thinking up the next chapter, hell, the next paragraph one after the other. I'm in this wild ride with y'all. Conducting us off the rails.

I cannot stress enough how important you, the readers, input is. I've probably watched almost a dozen episodes of this show and I don't even like it. If you see anything wrong: characters being too OOC, lore (that I'm not purposely ignoring) misportrayed, or anything cringe please say so!

And to you folks at , I didn't know I was on approve anonymous reviews. I turned it off so it's posted regardless so get to posting your thoughts. Thanks.

Chapter Four

Jaune let out a heavy groan, parking himself on a pathway bench. He, and by extension, Damus, spent the last 4 hours searching for Cardin. "Man fuck it! We'll jump his ass anotha time. On to the next lesson!"

"Damus PLEASE!" Jaune moaned. "You dragged me around school all morning looking for this guy who most likely isn't even here! It's Saturday for chrissakes! And now you want me to do more?! I haven't even ate since last night!". Jaune was practically screaming.

"Fine, fine, fuck. I could use a drink anyway. Wait you drink right?" Jaune scoffed, "Of course not I'm underage and so are you now that I think of it.".

"Pimping is eternal and so am I, young one. We gonna pop that cherry as well in our next lesson.". Popping cherries? Jaune was unfamiliar with that idiom but didn't have the guts to ask. "Next lesson. Baggin bitches!" Damus was chuckling gleefully and Jaune was anything but.

"Why do you gotta call them... The b-word, all the time?" Jaunes patience diminished as his hunger grew. "I gotta question. Why the fuck you always sound so soft? It's affectionate. Bitches love to know they your bitch and only your bitch. Trust.".

Jaune didn't believe that for a second. The women he knew would kick his ass in half that time if he dared called them anything so profane. "You just fucking mad you ain't got any. Don't fret tho you will soon, playa.". Jaune scoffed but couldn't help imagining it. Being surrounded by beautiful females, answering to his beck and call. He had to admit, he enjoyed the fantasy, but he wouldn't let Damus ever know that. His daydream suddenly warped. His fantasy harem transformed into the visage of his 15 stepsisters. He shuddered and brushed away the foul daydream. "Whatever, let's get something to eat first i'm dying."

"When I'm done teaching ya, you'll be eatin puss 24/7. Speaking of pussy, look over there.". Damus pointed. They were sitting outside the library, looking in. Blake, team RWBY's most calm, cool, and collected member was sitting by herself. She was intently focusing on her book, which she held inches away from her face, as if she was hiding its contents. "Our first target! Jaune, get her number."

"There's no way in hell I could pull that off!" Jaune said in disbelief. The only thing he knew about the monochrome woman was that unless his semblance turned him into a cheesy romance
novel, she'd never give him a moment of her time. "Plus she obviously has a boyfriend or something just look at her. She's gorgeous."

" Didn't we just teach you about confidence? Fuck a boyfriend she needs a mac daddy. Her lonely ass always cooped up with some dusty ol' book." Jaune did notice that she reads alone a lot. Shes either lonely or a bookophile he figured. "Just roll up on her and ask her what the hell she always have her nose in."

Damus ushered Jaune forward, him protesting the whole way. Damus pulled out the chair next to her and Jaune took a reluctant seat in it. Whatever she was reading was impairing her usually keen senses. She didn't even notice (or care) that he was beside her. "Well say something playa, woo her."

"Not in your life. ", "God no!", "Get away from me, creep!", "Did you really just ask me that?", "You're like a brother to me. An autistic brother that we don't take out in public.", "I just turned lesbian... ". A torrent of rejections he has received flew around in his skull, a maelstrom of depression. Jaune didn't know the first thing about approaching the fairer sex, opting to spout off the cringy one-liner and dropping way too obvious hints of his unrequited adoration. Blake, while introverted, was still a good friend to team RWBY and JNPR and he didn't want to jeopardize it.

He sighed inwardly. Damus must be nearing the end of his patience and he did not want to fail one of his tests. After further deliberation Jaune mumbled a meager hello. It was met with a cold shoulder and the sound of another page turning.

"Don't worry fam. I got this." Damus gave Jaune a thumbs-up. Jaune gulped. Damus extended Jaunes hand forward, gripping the spine of the hardback book and yanked it from her hand. "What are you doing!" Jaune tried to whisper frantically to his mentor. Blakes head slowly pivoted, menacingly swiveling towards Jaune. Her eyes spoke for her. Its gaze looking through his eyes and into the depths of his pathetic soul, searching for the reason he violated her precious book. It demanded answers or blood.

"Hmnm let's see what's she reading. Ooooooh, Forbidden Love, a Retrospective of Human and Faunus Relations. Let's see if it has a chapter on Aero-fucking-dynamics." Damus reared Jaunes hand backwards. "Damus, don't you dare!"

"I always choose dare." Damus whipped the book forward with gusto. The book flew from his grasp, so fast it created afterimages. The book-turned-frisbee skyrocketed through the library, knocking books off shelves with its backdraft. Upon reaching the opposite end of the library (which had to be a good 50 meters away) it smashed against the wall with a deafening crack. It's almost comical explosion set the nearby children's bookshelf on fire. Screams of neighboring students and staff were soon drowned out by the sound of a fire alarm followed by the sprinkler system. Blake unsheathed her blade.

"Blake, uh..." He walked backwards slowly, before slipping in one of the many newly formed puddles. "You set my heart ablaze... ". Her response was a panthers roar mixed with the sound of thunder. Everything faded to black.

"Jaune..." He opened his eyes. His head was ringing and his vision was blurry. He must have been crying in his sleep. "What's wrong, Jaune?" Jaune looked up, it was his mother, wrapping him up in her arms. "Are you well?"

She looked giant to the young Jaune. It took him a moment to realize he was again, in his child form. He looked around. Toys littered the ground around his bed. Shelves lined with comics, sports memorabilia, and pictures of himself and his father covered the walls. It was his old bedroom. Wiping the tears out of his eyes he tried to speak, but the words formed for him. "Everyone is so mean to me, Mama" he buried his head in her stomach. "Where is dad? I miss him."

"Your dads a busy man." She responded, turning her head away from him and towards the window. It was raining. "I'm sure he would be here. With me. If he could." Jaune could hear a hint of sadness in her voice. She must of missed him even more than he. They lied there, arm in arm, until the sound of rain pelting their mansion ceased. "We want to love you Jaune, your sisters
just have a different way of showing it." Jaune's whole body hitched when she mentioned his sisters.

"I hate them. I hate all of them. I wish they'd go away!" Jaune bellowed into his mother's chest. She sat him upright and with her left hand, raised Jaune's chin so he met her eyesight. "Jaune you shouldn't say that word so easily. It carries a lot of weight. Your sisters love you dearly. I know they can be pretty difficult sometimes but they have it pretty hard themselves, bucko."

Jaune instantly shot up upon hearing his mother defend those monsters he had to call sisters. "You don't understand! Mom. They... do things. To me. I don't know why but they won't stop! Mom ple-" A pleading Jaune was cut off abruptly, his mother's hand flogging him across the mouth. His mom reeled back her hand, the slaps ring still echoing off the walls. Her heavy panting began to subside, the red in her face began to recede, returning back to its usual vanilla hue. Tears flowed freely from both their faces. She tackled Jaune, taking her arms and wrapping them around his neck. She squeezed, forcing Jaune's head to rest at the nape of her neck in her involuntary hug. It was suffocating. Jaune tried to push her away but to no avail. He wrapped his hands behind her as well, returning the gesture. She sobbed, a sickly sob, on top of her son's head. Despite his growing discomfort he stood fast, determined to hold onto her as long as she needed. Soon her sobs subsided, finishing with a defeated sigh. She loosened her grip. Jaune laid in her arms panting, her death grip of a hug was a bit too loving. "I'm sorry" they both said simultaneously.

The edges of his visions began to fade. The warmth of their embrace began to grow cold. Jaune looked up into his mother's eyes, "Mom I don't want to leave yet." She simply stared back. His head grew foggy. The room began tearing itself apart, knocking over shelves whose contents fell over into the rapidly forming abyss. Frightened, he tightened his grip on her blouse. "Don't worry Jaune." She gently chided. "No matter what always remember - I abhor you." And with a shove Jaune fell into the darkness.

Jaune shot up. He was in bed, a different one, less comfortable than that of in his dream. He felt tears run down his cheek. He had again been crying in his sleep. "**What the fuck did I say about crying, puss?**" Damus was about to unleash a verbal assault on his disciple but decided against it. Something was off about the young padajune.

"Abhor... Me..." He repeated the two words around in his head. "That's not right. Every night, well at least most of them, shed give me a big ol' hug and say "She adores me..."" Jaune concluded that this was just a nightmare and tried his best to shush it away from his mind. Karma for what "I" did to Blake I guess.

"**Dude that bitch fucking worked ya. Screaming something about "ancient books" and "irreplaceable somethings".** Damus turned Jaune's head to face the nearby mirror. A huge black eye took over his left eye socket among other less painful bruises. "**I've seen a lot of crazy bitches, but that bitch right there. Top ten. Imagine if we tamed her! The ninja hoe!**"

"**No.**" Said an extremely unamused Jaune. This is exactly what he was afraid would happen. "**Dude it was just a joke. If anything shed be the one to pimp you. The way she used that sheath! If I was a softer man i'd be in love.**" Jaune slunk out of bed. The pain ebbing from his eye pulsated out to the rest of his body. Pain really taxed on his patience. He saw a tray next to his bunk. On it lay a black eyepatch with some kind of lotion-like substance on the soft side, some water, and saltine crackers. He took all three.

"**Ooooooh you look like a bad motherfucker. We gonna keep that eyepatch. Well on our way to lesson three!**" Jaune stoically walked out of the medical office, ignoring the protest of the assistant nurses. "**No.**" He muttered irritatedly.

"**What the fuck do you mean "No"? Do you not remember the visualization? Punched kidneys. Through asshole.**"

"I'm going back to my dorm and apologizing to Ren and Pyrrha. Then I'm going to go to team RWBY's dorm and beg to be Blake's friend again. I might even buy her a book or two hundred, who knows." Jaune's tone was emotionless, wiped clean of his usual jovial attitude. "**Fuck you mean beg? *scoff* You're mad aren't you? Arnt ya? So what you got your shit snapped in
half. Real thugs rise from the fucking grave."

"Fuck you Damus! I didn't even ask for this shit!" Jaune screamed, ignoring the puzzling looks from bystanders.

"Who honestly WANTS to be a pimp? A crass, rude, misogynistic, criminal that gets off by bullying people? Evil people, that's who!" He squeezed his hand hard, to the point of drawing blood with his fingernails. "You don't own me Damus. I'm done taking your lessons."

Damus forced a laugh, slapping Jaune's knee in a mocking fashion. "**Wow. The little Jaune has a spine after all. Tell you what. Twenty-four hours. Ima leave you be, big man. If for any reason you need MY help in them, You admit you ain't shit and you follow me decrees to a capital T. And if you don't use me. I'll give you... a High 5. Deal?**" Jaune said nothing. A High-5... Not dealing with you for a full day is a reward in itself. "Deal." Jaune said, relief building in his chest.

The walk back to the team JNPR dorm was quiet. Jaune enjoyed the peace of Beacon Academy at night and today was no exception. He walked back to his dormitory, electing to take the cement path and not jumping over any unnecessary objects. He stopped before the door of his teams room, bracing himself for whatever retaliation was on the other side. He slowly opened it, not wanting to further agitate Ren or Pyrrha, especially the latter. The common room was empty but the door to the female side was slightly open. He approached it, then knocked on it and waited. Nothing.

He knocked again, but peeked inside this time. He saw the familiar orange hair of the team's most cheerful member. She was struggling, hunched on top her bed. It looked as if she was hurt. "C'mon, dammit!" She sounded like she was in great pain. "Get. In. there... FUCK! OW!" She arched her back backwards in seeming agony. Nora never cursed. Jaune barged in and was met with a rather curious sight. Nora lay on her bed, facing the ceiling, with her green plaid blanket strewn messily on top of her torso. In her hand was her trademark pink grenade, however it looked narrower to Jaune. Nora opened her eyes, an upside down Jaune meeting her gaze.

"Holy FUCK Jaune what are you doing here?!!" She turned around and cowered under her blanket against the headboard. Jaune has never heard the girl curse and it startled him. "Uh the door was open... You sounded hurt so I kind of just... barged in." Jaune said innocently, scratching his head, puzzled. A pillow hit him square in the head, thrown by a tomato-faced Nora.

"That doesn't make it ok to come in here! Ok well it kind of does. But still! Also what happened to your face?" Her eyes poked from beneath her covers. "Long story and I'm sorry!" Jaune said, he eased himself onto her bed, sitting on the opposite end much to Nora's dismay. He looked at the hump containing her form with his good eye, causing her to squeal and hide her eyes.

"Jaune please! Give me like five minutes." She said frantically. "Or maybe fifteen...I wasn't finished yet..." That last part was barely audible. Jaune turned, now sitting cross legged and directly facing Nora. His knee nudged her grenade, which she left sitting there before dashing under her blanket. He picked it up. She shrieked in absolute terror. "Oh darn, sorry. I'll go get that." Jaune said

"I betrayed my best friend... Pyrrha must hate me. Has she talked to you about me recently?" He stared at the Nora-mound, juggling her grenade absent mindedly. Her eyes followed her "grenade", shame welling up in her tear ducts. "Jaune. Jaune please, shetalksaboutyouallday! Gimme back that gre-"

"She does! About what?" Jaune was on his hands and knees on Nora's bed. He inched closer, desperate for her next response. Nora shriveled further into her mattress. "About shit I don't know Jaune ple-"

"Think harder please!" Jaune was desperate for the answer, his hands balled into fists, left hand squeezing the surprisingly, slick grenade. It slipped out of his grip, bouncing off the ceiling and into Nora's closet. She shrieked in absolute terror. "Oh darn, sorry. I'll go get that." Jaune said
reassuringly. "Oh god please Jaune don't for the love of." She didn't bother to finish her sentence. She grabbed Jaune by the collar, and with her immense strength, pulled him back onto her bed. She felt usually soft to Jaune he thought. Must be wearing silk or something... He thought.

The cheer and optimism was long gone from the hammer wielding woman. She spoke in a deliberate fashion, wanting to convey the absolute emotions she was currently experiencing. "Jaune. If you ever, ever, EVER. Evvvvvvveeeeerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr Come into my room. Ever. Without my EXPRESS permission. EVER. I'm going to take this..." She pointed to her pink friend. "And shove it in there..." She then pointed to his jauneson.

Damus watched silently. If he could laugh it would be heard world-round. This thicc bitch a freak! Damus mused to himself. Jaune muffled some hasty apologies to his captor. He couldn't ever catch a break.

Nora exhaled, glad she got that out of her system and her "grenade" out of his hands. If he went inside her shrine/closet... I'd have to kill him... She thought devilishly. She pointed at the door. "Go. I need about 20 minutes. I gotta uh... rehearse my advice... Yeah."

Jaune was hastily ushered out the room. He took note to never enter it again, lest he face the hammer's wrath as she called it. He sat on the couch for a bit before entering his room. Her advice would be the wait he surmised as he opened the male bedroom door. He was met with the back of Ren, who was meditating in his bunk, facing the moon. His side of the room was spotless, a stark contrast to Jaune's as it still remained in shambles due to his morning fiasco.

Jaune contemplated whether to interrupt him but the decision was made for him. Ren cocked his head, giving Jaune an intimidating side glance. He was mad.

"Hey b-buddy..." The words barely slithered out of his mouth. Ren remained stoic, his neutral expression made Jaune feel at unease. They stared at each other. Ren still as a gargoyle and Jaune relentlessly fidgeting. Jaune couldn't take the silence anymore. "I'm sorry. I should've helped you clean at least. And I shouldn't of skipped practice. I'm a bad friend."

Ren blinked for what seems like the first time in five minutes. Then with the grace of a swan, stood up from his zenlike position and walked toward his friend. "It's fine. Are you feeling alright?" he finally said. With those words all tension in the half destroyed room disappeared. Jaune breathed a heavy sigh of relief before putting his hand on Rens shoulder, a sign of their good friendship. "What happened?" Ren asked.

"My semblance. It activated yesterday. I'm still having trouble using it." Jaune said. It wasn't a total lie but Jaune still felt a little bad. "Congratulations. I was also asking about your eye..." Ren said, returning the pat he received earlier. He believed it rather easily, Jaune thought feeling pangs of guilt. "It's kind of a... Sore subject right now..." Jaune said bashfully. Ren was inclined to agree and changed the subject. "What can your semblance do?" Ren asked crossing his arms.

"That's a good question." Jaune playfully answered. "It's been a huge pain ever since I got it. That's putting it lightly but he doesn't need to know that..." Jaune thought. If Damus had eyes to roll they would be. "I'm hoping Pyrrha can train me in how to use it. If she ever forgives me that is... Have you seen her."

Ren shook his head no. "Why not call her?" He suggested. Jaune's head shot up in approval, why hasn't he thought of that he wondered. He reached into his pocket for his phone. It was on silent. He didn't remember setting it to that mode. Damus... He thought slightly annoyed. He clicked on Pyrs contact number. A selfie portrait of them illuminated on his screen. He fondly remembered when he took it with her. Him dangling from a tree, her spear piercing his collar. She stood below him, one hand giving the victory sign and her phone in the other. Thirty seconds passed with her not picking up.

"She's still mad" Jaune spoke disappointed. Ren just shrugged his shoulders and went back to his bed. He muttered a good night that Jaune returned. Jaune was mentally and physically exhausted, he followed Ren's example. Or he would of if his phone didn't ring. Pyrrha! He opened his phone but the number he failed to recognize. He answered it.

"Jaune?" The voice asked. It took a second for Jaune to recognize it. Isabelle, the lady he met
early this morning was calling. The lady who almost kissed his jaune'son was calling. His desire to sleep eroded. "Isabelle?" He whispered as he exited the room. "How are you doing?" He couldn't control his excitement, the vision of the young faunus' breasts quickly took over his mind.

"Jaune I need your help." She said almost hesitantly. "I... I can't go to the police for... Obvious reasons..." Jaune's stomach dropped as well as his lustful feelings. The desire to aid the innocent triumphed over all other emotions in Jaune. "How? Where?" He asked frantically. It's hard enough for him to make friends. He didn't want to lose one now. *Especially one that could repay him with... That's a terrible thought Jaune. Damus is rubbing off on me..."

"Ill text you the exact address. Please I know... I know that this is a lot to ask for but I'm begging." Isabelle sounded as if she was about to have a mental breakdown. "I'll be there, Belle. You don't have to waste anymore words, this chapter is getting too long anyway."

"Jaune-" the line cut off, concerning Jaune greatly. A moment later he received the promised text. It was near the docks. He looked at the clock. It was 9pm. The brisk night air stung his black eye. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his eyepatch. It only took two tries to unfold it and place it on his injured eye. The coating soothed his eye socket, numbing the entire left side of his face. Getting Nora's advice and apologizing to Blake will have to wait.

He set off toward the bus, determination warming his blood.

Vigilant eyes watched Jaune make his way onto the bus to Vale. Its owner scoffed before jumping, building to building, and silently landing on the busses roof. It went prone and waited, determined to follow our protagonist. The shadowy figure look at their watch. In three hours the witching hour will begin. They wondered how Jaune would fair.
Writer Note:

Fuck this gay earth.

So I watched another episode of rwby and yea, the characters I've portrayed so far are a bit OOC. I kind of just flanderized them to fit my needs at that time. A result of my poor planning and writing skills. I'm gonna start a poll on my profile. Restrict myself and make the characters more inline with their show counterparts (I could probably do it) or fuck it just keep going using my own version of them.

I'm a broken record. Input is such a huge factor in my creative process. I've already modified the story based on what reviews I got. One sentence ones or ones that say good job don't influence me at all but I do appreciate them. If you don't like something just tell me why and vice versa. The twisted dark humor and nsfw content isn't going away for any reason however.

Also I'm not apologizing.

Chapter Five

Determination and the occasional jostle kept Jaune awake. He eyed his smartphone for the millionth time. The phone's message drawer remained unchanged, Isabelle's text still on read. It was 9:30am. He shivered. The bus driver ignored or misheard his many suggestions to turn up the heat. The bus eased off the road, slowing down to its stop. Jaune gave a curt goodbye as he stepped off. He was at the docks, a few blocks away Isabelle waited. Jaune took hurried steps, not knowing whether or not he would be too late. He eyed his phone yet again - it has already been 45 minutes since she had called.

Street lamps illuminated his path, highlighting the filth and decay they carried. Hooded men huddled together stopped their hushed conversations to watch the out of place young blonde, boy shuffle down the street. Raggedy women wearing barely anything approached anyone that came near, offering to perform obscene acts in exchange for barely anything. Broken needles, at least one per sidewalk block, plastered the pavement like landmines. Jaune increased his pace dramatically after seeing someone pick one up and insert it into themselves.

He turned a corner, narrowly avoiding a group of passing vagabonds. Down the street a purplish-pink neon lit building stood out amongst the rest. Two brawny men stood alongside the venue's door, ushering in snobby patrons dressed in even snobbier clothing. Jaune made way to the club and around the side, opting to choose a much wiser, stealthy approach. A single door stood ajar half way down the alley, purple lights illuminated the neighboring wall. Jaune whistled a tune of good fortune, strolling up to the open door and made his way in.

Droves of men and women danced maniacally to the uncomfortably loud electronic beats. Strobes of lights and cups filled with some mysterious glowing liquid in the dancer's hands disorientated Jaune. A giant man in a tuxedo vest stood behind an onyx-marble bar. He took a patron's drink and a vial of the aforementioned glowing liquid from underneath the bar. He mixed the radiation looking substance with the drink and handed it back to the highly appreciative woman.

Jaune felt his pocket vibrate but picked it up a second too late. Two missed calls, one from a Pyrrha Nikos and another from an unknown. He called back his amazonian friend, she was owed an explanation for his hands misdeeds. It went straight to voicemail. He groaned internally, a voicemail would have to do. He covered his ears and spoke as loud as he could. "Pyrrha I'm... So so sorry. I did not mean to... Sorry. I'll make it up to you. We can do the trainings again another time. Whatever it takes to get you to forgive me. Pyrrha I know you must want to kick my ass and
I deserve it, anyway. I wish I could say this in person but i've been busy. I'm coming back soon...
Later Pyr...

Somewhat satisfied with that message he dialed the unknown number. It picked up immediately.
"Hey John! I know you don't know me but I know you. How are you by the way?"

"I'm ok..." Jaune replied hesitantly, his right hand twitching.

"Great! You here that boys? He's feeling ok!" Jaune was starting to feel very unsettled, the man's cheerful mannerisms were obviously a front. "How are you liking our facilities so far? Have a drink! On us!" Jaune looked at the bar. As if on cue, the sunglassed bartender took a glowing vial and poured it into a drink before setting it down and pointing at him. "I'll... have to pass." Jaune said and Damus grumbled.

"Meh, suit yourself. Isabelle will always be happy to drink someone's share. She's addicted to the stuff."

"Where is she?! What are you doing to her?!" Jaune's hand was glowing - a cheaper phone would've cracked from the pressure. "Why don't you see for yourself? There should be a double set of doors next to our friendly barkeep. Go through them, make a right and then go all the way down."

Jaune hung up on the overly "friendly" man and made his way past the bar. His right hand gripped the bar as he strode past it, stopping him. "Hold up playa, timeout on this no help shit. Order a drink. Some liquid courage never hurts." Jaune rolled his eyes. The barkeep took the drink he made for him and slid it toward the blonde boy. It was the brightest shade of purple he had ever seen. The mysterious fluid looked like it belonged in some top secret scientific lab Jaune surmised before pushing it away from him. "Do you have anything non alcoholic?"

The barkeep had an almost offended look on his face. "How about you just take this empty cup and fill it in the nearest toilet." With a snarl the barkeep handed the glass to Jaune and kept to his other customers. "Yea you don't need my help keep telling yourself that. When are you going to stop being a puss? You need me! Call off the bet and i'll be lenient on your punishment."

A mixture of lack of sleep and general frustration boiled inside Jaune's mind. He grabbed the glass and spoke in an uncharacteristic tone. "Good idea. It would probably taste better than anything that you could serve." Damus slapped Jaune's knee slightly in approval. Nearby clubbers laughed at Jaune's witty retort. The bartender gave Jaune a deadpan look. "Here..." The bartender puckering his lips aid before spitting in Jaune's face. "I don't drink on the job. Completely non alcoholic."

It slid down the crevice of his crinkled nose, over his quivering lips and then onto the skin of his reddening neck. Jaune felt sick, but not because of what was currently running down his face. The pit of his stomach rumbled, as if it was conjuring some vile acid before funneling it throughout his body. It filled his veins, delivering this toxin to every muscle fibre in its wake. Sweat beads formed on his skin before evaporating just as quickly, giving off the impression that he was smoking from every pour. His arm glowed softly at first before briefly shining brighter than that of the neon lights surrounding the dance floor.

Jaune never felt this way before. Whenever he was wronged he wrote it off as the other party having a bad day. That it was no big deal how he personally felt and that if someone was treating him like that he must have done something to deserve it and should apologize. That everything was simply water under the crumbling bridge that was Jaunes self-worth. Not this time. Jaune's mind was numb with this dormant emotion. Rage, pure and unbridled, emanated from his right palm.

"Nobody. I mean NO. BODY. EVER. Disrespects ME to that DEGREE. Jaune fuck him up before I do it." Damus wiped the spit off Jaune before gripping the glass cup. Damus' golden
glow enveloped it. "Do it Jaune. Fuck consequences!!" For once Jaune was inclined to agree.

Jaune took the glass with authority and with the form of an olympian, smashed it into the barkeeps left eye socket. Golden shards of glass exploded in his eye, ripping it into chunky red bits that now decorated the bar. The man fell onto the floor with a large thud, clutching his now destroyed eye in complete and utter agony. Loud music drowned out his many cries for security. Jaune held the glass handle in a stunned stupor. "Bitch ass kid lay the fuck down!"

The poisonous feeling that coursing through his body subsided, leaving Jaune a huffing and puffing mess. What just happened to me?... Jaune wondered before dropping the handle and staring at his surprisingly unharmed arm. "What came over me? I wouldn't do something like that." Jaune was still not used to seeing grown men cry in the fetal position. "That was my wrath, son. I gave you my anger."

Jaune rushed through the double doors, not wanting his assault to be tracked back to him. "I don't want your help Damus! We had a deal."

"It wasnt help it was retribution. Don't act like that didn't feel good."

"It felt awful." Jaune said lying through his teeth. The adrenaline was still coursing through his veins. Much more so than when he slapped that bronzewing fellow the other day. Jaune has never been the aggressor and having finally be thrust into this role he couldn't help but feel a tinge of pride. He brushed away the thought to refocus on his original task, finding Isabelle.

The backrooms of the dance club made the front look like a chapel. Strung out party goers littered the halls. He had to step over unconscious (or maybe even dead) bodies, one after another, to continue. He finally reached the rightmost room and braced himself for what could be on the other side. He gripped the uncomfortably moist handle and braved on inside.

There sat a blindfolded and obviously distraught Isabelle. She was bound to a wooden chair. Red, blistered skin around her wrists made it more than evident that she did not want to be there. Jaune leapt over to her, placing his left arm over her rigid shoulders. "Isabelle!" He yelled whilst removing her blindfold.

With watery eyes she stared into Jaune's sole one. Still frightened, she let out a multitude of panicked sobs. Jaune held her frail form before placing her head against his chest. The noxious feeling he felt just earlier had began to reform in his belly. "Let me get you out of here."

He began to remove her bindings. The rudimentary knots easily came undone before being tossed aside. She fell into his arms and cried. She was obviously unwell Jaune thought but seeing her unchained relieved him greatly. "Yea about that no help thing... This shit was to e-.

"Damus not now!" Jaune completely tuned him out. The relief he felt and the warmth of his friend was all that mattered to him. She sank deeper and deeper into his chest. Her faunus features, bruised and dirty, wiggled in delight. A bulge was quickly forming in his pants much to his dismay. She looked up to him and with a short hop pecked him on the lips.

Jaune stared back at her. No woman he has ever met sans his mother showed him positive physical affection. He took in her features. Her eyes were wavering, as if she couldn't or wouldn't meet his gaze. She was shaking still but it seemed to have intensified. With hesitant hands she took Jaune by the head and placed it on her breast and squeezed. It felt wrong to the young Jaune but his newly acquired taste of the female form wanted it regardless. He couldn't help but take in her scent. It was heavenly and drowned out the world around him. He was losing himself in her bosom, mentally and physically. He felt as if he was falling into a never-ending cloud. His right arm was buzzing. He felt as if Damus was trying to message him but he was too far gone. The paleness of her breast flesh turned to dark.

