

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle and graphic sexual content)

Beacon Academy had undergone *notable* changes as time went on, ever since the beginning days when a certain supplement began to spread among the female student body (in both senses of the word). One would have to be blind and deaf not to notice all the 'massive' changes going on in the academy.

It started with some of their most promising new alumni, going further and further until even the female staff was involved in partaking of the drug. Such a thing did not come about without consequences, but after much deliberation Beacon became the testing ground with supplies coming from Atlas legally now, to train the new generation of Huntresses into far more powerful warriors than ever before.

Professor Glynda Goodwitch had taken the role of headmistress to oversee the changes in the Academy, while Headmaster Ozpin had pretty much secluded himself from the public eye, conducting over vital operations for the kingdom that required a more 'subtle touch'.

Those who knew what he was up to, his allies who were *very* aware of the sort of foe he was preparing for, remained tight-lipped in order to keep their veil of secrecy.

For the students, life went on. Although much different than before. The Huntresses-in-training were on top of the food chain, they were the basis for the new experimental front-line Grimm hunters by which they would wage their eternal war against the creatures of darkness. Women whose potential was unleashed and multiplied had to be nurtured in turn.

Such changes needed by the academy came in the form of new workout regimes, trials, and tests to see which students excelled enough to take the supplements and join this sisterhood of flesh. The new uniforms were designed for greater mobility and adjust to their new muscular frames, appearing in the form of two-piece suits similar to those lady wrestlers used. All of it designed to fit this new age of huntresses in training for Beacon.

Trials would also allow the exchange students to partake in the drug, experimenting with the viability of implanting the new practices in the other academies. Atlas was so close to doing it, they were the ones who designed the supplement in the first place. Haven seemed reluctant for some reason. And Vacuo, with their culture of strength and self-reliance, was very interested in it.

Though the results were promising, Beacon was yet to be filled with amazons. So far only a small number of female students had reached that level, like one such Weiss Schnee, who

proceeded to curl her sinewy bicep repeatedly, the dumbbell's weight enough of a challenge for the muscle to strain and pop veins, a thin sheet of sweat covering her frame.

"Mmm, she's a dream come true, isn't it Velvs?" The coyly teasing voice of Coco said as the fashionista (still managing to décor the new outfit with her usual brand of fashion), nudged her partner.

The bunny faunus' face flushed severely at the sight of the Schnee's imperious muscles. "U-Um" Her mouth could barely articulate at the sight.

Weiss smirked a bit proudly at the praise, "Perhaps this will help to inspire you, ladies"

A large number of female students had yet to even take the drug. She could understand Velvet's hesitation, her naturally shyness presented itself as an obstacle. Coco, however? Weiss was surprised she had yet to take them either. Perhaps she was waiting for Velvet to muster the courage?

Well, it wasn't her business.

Weiss dropped the dumbbell, shaking her arm and then flexing to see the results. Perfection, as usual.

Coco was not far in grasping the bicep with eager hands, "My goodness~" She was all but salivating. And Weiss suppressed the urge to moan at her skilled touch, it wouldn't do lose control here in the gym with other people present. Though at this hour of the night, there weren't many present, just Jaune and the outstanding amazon Pyrrha.

It was *very* distracting to have her nearby, watching her enormous muscles bulge and flex so magnificently. Weiss also noted how... intriguing it felt to have Jaune lovingly look at her while he caressed her. Was that a pang of want she felt upon looking at them?

She wasn't Blake and Yang. She hadn't really engaged in such... passionate acts yet, she was content with her own means of relieving stress. But seeing them like this while Coco fondled her muscles wasn't helping...

Ugh! Damn those bees! They could never keep any of their 'activities' quiet and now she felt like she was going insane...

The fact she felt very tempted to tear the clothes off Coco and pin her to the ground was very tempting to her. But she needed to have more control than that, she... she had to be a proper Huntress, behave as such.

Even if her dreams were plagued by images of wanton debauchery. And her thoughts were ruled by curiosity of the most lewd nature, showcasing images of dominance and muscle as she was worshipped and pleased.

Damn it all...

"Well, time for us to go," Coco said, reluctantly letting go of Weiss' arm. "Not all of us can go all night. Yet~" She winked behind her aviator glasses and took Velvet by the hand. "See ya!"

