

Weiss had been taught from an early age to control her emotions. That logic was key, and making any decision based on feelings would lead to ruin. She had spent much of her childhood attempting to master herself, to attain perfection, and it was something that she was happy to say she failed.

So much time wasted in pursuit of impressing her father, to show him that she could be the very epitome of cold logic. Burying her feelings deep down inside, pretending that she wasn't suffering, that she wasn't angry, that she wasn't lonely.

The cracks began showing long before she went to Beacon, but it was there that those small fissures were opened wide. Making friends was a foreign experience, but one that had changed her life. Things weren't always smooth sailing. Her relationship with Blake had started in a tumultuous fashion like the unruly ocean waves that crashed upon the Solitas shore, unpredictable and rough, threatening to pull them both under. Their emotions had run high, her vaunted control shattered, but it was also their emotions that brought them back together, forging a bond that was stronger than steel.

It was at Beacon that she finally understood that your emotions could be just as much a boon as a crutch.

Jaune had impressed her early on. Calm and practical, he reminded her of her sister but warmer, without the shadow of their father at her back. Much like Weiss, Winter had been drilled to control her emotions, and she had taken to it much better than Weiss ever had. Even after leaving home, their fathers touch remained, a stifling hand. Jaune was the opposite. Openly caring and empathetic, and not just behind closed doors where people couldn't try use it against him.

He was forged in a different world than theirs, surrounded by love and care, and he was unashamed in sharing it.

Perhaps that is what drew her in. Jaune had a magnetic pull, and Weiss was not the only one caught up in it. Nora and Blake, Yang and Ruby, she saw the signs in all of them early on, and

now she saw the same in Pyrrha. He was their rock, a stable influence, there to talk them down when they needed it, to reassure them when they faltered, to stand by their side when required.

He was her guiding light whenever she was unsure. His advice always weighed on her mind, helping her to make her decisions. She relied on him more than she had relied on anyone else, and it wasn't long until she felt herself becoming ensnared.

She was taught to master her emotions, but it was something she had failed. Instead, her emotions mastered her more often than not, even if she tried not to show it. And in this instance, she hadn't even tried to fight it.

But things were always more complicated than they appeared.

Nora was first. She was his partner, and their harrowing experience during their survival test had been the tipping point. They'd come together as a man and woman were prone to do, physically and emotionally, and Weiss had been content to stand aside. Unrequited love, how tragic – but how fitting for someone like her.

At least she wouldn't be alone in her misery.

Until she was.

Next it was Blake. Their fight had been the catalyst, almost fracturing their team for good. The revelation of her past, and the pain it brought with it. Weiss had been so angry, a feeling of betrayal deeply rooted. Once again, something good was tarnished and ruined. Was she never to have anything she desired?

But Jaune refused to give up. Even with the evidence there for them all to see, he maintained that their pasts did not define them. That the girl they knew was not who Weiss thought she was, and he was willing to go to any length to bring that girl back to them.

And he did.

A harrowing experience of a different kind, but it had the same result. Blake fell completely, and now, incredibly, she and Nora were entangled with Jaune together, the both of them basking in his warmth, while she was left out in the cold.

It stung.

Weiss tried to bottle it up, just as she had bottled things up for years. But these emotions were too volatile to contain, too big for the bottle to handle. Whenever she tried, it slipped through her fingers like smoke, unwilling to be denied. She had worried it would turn her ugly and resentful, green with envy, ruled by jealousy...

But she was not dealing with normal people.

Dating two girls was already unusual enough. But when Nora began hinting that she could always join them, that Jaune liked *her* too – try as she might to deny it, but hope had bloomed heavy in her chest.

It felt wrong. Weiss was not so narrow-minded that she believed a relationship could only be between a man and a woman. If a woman desires another woman, that was perfectly fine. If a man desires another man, that was fine too. But a man dating two women? Three? More?

That sounded messy. That sounded like a fantasy. A womanizer. A serial cheater. Two timing. Three timing.