Jaune woke up in a room that seemed built for giants. It didn't take Jaune long to realize he was, again, in his childhood home. "This exposition is getting really tiresome..." The young Jaune sighed. Bookcases stacked the walls. In the middle of the room stood a giant golden globe, dotted with red LED's on various points all over it. He walked to the enormous globe and with his renewed childlike wonder spun it with both hands.
It span and span. Jaune stared at it for at least 2 minutes straight. He grew bored and slapped it in an effort to get it to stop. It blurted out in a semi robotic accent, startling the boy. "Bitchslap Recognized. Welcome Mr. Arc." The globe opened like an alien pod, basking Jaune in a golden hue. Inside lay a purple velvet seat surrounded by an assortment of gizmos and switches. Without much thought Jaune climbed in.

It closed the door on top of him. Before he could cry out in fear the robotic voice chimed in once more. "Going Down?" Jaune piqued a quiet yes and with a slight jolt, descended. The widescreen in front of him displayed what could only be a digital blueprint of the Arc estate with a giant pillar under it. In the pillar lay a blue dot Jaune guessed represented him, rapidly descending downward. At the bottom of the pillar was a giant square. It was at least the size of the estate but was more rectangular. The dot that was him began to slow down before coming to a stop in the middle of the box. The globe slowly opened and as he climbed out it wished him good well and to "Cum again soon".

In front of him was a large chrome door adorned with purple and gold decorations. He stepped forward and it opened automatically. In front of him stood his father facing away from him. He was barking orders at a legion of scientists, all female and beautiful. Before Jaune could mutter the word "father" Jaune's dad turned around. "Son what are you doing here?" Jaune's dad walked up to the boy and scooped him up. A flash of disapproval was quickly replaced with that of worry when he lead him away from the lab. "Wasn't your mother and sisters suppose to be watching you?"

Jaune wanted to tell his father that he never wanted his sisters to watch any part of him but again he did not want to look weak to the man. It wasn't often that he had one on one time with his dad and he did not want to sour the occasion. "No matter" Jaune's dad sighed. "I know! Why not let me give you a tour!"

Jaune climbed on top of his dad's sturdy shoulders as he walked around the underground base. Every time they passed something of interest Jaune's dad would give entire monologues on to how he acquired it and what's its purpose. "This is called an Orgasmatron. It's a slender, sometimes pink device that gives women fun times. They come in various sizes." It looked like the device Jaune saw with on Nora's bed. He made note to get one for Pyrrha as well.

A slender redhead woman in a purple and white lab coat approached the two of them. She fidgeted with the clipboard she was holding and gulped before speaking. "Sir, we have received complaints about the new lubricant. The male test subjects reported an increase in... um... pleasure, but the female subjects say it makes the... act... feel like nothing."

"What the woman feels is of no importance. Leave my sight at once I'm bonding with my son!" Faster than the young Jaune's eyes could see Mr. Arc crossed the 5 meter distance to the woman and slapped her with the back of his hand. It was a loud snap, as if his palm protruded 5 whips and it left a gash on her cheek. She recoiled violently, leaving her heels on the ground as her body flew backwards into the metal cabinets behind her. She whimpered an almost silent apology, leaving the room without taking her shoes, clipboard, or the dent she made in the cabinet.

Jaune's mouth was agape. He didn't know his father was capable of such actions. He dropped off the man's shoulder and landed on the ground, tripping and landing on his side. Mr. Arc helped him up. A frantic tone replaced his previously angered one. "Are you alright boy? I didn't mean to drop you. Madison get the fuck back here and call a nurse! My boy is hurt!"

Confusion and revolution collided in his head. My father was.. IS a nice man! Why would he treat someone like THAT and then show concern like this. Why didn't he remember moments like these? "I'm ok dad. Why did you hit her?"

"Hit what? Oh... Her? What of it son?" Mr Arc had an air of dismissal in his voice. As if he stepped on a blade of grass or took a sip of water. "What do you mean what? She's hurt!"

Mr. Arc let out a mighty laugh as the woman from before stepped back in. A bruise on her cheek was already formed. "Yes sir." Mr. Arc spoke to her without looking at her. "Take off your top."

The moment the last decibel rolled off his tongue the woman's lab coat was already beneath her knees. She was already free of undergarments.
The young Jaune took in the sight. Besides the unsightly mark on her cheek she was the picture of beauty. Supple breasts rested in her slender torso, complimenting her shapely hips and shaved privates. She was gorgeous but the young Jaune was already overexposed to the sight of young vixens. Mr. Arc could tell he was unimpressed but brushed it off. "Do you love me baby?" Mr. Arc beckoned to the woman who slowly walked over before giving him a long kiss. Mr. Arc parted lips with the woman before pushing her away and looking at his son.

"Ya see son? They love me and I love them. Sometimes you have to be... Tough. But that's only because we care. If she didn't have me. Have all this. She would be living in some third world country. Giving blowy joeys for table scraps." He was holding his arms wide, as if he was picking up the entire world in his capable arms. "A good man needs a good woman and a great man needs many. And do you know why son?" Jaune shook his head left to right rapidly. "Because women are meant to serve. They were born to and derive pleasure from it. It's the natural order." Jaune was set aback. He wanted to protest but just didn't have the strength to oppose his father. He decided to simply not think about it, for better or worse. "Son all of this will be yours one day. When you are older I will come to you. I will shape you to be the man. No.. The Arc you were meant to be." He hugged his son. It felt alien to the boy at first but he soon returned it in earnest.

"Son all of this will be yours one day. When you are older I will come to you. I will shape you to be the man. No.. The Arc you were meant to be." He hugged his son. It felt alien to the boy at first but he soon returned it in earnest. He was still his father and he still loved him despite his opinions. He saw the woman leave the room. Marks and bruises were scattered on her back, A stark contrast to the beautiful pale skin on her front. His dad release the hug and got on his knees, face to face with him. "Jaune..." "Yes dad." Jaune said.

"John!"

"Dad...?" Jaune said again.

"John I'm your fucking daddy!" The voice was overly jolly and the image of the lab and his father transformed horrifically. In front of him stood an uncomfortably close, short man who wore baggy clothes. In his mouth was a lollipop and a cigarette for reasons Jaune did not know. He took one out and spoke. "Hey buddy. Or should I say son?"

Jaune heard laughter surrounding him. He turned his head and to his horror saw a familiar face. Stumpy. Arms folded together, hiding a missing hand. Anger etched on his face but he stood against the wall, waiting rather patiently. Jaune tried to budge but he couldn't. He was paralysed from the neck down. He wiggled his toes and feel them move against the roof of his shoes. Two women, twins, one red the other white stood on opposite sides of the walls to the left and right of him. They had a sickening smirk on them that reminded Jaune of his own sisters. Next to them both was a cart which contents were hidden by one red and one white cloth.

The shortman grabbed Jaune's chin and tilted his face to meet his. "Don't worry about the girls. You'll get to know them soon. How you doing by the way?" The dandy way the man talked was natural apparently but it wasn't less unnerving. Jaune looked dead in his eyes. "Where is Isabelle?"

The dandy man clasped his hands together and tilted his head to the side as if confused. "Taken hostage and his first though us of the other one? What a gentlemen!" The twins clapped in harmony mockingly. "She outlived her usefulness. She played her part well, not like it was hard you kinda walked into it. You didn't even have a weapon what was your plan?"

Jaune cursed at his stupidity yet again. He wiggled his right hand but Damus was absent. Of all times you don't interrupt damnit, Damus! "What do you want with me. I'm a student!"

"My right hand man is missing his right hand! I wanna get to know you, chum." He was wiggling his own right hand in emphasis. "You also glassed my bartender. Literally. He's in the hospital. And by hospital I mean veterinarian. We don't pay for benefits. It's the economy. You see with tax-"

"Let me go right now!" Jaune interrupted frantically. The situation fully dawned on the young man. Stumpy almost bolted to Jaune but was stopped by a glance from Dandy. "Now now Sherman. Forgive our guest for his interruption. We can forgive yes?" The twins shook their heads no and Stumpy went back to his corner.
"Now John, I hate rudeness but what I hate even more than that is thievery.” Dandyman's voice cracked, betraying his friendly guise. "You stole my money and you stole his hand." He paused for a brief moment, as if he didn't want to utter his next sentence. "Now you gotta pay." He made a "come-forth" motion with his hand and the twins rolled their carts to the two. Their smirks twisted into perverse smiles as they unveiled the contents of the carts. "I didn't steal any." Jaune stopped mid sentence, eyes widened in terror.

Column by column of surgical steel precision cutting instruments lay on each cart, each more terrifying than the last. Syringes of varying lengths and color lay in wait. On the bottom tray of the cart lay to Jaunes horror, a power drill surrounded by thin, long drill bits. Stumpy upon seeing Jaunes single eye water laughed triumphantly.

"Jaune it was nice meeting you." Dandy said matter-of-frankly, looking at his shoes. "But I can't stand this ugliness. Besides. This chapter is getting too long and it came pretty late. Oh well. Goodbye."

Jaune tried to shake his arm with all his might but the only thing he achieved was realizing that he could still feel discomfort. He just couldn't move. The girls each grabbed a tool, placing them back in place upon realizing the other grabbed a more efficient one, until they were both satisfied. They tested each power drill's trigger. One was on "forward" the other on "backward".

Stumpy and Dandyman left, ignoring the blonde's pleadings and moans, before closing the door on the three. Dandyman did not know why his boss fancied these people with glowing right arms and wanted them killed, slowly. In a world where monsters ran about and super powered people were commonplace, glowing appendages must be at the bottom of the supernatural totem pole. Nevertheless he was a good underling and to climb the underworld ladder you have to dirty your hands. He could use a drink he finally decided before remembering his barkeep was in the kennel. He took a midnight walk instead.
Chapter 6

Writer Note:

My first regret of the day is waking up.

Why did nobody tell me I was spelling Pyrrha wrong…. this entire time… whatever. I'm not uploading on wattpad anymore. It's literally 3000% more popular on here and the format editing is ridiculous. The pole is up regarding the OOCness of the story please take and leave feedback. If you think something about the story is enjoyable please say what it is. If you think something is cringe tell me to fix it. You know the drill boys.

Also I made this chapter really fast so expect many changes in it

Chapter Six

"Four hours. Four whole mother fucking hours. And you fucked up...." Damus folded his ethereal arms. He surveyed the scene, sighing every time Jaune screamed and begged for the twins to stop. Rolling his eyes as he cried his out. The red one stuck her index finger in the hole she made in Jaune's left kneecap, pulling it in and out as if she was fucking it after prom. "Jaune if you didn't want to get fucked like a bitch you shouldn't of acted like one."

Whatever coated Isabelle's breasts completely blocked Damus ability to control Jaune's nerves and move his limbs. Jaune wasn't in the right state of mind to use Damus' abilities either. "Maybe if you took up my offers to go drinking you wouldn't be such a lightweight..." The one in white reached down underneath her skirt. She lifted one leg and then the other and revealed white silk panties in her palm, which she shoved in Jaune's mouth. "That's one way to shut him the fuck up the crazy bitch."

The red lace woman stuck her tongue piercing into Jaune's new hole. Fervently licking it. Lapping up blood and bone like a dog with water on a hot day. The white one followed up before producing an ice cube. She put it in her mouth and kissed his wound, transferring it into it. She then grabbed his foot and beckoned her sister to do the same. With a wicked smile they pulled his foot up, 90 degrees, letting the gap between his knee joint crush the cube. There was a sickening crunch and snap that delighted the pair greatly. "God damn. You can't die yet Jaune I'm still in this bitch hold out!"

Jaune cursed his fate, luck, destiny, the two women mocking his sorrow, the people he passed on the street to get here, even Isabelle. It was as if Monty himself made it his semblance to have women hate him for as long as he lived. The freezing cold in his knee was replaced by the searing heat of another power drill, eating at the sides of flesh like metal termites. After a minute of revolutions they repeated the ice cube stunt but this time they decided to put twice as many, then triple. Jaune's body vibrated violently, his heartbeat was erratic and felt like it was going to implode. The redhead took a syringe and plunged it into his arm. His heart slowed again but the pain did everything beside subside. "Pyrrha" Jaune said her name over and over again between gasps and sobs.

"The nerve! Saying another woman's name whilst making love. Melanie!"

"Yes Miltia" She said brandishing a knife.

"Show him how we feel about adultery..."

The white lace woman took her knife and slowly traced it down Jaune's sweat soaked shirt. This isn't the first time something like this happened but it felt nothing like the TLC he had had before.
"I'm just a student..." Jaune said weakly. He was on the verge of passing out again but he knew they would just wake him once more. She pricked him with the knife, deep enough so it could rest within his torso but not enough to fatally wound. "Shut up we heard all we need to know."

Militia said. "You are a pimp. You are an enemy to women like us." Melanie protruded another knife while mumbling in agreement.

"You are a heartless..." Melanie said striking at Jaune's left breast muscle with her weapon.

"Spineless..." Militia said slicing at his back.

"Maniacal..." Melanie took the butt of the knife to his temple.

"Blind..." Militia palmed his eyepatch hard.

"Misogynist." With the spike of both their high heels they stomped their foot onto Jaune's genitals. The chair holding Jaune's bloodied form collapsed, sending him bawling to the floor. The red lace sister took her heel spike and placed it into his knee hole where it slid in with a grueling slickness.

Jaune's screamed in utter agony. His sweating intensified. Every time he hyperventilated waves of pain shot from his lungs straight to his head. The pain was intense and his hands began to scrunch up from the pressure. *Wait!* Spasm after spasm rocked his hand and the twins didn't seem to notice. Finally he was regaining his ability to move.

Militia readied her power drill and brought it to Jaunes other kneecap. She pulled the trigger but was interrupted by a desperate plea. "Wa-wait!" Jaune said with renewed determination. To his surprise she actually halted the drill and put her hands on her hip. "If you hate pimps... why do you work with one?"

The twins stared at each other for a brief moment before facing him again. "Do you honestly think we have a choice?"/"Are you that daft?" The twins spoke over each other in an almost monotone fashion. Melanie took a step forward and knelt down, speaking directly into Jaune's good eye.

"We are not employees. We are slaves. There is a good difference."

Militia pulled the trigger, focusing Jaunes attention back to her. "My sister and I. You think we are twins? Natural twins? Real twins are rare but pedophiles sadly are not. We were sculpted."

Melanie put her hand on her sister's shoulder before continuing. "I first met her on a bed with a man I've never seen before." She was breathing rapidly, anger began to erupt from her voice.

"Everyday. We only had ourselves. And whoevers bed chambers we were brought to. We became closer than twin sisters! Because of men. Like. You."

Jaune listened well to their story. It was like he unleashed a dam in their minds that unclogged their hatred for prostitution and the evil men behind them. Jaune actually started to feel bad but his ruse worked. He balled his hand into a fist, much to Damus' approval. "*Let's end these bitches.*"

Melanie and Militia were on the verge of tears as their life story ended. "When we were given the chance to take it out on a Pimp we jumped on it. But we are bored now."

"We can just kill him. Fuck what they said about keeping him alive. Then we can just kill ourselves..." Melanie was cackling as she spoke that last sentence. "Yes... we can meet again in a new life..." They kissed each other tenderly before refocusing on Jaune. They each readied a power drill and pointed it to his skull. They each kneeled down around his face.

Jaune took three deep breathes. The women lowered the drills toward his ears, attention fully set on fitting the drills into his earhole. With his right hand now out of their sight he flexed, letting his adrenaline rampant in his arm. The long awaited golden hue shone but was still slightly faint. He needed a bit more time. The ladies brought the drill to his ear and funneled it inside. "Goodbye
Jaune. "They said in unison. Before they could squeeze the trigger a Jaune's arm rocked forward, socking Melanie's spine, sending her flying towards Miltia. They both flew towards the wall beside them but much to Jaune’s dismay they landed on their feet with cat like grace.

"So he regained his strength." Melanie said while getting into a fighting stance. Miltia took one as well. Jaune's heart sank. He was too weary and injured to fight and they were at perfect health. "That was good. You were brave Jaune. You didn't give up. I'm proud of you. By the way... you lost the bet."

Jaune didn't need to argue the point. His vision gave way. A warm, wet sensation was growing down his pants. He was too busy dying to be embarrassed. His right arm punched the ground and propped the rest of himself up. His left leg dangled beneath him, but his right stood firm. "Listen here bitches." Damus spoke through Jaune's mouth. "I'm gonna slap you so hard the taste of old man balls is finally gonna leave your mouth. Give up right now and I might replace the taste with my own."

The women shrieked and leapt at them, one with foot first the other with hand. Damus grabbed the nearby chair and threw them at the two with the force of a cannonball. It smashed Miltia in the chest and a golden explosion rocked her entire body. She flew back towards the wall and crumpled against it. "Miltia!" Melanie screamed, stopping herself. Damus took the opportunity to propel himself to her. Before she could turn around his palm met her teeth. Her body barrel rolled into the metal cart, crushing its steel frame with her skull. Much to his surprise they both slowly stood up. "You cunts are tough I see you were well trained. I might have use for you crazy sluts."

Melanie grabbed two syringes and threw them at Jaune who just simply caught them mid air. Jaune fought to stay conscious, watching Damus control him and fighting against his two capturers and winning was too good to miss. Miltia darted back towards Jaune and swung her hand toward him, intent to slice him with her sharp nails. Before she could hit her target Damus took his four fingers and chopped them across her neck. "Whatcha bitch" she fell neck first onto the hard ground before bouncing off. Damus sent Jaune's arm flying into her stomach in an uppercut. Losing all control of her body she flew into the air, almost hovering, before she could reach the ceiling Damus punched her in the rib cage, sending her back to the cracked wall once more. Melanie in desperation jumped on top of the cart and sent a dive kick towards Jaune. Damus grabbed her foot and before she could send another one, slammed his fist into her crotch, knocking her to the ground where she curled up in pain. "Get up again hoe I dare ya. I double dare ya!"

Both the women moaned in defeat, not wanting to further test Jaunes patience. Jaune stood there not knowing whether to shout in victory or in agony. He settled for a mixture of both. "Aaaaaaaaaghyyyyeahhhhh oh" He yelled as loud as he could before falling to the ground. "Oh shit they tortured you retarded. God damnit we need to get out of here Jaune before they-

The door flew open. Stumpy stepped back in. "He better be a bleeding sack of…" Stumpy mouth was left agape. The twins were on opposite ends of the room, broken more than usual. In the middle was Jaune, face down in a pile of piss and blood. His arm held the familiar glow that took his palm the night before. "You son of a whore." Stumpy pulled out a gun. Damus had a rare loss of composure, there was nothing near that could shield Jaune from the bullet and he was too far away to outpace one either. "Fuck you John!"

The sound of dozens of lightning bolt striking consecutively lit up the room. Pop after pop, bloody holes appeared on Stumpy's newly mangled chest. The sound disappeared as soon as they entered and Stumpy fell into a bloody heap on the ground. Stepping over his corpse holding a smoking gatling gun, Coco Adel, vying chief of Beacon Academies discipline squad stood tall. "Get the fuck up we are leaving."

Jaune remained unwillfully content in his puddle of piss and blood. She sighed, annoyed, before grabbing him by the hair and dragging him out of the room. A cough from one of the bloodied sisters caught her attention. "Oh wait. No witnesses. Duh." She revved up her gatling gun and pointed at the white lace woman. Melanie stared back, defeated, but grateful to at least have the honor of being killed by another woman. "Don’t… kill… them…" Jaune said faintly.
"You are not in the position of making demands. Why shouldn't I?"

"Please…" Jaune pleaded with his savior. The barrel stopped spinning and she holstered it, transforming it back into a handbag. "You are too soft for your own good." She eyed the one good cart at the far end of the room.

Nobody seemed to notice or care why three bruised and battered people were being carted out of the building by a teenage girl. Coco escorted their battered bodies out of the venue, dancing at every opportunity along the way. The eager bodyguards opened the door for her, escorting her to her vehicle whilst making small talk. "Thank you for stopping by Miss Adel, you look ravishing as always. Do you need help burying those three bodies?"

"Not this time. I'll see you again soon. Ta taa." With a wink she threw the three bodies into the back seat. "We are going to the hospital you guys are hideous. And by hospital I mean veterinarian. Economy is tough even for the elite."

She sped down the street, ignoring all traffic rules and midnight pedestrians. The groans coming from the back were drowned out by the radio and her carefree laughter. She reached into her glove compartment with her right hand and took out a bottle and powder. With her knees steering the car she poured the powder into the bottle and shook. The liquid transformed into a neon pink concoction which she then downed half of.

"These is nothing quite like drinking fine wine while the moonlight bathes one's soul. Here Jaune you have some." She flicked her wrist, spilling some of the neon alcoholic beverage over him. "Exquisite, no?" She laughed once more before downing the rest and tossing the bottle out of her vehicle and onto an oncoming one in the other lane. It quickly turned around into her lane and flashed the tried and true, blue and red lights. "Shit…"

She pulled over after two minutes of deliberation and waited, twiddling her thumbs. The officer walked up to her vehicle, astounded and angered. She rolled down her window halfway "I don't have time for this." She said unamused.

The officer stared into her sunglasses for a good thirty seconds before speaking. "Take off the glasses." Coco sighed for the fifteenth time that night before taking them off. "Take off the second pair of glasses are you for real?" Coco sighed for the sixteenth time that night before taking off her trendy smaller set of sunglasses. "Are… are you high?" The officer said, having never seen eyes that red before.

"I'm not high I'm Coco Adel. How do you do?" she extended her hand to the officer. He didn't budge, opting to raise the broken bottle she misplaced earlier. "So this wine bottle. That came flying out of your car. And is glowing neon pink. Not just any pink either. The latest drug fad that hit vale shade of pink. And you are not over-the-influence?"

"I'm over-this-conversation, officer."

"Get the fuck out of the car. I hope you got some Pepsi in that glove compartment or else I'm going to beat that ass." Coco rolled her eyes. "Officer. I believe we got off on the wrong foot. Now if you are willing to calm down…" Coco said in a sultry tone, rubbing the officers bicep. "We can both get off…"

Coco's right hand began to glow, a purplish pink hue, faint at first, began to glow with more intensity from her palm. The cop reached for his baton but then stopped. The snarl on his face slowly turned into a smile and he visibly relaxed. Soon enough, they were both smiling and having a whimsical time, sharing stories of on duty hijinx and the like. "Haha yea. And then he said, I'm not resisting please stop. And then I said, I'm not resisting either, the urge to kill you that is!" The officer rubbed his belly in delight, roaring out in laughter over his own story. "Oh man…" the officer said calming down. "Anyway, this chapter is getting too long anyway. Have a nice night."

As the officer walked away, Coco rolled up her windows and smiled to herself. "I still got it. Isn't that right LeVay?" Her right palm shined, basking her in its violet embrace. LeVay turned the radio back on (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FEKEjpTzB0Q). "Welcome to the good
life…” Coco and LeVay sang joyously. “Welcome to the good liiiife…” Coco drove off once more, speeding as if she was above the law which she most certainly was. "Welcome to the good liiiiffffeeee!” Jaune jostled in the backseat between the twins, still unconscious and most certainly having yet another flashback. Coco raised her hands up to the chorus of the song as she sped off. She had been stalking the young one. She had plans for the young Jaune but first, the vet. She accelerated past one hundred miles per. For her, the night was still young.
Chapter 7

Writer Note:

I didn't choose to be born in a world where you must work for a living

Yea so I rushed the last chapter. Took about 2 hours and I personally feel like it's the weakest one I wrote. A lot happened sure but I just know I could have been more descriptive. Oh well. If you guys don't like it please rip it to shreds in the review section. Tell your friends to rip it to shreds to I need that chronic input ya feel me?

Also do my fucking poll it's on my profile.

Chapter Seven

"Be steady! Do you know how hard it is to aim when you are writhing around like this!" Dr. Rebecca Foster MVD, as she would like everyone to call her, was currently holding a pair of tweezers in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other. Her patient, a giant of a man, ironically named, Junior, was having mini seizures on her undersized pet treatment table. Shards of glass still floated in his now vacant eye socket, spouting blood like a lava geyser and making a good mess of the place. "Please! God! Anesthetic!"

"Oh yea." Foster pointed her index finger upwards excitedly. She slid her chair to the cabinets behind her and opened them. Inside lay an assortment of varying medical pills and capsules which she quickly knocked away. "There it is!" She produced a small box, wrapped in a pink ribbon and rolled back to Junior, who smiled through tears in delight. She slowly undid the ribbon and pulled the top off, revealing its components. A single dart, with the words "when all else fails." was written on it.

"Time to go to the big farm upstairs. You will be able to run for as long as you want and be as loud as you want to…" Foster wiped a non existent tear from her eyes. Junior recoiled off the table, landing on the back of his head. Shards of glass and blood flew out before landing on his very well bloodied torso. "Wh-what the fuck… Just fix me don't kill me!"

"Oooooooooooohh" foster annunciated every letter in jest. "You think if a person was hurt they'd go to the person hospital. Not Dr. Rebecca Foster MVD Vale Pet Clinic, Faunus' Not Welcome? Really makes you think, huh?" She held her hands on her hip and stuck her tongue out at the cyclops and left the room, shutting the lights off and slamming the door on the cursing man.

She made way to her office that now doubles as her temporary bedroom. She slammed her fist on her desk, knocking over a picture of herself and her now separated girlfriend. She picked it up slowly, taking in her once lovers features before stuffing it into her desk. "I really hate faunus'." She poured herself another vodka, whiskey, anaesthesia cocktail but before she could enjoy her beverage the back door slammed open again. Foster shot up, forcing enthusiasm from the miserable depths that were her soul. She contemplated if whether malpractice wasn't as bad as everyone else says it was before leaving her office.

Coco dropped the three bodies on the floor before sitting on the nearby waiting chair, cross legged. Her head was nestled in a cosmopolitan like magazine when she was interrupted by a masculine groan coming from the pile of near dead bodies. Jaune's head slowly rose. He didn't know where he was but the dog anatomy posters and various pet infographics helped cue him in.

"Co...co… ugh." He turned to face his coffee colored companion. She gave him a curt wave before returning to her magazine. Jaune took his right leg and pressed on the ground, he then tried to plant his left one but promptly fell on his backside. "Dumb-dumb. Just lay there. Wait for the pretend doctor." Coco flipped another page nonchalantly.

"Hey I heard that you fucki-" Dr Foster stopped in her tracks and mid sentence. Her first thought
was why three corpses littered her once clean lounge. Her second thought was if these four young women minded the age gap. The sunglass-in-doors woman caught her attention first. Fair skin, skinny but endowed, dark brown hair with a caramel accent all woman that made her wonder what the rest of her tasted like. She turned her attention to the injured teens. The blonde woman stuck out to her next. A tomboyish lady, hiding her femininity behind plate armor that begged to be proud and free. She walked up to the girl. Kneeling beside her, she picked up the surprisingly heavy woman and with her caring hands, traced an outline on her surprisingly manly features. Jaune groaned again, shocking Foster before she harshly let him go. "Oh. it's a man." she said that last word with such revolt, as if Jaune was a cockroach. The red and white twins were her next priority, bloodied but alive she surmised after checking their pulses. She felt them under their dresses, of course. "Christmas came early this year…” She hummed.

Coco blew her hair lock out of her face and sighed. She wasn't surprised to find another denizen of this horrid city was a pervert. "Doc. Can you be a dear and patch my acquaintances." Dr. Foster snapped out of her delusions. She put a hand through her unkempt, reddish-orange hair. "You do realize that I'm a PET doctor. I fix people, faunus' not included."

"We can't go to an actual doctor for… reasons. We just need you to stitch and bandage it shouldn't be too different."

Dr. Foster thought about it. Business was slow. Everyone kept their pets indoors as having them kidnapped in the night by grim was only an option if you wanted them gone. Plus she has never operated on women as cute as those twins were. She’s had fantasies that were a little too adventurous for her previous romances. "This way. Try not to get blood over anything." Foster put the two twins over her shoulders and carried them into the medical bay. Coco took Jaune by the hair and drug him over as well leaving a trail of fresh blood in her wake.

It was a relatively simple procedure but that didn't stop Jaune from whining the whole time. The treatment would of been completed faster if Foster didn't thoroughly exam each of the twins. "They look exactly the same I assure you doc."

"I figured I was just curious heh. I stitched up and bandaged what I could but these broken bones and Jaune's knee are going to take a while to heal. If you don't see a real doc- I MEAN see a person doctor they may not heal right."

"In this economy? I'll just get Jaune a walking cane. Or a stick."

Jaune finally stopped crying, taking back full control of his extremities. The pain was still there however was no longer sharp and searing. He took a few practice steps and aside from the pain he noticed he had a slight limp. "Ooh boy look at you strut. That's a pimp walk we already on our way to the next lesson." Jaune was about to mouth a retort before Damus flicked him on the nose. "Uh uh uh. You do remember our bet right. You gotta follow the rest of my orders verbatim. You're a man of your word right, Jauney?" Jaune sighed in defeat.

