

Yang felt as if she were floating on a cloud, her body engulfed in an all encompassing warmth. Never before had she felt so relaxed and carefree, her thoughts mindless, slipping through any attempt to focus like water cupped in hand. Her skin tingled from the rays of the sun, and her lungs expanded greedily, fresh air scented with pine filling her chest. She sighed, welcoming the blissful feeling, a soft, radiant smile plastered on her face – until she was awoken with a loud, aggravating sound coming from her scroll.

Reality hit her hard, lilac eyes snapping open as her blissful dream fled. That all encompassing warmth was replaced by a deep ache in her belly, her limbs burning from strenuous activity. Her crotch felt sore and drenched, and positioned as she was with her chest against the floor and her hips raised in the air, she found it difficult to breathe.

W-What...?

Though she was awake, true awareness took time to manifest. Raising up on shaking arms, she cupped her tummy where it ached most, feeling a little bloated and hot. Blinking rapidly, she looked around and realized she was in one of Beacon's training rooms.

"But what...?" her voice was rough, scratchy, lips peeling back in a grimace as her throat protested against speaking. She spotted her clothes nearby, discarded haphazardly, and it was only then that she realized she was naked.

A bolt of dread hit her, and then the memories flooded her mind like a tsunami. Yang reeled as she recalled trying to tease Jaune and failing once again, her temper getting the better of her. She'd taken things to the next level, but Jaune had met her there, and then they'd been wrestling and... *fucking*, until he completely turned the tables on her, railing her senseless until she passed out, unable to withstand the overwhelming pleasure of his massive cock plundering her pussy.

For a moment, she didn't want to believe it. There was no way that actually happened, right? There was no way that *Jaune Arc* of all people had beaten her into submission with his manly, ridiculously long and fat cock, right?

*Right!?*

But there was no way around it. That is exactly what happened, and for nearly a minute, she stared blankly at the floor in disbelief.

She'd been soundly defeated. A small voice in her head *raged*. How *dare* he do this to her! Who the *fuck* did he think he was? He had another thing coming if he thought he could get away with this! She was going to find him and break his fucking jaw, the damn bastard!

Yang felt her anger build, and with it, her pussy contracted violently, stealing her breath. She felt something squeeze out of her, a gush of cum, a whimper escaping her throat. The sensation made her anger fizzle out in an instant, replaced by something else.

She was sore. Her belly hurt and her pussy burned, she was tired, bruised and feeling sorry for herself, but...

...why did she still feel so good?

Jaune had fucked her absolutely senseless, and while she had fought him every step of the way...

God, it had felt *amazing*.

Her cheeks burned at the thought, a sudden bout of shyness overtaking her.

What was she thinking? She should be thrashing his head in, not growing giddy at the thought of what he'd done. Yet once she started, she couldn't stop. He'd filled her up so good, and ravaged her like she never thought possible. Yang knew sex was pleasurable, she wasn't an idiot – but damn, was it meant to feel *that* good?

Yang had always viewed herself as the alpha, the top dog. If anything ever happened, it would be on her terms, and she would always be in control. That was just who she was. A leader, not a follower – and she was *strong*.

But thinking about how Jaune had held her down, pinning her arms and *fucking her* with that massive dick, beating her womb until she yielded...

Fuck, just the thought turned her on beyond belief.

Was there something wrong with her?

Maybe.

But... she didn't really care right now.

Yang slowly gathered her clothes, half dazed, and dressed herself. Thankfully, no one had found her in that state or she'd have never lived it down. The Beacon rumor mill would have run wild, and everyone in the school would have known in short order. That was not the type of humiliation she was keen to experience.

No. Apparently her flavor of humiliation was being dominated and fucked stupid.

“Fuck, stop thinking about it,” she muttered but it was impossible. Everything reminded her of it. The way she limped as she took a step, the deep cramp in her stomach that *pulsed*, making her insides writhe. Heck, the smell – the room *stank*. She fucking *reeked*.

“Yuck.”

She needed a shower. Pronto.

She gathered her scroll last and checked it. She had a few messages from Weiss, and more from Ruby. Spotting her sister's face, Yang froze as she remembered something else.

