

Yang loved Combat Class. It was easily her favorite class at Beacon, and it wasn't even close. While Grimm Studies could be pretty fun when Professor Port decided to get a little spicy and bring them captured Grimm, and their outdoor survival class often took them into the forest, it was a fifty-fifty on whether or not something interesting happened.

Killing Grimm was awesome, but it didn't happen every time.

But fighting her classmates? While sometimes Yang wasn't called up to take part, at least she got to watch her fellow pupils duke it out. It was entertainment all around, even with their strict instructor always lurking.

But this fight was beginning to wear on her nerves a little bit.

Yang was used to fighting her sister and her semblance. From the moment Ruby could pick up a weapon and fight, they'd trained almost every day together. The older and better she became, the more often they sparred until her little sister was a hurricane of steel and rose petals. Her outrageous speed was nothing to scoff at, and if not for all her years of experience combating it, Yang knew that it would give her issue.

So she never expected Jaune Arc of all people to give her so much trouble, using his semblance to copy Ruby's own.

The speed she could handle. He wasn't faster than Ruby was, and had vastly less experience in utilizing it. It was everything else.

She'd grown used to Ruby's attack patterns, so fighting someone with the same semblance who fought completely differently threw her off. His reach was different, the way he attacked was different, even the ways in which he used the semblance was different.

It was beginning to piss her off a little bit.

Yang thought she had him but once again, his arms blurred with enhanced speed. Her punch that was a sure hit to the face was tanked on his shield, his sword lashing out in an explosion of golden petals. She only barely avoided it, bending back at the waist, the keen edge whistling by her face before she leapt back, creating some space. He followed her in a burst and she met him with a powerful combo, all stopped dead by his shield. Firing her gauntlets point-blank into the steel surface, he was rocked back on his heels, giving her the opportunity to lash out at his legs.

Only for Jaune to vanish.

Yang scowled.

He was surprisingly crafty for someone that had only just learned how to speed around like he was. Some of his attempts, he came off second best, but with his absurd pool of aura, the few hits she'd landed were not nearly enough to take him out of the fight.

And for the first time ever, he'd landed plenty of his own strikes in response.

Yang was happy that he was improving so rapidly, he'd been completely hopeless at the beginning of the year, but... well, *she hated to lose*.

"Get back here," she demanded when she spotted him on the other side of the arena. "I'm not done with you."

“Ahah – maybe I’ll just stay over here.”

Whatever this secret training was that he’d done with Ruby, she needed to get in on it!

They met again in a clash of steel. Jaune tried to keep her guessing, blazing in at her at different angles but she intercepted his sword at every turn, the pair duking it out. Jaune grunted as her fist pistoned into his shield again, but with greater strength, her eyes bleeding red. Her movements became swifter, her blonde locks glowing but not quite igniting, her strength increasing with every punch.

“Woah, hey, okay,” Jaune yelled as she began showering him with strikes, making him stumble and race around her in a shower of petals, attempting to find a weak spot. Yang felt his blade bite into her thigh but she only used it to fuel her strength, spinning around and punching so hard that the air rippled, a loud crack echoing as a small shockwave was formed.

“Let me hit you!”

“No, I don’t think I will, thanks,” Jaune shouted as she flew after him, stomping the floor hard enough for the stage to crack.

It was a game of cat and mouse, and in the end, Yang managed to win – but not in a way she wanted. He was just too crafty, even with his inexperience with Ruby’s semblance, and when she couldn’t strike him directly, she started focusing on boxing him in by attacking the environment. Fists flying, she ended up pulverizing most of the stage until Jaune tripped and was sent flying by the force generated, hitting the ground outside of the ring.

“The winner of this bout is Yang Xiao Long!” Professor Goodwitch announced to a smattering of applause.

She won by ring out. Not exactly one of her proudest moments.

“Aw, man,” Jaune complained as he got back to his feet. “This sucks!”

As annoyed as she was about the technicality of the win, she’d gotten in a good workout. As her semblance faded and her enhanced strength went with it, she panted and gasped for air, only now just recognizing how tired she felt.

He’d really given her the run around.

Yang frowned at him for a moment before smirking, offering a hand. “You’re annoying to fight now, I hope you know that.”

Jaune grinned, sheathing his sword in his shield before taking it, letting her haul him back up.

“That was a good fight,” she said grudgingly.

