

"Weiss, would you put those books away. Nora and Pyrrha are going to be here any minute!"

Weiss rolled her eyes, paying little heed to Yang's complaining as her pen continued to scrawl across the page.

"If we are going to waste our night socializing, I need to complete the assignment that Professor Oobleck set for us."

"That thing isn't due for another two weeks!" Yang groaned, exasperated. "You really need to learn how to loosen up."

"I am perfectly capable of being loose, thank you very much," Weiss snapped, though her pen remained steady, her handwriting impeccable. Her eyes scanned the textbook arranged in front of her, parsing the information instantly and taking what she needed. "I do not need any help from you."

Blake snorted, an ugly sound, laughter trapped in her throat.

"You really need to pick your words better," Yang shook her head. "What I said and what you said are two completely different things."

"If you say so," Weiss dismissed, finishing her sentence and moving onto the next. "I am almost done, regardless. So quit distracting me and I'll be finished sooner."

It wasn't that Weiss was against such a night of frivolous gossip, but she had her priorities straight. She was at Beacon for a reason; to become the best Huntress she could be. For

herself, and to show her father that she had merit beyond being his tool. It came first, beyond all other things, and she would ensure she did her utmost to accomplish that goal.

That didn't mean she couldn't have fun. It just meant that some things were more important than others, and when she completed the most pressing matter at hand, she would move onto the next.

The door swung open without warning, revealing Ruby. Weiss paused, glancing up as her partner trotted into the room with an extremely pleased look on her face, arms laden with goodies. Bags of chips, candy bars, and cans of drink, though it was her expression that caught her interest.

She'd been acting odd lately.

Not that Ruby wasn't always odd. She was. Weiss had never met someone such as her partner, someone so obsessed with weaponry and ammunition and explosives, who carried with them such a childish idealism in everything they did. Weiss had doubted her place, in the early days – but Ruby had since shown her that she belonged at Beacon, and she belonged as their team leader, no matter how much it had stung her pride. But no one would ever accuse Ruby of being... normal.

But this new oddness was something else, something that made Weiss feel... uneasy. In a way she couldn't explain. As if Ruby was in on some sort of joke that the rest of them were unaware of, and her amusement was laughter at them. Mocking.

Weiss did not like being mocked.

In all other ways, she was still the same Ruby, though. It was so subtle that Weiss questioned whether it truly existed or not, if it may just be some figment of her imagination.

Whatever it was, Weiss disliked it.

Ruby caught her looking and beamed, so Weiss hurriedly looked away and continued writing.

"Pyrrha and Nora are coming, they're raiding the vending machines," Ruby announced to them all. "Did you know Pyrrha can use her semblance to bypass payment? How cool is that!"

Yang laughed. "I didn't think Pyrrha had it in her."

"Nora may have twisted her arm a bit," Ruby admitted, giggling.

Weiss scoffed quietly to herself. She expected better of Pyrrha, but understood that Nora was a force of nature in her own right. Had Weiss not caved to some of Ruby's more outlandish ideas before? Her scoff turned into a grimace, sending a silent apology out to Pyrrha. They endured a similar fate; being teammates with dunces.

Blake slipped off her bed and approached the bounty Ruby had produced, sifting through the treasure and claiming a can of drink for herself.

"Need a hit of caffeine, huh?" Yang grinned. "Maybe if you slept more reasonable hours..."

"Shut up," Blake muttered, clutching the energy drink close to her chest. "You don't know what you're talking about."

“All I’m saying is that you’ve been spending a lot of time in bed.”

She was another one acting weird but Weiss just chalked it down to some faunus thing. Who knows what sort of issues faunus had to deal with that humans did not.

“Heeeeya~!” a familiar voice called out, and suddenly, Hurricane Nora appeared. She swept into the room, an even larger pile of snacks in her arms than Ruby had hauled, dumping them on Weiss’ bed unceremoniously.

“Hey,” Weiss snapped, turning in her seat. “Not on my bed!”

“Oh,” Nora blinked. “Oops.”

Weiss scowled, opened her mouth – and then shut it. What was the point?

Pyrrha appeared next, expression friendly. “Hello!”

“Hey Pyrrha,” Yang greeted. “Come on in.”