Coco looked at him talk to his arm. She gave her own a side glance before interrupting. "Jaune we have to talk." She walked up and put her arm around his shoulder. "Do you need help walking?"

"I'll be fine, thanks." he said, gripping the counter for balance. Coco scoffed at him, tilting her sunglasses with her index finger to get a closer look at him. "Don't act cool, Jaune. It's not your element." She grabbed him by the collar this time and headed towards the exit.

"Hey wait! I think I deserve compensation?" Dr Foster ran in front of the door and held her arms out wide in an effort to block the two. "Jaune, pay the woman." said Coco, arms folded.

"I don't have any money…. Sorry…" Jaune fidgeted on his toes. Dr. Foster's eyes twitched. "So you are telling, ME! That you broke into a VETERINARY in the middle of the night, expect me to fix three badly injured PEOPLE for absolutely no PAY." She grabbed a bottle on the nearby counter by its handle and smashed the base against her own forehead before pointing the now jagged edge towards our two heroes. Jaune held up his hands in surrender while Coco just rolled her eyes.

"Tell you what." Coco pointed her four fingers toward the twins still lying on the table, knocked out. "I'll sell you those two for the weekend and that will make us even. You can drop them off at
Beacon or your nearest lake when you're done, I don't really care." Foster dropped the bottle, letting it shatter on the floor and made way to the half dressed sisters. She stared at the limp bodies for a moment before addressing Coco. "Miss, do these two happen to have pet insurance?"

"Not a clue."

"Because I'm about to murder these pussies." Dr. Foster rubbed her hands maniacally and let out a giddy, perverse chuckle. "Knock yourself out." Coco left with a wave of her hand and Jaunes nape in the other. Jaune was curious as to what the doc meant but didn't ponder it much.

They walked arm in arm back to their car, Coco filling her purse with candies and other goodies along the way. Jaune shambled to the passenger seat before plopping himself down. He didn't get a good look at the car before. It had comfortable brown leather seats with a milky white carpet and dash. "Hey what kind of car is this." Jaune expected a woman of her high stature to be driving around in a luxury sports vehicle but it looked older. "I call it a caddy for short. Nevermind that. Show me your right arm."

"Its my leg that's hurt."

"Your arm, Jaune." Coco extended her right arm after starting the engine. Jaune looked at it hesitantly. "Fuck it." Damus extended Jaunes right arm towards hers and met hands. Jaunes palm emitted its familiar golden glow. Coco smirked as her palm started to glow with a violet hue, mystifying Jaune and even Damus. "Oh shit nigga, shes a real one."

"That's for damn sure, baby." An ethereal voice appeared in his head but it wasn't Damus' deep one. It was feminine in nature and had an air of a temptress. Every letter meant to entice the young Jaune, like it was audible silk. "Whose bitch this is?" Damus said.

"I'm nobody's bitch, please refrain from such vulgarity..." The sultry voice commanded. "Heh my bad..." Damus said apologetically, a tone Jaune didn't know he was capable of.

"Whorgana LeVay, Pimpstress Extraordinaire." Coco appreciated the starstruck look on Jaunes face. Satisfied with her introduction she sped off, her destination; Beacon Academy. "You too?" Jaune questioned, hoping to get further explanation.

"Yes Jaune. I also have a pimp hand. Been a couple years now. How long have you been hiding yours..." Cocos right eyebrow raised.

"It's been about a couple days I guess." Jaune scratched the back of his head while staring out the window.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that." Coco rubbed his left knee to comfort him. He didn't know why but he chose to let her comfort his knee, it deserved it after what its been through. "So.. What exactly is it? My pimp hand, Negrodamus."

"What a handsome name..." LeVay rubbed Jaune's right forearm. It felt heavenly to Jaune and even more so for Damus. "Its for a handsome pimp. Show me what those fingers do." LeVay took Cocos index and thumb and wiggled off her black gloves. She then made an "OK" symbol and wiggled her other three fingers, calling him. Damus hesitated none and slid Jaunes index and middle finger in and out of LeVay's hand.

"God damnit LeVay you just met him!" Coco shrieked, blushing all the while. Jaune frantically apologized and avoided Cocos annoyed gaze.

"Jesus, these fucking creatures are what I like to call, apparitions. They are basically personalities that guide us to our ultimate destinies." Coco held her chest high in pride. Damus and LeVay were still... consorting. Jaune ignored them and let Coco continue. "They give us power and purpose. LeVay gave me the uncanny power to convince any authority figure to turn a blind eye or even let me walk free. Don't know how it works but It's been very useful, trust me."

"Awesome..." Jaune looked at his palm. "So mine gave me the power to slap really hard... I
"No Jaune that's the default power. It also gave you something else." Coco ran another red light before cutting through a neighborhood park she insisted would save her about 15 seconds. "What's my power then?" Jaune asked very intrigued.

"I have a theory… I've been watching you Jaune. I got eyes everywhere in the school. Ever since your incident with Velvet she hasn't stopped talking about you since, lady killer." She elbowed him in the arm at that last part. Me. A lady killer. If only. Jaune couldn't help but smile at that thought. "Alright we're almost here. I have a small… proposition for you. The correct choice is a yes, spoiler alert."

She turned her face to him, ignoring the road much to Jaune's dismay. "I want you to work for me. Help me go about my day to day, with my sorted affairs." She could tell he wanted more information. "Look. I'm discipline committee believe it or not. But here's a secret. I'm not very law abiding." Jaune feigned surprised. "I need to become head of it, to make my girls lives easier. I can charm the other discipline committee members if I'm there but if I'm not they will continue to be caught and expelled and that's not good for my budding business."

"What kind of business?" Jaune wondered allowed. "Jaune you are dumb as fuck I swear. The pimp game!" Damus was dragged back by LeVay.

"Damus is correct. I've been giving your male classmates after school lessons if you catch my drift." Coco stopped just outside the school, away from sight. "If I'm correct, your power lets you butter up people, I'm guessing primarily women by the way Velvet acts when shes reminded of you. Id test it myself but you won't work on me." She pulled LeVay off Damus and turned off her engine, much to the hands displeasure. "They academy is about to vote in the new head of the discipline committee for next year and I need you to charm the other candidates out of the competition."

Jaune felt at a crossroad. He didn't even know that prostitutes, teenage ones at that, were at the school and now he is asked to help usher in a kingpin. "I don't know Coco, I'm not really comfortable with… pimping, in general. It seems, no offence, like an awful trade and I just can't support it. Sorry and thank you for saving me." Coco tried to be mad at the boy, but couldn't. He had a good heart and it was rare for someone to be thinking with it rather than their genitals. Nevertheless she needed him and Coco Adel is a woman who gets what she wants. "Well as a member of the discipline committee already. If you don't help me I'll make sure you get expelled for sneaking out at night and seven counts of assault."

"Oh shit she got your dumb ass haha." Damus slapped his good knee repeatedly. Coco ushered Jaune out the car, saying as she didn't want to potentially be seen entering the academy with him at the same time. "Think about it Jaune. This chapter is fairly long and I have to get my beauty sleep. I hope you make the right decision. Ta taa."

"God dammit, couldn't even finish. Jaune we gonna pay a visit to LeVay later. Anyway, on to the next lesson." Jaune groaned in frustration. "I'm not in the physical or mental state to do anymore, BULLSHIT, tonight!" Jaune was getting used to the sickly feeling in his stomach, rage has its uses.

"Oh yea. I forgot. Those twin cunts worked ya. You should of let Coco kill em why didn't ya?" Jaune didn't really know himself. That was the worst pain he has ever felt in his entire life but for some reason it was already starting to feel like a distant memory. I'm really good at blocking things out and remembering them at random later I guess. "They had a hard life. I'm sure that deep down they can be saved."

"Stop being so fucking soft they crippled your ass. If you weren't a beacon academy student your ass probably would of been dead. God you ain't smart but you can take a beating gotta give you that." Jaune was completely exhausted and chose not to argue with Damus any further. He tried to make way past the gate but stumbled over a curb and landed on the cement with a crack. Damus took pity on his host. He karate chopped a nearby street sign, letting it fall into his waiting hand. He crunched the part of the pole that met with the sign and threw the
octagon into a neighboring building. "Jaune walk with this. It's not an actual pimp cane but it'll have to serve."

"Thanks... " Jaune propped himself with his makeshift cane. It was unnatural at first but after a couple hundred meters he was successfully compensating for his gimp with the steel pole, much to Damus' approval. "Look at that pimp walk. Damn you are fly as fuck."

Jaune found himself in front of the door to team JNPR’s dorm. He stealthily opened the door before creeping it closed. He turned around when he saw a certain redhead, meditating in the middle of the common area. His heart stopped out of fear of its beat calling him to her attention. She was perfectly still, like a Greek statue. He silently tip toed to the male side of the bay, making an inch of progress a minute. After what must've been at least 10 minutes he placed his hand on the door handle. "Jaune." Pyrrha said with authority, stopping him in his tracks. Her voice turned on the lights of the room it commanded such power. It illuminated the boy, letting Pyrrha bear full witness of all of the day's sins.

Pyrrha laid her unwavering eyes upon Jaune's broken visage. His blonde hair was well waxed in sweat and grime, giving it a tinge of shiny brown. The left eye still held the black patch however it was extremely disheveled and needed replacing. The rest of his face was bruised and scratched, dried tears still showing paths that ran like rivers around his nose. His hair was completely disheveled and needed replacing. His left kneebone. Jaune was pale and looked like he was on the verge of crawling into his final rest.

All traces of anger disappeared from the young amazonian. She ran up to him, picking him up bridal style. "Jaune, what in the world is happening to you?" Jaune didn't respond, instead opting to let the rocking if her arms make him fall into a well deserved slumber. He thought back to the events of this night before passing completely out. He risked everything to save Isabelle but he knew not of her whereabouts. His two torturers lay at the mercy of the doctor who sealed up his insides. He wasn't the only man or woman who had a mysterious glowing palm. Coco, indoctrinating him to the school's underground sex club. Thinking about today's events and what is bound to coke was too much for the fragile Jaune. He let go of his mortal coil. If he woke up the next day, he'll worry about it then.
Chapter 8

Writer's Note:

My ancestors are calling my name.

Does anybody actually read these notes? Does anybody actually read this story? Hmmm… oh well. To the people who do read these and enjoy my nonsense you da real MVP’s. And if you do read it and would like the plot to go in a different direction and/or have a suggestion feel free to say so. Your input is important just try to make it in-depth.

Also I hate this chapter.

Also the poll on my profile. Do it please

Chapter Eight

The metal pins inside the lock flung upward, thanks to Pyrrha's magnetic powers. Pyr felt a little guilty for breaking into the medical ward but not having it staffed at all hours was something the academy needed to seriously address at the next quarterly budget meeting. The bay was dimly lit and all beds were empty; Pyrrha figured because it was still the weekend. Carefully she rested Jaunes battered body on the furthest bunk from the entrance and closed the curtains around it, encasing them both.

Pyrrha was an excellent soldier, one of the best teenage huntsmen in the world, but medical skill was a tad bit outside her expertise. Nevertheless she would do her best to aid her hopefully soon-to-be more than just a friend. Wasting no time she ripped off his tattered shirt, the better to diagnose him she told herself. Pyrrha ran her calloused but slender finger and traced it along Jaune's many stitched up scars and bruises before taking some ointment from a nearby cabinet and slathering it over her hands. She steadied herself over Jaune's form, straddling over her unconscious patient.

Slowly, Pyrrha painted over his damaged tissue, careful as to not put any unneeded pressure on the already tender wounds. Her face turned as red as her uniform as she rubbed his torn but chiseled torso. His heartbeat was steady, the rise and fall of his chest against her hand relaxed the worried woman. He was deep asleep but Pyr was the most awake she has ever been. She had to pause, afraid her hyperventilating would disturb Jaune's sleep. Placing her hands to the side of the bed she stared into Jaune's sole eye. Even in his current condition he was smiling that smile that was permanently etched on the back of her eyelids.

Pyrrha grew up in a poor village in the outskirts of Mistral. It was there her parents discovered Pyrrha's natural talent at the art of combat and abused it, honing her into a warrior capable of rivaling adults. They enrolled her into Sanctum Academy where she quickly became top of the class with her unmatched skill. With her battle prowess combined with her powerful and versatile semblance she won the Mistral Region Tournament champion four years running. The Nikos family name was now synonymous with victory, and brought riches to the once poor clan. However, any money she should of seen was instead given to her parents who always seemed to need more. Her parents were relentless, replacing her already strict training regimen with even harsher ones "Become better than perfect" they said, and the ever dutiful Pyrrha tirelessly abided.

Wanting to further spread her ever growing fame, they applied her to Beacon Academy, much to the young woman's delight. At last she was free from her family's constant supervision. Naturally everyone treated her like royalty here too and she soon felt the familiar creep of everyone's preconceived expectations. Everyone that is except for one, Jaune Arc. Her presence, not performance, was what seemed to matter the most to him and she never met anyone that seemed to feel that way until she met him. When he smiled it was not because she performed the best in class but because she arrived. It was his irresistible smile that made her go so head over heels.

Jaunes precious smile was now a mere two inches away from her own. Their breath intermingled,
intoxicating the red faced redhead. Her lips began to close the already short distance but stopped when he twitched, she was accidently pressing on his bruised stomach. "The goal was to fix Jaune not frisk him." Chastising herself, she shot back up and spun around to face his legs. His knee was grotesque, red gauze failing to mask his gaping hole in them. There was no way an injury like his could've been accident and it didn't look like Grim either. Slowly sliding Jaune's pants down his legs she began to feel herself lose control again. "This is purely for his sake… To better diagnose him..yea..."

Her gaze froze onto Jaune's "Jauneson", she cutely dubbed it, lying hidden behind dark green boxers that begged Pyrrha to take off. Pyrrha placed both hands over her eyes and frantically reminded herself this was standard medical procedure. The seventeen year old girls hormones overthrew her voice of reason and she placed her hands at the band of his boxers anyway. She thought back to the strange voicemail Jaune left her yesterday night for courage.

"Pyrrha I'm… so so...not… sorry… I'll make… you.. do… again another time. Whatever it takes to get you… Pyrrha I know you must want.. my ass.. I deserve… anyway… wish I could say…. I've been busy… coming… later.

(Reference Jaune's phone call in chapter 5)

The message was extremely loud and disorienting to hear but the message was clear enough for Pyrrha. He felt me up and then the very next day sends me this message… he must finally feel the way I do! Pyrrha steeled her resolve and slowly pulled down his boxers.

"What the fuck does this bitch think she's doing?" Damus was content to watch but this woman was making him a little too excited. "Oh shit she boutta do it! Heh. Sorry Jaune but yo boy didnt get to finish earlier..." He snickered before balling his hand. He grabbed Pyrrha waist and pulled her beside Jaunes sleeping form. She screamed, loudly, before clasping her mouth in fright. "Jaune it's not what you think!" Clasping her mouth she waited for his response but to her relief he was still asleep.

"Thank Monty." She whispered, sliding off the bed but was stopped halfway by Damus who was firmly grasping her butt. "Jaune!" She wanted to shriek but a moan escaped instead. Jaune was yet again forcibly feeling her up. A murky fog of numbness began to overtake her. She pinched herself, almost drawing blood, in an effort to stay awake. Unconsciousness wasn't going to ruin their communion, not for a second time.

Jaune's hand was forming a death grip on her right cheek. She winced in pain but soon found it transform into pleasure. He was being rough with her in a way she didn't think capable of the gentle boy. Slightly biting her lip, she crawled back into bed and placed her hands behind Jaunes back, locking each other firmly in place. Damus found the lock of her battle skirt and undid them swiftly. Pyrrha slid the armor down her legs and kicked them off the bed. A cold sweat trickled down her thigh onto her rapidly moistening slit, it burned like the sahara, waiting for Jaunes further exploration. Damus didn't let up, he took a finger and slid it into her undergarments much to Pyr's delight. Jaune's fingertips invaded her depths, poking and prodding, as if they had a mind of their own. Mind melting pleasure, far greater than anything she achieved with her own hands, pulsed from her nether region. "More!" The only word she could manage to produce between pants, shot out of her mouth with each gyration of her hips on his palm. Damus extended his thumb, letting it rub against her bulbous clit, further enhancing her sexual excitement.

Jaunes name echoed throughout the room, increasing in volume and frequency as she rode his hand. All stress she had bubbled within poured out with each sweat bead, rolling down her convulsing torso where it intermingled with her love juices. A curious hand slid her finger on the sex concoction and brought it into her mouth. The naughty flavor coated her tongue, and she licked her lips. She was close. The culmination of almost a year of unrequited feelings was about to reach its ultimate climax. Gotcha Bitch!" Damus retracted his hand and slapped Jaune in the mouth.

"Augh, what th-" Jaune temporarily forgot the English language. The sight of Pyrrha's beet red vulva squirting all over him robbed him of all communication skills. It danced next to him, convulsing like some kind of headless snake, ready to attack. The words "Tender, Loving, Cunt" floated in his head, recurring the many times his sisters made him play with theirs from years ago.
He screamed, snapping the blissfully unaware Pyrrha back to reality. Taking a moment to recollect herself she addressed him. "Jaune, you are dreaming…" she waved her hands in front of him as if she was weaving a magic spell for added emphasis on her bold faced lie.

"Our little lady friend wanted to take a bite of your cherry Jaune. Don't worry though I took the bullet, you're welcome." Jaune put his hand on his aching head, unwittingly slathering it with a mysteriously scented fluid. A flustered Pyrrha took Jaune's T shirt and wiped the side of his head, frantically. "Pyrrha?!" Jaune said with sharpness, a look of disgust mixed with bewilderment flashed on his face. A wave of shame washed over her psyche. She modelled herself as a mature, well mannered, and reserved young huntswoman. The ravenous bitch in heat prowled over Jaune's right hand was anything but. Tears quickly welled up in her eyes.

"Jaune you… you were the one who…" Ugly cries escaped her mouth between each word. "You were the one who has been acting so distastefully. You… Asshole! You grabbed me and then… Just stuck it inside and…" She stuck an accusatory finger in Jaune's puzzled face. He began to retort but was sharply cut off. "I've been courting you, treating YOU like a prince for a year, giving you so much and you ignore my obvious advances! And then out of the blue you pin me against the locker and grope me! Throw me on a bed and tease me! What am I supposed to think!" She was yelling at him now, fists balled angrily against her naked sides. Jaune felt as if he was shrinking into the bed. This verbal tirade was long overdue but he had no idea it would be like this. "You leave me a voicemail, taunting my desires! Like if my feelings were a game. An afterthought. Like I just wanted to… Fuck you!" She vaulted off Jaune and grabbed her skirt and scowled. It was a face Jaune had never seen on the proud warrior before, betrayal mixed with humiliation and rage.

"Wait Pyr. Don't go!" He inched off the bed, his wounds aching albeit less than before. "Don't Jaune. I've had enough." Scoffing she turned away. Not like this… Jaune was not going to let their relationship end on such a terrible note. He took his right hand, Damus, and planted it on her right shoulder. "Jaune let go-" Damus' smooth golden glow cut her off. Everything she liked, no, loved about Jaune flashed through her head at near light speed. All her five senses focused on the near naked man before her and they yearned for more. She eased up, mentally and physically, and turned to face him.

"Pyrrha…" It finally dawned on Jaune that Coco was right. He did have some influence on women. How he did not know but couldn't help but feel a slight unease about it. He felt like a creep for manipulating her slightly but it was too late to worry. Jaune chose his next words carefully. "Pyrrha I… I'm messed up." He struggled to keep their gaze as he began to vent. "I know… how you feel for me. I've always knew on some level. Its just…and I don't fully grasp it either… women… especially aggressive women no offense…scare me sometimes."

"I don't get it… was I coming on too strong?" Pyrrha asked, sadness replaced with confusion. "Yea you are going to have to explain this one for your boy."

"When I was younger." Jaune's voice began to crack, he was visible struggling. Pyrrha took her hand and put it on his shoulder in a gesture of comfort. "My sisters. They made me…" Jaune's whole body trembled as he tried to work up the courage to finish his explanation. "Day in and day out they would torment me. Making me play these fucked up games!" Pyrrha's eyes widened upon hearing his story. It now all made sense. Whenever anyone mention anything offhand about sex Jaune never participated. His views on romance were juvenile at best. Pyrrha's advances were misunderstood not only out of denseness, but apprehensive fear. "It was painful and humiliating and… and they ruined me…" Jaune went silent, eyes staring at his bare feet.

Pyrrha's heart sunk. She threw her arms around him, and he returned the gesture. "I know it sounds stupid but I'm getting better. I just need time." Damus wanted to retort. To say he should man up, but ignored the impulse, instead letting Pyrrha comfort him. He was heartless but even he had limits. "You're far from stupid. You are strong, and brave, and courageous, and tough, and… brave." Pyrrha didn't know what to say to the vulnerable man but was desperate to try anything.

"Thanks. But it was a long time ago. It's just sometimes I can't help but remember." Jaune tightened his hold on the red maiden who recuperated in kind. They held onto one another for what felt like hours. After what seemed like an eternity they spoke. "Jaune I… I like you. A lot. You are the kindest soul I ever had the grand fortune to meet. If I knew about your past I would of
never been so assertive... I just wanted you to like me the way I like you." The other "L" word was what she wanted to use but she felt as if that confession could be given on another day.

Jaune was taken aback. He still could not believe the famous Pyrrha Nikos could feel that way about the below average Jaune Arc. "You don't have to say you like me back. I don't want to put that on you, it'd be selfish of me. And I'm sorry for... you know..." They both felt the cold seep in, the moisture covering them helped amplify it. Pyrrha shivered, her exposed privates rubbing against his boxers. Jaune's first instinct was to push away but he stopped himself. This phobia he was cursed with had to come to an end. Pyrrha was being strong so shall so he. He took three deep breaths and clasped at her backside, much to her surprise. "Pyrrha!" Jaune sounded electronic, as if he was a robot reading off a poorly worded script. "Would you like to commence with the sex?"

Pyrrha raised an eyebrow before letting out a soft chuckle. "Jaune... You don't have to force yourself." She said coyly, remembering Jaune's apprehensiveness when it came to aggressive women. She decided to change her approach. Jaune could never ignore a helpless, innocent person in need. "But..." She let herself sink out of Jaunes hug and fell to her knees, letting her head rest at the bulge of Jaunes boxers and looked up. "If you'd be ever so kind..." She put her hands behind her back and arched backward in a submissive gesture and pouted. "To do what you will with me..."

Jaune's eyes were popping out of his eye sockets. Pyrrha, the goddess herself, was kneeling before him, a peasant, with breasts bulging from beneath her breastplate and crotch barren for him to behold in all its glory. "Do what you will with me." The words rang through his head. What did he will? The growing bulge in his boxers answered it for both of them. Pyrrha's eyes flickered back between Jaune's tent and his sole eye. It wouldn't stop growing. It only relented once it landed at the bridge of her nose. She inhaled, taking in the overpowering scent of Jaunes manliness. Saliva trickled down her lips, meeting with Jaune's precum. It took all of her discipline to not tackle him right there. Being submissive wasn't one of Pyrrha's strong points but regardless, her plan seemed to be working to great "erect" she mused.

"I guess you deserve it after what you been through. Don't bust too quick my guy."

Jaune couldn't take it anymore. He desperately pulled away at her breastplate, clothing be damned. Pyrrha stood still, letting Jaune fumble at her bindings, quickly growing accustomed to being dominated. At last he managed to remove it, letting it fall to her sides. A black sports bra was all that remained, a beautiful contrast to her fair white skin. "How tight is your armor?" Jaune wondered aloud. Her D cup breasts hung perfectly on her slender yet muscular torso. Pyrrha wouldn't let anyone know but she was quite self conscious about her looks. Years of training left her with an abundance of muscle that she felt clashed with her feminine physique. She was truly an Amazonian and she winced in embarrassment, hoping Jaune wouldn't mind.

Jaune didn't mind, at all. He was too busy figuring out how to remove her bra strap. He gave up, opting to slide it off her mounds. He was rewarded with pink, perky nipples, almost erect as he was. Pyrrha blushed and lowered her bashful eyes. He was reminded of Isabelle, about what she was going to do before Damus stopped her. Why had he not hesitated with her, he wondered. Damus could tell what he was thinking. "You were meant to dominate women Jaune, not be dominated. Just look at how hard you are. Tell her what you want." Jaune didn't argue.

"Open your mouth." he said, with a guttural tone befitting that of one of his many disgruntled professors.

Pyrrha was completely at Jaune's mercy and loved it. The anticipation made her stir crazy, yet she held back out of respect for her newfound master. Why was it, that the strong, independent huntress, felt most free when held captive by her love interest? She yearned for freedom from her parents constant schedules and people's expectations but when now bare in front of Jaune she wanted to be controlled. "Like this?" Pyrrha asked feigning innocence and slowly lowering her jaw.

Jaune felt like a beast. A lion, establishing his rightful place at the top of the food chain. A king, commanding his faithful servants. He smirked, grin contorting into one of wicked sinfulness. Pyrrha couldn't believe what had gotten into her lover. He looked so.. devilish and rugged, with his one eye staring back into her the depths of her soul. Jaune freed his manhood from its confines
letting it fall into Pyrrha's eager tongue. She was a virgin but her many fantasies gave her some idea as to what to do. Taking her hands she placed them on his shaft in order to steady herself. "No hands." Jaune said sternly. He sat on the bed and grabbed Pyr's skull and positioned it between his legs.

Jaune was growing impatient, and stuffed his rock hard member back into the equally impatient womans mouth. The tip of Pyrrha's tongue circled around and round Jaunes bulging tip, waves of pleasure budding from every revolution. Damus took her hair into a bundle. "Yank. She gon flip." Jaune took the suggestion, pulling her hair and gagging her on his cock. He ignored her sounds of struggle, instead focusing on thrusting himself into her maw. For reasons he could not fathom he felt… angry. He matched each thrust with a well timed yank, his balls slapping her chin with a loud thwap that grew in volume the angrier he got. Thoughts of his sisters, the vile women, entered his brain. Every hump, a part of his manhood they stole from him he regained. Each gag she made an affirmation of his wrath. Grabbing a second lump if hair with his left hand he pulled, letting his cock sit at the deepest part of her throat and he pounded with vengeful fury.

Pyrrha's mind went blank. It felt as if Jaune was penetrating her brain and it might as well of been. Tufts of pubic hair blocked her nostrils, blocking the last vestige of oxygen for the helpless woman. Pain, part from lack of air, her scalp being pulled in two, and Jaune stretching her jaw, overtook her. This wasn't right but damn it felt like so. Independence be damned she was now a woman of servitude. She didn't know she was a masochist but it made sense considering how she trained so rigidly. As asphyxiation took her she began to massage her clitoris, wanting to ride the wave of unconsciousness with an orgasm in tow.

Jaune was almost there and so was she. Pyrrha's movements began to slow and she had a glassy look in her eyes. It was of no matter to him he decided as he finally came, letting out a lion's roar, the one last revolt to the treatment from his sisters. Saliva flew freely wherever it could, leaving a waterfall of semen and spit to drip onto Pyrrha's cleavage. Panting he let go off Pyrrha's hair and let her slump to the floor in a heap of sweat, cum, and spittle. Convulsions seized her body as she came before going limp, an exhausted smile etched on her face. "J-j-jaunee-eee"

"God dammmmmmnnnnn Jaune you fucked the shit out er mouth. Like a God Damn dentist and a toothbrush. The only thing you didn't do was spit in her mouth!" As Jaune cooled down his tension went up. Why did he go that far, he asked himself apprehensively. He picked her up and set her on the bed. She spoke softly once more, "Th-at, was…". Jaune's throat hitched as she slowly spoke, feeling regret in full force. "Wonderful…" Pyrrha said with a lustful smile. Jaune could've sworn her pupils were turning… heart shaped.

"I didn't mean to be so rough. Please forgive me, oh Monty.." He said, full of shame. "For-give… I can't even forget…" Pyrrha grabbed Jaunes wrist with surprising speed. "Can I call you… master?!" No attempt to mask desperation or her unwaning arousal was made in her voice. Heart shaped pupils with a slight tint of gold stared into his soul, awaiting his answer. "Uhhh…" Jaune didn't know what to say or why Pyrrha held such a dangerous look in her eye. "Damus what's going on with her?" He whispered to his hand.

"Its that fire cock and that pimp attitude you be flexin back there. Makes bitches fall in love and shit." Damus chided but Jaunes unease didn't leave. "The gold Damus. Did I… hypnotize her?"

"Yea top tier orgasms can do that." Damus laughed to an unamused Jaune. "Ok look. Remember when Coco said you could charm bitches. You saw it earlier when you put your glow on Pyrrha and way back when with Velvet. Her ass is correct." Damus took a moment to think about the best way to explain it. "Don't ask me about the science but I can seduce any woman with a touch of my hand given enough time. Any positive thing bout my ass is amplified within their mind and soon enough they think I'm hot shit and can't wait to please me. I call it the Magic Touch." Jaune looked back into Pyrrha's lust filled eyes and then back to his palm. "So great I'm a walking date rape drug… how do I get her back to normal."

