

In the days that followed, Ruby found herself becoming restless. The discomfort between her legs had faded but it was replaced by something else, a maddening itch that needed to be scratched. A deep, throbbing pressure that called for attention at all hours.

Had Jaune done something to her body? Infected her or something? Wait, she wasn't having a baby, was she? She couldn't! She was too young for that. She couldn't be a teen mom!

She should probably get tested or something, right?

That was a little scary, but her fear didn't make it go away. Sometimes, she'd squirm and press her thighs together, and her crotch would be all wet and sticky. Ruby found that pressing her belly against the side of her mattress helped a little bit, and the pressure felt... good, really deep down in her tummy. The problem was when she stopped, it only got worse.

She tried all sorts of things. Ruby felt like a naughty girl but it couldn't be helped! When it was her turn to shower, she experimented by using the shower head on max power but while it felt good, it only helped relieve the tension in her loins for a little while. When it came back, it was greater than ever.

It was all Jaune's fault. He'd given her a cream pie and now her p-pussy was hungry for more. Ruby didn't like how smug he was being lately, especially after stealing her semblance, but there hadn't been much opportunity for her to get back at him.

She may have lost the battle but she wasn't going to lose the war! She refused!

Ruby just needed to step up her game.

But first, Jaune needed to give her sheets back! Today was laundry day and it was Ruby's turn to handle it this week. She needed to remove the ones on her bed, but she had nothing to replace them with! It was because he'd taken them, a trophy of his conquest, but she really needed them back!

So first thing in the morning, she sent him a text.

She was direct and firm! Like a strong, self assured woman! That's what she was now, right? After taking that brutal assault by his d-dick, she was a strong, independent – no, not that, a self assured, liberated woman who knew what she wanted and how to get it!

Or – well, something like that? Ruby didn't really understand all that talk but it sounded good in her head.

He hadn't answered yet, though, so Ruby busied herself with stripping the other beds. Weiss was in the shower while Yang had already gone to breakfast. It was the weekend so they weren't in any rush, but Jaune really needed to answer her before she hauled everything to the washhouse.

Urgh, Ruby wasn't a fan of doing all this but this was the price of living in a dorm. She thought about leveraging her power as team leader but Weiss would never allow it. What was the point in being in charge if you couldn't abuse your power?

Ruby pouted as she finally got to Blake's bed before realizing it was still occupied.

"Blake, you need to get up," Ruby said loudly. "I have to do the laundry."

Though she hated doing laundry, it was actually pretty lucky that it was her turn this time.

The lump that was Blake Belladonna squirmed beneath the blanket before a single amber eye peered out of the abyss. It was actually a little creepy and Ruby leaned back slightly.

“Ruby,” Blake’s voice was muffled. “Leave me alone.”

“No can do,” Ruby shook her head. “I need your sheets.”

Now that she thought about it, Blake had been acting a little weird the last couple of days. Sometimes, Ruby would find her staring off into space vacantly, as if her mind was elsewhere. Other times, her face would flush brightly for no reason. Just yesterday, Ruby caught her nuzzling her pillow for nearly twenty minutes.

Was this some faunus thing?

It was kinda weird!

“Don’t wanna,” Blake said petulantly.

She was also staying in bed a lot longer than she used to, to the point where they practically had to drag her out of it on days where they had class. Weiss wasn’t impressed, not at all, especially when Blake started building pillow forts. On the weekend, they just left her there and it wasn’t unusual to not see her until well after lunch.

“Blake,” Ruby sighed, employing her puppy dog eyes.

It never failed. It was the superpower of little sisters everywhere.

Blake caved. “F-Fine,” she muttered, shrugging off her blanket and getting off her bed. Ruby blinked at Blake’s dishevelled appearance, her black hair in knots, her yukata drooping off one shoulder, bags under her eyes. She looked like she’d been up all night.

“Are you okay?” Ruby asked suspiciously.

“I’m fine,” Blake shuffled awkwardly. “Something just... stinks in here, that’s all.”

It did?

Ruby sniffed the air but couldn’t smell anything.

“Are you sure?”

Blake scowled. “Fine, don’t believe me! Yang and Weiss both dismissed it, as well! I’m not crazy!”

Ruby blinked. That was another thing; Blake had been strangely moody.

“Well... maybe we should air out the room?” Ruby suggested, being diplomatic even though Blake was clearly unhinged. “That should help, right?”