Jaune was fucking her little sister.

Their so-called training was nothing more than Jaune manhandling her baby sister, thrashing her with that cock of his...

Her hands tightened.

He fucked Ruby, and then he fucked her. Jaune Arc did this.

Yang felt like she should be angrier. She *had* been furious when she found out, and when he'd taunted her with that knowledge as he fucked her...

Now?

Yang just felt numb at the knowledge.

Her sister was all grown up, it seemed. A woman. A vague memory of a girls night crossed her mind, and Yang shook her head in disgust. Right. Ruby had been talking about The Penis, and they'd all been laughing at her...

Hah! Who was the dumbass now? No wonder Ruby had such a skewed view of cocks.

Who wouldn't after experiencing that thing?

The sound that had woken her was a missed call. A missed call from Ruby.

Before she knew what she was doing, she called it back. It rang once, and immediately, her sister's face appeared on the screen.

"Yang!" Ruby said, happy. "Where have you been? It's almost..." she trailed off, frowning. "Yang, are you okay?"

She probably looked a fright. Sweaty, flushed, hair disheveled – not like her usual self. Not at all.

For a brief moment, she thought about confronting her sister. Exposing that she knew what she'd been up to with Jaune, but looking into those silver eyes, she chose instead to stay silent on the matter.

What was the point?

"I'm fine. I've just been training, I guess I lost track of time," her throat was still irritable. "Sorry for not answering."

"Oh – well, uh – we're going to dinner soon," Ruby smiled innocently. "Are you coming?"

"Yeah, sure. I just need to shower first. I stink."

Ruby giggled. "Okay, see you soon!"

The call went dead.

The walk back to her room was slow going. Every step was accompanied by a limp, her crotch stinging. When she arrived, the room was empty – which was probably for the best.

Yang collected a change of clothes and then made her way into the bathroom. Undressing, she waited until the spray was hot before stepping in. She groaned as the water touched her sensitive skin, shivering as she felt the heat seep deeply into her tired muscles.

Steam filled the room as she stood there for several long moments, simply soaking in the heat. Finally, she reached for a cloth and began lathering soap across her body, squirming as her bloated womb throbbed. Every caress of the cloth made her shiver, skin erupting in goosebumps. Her nipples were rock hard, and when she touched them, a spike of pleasure rolled down her spine. God, she'd just been fucked stupid and now her body felt like a raw nerve, Jaune's thick cum leaking from her slit and rolling down her inner thighs.

She washed herself thoroughly, scrubbing at her tits, biting her lip to muffle her moans. Her hips were bruised from his greedy fingers, and the sight of them made her insides tremble. The evidence he'd left on her body was turning her on.

Panting, Yang focused on the task at hand. She scrubbed and scrubbed until only one place remained. Cupping herself between the legs, her eyes fluttered as she mopped up his sticky cum, but more continued to pour out of her pussy.

"Damn it, did you have to fill me with so much?" she muttered, doing her best to avoid her clitoris which pounded with the beat of her heart.

It felt like it took forever for his cum to stop leaking out of her, and when it did, she noticed something strange. Frowning, she felt something tickling her entrance. Reaching inside with questing fingers, she found what felt like a string.

Yang blinked.

She didn't have a tampon in, so what was...?

She pulled on it, her belly jolting as she felt a tug deep within her pussy. Slowly but surely, more and more of the string appeared, and then the sodden fabric of her ruined panties. Yang blinked, staring as she tugged on it until they finally fell free, hitting the tiled floor from a wet slap.

What the fuck? That bastard had fucked her panties into her pussy!

Without them in the way, more cum came pouring out, Yang feeling it tickle out of her abused cervix, Yang groaning in relief as her bloated womb shrunk. As if she'd just popped the cork on a bottle of champagne, it just kept coming, and again, it took forever for it to stop. Aiming the shower head at her slit, she grit her teeth, the tingling of the spray hitting her sensitive post-sex pussy driving her insane.

It felt so good that her pussy began to throb, pulsing in delight as a miniature orgasm festered deep in her belly. Yang bit her lip as she leaned against the wall, swallowing a sob as her legs trembled, her cunt clenching around a cock that wasn't there.

