

The night of the second auction came, and Jaune found himself in a very precarious situation.

Pleasure surged through his balls as a small, hot, wet mouth slurped and sucked on the end of his dick, his glans engulfed in liquid heat. His hands clutched at the table behind him, his dress pants around his ankles as Weiss proceeded to give him her very first blowjob.

He wouldn't have minded – if Weiss wasn't due to go on stage in less than fifteen minutes.

The dressing room was deserted, the door locked, though he could hear staff rushing around out in the hall. That threat of being discovered only made the pleasure more potent, his heart racing as Weiss' inexperienced mouth attempted to siphon the cum straight from his balls.

She might have been inexperienced, and her tiny mouth struggled to fit his girthy cock, but her enthusiasm made up for any shortcomings. Jaune groaned as her dexterous tongue twirled around his crown, making his shaft throb in desire.

Jaune gazed down at her lovely face, her glossy lips stretched obscenely as she sucked powerfully, her dainty hands working his shaft. Weiss was already dressed and ready for the stage, her angel wings in place on her back, yet here she was, sucking his cock moments before she was due to perform.

Their night together had unlocked something inside his petite new girlfriend, and it seemed the thought of potentially getting caught had turned her on beyond belief. Her head bobbed eagerly, her ice blue eyes peering up at him through her lashes, cheeks caving in aggressively as she gave him several sturdy sucks.

Her tongue flicked at the tip, tasting his pre-cum as it oozed into her mouth, and with a loud pop, she pulled off him.

“Does it feel good?” she asked breathlessly, her voice dripping with lust. His cock flexed, making her giggle, pumping him firmly with stern strokes. “Mm, it’s so hard – and it tastes weird, but I like it.”

She lapped at him, licking the underside of his crown like a lollipop, the muscles in his thighs tensing as she found that sensitive spot under his glans. Weiss took note, attacking it with gusto, his cock swelling as sharp pleasure tightened the knot in the base of his shaft.

“Fuck, Weiss,” he whispered, smitten with the look on her face. “You need to hurry, they’ll send someone to find you soon.”

She placed a wet, messy kiss on his tip, tongue lashing out in a vigorous swirl before releasing him, and standing.

“You’re right,” she said, turning away from him and hiking her lovely dress. It shimmered like liquid starlight, a deep black with jewels that sparkled like stars. She exposed her shapely ass, the perfect bubble butt, plump and ready for him, the stripe of her white underwear disappearing between her cheeks. “You need to finish in here.”

She was going to drive him insane.

Yesterday had been such a wholesome day. After riding horses with Whitley, they’d all gone out to enjoy what the city of Atlas had to offer. They’d done their fair share of shopping, Pyrrha and Weiss taking turns making him try on different outfits, and also roping Whitley into it. After that, they got something to eat at a high scale restaurant, and then after that, they went and watched a movie. It had been a brand new experience for Whitley, who had never attended a public cinema before, and he’d made the most of it, purchasing a piece of every candy they had on offer, for once acting like the child that he was.

The paparazzi followed them around like a swarm of flies, and they never stayed anywhere too long to avoid a crowd forming, but they were relentless. But all in all, it had been a great day.

That wholesomeness was nowhere to be seen now, Weiss peeling her panties down and exposing her cute, innocent looking slit. A string of arousal stretched between the material and her labia, clinging to her leg when it snapped. She gave her ass a shake, those two pale globes jiggling invitingly.

“As my boyfriend, you have to deal with this,” she commanded. “Anytime, anywhere.”

Oh, yeah, and now they were officially an item. Before parting the previous day, they’d had that much needed conversation. It was always implied that they would start dating after their intimacy reached its peak, but Weiss put words to it, and Jaune welcomed it. He was now dating three girls.

Yeah. That was his life.

And one of them was trying to get him to fuck her right before one of the most important performances of her life.

If her father knew what was going on...

Yet that thought didn’t stop him from taking hold of his cock and pressing it against her weeping entrance. Weiss mewled, straightening her legs and pressed her hands against the wall. Her ridiculously tight pussy resisted him at first, pressing back as he attempted to penetrate her. Giving his cock a wiggle, he found purchase and thrust, tearing a sweet cry from her lips. Inch after inch sunk into her molten snatch, her inner walls clutching him in a vice grip. Those

textured, sticky walls stimulated him beyond measure, his toes pressing down inside his shoes against the floor as with a final rock of his hips, he bottomed out against her ass, feeling the spongy cap of her cervix rest against his tip.