"Shut the fuck up Jaune don't be like that. Like I said it amplifies the positive feelings they have for you not create em. You gotta swoon them a bit first. Plus only a complete dumbass
won't notice what's going on after seeing that gold. Just think about it like this, you real
good with your fingers and ladies love it. Just look at Pyr heh heh ha." Jaune rolled his eyes,
not fully convinced before turning back to Pyr, who was now a little too close for comfort. "Don't
you think "Master" is a bit too… racially insensitive… I mean its 2017 Pyr."

"What about Daddy…" She said teasingly. "I'm not into the whole Incest thing…"

"Pappi?"

"That's the exact same thing"

"Senpai"

"I just got out of that phase in my life…"

A dozen or so names later…"I know!" She wagged her finger excitedly. "Siiirrrr" She let it roll
off the tongue. Jaune sighed before nodding in slight approval. It was the least embarrassing of her
many suggestions.

"Sir Jaune Arc." She said, letting her finger circle Jaune's nipple absentmindedly. "I can't wait for
our next session…" Jaune pulled her into a hug which she happily sunk into. "Alright, alright. It'll
have to be another day, I'm tired and this chapter is getting too long anyway." The wall clock
hanging on the opposite wall read 5:13 am. The wounds on his chest and knee burned slightly, the
sensation of Pyrrha's mouth was only a temporary distraction from it. Whatever cream was coating
his chest that he didn't sweat off seeped into his wounds took most of the pains edge off. The
Magic Touch… A ridiculous name Jaune thought but it stopped Pyr from storming off. The gold
behind her iris began to fade but she made no attempt to free herself. Both their heartbeats slowed
back into a regular, steady lace and sleep began to call both their names. "Goodnight…Sir…" Pyr
let out a slight chuckle before drifting off. "G'night Pyr." He said rubbing her back and turning his
on the longest day of his life.
Chapter 9

Writer's Note:

I tried to write an autobiography but I got tired of writing "and then it got worse."

Another chapter. Yep. I hate writing sex scenes. Don't expect them. They'll continue to happen but I want you to know I find them cringe.

In fact don't expect anything. I don't know what happens the next paragraph until I write it besides a basic, basic story outline. I know the final destination but the route there is murky. Hell this chapter was going to end very different until I decided that it wasn't demented enough to my standards.

I'm not much of a writer. I'm just having fun. If you guys could share tips about like… being descriptive or fleshing out the world of remnant and shit that'd be great. Well time to write bullshit. And don't forget Squick.

Chapter Nine

Rich lavender soap and import crystal moon lake water. Jaune didn't know why regular water wouldn't suffice or how much it costed his father to staunch an entire mountain lake just for his personal plumbing but the way it soothed his sore flesh was so, so worth it. The menagerie of hickies and lipstick smudges centered on his groin dissolved in the warm, heavenly, marble bath. Jaune stared at his flaccidness before exhaling in an annoyed manner. "It's not usually that small… yep, another flashback…".

"Great…" Jaune aggressively scrubbed his junk with the bristles of his lufa. If he remembered correctly, he just endured another "loving" session from his "caring" and "protective" kin. "I'm getting really tired of these flashbacks…" Jaune said aloud to nobody in particular. "Yeah but it serves as decent exposition if used correctly."

A deep yet feminine voice said behind him. Jaune looked over his shoulder once, then again on the opposite side. Gigantic tan breasts, with locks of wet platinum blonde hair poorly concealing them met him on both sides. "Yo." The woman said nonchalantly, before drinking from the tin can in her right hand. It took the young blonde a couple of seconds before recognizing the torpedo breasted woman in the tub with him. Jaune's aunt put the can down before enveloping the equally naked boy in a surprisingly tender hug. "Cmooooooooomnnn…" She said mustering as much of her female wiles as she could. Double D cup breasts pressed against Jauunes back and hands dived slowly towards his hips. "When are you going to let Auntie Jelsa have a turn."

Jaune sneered, "When pedophilic tendencies in women stop being seen in a positive light." Jelsa stared at her nephew for a minute before rolling her eyes and refilling her can with the sitting bathwater. "C'mon you are fourteen that doesn't count. And you are probably the only teenage boy that would turn down a milf like mwah… let me have a go." She jiggled her boobs for emphasis while taking another swig.

"You need to let it go. Your incestuous pedophilic tendencies I mean." Jelsa splashed him in jest and sighed. "Fine, fine. At least I have the decency to ask…"

Jaune had to give her that. Jelsa's spirit animal was a baseball bat. Blunt and overly aggressive. However she was just as motherly as his own, aside from her occasional sexual harassment. It wasn't often she came around however, she was a busy woman after all. They sat in silence for a bit, taking in the steamy aroma of the water before Jelsa spoke once more. "Why don't you just kick their ass? Your sisters I mean. It is almost like you like the abuse." Jaune's head sunk into the water, upper lip submerged, and blew bubbles, avoiding the question. "I'm telling you Jaune." She raised her left palm high above Jaunes head. "One slap. One hard as hell slap." Her hand sliced through the air with an audible crack. All steam emanating from the heated bath subsided in one decisive motion. Jaune's eyes grew wide in astonishment. For a split second, Jaune could've sworn
he saw a faint silver glimmer in the palm of her hand. "All it takes…" Jelsa finished her display of power with a slight smirk.

"Easy for you to say… I don't even have a semblance." Jaune said sullenly. An actual caring hand was placed on his head. Jelsa's head Pat's were only outmatched by his father's. "Jaune. When standing up for yourself. No. When doing the right thing. It's not about always winning…" Jelsa pulled Jaune onto her naked lap. "...it's about not being afraid to lose…" Jaune's eyes teared up but she pretended it was just the bath water. "Now do you wanna do it?"

"No."

"Cmooooonnnn"

"No means no."

"Pleeeaasssssee."

"Let's just be friends."

"Sex friends?"

"No!"

"No what?" The half asleep Pyrrha said, one eye still closed and the other being rubbed awake. The room transformed from his childhood bathhouse back into Beacon Academies medical ward. Jaune felt relief but slightly morose. His aunt had… certain complexes but she was still a kind person and his younger self desperately needed more of those. Jaune made a mental note to get back in touch with her. Pyrrha tugged at Jaune's arm, fully snapping him back into reality. "How did you sleep, Sir?" She smiled as she called him by his deranged nickname.

"It was… wet. To say the least." He said to a suddenly ecstatic Pyrrha. "You too?"

"Uh… yeah…?" Jaune said with one eye cocked. "What about yourself?"

Her eyes lit up, the science defying heart shaped pupils began to surface on the red faced woman. "Plastic cuffs. Couldn't have me breaking out." She said with a wink and rubbed Jaunes forearm affectionately.

"Yo this ain't me just saying. She was born crazy. And I'm ok with that." Damus pulled Jaune off the bed, causing the Amazon to almost swoon at his nakedness. Jaune stifled his embarrassment, she already saw everything and was surprisingly getting used to being naked. Sliding the curtains slightly before opening them fully after realizing the room was still empty, he strode over to a nearby mirror. His body was now more peach than purple. The many scars it housed scabbed over and the pain was nothing more than an afterthought aside from his knee, or kneehole more like it. His left eye was ninety five percent at full effectiveness and he took the patch off. He had to admit it did make him look badass.

"Leave it on…" Pyrrha said, hugging him from behind. Jaune ignored the woman, slightly annoyed his supposed submissive tried to command him. "Wait why am I annoyed. Is this persona growing on me… He brushed the thought off. "Ok playa. I think it's time you actually started. Pimping that is." Before Jaune could object Damus continued. "Shut the fuck up. It's almost been ten chapters and you haven't even pimped once. We gonna change that now that you are less pussy."

"Even if I wanted to do that how would I even begin? I don't have a single prostitute, I mean woman." Jaune said aloud. Pyrrha was too busy massaging his shoulders she insists were still aching. "You got that bitch right here!" Damus said grabbing her nude ass much to her pleasure.

"Oh Sir!" She grinded against him, causing a certain something to start to rise. He wiggled out of her grip and made way to his clothing. "I'm not going to pimp Pyrrha!"

"Pimp me? I'm a one master, woman, mind you!" She said defiantly, apparently cuckoldry was
one of her few limits. "Did you also hurt your head? You keep talking to yourself."

Jaune and Damus thought it over real quick before holding out his hand. She shook it and the familiar golden glow triggered. "Yo."

"Oh. Wow." The lack of surprise in her voice was slightly alarming to the Blondie. "You took that very well." Jaune said.

"Well I've heard it before. Last night. I thought it was you who kept calling me a "worthless slut" and "bitch" over and over again. Kind of disappointed it wasn't you to be honest..." Jaune gave Damus a stern look before putting his tattered clothing back on. Damus put Jaunes hand onto her breast before continuing. "Listen firecrotch. The names Negrodamus and I'm the world's greatest pimp. I'm giving you the honor of being my man Jaune's bottom bitch."

"Bottom... bitch?"

"Street wife."

"Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!" Her face lit up the moment Damus said the word, wife.

"Bitch you didn't have a choice. Anyway. Jaune lost a bet and now he has to take up the pimp trade and your ass gonna help."

"How?"

"Doing whatever the fuck Jaune and more importantly what I say at all hours of da day no matter how degrading and-"

"Say no more."

"My bitch." Damus and Pyrrha shook hands in mutual agreement. Jaune was surprised at the ease in which Damus convinced Pyrrha but charming women was his specialty after all.

"Ight. Remember that one hoe you were gonna rescue but fucked up and completely failed in every aspect?"

"Uh... yeah.." Jaune didn't appreciate the question. "We gonna find her ass then pimp her instead."

"I don't know where she is. She might even be dead..." Jaune said' worry creeping up his throat. Pyrrha put her now clothed hand on Jaunes right shoulder. "Who might be dead?" She asked also worried.

"Some faunus whore that almost sucked Jaunes dick. We gonna find her and then pimp the shit out er." The grip on Jaunes clavicle tightened to an uncomfortable level. "Yes. Find her... Jaune. Where to?" If Isabelle wasn't dead Jaune felt like Pyrrha would try to change that.

"No idea Pyr... can you please let go..." She complied, slightly miffed but still submissive to him. Jaune took his cellphone, figuring calling her again was worth a shot. He put the phone on speaker and waited. Soon enough a dandy voice appeared on the line. "Hey buddy. How's it hanging."

The overly polite, Dandyman, stayed true to his name. "What do you want." Jaunes voice had a tinge of malice that wasn't lost on Pyrrha, who begun listening intently. "Hmmm... weren't you the one who called me? Well whatever. I want YOU, buddy o' pal. I've been meaning to contact you. The rather rude man who made my bartender resign, my twincest-is-bestcest girls go missing, oh and my childhood friend turn to Swiss.

"Jaune...? Pyrrha couldn't hide her confusion and curiosity any longer. "Yeah well you kidnapped my friend and tortured me you ass!"

"John! You literally severed a man's hand clean off, stole his shit, and left him for dead. Because
he slapped someone who was robbing him blind behind his back."

"Uhhhhh…. Hindsight is twenty/twenty. Also I didn't steal any money." Jaune thought back to that fateful night. He did leave her alone with Stumpies body… *Oh I'm a poor judge of character. "Who gives a fuck what he's talking about tell him what's up."

"Do you know how upset my companions are? Especially my boss? I'm trying to turn the image that all criminals are scumbags around on its head and it's times like this that make me question myself." Dandyman sighed and continued. "Look. I'm hunting this woman down too. If she has half a mind, she would hide out somewhere on Mt. Glenn. We can race it'll be fun."

"**You better listen to my ass this shit is a fucking trap.**" Jaune agreed wholeheartedly. "Why would you tell me this?" He asked, pacing to and fro, uneasiness raising by the second.

"For the sport of it. May the best men win. Or women. It's 2017. Also. I'm going to fucking kill you if I find you." The last line had the tranquility of an eye of a hurricane. "**Ok welp. Maybe we can pimp Ruby.**"

"Woah woah Damus. We can't just abandon Isabelle!" Said Jaune. "**Why not?**" Said Damus and Pyrrha at the same time.

"She's in danger! She needs us."

"**You only thinking that shit because you saw her ass naked.**"

"Yes." Said Pyrrha closing her eyes attempting to hide her anger before continuing, "If we were to assume that the man was telling the truth, and for some reason I do, she obviously doesn't want to be found. And that man just said he'd murder you! We should just inform the cops and let them handle it."

"**Ok first thing, slap Pyrrha for saying to ever go to the cops. Second. Fuck that hoe she ain't worth. What are you? Captain Save-a-hoe?**"

Isabelle's frightened voice rang through his head. Imagining the frail donkey woman running for her life. Running from Dandyman, the police, the grim that must nest out there in the wild. Jaune knows better than anyone what it feels like to be helpless and alone even when surrounded by people. "She needs a friend. I'm going to be it." Damus rolled his non existent eyes and muttered the words "white night", Pyrrha just folded her arms in contemplation before speaking her mind. "Jaune you are kind, it's why I love, like, LIKE, you. But this is suicide."

"No, it's a rescue operation. And you don't have to help if you don't want to." He surveyed his tattered clothing and lack of armor. A trip back to his room was in order. "And believe it or not, I have a plan." Pyrrha and Damus gasped in disbelief as he continued. "Like the man said. She's in the ruins on Mount Glenn right? Nobody would go there unless they already hide a spot to hide as the grim would get them if they didn't."

"That makes sense Jaune but it doesn't address that she's still in hiding." Pyrrha tried her best to dissuade her friend. "I think I may know someone. More like two someone's who may know where she might hide. It's a longshot but it's worth a try."

"**Oh those two cunts? We can pimp them too! Good idea for once! They still at the one lesbo vet. Let's go.**" Damus said as he grabbed Pyrrha by her hand and led her out the room. "Jaune! I mean, Damus where are we going?"

"**We are going to get our two pussycats out the pound.**"

"Jaune what does he mean by that?" She said being tugged along. "It's best just to not think, Pyr. Let's at least eat and change first, Damus."

Damus relented, musing to himself that he must be going soft. "**Ight fine. Come noon we head out.**" Jaune eyed his phone. Sunday, 10 am on the dot. They missed breakfast, his stomach chastised him for it with a growl and a slight pang. First comes food he thought to himself. It must
of been twelve hours before he last ate and justice could not be served on an empty stomach. "Pyrrha." Jaune called out.

"Yes sir?" Pyrrha said, contemplating whether or not she would still call him that in public. "Do you want to grab a bite or anything?"

A blush formed on her cheeks and her gaze soared towards the ceiling. The cafeteria was closed so the only place they could go was… out. On the town. Like. A. "Date…" The word left her mouth dreamily. Thoughts of her and Jaune strolling hand in hand through Vale, perusing the numerous shops and cafes, looking like an actual couple. "Uh, yeah. I guess it is like a date, huh. You alright there?" Jaune poked at Pyrrha's chest, trying to prod an answer out of the already lost woman. Her fantasies continued, getting lost in the mall, finding some secluded area in it, perhaps in-between two vending machines. Then Jaune would press her willing body against the wall and… "Yes Jaune let's go!" Taking Jaune's left arm around her shoulder, compensating for his slight limp, she led him all the way back to their dorm, ignoring the oogles and whistles of wandering students staying the weekend.

The door to her room slammed shut, knocking nearby trinkets and ornaments off the wall. Sounds of giddiness and the rummaging of what must be her wardrobe and closet blasted through the door. "This would be the time to ditch her. Just saying."

Jaune gave his arm a stink eye, "And have her actually murder me? No thanks she's a part of the party now."

Jaune entered his and Rens room, the latter performing maintenance on his twin smgs, the Storm Flowers. "You've been a stranger…" Ren said, testing his weapon by protruding and retracting the blades. "Yeah I've been…". Jaune decided that some things were best left kept secret. "...out."

The perfect alibi Jaune thought. Ren loaded a magazine into his smg. "Ok, ok! I was kidnapped and then tortured but I was rescued and went back to the academy and then I met Pyrrha and we went to the nurses and we had relations!"

Ren set his Storm Flowers down and turned to face the nervously sweating blonde. Ren cocked his head slightly, trying to wrap his head around Jaune's ridiculous story and extremely disheveled appearance. Ren and Jaune have known each other for about eight months and he would say that they were good friends. The lovable goofball that was their team leader was many things but "liar" wasn't one of them. However, Jaune "being tortured" and "having relations" were way too far-fetched. "Kidnapped by who?"

"I don't exactly know." Jaune omitted the illegal parts of the story. He promised himself he would fill his best male friend in on this later. "Jaune?! Are you ready? Oh I can't wait!" Pyrrha's voice accompanied by frantic knocking came from the closed door. "Damn where is it?" Jaune said to himself, turning over near everything on his side of the room trying to locate any spare armor pieces and a less bloody hoodie.

"Why do I only own one pair of hoodie?" He settled for a simple white undershirt with a red top. "Yo we gonna stop by the shop before we hit Mt Glen, you dress like your mom picked it out."

"I'll have you know she did in fact pick it out for me." Damus face pulmed him, and dragged him by his unfashionable collar to the door. "Ren we will talk more later sorry." Ren stared solemnly at the door Jaune left ajar, a millimeter away from being fully closed. His biggest pet peeve.

Sounds of joyousness from Pyrrha and Jaune leaving their dorm talking frantically about the day's plans and whatnot and no sound of the door being locked behind them. His second biggest pet peeve. Zen. Zen is what he needed to calm his nerves. He pulled a flask out of his coat pocket. On it was a crude label that read "Zen" on it. Putting it up to his lips he chugged its contents before putting the flash back into his pocket. Zen. Ren mused as he continued maintaining his weapons. Peace and Zen.

The sign which usually read "Dr Rebecca Foster MVD Vale Pet Clinic" and in smaller text "Faunus' Not Welcome" had a new sign covering it. "Closed for the weekend. Love is a valid substitute for medical care." Jaune, with Pyrrha in tow, walked past the crudely made notice and knocked on the Vet's glass door. For two minutes straight.

Later rather than sooner, the aforementioned fake doctor appeared on the other side of the glass,
disheveled and slightly bloody white coat draped hastily over her very annoyed frame. "Oh. It's you." Venom on her tongue spit onto the glass separating them. Foster turned to the redhead woman beside him and after taking in her appearance visibly sweetened up. "I'm sorry miss." She brought her hands above her heart and gave the amazonian a quaint smile. "We will be closed until Monday. I have two very… ill patients in need of extreme… care.. yeah."

"The twins that Coco let you borrow. We need to talk to them." Jaune asked in earnest, hands clasped together. "Me and your beautiful brown hair associate had a deal, twerp, I get them for the rest of the weekend!"

Pyrrha's ears itched at the less than affectionate name Dr. Foster chose to give Jaune. Walking up to the gate almost in slow motion she met eye contact with the Vet. Strong women were a soft spot on the jaded Vets heart and she couldn't pry her eyes of hers. But something seemed off about the Amazonian, she could of sworn an iris was circular, not heart shaped. "Rebecca Foster is it…?" Pyrrha's asked feigning ignorance.

"Yes, but it's actually pronounced, "mommy"."

"Cute. Open the door will you?" Pyrrha asked quietly, making the pattern of an oval with her fingernail on the glass door.

"On any other day sweetheart I would but I got two very pressing matters to attend to."

"Is that so… unfortunate." Pyrrha flicked the center of her oval. Slowly it slid inwards before falling on the floor between Foster's legs and shattering. Stunned, Foster looked down but was met with Pyrs hand, reaching through the newly made hole and clenching her neck. With a yank, Dr Foster's face collided with the glass panel, screams and gasps trapped in her throat. Jaune watched helplessly as Damus giggled intensely. "Watch carefully Jaune that's how bottom bitches work. Get her ass Pyr."

"I'm going to let go in thirty seconds and ask you again. If I don't like your answer…" Pyrrha tightened her grip and pressed her face into the door. "We will do it again, and again if I have to."

Struggle as she might, Dr Foster couldn't think of a single hotter moment than the one she was experiencing right now. And she just had a night with two vixens in just the other room. Thirty seconds passed too quickly and Pyrrha let go and waited patiently for her answer. After catching her breath she hastily reached for her keys and unlocked the door. "Uhm… call me?" She chuckled in raspy half breathes as Pyrrha and the slightly afraid Jaune strode inside. It didn't take too long to find the twins, the muffled screams leading the pair easily towards their room.

Admittedly, Jaune was extremely hesitant about facing off with the two who just spent last night gleefully torturing him but he needed information and the only thing better than another prostitute that knew Isabelle was two.

Slowly he opened the door and flicked the nearby light switch. "GOD DAMN!" Damus prided himself on never flinching but this was just something else. Jaune nearly vomited the meal he and Pyr just shared and Pyrrha merely stood, mouth agape and eyes quivering. Behind them, Dr Foster walked in, "Look I know it looks bad but I can explain."

"HOW?!" Jaune, Pyr, and even Damus said in unison. Foster cleared her throat before taking a moment to collect herself. "Well see… when a man loves a woman, babies are born… Well when the Man part happens to be… an animal… Faunus are born!" She widened her arms in faux shock for added emphasis. Jaune vomited the meal he and Pyr just shared.

"Oh Monty." Pyrrha said putting two and two together. "No wonder they are persecuted to such a degree."

"Yes. At one point in history, tribes of men and women bred with beasts and created man beast hybrids. Their descendants are the Faunus' we see today!"

Jaune wanted to dispute, saying it made no sense, but somewhere in the back of his mind it did. Pyrrha recollected herself before the young man and pointed an accusatory finger at the Doc. "Ok but why are you having these dogs do… THAT… to THEM!"
"BECAUSE I CAN."

"YOU ARE INSANE. THIS IS ILLEGAL!"

"WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? CALL THE COPS? AFTER THIS BLONDE BOY HELPED SELL ME TWO PEOPLE."

The two blindfolded women on the table moaned, in unison, for what must of been the hundredth time that night. Even with what they did to Jaune he felt pangs of pity for the two. Finally regaining his voice he called out. "The deal is over! They're coming with me. You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"Why? Because I'm gay? I have you know I graduated at the top of my class. I am a self made woman and because I partake with my own gender you discriminate against me. Typical men."

"Jaune slap this bitch."

"No and maybe its because bestiality is fucked up." Jaune said with absolute disgust. Pyrrha magnetically unlocked the two, poor, helpless women from the metal table and pulled it toward her, careful to not harm the blissfully unaware Rottweilers. "If you follow us we will expose your sick clinic."

"Alright alright sheesh, this chapter is getting too long anyway." Dr Foster said, hands up in mock surrender. "There, there babies." She said turning to the pair of dogs. "Did you have fun, I sure did."

"Oh my Monty let's go Pyrrha." Jaune said picking up the one he remembered as Militia. Pyrrha couldn't agree more as she picked up Melanie and they both hurried out the door. Dr. Foster simply watched as they escaped out the back door. She waited for about a minute before going to her office picking up her desk phone and dialing. "Oh look Rebecca! How do you do."

"Splendid, I'll wire the money soon. Oh, how's the wifey?"

"I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!" She slammed the phone to its base and let out an exasperated groan. "I wasn't finished yet ugh." Rebecca would never forget those two. Usually people would pass out after half an hour but six? Oh well she thought to herself. Maybe I am fucked up. She stared longingly into the picture of her once lover before kissing it softly. No, it's society that's fucked up.
Chapter 10

Writer's Note:

You all are an illusion trapped in my head and I'm hovering over the self destruct button.

I love these demented and disturbing stories that exist on this site. Why aren't there more? It feels like 99 percent of fanfiction is just happy happy feel good shipping stories. I want more stories that revolt me to my core not tug at my heartstrings. Not saying that they are bad I just want my niche filled. I'm going to start another poll. If you want this story to go into the darker route or not. And if you think this is dark already we have not even begun.

So yeah take it and leave reviews and shit. And if you can share with friends and the like.

Also. You guys may of noticed that only one chapter has a title. That is because I can't think of any. If you get done reading a chapter and can think of a suitable title for the chapter I'll be more than happy to post it. My favorite will be the new chapter title but I'll put any honorable mentions in the writer's notes.

Chapter Ten

Jaune and Pyr, with the Malachite twins in hand, ran as fast as their frantic feet could carry them. That is, before realizing that running through downtown in the middle of the day with two naked women on their shoulder wasn't exactly a bright idea. Pyrrha ushered Jaune to a nearby alleyway and they huddled behind two dumpsters. "Yeesh on second thought, let's just dump the two bitches'n the trash."

"Damus have a little heart why don't you?" Jaune scolded. Pyrrha couldn't tell what Damus was saying but she concluded it was probably crass as per usual. "Hey I'm not that bad, I was thinking we could dump them in the same trash can, so they would still be together. Look at them Jaune! If they weren't mentally fucked up before they sure as hell are now."

Jaune was inclined to agree with his last statement but didn't let it show on his face. They were wicked sisters but they didn't deserve what they were just put through and if he knew what kind of person that Veterinarian was he wouldn't of stood idly by when Coco pawned the two off on her. Still bleeding bite marks, from thigh to thigh, were permanently etched on the twins usually flawless skin.

"It's a dog eat dog world. Take a good look. Crazy shit like this happens in this business."

Pyrrha surveyed the two before turning her head away in disgust. What happened to them was awful but in her mind it was somewhat deserved. Damus clued her in on their lunch date about what they did to Jaune and she had half a mind to murder them right here in this dingy alley. "I'll go find something for them to put on." She said setting out on her hunt. Jaune only nodded in agreement before refocusing on the twins. If it wasn't for their hair accessories, the only piece of clothing on their body if you could call that clothing, he wouldn't be able to tell the two apart. They even breathed in unison, their identical sized breasts bobbed up and then down. At least they are alive. Hesitantly at first, Jaune raised his left hand and gently shook Miltia. At first there was no motion, but after continued prodding her eyes slowly fluttered open.

For a split second, the cold, cruel, and vindictive woman exuded anything but. Innocence and purity one would think long gone bled through her reddened eyes. Regrettably, accursed memories of her stolen childhood and the sounds of barking and laughter from last night flooded back into her mind. Instinctively, almost as if she had a psychic connection to her sister, she threw her arms over Melanie and shot Jaune a look of pure vitriol. "Stay back!" She howled, cracks in her voice, tears and mucus stemming down the corners of her mouth. "Stay the fuck back!"

It was now Melanie's turn to stir awake, the anguish fueled cries from Miltia waking her. Again, childhood innocence ebbed from her expression which slowly turned into bitter, rotten, anger.
Taking her twins arms around her she desperately hugged her, as if the tighter she could squeeze her bruised arms around her the safer they would both become. Soon enough they were both wailing, tears flowing freely down their naked and defiled bodies, yelling at a mortified Jaune who knew nothing of what to do besides watch this depressing scene unfold.

Five minutes passed before Jaune worked up the nerve to speak. "I'm not here to hurt you." Both Melanie and Miltia snapped their necks to the blonde man. Snake like expressions complimented their hissing tone. "Liar!" They both said. "This is your fault!" Their anger soon returned to sadness and they bawled once more. "You knock us out and the next thing we know we are being fucked by beasts. You are a monster! I should kill you where you stand!" The twins threat was betrayed by their continued sobs and aching bodies, they weren't in a physical or mental state to be doing much of anything.

"I swear I did not know! This was not me!" Jaune said at a mile a minute, waving his hands in front of him as if trying to deflect their malintent. Either they believed him or lacked the energy to retort and they slumped down, not in a relaxed fashion but a surrendering one. "Why are you here." Melanie and Miltia asked dryly, wiping the tears off the other ones face.

"Isabelle." Jaune didn't exactly know if they knew her well enough or if at all but the way the piqued their shoulders told him they must know at least something. "She ran away. To Mt. Glen. I want to save her. Do you know where up there she would go?"

The twins looked at each other before turning back to Jaune. Melanie spoke first, "Why do you care?" Miltia spoke next, "She is probably dead for all we know." Jaune's heart sunk upon that last statement. Still, hope lingered in his heart and he pressed them forward.

"She is most likely hiding, there has to be somewhere up there that someone can hide out." Jaune's palms tightened anxiously. Miltia sniffled before speaking up. "Well if it was a hiding spot worth it's weight then how the hell would anyone know about it?"

"This one is kinda smart for a dog fucker."

"Damus PLEASE." Jaune had to admit that that was a very good point and he moaned abjectly. "You still didn't answer our question." Mili said pointing a weak finger at Jaune. "Why do you care?" Mela nodded, affirming that she wanted to know as well.

Jaune took a moment to articulate his thoughts, something he seldom did. "Isabelle… she…" He looked at his hand as if it held the answer. "Needs help. Why else would I risk my life? I know what it's like to be hunted and used. To be toyed with. To fear tomorrow and repress yesterday." Mela and Mili kneeled in silence, whatever he was saying didn't provoke them so he went on. "It honestly could of been anyone in her shoes. I just can't help but try to reach out. Call it meddlesome but that's just the way I am. I don't know of I'll find her or not but I must try." He closed his eyes, thoughts of Isabelle, his father, mother, aunt, his sister's, his new friends, fueled his resolve. "We have to find her, it doesn't matter if we fail, we just have to try."

