

Arslan, Bolin, Reese and Nadir – Team ABRN, pronounced Auburn – were not the only representatives that showed up early. The following day, a team from Shade arrived, another first year squad, though this one was an all female team.

Team NDGO – pronounced Indigo – were a group of flashy, extremely attractive girls that quickly drew the attention of the male population of Beacon. Nebula, Dew, Gwen and Octavia were their names, and they were not shy about sharing their opinions about anything and everything.

The guys didn't seem to care – but the girls did.

"They really like to hear themselves talk, don't they?" Yang muttered during lunch a couple days after they arrived, Team NDGO's voices carrying to their table over the general chatter.

"It isn't easy adjusting to a new environment," Weiss lectured, defending them. "Vacuo is much different than Vale, just as Atlas is. It takes some getting used to."

"They're complaining about the food again," Yang grouched. "For like the fifth time already! We get it, you don't like it, shut up."

"Their cultural dishes are quite spicy and use a lot of herbs and spices," Blake said quietly. "They also don't have access to a lot of seafood, and many types of fruit and vegetables because of the climate. At least not without paying high prices for it."

Yang scoffed. "But do they have to remind us all the time?"

"They could be a bit more tactful," Pyrrha said delicately.

"I think they're hilarious," Nora said, thoroughly amused. "They say what's on their mind and don't give a shit what anyone else thinks. I like it. Don't tell me you didn't enjoy watching them eviscerating Team CRDL?"

Cardin and his friends had attempted to hit on them, and it had gone... well, poorly to say the least. Octavia had bluntly tore them to shreds, listing every thing she found lacking about their appearance and seemingly low intelligence while Nebula taunted them when they got angry. It almost started a fight and may have if Professor Port and Goodwitch hadn't come across the scene moments before it could erupt.

Not that Team CRDL didn't deserve a little taste of their own medicine, but Jaune wasn't a big fan of their attitudes. Speaking your mind was all well and good, but there was a line between honesty and rudeness that they seemed to straddle constantly.

But he wouldn't judge them too harshly. It was easy to remember all their negative comments and forget their positive ones. Jaune hadn't encountered them personally but Ruby had, and they'd only had nice things to say to her from her telling. In fact, they'd been eager to see Crescent Rose when Ruby told them about it which instantly endeared them to her.

Which was why Ruby was pouting as Yang disparaged them.

Jaune had been hoping for the representatives from Atlas to arrive and for them to include Penny, but there was no sign of them so far. He'd sent her a message to ask if she would be coming to Beacon soon but hadn't received an answer. He was starting to become really worried for her.

But another student had shown up. All on his own, without his team.

Jaune knew this was the monkey Arslan had been speaking of.

“Heya~!”

Speak of the devil.

A blonde haired monkey faunus with an open shirt exposing his chest and abs plopped down at their table, smiling widely. Dangling from his tail was a bunch of bananas which he casually began unpeeling and eating as if they were no more than a snack.

Blake glared across the table, disgruntled by his sudden appearance while everyone else snickered.

Jaune hadn’t been around when it happened, but apparently they’d had some sort of run in. Sun Wukong was his name, a student of Haven, and he thought he’d made a friend. Blake thought differently.

“Hey Sun,” Nora chirped, grinning evilly. “How have you been?”

“Oh, you know – can’t complain,” he replied, eating another banana. A pile of skins were building up in front of him. “Just been touring the grounds. This place is huge. Way bigger than Haven Academy. I like it.”

“You should have asked us, we could have showed you around. Right, Blake?” Nora needed.

Amber eyes turned on her, and if looks could kill...

"I didn't wanna bother ya, but thanks – you guys are really cool."

Apparently Sun had stowed away on a ship and that was why he'd arrived early without his team. Why he didn't just wait and come with the rest of the students was anyone's guess, but if Jaune had to bet, it was just because he felt like it. Sun seemed like a free spirited sort of person, a lot like Nora. The type of person who could find adventure in the small things.

Sun kicked back so he was balancing on the back legs of his chair, swiping another banana from his bunch when a shadow was cast over their table.

Yang frowned. "Yes?"

It was one of the girls from Shade. Gwen to be precise.

Lightly tanned, she had curly black hair pulled back from her face into ringlets and brown eyes. Her cheeks were soft, rounded with a slender nose and shapely lips, her slender frame was clad in a black corset dress that flared out at the hips, steel plated armor woven into the fabric.

Her eyes were on him.

That immediately set Weiss and Blake on edge, and even Nora's brow furrowed in confusion.

"Hello," she said, her voice a tad husky. It wasn't anything she was doing; that was the natural sound of her voice. "You're Jaune Arc, aren't you?"

He knew where this was going.

Those damn tabloids.

He nodded. "I am."

"Gwen Darcy," she introduced herself, lowering herself in a perfect curtsy. "I was wondering if you had a moment?"

"He doesn't," Blake said bluntly.

Gwen glanced at her, unimpressed.

"I wasn't speaking to you. I was speaking to Jaune," she said calmly. "Surely he can speak for himself?"

"He cannot," Weiss spoke up before Jaune could, her expression cold.

Gwen gave her a long, considering look.

"Weiss Schnee," Gwen acknowledged. "I see. So the rumors are true? Interesting."