Was it not doomed for failure?

Weiss didn't know how to share. She might have been one of three children, but they'd had so much, they'd never had to share a thing. Could she really share the man she loved with others? Was that even a possibility?

As usual, she tried to resist it. She did not want to give in to temptation, to her emotions, not without seriously thinking it through. Could such a relationship survive – and thrive? Was it possible for three women to share a man, and not feel overwhelmed by jealousy when he gives the others attention over her? And with Yang making a move of her own, it didn't seem likely that it would stay three for long...

It seemed ludicrous. Ridiculous.

But as usual, Jaune had a way of breaking through any and all barriers.

Having him here, in Atlas, meeting her family, standing in her childhood home...

Weiss had worried that she'd led him to slaughter. That these soulless creatures, the elite of Atlas, her father, would drain the life and blood from him. There had been doubt in her soul, and none more so when he had stood face-to-face with her father.

She should have known.

Jaune was not so easily cowed.

That had been the moment. When he'd stood up for her, in front of her family. When he had looked her father in the eyes and did not back down. That was the moment she was truly lost.

She maintained her composure as long as she could, but seeing him dancing with Pyrrha had unraveled something inside her, that last shred of resistance, of control.

There was no going back from where she intended to tread. A kiss was one thing, but this... this was something else. Weiss was not the type of girl to give herself freely, not without pledging herself forever. Jaune would never be rid of her, for as long as she or he both lived.

It was carved into her very being. Once they crossed the line, there was no going back.

As soon as the door opened, she was upon him like a storm. Her cloak fluttered to the floor as she leapt at him, her slender arms winding around the back of his neck as her lips crashed against his. Weiss felt her belly swoop, fire spreading from where their mouths connected, Jaune's strong, lean arms looping around her waist.

He held her up off the ground effortlessly, cradling her svelte body against his own, and then he was devouring her with an all consuming passion, Weiss meeting him clumsily, their lips smacking wetly. She was on fire, body wracked with tremors as his tongue slipped into her mouth. A shivery sensation settled low in her belly, her moans muffled as he turned them, her legs lifting to wrap around his waist as he kicked the door shut.

He tasted of something sweet, and musk, and heat. He tasted of *Jaune*, and her moans turned to mewls, surrendering to him completely as he suckled on her tongue, trapping it between her lips.

“Weiss,” he growled between kisses, walking her further into the room. She’d made the right decision to change out of her dress before she came, able to feel the hardness of his lean, muscled body through her tights, thighs tensing around his waist as one of his hands settled on her rump.

“*Jaune*,” she sighed in bliss as he *squeezed* a healthy handful of her ass, a bolt of desire pooling between her thighs. She bit down, hard, trapping his lower lip, working it over with her teeth. “*Haah – Jaune, mm, Jaune, mwah – Jaune~!*”

She couldn’t stop saying his name, drowning in him. His other hand cupped her jaw, tilting her head, and she could do nothing as he licked along her teeth, the roof of her mouth, twirling around her tongue until she saw stars.

It wasn’t enough. She needed more.

Jaune managed to lead her into the bedroom, the hand on her ass working it over. Every time he squeezed, Weiss gasped, hips rocking against his stomach. A deep, throbbing heat formed, fed by his greedy hand, manipulating her pert rear.

It was a work of art.

Firm, sculpted by her years of dance and training to become a Huntress. It pushed back against his clutching fingers, his hand sinking in gladly. Her legs were *strong*, strangling his waist as he continued to maul her butt, her slim figure writhing against him in delight.

The blood that rushed south moved so quickly that he was left slightly light headed, his cock swelling so fast that he was in danger of passing out. To have his beautiful, reserved teammate, usually so in control of herself leap at him in a frenzy, her body rocking against him aggressively, as if an animal in heat – it turned him on beyond belief, and he couldn't get enough of it.