"You are such a fucking white knight there is no way they are gonna give a single f-

The shuffling of Mili and Mela's bare feet towards Jaune cut him off. The two woman stood up rapidly and took both Jaune's sides, Melanie on the left and Miltia in the right. Their gazes poured directly into Jaunes own. He flinched instinctively, reminded of the power drills they held just a couple hours prior. Backing away he tripped and fell backwards but the twins followed, both landing on top of him. "Tell us, are these your true intentions?" They asked.

The two naked women were practically suffocating Jaune, binding him underneath their bruised and bare bodies, waiting for him to answer with renewed wonder and curiosity. Jaune tried pushing away but only achieved groping the two which for some reason didn't respond to the indecent act to his surprise. "Uhhhhmm" Jaune said confused, a bright red blush quickly taking up his face. "Yes, yes please get off!"

A fraction of a fraction of a smile, not a sadistic smile or a perverted one, but a genuine smile cropped up on the girls faces. They say that a person's eyes are the windows to their soul and through those lenses the twins could both see that his soul was one of genuine warmth and integrity. Here in the flesh, a man whose heart was not filled with lust or greed but kindness and
self sacrifice. As if they were being pulled by an invisible force, they slowly gravitated towards
the blonde man's face with their own. "Wh-what are you guys doing?" Jaune said, scared out of
his wits by his once tormentors, feeling like he was trapped once more in the lion' den.

Mere inches away from his own face, the frames of their own blocked everything else out of
vision. Jaune couldn't help but look at their lips, and then lower to their breasts and then back and
forth. On closer, extremely close, inspection, Jaune could see that Miltia's lips and areola had a
natural shade that was slightly redder than Melanie's which were more white and pale. The ladies
hot and bothered breathes distracted him from that thought, it was getting way too hot for the boy
and his groin was about to interlude against his will.

"Prove it then…” they both said putting their hands down the boy's trousers.

"Jaune just dick em down then they'll talk. Make it quick too Pyrrha gonna kill you if she
sees hahaha." Jaune finally remembered that Pyrrha was just looking for clothes and she would
indeed be back soon. An immense chill ran down his spine at the thought of the woman's wrath.
"Woah woah girls, stop this isn't necessary!" Jaune pleaded to the women who were currently
wrestling down his pants.

"If you mean what you say.." Miltia said, finally succeeding in taking off his belt.

"...that you want to save her out of the goodness of your heart.." Melanie said, sliding down his
boxers.

"...and not for benefit of your cock..." Miltia said, cupping his balls in her right hand.

"...then you won't get an erection…” Melanie said, hovering her naked crotch above his, mystery
fluids dripping from it.

"That's not how the male anatomy works at all!” Jaune screamed as he was about to unwillingly
enter her womanhood.

Ominous wind chilled the three to the bone, an eerie air that reeked of corpses and blood invaded
their nostrils. The dumpster they were hidden behind as well as anything else magnetic around
them steadily lifted themselves into the sky before being violently compacted together and
dropped like a ball on the ground. The would be threesome turned to the source of the wretched
aura and froze. A demon, with fiery flowing red hair and a jet black visage with neon blood red
eyes stared back. In her hands was a spear that looked like it was wretched from the hands of
Odin himself. Every step the demon woman took caused the earth to rupture beneath her, freeing
the denizens of hell from their blazing confines. The two extremely frightened women slid off the
man and subconsciously curled into an almost fetal position. Jaune began to pray. The demon
once known as Pyrrha opened her maw, lava spitting out with every word, "What in the fuck is
THIS!"

Jaune could forge no excuse as the English language refused to exit his throat. Babbling noises
and coos were his only defense. The twins held onto each other, whispering farewells and so
longs as their time in the mortal realm has surely come to a long awaited end. The spear
transformed into a rifle and pointed at the two women whose heads were huddled in each others
bosoms. "Prepare to die!"

"Jaune watch what I do. This lesson, what to do if one of your bitches get out of
line." Damus shoved the ground, propping up the pantsless Jaune in between the three women.
The twins looked up at the ass of their exposed protector's, transfixed. "Get out of my way we will
talk lat-“ before Pyr could finish her sentence Damus raised his hand sky high, nearly blocking out
the sun's rays. With the stoutness of a glacier and the speed of a raging river, he brought down his
golden palm to her cheeks. Remembering that she was indeed Jaune's favorite and thusly his
bottom bitch, he slowed down at the last second to deliver a more tame, trademark pimpslap. The
slap rang across the alley, causing the birds to flee and the twins to wince in empathy. Jaune was
mortified to say the least.

Pyrrha stood there, face set ajar by her beloved's hand. Her mind went white as the jealousy she
was feeling evaporated. Gradually, her face returned from the demonic one back to the beautiful
amazon and then into a teary eyed mess akin to last night. Sniffles and then full blown cries
escaped Pyrrha quivering mouth. "B-bu.B-bu-but Ja-aun… They we-were…” She looked down at her feet in shame and dropped her rifle. "They were trying to have sex with you and, and.. and.. Jaune…”

"She in hysteres do it again." Damus said matter-of-factly. Jaune felt so horrible for what Damus made him do but a part of him felt relief that she was no longer angry. Oh good I'm going to hell… he thought before rearing back his left hand. Already feeling awful, he gave her a love tap on the opposite cheek. "Pussy."

As weak as it may of been, the love slap served its purpose. Pyrrha stopped crying and diverted her attention back to Jaune who then enveloped her in a tender, apologetic hug. "I'm sorry, Damus made me, and you were like, going insane and… I didn't want you to become a murderer and… and I'm sorry." Jaune squeezed harder and nuzzled his head into her shoulder. What returned was a pat on the back from an equally apologetic amazon. "I'm sorry too… I don't usually get jealous… that's not true but, I just… lost it." She sniffled once more but a slight smile returned to her. It hurt, but it hurt in all the right ways…

The twins looked at the couple's embrace. A pimp slap is a pimp slap but for some reason what they just witnessed looked less like punishment and unneeded abuse but one out of care. Just what was this pimp named Jaune. They needed to know more. "Ahem." Melanie pretended to cough. Pyrrha and Jaune looked at each other tenderly before eyeing the nude woman. "I think I just remembered something" She said putting her forefinger to her chin.

"Yes." Milty chimed in. "On Mt. Glen. There's a whole slew of abandoned towns. Some of these towns only allude to actually being abandoned however…” The twins helped each other up before speaking simultaneously. "I think I may recall where she is hiding."

"That's wonderful!!" Jaune said ecstatically, he couldn't remember the last time one of his plans worked. Pyrrha, ever the voice of reason, put a hand on Jaunes chest, "Even if we know where she is, she's still surrounded by grim, chased by the strange man, and probably doesn't want to be found."

A stray thought told him to slap Pyrrha again and he angrily brushed it away, Damn Damus is rubbing off on me. "We still have to try. I'd do it for you too." Pyrrha's weakness is Jaune and what he says to her always hits super effective. "I know you would… siiiirrrr. And there she was, back to her new normal. Jaune laughed silently before finally putting back on his pants, much to the dismay of the two women behind him.

Miltia and Melanie watched silently as the two students walked away. Their eyes glued to the warm, golden glow of their savior and then to the young woman who must be one of his many, many whores. Pangs of envy erupted in their stomachs and turned back their gazes to the man she so affectionately called "Sir". Sir John. Or did the young woman say Jahn. Jhon? They didn't really know but what they did know that he must be the world's only kind pimp. To go so far as to protect the two women who have done him so much wrong not only once, but twice. It was obvious to them now that he was a fair man of his word and then some. Letting an opportunity like this slip through their fingers would only seal their fates.

"Wait!" Two voices called out from behind our protagonists. "Uhm… yes?" Jaune said turning around contrary to the behest of Pyrrha. "Can… can we…” Milti asked bashfully, an emotion he didn't think she was capable of.

"Oh yeah, the clothes. Pyrrha's did you find something for them?"

Pyrrha smiled at Jaune before scowling at the two naked damsels. "Oh yes, right here…” Pyrrha pulled two small, dirty, tattered t shirts, one that was pink all over and the other was a yellowish-white wife beater. "Oh no, someone seemed to of torn them nearly to shreds. Two dirty shirt for two dirty whores, oh well." She finished her fake empathetic statement by dropping the bundle of rotted clothing on the cement.

"Yes that's what we wanted to talk about." Mela said, Pyrrha's backhanded concern/insult completely unphased her. "We are whores. We've been so all our life." Mili strode past her sister and grabbed the grimy clothing, tossing the white one to her sister before speaking. "We want to quit, but we would be hunted, much like your friend."
"It wouldn't be hard to find a pair of twins." Said Jaune.

"And we would NEVER separate." The now semi clothed twins said, holding each other in their arms. "That's why we want to make a proposition with you." said Mili. Whatever it was Pyrrha wanted no part of it and it showed in her side glance to Jaune.

"Our actions last night are unforgivable…" Said Mela whilst crouching.

"But as you said, one should at least try." Mily continued. They bowed, deeply, top of their heads facing the two, a position of absolute humbleness and regret.

"Please let us work under you!" They both said staring at the cold cement, rocks and other junk protruding at their many bruises. If they were in pain they were not showing it.

"You bagged two hoes all by yourself? You passed the lesson. Now get that third bitch so we can go onto the next." Work… for me… they don't mean…

Jaune fermented the thought of these two admittedly beautiful vixens at his Beck and Call. Maybe he could actually teach them about how the male anatomy works. Perverted thoughts leaked down into his face, a fact Pyrrha's took quick notice of. "Jaune you can't seriously be thinking of letting them tag along and… work for you?" The thought of Jaune profiting from criminal activity put a knot in her stomach. Was Jaune not the innocent man she thought he was?

"Of course not! I would never." Jaune said adamantly to her.

"The fuck you ain't? The moment you find Isabelle I'm gonna make you pimp the shit out them. Don't forget you owe me bitch!" Damus squeezed Jaunes bad knee causing him to wince in pain. Without a second thought and faster than Pyr even noticed the two women clutched Jaunes knee. "Are you ok, Sir?" The two said.

Pyrrha's left eye twitched uncontrollably upon hearing the two bitches before her Jaune utter her moniker for him. Yanking the two by the hair hard enough to pull some strands out she tossed the two women literally to a curb. "Hands off! It's your fault he's like that anyway!" Pyrrha's wrapped her hands across Jaune in a "He's Mine" kind of a hug. "We have no need of your services."

The two women picked themselves up and continued to ignore Pyr much to her anger. "We have nowhere else to go!" Mili said desperately. "We have no wish to return to Torchwick. He's a bastard among bastards."

"Let us make up for our misdeeds. We know how the underworld works. Let us guide you." Mela and Mili held each other's hands and begged. Puppy dog eyes. A stark contrast to the sadistic and malicious faces the two wielded among other torture instruments that Jaune experienced just 12 hours prior. The hole in his knee had barely begun to heal and the two who caused it are begging for forgiveness in front of him. Jaune had every right to lash out and deny them but he just couldn't. "Ok." He finally said. Hopefully I will not regret this...

"Jaune! You can't be seri-" Pyrrha's was cut off by Melas shoulder, who as long as the rest of her body, was clinging on to left side of Jaune's torso. Mili claimed the right.

"Thank you Sir!" Mili said, giving him a kiss on the right cheek.

"You won't regret this!" Mela said, giving him a kiss on the left.

"...!" Pyrrha's said, giving him no kiss on any cheek.

Jaune, in an uncharacteristic move, scooped up both Mela and Mili with his right arm into a threeway hug, before remembering how timid he was and letting go. The twins stared at him as if they had a middle school grade crush. In their retinas, a slightly golden heart danced. Oh boy…

An awkward silence between the four companions was broken by a chime, Vale's giant clock tower signalling it was 1pm. "Welp." Jaune said, trying to remedy the weird situation. "Guess we should set out to Mt. Glenn… This chapter is kind of getting too long."
"Before we go…" Chimed Mili.

"We should supply ourselves with the appropriate gear." Mela said.

"Three of us don't even have any weapons." Mili said folding her arms in concern.

"Wait… Three?" Jaune said, looking down at this belt for his sheath shield that wasn't there.

"Jaune we have talked about this!" Pyrrha's said, slight frustration leaking into her voice.

"Do no fret, sir." Mela said, as Pyrrha's distaste for the woman using her title for Jaune shown on her face. "We can acquire some attire that any pimp of your stature would desire."

"This bitch got bars too? Shit."

"Besides, your friends choice in clothing for us, just like herself, is undesirable." Mili said, hands on her hip and tongue slightly sticking out at the redhead.

"It is becoming of a woman like you." Pyrrha spouted back. "And if you are curious to what you are it's a five letter word that starts with the letter B. I doubt you could figure it out though." A smirk on her lips formed out of spite.

"Hmmmm…" Mela said feigning ignorance. "Is it "Butch"? Because that would be you, Hercules…" Roaring laughter courtesy of the two vixens echoed throughout the alley as Jaune used all of his strength to hold back Pyrrha.

"Sir please, just let me do it. Jaune please!"
Writers Note:

Why is it possible to be an introvert and lonesome at the same time?

Oh boy, here I go writing again. If you like something please tell me specifically why you do so I can keep doing it. And if you don't like something do the same. If you just go "lol" i'm just left clueless.

I've been researching this show in order to be more faithful to the source but I gotta say, it makes no sense. I remember when Yang was smacked through a fucking concrete pillar and be fine but get knocked out by Neos kick. Either she has gigaton force kicks or Yangs back has super saiyan DNA. There's barely anything to reference and I just waste my time trying to be true to the world of Remnant. I'm just going to continue making up shit.

Also, if you can gimme fic recs to disturbing and funny stories that'd be neat.

Also, If you can come up with names for the unnamed chapter I'll choose my favorite and any runner ups and make them the name.

Chapter Eleven

"Fresh. As. Fuck." Damus couldn't help but feel proud of his apprentice. "Alpha MALE."

"Jaune you look simply wonderful." Miltia said, taking her favorite side of Jaune, the right, caressing his chest with her hand.

"So powerful, so handsome…" Melanie chimed in, perching herself on his left side, her favorite.

"It looks fine, but how is he supposed to fight Grimm in that!" An increasingly upset Pyrrha pointed out, an accusatory finger pointed towards the three in front of the dressing mirror.

Jaune had to admit, he looked great in this getup. An orange with white pinstripe laden suit with a cheetah print lapel and collar that accentuated his already extravagant jewelry. A one size too big silver and white fur overcoat rested on his shoulders, the arm flaps dangling at his sides. An ivory hat a bit too tall for practicality adorned with an orange band and gold buckle on the front sat slightly ajar on his blonde head, a trademark of any good pimp Damus told him. Brown leather, he was told was the leather of a boar like Grimm, adorned his feet with soles as black as one. Every step he took had a satisfying "clap" on the wooden floor of the dressing room. Jaune did a surprisingly well done pirouette before facing Pyrrha, who was trying her best to refrain from drooling.

"Yeah you're right. This isn't exactly hunter attire." Jaune said pouting.

"Oh so you are a hunter, Beacon Academy correct?" Asked the shop owner, Alan Ventor, bringing the bridge of his square lensed glasses back to the bridge of his ebony nose. "What is a student doing here with three beautiful young women?"

"Sir here is looking for your finest pieces. One's deserving of a pimp of his stature." Mili said, waving her hand towards Jaune, showcasing him as if he were a grand trophy. Mili as well as Mela were now outfitted in flamboyant designer dresses of their respective signature color that they already picked out and bought. They must be regulars here, Jaune surmised.

Mili's blood red gown flowed freely down to just above her ankles, two extremely thin straps interlacing behind her neck held it up, leaving most of her back and top of her supple breasts exposed. A black ribbon lay lazily across her hips and shapely butt. On her right hand was a bladed gauntlet, with a pair of nine inch retractable blades. Protruding from the gauntlet was a long red sleeve covered in fluff that continued past her arm and wrapped around her neck.
Mela wore a white halter top dress with a cut out on her chest that Jaune could only assume was a breast window. The dress graciously hugged her womanly frame, the lower it slithered down to her feet the more cerulean colored it would come, a beautiful gradient even Pyrrha had to appreciate. The gown parted slightly over her left leg, revealing an armored long boot with columns of small rivets that looked like it would cause major impact damage to anything it came in contact with. A silver-blue fur with metal chain belt spiralled around her waist that mimicked the silver bracelet and necklace she was rocking as well.

Pyrrha was in her usual bronze and red battle outfit and was fuming. She was beginning to regret so adamantly refusing to play dress up with the women she kept offhandedly calling "Sluts".

"Hmm." Alan rubbed his temple in a circular pattern. "More battle appropriate ok, well… usually those are custom made. Different abilities to take into account. I do have something generic that should do well enough for now." After another moment of brief deliberation he led the four to the backroom, shut and double bolted the door. Down a flight of stairs, past a line of sewing machines staffed by preoccupied looking women, through another locked door, was a room filled with identical wardrobes and mirrors on every wall.

Alan slid open a wardrobe and let the four gaze upon its contents. Inside lay a black suit with gray accents. "Put this on. Don't worry about sizes it will fit." Jaune reached into the wardrobe and pulled out the seemingly plain suit. "Do you guys mind…?" Jaune said to his companions.

Alan attended to the other wardrobes. Mela and Mili put their hands on each other’s eyes and tried their best to stifle their giggles. Pyrrha’s blushed and turned around, murmuring something about seeing it all before. Jaune coughed, alerting them all that he had finished putting it on.

"What you are wearing is a new prototype battle suit, more or less based on Atlas designs."

"What's new about it?" Jaune asked intrigued.

"Social media integration. That and you can run analysis on it through an app on your scroll." Alan paused before continuing, "A kevlar reinforced hexagon plate armor hidden aesthetically behind a dark black and pinstriped shirt, it's many impact dampening paddings shaped to look like muscle. It's kinetic and dust resistant. Any impact, whether energy or physical, will be spread across the surface and lessen the blow. Too many blows will break the armor and render that section useless. However we have been experimenting with a gel coated inside that can repair the damaged plates shift them back into place if given enough time. The coat is a flame retardant, carbon fiber weave designed to impede bladed weapons. Pockets are hidden throughout it and it has small zippers which can be opened to increase breathability at the obvious cost of it's protection. The pants are pants. They are loose on purpose in case you want to put on any leg armor under them We put a zipper on the front door easy access to your genitals. A huge improvement from our last version."

Jaune turned to one of the rooms many mirrors and buttoned up. The pinstripes of his shirt and hexagon armor slowly shimmered between gold and some kind of orange. "The armor also attenuates to your aura, if that's what you are wondering. Though I'm not really sure as to why. You'll have to ask Atlas that." Alan said.

"Neat." Jaune replied, as the twins adorned the white overcoat from upstairs onto his shoulders, it's ivory providing a sexy contrast to his new monochromic suit. Pyr thought it would look neater on her bedroom floor. "Damn you look tight. Fucking Jaune Wick over here."

"Alan thank you but something like this must be thousands of times outside my price range." Jaune said woefully, already attached to his new getup. Alan let out a slight laugh before handing Jaune the bill. It read "0.00". "You're kidding mister?!"

"The value of a man such as yourself is far greater than what that suit is worth. Trust me." Alan winked and held out his hand, one which Jaune took in earnest. "The handshake seals it. Oh. One more thing." The far back wardrobe seemed to open by itself the moment Alan turned his attention to it. In it, basked in a white light on top a velvet pillow, lay a white, wooden four foot cane with a clear crystal on the top. "I couldn't help but notice your slight limp. Might as well complete the pimp package."
Jaune walked, almost stupefied, to the cane. The kneehole barely hurt anymore but the cane called his name. Upon closer inspection, the smooth wood seemed unnatural, as if it was crafted in some kind of controlled environment. The crystal on top was a replica of a dust crystal, most likely waiting to be replaced with an actual one instead. A metal ridge near the bottom of the cane begged to be held. Once he did the cane snapped out, revealing an extension that almost doubled its size. "Oh shit a pimp staff? Yo lemme grab that shit."

Damus plucked it up in his greedy hands and rose it high above his head. The golden glow Jaune was quickly growing infamous for soon enveloped it. "You see that boy? Pimp staffs, clothes, and attitude, enhance my power. The more pimp you are the more we will grow." The brightest golden glow he had ever seen served to prove his point and illuminate the room. Alan smirked, he knew he made the right decision. The boy would shape the world.

"Don't you think that's enough Damus? I think I just went blind."

"Ight fine, shit." Putting an end to the light show, Damus collapsed the staff back into a cane and holstered it onto Jaune's new belt. The twins looked at each other and gulped at the same time. It wasn't a semblance that defeated them so soundly, it was indeed another pimp hand, and an extremely powerful one at that. How such an innocent looking boy got one they had no idea.

Pyrrha walked up and put a hand on Damus. "Just what are you exactly?"

"Ignorant bitch I have already told you I am the pimp gawd. From beyond time itself I have manifested in this boy before him to do my bidding. As long as there are men willing to pay to bone I will rest on the golden pimp throne. I am the Alpha and Omega. I am power and passion. I am Negrodamus. I will consume the darkness that lies in humanities hearts and-"

"Ok calm down Damus, you got a new stick." Jaune interjected. "Time to find Isabelle."

Thanking Alan one to many times, the four left the shop. Jaune and the twins glued to his side turned many heads and as they strode by, Jaune's face growing redder by the second.

"Maybe I should just put on my old clothes, ya know, for the time being..." Jaune said bashfully, never being the center of attention he found that he had a distaste for it.

"Your clothes are not the issue, Sir." Pyrrha said roughly, arms folded as she walked a few meters behind the three. "It's the two skanks beside you."

Miltia and Melanie shared a side glance before proceeding to ignore her, one of their new favorite things to do to annoy her. "It seems that we have acquired the ire of a rather homely looking peasant. Whatever should we do, dear sister?" Melanie asked, purposefully overdoing the posh tone in her voice.

"Don't give the vagrant that much credit, sis." Miltia asked mimicking her sisters accent. "Homely asserts she can afford a home or is wanted in one. This one looks homeless." The twins erupted in laughter as Jaune tried and failed to cool everyone down.

"Homeless? At least I'm not some gaudy prostitute that looks down on people. Hell, you go down on them more like it!"

"Bitch!" The twins said, letting go of Jaune and assuming their twin battle stance.

"Bring it on you... you Christmas themed CUNTS!" Pyrrha readied her spear towards the sisters.

"Jaune what the fuck did I tell you... shit like this is gonna keep happening..."

"Guys stop!" Jaune shouted, his voice only cracking a little. The three women, as well as most neighboring citizens, turned to look at the well dressed but fidgeting man. "What do you guys even have against each other anyway?"

Miltia pointed a blade at the furious red head. "Sorry Sir, I'm just allergic to uppity bitches who had everything in life given to her."
"Given to me? I worked every day, sacrificing my childhood to get where I am now!" Pyrrha shot back.

"Wow, this one wants to talk about a bad childhood. Can you believe the nerve of this one Mili?"

"You know NOTHING of suffering." This twins said, running towards the amazon.

"Well let me show you just how much of it I can deliver it." Pyrrha switched into sword and shield form and braced herself.

"ENOUGH." Jaune slapped his hands together, a slightly golden and visible sound wave booming from his hand rippled through the three girls, knocking them off balance and into the ground. "OW." Jaune said slightly regretting his painful actions.

"Sir!" The three woman said at once, plucking themselves from the ground.

"Stop. Stop with the sirs. Especially in public that's weird. We're the same age c'mon. Secondly. The fighting has to stop. Admittedly it was kind of funny at first but this is going way too far. We are allies now." Jaune turned to the twins, who were dusting themselves off. "Stop insulting Pyrrha. She helped rescue you from that sick freak vet. Be grateful that my best friend was there to help." The two women looked at each before looking at their toes ashamedly.

Pyrrha's heart skipped a beat upon hearing Jaune talk so highly of her. "Best friend… Do you really thi-"

"Pyrrha stop judging Mili and Mela. They were forced into this and come from a different walk of life. That doesn't make them worse just different. They want to help now don't chastise them."

Pyrrha muttered something unintelligible before kicking at the dirt beneath her heel.

"Now make up or something…" Jaune said, happy with his speech.

The three women stood there shuffling their feet before slowly walking up to one another. With much deliberation, Pyrrha stuck out her right palm and tried her hardest to make her smiling muscles work for this moment. "Perhaps we can foovooorruggggiveee and maybe mooovvvvveee oonnnnn…" Pyrrha had to force the words out through gritted teeth.

The twins scowled, exchanging a side glance before each putting a hand on Pyrrha's. "Sure… whatever."

"Look at that, progress…" Jaune happily said as the neighboring crowd gave a standing ovation at the touching sign of friendship. Pyrrha squeezed the twins hands as hard as she could, fake smiling at the crowd around them.

"You think that's hard?" Mili said whispering and wincing in pain.

"Not nearly as hard as Jaune will be when we FUCK him." Mela said also whispering and trying to pry herself from Pyrrha's increasingly crushing death grip.

"Been there done that." Pyrrha's spat back with a satisfied smirk, finally letting go. Walking past the two women nursing their hands she took her rightful spot by Jaune's side. "So how do you suppose we get to Mt. Glenn? The monorail will only take us to the outskirts of the city."

"Tunnels." The two behind said, catching back up with the students. "There is a labyrinth of tunnels under Mt. Glenn. A few were made into subway systems that have collapsed down but there are a few that interweave between them." Mela pointed out.
"Assuming we don't get helplessly lost, we can use those pathways to ascend most of the way up the mountain." Mili finished her sisters point.

"That sounds like suicide…" Pyrrha's sounded unamused.

"We've been in there before. Mt Glenn is the perfect place to hide. Besides if we wanted to kill you we would of done it already." That last sentence from Mili was barely audible.

"Thanks girls, that's the best shot we got." Jaune said, his spirits lifting. Mela and Mili blew an appreciative kiss to the lad whilst Pyrrha rolled her eyes disdainfully. "Alright, we monorail to the south east and then we look for the most hospitable cavern. Let's hurry, this chapter is getting too long and whatnot."

"Yes sir." The twins said enthusiastically.

"Yes, sir." Pyrrha said, folding her hands, grumpily.

"Yes, sir." Dandyman said to the man on the other line, in his makeshift cabin hidden amongst the many rubble on Mt. Glenn.

"And make sure you don't fucking kill him. I don't know why you didn't mention his name was Jaune. It's J-A-U-N-E. Not John god damnit."

"Can you blame me? All these students have stupid names based on colors and the like." Dandyman attested.

"No… no I can't." The voice over the phone conceded. The world of Remnant was plagued with ridiculous names. It made him wonder what his name was based off.

"Don't fail me, Dandy." And with a blip the line went blank. Dandyman wiped the sweat off his brow, talking to his superiors always took it out of the overly courteous man. Donning his old hunter attire he performed a few jumping jacks. The gear didn't fit quite as well as it used too but the multitude of buckles and belts it had remedied it well enough.

"Alright boys." He spoke to the half dozen goons lounging around his cabin. With a click and a twist the RPG transformed back into its lance form. "Let's find this jackass, pardon the language heh." The seven men set out, eviscerating any unfortunate Grimm on the way to the labyrinth, whistling a jolly ol' tune all the while. "Let the hunt begin!"
Chapter 12

Writers Note:
I work, I sleep, I work again

I think I'm going to make world building a bigger part of this story. If you can't tell 12 chapters in, I've just been pulling stuff out of my ass. I should probably put AU in the story description but with a title like mine it's kind of obvious.

If I say something in this story that is extremely contrary to the source material I either

-Didn't read/watch it and didn't know it already existed

-Chose to ignore cause I thought it sucked or was stupid

-Thought it would be funny

If this upsets you leave a review, which I hope you are doing already.

Big shoutouts to the people leaving reviews and responding to my follow up PMs. You da real MVPs and I hope you continue to like my work.

Also, if you guys could copy and paste parts of the story you like/dislike in your reviews that'd be neat. Also do my polls.

Also, If you can think of an awesome chapter name and I like it ill make it the official name. Have fun with it!

Chapter Twelve

This is the world's most demented game of tag! Jaune's lungs were burning as his tiny feet carried him as fast as possible down the main hallway of Arc Manor. Sadistic and sultry laugher followed in hot pursuit. Bobbing and weaving through the mansions many rooms in effort to escape his tireless assailant's, he could only pray to reach his father's sanctuary in time. "Hurry, he must not escape!" One of his sister's shouted amongst themselves. "Stop resisting arrest!" Jaune already knew the rules to what his kin called "Cops and Robbers." No matter what side they made him play, the dreaded outcome was always the same.