Weiss' eye twitched. "Don't believe everything you read."

"Is that right? Well, then. I won't. Thank you for your wisdom," she then returned her attention to him, nodding her head. "We'll talk later, okay, handsome? When we won't be disturbed."

Did she really have to phrase it that way? Jaune felt an instant chill.

"Uh..." he didn't get a chance to say anything in return, Gwen returning to her table after shooting him a smile.

"What was *that* all about?" Sun asked aloud, greatly confused by the random confrontation.

Jaune shrugged. "I have no idea."

Weiss and Blake were *not* amused. Not in the slightest. And to think that they'd been defending Team NDGO moments earlier. From that moment on, they were in a permanent bad mood that persisted for the rest of the day. Oftentimes, he would find them glaring across the room at Team NDGO whenever they were present. The new students had been invited to attend classes if they wished, and so far, they had.

Jaune wasn't sure why Gwen had decided to come over and speak to him, but two of his girlfriends were not happy about it. Even Nora seemed aligned against it but unlike the other two, she wasn't glaring daggers or looking like she was about to cause an international incident. She was just silent, which in many ways worried Jaune even more.

When Nora was quiet...

Unfortunately, their bad moods extended to him. Whenever he tried to speak to them, their answers were short, clipped, and not very friendly. He decided to give them some space. He knew they weren't angry at him, so he didn't take it personally.

Relationship woes. It was bound to happen at some point.

After classes, he trained with Pyrrha. It was becoming a common occurrence now, meeting with her after their school day was done. With the Vytal Festival approaching, Jaune was focused on honing his skills as much as possible and who better to do it with than her? It would have been an every evening thing but Pyrrha was becoming busier the closer they got to the tournament, dealing with sponsors and agents. Sometimes she had to go down to Vale to meet with them in person. When she wasn't available, he typically trained alone unless one of his other friends wished to join him. The other day, it had been Yang.

His training sessions with Pyrrha could become a little intense, though.

Their blades clashed furiously, Jaune pressing the attack. Eyes narrowed in concentration, he met her strike for strike, semblance amplifying his strength and speed. Pyrrha held her own, that strange black haze surrounding her sword and shield, unwilling to give any ground.

She was a monster.

No matter how hard he hit, she defended it and countered, hitting back just as hard. Ever since their first fight, he'd been trying to work out just how she did it, and it wasn't until very recently that he had discovered the truth.

Polarity.

Pyrrha's semblance was Polarity.

It had been their first time training together back from their break, and both of them had gone all out. Pyrrha had been dead set on getting him back for teasing her lack of horse riding ability, and Jaune had wanted nothing more than to show her that he had improved.

They might have gone a little overboard.

It was the day that he'd finally landed a hit on her.

A glancing blow only, but a blow all the same. An overhead strike, his blade wreathed in aura, he'd slashed at her too quickly for her to match, semblance empowering him to the limit. It was then that he'd felt for the first time something attempting to guide his sword away, to nudge it off course, and yet even that hadn't been enough.

Pyrrha's face when his sword struck her shoulder had been pure shock, more so than any pain she may have felt, but she hadn't been shocked for long. His follow up attack missed, and then she'd come at him in a fury, her face filled with joy.

She'd been *happy*.

Afterwards, she revealed the truth.



"I can control metal," she said as they lay on the ground, sweaty and panting, the clearing that they'd been training in torn to shreds. "It's my big secret. I don't use it often, and when I do, only very sparsely. But if I wanted to, I could pick you up by your armor and toss you."

She'd been worried that he would take it the wrong way, discouraged. How could you beat someone who could manipulate your weapon and armor at will? Especially for someone like him, who wore a lot of armor and used a sword and shield.

But it had only made him more determined to beat her. He'd told her as much, and her smile had been blinding.

But then she'd revealed something else.

"When I tried to move your sword, it felt like something pushed back against me," she said, frowning. "I've never had that happen before. I'd like to test something, if you're able."

And so they tested things out until they discovered the truth. They weren't sure why, but when he channeled his aura into his sword while using his semblance, her semblance had trouble taking hold. Not just for his sword, either. If he shrouded his body in amplified aura, his armor resisted her as well.

A shove that should have thrown him through the air only staggered him at best.

"Others have used aura attacks against me in the past, and I've had no such issue," she admitted, oddly excited. "It must be because of your semblance."

“My aura is more dense than usual,” he told her, recounting what he’d been told. “Especially when I use my semblance. Maybe that’s why?”

So they tested it any chance they could during their training sessions. Almost to an obsessive degree.

The idea that someone could overcome her ridiculously powerful semblance lit a fire inside her, and it only drove his own competitive spirit higher.

Jaune grunted as her shield flew at his face, a red and bronze blur. Raising his own shield, a horrible screech filled the air as they clanged loudly together, his arm feeling the recoil up to his shoulder. Pyrrha lashed out with a kick, Jaune stepping back to avoid it before dashing in, thrusting at her exposed side. Her blade whipped around with a life of its own, parrying his thrust before countering with a slash at his face that he was forced to duck, only to receive a knee to the face for his troubles.

Jaune flinched as even through his amplification, his head rocked back from the force of the blow.