*"Fuuuck,"* she moaned, her face crumpling in pleasure, voice trailing off in a high whine. Her hips rolled, humping the air as the spray continued to coax her through this surprise orgasm, his thick cum continuing to leak from her slit.

After the flow finally stopped, her pleasure bleeding away, she forwent her usual ritual of hair care and washed it quickly and then got out.

Drying off was just as challenging, the towel on her skin the sweetest torture. Dressing, Yang eyed the sodden, destroyed panties on the shower floor.

She'd really liked that pair.

But they couldn't be salvaged. She needed to get rid of them.



Tossing them in the bin, she paused before reaching in and making sure the other rubbish inside covered them up. She didn't need one of her teammates finding them by accident. Entering the bedroom, she sat down and blow dried her hair until it was a golden wave down her back.

When she arrived in the dining hall, dinner was already well underway. Her stomach grumbled loudly, a sudden ravenous hunger overtaking her. She piled her plate with pieces of chicken and pasta, smothered in a rich tomato based sauce and melted cheese. Grabbing a few rolls of bread, she made her way through the tables of students until she found her team – and Team JNPR.

Yang froze, eyes finding Jaune. He sat between Pyrrha and Nora, looking like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. As if he hadn't just taken Yang to pound town and made her pass out, leaving her there like a discarded toy.

Anger burned hotly – for all of a few seconds, and then it fizzled out, her *womb* clenching, as if goaded by her rage. Yang only felt annoyance at how he'd tamed her, instead thinking of how much she wanted to fight him again to see if he would do it all over again.

She was completely messed up in the head.

“Oh, hey Yang!” Ruby spotted her, waving.

“Rubes...” she found it difficult to look at her sister when it wasn't through a screen with what she now knew. She sat down next to Weiss.

Dinner was an awkward affair, though only for her. She didn't know where to look, so she just ended up staring at her food as she devoured it with hungry bites. Blake was subdued as well, though why, Yang didn't know. She'd been pretty weird lately, so it could be anything.

That night, she slept like a log.

Perhaps it was fate, but the next day, they had Combat Class. The first couple of bouts went by, Cardin getting his ass handed to him by Nora, Weiss and Ruby pit against one another in a drawn out battle that resulted in the heiress finally freezing her sister to the floor, and then...

“Yang Xiao Long. Jaune Arc. Come down, please.”

The rematch.

Her eyes immediately darted to him.

He stood and began making his way down into the arena. Yang swallowed, a brief moment of trepidation – and then her competitive drive kicked in, a sudden desire to put him in his place awakening within her.

Or... to be put in *her* place.

Yang stomped down onto the stage and stood across from him. He smiled awkwardly, shyly – but she wasn't buying it. She met his look with a glare, hands curling into fists.

“This time I won't lose,” she said.

"You know the rules," Professor Goodwitch said, looking between them. "Victory by ring out, or by your aura dropping into the red. Are you ready?"

Yang nodded, slamming her fists together, her gauntlets deploying. Yellow steel mecha-shifted across her knuckles.

"Ready," she said.

Jaune nodded, unsheathing his sword.

"Ready."

"I'm not going easy on you," Yang told him, jaw set. "Just because of you-know-what."

Jaune tensed.

"Start," Goodwitch said, and Yang exploded forward, fist flying at his face in an instant. Jaune hastily raised his shield, her gauntlet clanging against the steel loudly, followed by a horrible screech as her plated knuckles scraped across the face.

Her other hand was already set and ready, striking low. Again it was tanked by his shield, and again, and again, and again, her fists blurring as she struck with everything she had. Jaune stumbled back under the assault, gritting his teeth as his arm shook beneath the constant barrage.

Yang refused to let up the pressure, lashing out with a foot and kicking him in the knee. He grunted, aura protecting him from the worst of it, but it was enough. Off balance, she grabbed the edge of his shield and threw open his guard, avoiding his hasty slash and aiming for his face.

He vanished in a cascade of yellow petals.