Weiss Schnee, rutting against him like some beast. Weiss Schnee, angels voice cracking as she whimpered, their tongues dueling hotly. Weiss Schnee, porcelain skin flushing scarlet, sharp ice blue eyes hazy with lust.

It was perfection.

She tasted sweet, of white chocolate, and something sour, a touch of lemon. Her tongue was small and slim, darting inside his mouth swiftly, drinking her fill. Jaune basked in the flavor, the heat of her body, absorbing it into himself, until it felt like they were well and truly one.

It wasn't until their jaws ached and their lips stung, tongues growing numb and lethargic that they finally pulled away from one another.

Saliva stretched between their lips. Weiss' mouth was red and glossy, her eyes bright, dazed, her pupils enlarged. Gently, he placed a final kiss on her cheek, chaste, lips caressing the edge of her scar.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, though he already knew.

"Don't ask things you know the answer to," she replied, voice breathless.

Her legs released their hold on him, sliding down his front. Her eyes widened when she felt the evidence of his arousal, hard as steel within his pants. A startled 'oh' escaped her, and as she stepped back, she looked down.

Jaune took this moment to admire her. Dressed in a warm white top fashioned from wool, her lower body was clad in nothing but a pair of black thermal tights. They outlined her legs magnificently, highlighting her slim, toned muscles, and drawing his attention to the ridiculous width of her thigh gap. They hugged her like a second skin, following the curve of her mons, and Jaune couldn't help but imagine himself being buried between those lovely thighs.

What a wonderful creature she was.

Her feet were clad in a pair of wool lined boots, and her hair was still pulled back in those series of braids that interlocked, how it had been styled from her performance. Sapphire earrings dangled from her ears, the subtle eyeshadow making her eyes pop.

He wanted her.

She wanted him.

She drank him in greedily, tracing the broadness of his shoulders, his handsome face and strong jaw. His hair was no longer neat and tidy as it had been at the auction, tousled just as she liked it. Jaune *towered* over her, and it made her feel small and delicate, even though she was a Huntress trained to fight the Creatures of Grimm.

It was ridiculous how wet she was.



Despite what she may argue if pressed, she was not a frigid prude. Weiss knew what sex was, beyond the biology of it. She understood what desire was, even if she did not over indulge in the pleasure of her body. But she was a healthy young woman, and masturbation was a normal thing. Shameful, perhaps, if others were to know – but she had partaken more than a few times, when her body betrayed her.

She'd never had a particular target for her imagination. It may have been as simple as the caress of silk on her skin, heightened sensation during her ovulation period. The grind of a saddle well ridden, the cold air on her cheeks. Weiss had never had a subject of desire – until now.

Now her mind was filled with Jaune whenever her body began to kindle lustful thoughts. At Beacon, she didn't *dare*. Even in the shower, she was too mindful of those who shared her living space. But at home, in Atlas? While he was a world away, and she had naught but her thoughts after her long days of grueling physical practise?

Her fingers had become *well acquainted* with her body since returning home.

But she'd never been this wet before. Not without even touching herself, fingers plucking the strings of pleasure as if she were an instrument. Their kissing had been more than enough, his greedy hand on her ass making her *gush*. She could feel her underwear plastered to her crotch, and even the dampness seeping through to her tights.

She couldn't hold back any longer.

Below the lust and desire, the sheer admiration she felt for this man, her love – she was nervous. She'd never done anything like this before, and Jaune had. Would she be good enough for him? After Nora and Blake, maybe he would find her lacking?

All she wanted was for her to be pleasing to him. To make him feel what they made him feel, to worship him and have him worship her in return.

All she wanted was to be loved.

Reaching for the hem of her woollen top, she pulled it up over her head, exposing her torso to his darkening gaze. Her modest chest was shielded by nothing more than a powder blue bra, cupping her pert breasts invitingly. Weiss couldn't help but feel a rush of elation as she watched him drink her in, eyes roaming across her slim waist and flat stomach. Hers was a body sculpted by harsh training, a stonemason taking chisel to stone. Her abs tightened visibly as she inhaled, the ridges of ribs standing out starkly against her pale skin.

