

After her conversation with Blake, Yang was feeling a little miffed. She didn't really appreciate being called tame, and she wasn't willing to concede defeat despite her bruised ego. She was Yang Xiao Long, a certified bombshell with a pair of tits that would make any girl weep with envy and any straight, hot blooded guy desire to see and touch. Jaune Arc was just a guy. He wasn't particularly special or handsome or whatever! The fact that he was ignoring her attempts was just... a hiccup. Purely by chance. It wasn't because she was lacking in any way, it was just... for other reasons...

What reasons? She didn't know! But there was definitely something fishy going on! Someone like Jaune just didn't ignore someone like Yang, no sir, they did not! Especially when she was practically throwing her body at him.

She needed a different angle of attack.

It wasn't anything she was doing. It was the time and place! Yeah, that had to be it. Jaune was restraining himself because he was in public. He didn't want to make a fool of himself in front of other people, that would be embarrassing, right? If he was caught leering at her puppies and she called him out on it, it would be devastating. Most guys just didn't care, and Jaune *used* to stare at her tits when she acted out, but maybe something spooked him into being more careful.

He was just a chicken. Yang could work with that.

Whatever the case, the solution *was* simple. Yang just needed to get Jaune alone. And when she meant alone, she meant *really alone*. With no one else around, and no one able to walk in unannounced. Jaune needed to be completely comfortable and willing to let out his inner man.

She knew just the place.

Beacon had private training rooms for those who wished to spar or train their own skills alone, away from the eyes of their classmates. While everyone mostly just sparred in the amphitheater, there were times when you just wanted to work on improvement without distraction. Some people took to the outdoors. Beacon was *really big* and had lots of hidden little nooks and crannies to slip away into, but the school provided these rooms for those that were a little more serious.

She knew Pyrrha liked to use them from time to time, as did Weiss. They were fully outfitted with all the latest aura reading technology, so you could keep an eye on your levels and even record your training sessions for later review. While Pyrrha wasn't really hounded at Beacon, she did tend to occasionally garner a few approaches from fans from time to time, and everyone was always watching her, trying to learn from her, taking note of how she trained and trying to emulate her. Why wouldn't they? She was by far the strongest fighter at Beacon, much to Yang's annoyance, a professional fighting phenom, but it must get tiring having everyone watching your every move. Weiss was in a similar boat, though more so that her fame as heiress of the Schnee Dust Company demanded attention, and so occasionally, when she was feeling her most anti-social, she'd conduct her training away from prying eyes.

Yang had never personally used them but she knew where they were.

And she had the perfect excuse, as well. Hadn't she said she wanted to help train his new semblance? That she wanted to engage in whatever secret training he'd done with Ruby to unlock his power?

Well – it was time to enact that promise.

Yang cornered him during lunch the following day. As he was walking into the dining hall, she seized his hand and pulled him aside, so swiftly that none of their friends even noticed him going missing. Jaune yelped in surprise as he was flung outside, stumbling before regaining his balance.

“Hey, what – oh, Yang,” he exclaimed, catching sight of her. “What's up?”

“Hi,” she said coolly, serious face in place.

He looked around nervously. “Uh – why’d you pull me out here?”

Just to test something, she idly played with her hair, twirling a strand around her finger and tilting her head in a way that would make her appear totally cute. Jaune didn’t even blink, waiting for her response.

Tch – he really was fucking annoying. But not for long! Soon he would be eating out the palm of her hand, and she would be victorious. Then she could place this entire saga behind her.

“Listen, I was thinking – I offered to help you train your semblance, remember?” she didn’t wait for him to answer. “So I’ve got some free time this week, after classes – I know you usually train with Pyrrha, but I thought I could step in and we could throw down, you know, for a change of pace. Just the two of us. Alone.”

“Oh – uh, that’s really kind of you, Yang,” he said, giving her a genuine smile. “But you really don’t have to go out of your way. We all train together occasionally so you can always—,”

“That just won’t do,” she cut him off, brow twitching. “That won’t do at all. I offered to help you, so I’m going to do it. Me, you – after class, every day this week – got it?”

She wasn’t going to let him worm his way out of this.