“Thanks,” he beamed.

Now she was all sweaty, but so was he. His messy hair was tussled, strands plastered to his forehead, cheeks a little flushed from the exertion. She’d never noticed before but his eyes were really blue, weren’t they?

Yang grimaced, feeling a little hot – too hot.

She pinched her top and aired out her babies, flapping the material back and forth. Getting an idea, she leaned forward slightly at the waist, giving him the perfect view of her cleavage.

If she couldn't win the fight in a satisfying manner, then she could win in a different way.

"Next time, I'll beat you fair and square, ya hear me?" she boasted, giving her back a little extra arch.

She was an old hand at this, and awaited the inevitable glance and resulting embarrassment. Men loved to stare at her tits but they never liked being caught, always growing flustered whenever she called them out. Maybe it was petty but she wanted a little payback.

His eyes did dip down and her smirk grew, but then he looked back up into her eyes without a hint of shame.

"Just don't beat me up too badly, okay?"

Yang blinked.

No reaction.

Wait, was he blind or something?

Professor Goodwitch chose that moment to speak up.

"If you're done," their teacher said coolly, and it was Yang who flushed as green eyes regarded her in disapproval. "I have some words of advice."

Great. Now she was going to get chewed out for her performance.

It wasn't that bad. Goodwitch just pointed out that she'd been a little too predictable, making it easy for Jaune to avoid her attacks when he was still so green utilizing Ruby's semblance. She had nothing but praise for Jaune, though, even if he'd lost the bout.

"Your continual improvement is noted, and I must say, Mr. Arc – I am very impressed."

Jaune beamed. "Thanks."

"But you've still got a lot of room to grow. Despite your much improved efforts as of late, you still lost this fight. Learn from it, and you'll be a much better combatant as a result. If you require any further advice, my door is always open. I would be more than happy to help you hone your semblance."

"Oh, uh – that's fine, Professor. I don't think that's needed!"

Goodwitch frowned. "I see. If you should ever change your mind, please do not hesitate."

You know, just the typical positive reinforcement shit. Yang didn't begrudge him it, though. Jaune deserved it. Professor Goodwitch had always been very strict with him, and while sometimes it had felt a little unfair that she constantly singled him out, Yang understood that this was a dangerous profession. Some hard love was better than being unprepared and dying in the field.

But what the fuck was with him ignoring her like that?

They made their way back up to their seats, Ruby looking very cheeky.

"I would have won," her little sister ribbed Jaune who sat down next to her. Yang took the spare seat next to Jaune and scoffed, flicking her hair arrogantly.

"As if. You haven't beaten me in years."

Ruby glared at her. "Liar! I beat you..." she trailed off, counting with her fingers, her expression becoming frustrated.

"You were saying?" Yang smirked. "Sorry, but you just aren't in my league."

Ruby scowled cutely. "Yeah – well, you're dumb, so I win."

"Nice comeback."

"I could totally beat you in other ways," Ruby mumbled, just loud enough for Yang to hear.

"Oh yeah? What ways are those? Being a dweeb?"

"You fought very well, Jaune," Pyrrha praised from behind them, leaning forward to place a hand on his shoulder. "You've gotten very skilled at using – um, Ruby's semblance in such a short time. It was very impressive."

Jaune grinned awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck. "Heh – thanks. I still gotta get better, though. Yang still won."

"Hey, don't be too hard on yourself. I'm just that good, right?"

Weiss rolled her eyes, while Blake stared blankly at the stage. She had bags under her eyes, and she looked a little off. For the last week or so, she'd been sleeping in a lot, and just acting very suspicious in general. Even with all the sleep, she still appeared exhausted. Blake was either going crazy or it was some faunus thing Yang didn't understand, but her partner looked stressed out.

Whenever she tried to talk to her about it, though, the black haired girl got irritable so she dropped it. Blake could be so moody sometimes.

Maybe it was PMS? Though she hadn't ever been this bad before. Anyway, living together meant their cycles had pretty much lined up and so it shouldn't be time yet.

“It was fun watching you chase Jaune-Jaune around,” Nora giggled. “I could tell you were getting really worked up.”

“Yeah, well – whatever training you two have been doing has worked a treat,” Yang said, looking between Jaune and her sister. “You need to let me get in on that, seriously.”