"Weiss..." he breathed.

She gave him a saucy smirk, her heart rapidly bouncing around in her chest as she carefully toed off her boots and socks, her toes pressing into the carpet. Mouth suddenly dry, she slid her thumbs into the waistband of her tights, working them down over her hips and ass.

Jaune's cock *throbbed* as he saw her wonderful, lush thighs revealed to his eyes, Weiss peeling the material from her skin. Her panties were a similar color to her bra, powder blue with white lace around the top, a cute little bow placed in the center of the waistband. As she bent over to push her tights all the way down, he saw the ridiculous shape of her ass, even though he was standing in front of her, not behind. Her pert cheeks swallowed the material in the back, the blue strip disappearing within her bountiful flesh.

She was magnificent on every level.

When she straightened up, she was left in only her underwear. The crotch of her panties was visibly darker, damp with her arousal. The scent passed across his nose, rich and dark, a deep musk, the scent of a woman desiring one thing.

To be bred.

Her skin looked as soft as freshly fallen snow, her lithe muscles rolling beneath. She peered up at him through her lashes, and Jaune understood her wordless demand.

Weiss watched with baited breath as he removed his shirt, his hard, muscular torso meeting her eyes. She traced the way his firm chest dipped inward and down, set above rippling abs. His arms were long and lean, forearms shifting as his hands moved. His pants swiftly fell away, leaving him in nothing but his boxer-briefs.

The material tented obscenely, struggling to contain his cock. Weiss stared at it in wonder, getting an idea for how big it was, and it left her feeling a little shocked.

Could her body handle such a thing?

A hand reached out involuntarily, before her mind could catch up. She pressed her palm against his hard stomach, fingers splayed, and shivered as she felt the heat of his skin against her hand.

"Turn around," she managed, voice barely a whisper.

Jaune complied.

His back was wide and built, a warrior's back. Designed to swing a sword, and defend against heavy blows with a shield, it was strong, sturdy, reliable. Her eyes traced the muscles, and then

the tattoos that signified his conquests. The women that had fallen so helplessly in love with him that they were willing to *share* him.

Soon, she was to be one of them.

Weiss admired the artistry. Beyond Nora and Blake's symbols, it was the map of their lives played out in ink upon his body. The malicious, monstrous forms of Grimm. The fear inducing masks of the White Fang, their new radical symbol – the wolf's head with claw marks – inked clear as day. A building caught in a conflagration, fire reaching for the heavens. A deadly long sword, a symbol of meaning lost on her.

What would her tattoo look like? What pieces of her life would play out on his skin? Her deepest fears? Her triumphs?

She traced them with her fingers, leaning forward to place a kiss between his shoulder blades. Jaune tensed, feeling her hot mouth against him, lips smacking audibly as she lovingly kissed his skin again and again.

"I'll be here soon," she said, finding where his skin was raised from their kiss. She *licked* it, and felt his body shudder. "Proof of your conquest of my body."

Jaune turned and seized her by the hips, and she gave a startled shriek as he lifted her. Her belly swooped in excitement, her eyes blazing as she peered down at him, his eyes hungrily devouring her. Their mouths came together again in a frenzy, Weiss moaning as their bare skin slid together.

"You are maddening," he growled.

"You're one to talk," she countered, threading her fingers through his hair and raking his scalp with her nails.

They fell upon the bed in a tangle of limbs, one of his large hands resting on her stomach. Weiss writhed against him, mewling as he suckled her tongue.

"Make love to me," she begged, her deepest spot yearning for him. "Please, Jaune. Make love to me."

He didn't need to be told a third time.

His hand quested higher, slipping beneath her bra and exposing her pert tits. They were firm and high, her nipples hard, the tips pointed and thick. Only a shade darker than her skin, creamy pink, her areola puffy, protruding from the breast. Grasping one breast in hand, he squeezed, Weiss' face collapsing as she moaned loudly.