"B-Bye Weiss," The shy girl waved as they left.

Weiss waved them goodbye, and once more was left with her thoughts. Her very... improper thoughts.

Her gaze slowly drifted to the other occupants of the gym, Pyrrha and Jaune, all the way on the other side where the heaviest machinery was located, the only things that could challenge her in any way. Jaune was content with watching her, because of course he was, she was *Pyrrha*.

Weiss pursed her lips, thinking back on how Blake and Yang regularly claimed how *amazing* sex with Jaune was. Weiss had trouble wrapping her head around Pyrrha being so... accepting of it now.

Perhaps... Perhaps she'd have some advice for her. Yeah. Pyrrha was calm and collected in everything, she'd be bound to have the answers she desperately needed.

As she neared the redheaded spartan benching a bar Weiss knew she'd have trouble lifting, she heard Pyrrha ask Jaune in between huffs, "How many reps is this Jaune?"

"Oh. Um," He stammered sheepishly. "Lost count, sorry"

Pyrrha giggled in turn, putting the great bench back on its rack before sitting up, her prodigious size was still enough for her head to reach Weiss' bosom. Jaune quickly began to towel her sweat off with practiced ease, showing this was far from the first time he'd done it. Pyrrha gently closed her eyes and hummed as she moved her limbs to give Jaune better access, and he took his time to clean her with great care. It made Weiss blush at how... sensuous his caresses were even with a towel between his hands and Pyrrha's body.

And with the way Pyrrha looked so pleased, he clearly knew what he was doing.

"Oh, hello there, Weiss" Pyrrha said with her usual smile.

"Hey Weiss," Jaune added with a wave of his hand before continuing his work, this time massaging Pyrrha's traps.

"Good workout today?" The spartan asked.

"Indeed, very productive as always"

"That's the spirit!" Pyrrha said with an infectiously cheery smile. "Did you need anything?"

"I was hoping to talk to you regarding certain... matters?"

"Oh?" She tilted her head.

Weiss pursed her lips, "I'm not sure I can bring them up while Jaune is present"

"Oh" Pyrrha blinked, and she and Jaune shared a look. "Is it... of a sensitive nature"

"Quite"

"It's okay," Jaune said, "I actually gotta head back to our room, I forgot the oil..." He rubbed his neck with an awkward expression. "Forgetting everything lately..."

“Well,” Pyrrha’s smile was *coy* as she flexed an enormous arm larger than his head, “Many distractions surround you”

He merely smiled widely as her arm grabbed his collar and pulled him down into a deep kiss. Weiss felt she had to look away but didn’t, she was transfixed by the tender and passionate gesture shared between the two, how it blended two things that should be opposites, carnal desire, and genuine feelings, seamlessly.

Even with Pyrrha initiating the kiss, Jaune still seemed to lead it as he placed a hand on her cheek, leaning deeper into it.

When they finally parted, they were almost breathless. “Be back soon, you girls have fun” He said with a dreamy voice as he departed the gym, and Weiss waited until he was at least a good distance away before she finally felt secure enough to speak to Pyrrha.

“You and Jaune sure have a... *steamy* affair”

“Well that’s one way to put it,” Pyrrha giggled, “There is plenty of steam in the showers~”

“And,” Weiss shuffled, “That brings me to my point. It’s something I’ve been noticing for a while now”

Pyrrha tilted her head.

“In you, in Blake, Yang and... others” She tried to formulate the words. “Have you found yourself developing... appetites?”

“Well, we do eat far more than before. Still can’t even give Nora a run for her money though, she has us *all* beat there...”

“No no no,” Weiss shook her head, feeling flushed and awkward. “I mean... wanting to do certain *things*, finding yourself with increased... *desires*”

Pyrrha looked at her for the longest time, “Weiss, are you asking if I’m lustful?”

Weiss wanted a hole to open up right under her. “Well, if you wanna be crass about it...”

The spartan giggled. “Oh, Weiss there is nothing to be ashamed of. You asked if the supplements that made us powerful also awakened in us ‘desires’” Pyrrha coyly smirked. “I believe you’re asking because you feel them as well”

Weiss’ pale face went red. “I uh...”