She also had a large collection of snacks, though not as many as Nora had claimed. The champion fighter made her way towards Weiss’ bed to dump her bounty.

“On the floor,” Weiss ground out. Ruby laughed.

“Oh, sorry,” Pyrrha laughed awkwardly, placing them with Ruby’s collection. “Um – I’ll just go get some pillows, and change into my pajamas.”

“Same,” Nora said, sweeping out after her teammate. They heard the door across the hallway open, and the vague voice of Jaune welcoming them back before it shut.

“I guess we better get ready, as well,” Yang said. “Weiss, *are you done yet?*”

“What did I say beforehand?” Weiss sighed, putting the finishing touches on the final paragraph. “There. Done. Now leave me alone!”

Blake shut the door, and they all began getting undressed and changed into their pajamas. Weiss flushed a little at how at ease the other girls were at getting naked, eyes darting away as she caught a flash of Yang’s impressive bust, and Ruby’s bubble butt. Glaring at the wall, Weiss stood and collected her nightgown before entering the bathroom.

“Aw, you don’t have to be sh—,” Yang’s voice cut out as Weiss slammed the door.

She wasn’t ashamed of her body. Weiss knew that she was an attractive woman, her body built from years of dance and training to become a Huntress. Slender with gentle curves, Weiss wasn’t afraid to acknowledge her exceedingly good looks.

But that didn’t mean she did not hold a sense of decorum! Honestly, the standards of people these days...

Weiss removed her school uniform and her underwear, pulling on a fresh pair before shrugging on her light blue nightgown. The soft material caressed her skin lightly, the sensation comforting. Gathering her clothes, she folded them neatly and placed them in the hamper outside the door. There was a musty smell emanating from it, but it was fine. Laundry day was almost upon them, and it was Ruby's turn to deal with it.

She was just getting comfortable on her bed when Nora and Pyrrha returned. Nora wore a pair of short pink shorts and a white tank top a size too small, exposing a strip of her belly, while Pyrrha wore a red nightgown that stopped short of her knees, unlike Weiss' which reached her ankles. Weiss found herself admiring the toned muscles on display as Pyrrha placed her pillow on the floor, plopping down on it before forcing her eyes away in embarrassment.

That was unseemly of her.

They all gathered around and started picking out pieces of candy and packets of chips from the pile. Leaning over, Weiss grabbed a plain chocolate bar and opened the wrapper. It wasn't anything like the artisan chocolate she enjoyed at home, but it was more than sufficient.

"So – did you guys hear that Hunt/Grimm are going to be in Vale later this year? They just announced their upcoming schedule! They're putting on five shows just here in Vale! Who wants to go?" Yang asked excitedly.

Nora instantly raised her hand. "Me! I wanna go! When is it?"

"Towards the end of the year, the dates fall inside our winter break window," Yang started tapping away at her scroll. "Tickets won't be on sale for a bit, but we'll have to get in fast or they'll be sold out in seconds."

"I hate scalpers," Blake muttered. "I'm interested in going too. I didn't think I would enjoy their songs but Ruby recently introduced me to them, and I was really impressed."

"Um – if you guys want, I could secure some tickets," Pyrrha said hesitantly.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Ruby asked, curious.

"I've actually done a collab event with them before, and I've been invited to attend their concerts whenever possible," she revealed, four sets of eyes widening. "I'm sure I could secure tickets for all of us if I asked..."

Yang surged forward and grabbed Pyrrha by the shoulders.

"You would do that? Really?"

Pyrrha leaned back a little, laughing awkwardly. "Sure! I'm always receiving perks for various things, but I hardly ever use them. Like the Mistral Eels – I have season tickets and a VIP box all to myself, but I've never gone."

"Isn't that their football team?" Nora asked, head tilting. "I think Ren is a fan."

"Ren follows football?" Blake asked, surprised.

Weiss had *no idea* what they were talking about.

She cleared her throat, drawing their attention before Nora could answer.

“What is a Hunt Grimm?”

Her five friends stared at her blankly, as if she asked something very silly.

“What?” she snapped, defensive.

“You don’t know who Hunt/Grimm are?” Ruby asked, surprised.

“Should I?”

Yang laughed. “Weiss... they’re only the hottest thing in the world right now. They exploded onto the scene last year and they’ve only gone from strength to strength. They even had a full feature film hit screens a couple months ago, it was all anyone was talking about.”