“Come on, Jaune,” Pyrrha goaded, laughter in her voice. “Hit me!”

Other than that first time, though, Jaune hadn’t been able to land a second hit. Pyrrha had tightened her defence and was much more cautious, and every training session since had been attempting to break through her guard. If she couldn’t manipulate his weaponry as easily, she’d just manipulate her own.

They fought until his arms felt like they would fall off, his lungs burning from the effort of sustained, prolonged combat. His legs felt as if they weighed a ton, and he desperately needed a shower.

But he was happy with his progress. Pyrrha also looked exhausted, and the fact that he'd been able to press her so far filled him with satisfaction.

She caught his smile and narrowed her eyes at him, "What?"

"Nothing," he said quickly, but his voice was too amused by half.

Her eyes narrowed further.

"I just thought it was nice to see you break a sweat," he admitted. "That's all."

She blinked, startled – and then a healthy flush rose on her cheeks.

"Is that right? So you like to make a girl sweat it out, is that it?"

"Hey, isn't this what you wanted?"

"Hmph – I see how it is. You've got a bit of a nasty side to you, don't you, Jaune Arc?" she smirked. "I'm glad I've been able to bring that out in you."

Jaune rolled his eyes. "Can't I be pleased that I'm making you work for your victories now?"

"You've always made me work for it," she said seriously. "...But now I have to work much harder, it's true."

Though calling them victories was a little false. They were more like a draw, in truth. Even if Jaune couldn't defeat her, Pyrrha hadn't once been able to break through his aura. At most, she could force him out of whatever imaginary boundary they set up but that was it.

She certainly gave it her best shot, though.

They walked back to the dorms together and then parted ways. His team was absent, so he collected his clothes and hit the shower, groaning in relief. Lathering his hair with shampoo, he rinsed it out and then stood beneath the spray for several minutes, simply relaxing and allowing the heat to seep into his tired muscles.

Thinking of his semblance made him think about Ozpin and his offer to help understand it better. Jaune had expected to immediately begin their sessions again once he returned from their break, but other than Professor Peach taking a copy of the data from his scroll to cross reference it with past data, and what their system passively picked up, there had been nothing.

Had something come up in the new data that had them concerned? But wouldn't they tell him if something like that was the case? He'd been tempted to approach Doctor Oobleck about it, or Professor Peach, but so far had held back.

It was unlikely that they'd forgotten him. But it did make him feel a little impatient.

Jaune was snapped out of his thoughts by the sound of the bathroom door opening.

He'd forgotten to lock it.

"I'm in the show—," he started to say before cutting off abruptly as the shower door was opened and a very naked Blake Belladonna stood in front of him.

"Move over," she said, stepping in to join him.

Jaune stared at her in shock, his eyes dipping down to admire her shapely breasts, drinking in her pretty nipples. He watched in real time as the tips hardened, thick and pointed, his cock twitching at the alluring sight. Further down his eyes dipped over her toned stomach and between her thighs, her cute slit nestled inside her plump outer labia.

"Blake, what are you doing?" he asked dumbly.

"Showering," she said as if he were an idiot for asking. "I'll scrub your back."

"Oh, uh, sure," he said, arousal kindling in his balls as she bent down to grab a cloth, her lovely breasts stretching and swaying.

He turned away to face the wall, blood diverted south. His cock began swelling, achieving a half-erection when he felt her hands press the cloth into his back. Jaune tensed before relaxing instantly as she started scrubbing up and down, sighing as she worked her way up around his shoulders, massaging his muscles with firm presses of her fingers before heading lower towards his lower back.

"You're tense," she said quietly.

"I've been training," he answered. "With Pyrrha."

"I suppose that's enough to make anyone tense up," Blake laughed lightly. "How did it go?"

...What was going on here? She'd just spent most of the day fuming, and now she wanted to know about how his training went and was washing his back.

Not that he was complaining. This was very nice, and he was enjoying it a lot. The cloth moved around his hips, scrubbing up and down, and then across his ass, Blake taking her time. Jaune inhaled deeply, the mix of fruity body wash and the remnants of his sweaty musk and Blake's own scent making him a little dizzy.

"It went about as well as you can imagine," he joked. "She's a beast. But I'm getting better."

"That's good. I know you'll beat her one day, Jaune."

"Blake, not that I..." he trailed off as one of her hands slipped around the front and gripped his growing cock unashamedly.

"This guy seems excited," Blake's voice dropped an octave lower, and his cock *throbbed*. "Why is that? Is it because of Pyrrha or me?"

"Blake..."

His cock continued to swell, growing long and thick until her fingers struggled to hold onto him. Blake pressed her soft body against his back, her breasts squashed between them. Slowly, slowly, she stroked his shaft carefully, fingers tracing the knotted veins and teasing the ridge of his crown.

Jaune shivered.

“When girls flirt with you in front of us, you can’t entertain it,” she gripped him harder, squeezing, and he moaned. “We’ll get jealous, Jaune. Very jealous.”

“I don’t think she was flirting,” he said roughly, sighing as she cupped the tip of his dick with her palm and rotated her hand, the pleasure sharp, almost blinding in its intensity. His hips jerked.

