

(**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 in 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~”