

The club was packed with patrons, the dance floor filled with writhing bodies. Jaune spotted about a dozen familiar faces, those he knew from Beacon be they students from home or abroad. One team in particular stood out, Sun waving a hand above his head to get their attention, his long, golden tail mimicking the action.

Jaune pointed, "There they are!"

Blake slipped in beside him, and he felt her warmth as she was standing so close. He'd had some trouble keeping his eyes off her since they'd left the school, but who could blame him? She looked ridiculously hot in that outfit, and it was nice to see her in a skirt again after so long. One that wasn't their school uniform. It hadn't been since the maid cafe, so it was an occasion to relish.

And don't think he didn't recognise those stockings!

His eyes dipped, drinking in that luscious strip of plump, pale skin between the tops of her stockings and the hem of her skirt. Absolute territory indeed!

He knew from personal experience how soft and juicy those thighs felt, as well.

Jaune tried to keep the blood from rushing to his cheeks, and other places.

"Hey guys!" Sun greeted, shouting over the loud music. It was some fast tempo electronic song, the strobe lights flashing rapidly to the beat. The DJ was having a blast, one hand raised above his head, the other working the table.

“Heya~!” Yang shouted back, and one by one, they slipped into the booth that Team SSSN had commandeered. “You guys order any drinks yet?”

Sun shook his head. “We were waiting for you!”

Neptune was attempting to engage Weiss in conversation but she wasn’t paying him any attention, instead speaking with Ruby. Pyrrha was garnering her fair share of attention, and Jaune couldn’t blame any of them for staring. Her red dress fit her like a glove, her spectacular, toned body drawing their gazes like a moth to a flame. To be fair, Team RWBY, Nora and Pyrrha were garnering a multitude of looks, but Jaune was fixated on the girl beside him.

His girlfriend.

Tonight was the night.

He was equal parts nervous and excited, knowing what she had planned. Jaune always thought that the guy was meant to lead these things, but Blake obviously thought differently. It wasn’t too much of a shock. This was just the next step, and while Jaune thought they were maybe moving a little fast, at least she was thinking about the consequences.

“Do you want anything to drink?” he asked her, leaning in close so he didn’t have to shout over the music.

She nodded. “Sure.”

Jaune ended up at the bar with Yang and Sun, and he followed Yang’s lead on what to order. He was new at this, and Blake hadn’t really specified what she wanted. There were so many different cocktails and mixes that it made his head spin.

Though maybe that was just the pounding bassline.

“She can have what I’m having,” Yang said. “Strawberry sunrise! You can’t go wrong with that!”

The guys just ordered beers, so that’s what Jaune got too. When they returned to their booth, more people had joined them.

“Yo~!” Coco greeted with a wide grin, tilting her glasses down to get a good look at them. “Yang, what’s up?”

“Hey! Now the party can really get started,” Yang cheered, setting down her drinks and giving Coco a hi-five. Velvet was shooting glances at Blake who appeared a little uncomfortable, and when Jaune slid in next to her, she leaned away slightly.

“What’s wrong?” he asked her.

She shook her head. “Nothing...”

That was weird.

Yatsunashi towered over them, and he was getting plenty of shocked looks from the civilians in the club due to his sheer size. Fox was strangely absent, but Velvet explained.

“He doesn’t like loud music,” she said, eyes darting between Jaune and Blake. “It hurts his ears.”

“Does it...” Jaune hesitated. “Does it hurt your ears as well?”

He didn’t want to offend, but... she had really big ears!

“A little bit,” she confessed. “But it’s bearable.”

The beer was slightly bitter but not overwhelmingly so. Ice cold, Jaune took a healthy swig. Blake tested her drink, sipping at his cautiously before blinking.

“Good?” he asked.

She nodded. “It’s very fruity – and sweet.”

“Penny!” Ruby suddenly shouted, waving a hand through the air.

The girl from Atlas moved through the crowd like a bulldozer, forcing them to part around her or risk being knocked over. Her eyes were alight with wonder, gazing around in awe, and when she spotted Ruby, her smile was radiant.

“Friend Ruby!” she exclaimed, making her way over. Jaune couldn’t help but laugh at the way she was moving, as if unconsciously swaying to the beat. Her knees would bend every few seconds, her entire body bobbing up and down. “Hello everyone~!”

She wasn't alone.

A pretty girl with dark skin and short hair followed after her looking disgruntled. Jaune had never met her but had seen her fight side-by-side with Penny during their duo match. Her name was Ciel – Ciel Something. He couldn't remember her last name.