At last, the grand staircase. Up there and to the left was one of his father's studies. For some reason, his sister's always gave up once he entered on of his father's private rooms. "Hurry he is trying to cheat again!" There was one issue with Jaune's plan however. Someone seemed to have broke into the Manor at night and made the steps almost twice as tall. "Great…" he said aloud in frustration, "Flashback!" Jaune screamed as loud as his seven year old lungs could manage.

The giggles grew louder as they grew closer. The young Jaune climbed up the stairs, hand over foot, sweat on his brow, binky dangling haphazardly on a chain around his neck. Nine steps up, he turned around, the sight of three teenage women lounging on the bottom step only helping to increase his already dramatic pace. "A.M.P.D. Freeze! You are under arrest!"

"Put your pants down and your hands up!" They cocked their hands in the style of a gun and shuffled up the stairs after the boy. The lecherous smiles of his perverted sister's motivated him to vault up the final three steps with lightning speed. A nearby vase caught the boys eye, he grabbed it by the rim and tossed it down the stairs before dashing into the study and slamming it's door shut. Maniacal laughter turned into angry howls, frightening the boy. Not taking any chances, he scrambled under a beige couch on the north wall and waited, clasping his mouth shut.

Jaune scrunched his eyelids into his nose, the "If I can't see them, they can't see me" adage still made sense to his young mind. For minutes that felt like hours, he waited. Shallow breaths relaxed into sighs of relief. Note to self: Never leave father's sacred rooms. Reaching his tiny fist outside
from under the couch he dragged himself from his safe space. The jiggling of the door handle had him scrambling back under like a crab.

Enter his father, the door slamming the wall as he stomped in, fist balled into rage, with an equally upset woman behind him. "Jacques stop pretending you can't hear me!"

"I'm not pretending, Josephine." His father said, turning towards his teary eyed mother. Jaune has never seen his mother and father act like this to one another. Hearing it was a different story but seeing it first hand was a new experience.

"Why?" Josephine balled her two fists in front of her, as if about to wretch the answer from the air between them.

"Because you are making zilch for sense."

"You promised. You promised that you would cut back! You only cut back doing it in front of the family!" Rage bubbled in her voice, cracking it, distorting the caring and gentle tone Jaune was so used to.

"I TRIED!" Jacques loud, booming voice made flocks of bird, deer, and whatever wildlife was currently on their estate bolt in every direction. "Going legit is bullshit! Why would I waste my talents? Boring busywork in an office of mostly male employees. Who the fuck wants that?"

"Who the fuck wants that? A wife that sits alone, at night, looking after offspring brought forth by different women, wondering if her husband is either dead, in jail, or another woman's arms!" Josephine stepped into Jacque's arm reach and Jaune's breathe hitched.

"You knew what you were getting into when you married me, Bitch." Jacques spat back, flecks of spittle landing on Jaunes mother's face. If Jaune could stare holes into people's heads he would of right then and there.

"Marry you, yeah, my biggest mistake. Don't know how you convinced me." Josephine folded her arms, tears flowing freely on top them.

"Yeah, I'll tell you why…" Jacques grabbed her by the back of the skull before placing it an inch in front of his face. "You just can't resist me.." The anger in his voice subsided as a golden tinge sprouted from the palm of his hand against her head. The light enveloped her head in it's golden radiance as Jaune watched stupefied from underneath the couch. Jacques let go and brought her in for a passionate kiss. At first she tried to push away but she quickly gave in, a slight gold hue taking over her naturally blue iris. Jaune watched, transfixed on the golden aura. Jacques, perhaps unsatisfied, pushed her on top of the couch Jaune was taking shelter under, before following himself.

Frantic belt fumbling noises and sounds of clothing slithering off tormented the young Jaune. Gasps, puckering lips, grunts and moans soon followed after. It continued for a grueling two minutes before a startling shriek so graciously ended Jaune's misery. "Get off of me you monster!" Josephine screeched.

"I swear.

"I swear."
"I. Swear."

"SWEAR"

"I'll fucking kill you, you bitches!" Pyrrha said, her rage bellowing from the out of her stomach and out to it's two targets sprawled out before her.

"We can do without the yelling." Mela said, licking Mili's fresh wound.

"Agreed." Mili said, kissing Mela's dark purple bruises."Are you alright precious sister?."

"I am now." Mela replied lovingly.

"Bestiality and incest? Wow. Why am I not surprised." Pyrrha spat, a small trail of blood leaving her mouth. "Got any other bright ideas? You know? In case having us starve to death in a pit doesn't work?"

"Uuuuggghhh." Jaune was in a haze, head throbbing, sending waves of pain that and his knee feel more and more like it was on fire. "Jaune?!" The three ladies said, knocking each other out of the way to get to him.

"Are you ok?.""Jaune say something!""How many fingers am I holding?" The three woman rapidly spoke over each other, adding to Jaune's already intense headache. Unable to take it anymore he lashed out.

"Yes, just did, 4! Anything else? Where are we?" Jaune rubbed his temple and then his eyes, the darkness around him began to settle. The twins hugging each other, rocks, broken pieces of wood, and a small torch in Pyrrha's hands were all that he could clearly see.

Mela, just about to speak up for the two, was interrupted by Pyrrha who just couldn't wait to give the two a piece of her mind. "We were sneakily traversing one of the subway systems when the red one…" she pointed at her vindictively. "Had the bright idea to take a shortcut. Oh, I know these tunnels like the back of my sister's hand. Oh, I've been here a thousand times. Oh, a stickler like you would have no clue how to survive in the underworld. Oh, I'm an idiot."

"Oh, please." Mela said, sticking up for her sister. "Like she planned for the ground to collapse beneath us. How daft can you be?"

"Honestly, this buldyke is looking for any reason to make us look bad. She had her heart in the right place and you just step on it. Jaune, whose in the right here?" Mili turned to Jaune, whose answer was now the focus of the three girls.

"Slap all three of these bitches and let's climb outa here." Yeah I really should… no. I actually shouldn't. I'm terrible.

"Is this REALLY the time for this?" Jaune picked himself up, noting that his chest felt perfectly fine thanks to his armor. If only they made something for his head and knee. Another light shone dimly from above. It looked to be about fifty-ish feet up. "Are you three ok?"

"I'm fine Jaune, I landed on my feet. Mostly." Pyrrha couldn't help but have a little pride in her voice.

"We've been better" The twins said fully propping themselves up.

"Strange… I thought you'd two would be used to falling rock bottom… Oh well, let's figure out how to get out of here." Pyrrha illuminated the nearby walls with the makeshift torch she made earlier, highlighting a steel rail track among the debris. "Nice, I didn't know there were mines here."

The party followed the tracks that zigzagged in every direction for whatever reason. Mela and Mili, hand in hand, were balancing parallel to each other on the rails, humming some tune. Jaune quite enjoyed it until they suddenly stopped. "Sister, is that you vibrating or…"

"No… I thought it was you."
"Jaune fucking leg it!"

No, no, no, no, no, no, no. Jaune was beginning to realize that he was well over his head. Pyrrha led the way with Jaune and the Malachite’s just behind. A light from behind was steadily getting closer and brighter. Pyrrha looked back at the impending doom and slowed her pace just a tad, for Jaune to catch up. It was now or never, Pyrrha decided, as she steeled herself.

"Jaune *gasp* if we *pant* don’t *gasp* make *cough* it!" The light behind them was now closer than ever, its vibrations in the steel tracks causing our heroes to run off balance. "I just *gasp* want *pant* to say *gasp* that I *cough* Lo-" The light roared, it’s whistle completely deafening as it prepared to take the four with no signs of stopping.

Damus had no plans to die in this tomb of a mountain. Taking Jaune’s cane in his grasp he extended it into its staff form. Just above and in front of him the tunnel narrowed, just enough to fit. Damus yanked Jaunes arm above him as he ran under it, snagging him in between the two rock walls. At first Jaune had no idea what Damus was up to, but as he began to be forcibly swung like he was an unwilling gymnast he caught on. Wrapping his leg around Pyrrha who grabbed on he began to swivel. The twins, astounded by his stunt, each jumped onto the staff and planked horizontally.

The light zoomed past, the chugging of engine and rail wheel echoed from underneath the four, who were planking for dear life. The staff budged, then budged again, the four combined weight was proving to be too much for the makeshift balance pole against the rock wall. "Uh, Pyrrha. What was that you were saying?" Jaune asked what must be his final question.

"I was professing my endless lo-“ The inevitable drop stole the air from Pyrrha’s lungs. Pyrrha screamed. Jaune screamed louder. Mela and Mili screamed into each other’s wailing mouths. They fell violently on top of the train, bouncing off compartment after compartment, before ragdolling into an open one that just so happened to be empty. Four sickening thuds and then silence. Silence until Jaune shot up, rubbing his chest armor in gratitude.

"Pyrrha? Miltia? Melanie?" Jaune asked to the slowly rising bodies.

"Ugh, that was some quick thinking Jaune." Pyrrha said. "I see our reactionary training paid off."

"Thanks I guess…” Jaune said, clutching his knee.

"Your fucking welcome by the-" The train took a sharp left, the four teammates flew to the right side of the train, splattering against the metal wall.

"Oh Monty. I'm bleeding!" Mela said, wiping a trickle of blood from her forehead. Mili dived onto her sister and administered her patented "boo boo kisses" to her.

"There. Are you bet-" Mili said in mid air along with the other three riders, before coming into hard contact with the left wall.

"Jaune, I think I see another turn coming! We gotta thi-" Pyrrha tried and failed to finish another sentence, her neck colliding with the right wall of the train. Mela and Mili landed on her stomach much to her protests.

"Let me think! Let me thi-" A wide, bruised eye Jaune said as the train made a deep decline, tossing our four unlucky protagonists on the back wall, denting it slightly.

"Mili we just have to grab onto something! This pole for instance!" Mela said in earnest.

"Right!" Mili said as the train sped to break neck speeds as it stabilized from the decline. The pole proved fruitful and the other two did so in kind. Until it snapped off from the duress, sending the four people it was supporting into the railing on the other side, and then bludgeoning them.

The four teammates took turns, bouncing between the left and right walls of the metal train compartment, landing on head, spine, genital, and anywhere else someone would cry if it was so much as nudged the wrong way. This continued for fifteen minutes before coming to a sudden, screeching stop.
It was another fifteen minutes before they regained the ability to move. With every ounce of strength left in their crumbling bodies, they climbed out of the train cart and slunk to the loading zone next to it. A symphony of cries and moans filled the dank air. Jaune was the first to get up, perhaps because he was used to getting so beaten up. "Captain Save a hoe yep that's me woo hoo."

Pyrrha, or the sack of broken bones that looked like her, lay next to him, a goofy smile etched on her misshapen face. "No no… no… not the plastic cuffs… not again hehe." She was alright enough Jaune surmised.

Identical cooing from his left stole his attention. Two Miltia's lay sprawled out on the dirty ground. Wait… TWO Miltia's…? Oh. Melanie needs a bandaid. A Lot of Band-Aids. Yikes.

Jaune patted his armor shell of a suit and sighed, deciding the next time he saw Alan he would kiss him on his black lips. "I'm going to find help… wait here…" Jaune said as if the three barely conscious women had a choice. Loading platforms, three of them, and a giant double door were his surroundings. A pale overhead light illuminated the railings, shadows bouncing off the wall as he used them for support. After much limping and then remembering what canes were used for, he made it to the door. It sluggishly slid open.

"Hellooooooo?" Jaune called out to anyone. "My friends need medical assistance. Please anyone!" The bats showed their appreciation for finally being let out of the facility by scaring the hell out of him, swooping overhead.

"Jaune stop being a pussy and get in there. Probably tons of cool shit in here."

Jaune recovered from his momentary fright and carried forward. Run down monitors and distribution hardware lay in disrepair, covered in dust and grime from what must have been years of underuse, littered the many rooms. Up ahead, three doors stood, one that said "M", one that said "W", and another that had a diagram of an attack helicopter.

"Good. The bathrooms. Get those bitches some tampons so they can clean up all their blood and let's get back to exploring. We can turn this place into the "Pimp Cave" once we find Isabelle."

Jaune rolled his eyes and opened the women's bathroom. "I'm pretty sure that's not what tampons are for…" Jaune said heading to the first aid compartment.

"Then what the fuck are they for, smart Jaune?"

"Well, once a month, a woman's heart valve leaks. Really bad. So you take the tampon and then you shove it up their love canal so they don't die. Sometimes you gotta hold it up in there for a while depending on how much their heart was hurt that month."

"Jaune…"

"Yeah it's crazy right? I wouldn't have believed it myself if I hadn't seen it first hand." Jaune said rummaging through the first aid cabinet

"Who in the fuck told you that?"

"Well my sist-... Nevermind." Jaune rummaged faster, wanting to forget anything to have to do with tampons. "Damnit, no gauze or pills or anything. What am I going to do now?"

"I don't know I'm a pimp hand not a doctor hand. Tell them to buck up."

"No Damus, I need to fix them, I can't carry them all out of here. I have to think of something."

"You could insert them in the healing vat."

"Yeah a healing vat would be amazing right now. If only we had one." Jaune said.

"There is one in the testing chamber."
"A testing chamber? Where?" Jaune asked curiously.

"I could show you."

"That would be great, thank you!" Jaune said, closing the cabinet and taking a good look at the reflection.

"You're most certainly welcome. " The orange haired girl in the mirror said, giving a friendly wave and cute smile.

Jaune responded with a blood curdling scream and a spinning backhand. The girl's surprised expression flying through the air as well as the rest of her head that was now detached from her torso made Jaune scream even louder.

"God damn Jaune you fucking killed this chick."

"Oh no…" Jaune said sinking to his knees. "I didn't mean too."

"I didn't really appreciate that." The head said bouncing off the bathroom wall and landing in a sink, its torso folded its arms in disapproval. Jaune shriveled against the exit door, his brain temporarily forgetting how to operate one. "What in Monty's name are you?"

"Penny. What is yours?" The disembodied head said, smile as radiant as the faint green light in her eyes.

"Jaune…" Said our hero, who apprehensively shook the headless woman's had. "That's uh.. a pretty name."

"Thank you! I'm told it was what I am worth."

Jaune didn't have the heart to tell the cheerful head that was being put back on top her shoulders what that statement truly meant. Penny, or more accurate, Penny's body, swiveled her head on to her torso and spun it with unnatural speed.

"What the fuck?"

"I was hoping you could answer that, Damus."

After spinning what must have been 10800 degrees it stopped with a grueling "schlink", an audible grown of displeasure from the blonde ignored by the now complete again woman. Penny's green eyes lit up twice before fading back to it's unnatural dim glow and stared into his own. The pale skin woman sported a light pink bow atop her copper head that danced as she shook her head, readjusting it. On her neck was a metallic collar with four green LEDs running down it into her whitish-gray blouse. Short gray overalls lay on top the frilly blouse with the letter "C" on the left strap. Thigh high black stockings with green LEDs that matched her collar rested into her equally black combat boots. "Salutations!" She said, saluting him.

"What the fuck!?"

Jaune, with a shaking, accusatory finger, pointed at the amiable woman. "You, you… you must be… a.. a...zombie!"

"Oh hell no Jaune! Purify this bitch ass zombie, quick!" A surprising amount of fear was in Damus voice as he cocked back his hand, it's golden glow illuminating the dark, desolate bathroom.

"Woah. Amazing." Penny said, who was suddenly a mere few inches away from the very startled boy. "Your arm, it's bioluminescent." Penny was thoroughly examining Jaune's arm, poking and prodding it with curious grace.

"Jaune I don't fuck with voodoo nonsense help a brother out!" Damus recoiled, his golden glow rapidly diminishing.
"Wait, what is this voice? It's pitch and manly depth is a stark contrast to yours." Penny said continuing her analysis.

"Gee thanks." Jaune said to both Penny, for her astute conclusion, and to Damus, for putting it into his own words, bitching out in him.

Jaune couldn't help but notice that the woman who was so thoroughly groping/examining him had cold fingers. *Oh Monty she is a zombie...*

*"She gonna bite us fam, get the fuck out!"*

"Please don't bite me!" Jaune asked frightfully, unable to pry himself from Penny's mechanical like grip.

"I don't require food." Penny said giggling and finally letting go. "Examination complete." Jaune stumbled backwards, free of Penny's vice grip.

"Great, what'd you find out..." Jaune said, opting to help himself up instead of taking the curious woman's apologetic hand.

"One." Penny said. "This chapter is becoming too long." Jaune and Damus were inclined to agree. "Two. You seem to have a separate entity inside you, centered in your right palm."

Jaune unconsciously hid his right hand behind his back. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Sure you do. Or do you honestly talk to yourself so often?" Penny asked curiously.

"Yes." Jaune admitted. Even before meeting Damus, he enjoyed the conversations he had with himself.

"Ok." Penny said, half believing him. "I believe I was going to show you were the medical vats were?

The memory of his three companions, broken and bleeding, laying on the cold hard ground, flashed through his mind. The sight of the... zombie woman, completely put him off track. "Yes! My friends are hurt because of that damn train. Please help me help them!"

The zombie woman took her index finger and pressed it against her chin. "I'd love to.... But there is a slight problem. A slight, Grim problem..."

"How... Wonderful."

"It is indeed loverboy. And don't you get any funny ideas. Don't think just because you are sharing a room with a beautiful woman such as mwah that you can take advantage. I'm saving myself for my Jaune and only." Jelsa sprawled over Jaune's bed, gushing over his scent.

Ren stared, bottle of Zen burning a hole in his pocket. Oh how he craved it as he stared at his loud mouthed intruder. "Dont worry youre not my type... Why are you here again, exactly?"

Jaune's aunt could hardly speak as she was too absorbed with inhaling Jaune's blanket covers. "To keep an eye on my only nephew of course."

"Why must you be in here then? I already told you I don't know where he is." Ren was almost at the limit of his patience. Zen could not be drunk in the presence of others.

"Oh does me being in here bother you?" Jelsa slowly and seductively slid off the bed.

"Am I distracting you?" Jelsa walked over to Ren, hips swaying exaggeratingly

"I thought I wasn't your type..." She lifted Ren off his bed and sat him in her lap as she sat down on it. The strength she had reminded Ren of Nora but with none of the reservedness. "Now that I got a closer look... you are pretty handsome yourself. You got nothing on Jaune however."
Ren sat in her lap, unflinchingly, the alcohol stemming from her breathe made him jealous and that was about it. "Let me go." Ren said, his last vestiges of patience about to give way to anger. "Before Nora fin."

The aforementioned woman was standing outside the doorway that Jelsa so graciously left wide open. Veins pulsing to such a degree that Ren could clearly see them through her trademarked pink gloves. The gritting white teeth in her scowl and the tears budding in the edge of her eyes made a nice contrast that Ren begrudged would take at least three dozen pancakes to remedy.

"Yo." Jelsa said nonchalantly, rubbing Rens back with one hand and giving a curt wave with the other.

Ren literally reached out to the increasingly disheveled Nora, "Nora, restraint is a vi-

"WhotethefuckisthisbitchivebeenhandickingyouforadecadeandnowyoutellmejoyougotanolderwomanfetishIsweartomonty-

Ren retreated into the realm of his mind as the two woman who now plagued his life began verbally assaulting and then actually assaulting each other. All plans of quitting his Zen habit thrown to the wind. Tonight he would finally try it. That mysterious pink vial the student who gave it to him called "Nirvana". How peaceful it must be, thought Ren who watched helplessly as his childhood friend was socked in the face by a woman twice their age. Peace of mind. A grenade was steady stocked into Nora's hammer, its deadly payload directed to the tan woman taunting her beside him. Ren thought to hell with it, and took a swig from his bottle, Zen, as his room was destroyed once again.
Chapter 13

"It's not much further." The zombie woman said, leading the blonde man through the underground transportation centers rundown corridors. Jaune lurked six steps behind his cheerful tour guide, not wanting the zombie woman to change her mind about dining on him.

"I'm pretty sure you said that not even five minutes ago." Jaune said, thoughts bouncing between his injured companions and the pillar he swore they walked past for the fourth time.

"And it remains just as true." The woman stopped, facing the nearby wall. Curious as to why, Jaune illuminated it with Damus' glow. On the wall was what Jaune could only assume was a map of their current floor.

"You are lost aren't you? I knew it felt like we were walking in circles!" Pyrrha and the twins were unguarded, bleeding out in the dark, and here he was playing Marco Polo in a dungeon.

"I'm not lost." Penny said, committing the diagram to memory, "I was just leading myself in the wrong direction." Jaune felt his right hand twitch, not knowing if it was Damus or him.

"Do not worry, I took a picture of this map and now know where I am, again."

"Jaune. When a bitch don't make sense or cents you know what you gotta do, right?"

"No Damus, remember what happened last time? I'll take a look at the map myself." Jaune walked past the woman whose pupils seemed to have transformed into some kind of loading bar. Alright let's see... Jaune traced his finger upon the diagram, rubbing off dirt trying to make it as legible as possible. "Glennfir Underground Distribution and Transportation" was written at the top. Underneath was a massive floor plan. "Test-ing-Cham-ber." Jaune said aloud, paying no mind as to why the word was scratched into wall versus being written into the diagram. Apparently the testing chamber, as well as a medical bay, was on the floor below them. Penny's pupils returned to normal before pointing towards the direction they just came from. "Ok it is this way!" She said smiling.

"Your sense of direction is way off. C'mon follow me." Jaune said jogging towards the correct direction, cane in hand. Penny, looking extremely offended, quickly caught up. "I'll have you know that my GPS is completely up to date along with the rest of my software." She finished the sentence with a hiccup.

Jaune could hardly understand what she meant or his surroundings as he sped by them. Claw marks and dents decorated every wall. Dust and debris covered the cabinets and desks blocking his path but Jaune kept over them with ease. Damus was right about leaping over things. I can't let him know that though.

"I bet you're thinking that I was right to make you practice jumping over all sorts of bullshit."
“Damnit. Jaune slowed to a halt and raised his glowing hand above his head. The descending stairs were matted with some kind of dark brown viscera and a metallic skeleton. Penny knelt down, a flicker of a frown displayed on her face before returning to her usual jovial one. “This is the grim problem I warned you about.” She lifted the metal skeletons head up slightly and reached for something behind it. Jaune took a closer look. A dirty ribbon was tied to it before Penny untied it and put it into her pocket. Before Jaune could ask why she did it she spoke. “A few weeks ago, Doran decided to repair and reactivate the underground transport system.”

“So the train that almost killed us was him.”

“The Subtertrain.”

“Sub-ter-what?”

“To shuttle around supplies for the Outskirters in exchange for incapacitated Grimm.” Penny grabbed her left arm with her right hand. “If only they properly pacified the Grimm they captured. Give a helping hand and some people will take your whole arm!” She tugged and ripped off her arm, waving it in front of her, smiling her sickly smile.

“Jaune fuck this pimp cave let's get outta here!” Damus, thinking he was a leg, tried to sprint away from the three limbed zombie, which only succeeded in knocking Jaune over. “Stop doing that!” Jaune said, recovering.

“Doing what?” Penny said, reattaching her arm back to it's rightly position.

“That! Falling apart!” Jaune jabbed his finger toward her.

“Falling apart?!” Penny could barely hide her contempt underneath her cheerful persona, apparently Jaune pushed her button. “Why do you persist on stating that I am defective? There is nothing wrong with who I am.” Another hiccup emerged from the flustered girl who stifled it with her fingertip.

Jaune could detect a slight tinge of hurt behind her merry tone. Against better judgement he decided not to press it. "Why did he want Grimm in the first place?" As if on cue the familiar dreadful howl emanated from the floor below.

"Experimentation mostly. He also said something about proper companionship and for some reason we couldn't do." Penny said smiling, she must like answering questions.

Jaunes questioning only gave rise to even more questions. The time for that was not now, his team was injured and it was up to him to heal them. Stepping over the destroyed metal carcass he descended down the stairs. Growls and shuffling of giant clawed feet grew louder as he went deeper. Damus dimmed his glow, not wanting his host to attract the attention of any wandering Grimm. Penny followed from behind, her unnaturally loud footsteps getting at Jaune's nerves. At least this zombie is not moaning…

He reached the turnaround point halfway down the stairs and illuminated the bottom floor entrance. Swords, green and black, protruded from three unmoving Grimm. Underneath the Grimm were more metal carcasses but less damaged. In fact, these ones looked just like his incompetent tour guide. "Penny…?".

Penny said nothing as she strode down the rest of the stairs. Jaune could not tell what she was feeling, her face hidden by the dark, but her atmosphere felt melancholic. She knelt down beside the Beowolves and almost effortlessly flipped over the long dead beasts. Jaune surveyed the corpses. They wore the same outfit as Penny, albeit they were damaged some. On their chest where Penny's "C" was was an "LXXVIII", "XLIX", and a "LVIII" in smaller print running vertically down their dirty overall straps.

Penny collected each girls ribbons before turning to face Jaune once more. A cold smile on her face with an extremely unsettling aura. Before Jaune could mutter some kind of apathetic apology the swords plucked themselves from the hides of the Beowolves and floated towards the amicable girl. "I am combat ready.” She said, saluting Jaune, her smile somewhat maniacal. Jaune awkwardly saluted back before descending the remaining stairs.
A faint light came from the window through the door just ahead. From it, Penny and Jaune could see the Grimm, alive this time, meandering through the halls. They looked like a horrid mismatch of a beowolf and scorpion. Bones of white, decorated with streaks of blood red, were protecting more of its body than a Grimm usually did. One of them stood on its hind legs before turning around, displaying an assortment of stingers. "Is that a demon type Grimm? Oh God we're screwed."

"No, it's Betsy. One of our favorites too. She was so nice. Nice for a Grimm anyway." Penny was quick to point out.

"Betsy? Why does it have a name?" Jaune looked at the zombot with well placed confusion.

"Betsy was one of the first Grimm we captured since the fall. She loves head pats and dismemberment."

"We have a lot in common but let's not meet. Jaune, I can help you fight but you aren't pimp enough to take down a horde of Grimm even with me. We need a plan."

If only Pyrrha was here. Jaune was team JNPR's leader but it was Pyrrha who usually led them into battle. Him being made the leader must be some cruel joke, as if a team's composition was decided on whether they would make a nice sounding acronym and not based on combat effectiveness. How ridiculous would that be? "Think we can take her?" Jaune directed to Ms. Combat Ready.

"Calculating…" Penny's green eyes lit up and Jaune could of swore he heard a whirring noise. "Absolutely, positively, no chance whatsoever."

"What if we ran really, really fast?"

"Three percent chance of survival."

"What if we found some kind of secret laser weapon?"

"Ten percent chance. Depending on the weapon of course."

"What if we just let it eat us?"

"Negative one hundred percent!" She finished her astute calculations with a giggle and a grin. It was as unsettling as ever and Jaune slumped to the ground in defeat. "What's wrong?" Penny asked the gloomy guy.

Jaune just about had it with her overly overt optimistic outlook. Staring into the her neon green eyes, its lack of sense of urgency, fueled his frustration at his own incompetence. "What do you think is wrong? My friends are taking literal dirtnaps and I can't help them! They need me, my help, but I can't even help myself. What am I even doing here..?"

Damus reared back his hand to slap Jaune for forgetting one of the first lessons he taught Jaune but as he was, Penny clasped it and brought it to her chest. Jaune couldn't help but notice she had no heartbeat or rise and fall of her chest that came from breathing. That and her chest was firm and cold but nice in its own way.

Penny stared into Jaune's eyes, her smile shrinking into an almost neutral expression. Speckles of dirt matted up her face and the fringe of her hair. The corner of her eyes drooped and her eyebrows sagged a bit. It looked like she hasn't slept a day in her life. Jaune recognised her facial expression. It was one that he wore himself whenever he put up a front before his bullies or sisters.

"Inadequacy is a feeling I know all too well." Penny spoke, her cheerful tone was as dull as her grin. Jaunes frustrations disappeared as Penny told her story. Waking up a month before Mt. Glenn's inauguration surrounded by dozens of women that looked exactly like her. Having no recollection of anything before that, and an unexplainable desire to assist those around her by almost any means. Atlas scientists constantly poking and prodding her and her kin, as if they were cattle. When was attacked she and her sisters were told to defend with all their might but to no avail. The ones of her that we're not destroyed in the carnage were decommissioned and/or
recycled and she was one of the lucky ones that were forgotten. Without the populace of Mt. Glenn or the oversight by Atlas the leftover Penny's wandered about with no purpose, letting themselves be captured by people that they obeyed without question. "Doran found and repaired me. He was much nicer than the group who had me before. He managed to find and refurbish a dozen of us. We've been living together for the past couple years." Penny took her free hand and took out the ribbons she collected from earlier. "We failed to protect this makeshift base, just like we failed to protect Mt. Glenn."

Jaune watched sullenly as Penny fiddled with the ribbons of her fallen comrades in her hands, rubbing off the grime with her thumbs before weaving them together. Her smile never yielding but everything else about her conveyed nothing but sadness. All thoughts of her being some kind of zombie left Jaune's mind. Jaune put an affectionate hand on her head and brought it to his chest. "What are you doing?" Penny asked to a now embarrassed Jaune.