Blake grumbled but walked over to the window to open it while Ruby stripped the sheets off Blake’s bed. Ruby tilted her head, noticing that the material was damp and musty.

Sweat? Maybe Blake was just sick. This was probably what Blake could smell, her own stink!

Jaune answered at that moment, and Ruby groaned at his reply. Storming over to the hamper, she flung it open and dug through the clothes on top, finding the sheets buried near the bottom.

“So that’s where he’d put them!”

“What?” Blake asked, giving her a weird look.

Ruby turned to look at her. “Huh?”

“Ruby, what... never mind,” she dismissed, though continued to watch her from the corner of her eyes.

So he hadn’t taken them away, after all. They’d been here, all this time, a reminder of what he’d done to her. Ruby flushed.

Was he mocking her? He was definitely mocking her.

Payback was long overdue.

When Weiss was done with her shower, Blake took her place, complaining that the smell had gotten worse after opening the window. Weiss and Ruby exchanged looks and shrugged, the heiress going to breakfast while Ruby gathered everything and then got dressed. She didn't have class, so she was in a mixture of casual clothes with her thigh high socks and a black shirt with a pink heart on the front, and her combat skirt.

Jaune must have been on laundry duty as well because she bumped into him in the washhouse.

"Oh, morning," Jaune greeted, grinning. Ruby stuck out her lip.

"You could have told me you put the sheets in the hamper," Ruby complained. "I thought you'd taken them with you."

"Why would I do that?"

"Why wouldn't you?" she countered, being a brat.

Jaune snorted. "Couldn't come up with anything better, huh?"

Yeah, he was getting way too full of himself. Just because he messed her up inside and then showed off in combat class, he thought he was a big deal. Well, he wasn't! Jaune needed to know his place, and Ruby was the only one that could show it to him!

If he thought she wasn't going to continue teasing him, he had another thing coming!

Ruby watched as he hauled his basket over to one of the washing machines. There were a few other students loitering around but it was pretty empty, all things considered. The weekend was the best time for laundry but other than some random second years, and some fourth years, it was just them. Carrying her basket to the machine next to his, she began sorting through everything and dividing it into piles.

"Whoops," Ruby said cheekily, 'accidentally' dropping Yang's frilly yellow bra – and by drop, she flung it at his head. The cup was big enough that it easily engulfed the side of his head, dangling across his shoulder.

"Ruby, what are you..." he trailed off, picking the garment off his face and blinking, eyes widening as he saw the size tag. "Ruby!"

"What?" she asked innocently. "I thought you like Yang's boobs – well, that's what she puts them in!"

Jaune quickly threw it back at her. "I don't think your sister will appreciate you throwing her bra at me."

Ruby grinned evilly. "Oh, I see, I see~! Why didn't you just ask?"

His brow furrowed, eyes wary. "What are you up to?"

"I should have known," she nodded sagely, giggling up a storm in her mind. "You like them fresh off the press, don't you? Yep, you do~!" Ruby had seen in his porn collection more than a few *manga* that dealt with things like recently worn panties, boys sneaking into the bathroom and stealing their sister's underwear to *do things* with. "Why didn't you just ask?"

Casting a hasty glance around the room and seeing that no one was looking her way, Ruby quickly reached under her combat skirt and grabbed her panties, hastily pulling them down her legs. Flushing brightly as her pussy was exposed to the air, her belly squirmed as she showed him the black cotton with red elastic trim, waving them back and forth teasingly.

"*This* is what you want, right?"

And then she leaned forward, stretching the waistband to place them on his head, covering his face.

Jaune had no time to react, and Ruby made sure the crotch was over his nose and mouth. He looked ridiculous, his blue eyes wide and showing through the leg holes, and Ruby started laughing hysterically as he hastily pulled them off his face, his cheeks red in embarrassment and anger.

Heh, she got him good.

"Ruby, what are you doing?" he whispered harshly, looking around. No one had noticed.

"They were warm, right?" Ruby asked with a shit eating grin. "I bet you liked how they smelt, you perv."

"I did not!"



He totally did. There was no way he didn't. He probably had an erection right now, and Ruby took a quick peek, frowning when she noticed he was wearing baggy shorts instead of his usual jeans. How was she supposed to know if she was winning if she couldn't see it?

Grrr~! And that had been such a good move on her part, as well! In those *doujin*, some of the guys would wear it on their face and sniff at it while they *masturbated*. He'd bookmarked those ones so he was totally into sniffing panties, right?

If she couldn't see it, then she needed to make sure.