"Hey Penny," he waved and she beamed happily, eyes crinkling as everyone greeted her.

Students continued to flood into the club, and soon many of them found themselves on the dance floor. After finishing her drink, Yang was the first out there, cutting it up. To Jaune's surprise, Ruby joined her – but only because Penny showed an interest. They looked like a couple of dorks, bobbing up and down, arms swinging erratically, but they were having the most fun out of everyone.

"I suppose a little dancing wouldn't be remiss," Weiss said before getting up. Neptune looked nervous, glued to his seat, and the heiress didn't even grace him with a glance as she joined them out on the dance floor.

When Blake finished her drink, he asked, "Want to dance?"

She nodded shyly.

Nora watched him with a smirk etched on her face, but he ignored her. Helping Blake up, they hit the dance floor.

Jaune effortlessly found the correct rhythm, finding a spot to dance that wasn't too crowded. Blake joined him, her amber eyes glowing in the low light, her supple body moving gracefully. Their eyes remained locked as they moved, song after song. Guys tried to catch her attention but she didn't even notice, stepping in closer to him. Their bodies moved in sync, never touching yet still moving as one.

From the corner of his eye, he saw someone trying to hit on Weiss. Yang shooed them away and joined her, the pair captivating all those around them. He heard Ruby's giggling from behind, Penny's voice drowned out by the music. Sun was getting his fair share of attention, though was it any wonder with his shirt open like that, his ripped physique on display. He didn't appear too interested, though.

They danced until they worked up a bit of a sweat, drawing closer and closer to one another. Turning, Blake backed up into him and without much thought, his arm looped around her small waist, hugging her to him. Her shapely ass settled against his crotch, and she rolled it lavishly, reaching back with her hands to cup his face.

"People will see," he whispered in her ear.

"I don't care," she answered, grinding on him. His other hand fell and brushed her exposed thigh, making her tremble. "Let everyone see."

Their dancing became increasingly filthy, his chest against her back. The arm around her waist found its way under her shirt, his palm flat against her toned belly, feeling every twitch and ripple of her abs. Blake groaned deeply as she felt his erection begin to swell in his pants, rubbing into her ass with increasing pressure.

"You like that?" she asked, turning her head and giving him a coy look.

"I love it."

Jaune felt hot all over, the dance floor humid, his shirt sticking to his skin. The hand on her thigh gripped her plump flesh and she shuddered, pressing back even more with her ass, rolling her hips with relish. He leaned forward and buried his nose in her hair, inhaling deeply, drowning in the scent of her shampoo, sweat and perfume. It was a heady mixture.

She spun around so they were face to face, looping her arms around the back of his neck. His hands settled on her hips, reeling her in until their noses were touching. Her pupils were blown wide, all that remained was a thin ring of gold, and drawn to her plump, glistening lips, he kissed her.

Their mouths moved languidly, taking their time. His tongue slowly slipped into her mouth, swallowing her moan. She tasted sweet, of strawberries and sugar, and Jaune felt his skin prickle as their tongues glided together, silky smooth and wet.

Another song started but he was lost in her, uncaring of who could see them. His swollen member was trapped against her belly, her body rolling against him, her pert breasts squashed against his chest. Blake gasped, inviting his tongue in further, and when he sucked on her lip, biting down, she whined.

“Jaune,” she whispered hotly. “I – we need to go.”

Slowly, he pulled away from her, their lips wet and swollen. He could still taste her.

“Okay.”

His heart pounded in his chest as she led the way, taking his hand. Eyes followed them, and Jaune knew that they would be the talk of the school tomorrow. There was no way their friends hadn't seen them making out and dancing dirty, and he would have some explaining to do.

It was bound to come out sometime.

There was a line of people outside trying to get in. Blake quickly waved down a taxi, and soon they were halfway across the city, the dazzling lights blinding. Uncaring of the driver, she slipped into his lap and they continued making out, her hands clutching at the front of his shirt as if in desperation. Her panty-clad core rested directly over his bulging erection, her blazing heat pouring through the material. She rolled and grinded her pussy across his cock, dry humping him as they kissed passionately, small, cute whines escaping her.

Jaune met the driver's eyes in the rear vision mirror multiple times. It felt a little awkward but he wasn't about to get her to stop, instead palming her ass and squeezing hard.

