

Blake felt like she was on a roller coaster that didn't have an end. That overwhelming feeling of nerves moments before the drop, that swooping sensation in your stomach as gravity takes hold and you plummet towards the ground. The exhilaration as you gain speed, rocketing upwards, momentum taking you ever higher.

It was addicting.

She was addicted to Jaune Arc. To the way he treated her, the way he made her feel. To the pleasure he invoked in her body when he touched her with his fingers and mouth. She couldn't get enough of him.

It was almost a daily routine now to seek him out and indulge in him. Any spare moment they could find, they'd sneak away and lose themselves in the moment. A few times, they'd almost gone too far. When his kisses had rendered her senseless, and his questing fingers had stoked the flame of her lust so high that even her orgasm couldn't satisfy the raging inferno in her loins.

Luckily, they'd been able to hold back. Blake wasn't on any sort of birth control, and they didn't have any condoms. They were available at Beacon, provided in small dispensers in every bathroom on campus, but either through laziness or something else, they hadn't sought them out.

They were playing with fire.

But Blake wasn't sure how much longer she could take this game of theirs. Her very dreams were now infested with him, and it wasn't unusual to wake up aching and slick, her thighs damp with arousal. Her control was beginning to slip, what little control she still retained – and so, when she had a moment to herself, she slipped into one of the bathrooms near the Grimm Studies classroom.

The dispenser was small and sat on the wall innocently beside the hand dryer. In the past, she hadn't even given it a second glance but now her eyes found it as soon as she walked through the door, her tummy flipping over. A small metal square box bolted to the wall, it had four different selections with knobs under each. All you had to do was turn one and it would dispense whatever one you desired for free. Approaching it, she read the options.

Small. Regular. Large. Extra large.

He would be extra large, right?

There was no way he wouldn't be. Jaune was... big. Very big. Much bigger than her fantasies had ever dared, and she had a *very* active imagination. He'd exceeded any expectations she held, and his size alone turned her on. He was thick and long, and not only that, but the *shape* of it...

Blake shook her head, feeling herself getting worked up. Selecting the extra large option, she turned the knob once, and a small metallic square fell into the chute and was deposited in the catcher for her to take. She hesitated, picking up the small packet before turning the knob a second time, a third time, a fourth.

She'd need more than one.

The door to the bathroom chose that moment to open, and Blake hastily tried to stuff them into her pocket – but to her mortification, two of them spilled onto the floor in her panic. Blake inhaled sharply and dropped to her knees, trying to gather them quickly but it was too late. The person who entered saw what was happening, pausing in the doorway.

Securing the condoms, Blake cringed as she looked up, embarrassment crawling up her spine and making her skin tingle. She wasn't sure who she was expecting but she hoped that at the very least, it was someone from one of the other schools.

It wasn't.

Velvet Scarlatina blinked at her in shock, brown eyes widening as she sighted the metallic squares clutched in her hands. Blake stared back, both of them frozen.

"Bun? Why'd you stop?" a familiar voice called from behind Velvet, prompting Blake to stand and spin around.

"Oh, um – sorry," Velvet said, entering, cheeks burning red. Blake glanced up at the mirror and saw Coco follow her in.

"Hm?" Coco tilted her head, spotting Blake. "Oh – hey. What's up?"

"Uh, not much," Blake managed, throat constricting. She hastily approached the sink and turned on the tap, as if she had been meaning to wash her hands all along.

"Congrats on the victory this morning," Coco continued while Velvet hurried away to one of the stalls. "You did a number on that bitch from Shade. She was talking mad smack about Beacon the other day, I'm glad you put her in her place."

Gwen Darcy was her name, part of Team NDGO. From what Blake had seen, they worked incredibly well as a unit in the team rounds, but individually, they had their weaknesses. She'd been pretty mouthy during the fight, as well – until Blake shut it.

“Oh – uh, thanks,” Blake tried to smile, but it came out looking a little weird. “You too. Your match last night was the talk of the school.”