"Now I'm not wearing any panties, you totally love that, right?" her fingers danced across the hem of her skirt, flapping the material enticingly, showing off more of her thighs. She was reusing material, but there were no rules in war! "I can feel a bit of a draft."

That was all truth, Ruby shivering as the cool air of the washhouse caressed her bare vulva. Jaune's eyes darted down as her hips squirmed, thighs pressing together. She knew he couldn't see her little cunny but it didn't stop her insides from itching, dampness gathering.

"You need to stop doing this," Jaune insisted but Ruby just rolled her eyes.

"Why? Because I give you an erection? That's not my problem," Ruby sniffed. "I thought we've been over this already. J-Just because you did all those things to me and we had cream pie together, doesn't mean I like you or anything, got it?"

"What?"

The genuine confusion in his voice made Ruby panic. Had she said the line wrong? No, that was totally it! She was sure of it. A lot of the girls said things like that, and honestly, they kinda reminded her of Weiss a little bit? Maybe that was why Jaune liked her so much.

“Y-You heard me!” she doubled down. “Just because you filled me up doesn’t mean we’re getting married!”

“K-Keep it down,” Jaune tried to shush her but she wasn’t going to be denied!

“Here, let me – ahah~!” Ruby darted under his hands and grabbed his crotch, feeling his half swollen shaft. As soon as her fingers closed around it, it began to grow, thick and fast, her insides trembling in remembrance. This thing had been inside her.

Jaune froze as she began palming him, stroking his growing cock through his shorts. Ruby grinned in victory, bringing her other hand in to help, massaging his length until with a yelp, Jaune picked her up like a piece of luggage and hauled her away.

“H-Hey, where are you taking me?” she thrashed but he was too strong, dragging her into a side room. It was filled with linen, neatly folded and stacked on shelves. Some type of storage room with spare sheets, and chemicals, another shelf laden with bleach, fabric softener, disinfectant and more.

While students were expected to handle their own washing, there were a lot of unoccupied rooms, staff facilities and more that cleaners tended to. This was probably one of their storage rooms for when they cleaned the sheets on all the spare beds, staff rooms, and more.

It meant they were totally alone.

Ruby felt her heart leap at the thought, all alone again with his hard cock. The cock she'd made hard.

Maybe she had miscalculated a bit.

"You need to stop doing stuff like that, especially in front of other people," Jaune scolded her.

Well, she was here now – might as well go all the way!

"Why are you acting so high and mighty when your penis is like that," she pointed, and now that he was completely hard, his shorts were tenting visibly. Jaune flushed as she giggled. "Ahaha – I win again~! You just keep taking L's – totally lame!"

She saw the way his jaw tightened, and she felt equal parts thrilled and fearful. Those expressive blue eyes had that look again, the one that made her tummy flip and wriggle, and with a silent groan, something sticky rolled down her inner thigh.

"Ruby," Jaune warned.

She poked out her tongue, breathless. "What? Don't get mad cuz I'm telling the truth. You haven't beaten me yet, buster – I have way more wins, w-what you did to me o-only counts as one!"

Yeah, she was way ahead. All she had to do was flash her nipples and Ruby knew he'd be totally hard, no doubts about it. Meanwhile, he did all those things to her and she was still standing, ready to fight! Yeah, she was too strong for him to defeat so easily.

“What’s with that stupid look, huh? I’m not s-scared of you,” Ruby puffed out her chest, hands on hips. “I’m totally unaffected by whatever it is—hey, wait, what are you—,” Ruby panicked as his large hands grabbed her roughly and spun her around, pinning her front to the wall. Jaune’s much larger and stronger body pressed into her, and the air caught in her throat, silver eyes widening in alarm.

“This isn’t a game,” he growled, and her uterus *melted* at the tone, the threat of something *more*. Arousal leaked from her little slit, drooling down her thighs, soaking the tops of her thigh-high socks. “You need to stop.”

His hard, throbbing cock was poking into her butt aggressively, and Ruby wiggled against it, tilting her waist and thrusting back. The folds of her combat skirt peeled back with every movement, Ruby frustrated for once by the anti-peek tech they fashioned into them. Though she was pinned, her hands were free, so grabbing the hem of her skirt, she pulled it up until *finally*, his tented cock slotted between her plump cheeks.

“Ruby, stop,” Jaune commanded.

“Make me,” she returned brattily, heart hammering in her chest.

Whatever restraint Jaune had snapped.