Jaune hesitated. “Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure, I wouldn’t have offered if I wasn’t,” she then smirked, approaching him with silky strides, giving her hips a little extra snap. Placing a finger on his chest, she carefully ran it down, pressing firmly. “You aren’t scared of lil ol’ me, are you? You’ve been doing *so good* in Combat Class recently, you should have a little more confidence.”

He laughed awkwardly. “Well, sure. I really appreciate that you want to help out. Thanks a lot, Yang.”

He had no idea just what he’d signed up for.

Then he surprised her when he said, “Um, actually – I could really use your help with something else, as well.”

Yang tilted her head, curious. She hadn’t been expecting this. “Oh? What’s up?”

He looked nervous, his mouth pulling into a straight line before he blurted, “I need help with resisting girls that tease me. I don’t know what to do about it and they’re really getting to me, and I just want to be able to not... react, you know? It’s embarrassing.”

Wait a minute...

Yang frowned. “What do you mean?”

Jaune flushed lightly. “You know, like... a girl getting a guy flustered using her body... and stuff...”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” she hadn’t meant to say it out loud but it just came out, passing her lips as soon as she thought it. Some other girl was teasing him and it was actually *working*? They were getting a rise out of him and *she wasn’t*? “Who is it?”

“Um, that is – you know, just girls...?”

Hell fucking no, she wasn’t going to stand for that!

“So you want my help resisting girls?”

Jaune nodded quickly.

He was resisting her just fine! Who the hell was this bitch? Or was it more than one?

Fuck, she was pissed off. Someone already had Jaune squirming and it wasn’t her. Yang was being beaten by some faceless harlot, to the point that he was *asking her for help*.

Yang felt the flames of her competitive spirit surge. “Fine. I’ll help you.”

“You will?”

“We’ll do some stuff while we train, kill two Nevermore with one stone. You better be prepared.”

But this was just the first hurdle. She didn't need their friends injecting themselves out of good will, so when they went inside for lunch, she made sure to sit next to Pyrrha.

"So, listen," she said quietly, and Pyrrha turned her attention towards Yang. "I'm going to be borrowing Jaune for the rest of the week after classes. For training. I promised him that I'd help work with him with his semblance, and I know you guys usually train together, so I'm giving you a heads up. I know you guys have a system worked out and everything."

"Oh? Jaune never mentioned..." she trailed off, brow furrowing. "I could always join you two, we could work together."

"Ah, I think it'll be better if we just work one-on-one, kinda like you guys do, you know?" Yang poured herself a glass of orange juice and took a sip. "Ruby was able to bring out his semblance, right? And they were working alone, so I thought I'd try my hand at things, a different perspective. It'll only be for this week, I promise. Then things can go back to normal."

For a moment, Yang thought Pyrrha was going to disagree. Green eyes watched her coolly, and for some reason, she felt the hair on the back of her neck stand on end.

Pyrrha could be *really* intense sometimes, without meaning to be.

Then she smiled, dispelling that strange feeling. "If you're sure."

"Y-Yeah. Thanks a bunch, Pyrrha."

Why'd it feel like she was face to face with a shark?

But everything was set. Now she just needed to act!

That day after class, Yang met Jaune outside of the training rooms.

"Heya," she chirped, fighting the urge to smile like the cat that caught the canary. "I hope you're ready to work hard."

"Of course, I wouldn't want to waste your time," he said. "Thanks again for doing this."

"No problem. By the end of the week, we'll have you emulating my semblance and then you'll be unstoppable. I guarantee it."

That was a secondary concern but Yang really did want to help his semblance along. If he could use both Ruby's semblance alongside her semblance, that would be an insane boost of power for him. But first, she was going to make him squirm and acknowledge that she was top shit, and maybe after he popped a boner or two, she'd go easy on him.

The room was fifteen meters by fifteen meters, large enough for them to move around in and create distance from an opponent, but not too large that it was a waste of space. There was a small terminal by the door where they could sync their scrolls to, and the floor and walls were made of a white, glossy material that could shift colors depending on what you wanted. From what she'd heard from Weiss, it could also withstand quite a lot of punishment, even from Dust.

Yang connected her scroll and a holo-screen sprung to life on the ceiling, showing her aura level, name, and school id number. Jaune was next, and when everything was set up, she turned to him.

“Okay, so – how’d you and Ruby train?”

Jaune blinked, startled. “Oh, uh... well... um...”