They arrived at a hotel in the middle of downtown, stepping out onto the sidewalk. Jaune paid the driver, and then she was pulling him into the lobby. This wasn't any ordinary hotel. The floor was white marble squares divided by pitch black obsidian, crystal chandeliers illuminating the way towards the receptionist desk. It felt like they were in a palace, the desk polished hard wood with golden trim.

The woman behind the counter gazed at them skeptically, no doubt taking in their clothes. Everyone else were dressed in suits and ball gowns, as if they were on the way to the opera. But Blake provided her details for their reservation, and so they were signed in, the woman handing Blake a keycard.

In the elevator, she jumped him.

All alone, she leapt into his arms and Jaune hauled her against his chest, their mouths once more glued together. Spinning her around, he pinned her to one of the walls, her legs crossing around his waist. This time he was the one that grinded into her, rutting his confined cock over her needy slit, and she moaned loudly, unabashedly, her mouth opening wider to accept his kisses.

“You’re insatiable,” he groaned, sucking on her tongue. He loved how sweet she tasted, how hot her core blazed. Blake whimpered as he rocked his hips harder, as if he were already fucking her, her thighs tensing around him.

“I’ve been thinking about nothing else all week,” she panted, nipping at his lips, sobbing as he palmed one of her breasts. Her nipple was so hard it was poking through her shirt and bra, and a simple tease was enough to make her whole body shake. “God, Jaune – I want you so badly.”

He felt the same way.

She’d obviously spent quite a bit for their room. It was on one of the highest floors, the lush, golden carpet leading to their door perfectly maintained, the walls cream wood paneling. Inside was a large living area, three fashionable couches positioned around a low table, a large holo-screen mounted on the wall opposite. There was a bar on the left, stocked with bottles of liquor, and the windows had the curtains thrown, showing them the Vale city skyline. Vale wasn’t a city with a lot of skyscrapers. Most buildings were only a few floors high, at most. But their hotel dominated most in height, and they could see all the way to the harbor, the glittering lights reflecting off the calm ocean waters.

“What are you looking at?” she asked with a pout, her cheek puffed up slightly. She cupped his jaw, directing his eyes back to her. “Why aren’t you looking at me?”

Jaune grinned. “If I look at you too much, I might go blind. Gladly.”

Blake bit her lip, stepping back from him. "Want to watch me get undressed?"

What a silly question to ask.

He nodded and watched with growing lust as she slowly removed her leather jacket, her hips shifting side to side. Tossing it across the back of the couch, she spun around, her back facing him before rolling at her waist, reaching for the hem of her top. Long, creamy plains of skin were revealed to him, fixating on her taunt, lithe back muscles. Giving her top a wave above her head, she tossed it aside, shooting him a saucy look over her shoulder. She was wearing a black bra, and with deft fingers, she reached back and plucked it open. It fluttered to the ground and with a wink, she turned to face him.

Her breasts were pure perfection, there was no other way to describe them. They were neither small nor large, the perfect middle ground. Slightly more than a handful, they were shapely and pert, their weight creating a natural, youthful sag that only enhanced their look, creating an alluring droop that made them curve slightly upwards at the peak. Her nipples were small and hard, a soft, creamy pink, only a touch darker than her skin tone, the areola slightly bulging, puffy. Set above her toned, trim stomach and narrow waist, her ribs stretched beautifully as she raised her arms. Jaune was completely spellbound.

This beautiful woman was his girlfriend.

How did he ever get so lucky?

"What do you think?" she asked breathlessly, her cheeks burning. Her heart was in her throat, melting beneath his molten gaze. Her pussy *throbbed* with desire, leaking into her panties. The crotch was already soaked, and already, thin trails rolled down her inner thighs. "Do you like?"

"You're magnificent," the reverence in his voice almost destroyed her, her nipples tightening even more. "Beautiful..."

She wanted this man to worship her. Even if she didn't deserve it, that is what she wanted. Blake wished to be pampered and spoiled, to receive his love and drown in it. She wanted to be selfish.

Jaune felt his cock stiffen as she gave her chest a little shake, her breasts swaying side to side. Hands crept down her belly, teasing her bellybutton before finding the hidden zipper on her skirt, lowering it.

The plaid material fluttered as it fell away, revealing her bare, plump thighs and black lacy panties. Jaune drank her in as she turned away from him, groaning as the pale globes of her ass faced him. Her luscious cheeks swallowed the material whole, her thong buried deep. Blake felt a thrill at hearing his appreciative groan, and bending at the waist, she gave him a nice, long look at her puffy mound buried between before reaching for the waistband of her underwear.