Coco grinned, hand on hip. “Oh, you know me. I like to put on a show.”

It was a show that Scarlet David hadn’t enjoyed. One of Sun’s teammates, the fight had been very entertaining. He’d put up a good fight but in the end, she’d eliminated him with a brutal strike with her collapsed weapon before unloading a stream of bullets into his chest to eject him from the arena. It had been very flashy.

Then Coco sighed, “Though no one puts on a show like Nikos.”

Pyrrha had fought an older student from Atlas. Dennis Slate – apparently one of the favorites to take it all out in the singles. At least, one of the favorites not named Pyrrha Nikos. They’d given him pretty favorable odds, and from what Blake had overheard, he’d dabbled in professional fighting much like Pyrrha had.

He’d boasted an undefeated record, as well. Just like her.

Until this morning.

She’d picked him apart with machine-like precision, dominating the match from the onset, and even when he employed his semblance which allowed him to grow in size, increasing his strength, it had not even slowed her down.

She was a monster on the battlefield, and every fight she engaged in was a warning to everyone else.

Test me if you dare.

She dried off her hands and made her excuses, vacating the area before Velvet could return. There was zero chance the rabbit faunus hadn't seen what she'd been doing. Why would she have blushed otherwise? Which meant that Velvet knew that Blake was... engaging or planning to engage in sexual intercourse.

Blake felt a hot flush rise up the back of her neck. Velvet knowing wasn't a big deal, on its own. Blake was just worried she might tell Coco. It had a good chance of spreading if she did. Not for malicious purposes but just because Coco liked a good piece of gossip.

Blake didn't really want her business out in the open like that.

She jogged down the corridor to put as much distance as she could between herself and the two older girls, almost running directly into Sun as she rounded a corner.

"Woah," he said, jerking back and avoiding the collision. "Where's the fire?"

"No where," she said quickly, feeling hot all over.

"Why are you in such a rush?"

"I'm not."

Sun shot her a look that clearly said he didn't believe her.

"Well, good timing. I was actually looking for you."

She had a bad feeling about this.

"I was thinking that maybe we could hang out tonight," he started, snickering as he caught her disgruntled expression. "Our teams, I mean. It'll be the end of the second round, and Scarlet and Sage haven't really seen much of Vale. Apparently a bunch of students from the other schools are going to be heading down, things might get pretty wild."

"Oh," she said. "I'm not sure what everyone else has planned. I could ask them."

It wasn't a terrible idea. The fairgrounds were cool, but they'd spent a lot of time there already, and it *had* been a long week. Even though the festival was in full swing, they still attended classes most days. With the weekend upon them, it would give them some time to relax.

And then maybe... her and Jaune could have some alone time...

"I'll go talk to them now," she added, liking the idea even more. "I'll let you know what they say."

He smiled. "Sweet. See ya later, then."

Yang and Ruby were back at the dorm, lazing around. If Blake remembered the schedule correctly, Ruby had a match later that afternoon, and then Yang and Weiss were participating as a team in the duo event.

"Hey," she greeted them.

"Hey Blake," Ruby said happily, rolling over on her bunk so she was particularly hanging upside down. A comic book rested on her chest. "Where have you been?"

She was mindful of the small squares burning a hole in her pocket. "I just went for a walk," she looked around. "Where's Weiss?"

"Sulking," Yang said, glancing up from her scroll. "Some guy we met in the hallway said some shit to her, she didn't take it well."

Blake frowned. "What did he say? Who was it?"

Yang shrugged. "Some guy from Atlas, I guess – or maybe Mantle? He goes to Atlas, anyway. Dark skin, said his name was Flynt. I guess her father put his out of business or something, so he had some choice words to say to her. Like I said, she didn't take it well."

Blake had her own issues with the Schnee Dust Company, but she didn't feel good about someone using it to attack Weiss. Wasn't that something? A few months ago, Blake was that person. Now? It made her feel horrible.