“You know she was flirting,” Blake chided. “Don’t pretend you don’t know it.”

Okay, her last comment was definitely that – but coming over to say hello? How could he stop that? Was he meant to just tell Gwen to go away?

“They want to come here from Vacuo and set their sights on our men? I don’t think so.”

Jaune didn’t remind her that she wasn’t even from Vale, or that she wouldn’t care if it were other men they were focusing on.

Her fingers looped beneath his glans, forming a ring. She tugged on his fat head, Jaune groaning as she squeezed his glans between thumb and index, almost like she was milking the tip.

"This belongs to us," Blake hissed, and Jaune grunted as she bit his shoulder, teeth clamping down *hard*. "This cock... your mouth... your touch... the cum in your balls... it's ours, not theirs."

He'd never seen Blake act so possessive before.

She pumped him firmly, Jaune's hips pressing eagerly into her hand as she jerked him off. It felt good. It felt really, really good. Her hot breath ghosted over his damp skin, her hand moving faster. Every time her fist caught on the ridge of his glans, pleasure pooled hotly in his tightening balls.

"Don't ever look at them again," her voice was dripping with jealousy. "If you have to look at anyone, look at me. Look at Weiss and Nora. Look at Yang," she bit him again, her tongue curling against his skin. "Look at Pyrrha. Look at Ruby."

His cock flexed, pre-cum oozing from the tip. Her fingers found it, smearing it across the head before the shower spray could wash it away.

"God, you're so big," Blake moaned, pressing her body against him harder. Her hips rolled against him, her slippery tits sliding across his back. "Mm, so long and thick. Do you have any idea how much we've been holding back? Having you in our room every night?"

It wasn't like they hadn't been active. A month in a room with your three girlfriends? Yeah, they'd done things. There was no way they hadn't. Jaune didn't have that sort of willpower. He doubted anyone did. But with how busy they were, perhaps it hadn't been as often as they'd liked.



Apparently Blake had been craving more.

Jaune wasn't going to lie. He'd been craving more too.

How couldn't he? When he had such beautiful, amazing girlfriends close at hand?

Jaune suddenly spun to face her, Blake gasping as he seized her hips powerfully. His fingers sunk into her womanly softness, gripping her curves aggressively. Her amber eyes burned, pupils blown wide, her mouth falling open gladly as he claimed her lips in a searing kiss. She moaned into his mouth as their tongues dueled frantically, lips smacking wetly as his cock pressed into her stomach, poking her womb from the outside.

*"Mwah~! Mmngg~! J-Jaune, I'm – ahh – I want—,"* she babbled between kisses, clutching at his body. *"Mngg. Haaaah~! Haaaahn~! F-Fuck, Jaune – I want to fuck you. Let me fuck you."*

She was begging, and it made his cock stiffen even more. It throbbed against her tummy, leaking across her skin. Jaune pressed his dick against her harder, grinding, and she whimpered, her insides coiling.

Then the door opened for a second time.

Jaune turned his head and saw a flash of ginger. Her tan lines had faded since the beginning of the semester but there was still just the faintest outline, and it was somehow even hotter this way. Nora smirked at them, hand on hip, her bare breasts swaying.

“What’s going on here?” she asked cheekily. Jaune’s eyes traced those blue veins on the tops of her breasts, cock jerking excitedly between his and Blake’s bodies. “Looks like a little kitty got impatient. Jaune-Jaune, your girlfriends are feeling a little insecure because a hot girl from another school wants to speak to you. What are you going to do about it?”

“Are you including yourself in that?”

Nora giggled. “Of course I am. What? You think I don’t get insecure about this?” her eyes darted down, drinking them both in. “I don’t mind sharing with friends because they love you, and you love them. That doesn’t mean I like outsiders sniffing around.”

“I don’t think it’s like that.”

Nora rolled her eyes. “You’re so dumb sometimes, it’s so cute. I’m not saying she’s in love with you, dummy. You’ve only just met. But she saw your handsome face in those tabloids, and saw you connected with Weiss Schnee and Pyrrha Nikos. Just that on its own has her interested. I can’t say I blame her. If she actually knew how sweet and amazing you really are...”

Nora stepped into the shower, a hand swatting his butt. Then she gripped his ass hard, nails sinking in. Jaune grunted, hips pressing forward into Blake, his glans swiping across her toned stomach.

“First those twin hussies Yang introduced you to, and now a girl from Vacuo. We’re going to have to make sure all they can smell is us when they come near you.”

Blake claimed his lips as Nora continued to squeeze his ass, her plump tits pressing against his side. He was engulfed in the heat of two beautiful girls, breathing them both in as his tongue swirled inside Blake’s hot mouth. Sucking on her tongue, he relished the way her body trembled.

*"Mmg—Jaune, I need you inside me,"* she whined, gasping when he bit her lip. Her hands found his throbbing balls, gripping them until they ached. His cock quivered as it tensed in delight. *"I need it. Mmng, I need your cum. Fill me with you cum, please. I need to have your hot sperm in my womb."*

"You heard her," Nora whispered in his ear, nipping at the lobe. It made the hair on his neck stand up. "Fuck her full of your cum. Kitty needs her milk."