Ren was called up next, paired against Cardin. Nora gave a whoop of joy and started cheering for her partner, and Ruby soon joined her, clapping loudly.

Normally, Yang would be excited to watch Ren put Cardin on his ass but she was oddly hung up on the fact that Jaune had been so unaffected by her attempt to fluster him. While Jaune wasn't a common target of her attempts, in the past, whenever she'd give him a little glimpse of her chest, he'd been quick to react.

She'd acted like she didn't notice him looking, but she remembered the way his eyes had been glued to her chest when she'd been training without her bra. Jaune had been entranced, as was expected – that was the whole reason she'd done it.

Yang liked it when guys drooled all over her body. It was a big turn on, knowing that she was so desirable. She had the goods, so why not flaunt them a little? But she always made sure not to try too hard to appear like she was doing it on purpose. If guys thought it was an accidental slip, or that she didn't notice, it was way hotter, right?

She only called them out on it if she really wanted them to flounder.

It was fun. She wasn't sorry about it. Some might call it being mean, but it was harmless.

Yang frowned.

This time, though – he'd been completely calm. He hadn't stared. He hadn't grown flustered. Hell, he'd taken a nice good look and then looked her in the eyes, as if he hadn't just glanced at her tits.

Okay, yeah – she was really annoyed. Jaune didn't know it, but he'd sorta bruised her pride as a woman a little bit.

She was going to have to turn up the heat a little bit.

That was fine.

The fight down in the arena began, Cardin charging in with his mace. Ren was a slippery fighter, avoiding the powerful, cleaving swings and picking his moments to strike, employing his mastery of martial arts. Yang was blind to it, though, as she shuffled in her seat and leaned closer to Jaune, making sure to bump her chest against his arm.

He turned his head to face her slightly. "Yang?"

"Hmm?"

"You okay?"

"I'm fine," she wiggled a bit, making sure he got a good feel for how soft her breasts were.

Jaune returned his attention to the fight, and Yang felt her brow twitch slightly before her expression smoothed out. That was fine, she hadn't gotten started yet.

"Stop moving!" Cardin roared, grunting as a fist slammed into his side. His mace howled as it swung around but Ren ducked, sweeping his legs with a powerful kick. Cardin buckled briefly but didn't fall, staggering, but Yang didn't care about that.

No, she was focused on something else.

Leaning further against Jaune's arm, her hand slowly crept between them and then over his thigh, settling on his leg. He turned his head towards her again, this time frowning slightly in confusion.

"Yang?"

"Yeah?"

He blinked at her. "Your hand is on my leg."

He said it so bluntly, without a hint of panic or even curiosity that it made her feel stupid, an embarrassed flush heating her cheeks. Yang hastily removed her hand.

"Oh, um – sorry?"

He smiled. "That's okay."

...What the *fuck*?

He completely no sold it, once again returning his attention to the fight. Yang leaned away from him, staring at the side of his head.

What the fuck was going on here?

Had she... lost her touch?

No. No fucking way.

Scorned twice now, Yang sulked as Ren and Cardin continued to do battle. It wasn't particularly hard fought, and Ren was soon announced the winner after depleting Cardin's aura into the red. He was just too quick for him.

"Hell yeah, that's my Renny~!" Nora hollered.

Pyrrha giggled, clapping enthusiastically. "That was well fought. He controlled the match, start to finish."

Ruby clapped before leaning in towards Jaune, whispering something in his ear. Yang noticed him tense but she was too inside her own head to care, fuming that Jaune had so casually dismissed her.

Yang Xiao Long wasn't a girl to be so easily ignored. She was hot stuff! The hottest stuff! Look at her body! She was *stacked*. No one had a better rack than she did – well, okay, maybe that wasn't quite true. Pyrrha also had *amazing* tits, Yang had seen them in the showers. If there was one girl here that had puppies equal to hers, then it was Pyrrha. They may have been a little smaller but they had that perfect shape to them, swooping with youthful sag, perky; prime grade meat, for sure.

But that was fine! Pyrrha was a hottie and so was Yang, crimson and blonde bombshells. The type of women that were lusted after, not... overlooked.

Yang was *never* overlooked.

A personal vendetta was born.

Her attention was solely focused on making Jaune Arc squirm.

Easier said than done, apparently. The next day, Yang made sure to leave her bra off. They had a free session for training, and Team RWBY and JNPR often spent it together. It wasn't that difficult to have things fall her way, and she paired up with the blond to spar a little.