"I'd have socked him in the mouth," Yang continued, and Blake saw the anger in her eyes. "Fucking prick was out of line, but we have them later tonight in our match. If the teachers got involved, they might think we were trying to take out the competition and disqualify us. So we'll

put the hurt on him then, and he won't be able to do anything about it since it'll be an official match."

So Weiss and Yang were on a revenge mission.

"Just don't... go overboard," Blake said lamely, not really feeling it.

Yang smirked. "We'll promise not to kill him."

"Aren't you generous," Ruby deadpanned sarcastically.

"Anyway," Blake steered the conversation away from murder. "We've been invited out tonight, if you're interested."

"Oh?" Yang perked up. "Who invited us?"

"Sun."

Yang's eyebrow arched. "Did he invite *us* or did he just invite *you*?"

"Us – don't look at me like that," Blake snapped. "His teammates haven't seen much of Vale, so they want to take a look around. Apparently a lot of the other students are going down tonight, as well. It'll be a big thing – or so he says."

Yang rubbed her jaw in thought. "Now that you mention it, I think I overheard Cardin and those jerks mentioning something like that."

So it was making the rounds, then.

"Are you going?" Yang asked interestedly.

Blake shrugged. "Sure. Sounds fun."

"Hey Rubes, wanna go to Vale tonight? It'll cheer you up after you lose."

"Sure," Ruby chirped before registering what Yang said. "Hey! Who said I'm going to lose?"

"I did," Yang teased before grunting as a pillow beamed her in the head.

"Some older sister you are," Ruby grumbled as Yang started laughing. "You're supposed to support your little sister, not look down on her!"

"I thought I'd ask Team JNPR if they wanted to come, as well," Blake added in casually, not trying to sound overly eager.

Ruby rolled back over so she was laying the right way up, nodding. "That's a good idea. Let's go ask them now!"

Blake blinked as her team leader vanished, rose petals hitting her in the face as Ruby appeared by the door.

"Come on, Blake. Let's leave Yang here."

"Ahaha – why so salty, Rubes? Scared you might actually lose?"

Ruby poked out her tongue.

Blake wanted to ask Jaune herself but it was too late, Ruby skipping out into the hallway. She followed after her, Ruby knocking loudly on the door across the hall. After a few seconds, it opened, revealing Ren.

"Hey Ren~!" Ruby greeted cheerfully. "Is everyone in?"

"Ruby," he returned, a hint of a smile on his face. "Jaune and Nora have gone on a snack run, they should be back any moment now. Pyrrha is here."

"Hello," Pyrrha called out from inside the room.

"Do you want to come in?" he asked.

Ruby nodded quickly. "Sure."

Blake tried her best not to look at the bed where Jaune had eaten out her dirty little pussy, instead focusing on Pyrrha. She was on the floor, her long, supple legs and pert behind cupped by crimson red tights, the champion fighter stretching out her limbs. Green eyes regarded them curiously as she bent all the way forward, her chest touching the carpeted floor while her legs were spread in a wide V.

"Hey Pyrrha," Ruby waved.

"Pyrrha," Blake greeted.

"Ruby, Blake," she returned warmly. "What brings you here?"

"We wanted to invite you guys out tonight," Ruby said, rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet. "After the matches are done, we're going down to Vale."

"Sun invited us," Blake added. "We thought you guys would like to come as well."

Pyrrha straightened up. "That sounds wonderful. I'm sure Nora and Jaune will agree."

They didn't have to wait too long to find out. They returned in short order, their arms filled with snacks. Jaune was laughing at something Nora said, and Blake couldn't help the flare of jealousy as she saw Nora had a hand on his shoulder a little too casually.

It was ridiculous. Everyone knew that Nora and Ren were together, even if they weren't together-together. Nora was just affectionate, and she was close with her teammates. There was nothing going on there. Even so, Blake couldn't help it.

Jaune had too many pretty girls as friends.