"Where's Weiss?" Jaune asked roughly as Blake spun around, placing her hands against the wall and presenting her ass eagerly. Jaune grabbed her cheeks and tensed his fingers, admiring the pert softness as they sunk in easily. She moaned and pressed back happily, spine arching and showing off the cute little dimples just above her butt.

"She's still out in the room," Nora slapped his ass again, the wet clap echoing through the bathroom. "She's a little shy when we get like this and needs a little push, and then... well, you know how she can get when she's properly turned on," her voice was filled with humor. "Then she wants you to bend her in half. It's so cute!"

Nora reached around and seized his cock, stroking it vigorously before swiping his head across Blake's ass. Jaune peeled her cheeks open, spying her twitching asshole as her insides clenched in anticipation. Having one of his girlfriends direct his cock into the other was so damn sexy, his length pulsing and spitting a large bead of pre-cum moments before Nora found Blake's slit.

*"Please, fuck, put it in,"* Blake cried out in frustration as Nora teased her weeping cunt, rubbing him up and down her tender pussy. Her hips would jerk forward every time his glans found her clitoris, her sweet moans making the cum in his balls churn. *"Nnng—stop teasing me~!"*

"Stop being so impatient, kitty cat," Nora chided, pointing his cock downwards and then using it to slap up against her mons, Blake jumped.

*"D-Don't call me – ahhn~!"* Blake attempted to admonish, only to squirm as the repeated impacts were felt keenly by her sensitive clit.

"Why not? You secretly like it, don't you?" Nora slapped his meat against Blake's mons a few more times before lining him up. "Tell the truth, Blakey. You're our little pussy cat."

*"No, I'm – arruugawwwwwd~!"* a guttural moan escaped her throat as Nora forced Jaune forward, his fat girth splitting Blake's pussy open. Her hot, sticky walls clung to him as her tender quim yielded, tensing around his length as he thrust halfway and stopped. *"Aaahaaaah, haaaah~! J-Jaune, don't just – mmng – stop~!"*

"She's really bossy, isn't she?" Nora snickered, releasing his cock and with a harsh slap, spanked Blake's fat ass. Blake jerked, a startled moan filling the air. "Bossy girls need to be punished."

*"Yes! Punish me, then. Jaune, please, fucking punish my pussy with your fat – aaaaahnn~!"*

Jaune clapped the rest of the way inside her, burying himself balls deep. Her entire body stiffened, her cat ears flicking wildly as she raised up on her tippy toes, fingers scrambling against the tiled wall. Her back was a map of taut, lithe muscle contracting as her body spasmed, and Jaune felt it wonderfully with his dick, her inner walls coiling around him madly.

Her cervix rested snugly against his tip, almost as if it were sharing an intimate kiss with his dick. Jaune didn't move, keeping his cock pressed on her deepest spot, and with every gasping breath Blake took, he could feel her pussy growing tighter and tighter.

*“Ahh~! No, nngg—Jaune, move, please, haaaah – oh my god, fuck, haaaaah~! Haaaaah~! Wh-Why does it feel so good even though you aren’t moving~!?”*

Nora slapped her ass again, harder this time, the sound of hand on wet flesh abnormally loud. Blake gasped, choking on her moan of pleasure as her cunt rippled wildly.

*“No, no, no, no, fuck, no,”* Blake begged brokenly, feeling her climax rapidly building faster than ever before. It was too quick! She didn’t want to cum yet! *“Nnnnggg—Jaune, aaaaahhhmmmm’cumming~♡!”*

All he’d done was sheath his cock inside her to the root, and she was about to shatter into a million pieces. Blake wasn’t sure if it was the angle, the heat of the shower, or the self-inflicted frustration she’d felt all day, but she was at the end of her rope. Jaune hadn’t even needed to move. Just a couple of hard spansks from Nora and she was creaming around his cock with a long, tortuous moan.

*“Fuck, Blake – you’re wringing me out,”* Jaune grunted as molten heat roiled in Blake’s womb, her orgasm blasting through her despite her best efforts. Her cunt contracted violently, squeezing and clenching up and down his shaft, milking him furiously as she whimpered pathetically, enraged that her pussy had been so easily tamed.

“Wow,” Nora laughed. “Were you really pent up or something, Blake? I didn’t know you had such a hair trigger.”

She found it difficult to breathe, her lungs burning as she gasped between mind numbing contractions. Her tummy was on fire, her limbs growing weak as ecstasy filled her brain. Blake felt her legs give out but Jaune caught her around the waist, a strong, powerful arm looping around her tummy but that only made things worse. Blake thrashed as greater pressure was applied to her womb, squashed between his muscular forearm and the head of his burly cock.

“Nnggggg~♡~!” she seethed between gritted teeth. “Nnnnggggggg~♡~!”

“God, that feels so good,” Jaune grunted, pressing her into the wall as she rode out her powerful orgasm. Her internal muscles were so strong, squeezing him like a well oiled fist, begging for him to blow, but he was nowhere near his end. They hadn’t even started!

Her internal spasms grew weaker as her climax began to taper off, and with a mewl, Blake sank to her knees, his cock slipping out of her embrace with a harsh tug, her insides trembling as his fat crown pulled on her folds. She curled up on the floor of the shower, panting as the aftershocks of her pleasure continued to race through her body.