He watched as she peeled her panties away, a long, sticky string stretching between her puffy slit and her underwear as they rolled down her legs. Her juicy pussy was swollen and pressed shut, leaking arousal as she stepped out of her panties. Reaching back, she grabbed handfuls of her ass and spread herself open, her lips peeling outwards and showing him her tender, pink insides.

Jaune's cock was so hard it hurt.

Blake shivered as she glanced back and saw his expression. Her belly quaked as she straightened up, and she had to pause and catch herself, dizzy with arousal. Turning back around to face him, she smiled.

"Look what you do to me," she said, cupping her wet pussy and gathering her sticky juices. Holding up her hand, there was no mistaking the way her fingers glistened. "I'm like this all the time, because of you."

Her eyes then dipped to his pants, and the way his crotch bulged.

Blake swallowed.

"I think it's time you undressed now," she approached him, hips swaying.

"Wait," he said.

She paused, a feeling of unease suddenly striking her.

Wait? Why?

Did he not...?

"You forgot something," he said, his eyes trailing up her body and fixing on top of her head. "You need to take that off."

Her bow.

She felt a rush of affection, her heart swelling in her chest. Reaching up, she untied it and pulled it away, freeing her cat ears. They flicked in relief.

“That’s better,” he said. “Now you’re perfect.”

He shrugged his jacket off carelessly, and in a quick movement, pulled his shirt up over his head. Blake sighed as his strong, muscled body was revealed to her greedy eyes. His firm chest, broad shoulders, cut abs, lean arms. The body of a warrior, still in construction but almost there.

Her boyfriend.

The young man who discovered her secret but did not hold it against her. Who only worried for his friends, and for her, and never looked away, and stood by her side whenever she needed it.

She loved him.

She really, really loved him.

Blake watched with baited breath as he unbuckled his belt and removed it slowly, his smile making her feel things deep in her tummy. Removing his shoes, he lowered his jeans until he stood in nothing but his gray boxer-briefs, the crotch stretched obscenely from his swollen erection.

“Would you like to remove these?” he asked.

She answered by reaching for his underwear greedily, causing him to laugh as she hastily pulled them down. His cock caught on the waistband before springing free with vigor, Blake groaning softly under her breath at the sight of his handsome penis.

Blake was instantly bewitched by it. Its length and girth, the way it curved upwards as if to greet her, the fat crown weeping salty tears in lust. She grasped him firmly, loving how hot it felt, how hard it was, just for her. Her fingers traced the webbing veins that pulsed, tickling the underside of the taut head. It flexed in response, jumping in her hand, and just the thought of having his massive dick inside her make her pussy leak.

But first she needed to take care of him.

She'd become obsessed with sucking him off, and there was no way she wasn't going to get her fill first. Lowering herself down onto her knees, she peered up at him through her lashes.

"I need to get this ready first," she told him, heart bouncing around inside her ribcage. "It needs to be cleaned, so I'll make it nice and slick."

The eagerness in her expression was such a massive turn on, his balls tightening in relish. Blake nuzzled the side of his shaft lovingly, rubbing his cock all over her face, inhaling deeply as she buried her nose against his crotch. His manly musk filled her lungs, her thoughts turning sluggish, driven by that primal desire to breed with a strong, virile male. An animalistic instinct, but not because she was faunus – no, this was a desire present in all animals, including humans.

To seek out a strong mate, and create healthy young.

Pre-cum smeared across her forehead and brow, leaving glistening streaks. Jaune groaned as her tongue lashed out and lapped at the underside of his shaft, the wet heat of her mouth enticing him. Pouty lips kissed down his velvety soft skin, small little suckling smacks sounding

as she made out with his cock like it was her lover, moving down towards his balls and then back up again.

The reverence she was showing was making the ache in his loins all the sweeter, his fingers carding through her silken tresses. Gathering her long raven locks in hand, he pulled them together behind her head in a messy ponytail, helping to guide her movements.

His cock jumped as she lashed the tip with her tongue before placing a wet, lush kiss on his crown. His salty musk invaded her senses, spreading across her tongue as she suckled on the tip, seminal fluid oozing into her mouth. Stroking him with her hands, Blake opened her mouth wider and invited him inside.