Yang tilted her head as he continued to hem and haw. “What’s wrong?”

“N-Nothing, it’s just... I – well, we – er...”

She frowned, suspicious. “Dude, it’s a simple question. What’d you guys do?”

It was a little weird that he was struggling to answer such a straightforward question, but finally, he said, “Uh – we didn’t use our weapons.”

Yang shot him a look of surprise. “Really?”

Ruby was hopeless without her weapon. Completely, utterly defenceless. Their dad had tried and tried again to get her to work on her hand-to-hand combat but she was never that enthused with the idea, and nothing they tried could ever change her mind. It was a glaring weakness of hers, and Yang always worried that one day, Ruby would get in over her head and have nothing to fall back on should she be disarmed of her weapon.

But Jaune had managed to get her little sister to train without her precious baby. How’d he do it?

“Y-Yeah.”

“How the hell did you manage that? My dad has been harping on at her for years to work on her unarmed combat but she never listened,” Yang shook her head, impressed. “You’re a bit of a miracle worker. So what did you guys do exactly?”

“Oh, we just – ah, you know, used our bodies,” he mumbled.

“Wrestling? Damn, are you the little sister whisperer or what? Ruby *hated* wrestling.”

This was good, though. Yang’s plan had been to use her body during combat to entice him, not through cheeky glimpses but using close quarters combat to ensure he got a good *feel* of her body. If they were *wrestling*, then this played into her hands perfectly. They would be grappling and she could grind against him all she wished, and there was *no way in hell* that he’d be able to ignore it if she mashed his face directly into her breasts.

“Yeah, wrestling,” he said a little loudly, nodding. “Yep, that’s what we did. A lot of... wrestling.”

“Huh – I wonder if the strenuous exercise while in close proximity helped you to leech her semblance. That would mean you might be able to copy the semblance of those you fight, so long as you get a hold of them. Maybe unarmed combat is your true calling.”

Wouldn’t that be really cool? If he could just start judo throwing people and yoink their semblance for himself? What an overpowered ability. But then that would mean he’d need to change his fighting style to adopt such moves. He was pure sword and board right now, so there was a little bit of conflict. Though Yang knew that some sword styles employed grappling...

But that shit could wait. Yang was ready to give him an experience he was never going to forget.

“Right, okay – guess we’ll lose the weapons,” Yang began removing her collapsed gauntlets from her wrists, setting them down by the door. After a moment, Jaune unhooked his sheath from his belt and leaned his sword against the wall. “You should probably take off your armor, as well. It’ll just get in the way.”

And without his armor, it would give her better access to his body to bend it to her will. He had already as good as lost.

Jaune started unlatching each piece, stacking it next to his sword. When he removed the chest plate, Yang blinked.

“Woah dude, what’s that?” she asked.

Jaune looked down. “Oh – it’s Pumpkin Pete.”

She’d never seen his hoodie without the armor covering it before, and the cute rabbit face that stared back at her was not what she was expecting. Yang snorted, covering her mouth.

“You’re such a dweeb.”

“Yeah, well – I like it.”

This was the guy that was resisting her charms. Incredible.

Much to her surprise, Jaune removed his hoodie, revealing a tight black shirt underneath. It clung to his torso like a second skin and she was surprised to find that Jaune Arc was actually pretty buff. She watched as his biceps bulged, forearms rippling with muscle as he tossed the hoodie aside. His chest was built powerfully, broad shouldered, and even through the shirt, she could see a hint of the outline of his abs.

What the...? When had Jaune Arc turned into a hunk?

Speechless, she watched as he started stretching out. It did wonderful things to his body, and it took Yang a few moments to regather her wits.

*She* was meant to be the one seducing *him*, not the other way around.

It wasn't like he was that sexy anyway. Wait, who said anything about sexy? He was just... fit, that's all. He was training to become a Huntsman, of course he was in good shape. It would be weird if he wasn't.

And yet... it still surprised the hell out of her.

Two could play at this game.

Yang removed her little jacket and made sure to position herself directly in Jaune's line of sight. Raising her hands high above her head, she arched her back and bent forward at the waist, slowly leaning so he undoubtedly got an eye full of her plump babies. He didn't react, which was fine; he'd already shown her he was a tough nut to crack. She wasn't going to give up after the first round.