Nora whistled.

“Wow. That was really hot.”

His cock bounced angrily, far from satisfied. Nora grabbed his shaft and began stroking him, her palm gliding effortlessly from root to tip, slick with Blake’s arousal.

“Looks like I’m going to have to tend to this now,” she said humorously. “Come on, we’ll leave Blake here to compose herself. I think she’s embarrassed.”

Nora led him out of the shower by his cock, pulling him along like he was some unruly pet. Grabbing a towel, she dried him off, her sexy little smirk and heavy tits jostling with every movement keeping him bricked. Drying herself afterwards, she led him out into the bedroom.

“What are you two doing?” Weiss demanded, and when Jaune looked up, he saw that she was completely nude. Her slim, toned body and small perky breasts met his eyes, causing his cock to throb powerfully in Nora’s grip.

It looked like she had been about to join them.

Her cheeks flushed as she saw his cock, long and hard and flushed, glistening with the remnants of Blake's arousal.

"Blake needed some alone time, Jaune made her lose it a little too quickly," Nora giggled. "So I thought you'd like to help me tend to this big guy here," she waved his cock up and down. Weiss' eyes followed it. "Look how hard he is! As his girlfriends, we should make sure it's taken care of, right? So he doesn't go put it in some girl from Vacuo."

Weiss scowled.

"Did you really have to put it like that?" Jaune asked. "I wouldn't do that."

"I know, but doesn't she look really hot when she gets worked up?" Nora whispered. "Hey Weiss, I'm gonna suck his cock. Come help me."

Nora suddenly shoved him, and Jaune fell onto his bed. His cock slapped against his stomach, curved up off his belly aggressively. Nora followed him down, crawling onto his bed and seizing his cock, her hot breath gusting over his balls. Pointing him upright, he felt her soft, plush lips kiss his crown gently, giving it a chaste smooch.

"D-Don't tell me what to do," Weiss complained, and yet she joined Nora, slipping onto his bed and placing a soft hand on his chest as she lowered her head. Her hair was undone, a curtain of white silk slipping over one shoulder and teasing the tips of her little tits, her nipples growing taut. He couldn't take his eyes off her as she lowered her head further and licked at his shaft, her hot, wet tongue lapping at him.

“Just lay back and relax, Jaune,” Nora said, flicking his tip and causing a bead of pre-cum to ooze out. She smeared it across her lips, puckered, before slurping his glans into her mouth. Jaune groaned, head falling back as she sucked on him powerfully.

“Does this feel good?” Weiss asked breathlessly, mouthing the side of his shaft with greedy lips. She moved lower until she was suckling around the base of his dick.

“Yes,” he grunted as Nora’s tongue swirled around him, the pleasure fluttering into his balls.

Weiss found his balls next, tongue jostling them as they tightened. Her small mouth slurped one of them inside, cradling it between her lips as she stretched the skin of his scrotum, tugging on it wonderfully. A pleasurable burn rushed through his cock as she sucked on his testicle sternly, the pressure making the cum bubble up excitedly.

Nora sealed her lips tighter and sucked harder, cheeks caving in as she pulled up. Jaune grit his teeth in ecstasy as the suction grew, feeling as if she was going to suck the head right off the end of his penis. Lips warped around the ridge of his crown, bulging obscenely as her tongue rapidly flicked across the tip, left to right, right to left.

They feasted on him with growing hunger, Weiss working his balls until they felt like they were going to burst, taking his other testicle into her mouth and giving it the same attention. They ached in the most pleasurable way possible, and when she was done with them, she started kissing her way up his shaft.

“Let me have a taste,” she said hotly, her voice dripping with lust. Nora popped off the end of him with a sharp suck, Weiss’ smaller mouth replacing her. Her smaller tongue lashed him harshly, his abs tensing as his hips pressed up into her mouth, Jaune gasping in bliss.



Nora laughed as she saw his expression, palming his tender balls and rolling them with her fingers.

“See, Weiss? He isn’t thinking about – what did you call them? Foreign floozies?”

Weiss hummed, sinking down on his cock until it threatened her throat. Then she began bobbing her head, slurping and sucking lewdly, the wet smacks filling the room.

She loved how his cock tensed and throbbed between her lips, driving her to suck harder, move faster. Her tongue writhed against the underside of his cock, addicted to the taste of his salty discharge. Weiss could taste Blake’s musk on him, pungent and undeniable, as if she’d marked him.

They all needed to mark him. Not just those tattoos. With their scent. Every day. So those other girls could *smell* them all over him, and know he was taken.

They took turns, Weiss slurped off him only to be replaced by Nora, and then back again. Sucking and licking and slurping, their faces slack with desire, greedy for his cum. Their hands played with his balls, squeezing them and threatening to make him pop.

“Fuck, girls, that feels – shit,” he panted, Weiss releasing him with a sharp slurp, the pair attacking his head with their tongues, kissing around his cock. Jaune watched them with dark eyes, their lips smacking together with his crown wedged between them. Nora’s hand rose to cup the back of Weiss’ head, and he watched them make out for real, the heiress whimpering.

Whenever he saw them touch each other, kiss each other, it made him turn into an animal.