Her molten mouth felt exquisite around his glans, Jaune groaning as she sucked him in. Blake didn't waste any time, lowering her head until his cock threatened her throat before backing off, her cheeks caving in as she sucked harshly. Pleasure pooled in his balls as her wet, pink lips dragged up his shaft, and Jaune saw her mouth warp around the ridge of his crown, her lovely eyes still peering up at him through her lashes.

She looked amazingly sexy, her perfect tits swaying as she began bobbing her head in earnest, loud, slurping sucks filling the room. His abs tensed every time her lips caught on the head, ecstasy flowing down his cock whenever she almost throatied him. Blake was much more at ease with taking him now, having gained experience through their previous encounters. Her tongue swirled around him, frantic, stimulating everywhere it could reach.

Blake couldn't get enough of his taste, her eyes drinking in the hard line of his lean physique as she threw her head down his shaft, taking him deeper. Her lips were spread wide, her jaw struggling to take him further but she wasn't dissuaded. She wanted to take him all the way, and this time she wasn't about to back off.

Her pussy burned as she forced his cock in deeper, her throat protesting the move. Jaune groaned as he felt the hot membrane at the back of her mouth give way, a greater tightness enveloping his head. Blake gagged, hastily pulling off him with a messy pop, saliva spilling

everywhere. She inhaled sharply, gasping for breath before swallowing him again, taking him deep. Her eyes crossed as he penetrated her throat once again, choking around his fat meat.

Over and over, she throated him with increasing strength, the obscene sounds only making him harder. *Gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck* – her face was completely cock-drunk, features warped, the pleasure building as she deepthroated him viciously. His hips began moving to aid her, Jaune gritting his teeth, balls tense as he fucked her face.

The insistent burning in her crotch was too much, a hand finding its way between her thighs. She moaned around his shaft as she fingered her clit, the pleasure too sharp, her brow furrowing as she gathered her wetness, lubricating her finger tips. Circling her clitoris, she saw stars as she continued to deepthroat Jaune's massive dick, her throat being transformed by his shape. It was molding to him perfectly, her neck bulging as she took him all the way down to the base. Her toes spread in her shoes, her insides giving a deep, powerful throb as her lips spread around the root, the thickest part of his cock.

She'd done it.

Did it feel good for him? Was she satisfying him? Blake sped up, sucking and slurping messily, tongue lapping at the tip whenever she drew all the way back. Her hand cupped her gushing quim and rubbed it furiously, her hips rocking.

She needed him inside.

It was time.

Jaune grunted as she slurped off him with a sturdy suck, her mouth catching on his glans as the suction became almost too much. She popped off him and released his cock, his length flexing as she admired her work, hand still working between her thighs. He was slick and flushed red, swollen with desire, and with unsteady movements, Blake reached for her skirt.

Jaune watched her pull out the metallic squares, arranging him on the floor, and felt his racing heart stop.

"It looks like you're nice and ready now," Blake said, her voice filled with lust. It dripped honey, thick and sweet. "It's time to dress him up."

"Not yet," he found himself saying.

She blinked at him, confused. Kneeling down to her height, he seized her around the waist, his hands sliding across her smooth, soft skin before effortlessly hauling her up. Blake squealed, her stomach swooping as she clutched at him, smearing her discharge on his shoulder as he deposited her on the couch.

"Jaune, what are you...?" she asked breathlessly before realizing his plan. Her womb trembled. "You don't – we can skip...!"

"I don't want to skip this," he told her firmly, his voice low. Placing his hands on her thighs, he spread her legs, opening her up to him. Her pretty, swollen pussy peeled open, sticky and wet. A cute slice of pink between two engorged lips, she was absolutely drenched. The musk of a woman in lustful heat met his nose, and tightening his grip on her legs, he pushed her even further apart.

"Now it's my turn," he said, and leaning in, he *feasted*.

Blake moaned loudly as he bit the inside of her thigh, his teeth sinking into the sensitive skin where her thigh met her pelvis. His tongue lapped up her slickness, licking his way towards her core, and when his hot breath gusted over her cunt, she tensed.

Her heart was pounding, the sight of him kneeling between her spread legs, forcing her open, arms powerful, hands firm, it made her ooze. Arousal gushed from her hole, and when he leaned in and sealed his mouth around her twat, she howled. Her legs tried to snap shut instinctively but he held firm, keeping her spread as he lapped at her leaking pussy, licking her swollen lips, tracing her puckered entrance, and then up, up, up, circling her urethra. Blake sobbed as his nose bumped her hooded clit, and then he was peeling it up, revealing her bundle of nerves.