She engaged in a number of different stretches, the difficulty of each increasing all in an effort to show off her body. Facing away from him, she touched her toes, her golden mane falling down around her head and across the floor, Yang giving her tight tush a little shake as she highlighted her flexibility. She wasn't Blake or Weiss in that regard, but she was more than flexible for his imagination to run wild with possibilities.

In this position, her little black shorts were stretched obscenely across her ass, hugging her plump vulva between her legs. Yang hugged one of her legs, reaching up with her hands and caressing her inner thigh, as if drawing his attention towards the prize.

Again she changed position, executing an effortless back bridge, her tits heaving upwards, straining against her bra and top. Her hipbone stretched the skin of her pelvis, standing out, the curve of her mons protruding prominently.

And yet he was still ignoring her, going through his own stretches without pause. His blue eyes skated over her form without finding purchase, his mind elsewhere.

Yang frowned but didn't lose hope. This was just the prelude. A taste. She already knew it was going to take more, so there was no reason to get upset. She was going to show him what not being tame really meant.

Once they were both done with their stretches, they stood across from one another.

"So – think you're ready to wrestle with this?" she asked, voice low, sultry. She gave her hip a little extra swing, slapping her rump aggressively.

"I hope so," he said obliviously.

He was going down.

Yang lowered her center of gravity, legs spread, shoulders set. Jaune adopted a similar stance but not as polished, and Yang saw how open he was.

Perfect.

“Ready?” she asked.

“Ready.”

The word had barely passed his lips before she shot in, going for a double leg take-down. Jaune grunted in surprise, body tense, and though he was much stronger than Yang was anticipating, his technique left much to be desired. After a brief struggle, Yang managed to shift his balance, lifting one of his legs, and with a shout of exertion, she tipped him and dumped him on his back.

A rush of air exploded from his lungs as his back hit the floor, and before he could try squirm away, she locked her thighs around one of his legs, her arms encircling his torso, one over his shoulder, the other underneath the pit of his other arm. The entire length of her body was pressed against his front, her large breasts squashed between them, her mound directly riding the firm line of his thigh.

“Gotcha,” she said breathlessly, tightening her hold when he recovered and started trying to escape. Yang grit her teeth, locking her ankles together and rolling her pelvis down, stretching out. The friction against her clit was instant, a bolt of pleasure lancing up her spine. “Aha – try get out of this.”

Pressing down with all of her weight, she pinned him as his hands scrambled across the floor, attempting to find leverage. When he did, he pressed up with his arms behind his back, tilting his own pelvis to the side in an attempt at flipping them over.

Yang let it happen.

Jaune's larger body dwarfed her as his weight settled on top of her, pressing her down into the floor. Yang panted, arching her back, making sure he felt *all of her* against him.

Then leaning forward, she whispered in his ear, "Mm, you like to hold a girl down, don't you?"

She made sure to put a little extra exhale on the end, blowing into his ear. Yang waited for him to react, his crotch mashed against her hip, and even though she could feel his junk, it remained soft. Unmoved. Unimpressed.

Yang frowned.

Jaune slipped a hand between their bodies, his palm spread across her taut belly. Shoulders bunching, he pushed down on her with everything he had, trying to break the lock of her arms. Yang fought him, writhing, practically humping her mound against his thigh like a needy little bitch in heat, and yet his cock didn't so much as twitch.

What the *fuck*?

Without warning, Jaune ducked his head, wedging it under her pit, using it to help leverage his escape. Yang held on for dear life but he managed to break the grip of her hands, leaning his body up and away, his hands scrambling to pin her shoulders down.

His face was red but through exertion, not embarrassment, his breathing coming out in soft pants. If someone were to come in and see them, it would look like he was mounting her in the missionary position, though her legs were still locked around one of his thighs and not spread open around his hips as was traditional.

“How’s this for holding a girl down?” he cracked a joke.

He was completely unbothered. Here she was, spread out beneath him, his hips pinning hers down, and he was making jokes.

Yang saw red.

“Woah~!” Jaune exclaimed as she flipped him, body surging with power as her semblance kicked in. “Hey, woah – ah!”

Jaune strained against her but it was pointless, her strength enhanced by her anger. Though her hair wasn’t on fire, it was glowing with a soft light, her crimson eyes narrowed as she forced him back onto his back, and then without any fanfare, climbed up his body and slammed her chest down on his face.