“Weiss,” Pyrrha stood up, highlighting the great contrast between them as she put a comforting hand on the smaller amazon. “You can talk to me”

The Schnee looked at the redhead for a moment before sighing. “It’s driving me insane,” She finally admitted. “If it’s not Yang and Blake having sex, *in the dorm we all share*, it’s any other of these stronger girls doing a *very* poor job at keeping their private affairs ‘private’. Like, Nora, even Headmistress Goodwitch,” She gave the spartan a half-hearted glare, “you”

“Oh, ehehe” Pyrrha scratched her neck awkwardly, causing her massive arm and shoulder to ripple. “And here I thought me and Jaune kept things from going too far...”

“When you *think* you’re alone, yes” Weiss deadpanned.

“Sorry!”

The heiress let out a long sigh, “It’s just so *frustrating*. To feel like these-these urges and not being able to do anything about it! I’ve tried to control them but the *constant* erotic activities going on around me are not helping matters! Keep feeling I’ll slip up and lose control!”

“Well, this is just a thought but,” Pyrrha shuffled, “have you tried ‘taking matters into your own hands?’”

Weiss didn’t know how it had gotten to this point, where she was just openly talking to Pyrrha about sex and her own unbridled urges. But in for a lien at this point... “I have, and that only provides a *momentary* respite”

Pyrrha grew thoughtful as she pondered for a moment. “Blake and Yang don’t make it easy huh?”

"Ugh, it's the worst! With them always bragging how you let them... you know," Her cheeks blushed, "*have* Jaune"

It was like a few strands of an idea began connecting in Pyrrha's mind. "That they do," They two were always *very* satisfied after a usual session with Jaune.

So did Goodwitch for that matter...

"I don't know how you just... go along with it," Weiss continued, unaware of the idea brewing in Pyrrha's head. "He's your boyfriend, and he just gets to sleep around"

"Oh Weiss," Pyrrha smirked, "It's just sex. I don't even doubt Jaune's affections for me, I have no reason to get mad"

Except when Blake and Yang left Jaune *too* spent for Pyrrha to enjoy. Goodness, even Goodwitch by herself was a beast with him. There was something about Jaune, perhaps his personality, his stamina, his resilience, that made him a *perfect* fit to be an amazon's lover that always left his partners thoroughly satisfied, enjoying the moment of passing with him through a myriad of ways. Either in an act of playful domination or because he *knew* how to touch their muscles in the best possible way. He turned act of worship into an *art*.

Yang and Blake prided themselves on how *epic* their sessions were with Jaune. And there was a small, very tiny really, part of Pyrrha who for once would like to act a *little* bit vengeful and have someone else brag for once to show those two.

"I just... can't wrap my head around it,"

Pyrrha's smile grew devious, "Sounds to me like you are in need of some hands-on experience"

Weiss did a double take, "Wha-?"

"Why don't you and Jaune spend some time here?" The tone in Pyrrha's voice was *extremely* suggestive. "He can give you the attention your body *needs*"

"Y-Y-Y," Weiss stammered repeatedly, "*What?* Pyrrha, what are you saying...?"

"I'm saying," Two large hands descended on Weiss's shoulders. "Weiss... I'm giving you permission to have sex with Jaune"

Weiss was pretty certain her soul left her body.

"I'm serious," Pyrrha reaffirmed, "You're pent up, and just denying these feelings is going to harm you in the long run. What you need is to express yourself physically in *every* form" She grinned, "And Jaune can see to that"

"But... he's your boyfriend and-"

"We've established I don't mind him having sex with other girls," The spartan shook her head, "Weiss, I just don't want you to miss something so *amazing*. Once you experience intimacy like this, your problems will be a thing of the past"

"I'm..." Weiss should have said no, every knowledge of social conduct, and common sense, she had told her she should deny the offer. Could she really infringe on someone's relationship like that?

...Well, Blake and Yang slept with Jaune often, and she was certain the guy was 'shared' between other women. And Pyrrha had no problem with it, Jaune always came back to her.

It'd be... just sex. The academy was a time to experiment after all.

Yes, she could just... test the waters, so to say.

"If you're truly okay with it," The heiress slowly nodded. "I... will have sex with Jaune"

"Sensational!" Pyrrha cheerfully said. And Weiss got the second shock of the night when Pyrrha leaned down to give her a big sloppy kiss. "Mmmuah!" She giggled at Weiss's shocked expression.