*"Haaaaaaaaaah, haaaaaahnngg~!"* Weiss panted, her tummy clenching as she felt that hot steel bar sheath itself inside her to the hilt, pressuring her womb. Her legs shook, her inner muscles contracting around his stupidly large cock. *"God, Jaune – oh, I love it when I feel you so deep inside me. Mmng – it feels so good, you have no idea."*

"I think I have a little bit of an idea," he said through gritted teeth, palming her ass and squeezing, spreading her cheeks apart. Her cute little pink asshole winked at him, the ring of her entrance bulging around his girth. Withdrawing from her embrace, she moaned, shivering, and he watched with dark eyes as her tender walls stretched outward, desperate to hold onto him, leaving behind a glistening trail of girl cum.

She really was so stupidly tight.

Jaune moved slowly with long, deep strokes that turned Weiss into a quivering, mewling mess. Her hands spasmed against the wall, her insides coiling around his cock aggressively, tensing every time he pressed deep. He wanted nothing more than to pound into her with reckless abandon, but if he did that, there was no way they wouldn't get caught.

*"Yes, keep going, right there,"* Weiss moaned beautifully, using the wall as leverage to push herself back, meeting his thrusts halfway. *"Mmngggg—Jaune, you have to make me scream. I want to scream."*

"If you scream, we'll get caught."

*"I don't care – haaahnn – I want to scream, mngg, make me scream, be rough with me, I want it, please, aaahn~!"*

His fingers grasped handfuls of her hip meat, yanking her back harder, her voice cracking as she squealed. It was dangerous, too dangerous, yet Jaune had trouble resisting her when she was begging him to fuck her hard and deep, to make her howl like an animal in heat.

"If we get caught doing this, you won't be allowed to come back to Beacon," he told her, angling his hips up. Her waist jolted, Weiss rising up on her toes as she sobbed. "Is that what you want?"

*"I'll run away so we can be together,"* she gasped as he sealed his hips to her plush ass and swirled his cock, grinding on the mouth to her womb. *"I'll follow you anywhere you go~!"*

Her core tightened, and Jaune groaned darkly as her pussy rippled around him, wringing him from root to tip. Weiss had incredible control of her body, and it was child's play for her to squeeze him on command, attempting to milk him dry.

His hips started moving harder, snapping into her ass with a meaty clap. Weiss' arms failed, her body crumpling against the wall, her small breasts squashed as his larger body pinned her. With each punishing thrust, he drove her upwards, her feet leaving the floor, and her voice grew high and needy, too loud, Weiss moaning hysterically.

*"Ahn~♡! Oooouhh~! Jaaaaune~! Mmnnngg—harder~♡~! Mmmngg—deeper~♡~!"*

Jaune hastily clamped a hand over her mouth, muffling her wails as he began pistoning deep into her snatch, her wetness sloshing loudly as he fucked her tight, wet pussy. Her ass rippled with the impacts, their flesh clapping together, her cunt spasming wildly around his cock. Her mouth had already got him close, and now he felt his climax building rapidly, that knot in the base of his shaft tightening.

Her walls fluttered around him erratically, and Jaune knew that she was close too. His glans pounded roughly into her cervix, her body thrashing, her feet kicking against the wall, and then she was locking up, her muffled voice breaking as her sodden cunt began throbbing around his shaft.

She was cumming.

Jaune's jaw tightened as her already impossibly tight snatch became a vice, yet he forced his way through it, panting roughly as he used the whole length of his dick to fuck her through her orgasm. Her hands slapped the wall, her legs kicking wildly, body writhing uncontrollably as he pounded her through her climax, grunting as her tight hold sent him over the edge.

"*Oh yeaaaaah*," he said, voice deep, coming straight from his belly. His swinging balls tightened, his cock flexing powerfully, and with one final snap of the hips, he docked with her cervix and erupted. Weiss squealed as several long, heavy jets of cum gushed into her womb, molten heat filling her uterus.

The pleasure was addicting, Jaune drowning in it as her spasming cunt siphoned the semen from his balls, draining him dry as he rutted against her ass mindlessly, packing her full. When he was finally done, he extracted his sensitive cock from her ridiculous grip, shivering as his crown caught on every fold.