Ruby hadn’t learnt her lesson. He kept taking L’s? Well, not today.

Ruby gasped as Jaune pulled down his shorts and underwear, exposing his swollen member. The glans poked against the curve of her butt, smearing pre-cum across her skin, and she shivered, throat suddenly constricted.

He was going to put it inside her again!

Jaune rocked his hips against her, grinding his hot, heavy cock across her ass. It almost felt like he was branding her, the heat of his length seeping into her skin. Ruby weakly struggled, though it wasn't much of a struggle at all, not when she was arching her back and wiggling her plump little tush all over him.

"W-What are you gonna do with that, huh?" she finally found her voice, attempting to be mocking but the way her voice cracked killed the illusion. "I-I'm not scared of that stupid thing. All it does is get bigger, it doesn't even feel good."

Jaune slid a hand down her body, gripping one of her pale butt cheeks and spreading her open, the other curling around her body, his palm gliding up under her shirt. Ruby mewled as his fingers tickled her belly before moving higher, stroking her ribs and then slipping the cup of her bra off her small chest.

"Your nipples are hard," he teased, palming one of her perky little tits. Her puffy areola pressed into his palm, the tip hard.

"S-So what?" she bit her lip, her face scrunching as he tweaked her hard tip. "*Ahn~!* So what if it's hard, it's j-just cold in here."

She had a way of bringing out his worst traits, Jaune feeling his blood surge as she whimpered cutely. He remembered the feeling of her tight, young pussy gripping him as he pistoned inside her, using her as a toy, fucking and dumping his cum deep inside her. Ruby had been nothing more than his pocket pussy, his own little cum receptacle, and it had felt *good*. Really, really good. Especially after the days of blue balls she'd caused him, constantly playing with him, igniting his lust.

And she was *still* doing it. Taking her panties off and putting them on his face? She hadn't learned a thing!

So Jaune was going to teach her.

Her little pussy was *drenched*. Ruby's small body jerked as he slipped his cock between her thighs, the top of his shaft gliding across her soaked petals. The slight plumpness of her thighs encased him in soft warmth, her slit drooling sticky arousal all over him. Rocking forward, his cock curved upwards along her mons, Jaune hauling her up until her boots left the ground, kicking uselessly.

"Eh~?" Ruby made a sound of confusion. With Jaune's firm, muscular body at her back, his arm curled around her and holding her breast, his other on her ass, squeezing hard, he had easily picked her up. "What—?"

His ridiculously hard cock pressed against her from below, as if she were straddling a piece of wood. He was so long that he poked out the front, curving up, mashing against her clitoris, the sudden, sharp pleasure filling her tummy with roiling heat.

"How about I give you a taste of your own medicine?" he whispered roughly into her ear, hot breath gusting across her cheek. The hairs on her neck stood on end, and then he was moving, hips rocking back and forth, as if he were thrusting inside her.

But he wasn't inside her.

Her swollen lips spread around the top of his veiny shaft as he grinded along her messy slit, coating his dick in her arousal. Ruby moaned every time the ridge of his glans brushed over her clitoris, sparks firing up her spine, her insides throbbing hotly.

With how wet she was, each movement was a smooth glide, their skin creating delicious friction. Jaune groaned deeply into her ear, and the sound rattled around in her belly, more slick gushing from her overheated twat. Unconsciously, her hips began to roll with the motions, her sweet little moans filling the room.

“Not so mouthy now, are you?” Jaune mocked.

“A-As if! This doesn’t even feel that good,” she answered, squealing.

His cock was so hot against her, burning her pussy. Ruby struggled to breathe, pinned as she was, her gasps leaving her breathless. Her thighs pressed together, tightening her hold on him, and Jaune licked her ear in response.

Why did that feel *so good*?

“*Hnnngg~!*” she grunted, and taking note of her reaction, he licked her ear again, sucking the lobe between his lips. Ruby thrashed weakly, boots banging against the wall.

“That’s it, baby, press your thighs together harder, that feels amazing,” he egged her on, the hand on her butt shifting around for a better hold, curling around her hipbone and gripping it tightly.

Ruby felt like she was floating, her eyes rolling as she began drooling, her mouth filled with saliva. Her skin tingled everywhere, her body burning up from within, a knot of pressure beginning to build in her lower belly.

“Nooo~! Staaaaph~!” she mewled, squirming.