Jaune appeared behind her, sword raised high but she spun and rushed at him, completely reckless. Pain exploded down her shoulder as Crocea Mors fell, the overhead strike rattling her entire body as the blade attempted to bite into her flesh. Her aura flared, her vision momentarily blurring from the agony but she didn't care, planting her feet and launching a powerful uppercut with her opposite arm.

She saw his eyes widen in alarm moments before impact, her gauntlet slamming into his chin. His head rocked back violently, the blow more than enough to disorientate him. Yang followed it up with an overhand left, her fist catching him right on the nose.

*Bang!*

Her gauntlet discharged right in his face, blasting him back across the stage. His aura shuddered, a yellow flash of light encasing his head as he rolled across the floor and almost fell out of the ring.

Yang didn't let him recover.

She dashed forward quickly, leaping into the air and coming down like a comet. Jaune rolled at the last second, her fist splintering the floor, her gauntlet blasting the wood with another shotgun blast. Jaune hastily got to his feet, still dazed, and so she pressed him, swinging for the hills.

She wasn't going to let him use Ruby's semblance again.

He sluggishly blocked her first strike but the second slipped through, catching him on the shoulder. He spun from the force of the blow and Yang followed it up with a knee to the side, Jaune grunting as she buried it deep. Gasping for air, she lashed out at his unprotected head and cracked him again, dropping him with a punishing punch.

"That's right, you bastard," she screamed, leaping at him. "How does it feel now?"

She fell upon him with righteous fury, suddenly enraged. Aiming for his head, she missed as he suddenly blurred, petals hitting her in the face. The stage shuddered as she struck it, but she didn't stay still, leaping away as a sword cut through where she'd been.

Resetting her feet, she turned, only to cry out as his shield slammed into her chest. Stumbling back, his sword appeared in a blur of petals, cutting her across the face. Flinching from the sting of steel attempting to carve open her skin, she saw his hair *ignite*.

Yang saw crimson eyes before a foot booted her in the chest so hard it felt like her ribcage was about to be crushed, her lungs instantly emptied as she hacked, flying back with incredible force. She flew off the stage, and would have lost then and there if not for her quick thinking, aiming her gauntlets behind her and firing, the recoil blasting her back into the ring.

*But she couldn't breathe!*

Yang wheezed as she gasped desperately for air, holding her chest. Jaune appeared using Ruby's semblance, slashing down at her and she vaulted away sluggishly, almost tripping over her own feet.

He could use both of their semblances at the same time.

His hair was aflame, fire licking at his scalp. Distantly, she heard her classmates' reaction, their shouts of surprise and awe.

"M-Motherfucker," she managed to get out, gritting her teeth as her rage boiled over. Her own eyes burned crimson, semblance activated, her long mane of hair igniting in a river of fire. Strength filled her limbs, and with a roar, she dashed at him.

They clashed, his sword meeting her fist, a shockwave shaking the building as the recoil forced them both away from one another. Howling, Yang leapt at him, her fists seeking on one target. Jaune lifted his shield to protect his head, pushing back at her and lunging with a thrust at her chest. Yang grunted as it landed, her leg swinging in and kicking him hard enough to shatter stone.

Jaune tumbled away but vanished, petals floating in the air as he came at her from behind. Yang couldn't turn in time, crying out as he shoulder checked her in the spine. Yang hit the ground hard and rolled, scrambling to stand when Jaune hit her again, his blade cutting at her back. Yang lashed out with a backfist and caught him in the face, his head whipping back.

It was brutal and confronting, the pair of them teeing off on one another with everything they had. Yang could feel her strength growing exponentially with each hit he landed, her muscles burning with barely repressed power. But the same was happening to him, and no matter how strong she got, Jaune matched her blow for blow.

It was exhilarating. It was liberating. It was... *so fucking hot.*

Literally – and figuratively.

Yang was burning up, her body on *fire* in more ways than one. Her skin was slick with sweat from the heat, but also, her uterus *throbbed* every time they clashed, her heart racing as her pupils dilated. This was the man that had held her down and *fucked her* like she was some weak little bitch damsel and she could do nothing to stop it, no matter how hard to attempted to make him submit, make him pop like a virgin loser...