He popped out of her messily, her syrupy girl cum dripping down her thighs. No longer pinning her to the wall with his body, she almost fell, legs weak as her feet touched the floor. Jaune hastily looped an arm around her waist, and she cooed, shivering as his arm applied pressure over her bloated womb.

"*Mmng – it's so hot, I can feel it inside me*," she squirmed in delight. "If I wasn't on birth control, I'd be pregnant."

Hearing her say that aloud made his cock twitch, excited at the thought.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, catching their breath, basking in the heat of one another before Weiss reluctantly extracted herself from his hold. Bending down, she pulled her panties up and adjusted her dress, dusting it off.

Jaune pulled his pants up and covered up, his cock still infuriatingly hard. It was beginning to go down, but not fast enough.

Weiss turned to face him, and her eyes made his heart swell. She looked at him with such affection that it made him weak kneed. Leaning forward, she kissed him passionately, and Jaune met her with equal enthusiasm, her glossy lips tasting sweet.

“When I perform, no one will know that I’m filled with your sperm,” she whispered naughtily. “Only you.”

This woman was maddening. He’d created a demon.

She shot him an impish smile before stepping back and holding out her arms, “How do I look?”

“Amazing, as always,” he looked her over. Such elegance, no one could tell that just moments ago, she’d been bent over against a wall, getting railed from behind. There were signs, of course. The brightness of her cheeks and eyes, her skin *glowing* – but without context, there was no way to tell. “Though you might need to redo your lip gloss.”

Weiss hurried over to a mirror, her steps a little awkward. “Oh, they’re smudged. You’re right,” she reached for the gloss, a small glittery tube on the table and reapplied it. “Oh, you should

wipe your mouth. People will see it on your lips,” she pointed out, her eyes meeting his in the mirror.

Jaune wiped at his mouth, clearing the evidence.

Someone knocked on the door. They both jumped at the sudden sound.

“Ms. Schnee?” a woman called through the door. “Are you there? You are due in five minutes!”

They’d cut it dangerously close.

“We really shouldn’t do something like that again,” he said.

Weiss arched an eyebrow. “You didn’t enjoy it?”

“That isn’t the point.”

She placed a hand on his chest, stroking the material of his jacket.

“I can’t make any promises.”

Jaune was beginning to see a little bit of a reckless streak developing.



Weiss left first, shooting him a wink as she dashed out the door. Jaune waited a few minutes, straightening his clothes and making sure everything was in order. Thankfully his hair was still neat and tidy, and so when it was time, he slipped out of the dressing room and made his way to the theater hall.

He was almost there when he was intercepted by a large man in a black suit and tie, his eyes concealed by sunglasses. Jaune tensed, immediately recognising the way he held himself. On his hip was a revolver, the chambers filled with Dust-infused rounds. From his angle, Jaune saw Fire and Ice, but there were surely more.

“Jacques Schnee has invited you to join him tonight,” the man rumbled, his voice sounding like rocks colliding. “If you would follow me, I will take you to him.”

Jaune almost declined on instinct before catching himself. This man radiated violence, tightly restrained. If he had to put money on it, Jaune would say he was Huntsman trained.

This was a dangerous man.

“Sure,” he finally replied. “Show me the way.”

He was led to a private balcony.

Jacques Schnee was waiting with a bottle of champagne and two empty flutes, the bottle resting in a bucket of ice. Jaune approached warily, feeling the large man at his back.

“Jaune Arc,” Jacques greeted, eyes calculating as he looked him over. “Please, have a seat. You may leave us, Jackal.”

Jaune sat down, tense. Jacques popped the cork and poured two healthy glasses, passing one to him. Jaune took it but didn’t drink, watching Weiss’ father carefully.

What was this about?

“How have you enjoyed the comforts of Atlas?” Jacques started, his tone mild. “It must be quite different from what you are accustomed to.”

“Atlas has been very generous,” Jaune said slowly.

“Hm. Atlas – or my daughter?” Jacques questioned but didn’t wait for an answer. “I suppose you are wondering why I’ve called you here.”

A statement.

“I am.”

“You need not be so wary,” he smiled, though it wasn’t a smile that put a person at ease. It was razor sharp, and cut just as easily. “I wish to know the person my daughter – and *heir* – talks of so fondly. As a father, you understand, don’t you?”

There was an angle being played here, but Jaune couldn't see it. Was he simply attempting to intimidate him or was it something else? Fishing for information?

"Yes," he replied. "I understand."