Jaune moved faster, clapping against her soft ass as if he was fucking her. His cock flexed in excitement, pre-cum oozing thickly from the tip as he hotdogged her sticky outer labia, jabbing at her clit relentlessly. Ruby spasmed as the pleasure rapidly built, her essence messily dripping down her legs. Her thigh-highs were soaked now, a wet spot growing on the floor beneath them. The friction was too much, and the way he was mashing her clit was almost on the verge of being painful, her face scrunching up.

“*J-Jaaaaune~!*” she crooned.

His dick was so long, it was pressing up under her skirt. She couldn’t see it but she felt it slide up, up, up, and pop out through the waistband of her skirt, smearing his pre-cum over her belly right beneath her bellybutton.

Her breathing became ragged, strained, her body tensing as deep, throbbing pulses of pleasure rolled through her in waves. Ruby felt completely at his mercy, her voice growing higher, needier, unable to stop what was coming. A part of her was scared. The last time she’d grinded against him, it had felt good, but this was so much more. As if her sensitivity was greater, their previous time together unlocking her body.

She was balanced on the edge, moments from tipping over when the door to the storeroom opened suddenly, without warning.



They both froze, Ruby's heart leaping into her throat, Jaune a wall of tense muscle at her back. They were in full view of the door, there was no way they weren't caught, and the fright only heightened the burning ball of pressure in her belly until it popped.

Ruby's jaw locked as she desperately swallowed her moans of ecstasy as her dirty little pussy erupted in orgasm, her inner walls contracting violently. With his hard cock pressed against the entire line of her slit, the shaft mashed against her sensitive clit, her body jerked as her insides clenched again, and again, and again, desperately trying to milk something that wasn't there. Jaune smothered her with his body, pinning her against the wall completely, his knees pressing into her legs so her feet didn't kick wildly.

She drowned in a sea of bliss.

Meanwhile, Jaune craned his head around, almost choking on his fear, grimacing in discomfort as Ruby writhed and squashed his cock into the wall with her pelvis. There was a person but he couldn't see them entirely, a stack of boxes balanced in their arms, breaking line of sight. As Ruby twitched and shattered between him and the wall, Jaune watched with wide eyes as the cleaner shuffled into the room completely unaware, turning away from them and placing the stack of boxes down on the floor before leaving without a word, not glancing their way once.

The door shut with a click. By pure chance, they hadn't been caught.

Jaune eased up, pulling back. Ruby was still shaking in the throes of her climax, her face pinched in pleasure and pain as her jaw flexed, eyes rolling. Letting her down gently, Jaune watched as long streams of squirt erupted from her convulsing cunt, spraying across the floor and wall.

"Ruby?"

She didn't respond, her pale skin flushed brightly. Jaune caressed her cheek, brushing her hair back away from her sweaty brow, concerned.

"Ruby, can you hear me?"

"Nngg?"

A response, though hardly a legible one. Her thighs continued to twitch and spasm, and Jaune felt his eyes drawn down to her swollen pussy, admiring her reddened outer lips, and the curve of her mons. Without thought, he cupped her there and she jerked, her lips finally parting as she sobbed.

"I-It won't stooooop," she whined.

"What?"

Her voice got choked off as another massive tremor rolled through her.

Ruby couldn't see properly, her eyes welling with tears as her pussy continued to erupt. While the intensity of her orgasm had waned somewhat, it continued to roll through her every few seconds, a renewed wave of pleasure robbing her of sense. The terror of almost being caught had triggered something in her unstoppable, and as she squirt again, she felt like she was going to die.

This continued for some time, Jaune becoming panicked as her climax seemed like it was never going to end. When it finally did, his eyes were firmly on the door, hoping that no one else would come through it.

“*J-Jaune*,” Ruby mewled, tongue feeling uncoordinated and clumsy.

“You made a bit of a mess,” Jaune pointed out.

“Nnng.”

He was still rock hard, his cock throbbing angrily at being denied – but there was no way he could go through with it. As sexy as she was, her young, slim body shivering with lust, her cute, slender legs drenched in her juices, as much as he wanted to just pick her up and slam her down on his cock, better sense prevailed.

This time.

Jaune pulled up his underwear and shorts, knowing that his balls were going to ache after his cock calmed down, and began looking around for something to wipe her down with. There was a paper towel dispenser on the wall, so Jaune stood and quickly gathered two handfuls.

“W-What are you doing?” Ruby slurred.

“Cleaning you up,” he said.

“Nnng.”

After this, Jaune was left more confused than ever.