Because he wasn't one. He was fucking her little sister.

Her anger spiked, her insides *clenching* violently.

Yang screamed as she swung so hard and fast the air wavered, a loud cracking boom sounding as she missed. Jaune had ducked at the last moment, and with a brutal uppercut with the pommel of his sword, Yang saw stars. It crashed into her jaw, her legs turning to instant jelly as her brain was rocked, her aura shattering in an explosion of light as she hit the ground. Their strength may have been even, but Jaune had way more aura than she did. She couldn't sustain the amount of damage that he could. Jaune fell upon her to pin her down, not realizing that he had already won, and Yang felt a deep thrill run through her body.

"Yield," he said roughly, pressing his body down on her. Yang felt a shiver run through her, almost like a spark of fear as she realized just how heavy and big he was, effortlessly dwarfing her with his mass. Insurmountable as a mountain. She wasn't sure if it was just her imagination, but...

He felt even heavier and larger than she recalled, the last time he had her pinned like this.

Her uterus convulsed.

“Yes, daddy,” she moaned darkly, the words passing her lips unconsciously as she panted, dazed, staring at the ceiling. Jaune’s eyes went wide as he heard her, hastily backing off. Her body felt the loss keenly, yearning for the hard press of his chest and strong arms.

Professor Goodwitch called the match.

“Winner – Jaune Arc!”

There was stunned silence for a moment, and then everyone was cheering wildly, clapping and hooting at his victory. Yang continued to pant, her nipples growing taut, poking aggressively into her bra. Jaune stood above her like a conqueror, and her pussy *squeezed* in response, a heavy gush of girl cum filling her panties.

He was going to mount her right here. He was going to pin her to the floor properly in front of all of their classmates and breed her like she was some fucking sow, and she wouldn’t be able to do a single thing to stop him. Jaune was going to pry open her thighs and pin her knees to her shoulders, and mating press the fuck out of her until she squirted for everyone to see, and then he’d paint her uterus white in his spunk, claiming her again as his, as his little fuck pet, his little uppity toy that needed to be put in her place whenever she got too big for her britches.

“No,” she moaned pitifully, even as her body screamed *yes*.

But none of that happened. Instead, Professor Goodwitch approached to check on her.

“Are you feeling well, Ms. Xiao Long? Perhaps I should have called the bout earlier.”



"I – I'm fine," she stuttered, cheeks crimson. "I'm just, um, a little hot."

"A side effect of your semblance, yes," Goodwitch nodded. "You fought well. Recklessly, but well all the same. You kept the tempo of the match fast, and applied pressure to counter his use of Ms. Rose's semblance by making him panic, and exploiting his inexperience with it. I would not advise most to purposefully take damage to gain advantage, but in your case, it was well reasoned. Though it appears that Mr. Arc has now unlocked another facet of his own semblance, taking on your ability as well as your sisters."

Yang nodded mutely.

Goodwitch then turned to Jaune. "Mr. Arc, you adapted well to the circumstances and despite your newly formed ability, used it satisfactorily. However, you got caught up in Ms. Xiao Long's tempo at the beginning, and lost track of what you can do with these semblance's you've acquired. You need more experience in employing these abilities in combat situations, though you've done well so far."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I again offer my help, should you require it. My door is always open to students. I'm gladdened to see you've taken steps in broadening your skills by seeking out other students."

Goodwitch was offering to help him hone his semblance. Yang imagined the stern disciplinarian discovering the truth the hard way as she did, getting bent over her desk and railed into submission. Her crotch tightened gleefully at the mental image of that stern face slackening in pleasure, those green eyes rolling up into her head as Jaune mounted her like a dog in heat.

"Please help Ms. Xiao Long back to her seat," Goodwitch said. "If you feel dizzy or nauseous, please visit the infirmary."

Yang shivered as Jaune knelt by her side and helped her stand, her legs shaky. The problem with having your aura shattered was the sheer exhaustion you felt afterwards, as if all the energy in your body had been drained. She supposed it made sense. If aura was your soul, and it had been depleted enough to break, then no wonder you felt as if you'd run a marathon after pulling an all nighter.