"Uh… a hug?" Jaune was asking himself why he did it as well.

"Why?" Penny asked looking up at Jaune, still buried in his hug.

"I thought that… physical contact would make you feel… better?" Jaune let go and scratched his head. Hopefully she wasn't offended he was thinking.

"Why exactly does physical contact make humans feel better?" Penny asked, her head cocked to the side with slight curiosity.

"Jaune you could show her EXACTLY why."

"It's a sign of.. physical comfort or something. It's hard to explain." Jaune said ignoring Damus.

Penny pondered this for a moment before wrapping both her arms around Jaune, lifting him into the air and squeezing him. An audible snap echoed through the halls, causing a nearby Grimm to perk up his head. "Do you feel comfortable?" She asked to the red faced Jaune with both hands smothering his scream. If it wasn't for his armored suit he might of been a goner.

"Too… much…" Jaune's armor plate began to bleed, it's hexagon plates shifting against the copper haired woman's grip. It's dark blue residue trickled down onto her chest.

"I don't quite understand but I feel… better. Is there a correlation between how much we squeeze and the better we feel?"

"The… oppo...site…" Jaunes soul was being flattened from his body. Not wanting to be like the Grimm he pressed his feet upon his captors stomach and pressed. Jaune made just enough room for him to slide out and land with a thud on the dirty floor. Oxygen rushed back into his lungs and blood continued it's circulations.

"Jaune slap this bitch for God's sake!"

"No." Jaune vehemently said, declining Penny's offer to help him up as well as Damus. "Are you trying to kill me? I mean I'm socially inept but come on!"

"But.. you said…" Penny said, slowly fidgeting away, her hands clasped together shakily above her sternum.

"And you said your purpose was to help but you've done anything but." Jaune interrupted. "With the way you act I'm starting to doubt the healing vats or this crazy Doran guy even exists."

"No." Penny stood there, her green eyes becoming brighter, sharper, more focused. "Say whatever you want about me. I may be deficient, incompetent, broken, useless or whatever you or everyone else wants to call us." Penny's fists were clenched at her sides. "But don't you say one rude thing about Doran. He took us in when everyone else wanted to abuse or destroy us. Sure all of this is his fault but he is trying, just like the rest of us are. Why can't that be enough?"

Jaune was rapidly beginning to regret his last statement. It wasn't like he was trying to offend he told himself, he was merely trying to convey the urgency of the situation. Once again he was about to face the wrath of another scorned woman. Pissing girls off must be his true semblance.
"That's right Jaune you tell her. You tell that woman off for trying her best to help us. Don't forget to call her a skank too."

"Wasn't he the one telling me to slap her?" Jaune watched ashamedly. The woman's copper bangs bobbed to-and-fro, framing her disheveled face. It looked like she was dry heaving, though her retches kept bouncing back to that smile she couldn't get rid of. "Why can't it be enough..." Penny said, rubbing her eyes raw, as if trying to dry tears that weren't there.

Inadequacy was a feeling they both knew all too well. Penny was offering to help when she could've just left Jaune to bumble around in the dark alone. The road to hell was paved with good intentions but maybe if they worked together they can be both their salvations. Jaune put his right hand in his pocket, not wanting to be tempted to use his magic touch to cheer up the woman. He didn't know if it would work on the maybe zombie woman anyway.

"Penny I'm sorry. I was being insensitive. You're not a failure. I am." Jaune said softly, sitting down next to her and joining her in her self pity party.

"No, no, *sniff*, no." Penny shot her head up, her smile quaking in rhythm with her wobbling shoulders. It looked almost as if she was about to physically fall apart. "I'll be in tip top condition in just a moment." A hiccup escaped, releasing another round of dry heaving along with it.

"Jaune she's crying stop being an asshole and cheer her up already."

"I'm surprised you care." Jaune stared at Penny, unsure about how he was suppose to approach her. Like an amateur writer coming back to an unfinished prompt three months later. A Grimm roared, its shout emanating from beyond the double door, reminding the the three of the danger just ahead. Jaunes thoughts raced between his wounded allies upstairs, the woman cradling herself in the fetal position in front of him, and the Grimm patrolling just ahead. This time to reflect on the situation brought one thought, one word, to the young Jaunes mind. Doom. Certain doom to be specific.

Penny stood back up, snapping Jaune from his depressing thoughts. Jaune placed his left hand on Penny's right shoulder, jolting her slightly. "Penny, I promise I'll make it up to you for hurting your feelings later I promise but we need to get in there. We are lacking manpower, a plan, and self esteem. We need to think of something."

"We could try stealth?" She said taking a small step backwards.

"Of course. It was so obvious. Why didn't I think of that?" Jaune would of slapped himself but remembered that it could possibly kill him. "I was thinking the same exact thing." Jaune lied. "But let's hear how you would approach... doing that."

"I know exactly where it is, but we are going to have to make a slight detour."

"Great. Where to exactly?"

"There is a communications array in a security room a few hallways down. My personal is brok- I mean, needs updates so we will have to do it manually."

"Communications array? Like an intercom system? Oh wait I think I get what you are saying. But you should say it first."

"We can activate an alarm on the opposite end of the floor. Once they investigate we can run all the way to the medical bay."

"That's a great plan we both thought of. Let's go."

"Yea your friends are dying." Penny said wiping her face once more, her permanent smile regaining its gleam once more.

"Yea that too." Jaune said, slightly cracking the double door open. The Grim they saw earlier
gone, leaving the hallway eerily silent.

"I know where it is, I'll lead the way." Penny whispered.

"NO!" Jaune shouted, not wanting the upstairs fiasco encored. The dreaded Grimm howl responded and Jaune hushed himself hurriedly. "You can point the way I'll lead."

The two tiptoed down it, stepping over more metal carcasses. Penny slowed down, untying her departed sister ribbons as the two walked over them. Jaune felt awful but time was of the essence. Taking her hand he reassured her that they can be collected later and that they had to get to safety. She responded with a curt nod, and let herself be dragged by him. Penny has seen people do it but never herself held hands with someone before. It was strange to her but kind of pleasant as well. "Another human interaction I should study."

"Huh?" Jaune said quietly. "Nevermind, right or left?"

"Its left." She said pointing.

"Thanks." Jaune said, making sure to take a right and taking hurried steps. Further down the way Jaune could see a group of beowolves ahead. They were smaller than the average beowolves he's seen above ground. There was a specific name for these types but Jaune never was the one to pay attention in class. Whatever it was they were dangerous he thought and ducked behind a nearby drawer with Penny following. Up above was a couple of hanging signs. Two of them caught his eye, security to the left, medical straight ahead. Pointing towards the Grimm huddled menacingly.

Jaune's heart was beating what felt like a thousand times a minute. It wasn't the first time that he faced a Grimm or even the twentieth but he never did against a horde. He never did it with a super powered right hand either but he wasn't really feeling like testing it. The Grimm ahead shuffled away, an audible sigh escaping Jaunes lips as he pulled Penny into the hallway onto the left.

"Jaune I just want to inform you that we are going in the exact opposite direction that I directed."

"Yea I know. Your sense of direction is busted."

"...It's not that busted..." Penny said, slightly pouting.

Jaune stopped in his tracks. Just dead ahead was a Grimm, chewing on one of Penny's fallen sister. Penny gasped, causing the Grimm to turn around growl at the two who were disturbing his meal. The stealth mission almost failed right then and there if it wasn't for two green swords piercing both of the Grimm's eyes. "You tried your best XXV. You tried your best." Penny whispered solemnly, Jaune was inclined to agree.

It dropped the corpse and slowly crawled forward, its injury obscuring its perception but not its deadliness. The two took tiny steps back and turned around before halting. A pack of the smaller beowolves were patrolling the hallway they just came from. Fortunately they haven't took notice, yet. They were surrounded.

"I'm good at what I do. But if you think I can take a legion of Grimm down by myself you are shit outta luck homie." Damus took the initiative and opened a nearby standing locker. Not needing further instruction the two slid inside.

The blind Grimm sniffed at the ground they were once standing on as the two watched from inside the confines of the easily crushable locker they were hiding in. They were face to face, chest to soft and supple chest. Jaune was starting to put two and two together about the zombie woman. Penny wasn't a zombie woman. Penny was a metal woman, like the ones that lay broken all over the complex. A pretty one at that too.

"I wonder if you can fuck a robot... you should ask if you can fuck her. I mean ask if it is possible to fuck her. Then ask if you can actually fuck her."

I'm not going to ask that. That's so rude and it's not the time or place. But... she has lips so she can do... THAT. Does she have lips down THERE? Why would a robot have that? What WOULD be down there... why give her breasts and not a... why am I thinking about this.
"Lets feel her up real quick and find out."

"I'm not gonna feel her up." Jaune mouthed quietly.

"Feel what up?" Penny whispered cocking her head to the side innocently.

"Nobody. Nobody is going to feel anyone up."

"Then why did you try and teach me what a hug was, and then hold my hand?"

"Penny. There is a thing called good touches and bad touches. We can go more in depth later, this chapter is getting too long for this."

"Very in depth, heh"

"Alright!" She said smiling. Learning is her favorite thing.

The eyeless Grimm outside wandered away whilst Jaune was having his inappropriate thoughts. It seemed the coast was clear and Damus ushered the two back into the hallway.

"Alright let's hurry." Jaune said, checking his corners and advancing ahead, Penny in tow. Jaune left his three friends unguarded for too long, his thoughts racing back to them.

"I can't begin to imagine what would happen if I were too late." Dandyman said, hand over his heart in feigned desperation. The barkeep he was talking to let set down the glass he was cleaning and spoke.

"I have not seen an effeminate blonde boy surrounded by a masculine redhead and two peppermint sluts. My heart goes out to you." The barkeep was deadpan, it seemed to be his default tone.

Dandyman crossed his arms and thanked the barkeep for his drink. He took a booth in the back corner along with his men and sat down. The outskirts were a crude and nasty bunch and if they did see Jaune they wouldn't say anything, especially to an outsider, or better say insider, from Vale. Dandy could beat the shit out of him to make sure he was telling the truth but decided against it. That was the old him. The unreformed and unrefined version of himself. Back then he would of beat that barkeep half to death before interrogating him. Then hed beat the other half of him to death. A ringing protruded from his pocket, interrupting his reminiscing.

"Dandyman. Are you listening." The voice was his boss, sounding impatient as usual.

"Why of course boss man. You sign my paychecks."

"Then why haven't you found Jaune yet?"

"I assumed he'd be in Cliffside already. Maybe a Grimm got him. Hard to say unless I scour this entire mountain."

"You better get to scouring lest I get to… get to…"

"Get to..?" Dandyman inquired rubbing his temples.

"Get to… deflowering. Yea that rhymes. Deflowering."

"I'm not a virgin boss."

"I meant your mother."

"She's dead boss. Also wasn't a virgin."

"Her loss. I'm a magnificent lover. Find Jaune. Quick." And with a click the call was over. Dandyman decided to stop rubbing his temples before he lobotomised himself on accident. If it wasn't for Jaune killing his friend Sherman he wouldn't even be here right now but as he always said, blood begets blood.
"Raise em up boys." Dandyman said to his comrades, who each raised their glass. "This toast is for Sherman. And to capturing the lowlife that killed him." They each chugged their chosen drink down and crushed the glass in their gloved fists. "He better pray the Grimm find him before we do."
Chapter 14

Top Ramen for the Soul:

The grass is greener on the other side because you don't water your own lawn you fucking disappointment.

Writer's Note:

Why the fuck does Google docs keep deleting my shit? Paragraphs lost to time and the deep space web. It's like god himself is telling me to stop writing. Like he is trying to protect your eyes from my scribbles. Well I'm not gonna stop. I'm gonna continue assaulting your senses. But it's gonna be even more fucked. Eventually. Depends on what I feel like to be honest.

Also, it's no secret that chapter thirteen came out a significant time after chapter twelve. I have no excuse besides that it stopped being fun for a bit. I had a bit of writer's block and didn't know how to combat it at the time. It just wasn't fun for me to write and I felt like the last chapter wasn't fun. Three months later I changed direction and here we are, chapter fourteen. I write the writer's notes first so hopefully it will be at most three days before I type that final period. I know I just jinxed myself because I initially wrote this the day after the last chapter and now I

It's been a couple weeks. Oh well.

I need some inspiration. I tried watching the new season and the show just doesn't do it for me. They have a cool concept but it is just… bleh. If there are any cool RWBY fanfics or just dark humor/disturbing fics in general please shoot them my way.

Anyways time to write some more. And rewrite because fuck Google docs.

Chapter Fourteen

Every time his mind betrayed him and rebirthed memories of his dead parents and forgotten village, Ren would find solace in his families one surviving heirloom. A silver flask decorated in green embodiments. Meditation and medication are the two ways to find enlightenment his parents would say, a fact Ren kept to himself during his stay at the orphanage during his childhood years. It was there that he met his best friend, the feisty yet lovable, strong yet still sweet, obnoxious but irresistible treat everyone called "Cocktails". Nora was there too. The three of them would forever be inseparable.

"Meditation…” Ren said slowly, contorting his body, legs crossed beneath him and arms balanced to his sides. "Medication…” he said, bringing his cherished flask to his lips in a lovingly manner. Its contents, numbing to his mouth while near fatal to others. No other beverage could soothe his soul. "Shit.” Ren cursed, a rare folly in the cordial gentleman. How could he forget, Nirvana and all its powdery goodness. His colleagues described it as "Space flavored Kool Aid". Not knowing what it truly meant but curious all the while, he bought some a few weeks back and hasn't looked back since.

Ren somersaulted off his bed toward his drawer. Within its compartments would be a secret dropdown that could only be accessed by pushing up on the lower cabinet and jiggling it on the right spot. At least it should be there. Ren was staring at an empty hidden stash. Nobody would've known he had this, he was far too careful. Before he could delve too quickly into his paranoia two shrill shrieks could be heard from the common area.

Nora and Jelsa, covered in bruises poorly hidden behind effeminate children's bandages, were laughing into each other's shoulders.

"Where didya.. Did you learn how t-to fight like thath" Nora said haphazardly, a glass of neon purple liquid dangling out of her hand.
"The streets kid." Jelsa patted her on the back, causing more of the liquid to spill and taint the common couch. "Where did you get that hammer?"

Nora made a fist with her right hand before bobbing it in front of her mouth like a salt shaker, causing the two women to erupt in more laughter. "I'm just kidding that's Ren's thing!" Nora said snickering before a pillow that seemed to be launched at terminal velocity rocketed her face. Jelsa effortlessly caught the cartwheeling woman's drink before downing it all and focusing on the red faced Ren.

"Yo." She said nonchalantly, pouring Nora and herself yet another refill.

Ren pointed a sharp finger towards the tanned blonde. "What are you doing?"

Jelsa pulled out a zip lock bag with the pink powder that was once in Ren's compartment. "This?" She said sprinkling Nirvana into the cup.

"How did you even find it?"

"The nose knows and does blow." Jelsa wriggled her nose and took another swig.

"Why is the room up-side-down..." Nora said before getting right side up. "Oh that's better. Oooh pass it here." Jelsa obliged letting Nora help herself to the purple condition, much to Ren's horror.

Nora's personality was... bubbly if you put it extremely lightly. Carbonated drinks were a no go for the easily excited woman. Alcohol is to be kept away from her at all times. Add the above and recreational drugs to the mix and Ren may of well of been staring at a Defcon Five level of catastrophe.

"Jelsa you know not of what you have wrought upon this earth." Ren said, staring into his friends rapidly shrinking and enlarging pupils.

"Auntie" She said with emphasis. "Auntie Jelsa merely wanted to make amends for attacking your adorable friend here and offered her some of my special juice."

"Your special juice has her convulsing on the floor!"

"That's normal..." Jelsa said, avoiding Ren's furious gaze.

Nora looked like she was going to vibrate through the floor. "Just how much did you give her?" Ren asked Jelsa, the last string of his composure about to fray.

"Not many..." Jelsa said standing up and slowly making her way towards the door whilst avoiding Ren's painfully judgemental stare. Nora's seizures were rocking the entire dorm, causing Jelsa to trip and about half a dozen empty bottles to spill out of her purse. "I drank those..."

Ren readied one StormFlower in his hand but as he readied the other Nora suddenly became still. Dropping his machine pistols he knelt to her side. Yes she was annoying and pushy and loud but he loved her all the while in his own way.

"Oh shit." Jelsa said as she opened the door. "Uh... Something something... pancakes?" Jelsa didn't know if it would work but Nora sprung to life in Ren's quaking arms.

Nora nearly headbutted Ren as she regained consciousness. There she was, in her one and only's arms. Ren rarely showed her physical affection and she relished the warmth.

"Oh thank god." Ren and Jelsa said, Ren hugging Nora and Jelsa slipping out.

"I have got to stop overdosing kids. Auras can only protect so much." Jelsa left the scene of her almost murder. "I would have had to hide two bodies this time." She didn't have a shovel or the time to do that. There was a mission she had to complete. One that required speed, money, espionage, and sex appeal.

"Ninja Love: Darkness Enshrouds"... No no. That's too similar to the book I'm cop- emulating. Not to mention corny. "Samurai of Love" Ugh that's just a Ninja of Love expy... Why are titles so
Blake Belladonna took her two forefingers and pressed them against her temples, her poorly hidden cat ears twitching in frustration. How on earth was she supposed to jumpstart her career as an author if she couldn't even make a proper title? It was just a fanfiction and yet this was proving to be more difficult than expected.

It was a miracle she could read let alone write while in company of the other three members of her team. Blake crossed her arms and set down her scroll she was writing on and began brooding, her second favorite hobby behind literature.

Yang Xiao Long. My partner and purely platonic friend in which I harbor no lustful feelings towards at all. Aside from her awful sense of humor and lack of any kind subtly she is the most tolerable of my friends. When she wasn't partaking in any of her "Social Experiments" at least.

Weiss Schnee. Her name sounds like a prolonged sneeze. Maybe that's why she dresses like a Kleenex tissue. She's too pompous for someone with a washboard chest. Classist, faunus hating bitch.

And then our leader, Ruby Rose. She is nice but how in god's name was she made leader? Surely it wasn't by IQ test. Sure he's fast physically. But mentally… not so much. Her only redeeming quality as a leader is that she has the best dog in the world.

Oh Zwei. How much I adore you. If only-

A knock on the door interrupted Blake's inner monologue, a fact she rudely shared with her team mates. "Will someone… Please. Get. The. Door."

"Why don't you get it, sourpuss?" Yang teased, sprawled out on the couch. Yang couldn't see but she could tell that her partner's claws just sprang out. Blake hated being teased, doubly so when it's about her identity as a faunus. If she didn't want to be teased about it maybe she should have had a better disguise then some duct tape and a ribbon. Yang couldn't help but push people's buttons. A trait she got from her mother her dad would say. Having any traits as that cunt made Yang squirm and she put the thought aside and focused back on her partner. Blake was quiet, always nestled in some book or her scroll. Yang didn't mind but wished she was more social. The only way to get a decent reaction from her was a cat related pun.

Yang's eyes wandered to the floor beside the window sill her little sister designated as her favorite. Ruby lay there, reading some kind of cartoon book with a picture of some burly looking barbarian man on the cover. "Aren't you too young to be reading such naughty picture books?" Ruby's head snapped up, her pajama hoodie flying backward, revealing her black hair.

"They are not naughty books!" Ruby said, holding up her comic towards her elder sister. "This is "Tales of Heroism and Bravery #136. All good leaders should learn from these." Ruby stared at her sister adamantly. The adorable young woman is an almost sixteen year old girl who acts like a kid but fights like someone well beyond her years. They have different moms but Yang was Ruby might as well be biological they were so close to one another.

"Whatever you say, sis." A laugh escaped the blonde's lips before she nestled back into her couch/nest. It was the weekend. They had no plans or training and for once were caught up on their school work. At least the other three were. Yang could care less about arithmetic. The fact that Beacon valued general education on par with monster slaying was beyond her. "Can't one of you three get the door. I'm busy… studying…" She said yawning.

"Scratching your ass between napping and watching videos on your laptop does not constitute as studying, Yang." Weiss said, barely hiding her disdain.

Yang grabbed a t-shirt from her pile of unfolded laundry she called a pillow and rolled it up into a ball before launching it at their resident heiress. A secret smile of approval grew on Blake's face. Yang knew how bitter Weiss was about being put on a team that absolutely refused to give her the respect that she demanded be shown. When she wasn't acting superior she was half decent albeit boring. Also she bought the team whatever they needed with enough begging so that was nice too.
Weiss threw her pen at the blonde which bounced off her chest pathetically. "Careful snow white. Your jealousy is showing..." Yang said mercilessly, knowing the exact button to push to elicit her desired reaction. A reaction she got and then some as Weiss leapt off her bed to confront her.

Before any real fun could start, Ruby, the self proclaimed heart of the team, sped between them.

"Guys, stop!" Ruby held her arms out, not wanting them to fight again. "We are supposed to be a team."

"Ruby I HATE your semblance. Get out of my way! I'm going to teach your elder sister some manners." Weiss said halting her rampage before it began.

"I'm going to have to agree with the ice witch here. Someone needs to teach Weiss her proper place." Yang would have barged through her ditz of a sister if it wasn't for two things. One, she was pouting. Her sisters optimism rivals that of Puke Boy of team JNPR. If she wasn't smiling she was being serious. Two, and she hated this fact, Ruby is a prodigy, and currently one of the strongest huntsmen of Beacon academy. If she wasn't so dumb she would realize it herself.

The knocks on the door grew in intensity. Weiss sneered. "I just want an apology, and then multiple reparations for all the times she humiliated me over this last year." Weiss would have bowled over Ruby if she wasn't the team leader and so damn fast. It has been instilled into Weiss to always respect authority and leadership. It's why she yearns to be head of Beacons disciplinary committee come second year and has begrudgingly learned to value Ruby as a friend and leader.

Weiss Schnee is excellence. A pursuer of perfection in every facet. Her scar on her eye, the one flaw, if you could even call it that, was testimony to how hard she works. Yet these two sisters and the pet in the corner disrespect her day in and day out. Jacques, her dad, put millions into personal trainers, equipment, tutors, and many, many, many psychiatrists to get her to the level she is now. It endlessly infuriates her that she is still only the second strongest on the team behind Ruby. Yang is the worst and Blake is only a little bit better than her. As soon as I overcome Ruby's insane speed I will emerge as leader of team WRBY. Wait that still kind of sounds like Ruby... it's almost as if these team names are formed to sound like stupid inane words. No it can't be. It's in order of strength and/or influence... Wait but Jaune isn't strong and is a nobody... this is perplexing.

Five hard knocks on the door. Each knock losing its passive aggressiveness and just becoming more plain aggressive than the last.

"Ruby just get the door. The big breasted bimbo and grumpy cat are too busy doing nothing." Weiss said protruding another pen from her pure white desk and continuing with her studies. Yang would have shotgun blasted Weiss right then and there if it wasn't occupied with laughing at that pun she made. Ruby sighed before walking over to the door and staring out the peephole. "It's an older lady. She looks mad." Ruby said uneasily, her awkwardness amplified by the silence from the other three. Ruby felt sometimes like the amount of love and compassion she displays for her team was often not reciprocated in the slightest. Yang, her own flesh and blood, only showed her affection with charlie horses, wet willies, and whatever an older brother might do. Blake would begin to have a conversation but whenever she would talk about comics or cartoons and the like she would always have some emergency she would immediately have to attend. And then there was Weiss. Weiss and Ruby were best friends but there was a special catch. Under no circumstance where they to act like it when others were around. Weiss said it was because she dressed like a vagabond and was a plebeian. Ruby didn't know what those words meant but assumed they were terms of endearment.

Ruby gulped before turning the knob and opening the door by just a peep. Jelsa swiveled inside past the shocked team leader as if she owned the place and addressed the whole room. "D-ykes how much muff diving and clam kissing goes on in here. Four women?"

All four women stopped what they were doing to gaze upon their loud intruder. All four women then readied their weapons. Jelsa raised her hands in mock surrender. "Yo, I was just kidding I'm all for the gay agenda."

"What do you want?" Blake said, aiming her blade towards the tanned woman.
"The last person to imply that met the sharp part of my sword." Weiss began to weave her magic.

"Let's just fuck her up." Yang cocked her gauntlet back.

"Wait, wait. Stop. Look I'm sorry. My antics are a defense mechanism I swear. I have a proposition for you four."

The four cisgender heterosexual women eyed each other before slightly lowering their guard. Jelsa dropped her hands and visibly eased up. "You guys know Jaune right?" Jelsa took out a slightly crinkled photo of the aforementioned man. It was of him when he was slightly younger, with her arm over his shoulder, gazing at him in a manner inappropriate of two people who are related.

"You mean puke boy?" Yang piqued.

"The book burner?" Blake said spatting.

"Casa-nochance?" Weiss said scowling.

"Yea I know him he is nice to me." Ruby said earnestly.

Jelsa put her free hand on her hip and sighed. "I see you four have history with my beloved nephew. Look I'll be upfront. I've been stalk- I mean, watching him for the past few days. The last time I saw him he went into that ghetto 24/7 bus and I got distracted to say the least." The four girls didn't have to know that she fell off the bus she was riding on top of and took a recovery nap in a ditch.

The four girls put down their weapons, content in their knowledge that this responsible adult meant no harm to them, at least not intentionally. Yang walked forward until she was in arms, but more like breast, length to Jelsa. "So you lost Jaune and now you want our help finding him. Is that right?"

"Well lost is a strong word but yes." Jelsa needed them specifically for nefarious deeds but chose to leave that part out for now.

"Why can't you get team JNPR to help you. He is their leader. For some disagreeable reason." Weiss pointed out matter of factly.

"Because… uh…" Jelsa didn't think this through much. "It's a job only women of your caliber could complete." It was only a half lie. Jelsa did need these women specifically but if they knew why they would never agree.

"And why is that?" Blake asked.

"Well… there's a great evil afoot. And only you four can stop it." Jelsa said with a seedy smile trying to sell her bullshit story.

"Oooh. I know. It's the white fang gang isn't it?" Ruby said.

"They are NOT a gang, ruby. They are valiant knights fighting oppression." Blake hissed at her leader who was now avoiding her gaze under her hood.

"Oh yea valiant knights who murder and steal indiscriminately. Such valor." Weiss shot at Blake.

"Nah nah." Said Jelsa quickly wanting to change the subject. "Far worse...It's The Man." Yet another half lie.

"The man?" The four asked at the same time.

"No. THE Man. And he's out to get every last one of us. And if I don't find Jaune before The Man does it'll be too late for all of us."

"There isn't a man alive that I'm afraid of." Yang said boastfully.

Jelsa put a respectful hand on the blonde girl's shoulder. "I remember when I was your age. Full of pride. Then The Man got me, bent me over a table, and fucked me."
Ruby put her hands over her mouth in sheer terror. "He... frlicked you?" Ruby said. Yang rolled her eyes.

"No. He fucked me. I lost everything. If it wasn't for my brother sheltering me The Man would have locked me behind bars. It would have been tuna and clam for every meal. And not in a good way." Jelsa gave a knowing nod towards Blake for that last sentence, a gesture she didn't appreciate.

"What exactly are you implying." Blake asked menacingly.

"That you are a cat." The other three members of her team said in unison.

"I was implying that you were a lesbian." Jelsa added.

I fucking hate these bitches. Blake made a mental note to name four characters that would meet unfortunate ends in her novel after everyone else in the room.

"So anyway, The Man is out here in full force and if they find Jaune before we do we are doomed. I need your help"

Ruby pondered over the situation in her head. There was this woman claiming to be Jaune's aunt saying we had to rescue him in order to save the world. It sounded dangerous. Not to mention irresponsible.

"We will get to kill a lot of bad people." Jelsa added upon seeing Ruby doubt accepting her proposal.

"I'm in!" Ruby said ecstatically. Killing was one of her favorite past times. It's how she was admitted to the school so early after all.

Yang clicked her teeth in disapproval. Where did her sister get such bloodlust? "How can we even trust her? You need to fully think these things through, sis."

"We will gain a lot of fame." Jelsa added upon seeing Yang doubt accepting her proposal.

"I'm in." Yang added, all doubt vanished from her mind.

Weiss threw up her arms in irritation. "Yang! Ruby! Are you serious? How dumb do you guys have to be to think this is legitimate or OUR problem?"

"We will amass power and respect." Jelsa added upon seeing Weiss doubt accepting her proposal.

"I'm in." Weiss said, her ego overriding her common sense.

Jelsa turned to Blake who was trying her best to ignore the four by pretending to be on her scroll.

"We won't say any cat related puns." Jelsa said crossing her fingers behind her back.

Blake hesitantly put down her phone and turned to face Jelsa. At least I might find some material I could incorporate into my writing..

"I'm in." Penny said, picking the lock of the security room. Jaune nearly toppled over Penny trying to get inside.

"God damn it feels like we've been stuck down here for months."