"Jaune~!" she sighed, biting her lip as he manipulated her hard tip, rolling it between his fingers. Shocks of pleasure shot down her body, pooling in her crotch. "Mm~! Jaune, that feels – god, that feels so good!"

She raised her arms and he pulled her bra up over her head, not even bothering to unlatch it. With her body stretched out, she was all lean muscle, rib and taut tits, and he feasted, leaning down and latching onto her other nipple, sucking strongly.

"Oh~!" she exclaimed, eyes fluttering as he gave her a sturdy suck, the sensation felt in her slit. Wetness gushed into her panties as her insides spasmed in delight, her hips squirming as his hot mouth continued to torment her sensitive chest.

Jaune twirled his tongue around her areola, sweeping around the edges quickly before flicking the pebbled tip. Weiss arched, groaning, so he sucked as much of her breast into his mouth as he could, biting down lightly while his other hand pinched her other nipple.

*"J-Jaune~!"* her voice quaked, thrusting her chest into his mouth harder. *"Please~! Mmm, please~!"*

He crawled on top of her, mouth still latched to her nipple as he reached down for her panties. His fingers traced over the ridges of her ribs, documenting each one with reverent fingers before stroking the dip of her bellybutton, relishing the feeling of her hard abs. Next were her hips, caressing her hipbones and squeezing, making her cry out.

*"Hurry,"* she gasped.

Weiss was wracked with tremors as he peeled her underwear down, the sodden material sticking to her vulva. Down, down, down, he tugged them until they were around her ankles, her pussy exposed to the cool evening air. Giving her nipple one last suck, he released it and leaned back, admiring her sublime form before sighting her pussy.

It was small and cute, as was the rest of her body, a tiny slit that was slightly opened, drooling excessive amounts of lubrication. The hood of her clitoris was slender and small, her outer lips puffy and flushed with blood, engorged, while her mons curved out aggressively, sparse white hairs carpeting the way.

Could she be any more perfect?

He stroked her with his fingers, Weiss whimpering as he parted her outer lips. Her soft pink insides were drenched, her inner labia small, framing her entrance beautifully.

"You're so beautiful," he said, in awe of her. Nora, Blake and now Weiss, all of them – so ridiculously beautiful, and they were his, just as he was theirs.

He rubbed her up and down, Weiss squirming as the heat in her belly became an inferno. Teasing her entrance, he pressed in lightly and felt immediate resistance. She was *tight*.

*"Please, Jaune. I need it,"* she told him, gasping as he smeared her discharge around, wet slicking sounds issuing from her crotch. Her hips rolled, chasing his fingers eagerly. *"Please – don't make me keep begging."*

Reaching for his underwear, he pulled them down until his cock sprung free. Weiss looked, and felt her heart stutter in her chest.

Seeing it uncovered proved that it was even larger than she envisioned. Long and thick, it curved upwards from his pelvis, powerful, wide shaft riddled with knotted blue veins. His foreskin was partially peeled back, showing a hint of his crown, though she could see the shape of it, stretching the skin taut around the ridge. It bobbed up and down eagerly, a pair of fat balls hanging below, and somewhere deep inside, Weiss felt a deep, rolling *cramp* that made her moan.

That was going inside her. It had been inside Nora and Blake, and now it was going inside her.

*How could they take such a big thing inside them?*

It was intimidating, yet she only craved it more. A small, dainty hand reached for it, fingers closing around the shaft, Jaune groaning.

*"It's so hot,"* Weiss said in awe. It pulsed within her loose grip, the skin velvety smooth despite how hard it was beneath. Squeezing down, she felt a slight amount of give, only the barest hint of it, his cock swelling and pushing back. Flesh sheathed steel.

Liquid spilled from the tip, a long, sticky strand that landed on her belly. Weiss cooed, feeling the heat in it, her womb pulsing in response.