Weiss blinked.

“So... who are they? What are they? You didn’t answer my question.”

Nora startled giggling which Weiss didn’t appreciate. Not at all.



“They’re an M-pop group,” Pyrrha filled in helpfully – not.

“What is M-pop?”

Now they weren’t just staring. They were gawping at her like she was some strange creature they’d never seen before.

“Stop looking at me like that!”

“Mistral pop,” Pyrrha hurriedly said. “It’s a genre of music. They’re a band.”

“Oh,” Weiss wracked her brain but she’d never heard of them.

“Weiss, aren’t you super into music?” Yang asked incredulously. “Like – don’t you perform and stuff? How the hell don’t you know who Hunt/Grimm are? Or what M-pop is!”

“I am a classically trained musician,” Weiss sniffed haughtily. “Not... whatever they are. Why would I know?”

“You seriously need to get out more,” Yang groaned. “How is this girl my teammate?”

Weiss scowled.

"It's okay, Weiss. I have all their music downloaded, we can listen to them together," Ruby chirped.

Perhaps her pop culture knowledge was a little lacking, but was that so bad? They didn't have to look at her like she was some dim child. Not everyone was interested in that sort of thing!

"Here's a picture of them," Blake said quietly, showing her an image on her scroll.

It was a group of four men – four very handsome men, their hair impeccably styled, their bodies fit and slim. They each carried weapons, as if they were some sort of Huntsman squad. Weiss supposed it went with their name.

"They're actually graduates of Haven," Pyrrha revealed, much to Weiss' shock. "They're real Huntsmen. People have taken to calling them Hunter Idols."

Weiss shook her head in disbelief.

"If you get us tickets, I owe you one," Yang said. "We all do. A big one. You'll come with us, right, Weiss?"

She shrugged. "I suppose I can. If you all think it is worth it."

Nora beamed. "Trust me, you'll love it. Their songs are super catchy and look at them," she said, pointing at Blake's scroll. "They're frickin hot as hell!"

Of course, once they got started on their looks, the conversation naturally steered towards boys. Weiss nibbled on her chocolate bar as Yang started needling Blake about Sun Wukong.

“For the last time, we’re just friends,” Blake glared. “There isn’t anything going on!”

“Blake, babe – he’s smitten with you. Don’t tell me you haven’t thought about it? Have you seen those abs?”

“I think everyone has,” Nora joked.

“They’re hard to miss,” Pyrrha added, laughing.

Blake rolled her eyes. “So? Half the guys here have abs. They aren’t special.”

“He’s also pretty handsome,” Yang added. “Funny, a bit of a dork – but that’s fine, right? And that *tail*.”

“What about his tail?” Blake asked, confused.

“He can do all sorts of things with it, right?” Yang waggled her eyebrows. Nora snorted. “That’d be pretty different, don’t you think?”

Blake's eyes narrowed. "Like *what*?"

"I dunno, couldn't he – you know, use it *you-know-where*?" Yang suggested.

"Yang, you're disgusting," Weiss said sharply. "What is wrong with you?"

Nora snickered. "I mean, is she wrong? I've always wondered if faunus with extra appendages could do things like that."

Pyrrha flushed lightly.

"What are you guys talking about?" Ruby asked, confused.

Yang ignored her. "It *is* pretty thick, and I've seen the way it can move. You can't tell me you've never thought about it, Blake."

"It's covered in hair," Blake deadpanned.

"How about we *stop* talking about this?" Weiss snapped.

"Fiiiine," Yang sighed. "You're such a buzz kill. Okay, so who would you date out of everyone here at Beacon? Wait, not just Beacon – the other schools, as well. Has anyone piqued your interest?"

When no one offered any names, Yang scoffed.

“Come on, guys. Give us something. Why is everyone so shy? Pyrrha!”

Pyrrha jumped, startled. “W-What?”

“You’re super popular, I bet you get a ton of guys trying to slip into your DM’s. Fancy any of them?”

“What? Uh, no, that doesn’t... happen?” she floundered. “No one has my private number. Apart from you guys here.”

“Come ooon. Give us something, guys. Blake, what do you find attractive in a guy?”

“Why are you asking me?” Blake grumbled.

“Because you’re a giant perv and I know you have a type, so spill.”