Blake pouted, knowing she was being stupid but she couldn't help the way she felt.

"Oh, hey Blake," Jaune greeted happily. "Ruby! What's up?"

Ruby told them what she'd told Pyrrha, and they were down.

"Sounds like fun," Jaune's eyes found her, and she stood taller. "Nora? What do you think?"

"It's time to par-tay~!" Nora cheered. "Momma needs her down time! Here, you guys want anything?"

She shoved a handful of chocolate into Ruby's hands, and Blake ended up with packets of chips.

"Er..." Blake blinked at the packets before shrugging. "Thanks?"

"I still have to get some drinks," Jaune said and Blake quickly volunteered to help him, joining him out in the hall. There were vending machines in the lobby of their dormitory building, so they started heading down.

"You look happy," Jaune said, peering at her with a crooked smile. "What's up?"

Did she? She supposed she was happy. She was with him. Blake realized she was smiling like a lovestruck idiot, but didn't care. Glancing around to make sure no one was around, she rose up on her tippy toes and pecked him on the cheek.

"I have something for you," she said, reaching into her pocket.

"Yeah?"

She showed him, and watched as his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. Blue eyes widened, and he looked at her in surprise.

"Blake?"

Her cheeks burned even as she adopted a sly look. "What do you think?"

Now it was Jaune's turn to look around to make sure no one was there.

"You're going to be the death of me," he said lowly, his voice dropping. It made her shiver.  
"Now?"

“Not now,” Blake snickered, though she wouldn’t be opposed. Her tummy flipped at the thought of Jaune taking her into some side closet and ravaging her, treating her like she was some naughty little secret, a whore, and blasting her up against a wall surrounded by cleaning products. God, why did that sound so fucking good? She really was a pervert. “But maybe... tonight?”

This time Jaune leaned in and stole a kiss, claiming her lips in a chaste but powerful kiss. Blake’s lips tingled as the heat of his mouth transferred to her, a tremble settling deep down in her loins. It didn’t take much to get her engine running. A simple kiss, and she was ready.

Blake was down bad for him.

“Are you sure?” he asked quietly. “I don’t want to pressure you into anything you aren’t ready for.”

Trust Jaune to be the responsible gentleman.

“You aren’t pressuring me into anything,” she rolled her eyes playfully. “If anything, I’m the one pressuring you.”

“Consider me pressured,” he grinned, her heart skipping a beat. He was so kissable right now.

“I hope they’re big enough for you,” she teased, biting her lip suggestively. “I picked the biggest ones they had. If they aren’t enough...”

He stole her lips again, and Blake surrendered to him. Clutching at his shirt, she reeled herself in, tilting her head back as he kissed her senseless. Her mouth opened gleefully, moaning as his tongue glided against her own, the sensation making a hot gush of arousal leak into her panties.

“You’re unbelievable,” he said between kisses, their mouths smacking wetly. “Do you realize how much of a tease you are?”

“What about you?” she returned breathlessly, biting down on his lip and working it over, gasping as one of his strong hands gripped her hip, thumb resting on her hipbone. She whimpered as he applied pressure, rolling her body against him. “You’re the biggest – *mwaah~!* – tease around!”

They quickly separated as they heard people coming up the stairs, straightening their clothes to remove the evidence of their hasty make out session. A moment later, Russel and Dove appeared, pausing when they spotted them.

There was a beat of awkward silence.

“Fellas,” Jaune greeted, continuing down. Blake followed.

“Arc,” Dove said in response, watching them closely. Blake tucked the condom she still held into her pocket as subtly as possible, her heart racing as their eyes settled on her. “Belladonna.”

She nodded, keeping her mouth shut. She didn’t speak again until they were in the lobby.

“That was close,” she whispered.

“Have you tried being less sexy?” he asked jokingly, avoiding her swipe. “But you’re right. That was pretty close.”

They purchased some drinks and returned them to Team JNPR’s room. Nora was already digging in, her cheeks covered in crumbs. Ruby was already halfway through her third chocolate bar, while Ren and Pyrrha were much more reserved.