"Are you..." Jaune paused as she stroked him, peeling the skin down over his crown until his glans were exposed. "Do we need a condom?"

She shook her head.

"I'm on birth control," she said, pumping him harder, her grip becoming firm. "I had the injection. You can... inside me, as much as you want."

She had no idea what her words were doing to him.

Jaune leaned down and kissed her again, their bodies lining up. She helped guide him towards his goal, panting between kisses as his fat crown swiped across her leaking slit. She rubbed him up and down, the head of his cock growing slick with her essence before lining him up with her entrance.

Her sweet cry was swallowed by his lips as he pressed forward, his hips rocking against her. Her extremely tight entrance put up serious resistance, his jaw becoming stone as he worked it back and forth, trying to enter her. It was slow going, but her pussy finally yielded, his glans spreading her open.



“*Jaune*,” she gasped, her brow furrowed. There was a slight sting as her vaginal walls spread, the first inch of his impressive cock burrowing into her, a discomfort that was immediately soothed by the throbbing heat in her belly. Pausing, he retreated slightly before pushing in further, prying her narrow tunnel apart. Her hands clutched at his waist, nails digging into his hips as her legs spread wide. “*Mmngg—Jaune.*”

She was so incredibly narrow, her inner walls strangling his cock. Hot and wet, her internal muscles clenched around him, driving the breath from his lungs. Pushing forward a little harder, he was mesmerized by how her face collapsed in bliss, her body taut, her beautiful muscles standing out beneath her lovely skin.

Another inch, and then another, Weiss sobbed as he found that sensitive spot she had only recently discovered herself. His curved cock grinded against her g-spot, stars exploding in front of her eyes, the pleasure sharp, spiking into her brain in an instant. If possible, she clenched around him even harder, a well oiled fist, dragging a groan out of his soul.

The texture of her vaginal walls were much more aggressive than either Blake or Nora, and it felt like tiny little nubs rubbed him everywhere. The swelling, rough patch of flesh his tip rested against was especially good, Jaune rocking against it, pleasure pooling hotly in his balls as they tightened.

If he wasn't careful, her pussy would make him cum in an instant.

Weiss was drowning in a sea of sensation, her feet curling around the back of his legs. Tilting her pelvis, she cooed as he slid in a little further. The hurt and pleasure mixed together to form a potent cocktail, and she was happy to surrender to it. Gazing up at him in love, she pulled him down towards her, begging for more.

Jaune understood the assignment, thrusting lightly at first, in and out, small movements of his hips before pushing harder, sinking deeper. Soon three-quarters of his cock was sheathed in her

blistering heat, her folds tugging at his crown aggressively. One hand on her hip, he balanced on the other as he pushed forward as hard as he could, groaning as he cleaved through the final bit of a resistance, burying himself to the hilt.

Weiss nearly choked, her eyes wide as she felt his pelvis rest against hers, his cock completely buried in her small pussy. Her scream was caught in her throat as the tip of dick pressed firmly on her deepest spot, hitting the back, her tender cervix aching as his weight rested on it. Her body spasmed, pussy clutching hotly at his dick, and for a moment, she felt complete.

Their lips came together again, frantic, messy, tongues dueling. Pulling back, Weiss whimpered into his mouth as her walls strained, attempting to hold him in place. Her quim bulged outward as he pulled out until only the head remained inside her, the pink ring of her entrance struggling, and then with a single glide, he fucked himself back into her with a brutal thrust.

Her cry was sharp, filled with pleasure as he fucked himself balls deep, his testicles slapping against her ass, banging into her cervix. Her body thrashed, eyes rolling up into her head as she was assaulted by such intense pleasure, and then he did it again, and again, long, deep, slow thrusts that made her want to scream.

Jaune's body was tense, muscles bulging as he moved within her, concentrating on his cock. Wetness gushed around the tight seal of her hold on him, his shaft glistening with her juices. Looking between their bodies, he saw how spread her tiny little pussy was, as if it were about to split in half, and the way her belly bulged slightly whenever he sheathed himself inside.