Jacques sipped at his drink, applause ringing out as Weiss took the stage. Jaune watched as the room darkened completely, leaving her shrouded in a single spotlight, the jewels on her dress glittering like a sea of stars.

There was a pause in the air, and then she began to sing.

Unfortunately, Jaune couldn't enjoy it.

"Has it always been your dream to become a Huntsman?" he asked casually.

"Not always," Jaune answered, hearing those awful screams in his memories. "But I was quite young when I chose."

"Any particular reason?"

"My family was attacked by Grimm," he shared easily, unashamed. "I didn't wish for anyone else to experience the same thing. Huntsmen protect those that can't protect themselves."

"Hmm."

“You don’t agree?” he couldn’t help but press.

“It isn’t that I disagree, it is just that there are many other ways to protect others,” Jacques swirled his flute. “Being a Huntsman is only one way – and a rather limited way at that.”

Jaune remained silent.

“It is an *admirable* profession, to be sure,” his hand paused. “But some have a greater destiny than fighting beasts and dying an inglorious death.”

“I don’t plan to die.”

“No one ever does.”

Weiss hit a high note, cutting through the tension – if only for a moment.

“My daughter will one day run the Schnee Dust Company,” Jacques pinned him with a shrewd look. “That is her destiny. Her life should be solely devoted to that singular fact, yet Weiss is a wilful girl. I’ve allowed her some measure of freedom, and recognize that there is much to gain by graduating a Huntsman academy. A certain prestige that many place on it, as defenders of our world. But in the end, her life is already decided.”

Where was he going with this?

“She will continue to attend Beacon,” he said, voice sharp. Jaune blinked, taken aback. “She will continue until she graduates, so long as she conducts herself in a manner that befits this family. I’m sure she has confided in you her worries. Well, she need not worry any longer.”

That was... great news. Yet why did he feel so uneasy to hear it from his mouth?

“It is clear that she respects you greatly. For whatever reason, my daughter has taken a shine to you – but you must understand. Whatever base desire you may have for her, it will not amount to anything.”

“Pardon?”

Jaune felt a sudden flare of panic. Did he *know* what they’d been getting up to?

“I’m not so old that I have forgotten what it is like to be a teenager, Jaune Arc,” Jacques took another sip, this one longer. “Hormones running wild, ill advised decisions fueled by desire. These are not a luxury she has. Once she has graduated, she will return home – and marry someone of my choosing, someone that will benefit the Schnee Dust Company as a whole.”

He said it with such finality that it made Jaune’s temper spark, though he kept it contained.

“She knows this, of course. And I do not believe her to be of loose morals. But I mean to remind her, just in case she has forgotten her place.”

“So you invited me here to... warn me?”

“In a manner of speaking, though my true purpose is to enlist you.”

“What?”

Jacques smirked. “Watch over my daughter, and ensure the Schnee family interests are well looked after. As I said, Weiss is a wilful girl – but I believe she will listen to you, since you’ve managed to garner such respect in so little time.”

“You don’t need to tell me to watch over her,” Jaune said, voice clipped. The first sign of his annoyance leaking through. “As her friend, I’ll gladly stand by her side. But Weiss is her own person. She isn’t a puppet or tool.”

Jacques smirked but didn’t say a word, his eyes leaving Jaune and focusing on Weiss down on the stage. A clear dismissal of his words.

Jacques framed it as looking over his daughter, as ensuring the growth of their family business, but it was really all about control. This is what Weiss meant when she said she wasn’t truly free. Not yet. Her father was already planning to sell her off for the highest return possible, whichever would increase the prestige of the Schnee family and the company the most.

Jaune would not let that happen.

He didn’t know how he would stop it but he had four years to figure it out. Four years to find the best solution and ensure that Weiss remained her own person, and did not lose everything.

Jaune found it difficult to focus on the performance. Every second he remained in the presence of Jacques Schnee only made his mood plummet further.

Finally, as Weiss' performance came to an end, her father said, "Think carefully about what I've said."

"I will," Jaune replied, voice cold. "But I don't think you'll like what my conclusion is."

Jacques hummed. "I thought you might be wiser than my daughter. Was I mistaken?"

Jaune didn't answer, watching as Weiss bowed, the crowd erupting with applause. Jaune joined them, setting aside his untouched drink and standing, clapping loudly. Jacques stood as well but did not clap, heading for the door.