Pleasure spiked into her brain as he began lashing her clit with quick swipes of his tongue. Her hips attempted to buck but his hold on her was iron, her head thrown back as sounds of ecstasy escaped her lips. Heat rushed through her belly and down her limbs, a deep throbbing pleasure building inside. His tongue worked frantically, flicking her pearl up and down, left and right, circling it, and when his lips pursed and *sucked*, she saw stars.

*"Nnnnggg—god~!"* her voice cracked, face crumpled completely. *"Oh my god, Jaa—aune~! Ahhn~! T-That feels so goo—ood~! Ooohhhh~!"*

Her clitoris throbbed between his lips as he sucked on it, tormenting it with his tongue. Sparks ignited in her belly, lightning arcing up her spine as he kissed her clit with sloppy kisses, his tongue darting down to lap at her entire pussy. Arousal gushed across his chin, and Jaune eagerly sucked it all up, mouthing against her spasming slit.

*"Ohhhh—fuuuck,"* she seethed, biting down on her lip hard enough to mark. Every time his lips closed in around her sensitive pearl, she felt like she was going to explode. *"Nnnnggg—yessss~! Mnnngg, Jaune – yes, right there, ah~! Haaah~! R-Right, oouuh~! Right there~!"*

Jaune ate her out with a furious hunger, sucking on her plump outer lips, circling her urethra, lapping at her leaking entrance. When he wiggled his tongue inside, she made the cutest little sound, a half-squeal that caught in her throat. Her inner walls clutched at his tongue greedily, pulsing rhythmically.

*"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuuuuck~♡~!"* Blake sung sweetly, throwing an arm across her face, tears beginning to leak from her eyes. Her other hand clutched at one of her breasts, fingers plucking at her taut nipple. The combination nearly sent her over the edge, her belly quivering in ecstasy, that knot of pressure threatening to snap. *"Jaaaune~! Mmnggg—so close~! Fuck, baby, you're going to make me cuuum~♡~!"*

Hearing her passionate cries had Jaune leaking himself, his cock oozing pre-cum. His cock flexed up against his belly, hard as steel, desperate, begging to be used, and with one final suck that made Blake shudder, he removed his mouth from her delicate flower.

Blake panted, confused, staring at him with bleary eyes.

"W-What?" she asked. "No, Jaune, please," she begged. "Don't stop, please don't stop."

But when she saw him reach for the condoms, her tune changed completely.

She slid off the couch and snatched the metallic square out of his hand intently, tearing it open. "Let me put it on," she said fervently, removing the small latex sheath. "I want to do it."

Jaune watched with desire as she pinched the tip and settled it against his cock before slowly rolling it down his shaft. It was a little tight, and Blake had to try several times to roll it down properly, the latex stretching around his girth.

"This was the biggest one they had," she said dumbly as she reached the end, only a little more than halfway down his cock. Seeing how much more shaft he had left uncovered made her tender cunt spasm, her uterus burning up from within. Her mouth went dry. "I – you're so *big*, mmnh – we'll need to get even bigger ones in the future."

But it would do for now.

Jaune rose to his feet and pulled Blake with him, claiming her lips. She moaned, her own musk flooding her mouth as their tongues twirled, Jaune devouring her with passion. Hauling her body against him, he carried her into the bedroom where a large king sized bed awaited.

They fell together in a tangle of limbs, Jaune pawing at her lush curves as she mewled. Finding her pussy, he slipped two fingers inside her and she sobbed, spreading her legs as he began fingering her, widening her narrow cunt, getting her ready for him. In and out, his fingers pistoned for nearly a minute, Blake crying out between kisses, and when his fingers curled and raked over her g-spot, she thrashed.

*"Inside," she gasped, heat bubbling up into her chest. She was close. "Inside, inside, inside~! Please, Jaune – your cock, put it inside~!"*

Settling above her, he took his steel hard member in hand and guided it towards her slit. Rubbing his condom clad tip over her pussy, she tensed, her eyes molten gold. Jaune drowned in them, leaning forward with his hips and watched as her face went through the stages of discomfort and then ecstasy as he sunk into her sticky hot warmth.

His fingers had been big enough but this was something else. Blake had never felt herself stretch like this before, his fat crown cleaving her apart. She cooed at the pinch of pain as he forced his way in, sliding inside her body a few inches before pausing, giving her a little time to settle. Pulling out slightly, he thrust in again, and again, deeper each time, Blake clutching at his strong arms, nails digging in as he fucked himself into her.