“Drinks are here,” Jaune announced.

They made plans to meet up after the final match of the night, and then they’d go down to Vale together. Meanwhile, Blake made her own plans. Once they returned to their own room, she pulled out her scroll and checked for any vacant rooms in hotels, motels, hostels, anything she could think of. With the influx of tourists in Vale for the Vytal Festival, almost everything was booked.

The only rooms she could find were at the pricer hotels, and they weren’t cheap.

Blake didn’t even hesitate. It would put a sizable dent in her savings. Some might say a wasteful dent. But she didn’t care. To her, it was worth it.

They could have gone to a love hotel, but... this was their first time together. As hot as that sounded, Blake wanted her first time to be special. Even if her pussy got wet at the thought of Jaune taking her in some cupboard, overcome with lust, or being pinned down in a love hotel where countless other women had been ruined, that could come later.

For their first, she’d much rather it be in some penthouse suite with a magnificent view surrounded by opulent wealth. As if she were some princess.

Now she just needed to pick out an outfit.

Blake had just the thing. It would knock his socks off!

But first, they had their evening matches.

Ruby won her bout in convincing fashion. Yang and Weiss had a little more trouble. Neon Katt gave them the run around, and Flynt Coal – the boy who had talked down to Weiss – had a troublesome ability. But in the end, they managed to take out the win. The crowd went wild for the home team, Amity Colosseum roaring to life. Blake clapped along with everyone else, but her mind was already on the night to come.

The sun was well and truly below the horizon as they all showered and got ready for the night ahead. Blake's outfit consisted of a black and purple plaid skirt, a purple tank top and black leather jacket, her legs shielded by a pair of thigh high black stockings he might find familiar. They'd been part of her maid outfit from her temporary job, and that wasn't the only thing she'd taken from that uniform. Her shoes were the same heeled Mary Janes she'd worn back then.

A little bit of eyeliner, some purple eye shadow and a dark crimson lipstick made her lips stand out vividly in contrast to her pale skin. Giving herself a once over in the mirror, she nodded.

She was ready.

"Oho, look at you," Yang whistled when she caught sight of her. "Who are you trying to impress?"

"No one," Blake lied calmly, giving her wrists a quick spray of perfume. After a moment of hesitation, she applied a dab to her thighs.

Yang scoffed. "Yeah, right. That outfit has 'fuck me' written all over it."

Blake rolled her eyes. "And yours doesn't?"

Yang was wearing a pair of skin tight leather pants and a short yellow crop top that showed off her toned midriff. Her denim jacket was more for appearances than practicality. It was small and in no way shape or form able to close over her impressive bust.

"What can I say? I always look this damn good."

"Uh-huh."

It wasn't often she saw Ruby in pants but she had opted for a pair of jeans, though in typical Ruby fashion, they were ripped and torn strategically, showing off her pale skin in random flashes. She wore a red top with a black corset over it, a black leather strap on one wrist covered in silver studs, and a collar with her rose emblem printed along in red stitching.

As for Weiss, she'd gone with the white thigh high boots and light blue dress, her bolero jacket thrown over to the top. Instead of her usual sidetail, she'd wore it braided, something Blake had never seen before. She appeared to be in a much better mood now that she'd gotten her revenge, walking with a pep in her step.

This time it was Jaune who answered the door when they filed across the hallway, and Blake felt her heart flutter at the sight.

“Hey, Pyrrha is almost ready,” he greeted them, dressed in a dark blue shirt and dark jeans. An old school military style bomber jacket and beige colored boots completed the outfit, and while simple, it was very effective.

He looked good.

Good enough to eat.

His hair was also neat and tidy, combed over to one side. Weiss blinked, staring at him as if she’d never seen him before.

“I’m done~!” Pyrrha called out.

Jaune smiled.

“I stand corrected.”

Blake couldn’t wait to get him alone.