Blake scowled. “What did you just call me?”

“A perv,” Yang said, unrepentant. “Now hurry up – what’s your type? Do you like tall guys or short kings?”

At first, Weiss didn't think Blake would answer, but much to her surprise, "Tall."

"You like bulky guys? Meat heads like Cardin, or are you into plump dudes?"

Blake pulled a face at the mention of Cardin. "...Lean. Muscular, but not too much."

"Like Sun," Yang teased with a smirk.

"I suppose," Blake gritted out. "That doesn't mean I like him!"

"But that's your type. What about hair?"

"I don't care."

"I like pretty boys," Nora chimed in, cutting Yang off. "Don't you think they're cute? Especially jacked ones. The gap between their masculine bodies and feminine faces – that's really hot, right?"

"Oho, now we're talking," Yang clapped. "What about you, Pyrrha? What do you like?"

"Uh – well, I guess the same as Blake," she muttered. "Lean, muscular – but not too much. Tall. Uh, blond hair."

“Oh, do you like blondes, huh?” Yang winked. “Sounds like it’s two for Sun.”

Blake scoffed while Pyrrha shook her head quickly.

“I wasn’t talking about Sun.”

“Riiight. Well, I gotta agree. Sun is a bit of a hunk,” Yang nodded. “That body type slaps. Though he’s gotta be able to throw his weight around a bit, you know? I like a guy who has a bit of confidence and knows how to use it. Oh, and isn’t afraid of showing his strength. There is nothing hotter than watching a man work, if you catch my drift?”

Weiss knew it was coming, but had no way of stopping it. Lilac eyes turned on her, and she resisted the urge to shy away.

“What about you, Weiss-cream? Do you like a fancy pants rich boy type or are you secretly into being manhandled by a brute?”

“Do you really have to be so crude?” Weiss clucked her tongue, annoyed. “And don’t call me that!”

“Come on, Miss High Standards. Let us know what you like.”

Weiss thought about icing her out but it would be more trouble than it was worth. Anyway, she wasn’t ashamed of her tastes.

“I want someone reliable,” she said. “And confident, like you said. Who knows how to hold a conversation and isn’t childish. A man.”

“Tall?”

“Of course.”

“Jacked?”

“He doesn’t need to be.”

“Skilled with his tongue?”

“Preferable,” Weiss paused as Yang smirked at her. It took her a moment for her mind to catch up. “Yang Xiao Long!”

“What? I mean, isn’t that every girl’s dream? To have a guy that has a skilled tongue?”

“What? Like talking?” Ruby asked innocently. She’d been quiet for a while.

Yang laughed but didn’t elaborate, which only seemed to annoy her little sister judging by her furrowed brows.



"I was *not* thinking about that," Weiss said coldly.

"But you are now, right? Blake, back me up. A guy has to have a talented tongue, don't you think?"

Blake's eyes met Weiss', and she said, "Preferable."

Nora started laughing, and even Pyrrha giggled before covering her mouth. Weiss glared.

"Very funny."

"You aren't wrong," Nora sighed. "If they can't eat taco correctly, what's the point?"

Weiss blinked before giving Nora a look of disgust. Did she really have to phrase it that way?

Ruby tilted her head. "Taco? Why does a guy need to do that?"

Yang laughed. "Right? If nothing else, it can make up for any other shortcomings. Get it? Huh? Huh?"

Weiss palmed her face.

“Hey!” Ruby snapped. “Stop ignoring me! What are you talking about?”

“We’re talking about boys, keep up, Ruby,” Yang teased, eyes twinkling as Ruby glared at her. “Not really the sort of thing you’re into, so you can just listen.”

“I’m into boys!” Ruby exclaimed. “I’m into them a lot!”

“Uh huh,” Yang said dismissively. “Sure.”

“I only like them if they eat taco!”

Blake gave a startled laugh, and even Weiss couldn’t contain a titter at the absurdity.

“Sure, sure,” Yang sang, being the infuriating older sister. If looks could kill, Ruby would have finished her on the spot.

Now that the topic had been breached, the floodgates opened. Yang kept pressing, and everyone started to open up piece by piece. After Nora, Blake was the first one to give in. Pyrrha participated half-heartedly, though a few of the things she said raised some eyebrows.