“*Mmmrph!*~!” he shouted with a mouth full of her breasts.

“How do you like that, huh?” she yelled, squirming. Her chest bulged as she smothered him in her cleavage, Jaune shaking his head back and forth, almost like he was motorboating her. In

reality, he was searching for air, his hands gripping her waist and attempting to push her off. The way his fingers dug into her skin felt good, Yang biting her lip as she locked an arm around the back of his head, keeping his face buried in her tits. "Tap out!"

He slapped at her back hurriedly, frantically, slipping further down. Yang let him tap out against her ass a little longer than she should have before finally releasing him, Jaune gasping for breath, body limp against the floor.

She'd... overdone it a little bit.

When he regained some semblance of awareness, they decided to call it for the day. Yang was annoyed but she still had the rest of the week to break him, and things were only going to get more wild going forward.

The next day, she made sure to wear her gym clothes. The tight spandex shorts fit her like a glove, and the sports bra struggled to contain her chest. When they arrived, they went through the same routine as the previous day, stretching out. When he wasn't looking, Yang gave her nipples a little encouragement, pinching them to ensure they perked up.

"Prepare to lose," she said with a smirk, thrusting her chest out so her pebbled nipples were unmistakable.

Jaune fared a little better in the opening seconds, managing to block her takedown. Their bodies mashed together, Yang reached around and gave his ass a firm squeeze, her fingers gripping his taut buttocks tightly. He yelped as she lifted him up off the ground, twisting her hips as she slammed him down onto the floor.

Once again, she was on top. Jaune tried to turn and slip out of her grasp but she mounted him, this time her mound against his hip as he got trapped on his side. Yang locked up one of his

arms, mashing it in her cleavage as one of her feet slipped between his legs, anchoring against her thigh on the other side.

She had him.

“How does this feel?” she asked breathlessly as he continued to struggle, rolling her mound across his hip, almost like she was riding a horse. Yang tried her best to ignore the fluttering in her stomach as her slit grinded pleurably against him but it was hard, her nipples tightening even further. “Are you sure you’re trying? I feel like you like it when I pin you down. Are you into that sort of thing?”

Placing a hand against the floor, he tried to push up but with a free hand, she wrenched his arm back so he hit the ground with an oof. Settling her entire body against him, she blew a hot gust of air against his neck as he squirmed.

“How does this feel?”

“Uncomfortable,” he grunted, straining.

Yang frowned.

She could feel his package against her leg, just like yesterday, and yet again, it was completely soft. No matter how she shifted her soft, womanly body against him, his penis remained flaccid, and there was no stammering or awkwardness. Jaune continued to fight her hold, muscles straining.

“Hey...”

Had she really lost her touch?

Yang kept her cool, even though she felt her eyes itch, as if they were moments from turning red. While she was distracted, Jaune threw his weight to the side and managed to free his arm, pushing them up off the floor. Before she could react, he moved backwards, Yang grunted as he slammed down on top of her, his weight pressing her into the ground..

Now he was on top.

Sort of.

Yang still had her hold on him, and had free access to his back. As his hands fell to her thighs and attempted to pry her legs off him, Yang moved, shifting off the side hold and into back control, legs snapping tightly around his waist.

“If you spin around, you’ll have me in missionary,” she whispered into his ear.

He didn’t respond, feet pressing into the floor and lifting their lower bodies as he executed a semi back bridge. Jaune wasn’t reacting to any of her advances, Yang feeling a twinge of hurt that was immediately brushed aside by indignation.

Who the hell did he think he was?

This wasn’t enough. Well, Yang was all in at this point. There was no reason to stop now.

As Jaune wriggled atop her, attempting to remove her legs from around his waist, Yang craned her head and settled her lips against the side of his neck. He continued to struggle, and so with a light little suck, she kissed his skin, making sure to apply enough pressure so there was no mistaking what she was doing.

Jaune froze.

“Yang?”

“Mm?”

There was a beat of silence.

“I can’t get free.”

Yang’s brow twitched.

“Then why don’t you use your semblance then?” she said, annoyed. “Maybe if you had mine, you’d be able to get free!”

Was he being serious right now?

He renewed his struggles, and so Yang kissed his neck again, but he didn't react. She couldn't believe it, there was no way he didn't feel what she was doing, and yet he pushed down on her legs with greater strength, as if she wasn't necking him.