Yang made sure to give it her all. That is to say, she made sure to throw her chest around as much as possible. Without the support of a bra, her babies put on quite the show and it wasn't long until her nipples were rock hard, straining against the material of her top. Every movement chafed, only making her little diamond tips even harder.

He'd had a good look last time when she'd fought without her bra, so why not go back to the tried and true?

But other than a glance, Jaune remained focused. They dueled for the better part of an hour with only a couple of short breaks to drink water and get in a few breaths. Yang even made sure to *accidentally* spill a bit of her cold water on her top, the material fading due to the moisture and yet... *nothing*.

He wasn't leering. He wasn't entranced. Hell – he'd barely even looked!

If she tried to take his head off a little too enthusiastically, could anyone blame her?

"Woah!" Jaune exclaimed as suddenly, her hair was aflame and her eyes bled red. "What did I do?"

"You know!" Yang shouted, swinging for the hills. Yellow petals cascaded around her as she chased him relentlessly, all attack. "Let me hit you, you deserve it!"

"No I don't!"

Jaune escaped harm with Ruby's semblance, but she saw the alarmed look in his eyes. If she couldn't make him drool all over her, then she could scare the shit out of him!

“Yang Xiao Long – what do you think you’re doing!? Again!” Weiss thundered when the heiress caught on to what was happening, her teammate glaring at her chest. “You ingrate! Put those away this instant!”

In the end, Yang was the one forced to defend herself, acting like it was all just a misunderstanding. Weiss was prone to overreacting to these sorts of things, so it wasn’t hard to convince everyone that there was no intent.

But he didn’t look!

She needed to go further.

It wasn’t hard to find out when Jaune liked to frequent the gym for a workout, so the day after, she ambushed him there. Wearing the tightest pair of spandex shorts she owned and the smallest, though still serviceable sports bra, Yang cut an alluring figure.

With her toned, flat stomach and tight bubble butt, she could already feel the eyes of other boys on her body. Her shorts were like a second skin, leaving nothing to the imagination. She even had a little camel toe action going on, but that was only to her benefit. Meanwhile, her breasts were practically spilling out of her sports bra, the elastic support holding on for dear life. Golden hair tied up in a messy ponytail, she was the very essence of the sporty girl fantasy – only with big knockers! She even made sure to shave her legs and arm pits before hand, and dabbed her best scent across her cleavage, along her wrists and belly.

There was no way he could resist!

“Heya, big guy,” she called out to him after spotting him by the free weights, strutting over with purpose. Hand on hip, she made sure to cock it suggestively, grinning at him and shooting him her best smoldering stare. “Could you give me a hand? I need a spotter.”

Jaune blinked. "Sure. Bench press or squat?"

She hadn't thought that far ahead, and took a few seconds to pick one. "Squat first."

He'd have to get right in behind her, so he'd get a perfect view of her ass, and inhale her scent. It was perfect.

Yang loaded the bar on the squat machine but not to her max, she wasn't trying to push herself. She was well within the range of not requiring a spotter, even – but Jaune didn't know that! Making sure everything was in order, she slipped beneath the bar and set her feet, getting settled. Feeling the rigid bar across her shoulders, she tightened her grip.

"Ready?" she asked, smirking to herself.

"Ready," came his reply.

Unlatching the bar, keeping perfect form, she lowered herself into a text book squat, her ass thrust out as Jaune lowered with her, arms at the ready should he need to catch her. Pausing at her lowest point, she stayed there for a second longer than she needed to before pushing up powerfully, easily completing the first rep.

He could definitely smell her because he was close enough that she could smell him. A mixture of sweat and deodorant that went straight to her brain, making her body hum with energy as she fell into another squat, and then another, and another. There was always something about the scent of a man hard at work that got Yang's engine revved, and Jaune – well, he smelled *good*.

Really, really good. A deep musk but a clean smell, with something else she couldn't quite identify beyond the deodorant. Familiar, somehow – but she couldn't place it. Whatever it was made her blood boil in a good way.

She finished her set and slipped the bar onto the rack before turning to face him, feeling... weird. Here she was, trying to make *him* drool over *her*, and yet now her body was getting heated, and not because of her exertion.

"How'd I look?" she asked, a little breathless, making sure to lead with her chest, arching her back slightly. "I hope you kept your eyes *all over me*."