He was so damn *big* and *long*, she thought it would never fit. She cried out as the curve of him brushed over her g-spot, her body twitching out of control, and then further, deeper, spreading her open even more. If she hadn't been so wet, she knew it would have hurt more. Her first time, her virginity – Jaune was taking it, and her heart felt as if it would burst.

She loved this man.

Jaune kissed her furiously as with one final press, he thrust all the way in. Blake gasped as he hit the back of her, a deep ache blooming as he banged into her cervix, rattling her womb. Her knees rose up, cradling his hips as he rested his weight on her pelvis, the pressure concentrated on her deepest spot. It felt difficult to breathe, every gasp making her tunnel ripple around him, and Jaune groaned in relish as she squeezed him.

*"Jaune,"* she crooned, grunting as he shifted his weight. *"You're so deep~♡~!"*

"You feel amazing," he said, voice dark with pleasure. He gazed at her in wonder, drinking in her sweaty face, her twitching cat ears, and then further down, her heaving tits, glistening between them. "You're so beautiful, Blake. The most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

She kissed him, straining her neck to reach. He kissed her back, their lips moving frantically, tongues dueling as he rolled his hips. He grinded the tip of his dick across her cervix and it made her scream, eyes rolling as a different kind of pleasure assaulted her. It wasn't the stinging, sharp pleasure of stimulating her clit. This was deeper, softer, yet somehow more powerful.

*"You can move,"* she gasped, nipping at his lips. She tugged on them with her teeth, stretching his lower lip to its limit before soothing it with gentle sucks. *"Please move~! Make love to me, Jaune. Love me, please."*

He started slowly, drawing back halfway before sliding back in, her body rocking with overwhelming pleasure. Her back arched as he touched her deepest spot, and then he was retreating, only to thrust in again, a little harder, a little faster. This was Jaune's first time as well, so it took some time to establish a smooth glide, his instincts guiding him. He watched her expressions, taking note of the way she'd react, chasing her pleasure when he saw what she liked.

Soon he was pulling out further, putting his ridiculously long cock to good use. Blake shuddered as he fucked her with increasing confidence, her feet kicking out behind his back, her toes spreading whenever he speared her deeply. She clutched at his body greedily, enamored with the way his muscles bunched with every movement, his broad chest enveloping her completely.

Jaune was fucking her.

She was being *fucked* by the man she loved.

It was too much.

Already on the edge of climax from his mouth and fingers, she barreled towards her orgasm. Her long, supple legs wrapped around his waist, crossing at the ankles as he continued to fuck her with mind bending thrusts, her eyes rolling as the angle changed, his glans striking something sensitive, deep inside.

Not her cervix, but something else. Something that drove her wild, her belly convulsing as he struck it again, and again, and again.

*"Fuck, Jaune~!"* she sobbed in bliss, nails raking down his sweaty back. She could smell his sweat, and her own womanly musk as he churned her pussy up. *"Yes, nngg, yes, right there, fuuuuck, baby, you're – ahhn – you're gonna make me cum, baby~♡~!"*

So quickly, and maybe a part of her felt a little embarrassed that her pussy was this weak, but she didn't care. She didn't care at all. He was making love to her, and was it her fault that it felt *so damn good*? No, it was his fault for being so handsome and amazing, and having such a fat, long dick to pleasure her with. If he didn't want her to cum so quickly, maybe he shouldn't have such an amazing cock.

“Oh, Blake,” he sighed in relish, feeling her pussy begin to tighten around him. He thrust harder, their bodies beginning to clap together, *plap, plap, plap*, his hips pounding down into her. “Oh, god, you feel so good.”

She shattered like glass, her back arching as her insides tensed – and then with a scream of pleasure, her climax rushed through her like a wave. Over and over again, her pussy contracted violently, squeezing his pistoning length vigorous as she cum. She gasped every time her sodden slit spasmed, each pulse of pleasure stealing her breath, a dark heat spreading through her tummy like runny egg. Thick and rich, she drowned in it, Jaune still moving, fucking her through her orgasm until she crested again.

Her nails clawed at him, her voice cracking as she howled. Jaune grunted, mesmerized by her expression, her face collapsing into rapture as her eyes rolled. She clutched around his cock like an oiled fist, attempting to crush him with her velvety cunt, and it tipped him over the edge. To the beautiful music of her moans, his balls lifted in victory as his shaft flexed powerfully, semen rushing up his cock. Sealing his hips to hers as if trying to impregnate her, he exploded into the condom, rapidly filling it up with heavy, gushing shots, the latex ballooning inside her.