He nearly cum then and there.

Gritting his teeth, he endured, movements becoming faster, his balls slapping against her ass harder, a wet, rhythmic clap filling the air. Weiss clutched at him, nails scratching down his arms, across his shoulders, leaving behind a trail of fire. Her small tits jolted every time he clapped into her body, nipples pointed and hard.

He was making love to Weiss. Finally.

“Yesss,” she hissed, delirious with pleasure. His long cock felt like an iron bar inside her, plundering her insides, touching her where nothing had been before. *“Mnngg—Jaune, yes, haaaah – right there, Jaune, it feels so good ri—ght there~♡!”*

“You’re so tight,” he grunted, cock flexing inside her and making her waist jump. Her mouth opened in a perfect O, her moan going straight to his balls. “Fuck, Weiss, you’re so tight.”

He moved faster, addicted to how her tight snatch gripped him. The hand on her hip roamed across the plains of her sublime form, worshipping her skin, the perfection of her muscles, mapping out her ribs, squeezing her tiny tits, plucking at her cute nipples. Weiss seethed at the duel assault, writhing, her ass lifting up off the bed. The change in angle made her howl, feet pressing into his calves, keeping her elevated.

He was hitting even deeper!

Every time he thudded against her cervix, she felt it reverberate deep in her womb. A tight knot of pressure had formed, her climax building, though unlike any of her previous orgasms stoked by her fingers. This was bigger, different, infecting all of her body.

He was going to destroy her.

Her moans of ecstasy mixed with his grunts, their bodies colliding harder and harder. Her inner walls rippled around him, squeezing, stroking, sucking at his cock, her textured folds gripping his glans powerfully. His shaft swelled further, feeling his end approach, balls lifting in preparation, eager to deliver their payload.

*"Haaahnngg~! Yes, Jaune – mngg, haaah, tell me you love me,"* she begged, feet arching as he continually touched the mouth to her womb. Her spine bowed further, her weight balanced on her neck and shoulders, her beautiful body bent backwards. *"Mmmg—tell me you love me~!"*

"I love you," he growled, drinking in the way her tiny slit ate him up, outer labia bursting, spread wide.

*"Again~!"* she gasped brokenly, shaking, her belly throbbing wildly, on the cusp.

"I love you," he thrust harder, tilting his hips, grinding along the upper wall of her vagina. Her belly bulged even further. "I love you, Weiss. I love you."

*"I'm – aaahn~! It's coming~♡~! Ahhn~!"*

Three, four, five more thrusts and Weiss felt the tight knot in her tummy burst, a flash of molten heat rushing straight to her head. Her muscles locked up, her inner walls spasming wildly around his pistoning shaft, and with a howl of pleasure, she erupted in orgasm.

Wave after wave of glorious rapture crashed down upon her, her vision going white as her needy, desperate pussy milked his cock furiously with powerful, mind rending contractions. Jaune's hips stuttered as she became impossibly tight around him, wringing his dick out hard enough to hurt, and it was enough to push him over the edge.

"Oh yeah," he sighed in bliss, hips snapping quickly against her, jabbing her cervix with several rapid fire shots before he sealed his hips to her, grunting as his cock jerked inside her molten sheath. Jaune felt his cum rise up from his balls, bubbling and hot, and with a ferocious volley, the first heavy rope gushed into her womb, Weiss whimpering as she felt the heat lash into her body.

“Ahn~!” she cried out every time his cock flexed, another boiling shot thudding into her womb, her uterus drinking greedily. Her body trashed, her muscles growing weak, collapsing to the bed as Jaune rode her down, his chest pinning her as his hips rolled, grinding his tip against her womb as he continued to fire, balls clenching hard enough to make him dizzy.

Again and again, he painted her insides white with his seed until his balls drained, the last few shots spilling weakly into her deepest spot. Jaune panted, his body covered in a sheen of sweat, Weiss babbling as her body continued to contract around him, milking the last of his cum.