"Yeah no kidding" Jaune said, sweat dripping down his collar. "I need to get out of this cave and take a shower. I have a feeling that nobody wanted us down here anyway." Jaune's eyes grew accustomed to the low light, a testimony to how long he's been down here. In the room were dozens of monitors, unbroken but lacking power. Cabinets containing nothing of interest to the trio lined the walls. In the opposite corner was a desk with an old school intercom system and some kind of switch board. It was probably the oldest piece of equipment this building had.

Penny flipped off every switch on the intercom besides one and turned to face Jaune. "Ok what
should I say?"

"I don't think it matters as long as it's loud and constant."

"Oh but I want it to be a good one." Penny responded. "I want to do this right."

"Well then. Maybe, I dunno. Whatever you are feeling."

Penny readied herself before turning on the intercom. "Excuse me. Grimm. Do I have your attention?" Dozens of Grimm stopped meandering around and began to head into the direction of the noise. "You destroyed my sisters. Robbed them of the joy of sentience and returned them to an eternity of nothing." The Grimm that were already there began clawing at the speaker that lay out of reach. Penny's smile looked faintly disturbing to Jaune but he knew better than to mention it. "For each of their ribbons that reside in my pocket a legion of your kind will perish. Mark my words."

"Oh wow. It sure does feel good to vent doesn't it Penny?" Jaune said.

"I can never read this girl she's always smiling."

Indeed her smile looked calloused and demented. "Was that an acceptable speech?" Penny eyed Jaune innocently.

"Good… job… Best distraction ever." An uneasy Jaune muttered. Jaune could of swore he heard a "whirring" sound from the metal woman who was almost jumping for joy.

"Positive reinforcement! How delightful!" Penny said, self esteem growing three sizes that day.


"The majority of the Grimm should be occupied. We can make our way to the medical ward unabated. There's just one issue that has been bothering me…" Penny said.

"Now what would that be, my metal maiden?"

"What good is going to the medical bay when your friends are still upstairs? We cannot carry the medical vats."

Jaune froze. Damus snickered. "I was waiting for this moment."

Jaune snapped out of his stupefied position. "Why didn't you mention this before?!"

"Well Jaune I just led you here. This ordeal was ultimately your plan."

"I told you to just slap them awake but you weren't having it."

"But you were the one to suggest coming all the way down here!"

"I am but a humble navigator. Trying her best."

"We already came all this way." Jaune said after deciding not to strangle himself with Damus' power. "New plan, we find some band aids and rubbing alcohol and we leave and never come back."

"Good plan Jaune. Not anticlimactic at all."

"Would you mind if I came up with a plan." Penny mercifully asked to Jaune who nodded quickly in agreement. "Before the Grimm revolted. My sisters barricaded the laboratory with Doran inside. Assuming he didn't die of starvation… he may be our salvation."

"Bars. This plan is better than any dumbass plan you'd come up with. Say yes"

"Alright." Jaune said thankful they had a clear goal. "This chapter is getting too long to think of another plan anyway."
"Not this time fucker. The fans deserve a double length for all the bullshit we pull. We gon double penetrate them."

"Super." Jaune said sarcastically as he creaked open the door. "I don't see any Grimm, which direction are the labs?"

"Make a right followed by a left." Penny made finger gestures that made sense to nobody.

"So a left and then maybe a right." Jaune corrected her much to her chagrin.

"That's the exact opposite of what I said."

"And that so exactly why I am doing it. Any questions?" Professor Ozpin asked his sultry yet studious second in command, Glynda Goodwitch.

"So. If I get this straight." Glynda could feel her right hand ache for her crop. "You are giving this. Thing."

"Yo." Jelsa said nonchalantly.

"Sexual Education." Ozpin said as straightfaced as humanly possible.

"WHY!"

Ozpin stood up and slowly walked past Jelsa, past the fuming Glynda, and towards a window offering a scenic view of the entirety of Beacon Academy. It was virtually empty, students opting to travel home or to the city during the weekends. Nonetheless, the vacant school still bubbled up the feeling of pride in his chest. "Because Glynda. Hormones run high within our walls. It is only natural they will experiment and we should teach them how to do it in a safe manner."

"Perhaps if you changed the policy on coed dorms and enforced an abstinence pledge to all the students."

"What's wrong Goodwitch? Fraid you will run dry on virgins to sacrifice or something?" Jelsa patted herself on the back for that high caliber wordplay.

"This harlot…” Glynda whispered that remark under her breath. "This academy is nicknamed the Beacon of Shame by the rest of the academic world. Yet you take no stance on amending that, Oz."

"That's such a cute nickname." Jelsa said oh so snide.

Ozpin intervened before the two women could bicker even more. "Beacon has an unfair reputation because it is the largest of the top four academies."

"That's because it's the easiest to get into." Glynda pointed out sharply.

"Yea. I just walked right in. You guys have shit for security. I can help with that too." Jelsa rubbed her finger and thumb together, implying her services were gonna cost even more.

Ozpin took out a small notebook and scribbled something down. "She has initiative too, she will make a great professor."

Glynda sunk into her chair and planted her face into her defeated hands. "Please reconsider."

"I've already made up my mind. Anyone who is a hunter past thirty and hasn't been killed or committed suicide has a duty to pass down his or her knowledge. Now be a dear and give her an orientation. Show her we are not the beacon of shame but of hope and prosperity."

Jelsa grabbed Glynda bad the hand and led her out the room, Glynda beginning to nurse her oncoming headaches. "First stop, the bathroom. C'mon sis I have to take a shit."
"You are absolutely revol-" Glynda was saying before the door to Ozpin's office slammed shut. The man took off his glasses that he didn't need to see with and leaned back in his chair. After a moment of relishing in his solitude, he withdrew a remote from his inner breast pocket and aimed it at the wall before him. Almost like magic, or it could've very well been magic who truly knows, a myriad of holographic screens appeared.

"Now let's see… Who decided to stay home… oh there we go. One of my favorites." Ozpin pressed a button to highlight and then focus on a screen which expanded many times in size. A volume slider appeared just below it. With much glee, Ozpin rapidly tapped the raise volume button and waited.

"Velvet. For the last time. You cannot return a hat you bought after you decide to cut in ear holes."

"But Coco. None of the shopkeepers here considerate enough to stock faunus friendly apparel." Velvet frowned a frown that could melt Ozpin's heart if Salem didn't do it already.

"You knew that before I invited you to come shopping with me."

"I know but still… Do you mind if I ask you something personal." Velvet asked folding the new designer clothing she bought

"Shoot, sis." Coco said absentmindedly, taking her old designer clothing and putting it into a bag to throw in a trash fire.

"Where do you get the money to buy all this happening clothing?"

Ozpin smirked. He loved watching Coco and all her wild adventures.

"My uh… parents gave me a huge allowance." Coco barely stammered out. One day she was going to have to cement a half decent backstory.

"You told me they passed away." Coco said before realizing she should be a bit more sensitive. "Sorry, I shouldn't have said anything."

Ozpin noticed for a shimmer of a second the always too cool Coco dropped her facade. It was moments like these that made Ozpin ludicrously happy he had the whole academy secretly wired up. True human interaction. Such a treat to dissect at his own leisure. Truly, voyeurism is the best way to spend an afternoon or five thousand.

"Don't worry about it. Let's just say it's my secret." Coco gave her a curt smile to let her know she didn't take the personal questions personal. Velvet returned it. Making friends for the timid Faunus girl was hard and she would never want to upset her best.

"Ok this is getting sappy. What is that Professor Portly doing?" With a few clicks of his remote he zoomed in and enhanced the office of Professor Port and made himself comfortable. The sounds of a belt buckle being refastened and clothes shuffling made Ozpin roll his eyes. Maybe if he made his class more exciting people would be more willing to learn. Instead it looks like they come to him off hours for some extra curricular activities. He had to be doing this on purpose.

"I give your oral skills… a… eighty one out of one hundred. Your rhythm suggests this isn't the first time you've done this but enthusiasm is what makes or breaks a good ol' tongue bath." Said Professor Port as he buttoned up the bottom half of his suit.

"As long as I get a one hundred out of one hundred on the exam I don't care." Said the female student brushing off her knees.

"Swallow next time and I'll consider it." Port said escorting her out of the room.

"Ok that's enough of Peter's peter." Ozpin cycled through a few more channels before settling on his last for the night. "Let's see how far our little "antagonists" are at destroying the school."
The screen enlarged. In a fireproof shack located just where the Emerald Forest starts, a mile and a half away from the main campus grounds, four students lay in wait.

"Stop talking. Everyone." An effeminate boy with the prettiest black bob cut and wearing a red one piece with gold streaks dancing throughout addressed the room in his usual rude tone.

"One of us can't talk at all. Be considerate." A brown girl with green hair wearing a forest green crop top and intricate crisscrossed white vest jacket said. She stood up, her green cargo pants with a tan leather braces covering it bumping against the table.

"Emerald you know what I meant!" Said the red one slamming his fist on the table. The one that can't talk took out her scroll. With her scrolls stylus she wrote a quick dabble on it and flipped it around towards the boy in red. It said " Fuck" in pink letters. The mute woman scrolled down a bit. "Off." Was the brown text on the bottom, the "O" shaped to look like a heart.

"Oh fuck you too, Noire." The red boy snapped back. Noire simply smiled and curtsied, putting her delicate gloved hands on her black but white feathered skirt. Her sleeveless black blouse's white frills bobbed too and fro as she mocked the boy. Noire made a silent chuckle, causing her black twintails to bob too and fro in the sides of her head.

"Always so fucking toxic Crimson. Who even made you leader anyway?" Said a grey man, slamming his obnoxiously heavy legs inside his jet black slim fitting jeans onto the fragile wooden table. Sure enough, one of the table legs closest to him gave way, causing his dinner tray to spill its contents on his gray t-shirt that matched his gray slicked back hair.

"I made me leader, Mercury. If you want to claim it for yourself..." Crimson brought forth a spark of flame in his hand.

"I'm just saying…" Mercury began to speak, Emerald and Noire rolled their eyes, already knowing what the dumbass was going to say.

"You can't even produce what our team name is…"

"Here we go." Noire wrote on her scroll. Emerald nodded in agreement.

"Don't. You. Dare." Crimson's flames grew hotter in his palm but Mercury was unphased.

"Team. CMEN. Gotta have testes to do that!" Mercury was laughing vicariously. Emerald found it amusing the first few times but quickly grew out of it. Noire seemed to think nothing of her team being named after bodily fluids. Crimson was beyond furious.

"And why in the fuck is that?!" Crimson screamed in tune with her flames roaring. "What dumbass professor would let students roam around and be called… Fucking semen! Do they not give a shit?"

"No I fucking don't." Ozpin said, slamming his fist on the table while laughing like a pack of hyenas.

"Cinder- I mean." Emerald paused as "Crimson" shot her a dirty look. "Why did we even enroll if we plan to destroy the school? This seems like a giant hassle."

"Because Em, from the inside we can grow, like a tumor. A full frontal assault wont work. Sabotage is the only way we can take down Vale. And what better place to do it from their own ranks?"

"Good luck bitch. As if Vale wasn't suffering from stage four cancer already." Ozpin said while sipping coffee.

"Ok that doesn't seem implausible at all…" Emerald said whilst trying to ignore all the fallacies in that plan. "Another question that's been eating at me. Why must you disguise yourself as a man?"

"Penis Envy." Mercury chirped before ducking a mini fireball. Noire displayed a bingo and a thumbs up emoji before dodging one herself.
"Because Cinder is a wanted criminal on all major continents and is due for multiple life sentences. Crimson is a young lad born and raised in Vale whose parents were killed by the White Fang in front of him. Stricken with grief and hungering for revenge she I mean HE aims to join atlas as an officer and devote his life to justice." That was only part of the plan Crimson mused, there were far more nefarious deeds that her servants need not know.

"That's well thought out and all but I still don't understand why you must pretend you are a man?" Emerald was still confused. Noire displayed a mars and venus symbol followed by a multitude of question marks.

"Because when people think of Cinder they think, sexy, powerful, fearsome, goddess amongst men. The easiest way to hide in plain sight is to relinquish my female identity and to disguise myself as a man." Crimson pointed at her flattened breasts for emphasis.

"They sure as hell don't think you're humble. You could've just tried being that instead of trans" Mercury said, full of answers as usual.

"Well this is why I am the leader and you are just a peon. Because only a superhuman intellectual like myself can come up with such great plans."

"If you are so smart why is our furniture on fire again?" Mercury pointed at the decorative plants burning in the corner.

"Because you constantly piss me off you fucking midget!" Crimsons screams were drowned out by the sole fire alarm installed just for her.

"This is why we were kicked out of the dorms…” Emerald said using her favorite and last blanket to try and snuff out the flames.

Noire looked at the plants she bought, now burning to death. The way they suffered in silence. A picture of her own soul. She envied the fauna as it disappeared into the abyss. "Soon..." she whispers to herself.

Ozpin laughed before he realized that technically he had to pay for that shack that was on the verge of burning down. Then he laughed some more after remembering that he has more funding from Vale then he knew what to do with. "This time I'll rebuild it three miles away from campus. Teach them to burn down their dorm for the fourth time."

Ozpin shut down his spycam network and yawned. The clock on his desk read 10 pm.

This was early for some but to be headmaster of The Beacon of Shame, a title he held so proudly, one must be up bright and early to guide the hopes of tomorrow. Ozpin tidies up his desk and prepared to leave. As he approached the door it flew open, blowing the papers he just sorted up across the room. Standing before him was Glynda. Unkempt, unraveled and extremely upset.

"Oh Monty…” Ozpin said, but before he could make any further remarks Glynda tackled him. Tears rolled down her face as she began to speak a million words a minute.

"PleasekickheroutoftheschoolsheistheabsoluteworstpersonalivepleaseIwilldoanything."

"Advanced whaaa-" Glynda asked, about and tears drilling down her face.

"Advanced... tolerance for listening. What did mean old Professor Jelsa do to you." Ozpin asked while desperately searching for a napkin or tissue.

"Oh god now you are calling her Professor. We-W-We got into an argument and… she.. Attacked me."

"Oh man and I missed this?" Ozpin said that part to himself. "Why were you fighting?"

"She.. She.." Glynda wanted to tell him it was because Jelsa implied that if Glynda didn't sink her
"fangs" into Ozpin soon, that she would do it for herself. 'She said that uh…"

"Go on…" Ozpin said patting her on the head and checking out her assets.

"She said uh… the Generation one PokeGrimm you like so much are overrated."

"That's immediate grounds for expulsion." Ozpin could smell the bullshit coming off her but humored her regardless.

"Yes that's right!" Glynda looked up smiling. If she remembered Ozpin's fondness of the Pokegrimmm game series sooner maybe she didn't have to make it look like Jelsa attacked her.

"Oh there, there… I'll confront her tomorrow."

"No! Do it right now." Goodwitch whined into Ozpin's chest. It wasn't often that Glynda would lose her cool. Education was her forte and the studious, meticulous lifestyle that was required of the more serious of professors was her element. Whenever she was out of her element, the overly analytical, neurotic, worrywart of a magician trapped in a bombshells body was the wreck Ozpin saw before him.

Ozpin placed a sole finger under her jaw an raised her head. Their eyes met. Glynda just now realized just how close they were, their bodies near melding together. No papers that needed to be graded or curriculums that needed to be planned distracted the normally busy woman. Workplace relationships were forbidden. Until Ozpin came into control three decades ago and it was the first thing he repealed. From there decency at the school went further and further downhill.

"There's no going back, is there?" Glynda cooed into his shoulder.

"If we stagnate we die, Glyn. We can't stay still for even a second."

"But it's nice to reminisce." Glynda hugged him snuggly. Ozpin backpedaled to his desk, dragging his emotional companion with him.

Glynda took another glance into the headmaster's eyes. He wasn't wearing his glasses, but she paid no mind. Glynda could never understand why her most cherished friend did the things he did. Ozpin was the master of mystery and manipulation. Glynda occasionally wondered if she was being lied to and manipulated herself but still her loyalty and adoration unwavered. For decades she appointed herself as Ozpin's right hand woman. For better and worse. Once Ozpin secured his position as the newest and youngest headmaster of the academy thirty one years ago she thought that that would have been it for the ambitious young man, the fruition of years of preparation. But no, he told her that taking over the school was just phase two.

If she needed to know everything she would have been told as much and relinquished her thoughts for now. Even in the arms of the man she loves her mind would still wander to history or practical applications of combat and the like. "I need another distraction…" Glynda said, a devious smile began to form on her face.

"A what, dear?" Ozpin knew damn well what she said but he loved hearing her say it.

"We need another distraction!" Jaune screamed at penny, who was running for her life right beside him. "You got another plan?"

"Processing! Processing!" Penny didn't actually work like that. She taught herself that if she said that aloud people would be more lenient when she said there was nothing she could do.

"Fuck it Jaune. Final stand." Damus readied Jaune's cane. Just behind them were two Grimmole, their excellent sense of smell being able to track the dirty pair the entire length of the floor. Damus was right. Even if they got there in time they would have two Grimm pounding on the door.

Jaune turned around as did Penny a second later. Damus illuminated Jaune's cane with his golden tint. Penny unsheathed two of her magnetically coiled blades.

"Buck up Jaune."
"I know. I know. Are you ready Penny?"

"Processing. Processing. Proce--" The bot stopped mid word. "It appears my head came loose."

She said, head flying across the room, courtesy of one well placed claw from a ravenous Grimmole.

Jaune ducked under a paw swipe, something he will have to get Pyrrha to teach Penny if they get out of here. Having a rather large nose it wasn't hard to smell the pile of nervous sweat and meat as it tried to get away and swung another paw, catching the man in the side.

Jaune flew a few meters back, colliding with a wooden table and shattering it. His dark black suits kevlar plates took a majority of the impact, leaving its owner more annoyed than injured. Dust and debris clouded his vision, he swatted it out of his way with his left hand and had Damus illuminate the area with his right. Magnetic sabers being controlled by the headless penny were spinning like a rotary blade, dissecting the nose of the Gimmole who beheaded her.

The Grimm that attacked him seemed to grow bored of him, now affiliated on the green woman's head that was directing its body like an invisible marionette. Penny's body turned around, preparing to intercept the Grimm currently charging at her head but not before the faceless Grimm behind her tackled her.

Jaune took his cane and with a two handed grip whacked at the nape of the Grimmole who unwisely took his attention off him. And then again. And again. Each strike becoming more golden than the last. But this was not Damus' doing. "Hes beginning to tap into my well of power without my consent. Hes learning."

The Gimmoles neck buckle and it toppled over. Penny would have breathed a sigh of relief if her artificial lungs were on the opposite side of the hall and being pummeled by the other Gimmole. Penny directed her last two sabers from her sheathe and brought all four sabers into the Gimmoles unarmored ribcage. It howled before making a feeble and pathetic attempt at retreating."

"I really wish I had my sword." Jaune stated after thwacking the nigh unconscious mole for the thirtieth time. "Penny get your head there's more coming!". Penny's body grabbed her head and fitted it on its shoulders. "Spin it tighter this time."

"Right." Penny rotated her head until a disgusting "schlunk" happened and it locked in place.

"Note to us. Get her a choker or something."

"Damus now is not the time for your perversions." Jaune chastised his arm.

"You were thinking it not me." down the hall were four more Gimmoles, larger than the two they just slayed were slowly approaching. Sniffing the ground and edging their way closer.

"Just don't smell and they won't be able to track us." Penny warned.

"We are covered in blood." Jaune reminded her.

"Just run!" Damus yelled with no plans in dying before even making his first dollar. Jaune wholeheartedly agreed.

"I didn't account for this many Gimmoles. They couldn't hear my intercom." Penny said apologetically, running by his side.

Jaune illuminated each doorway and sign, hoping one would direct the two towards the lab. Six Gimmoles hurrying their pace were behind them, their putrid feelers surveying the fresh tracks the pair left in their wake. They reached the end of the hallway. On the wall, caked in grime, the word "Laboratory" was plastered over what originally looked like the word "Lavatory" inside an arrow pointing right.

Jaune looked behind him. There distraction was too temporary for his liking. Among the
Grimmoles were straggler beowolves. Jaune grabbed Penny's arm and made a deadmans sprint to the lab. What he would do once getting there, if he did, he did not know.

Bodies. So many that he was forced to hop rather than run. The smell was unbearable but at least it should throw off the Grimmoles in the other hallway, maybe. The dead men and women wore raggedy clothes under dirty lab coats. "Outskirters. Some of them lived here. This is so sad." Penny said smiling. Another Penny lay broken on the floor. Another ribbon was placed into Penny's pocket.

Ahead was a makeshift barrier that looked tore completely open. Penny stopped and stared. Whimpers escaped her smiling lips. Jaune pulled her close and led her past the breached barricade. "Let's hide in here at least. Maybe the Grimm will forget about us." Jaune said not believing it himself.

"Doran..." she whispered. Letting Jaune lead her inside the dimly lit laboratory. There was nothing here besides more corpses and a few dead Grimm. Jaune's heart sunk in his chest. All this time spent trying to find anything to help his friends bore nothing for all his error. The Grimm would be here soon, their footsteps growing louder and louder every second. "I was too late," Penny said to herself. "I couldn't find help. I was too late…"

Jaune wanted to comfort her, to tell her that… he didn't know what to say on second thought. So he said nothing and just waited.

"Penny C! Is that you." A graying old man walked out of the darkness, startling the young Jaune. "Oh. I see you finally found reinforcements. Two weeks too late. Tell me your name, boy."

"It's Jaune. Jaune Arc." Jaune said, constantly looking behind him at the approaching Grimm.

"I swear I've heard that before… let me think…" The graying old man cupped his jaw with his palm, pondering.

"I thought you were dead, Doran." Penny said, her smile returning to normalcy.

"I would have been dead One Hundred. But your sisters nobly sacrificed themselves to protect me." Doran said to Penny who was beaming with pride.

"Not trying to damper your reunion but…" Jaune pointed at the Beowolves currently vaulting over the piles of bodies and debris and heading towards them. Jaune readied his cane. Coming down here was a horrid idea and was going to pay for it with his life.

"Jaune stop crying. Die with dignity."

The first of many beowolves finally met the hole they climbed through. It roared, alerting the rest of its friends that they finally found more prey.

Doran, looking none too worried, ushered out a slight cough to clear out his throat before snapping his fingers. "For two weeks I was down here waiting. I had a lot of time to tinker while stuck down here." Two glowing white circles floated towards them. Damus illuminated it, revealing a woman who looked just like their new robotic companion. The difference was that she had silver hair. "I was just about to escape myself before I heard you two running down the hall."

The silver woman summoned six silver sabers that flouted menacingly above her. Penny watched, mystified and a bit jealous. "Fire." Doran uttered a simple command. The sabers took a circular formation, bladed ends pointing at the oncoming Grimm. A low buzz accompanied by a blue spark of electricity emanated from the floating sabers before engulfing the whole room in a blinding blue light. Jaune leaped for cover, arms shielding his sensitive eyes.

Slowly, as the bright light burnt into his retinas started to fade, he stood up and regained his footing. The foul stench of dead bodies was replaced by the equally putrid smell of burnt Grimm. "Excellent. Far beyond expectation."

Penny ran up to the old man frantically. "Doran. I missed you. I know I took a while but I did find someone like you asked!"
"Thank you, Mr. Merlot." The silver haired woman, said, bowing.

"Please. There's no need for such formality. You are practically my daughter after all." Merlot said to the silver woman who bowed deeper, hiding her blush.

"Am I like your daughter too?" Penny asked, desperation overriding her merry-go-lucky tone.

"No. Not really." Doran said to the deflating Penny. "Penny C. I would formally like to introduce you to my latest creation." The latest creation was wielding her sabers with the precision of a master surgeon, flaying Grimm as if they were made of string cheese. "While I was down here, eating rats and cockroaches. I had an idea." The silver woman took a half dozen of her sabers, lifted a Grimmole into the air, and used it as a wrecking ball onto a Beowolf. "I'll take five Penny's, merge them together, take out all the stupid parts, and make the ultimate killing machine!"

"What happened to the-" Penny sidestepped two halves of a Beowolf that had just been cut in half. "Five Penny's?"

"I just told you didn't I? I turned them into a Nicole." Doran said as a rather sneaky Beowolf came within a few feet of him. A microsecond later it was eviscerated by a plethora of blue lights and exploded into a shower of blood and bits.

"I like Nicole." Damus said. Jaune, seeing the mob of Grimm annihilated by a sole woman, felt the same.

Nicole stood at the entrance of the lab. No Grimm in her sight stood standing. With no warning, her head swiveled behind her, 180 degrees, to face her master. "Are you four alright?" She said.

Penny stared at Nicole. Blood stained her dress that looked identical to hers but with blue light led color scheme versus green. The floating sabers retracted, folding into themselves in a way hers never could before disappearing into her back. Nicole brushed her hand through her silver hair which was straight and flowed down her back. The self esteem she had a hard time collecting evaporated, leaving feelings of bitterness and resentment she could only convey by smiling.

"Penny…. Are you alright…" Jaune couldn't help but ask. Penny's face looked more disturbed than when she was collecting her destroyed sisters' ribbons.

"I am… combat ready." Penny said slowly unsheathing her swords.

Jaune pushed her blades back into her sheathing slots. Even he knew what she was planning would not then out well. "Easy, girl. I know how you're feeling trust me."

"Not even operational for half an hour and already performing combat abilities one thousand percent better than the Penny units." Doran Merlot said placing both his hands on the shoulder of his newest creation. Penny stuck her thumb knuckle into her mouth and bit. Obscenely hard.

"Thank you father." Nicole has been alive for about thirty-eight minutes now, she didn't fully understand how she came to be or what was her purpose was. "Forgive me. Can I call you father?"

"I don't see why not. Daughter." Doran said giving her a hug, thinking nothing of the repercussions. Nicole lavished in the feeling of being in her father's arms. This physical action made her feel… she didn't know how to describe it, but she wanted more. Penny completely understood why humans like Jaune wanted physical affection. Her thumb was almost destroyed.

After an uncomfortable silence of watching the father and daughter hug, the two broke apart. "Well now that that's done. How can I help you two?" Doran asked.

Penny was too busy trying to chew off her thumb to reply. Jaune took the initiative. "We actually came here to help you. It was Penny's idea."

"Didn't need it, thanks for trying." Doran said flatly, taking Jaune aback. *Ungrateful bastard.*

"Well ok. I can see that. I came down here looking for supplies to help my friends upstairs, It feels
like I've been stuck down here for months when in actuality it's been about an hour and they have been bleeding out the entire time."

"You've been stuck down here for an hour? Oh wow. A whole hour. Couldn't imagine."

*I would say "slap his shit" but Nicole might be crazier than Penny.*

Jaune was growing tired of his indifference. "Can you please help? Aura does not replace blood. My friends lives could very well be at risk."

"I never said I wouldn't, chap." Merlot strode towards the boy and then to the entrance. "I will require some… compensation.

"Anything."

"You're indentured servitude."

"...But that."

"I was just kidding. That's Penny's job." Doran said with a slight chuckle. Nicole laughed but then stopped herself.

"Hah ha. What is this wonderful sensation?" Nicole laughed some more to test this function of hers. Penny was not amused.

"In all seriousness, my "Evil" lair is in shambles. I'll help your friends but it would be kind of you to help me get things in order afterwards.

Jaune and Damus thought it over. "Fine." They both agreed. "We can hash it out after my friends are patched up."

"Oh I have big plans." Merlot said, taking some sort of black and red eyepiece from his stark white lab coat and placing it on his left eye. He motioned Nicole to follow the blonde boy and she wordlessly obeyed. "Have her help you carry them. Assuming they aren't already dead."

"Thanks." Jaune said, leading the three back above ground. *He didn't have to add that last bit.*

"If any Grimm are left Nicole will surely take care of them." Merlot said to the three who were already gone. The lab he spent the last two weeks living, shitting, and constructing in, was in no order to help his future plans come to fruition. He cackled aloud but quickly stopped himself. "C'mon Dory, you're better than that. No more evil. We are going to make this world a better place. After I destroy Atlas. Fuck those guys."

Afterword:

I have decided to put any thoughts I have at the end of the current chapter and not the beginning of the next. This is because not even I don't know when the next chapter will come out and I want to make these right after I'm done wordsmithing. While the thoughts are still fresh.

So I made a double length chapter. I felt like anyone willing to slog through my brain babies deserves it. I've never written this much in one sitting and honestly I don't know if this was a good idea. It felt like there were entire paragraphs that had no jokes or were just not funny. Poorly written schmuck. Not the team CMEN part however. That's comedy gold. Also, there were multiple POV changes and I don't know how well that or this entire chapter will be received. If you felt like this chapter is ass then please tell me. I think it's ok to say the least but my opinion is biased and I think I am great when I don't want to die.

Anyway, that's it for now. I gotta do a final reread and spell check not to mention getting the format ready for and ao3. See ya next chapter.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!