“Oooo,” she cooed, feeling the heat of his cum, even through the condom. She felt a pang of longing, her body cross with being denied the feeling of his seed flowing directly into her womb. Blake shivered as his cock continued to pulse inside her, in tandem to her own pulsing pussy, her toes curling as she experienced what true bliss felt like.

After that, her fingers would never satisfy her.

When his orgasm subsided, Jaune groaned as he slowly pulled free of her twitching pussy. The condom was bloated, the end getting caught just shy of her entrance before it popped free with a tug. It stretched as gravity took hold, dangling from the end of his cock.

“Oh my god,” Blake said, her voice raw, staring at the evidence of his lust. She couldn’t look away, watching as he removed the condom and tied it off. If he’d fired that inside her...

Blake swallowed, her lust far from doused.

She rose up to greet him in a graceful movement, her tender cunt twinging as she kissed him. Jaune wrapped an arm around her sweaty waist, bringing their bodies together. Their skin was damp from exertion, sliding together as he tamed her mouth, Blake’s hands finding his post-orgasm cock and stroking it.

“You’re still hard,” she whispered between kisses.

He groaned into her mouth as she tormented the sensitive head, squeezing it.

“We have more condoms,” she said, her intention clear.

That was all he needed to hear.

They fucked long into the night, completely consumed by one another. Jaune took her from behind like a dog, fucking her hard enough to make her fat ass ripple, the room filled with the sound of their coupling. Flesh on flesh, slapping together wetly, harshly, Blake’s cries filled with passion. He loved the way her back flexed every time he sheathed himself deep, her toes spreading as her eyes rolled up into her head. Her ears would twitch as well, whenever he poked her cervix, and his hands worshipped the roundness of her ass, the small dimples that decorated her lower back, the spokes of her spine when she hunched up in climax. Her tits swung below her as she came undone once again, and Jaune filled his second condom with a guttural groan of ecstasy.

But they still weren't done.

Blake rode him next, her eyes obsessed with the way he looked beneath her, her pussy clapping down on his massive shaft. Her tits bounced on every drop, his hands eagerly palming them as she fucked herself stupid on his dick, his abs and chest bunched as she clutched at him with her molten sheath. Gravity did all the work, driving him so deep that it felt like he was punching directly into her womb, and Blake felt like she was in a constant state of climax. Her thighs trembled as she struggled to keep up the pace, her body stretching like a cat in the sun as he finally filled the third condom until the bloated latex burned against the entrance to her womb.

They fucked in a frenzy, driven mad by their love for one another and their overwhelming desire. The final condom was filled, Jaune taking her on the side of the bed, her slender, toned legs hiked up over his shoulders, his curved dick raking the inside of her belly and almost making her pass out from the pleasure, her g-spot swollen and sore as he abused it.

That should have been the end.

But it was not.

They coupled again, this time raw. Blake's mouth fell open in relish as he fed his unprotected member inside her, feeling his heat directly, the shape of him, his glans catching on every pleat and fold. It felt even better like this, and they crashed together in a delicious, pleasure filled craze, face to face, Jaune savaging her lips until they stung.

*"Oh god, baby, you're so fucking deeeep~!"* Blake moaned, her pussy spasming around him tiredly, her body beginning to fail her. Jaune rutted between her open thighs, the pleasure sparking up her spine as he ravaged her. *"Yes, god, right there, fuck – make me cum again, Jaune~! I want to cum again~!"*

“You’re going to wring me dry,” he grunted, moving faster. His cock felt like a raw nerve, his balls aching from firing so much cum. “God, you are amazing. My amazing Blake.”

She sobbed as her body fell into orgasm, and then she felt it. The hot, molten gush of his cum, lancing into her womb. Again and again, his thick, potent sperm blasted into her fertile womb, his loads still ridiculously huge despite the fact that he’d cum several times already, Blake whimpering as he filled her up to the brim.

If they’d been in their right minds, they would have known this was a bad idea. But they weren’t. They were drunk off each other. Drunk on love. Drunk on ecstasy. They whispered sweet nothings to each other as they curled together, Jaune’s cock still sheathed inside her raw, tender twat, his strong arms curling around her lovely body.

They kissed again, this time a chaste peck, their eyes drifting shut as they finally succumbed to sleep.