“Um...” The two turned, seeing Jaune back with the oil, looking *very* entranced by what he just witnessed. “I’m... back?” He didn’t even sound sure himself.

“Just in time!” Pyrrha grabbed her large towel and threw it over her shoulder. “Jaune, I’ll be taking a shower. Would you be a dear and give Weiss a massage instead, she needs it far more~”

With that said, she walked over to Jaune and gave him a soft kiss on his cheek, never mind the fact he was still rather taken aback by what she said (to say nothing of Weiss), and casually walked to the showers with a playful gait in her step, her strong glutes swaying from side to side as she left Jaune and Weiss. Alone.

The blanchette amazon and blonde Hunstman-in-training stared at each other awkwardly, “Did um... did Pyrrha suggest-?”

“Well, break is over!” Weiss cut him suddenly and loudly, “Time for a new set!” She *desperately* wanted to avoid even bringing up what Pyrrha said. Good *gods* what was she thinking?!

Acting quickly, Weiss got on the bench Pyrrha had been using, making sure to take some of the weight off to something she’d be able to handle. Pyrrha may be mighty, but her own strength was nothing to scoff at either.

Weiss quickly grabbed the bar and pulled it off its rack, the weight quickly making her arm muscles grow taut. She was doing reps like a woman possessed, pouring her all into the exercise so as not to entertain the insane deal she broke with Pyrrha. There was no way she could just... have sex with Jaune. Just do something like that with a friend’s boyfriend.

Never mind that Blake and Yang did it all the time and *gods it was driving her insane!*

Jaune for his part just stood by the bench, watching as Weiss blasted her arm muscles into an amazing pump, the way veins throbbed and spread from forearm to shoulder, wrapping around the biceps like hoses was mesmerizing.

“Wow...” He muttered loud enough for Weiss to hear. “You’re looking amazing, Weiss. Great form”

"T-Thanks" She replied, trying to ignore the *warmth* that praise generated in her. "But I'm hardly the biggest around"

"Hey it's not like that makes you any less buff," Jaune grinned, "Sure, you're not a *huge* thing like some of the other girls, but your tone is top-notch, and your figure really compliments that bulk of yours"

Weiss remembered a Jaune who spitted out poor pick-up lines and dumb serenades. Whatever happened to that boy? "Well you learned to compliment girls at last" She grunted mid-reps.

"What can I say?" He sheepishly scratched his nose, "Been getting... experience in the matter"

Oh, Weiss was well aware of what type of experience he meant... And part of her *really* wanted him to show her.

"I see you all becoming these *amazing* warriors, and I'm just... in awe, you know," He said. "So I'm just... open about what I feel. You girls deserve all that praise and more"

Weiss wanted to experience more of it. "You must have a magic touch for you to get their *attention* in turn"

"Oh," He muttered, "You know about that"

"Hard not to!" Her arms began to burn from the effort, her bra felt so tight by the pump in her chest. "Yang and Blake praise your 'endurance' all the time"

"Heh," He didn't sound *too* embarrassed. "I just try to keep up"

"Hng!" Images of Jaune being dominated by powerful amazons, yet giving all he could to satisfy them, plagued Weiss's mind. She was putting herself in that position, imagining what it'd be to claim the virile young man for herself...

Her nipples were slowly hardening...

Gods this couldn't go on, she had to stop, had to... had to control herself.

Weiss groaned as she put the bar on its rack once more, sitting up on the bench and catching her breath as she fought against the growing arousal. Gods, everything was burning, her skin, her muscles, her sex. She had to get away-

She gasped when two firm hands grabbed her shoulders and began to massage the right muscles in a way that felt *heavenly*.

"Sorry if I'm overstepping," Jaune said, "You looked *extremely* tense"

Oh wow, his touch was *indeed* magical...

She made room for him to sit behind her, his ministrations became increasingly more pleasing now that he had a better position. Weiss let out a soft hum at the way those skilled fingers pressed against her traps, managing to relax the hardened flesh, even if his hands made only the slightest of budes against the rippling muscles.

She was starting to see why he was so appealing to strong women, Jaune seemed to possess an innate skill to touch the right places in the most efficient and pleasurable manner, with great attentiveness that bordered on intimate and sexual, and she was certain he hadn't even started putting the effort to *truly* please her.