"Good. You made it look effortless," and yet she may as well have been trying to get a rise out of a brick wall, Jaune's face calm, his eyes steady as he met her own. "How many sets do you want to do?"

Seriously, what the fuck was going on here?

Didn't she look totally fucking delicious right now? Glancing around, she caught at least two guys looking her way, hastily averting their eyes and pretending they weren't undressing her in their minds. What the fuck, man?

She was a full course meal, and yet apparently, Jaune just wasn't hungry.

Bullshit!

"Two more sets," she said roughly, annoyed. "Make sure to stay close!"

Yang made sure to give her back a little extra arch for the rest of her sets but it was no good. It was the same at the bench press. Even though he had a prime angle to stare at her cleavage, he was completely unmoved by the sight.

This was not something she could stand for.

The following day, Yang decided to get physical. She touched him whenever she could, attempting to get a rise out of him. At first, she thought maybe it was getting to him. At breakfast, he looked a little flustered when she touched his hand and stroked his knuckles, but her attempt was ruined by Ruby's weird antics.

"Ruby, *what* are you doing?" Weiss demanded, staring at her partner as if she'd lost her mind.

Ruby had a hotdog sausage in her mouth, and looked like she was moments from choking as she forced it down her throat without biting into it. Silver eyes bulged as she coughed, and she hurriedly pulled it out of her mouth, spittle flying everywhere.

Everyone stared.

Yang frowned. "Ruby?"

"W-What?" she said defensively, wiping her chin. It was wet with drool.

"What are you doing?" she asked, concerned.

“Eating?” she replied, as if it were obvious.

Nora snorted.

“Chew it, you dolt,” Weiss snapped. “What kind of idiot eats a sausage that way?”

“W-What are you talking about? This is a perfectly normal way to eat one.”

“In what world?” Weiss glared. “Because it certainly isn’t this one!”

Her little sister was... weird.

The real score was during Grimm Studies.

Professor Port was late, which meant he was probably bringing them a Grimm to fight. Jaune had arrived early and he was already sitting at his desk. She said his desk but it was a lecture hall with those long, joint desks with partitions underneath, so you could sit anywhere. Yang decided to pounce.

Sauntering up behind him, Yang draped her body over him, making sure to press her tits against the back of his neck. Jaune stiffened as her arms looped around him in a loose embrace, and leaning forward, she whispered in his ear, “Guess who?”

“Ah – oh, haha – Yang, what are you doing?”

His voice sounded a little strained, making Yang smirk. Hah! She totally got him!

Finally.

“Oh, you know – just checking up on ya. Whatcha doin’?”

She snuggled her breasts firmly against his neck, her babies cradling the back of his head perfectly. He shifted slightly in his seat and something hit the bottom of his desk, probably his knee. Heh. She still had it!

It felt good, finally getting him to crack. It made her feel accomplished and warm, deep in her belly. He totally wanted her. He put up a good fight, but she always knew she would come out on top. His resistance was cute, though. It was a little bit of a turn on.

“N-Nothing, just waiting for Port,” more students were beginning to file in. “Um – could you get off? You’re kinda heavy.”

Yang froze.

What the fuck did he just say?

She was so taken aback that she loosened her hold unconsciously.

Did he just fall her *fat*?

“Yang, what are you doing?” Weiss sighed, trying to get to her seat but Yang was blocking the way. “Can you move out of the way, please?”

Pyrrha was watching them with a very interesting expression but Yang barely noticed.

Heavy. She was heavy.

Motherfucker.

Yang let go of him and stomped down the line, sitting down roughly.

“Thank you,” Weiss said, sitting down between her and Jaune. She began pulling out her things before pausing, looking around. “Where’s Ruby?”

Who cares where Ruby was? Jaune just called her heavy!

“I dunno,” Yang shrugged, sulking.

“Blake, have you seen her?”

Blake shook her head, sitting down on the other side of Yang.

Pyrrha hummed in thought. "She left breakfast early. Jaune, do you know where she is?"

"Uh – um, no, I h-haven't seen her."

Pyrrha frowned. "Are you okay? You've been looking a little tired lately. I haven't been overworking you, have I?"

"I'm fine, don't worry," he hastily said. "I just didn't sleep well."