Nora kissed Weiss until she was a shivering wreck, their lips swollen and slick. Pre-cum smeared over their lips, making their mouths even more sticky, and when Nora finally leaned back, panting, Weiss blinked, dazed.

“Who gets his cock?” Nora asked.

“I do,” Weiss said, snapping out of it.

“But I want it,” Nora reached forward and tweaked one of Weiss’ nipples, making her jerk. “I want him to fill me up with his hot cum.”

Weiss frowned, pinching Nora in return, fighting back. Nora squealed as Weiss tugged on her nipple harshly.

“Too bad, it’s mine.”

Nora retaliated by seizing both of Weiss’ small breasts, squeezing them. Weiss moaned, squirming, but wasn’t about to give in. Leaning forward, she sucked one of Nora’s puffy nipples into her mouth. Jaune saw her jaw flex as she bit down, Nora shuddering, her face pinched as she whimpered.

They mauled each other with bites and pinches and twists, their tits flushing red from the abuse. Weiss mashed Nora’s large breasts together, looking greatly offended by how large they were. Nora clamped both of Weiss’ nipples between thumb and finger, pulling on them harshly, stretching them.

Their panting mewls of pleasure and pain made his cock throb and flex off his belly, Jaune mesmerized by what he was witnessing. Arousal glistened between their legs, thighs growing damp with their girl cum.

“How about we play a game to decide?” Nora suggested, groaning as Weiss squeezed her tits harder. “Rock, paper, scissors?”

“I-I’m not playing some childish – hey, listen to me,” Weiss hissed as Nora released her hold on her nipples and made a fist with one hand. “I’m not—,”

“Rock, paper,” Nora cut her off, her fist bobbing up and down.

Weiss hastily made a fist.

“Scissors,” Nora finished, keeping her fist closed while Weiss extended her fingers into paper. “Aw, man!”

Weiss smiled smugly. “Seems I win.”

“Doesn’t count, you didn’t want to play.”

“It does count, don’t be a sore loser! It was your idea.”

Nora pouted. “Tch, fine. I guess I’ll sit on his face, then.”

Jaune didn't mind that one bit.

Nora crawled over him and swung around, her weeping slit directly above his face. Pretty and pink, her outer labia swollen with arousal, she looked so delicious. Jaune grabbed big fat handfuls of her ass, spreading her open as she lowered her hips until her pussy rested against his mouth.

"Oooh, *that's it*," Nora moaned, rolling her hips sensually and grinding the length of her slit across his nose, mouth and jaw. Jaune inhaled deeply, her musk filling his lungs, trapped between her lovely thighs. "*Ooouuh~!*"

Weiss' dainty hands gripped his cock as she hastily climbed on top of him, positioning it so she could mount it with her pussy. Jaune lashed out with his tongue, licking Nora's wet cunt as Weiss lowered herself, his cock enveloped by her crushing depths.

"*Oh god, why do you have to – mmngg – be so biiiig~!*" Weiss groaned as she sank down, her narrow tunnel collapsing around him.

"You love it, though, don't you?" Nora teased. "That's exactly what you want. That big, fat cock ravaging – *ahnn~!*" Nora squealed as his tongue found her clit, flicking it before his mouth opened, giving her open mouthed kisses, making out with her pussy. "*T-That fat, long cock ravaging – haaaah – you're insides and making you – nngng – ache!*"

Weiss whimpered as gravity assisted her down, prying open her ridiculously tight quim. Jaune flexed inside her as he felt her spongy cervix rested against his glans, her body jerking as he grinded across the mouth of her womb.

One of her hands slapped down on his chest to stabilize herself, her thighs trembling madly as he poked her so deeply, her entire weight balanced on the tip of his dick. She gasped for air, her insides coiling and throbbing.

She loved it. She loved Jaune, she loved his penis, she loved how sex made her feel. Tensing her core, she squeezed him and relished his moan of pleasure, the obscene wet slurps between Nora's thighs as his jaw worked furiously only turning her on more. Nora's face was a canvas of pleasure, her mouth hanging open as she panted and sighed, cute little moans escaping her as he found her sensitive spots.

They were all slaves to their lust.

Weiss rose up carefully, biting her lip as his fat crown tugged on her folds. Her womb felt like it was being pulled down, the pleasure almost too much. Up, up, up, several inches high, having to use her hand to push herself up high enough before she clapped down with a brutal descent, the thrust reverberating through her body. Weiss saw stars, banging his cock deep, her eyes rolling.

She almost screamed.

Nora watched with hazy eyes as Weiss began to ride his massive tool, drinking in the way her lithe muscles tensed, her ribs stretching beautifully beneath her little tits. Her belly flattened as she rode up, only to bulge slightly as she sheathed Jaune's cock balls deep, all the way up to her bellybutton. Nora felt her pussy *pulse* at the sight, arousal gushing onto Jaune's tongue as he feasted on her cunt like a starving man.

Her life was the best!

Watching her friend fuck herself stupid on her man's dick while he ate her out at the same time? Nora's heart raced rapidly, her cheeks flushing as Weiss' face collapsed in ecstasy, hips working up and down faster and faster, her tiny little pussy gushing around his masculine length.