Yang bit her lip as his hand curled around her hip, holding her steady as they returned to their seats. She couldn't deny leaning into him more heavily than she needed to, her body taking great pleasure in feeling his hard, lean muscles press back against her soft curves.

Damn it. She was a total submissive bitch, wasn't she?

What the fuck.

"You really like fucking me up, don't you?" she quipped.

"Stop," he grunted.

She smirked lazily. "Or what? Gonna *fuck* me again?"

"Oh my god, Jaune, that was totally badass," Nora cheered as they made it over to them, hands on hips. "That was so cool! You guys were just beating the snot out of each other, it looked like so much fun!"

"I don't know if that's the word I would use," Jaune said with a laugh.

"It was brutish... but effective," Weiss said, trying her best to not sound impressed.

"Good win," Ren said, nodding.

Yang felt eyes on her, and looked up. Ruby was staring at her, a strange expression on her face. Not angry, but not happy, either. Disgruntled, maybe? Whatever it was, her eyes were intense, those haunting silver irises drilling into her.

She wasn't the only one giving her an intense look.

Pyrrha's eyes were darting between the pair of them, moving from Jaune to Yang and back again, face pinched.

"Where do you want to sit?" Jaune asked.

"Just put me next to Ruby," she said, and shuffling across, he helped her into her chair. Yang sagged, sighing.

"Thanks, big guy," she grinned. "Be a little more gentle with a girl next time."

There it was! She'd been trying so hard to get a reaction from him for so long and failed, that she'd never thought she'd see it again. Seems like she just had to let him fuck her senseless before he became more conscious of her – or maybe he was scared the others would find out, Yang's words flying close to the sun. Whatever the case, his cheeks turned red as he turned away and found his seat next to Pyrrha.

“H-Hmph,” Ruby sniffed quietly. “I guess it’s nice to share the load around a little.”

Yang blinked, turning to stare at her.

“What?”

Ruby then glared at her boobs of all things.

“Don’t think just because you have those...!” she whispered furiously.

What was she even saying?

“H-He likes mine just fine, I’ll have you know,” Ruby said. “More than fine! And I’ll prove it!”

Yang stared at her sister dumbly as she began listing a bunch of dates smugly, as if they meant anything to her. At first, she had no idea what she was talking about until her mind started connecting the dots. They were the days Yang had tried to garner a reaction out of Jaune but had failed miserably.

Had Ruby been aware of what she’d been trying to do this whole time?

But no, not exactly.

“—under the desk while I sucked him dry,” Ruby nodded proudly. “Right in the middle of class. I bet you haven’t done anything like that. Though he kinda almost choked me because of you. Do you know how scary that was? Oh, and—,”

She was talking about the days *she* had been with Jaune.

Yang gaped, thrown by her little sister’s brazen admission. Whatever happened to her socially awkward, shy Ruby? If she wasn’t careful, other people would overhear—wait a minute...

Those days...

Ruby was the reason Jaune had been completely resistant to her charms. Not just because they’d been together and he’d gained some sort of tolerance, but because they’d been together on those days specifically. She’d milked him dry and left nothing for her.

Was Ruby really that much better than she was?

A sudden thought but one that lingered, toxic, festering. Yang frowned, feeling self conscious. Couldn’t he have been interested, just a little bit? She had to strip down completely and grapple him before he’d done anything.

Ruby was beating her.

She was better at sex.

That was the conclusion her mind came to, at least. True or false, it didn't matter. Once she thought it, it became her truth.

It didn't help that Ruby seemed to wholeheartedly believe it.

“—so big, but I can easily handle it, of course,” she smirked, acting superior. “You looked worn out last night, was that after he tired you out? I never look that bad afterwards. S-Sure, it can be a little rough but you clearly aren't good enough yet.”

“I'm not going to lose.”

Ruby blinked. “Pardon?”

“I won't lose!”

She said it a little louder than she probably should have, their friends glancing their way curiously. But Yang didn't care.

“I won't lose to you.”

Yang meant it. She meant it from the very depths of her soul.

Jaune would like her body more. Jaune would want to have sex with her more. No matter what she had to do.