"We will meet again, Jaune Arc. By then, I hope you've realized the futility of resistance. It is a lesson Weiss has struggled to grasp, yet she will – in time."

Jaune had never wanted to slap the smug smile off someone's face as much as he did right now.

Like the previous event, everyone was then led to the ballroom. Pyrrha was waiting for him with her mother.

"Where have you been?" she asked before pausing, eyes narrowing. "What's wrong?"

“Nothing.”

“You’re a poor liar,” she approached, placing a hand on his arm. “Jaune, what’s happened?”

Was he so easy to read?

He sighed. “Nothing. I just... had a run in with Weiss’ father.”

Pyrrha grimaced. “Oh. I see.”

Willow and Whitley soon joined them, the latter immediately seeking Pyrrha for conversation. That lightened Jaune’s mood a little, watching the younger boy perk up in her presence. Willow tittered behind a raised hand, whispering something to Pandora. Pyrrha’s mother appeared shocked at first before whispering something back, the pair giggling.

Jaune took a deep breath, attempting to calm down.

A small hand pressed on his back, and turning, he was met with Weiss’ beautiful face.

“I couldn’t see you in the—,” she cut herself off, spotting what Pyrrha had immediately. “Jaune? What is it?”

He led her away so they could speak privately, and told her everything. Weiss’ face morphed from concern to irritation to outright anger, pretty features warped in a scowl.



“That man...” she hissed under her breath. “Unbelievable. If he thinks I’m going to marry one of his hand picked sycophants, he’s got another thing coming! And trying to twist you to his whims...” her hands curled into fists, shaking by her side. The last time Jaune had seen her this angry, it was when she discovered the truth of Blake’s past. “How *dare* he!”

“Weiss,” Jaune said soothingly, voice soft. “Calm down.”

“Why are you telling me to calm down?” she snapped. “You aren’t calm either!”

Jaune guided her out of the ballroom.

“You don’t want to make a scene right now, do you?”

“I really don’t care, if I’m being quite honest!” she huffed angrily but let him lead her to an empty room. “Who does he think he is? Oh, why am I surprised. This is just typical of him.”

“I’m sorry.”

Weiss shot him an annoyed frown. “What are you apologizing for? It isn’t your fault.”

“I’m just sorry you have to put up with this,” he said. “A father shouldn’t be like that.”

Weiss grunted. "Don't I know it..." she then sighed. "I can't believe he came straight to you. Urgh – he thinks just because he has money and power, he can turn anyone to his way of thinking. If he had even a little bit of an understanding of the type of man you are, he wouldn't have tried it."

"We won't let this happen."

Jaune said it with such conviction that Weiss blinked at him, startled. Then she smiled, the anger draining out of her as she cupped his cheek.

"You don't have to worry. I'm yours," she said emphatically. "Nothing will ever change that. I just sang in front of hundreds of Atlas' elite with my womb filled with your sperm. It isn't even a discussion."

Jaune felt his ears warm up.

"But if you don't do as he says..."

If she didn't obey, then that meant her place as heiress could easily change. Jaune did not want to be the reason Weiss lost her birthright, not when he knew how much she wanted it. Weiss may hate much of the ins and outs of high society, the fake smiles and greedy eyes, looking for ways to tear you down, to take what wasn't theirs, but the Schnee Dust Company was her grandfather's gift to his family.

It was not something so easily discarded.

"A lot can happen in four years," Weiss said shrewdly. "My father might hold all the cards right now, but that might not always be the case. I'll just have to bide my time."

"I'll help you in any way that I can," he told her.

"I know you will," rising on her toes, she pecked him on the lips, her eyes warm. "I'm sorry you had to put up with that."

"It's okay. For you, I'll put up with anything."

She kissed him again, and again, peppering him with quick, chaste kisses. Jaune met her with equal enthusiasm, a hand settling on her waist. She giggled as he kissed the corner of her mouth, her cheek, her nose, her brow, her scar.

"He underestimates us," Weiss said. "That will be his downfall. If he understood, he wouldn't be letting me go back to Beacon. I'll make him pay for the folly."

It would be far in the future, and it would be messy, he had no doubt. But Jaune had confidence in her, that she would overcome this obstacle placed in front of her. Just as she had overcome every other obstacle placed in her path.

Only this time, she'd have him by her side. She wouldn't have to do it all alone. Not just him. Nora and Blake, and all of their other friends.