Yang had noticed as well that he looked a little... tired wasn't the right word. Spread a little thin? But she didn't really give a shit right now because he'd called her fucking heavy. What the fuck was wrong with him? She wasn't heavy!

Port wheeled in one of those familiar crates, the steel rattling as the Grimm within threw a tantrum. It sounded particularly pissed off today, and Yang was determined to volunteer. She needed to kill something!

But Port was Port, and he liked to talk. The first part of the lesson was listening to him drone on and on about some bullshit story. When it was time to kill the Grimm, Yang leapt at the chance. It was an Ursa this time, Yang's favorite, and she pummeled it easily enough, taking her time to vent her frustrations.

It worked. A little bit. She was still steamed about Jaune's comment, though. He wasn't going to get away with it!

Ruby never did show up to class, marked as absent. When the bell rang for the end of class, Yang remained sitting as everyone else got up. Watching Jaune, she noticed that his cheeks were unusually flushed, his brow sweaty. Was he sick?

She didn't care. He was going to pay.

He remained seated which was perfect. Picking her chance, she got up and moved behind him.

"How's this for heavy?" she asked before throwing her full weight down on him. Jaune made a strangled sound of alarm, his body tensing beneath her.

"Nnnnggfuck," she heard him utter as she smothered the back of his head in her breasts, forcing him against the edge of the desk.

"Heavy enough for ya?" she asked a little roughly, squirming against him.

He panted, his breathing labored.

"Y-Yang, what are you doing?" he groaned, shivering. "Get off!"

"You should be more careful with your words!"

She left him like that, panting and shivering, feeling a little better about herself, but the next time she saw him, he was back to ignoring her. No amount of flirting made a dent. Yang scowled.

No matter what she did from that moment forward, he remained unflappable. It was maddening.

"What's wrong with you?" Blake asked her later that night.

It was just the two of them. Weiss was pissed that Ruby had skipped a class, so Ruby was being punished with an impromptu study session. No matter how her little sister tried to weasel her way out of it, the heiress wasn't having it. Right about now, the library was the site of one very depressed Rose as strict Instructor Weiss hammered as much information into her brain as possible.

"Nothing," Yang grunted. "What's wrong with you?"

"I've *told* you," Blake snapped. "Nothing is wrong with me!"

Right. She just looked pissed all the time for no reason.

"I'm just a little tired, okay?" Blake conceded, though did she have to sound so aggressive about it? "I'm not sleeping well. I keep waking up."

"Right," Yang said.

"I'm fine," Blake insisted.

"So you aren't having your period early?"

Blake scowled.

"No, I'm not," she replied darkly.

"So no cramps?"

"No!"

What else was she meant to say? Blake was acting a little crazy.

"So? What's wrong with you?" Blake demanded when she saw Yang wasn't taking her seriously.
"And don't say nothing, you've been moody all day."

That was rich, Blake calling her moody.

Yang clicked her tongue. "It's just... have I lost my touch?"

Blake frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"With guys?" Yang exploded, suddenly eager to bitch. Now that she'd started, it all came rushing out. "I'm drop dead gorgeous, right? I'm a total fucking hottie, I normally have them eating out of the palm of my hand."

Blake arched an eyebrow. "Is that so?"

"What is that supposed to mean? Are you saying that I don't?"

"I mean, it works for all the guys that are easy," Blake shrugged, unconcerned with Yang's glare. "But you're pretty predictable. If someone is ignoring you, it's probably because they're used to your usual tricks. Your bark is worse than your bite."

"What?"

"It means you're pretty tame. Not every guy wants to fuck you, Yang."

What?

Her? Tame? And what guy's didn't want to fuck her? The gay ones? She was Yang Xiao Long – who the fuck did she think she was, calling *her* tame? She wasn't tame!

“Bullshit!”

“Don’t get mad at me. Some guys need a little more than a few suggestive words or some tight clothes.”

Yang’s mouth flapped open and closed, a loss for words.

Blake was being a bitch. Why? Who knows! But this irritable version of her partner was a real drag. The sooner she got a good night of sleep, the better.

And tame? Tame! Was she really tame?

Was her game just not good enough for someone like Jaune? It had been! It wasn’t that long ago that he’d stutter if she showed him a little bit of interest. But maybe Blake was right, maybe he’d gotten used to her antics, so now he found her boring...

Boring and heavy.

Now she was really pissed off.