Unbelievable.

"Ow," he complained as she bit him. Hard. "Hey, no biting! That's against the rules."

"Do you think the bad guys will play by the rules?" she snapped, incensed. "You want to resist girls, don't you?"

The rest of their training session was more of the same, Jaune struggling against her as she sucked at his skin until it bloomed red and purple. When that didn't work, she wrapped her lips around his earlobe and gave it a sturdy suck.

She'd given him a damn hicky, and yet *nothing*. She even palmed his crotch 'by accident' to feel if anything was going on, and *nope*.

Yang was *pissed*. She fumed about it the whole next day until it was their time to train again, and after their stretches, and their bout began, it was Jaune that made the first move this time. She was so in her own head that it actually worked, as well.

He was bigger and heavier than her, and while he was naturally stronger, with aura, Yang had him beat. But with leverage, he effortlessly tipped her up and brought her down. She was surprised at first but rolled with it, an idea forming quickly.

Her back had barely hit the ground before she curled up, legs encircling his head. He could do nothing as her thighs squeezed, his face forced against her crotch. It wasn't a perfect triangle

choke but it was good enough, Yang gritting her teeth as his startled breath ghosted over her covered snatch.

*"Mmmffg~!"*

"Gotcha," she grinned, shivering as his mouth and nose dragged against her pussy, the stimulation impossible to ignore. He flailed as Yang tightened the hold, arching her back, a small little gasp of pleasure escaping her as his nose settled on her clit.

Fuck, this was a bad idea.

Her tummy trembled, a deep flutter making her see stars.

After a moment of struggle, he tapped out against her thigh and she released him instantly, crab walking away from him as her insides grew damp.

Why was *she* the one getting turned on, *damn it*.

Having his face against her clit had made the material sink in, giving her a magnificent camel toe. Playing it up, she left her legs spread so he would catch sight of it but he was too busy sucking in air to notice.

He was *really* starting to get on her nerves!

Not only was he not reacting at all to any of her moves, Yang was leaving their sessions hot and bothered herself. More than once, when she peeled off her panties, they were sodden, wet, her arousal soaking the crotch. Her skin always felt sensitive afterwards, and her tummy would roil with heat.

This was so bullshit!

It left her feeling jittery, her mood plummeting. She refused to touch herself. Yang would *not* give him the satisfaction, even if he'd never know it. But since she wasn't taking the pressure off, it only grew more and more pronounced. To the point that her friends were starting to notice her bad mood, her once playful quips containing an edge to them, her frustration bleeding through.

As the days passed, and Yang upped her game even more, it only got worse. No matter what she did, he resisted her. It was like one big, never ending joke. She convinced him to wrestle her with less clothes on so they could ensure more skin contact, so Jaune had taken to wearing shorts and a singlet, and then just shorts. Yang grew more handsy, tickling his nipples, palming his ass, even grabbing his junk directly.

Nothing.

Yang was at the end of her rope.

And then finally, Jaune said something that sent her over the edge.

"Are you even trying?"

Yang stared at him, unsure if she'd heard him correctly.

“What?”

“Not the training, that’s fine – I mean helping me resist teasing,” he elaborated. “It isn’t working. At all.”

She was speechless.

“It’s only getting worse,” he confessed. “I really need your help, Yang. I promise I’ll learn so can you try a little harder? I feel like you haven’t been giving it your all.”

She felt something crack inside her, almost like a pane of glass. It was her sanity.

Not giving her all? Try a little harder?

Who the fuck did this guy think he was?

Yang clenched her fists, incensed.

He wanted her to try harder? *Fine.*

Without a word, she grabbed the underside of her training bra and pulled it up over her head. Her tits stretched, caught by the material before they were freed, dropping with a powerful

bounce. Her nipples instantly tightened as they were exposed, and for the first time since she'd been trying to break him, Yang saw shock on Jaune's face.

"Y-Yang?"

"How's this for trying harder?" she growled.

She even removed her spandex shorts, pulling them down her legs and tossing them aside, exposing her panties. Jaune's mouth fell open, and though she should feel some sort of vindication at *finally* getting a reaction, she only felt rage.

He'd made a damn fool of her.

"Clothes off," she barked.