Weiss thought back on Pyrrha's words, her agreement, and then quickly back peddling to the proposal out of self-consciousness and ideas of what was 'proper'... She was having a hard time defending that position again, with Jaune's fingers doing wonders for her muscles.

"Hmm, you know what you're doing" She hummed pleasantly as she rolled her neck with her eyes closed to further enjoy the sensations.

"Hey, do what you love and all that" She could feel the smile on his voice.

"Oh?" Weiss coyly replied, "No surprise that you do enjoy getting your hands on strongly built huntresses"

"Well, you girls are works of art," Jaune said. "Gotta treat you as such"

Gods that line was smooth. Much as she complained, it sounded like Blake and Yang had taught him well...

"You girls are just... so beautiful," The young blonde's voice dropped slightly in a tone that made Weiss shiver. "I just like letting you know"

Weiss bit back a moan, "Don't call me Snow Angel again"

Jaune gently laughed, "Don't worry, lesson learned. Besides, 'angel' seems lacking now. You think of something 'delicate' and soft, not shredded bodies"

"Oh?" Weiss quirked a brow, looking over her shoulder. "Am I not 'delicate' now?" She flexed her two arms, giving him a view of her rear biceps and back flexing. "Hmm, alright I will concede to that," She said a touch haughtily.

"Definitely not soft," Jaune widely smiled, "But still *very* heavenly"

At that moment, Weiss nearly lost all control. She pictured herself turning around and claiming Jaune's lips into a searing kiss. Having his hands grasp and fondle every part of her extraordinary physique while she mounted him to oblivion, her hips swiveling while flexing as hard as she could, claiming him in an act of muscular domination.

She regained control at the last moment, swallowing heavily and letting out a shuddering breath.

"Weiss? Y-You okay?"

"...Lower," She muttered, looking over her shoulder once again and giving Jaune a *smoldering* look.

Jaune gulped, "I'm... sorry?"

"Do my back," She repeated that same tone that was *stirring* familiar sensations in him.

"S-Sure," He stiffly nodded. "Um, y-your bra's kinda in the way-"

No sooner than those words left his lips, Weiss *flared* her back by placing her fists on her hips, the sudden spread of muscle and fierce flexing of her pumped flesh *tore* the sports bra in half, giving him all the room he needed.

“Better?” She said huskily.

Jaune’s voice was dry like the desert. “Yeah...”

And he got to work, taking no small amount of enjoyment from his task of massaging the perfectly toned and shaped dorsal muscles. Following over the landscape of her shoulder blades, and trailing the deep lines of definition from where the muscles striated and pushed against each other for room. Weiss’s pearly white skin-wrapped flesh felt like solid warm marble, fittingly looking like a masterfully crafted statue. His manhood hardened until it was painfully tugging at his shorts from within.

Weiss’s breath came out in soft hot pants, feeling waves of pleasure spread from her body from Jaune’s touch. It was more than the physical sensations, it was the fact she felt like she was being *worshipped*, treated like a work of art, a powerful warrior who commanded awe, a *goddess*. She indulged in that feeling and was met with arousal, her nipples hardening into pinpricks of pain.

Weiss grabbed the remains of her top and ripped it out in one tug, flexing her arms once more for Jaune. He quickly knew what to do, continuing his gentle caresses over her firm bulging biceps, grasping their shredded perfection, before slowly traversing down the sides of her wing-like lats and pressing her fingertips over the rows of her abdominals.

With a shuddering breath, Weiss held his hands... and slowly guided them to her chest, to her pectorals and breasts. Jaune hesitated only for the smallest of moments before she panned at the perfectly shaped orbs, tweaking the hard nipples and massaging her striated pectorals.

This time, Weiss moaned out loud, letting out the raw *primal* desire and arousal that was burning inside her. She kept flexing her body for Jaune to revere, who did so with gusto. And without the need for encouragement, he placed his lips over the tight skin, kissing the stacked muscles of her shoulders and biceps.

Weiss groaned at the touch of his lips, feeling her sex moisten up with the trail of saliva the tip of his tongue left on its wake.

Too much, this was too much.

And yet she needed more.

Throwing her arm behind her, she grabbed a hold of Jaune's head as she turned to face him, slamming their lips together into a passionate kiss.