*"Yesss~! Mnng~! Jaune, yes, god, your penis is so big~! Oh~! Mmnngg—god, I love your big penis, Jaune~! It feels so goooooood~!"* Weiss babbled between moans, clutching at him with her powerful internal muscles. Jaune felt as if she were going to rip his cock right off his pelvis, milking him with firm contractions. *"Ahhn~!"*

Nora's essence flooded his mouth, forcing him to swallow before he said, "Nora, if she gets any louder, people will hear it."

Nora understood the assignment immediately.

Rocking her hips to follow Jaune's tongue, she reached out and grabbed Weiss by the back of the neck, reeling her in. Weiss dropped down hard with a wet slap, squealing, only for her voice to be muffled as Nora claimed her lips in a messy kiss.

Weiss stiffened, sobbing into Nora's mouth as her womb pressed down viciously on Jaune's glans. Her tongue flailed as Nora kissed her, biting at her lips savagely before soothing the sting with her soft lips.

Nora was kissing her. Kissing her while she rode Jaune's penis.

She *clenched* around him, Jaune grunting, and then Weiss was kissing her back passionately, their tongues twirling together lewdly. Jaune could hear what was happening and it only made his cock even harder, swelling inside Weiss' tight cunt. He attacked Nora's slit with fury, suckling on her fat lips before burrowing inside. Her entrance squeezed his tongue, puckering and throbbing.

Weiss started to ride him again, her bounces growing fiercer. *Clap, clap, clap*, her thighs slapped down loudly, her moans swallowed by Nora's mouth. Jaune felt his balls beginning to lift up in preparation, his sperm churning, ready to shoot.

"H-Hey, what are you – what about me?" Blake complained, finally leaving the bathroom.

"*You a-already had him*," Nora said, voice shaking as he began sucking on her cunt. The suction was felt deep inside, her uterus throbbing at the sensation. "*He made you – nnggg~! He made you cum in one thrust~!*"

"T-That isn't fair!"

Jaune felt Weiss shift, one of her feet curling under her, and then the other. No longer satisfied with regular cowgirl, she crouched atop his dick and rode up, legs shaking until he threatened to pop out of her. Then with a powerful descent, she slapped down and impaled herself brutally.

Weiss screamed as he slammed into her cervix, pain and pleasure blasting through her, Nora hastily sealing her mouth over hers to cut it off. Once, twice, three times, she rode up and clapped down, thick stands of girl gum stretching between their bodies. Completely deranged and delirious on pleasure, Weiss impaled herself repeatedly with harder and harder bounces, fucking him so hard Jaune felt the impact deep in his balls.

*Penis, penis, penis, Jaune's penis*, Weiss' brain chanted as she fucked herself up and down. Her belly tightened unbearably, the pleasure too much, and when she slapped down one final time, his cockhead breached her cervix and thudded into her womb.

*"Mmmmngggllll~!"* she howled, convulsing wildly as her climax roared through her body, unstoppable. Every muscle in her body locked up, her cunt a vice around his cock. Jaune grunted as she squeezed him, shattering as she squirted with force all across his stomach, drenching him in cum.

Nora's brain malfunctioned at the sight as she pulled her lips off Weiss, the heiress silently spasming in the throes of ecstasy. Her throbbing clit sung as Jaune's tongue lapped over it, her belly quivering as her own orgasm pulsed through her body, Nora gasping alongside every contraction, gushing into his mouth.

Jaune groaned darkly as his balls clenched, cum rocketing up his shaft. He gushed thickly into Weiss' womb, volley after volley painting her uterus white as his balls pounded furiously, desperate to deliver their load. Again and again, his cock jerked with every ejaculation, heat rolling through his body.

*"Nggg~! Ngggg~! Ngggg~!"* Weiss grunted with every shot that thudded into her, her womb bloating from the deluge of his potent semen. Unable to keep herself balanced any longer, she toppled backwards and flopped over the side of the bed, boneless, Jaune's cock torn from her cunt. His cum sprayed out of her, across his belly as she hit the floor.

"Weiss!" Blake exclaimed, alarmed. She rushed to her side. "Are you okay?"

Nora giggled drunkenly as her orgasm continued to pulse through her body weakly, lifting her hips and rolling to the side, freeing Jaune's face. His lips and chin were drenched in her cum, his cock arching up off his belly as it continued to spurt the last few shots.

If someone were to see them right at that moment, it looked like a disaster zone.

"Did she pass out?" Nora asked curiously, crawling over to the side of the bed. Blake sat the heiress up, concerned, though the stupid smile on her face calmed her down.



"I think so," Blake said, a hint of jealousy in her voice. "Look at her!"

Jaune sat up and saw the expression of bliss as her lower body continued to twitch, her legs spasming every time an aftershock rolled through her. Cum leaked from her tiny slit onto the floor.

"We should probably put her in bed," Jaune suggested.

So that is what they did. Afterwards, Blake was determined to get her piece and cleaned up his cock and stomach with her tongue before riding him until she couldn't any more. Not to be outdone, Nora spread her legs and made him fuck her until he spent inside her, blowing his load for the second time.

They passed out together, tangled and sweaty, while Weiss slept like a baby, tucked in tight.