She was on cloud nine, her entire body a raw nerve, skin tingling, her heart racing in her chest. When Jaune began retreating from her body, she cooed in loss, that wonderful cock leaving a void inside her, hollowed out in his shape. Her hips jolted as his fat glans tugged at her entrance before popping free, leaving her vaginal opening gaped.

Jaune didn't think she could become any more beautiful, yet seeing her pale skin flushed with exertion, slick with sweat, her cute little slit pried open, it was the most devastating sight he'd ever witnessed.

Slick and red raw, his cock bounced eagerly, still rock hard. Palming himself, he slowly stroked his cock from root to tip, wanting nothing more to enter her again.

Her hole slowly sealed itself back up, Weiss squirming, her thighs coming together as her hands stroked her belly where her womb *burned* with his seed. It was so hot, sighing as she rubbed her belly in circles, fingers dancing across her skin.

He had brutalized her with that massive penis of his, and yet... she wanted more.

Weiss didn't want this night to end yet.

Shakily, she rolled over and presented her ass. It was a work of art, plump and sculpted, the perfect size and shape for her small body. She shook her hips side to side, her cheeks wobbling, and then slowly, she rose up on her knees, her upper body still down, back arched.

"Keep going," she urged. "Jaune, please – I want more. Please give me more."

"God, Weiss," he groaned, staring at her plump slit buried between her thighs and cheeks. Reaching back, she pried herself open, stretching herself. Her cute little asshole winked at him, damp and the cutest shade of pink, tremors still wracking her body in the aftermath of her climax.

"Please, I want it. Do me hard," she begged.

There was no way he could ever deny her.

Seizing her ass, he squeezed down hard, making her moan. Slotting his cock between her thighs, he thrust against her belly, smearing her wetness across her abs, the remnants of his ejaculation spilling out. One of her hands reached between her legs to guide him, and with a brutal thrust, he entered her, Weiss' back hunching as he speared her on his length.

*"Hnnnnnggg~!"*

He could fuck her even deeper in this position, his cock slamming into her womb. She clawed at the blankets, frantic, and then he was pounding into her with long, brutal thrusts, loud, fleshy claps filling the room.

Jaune fucked her relentlessly, becoming feral with desire, stroking her back, admiring the way her muscles flexed whenever he bottomed out inside her. The spokes of her spine called him him, his hips snapping against her rapidly, her inner walls pulsing around him, her tightness exquisite. Her voice cracked as she howled, throwing her ass back against his thrusts, meeting him half way. He fucked her with the entire length of his dick, balls slapping against her stinging clit, peeling away from her skin messily. He took her like she was a dog, riding her ass until she couldn't take it any more, milking his dick furiously as she shattered again.

And yet she still begged for more.

Her voice became rabid, filthy, begging him to fuck her harder, faster, deeper. He fucked her on her side, leg hoisted high, sheathing himself as deep as possible. Her small, lithe body thrashed as he assaulted her cervix with brutal shots, her moans a mixture of rapture and hurt, yet she continued to ask for more.

Fuck her, ruin her.

So that is what he did.

Time lost all meaning, Jaune losing himself in the pleasure of her pussy. He fucked her with Weiss on top, feet braced against the bed as he railed up into her tight snatch. Her body flopped as she desperately held on, clutching at his body until his chest and arms were covered in red welts. Then he pounded her down into the bed, legs thrown up over his shoulders, feet locked behind his head. She was so flexible he could do whatever he wanted to her, so he bent her in half, folded like a lawn chair, drilling her womb as her toes spasmed behind his neck, her voice raw as she screamed, milking him until he erupted inside her womb once again, gushing thickly, shot after shot, filling her up.

But that still wasn't the end.

They mated like a pair of animals, driven by nothing more than carnal desire.

At some point, they passed out, spent – but Jaune couldn't remember when, and neither could she.