“You want *what?*” Weiss asked, aghast.

Pyrrha flushed. "Is it weird?"

"Not weird," Yang said quickly. "Just surprising. I didn't know you were such a freak, Pyrrha."

"I'm not a freak," she mumbled, hunching over.

"That would be pretty hot," Nora agreed, nodding. "I totally get it. You're the Invincible Girl. It makes sense that you'd want a guy that could beat and claim you."

"You make it sound so dubious!" Pyrrha complained. "I just said I'd like it if they could defeat me, and then afterwards, we could... you know. If we have a connection..."

"Hold you down, tie you up, all that jazz," Yang whistled. "Just like Blake. I guess you guys are more alike than I thought."

"I could give you some ideas," Blake offered, strangely into it.

"I thought you'd be into vanilla stuff like hand holding and snuggling," Yang shared.

"I – I want that stuff too!" Pyrrha hastily corrected. "It's just..."

"A little spice never hurt anyone," Yang nodded sagely. "I get it. I get it. Any guy I'm with, sorry, but I'm the top and they're the bottom. That's just how it's gonna be."

"I thought you wanted a confident, strong guy?" Blake asked.

"I do. But this is Yang Xiao Long we're talking about," she puffed herself up arrogantly. "Any guy that thinks he can handle me will have to get used to the fact that I'll be handling him."

Weiss nodded, of similar mind. No man would ever control nor lead her, she agreed one hundred percent. If she ever chose to become intimate with someone, it would be her choice, and she would be in total control of the situation.

"I know I was talking about a gifted tongue earlier, but I'd much rather he was gifted in other areas," Yang grinned. "Naturally gifted, you could say."

It didn't take much to realize what Yang was getting at.

"How?" Ruby pressed, trying to inject herself into the conversation again. "Like with a sword?"

"Just like that," Yang tried not to break, her face struggling to remain blank. "Exactly like that! It needs to be impressive, and he needs to know how to use it. What do you think, Blake?"

"...Yes."

Nora snorted.

“Do you like them curved or straight?” Nora asked. “I like how the curved ones look. I bet they feel amazing.”

“Curved blades are the best,” Ruby nodded along, and Weiss pinched the bridge of her nose. Yang slapped her knee.

“I agree,” Yang’s jaw wobbled. “Curved, and about this long.”

She held her fingers apart a decent distance, and Weiss’ mind immediately went into the gutter despite her best efforts. Her cheeks grew warm.

“What do you guys think? What’s the best size for you?”

“I thought we were talking about swords,” Ruby grumbled. “That’s only a dagger.”

Blake’s shoulders shook before she held up her own fingers. They were further apart than Yang’s, but not by much.

“And thick,” Blake managed to get out. “A thick blade is best.”

“It has to go deep,” Nora nodded confidently. “The deeper it can penetrate, the better. Though some can’t handle that because of the pain.”

Now Ruby just looked lost. “*What are you guys talking about?*” she demanded hotly. “Don’t you want it to go as deep as possible to cause the most damage?”

Yang broke, and began howling with laughter. Blake tried to muffle her own laughs but failed. Nora fell sideways, clutching her sides.

Weiss had enough.

“Ruby,” she said patiently, annoyed that she was having to be the adult here. “They aren’t talking about swords.”

“Huh?”

“They’re talking about... a man’s penis.”

Why was it so embarrassing to say? Weiss felt her ears burn, annoyed at herself. Ruby stared at her blankly before all of a sudden, she perked up.

“Oh,” she said. “Why didn’t you guys just say so.”

That was... an odd reaction.

“I know all about The Penis,” she said confidently.

Yang snorted. “Ruby, what are you even saying?”

“Your measurements were wrong, though,” she continued, ignoring Yang. Weiss watched as Ruby held up her hands, a finger extended from each one, and carefully drew them away from each other, face scrunched in concentration. One of her eyes shut, her tongue poking out, gauging the distance between her fingers – a distance that kept growing. “Penis is about this long. No! A little more – here!”

Everyone stared at her.

“Ruby...” Blake shook her head. “That’s too big.”

“No it isn’t,” she replied instantly. “This is the size of The Penis.”

“I wish,” Nora sighed.

“Ruby, guys aren’t that big. Only in their dreams,” Yang tried to explain but Ruby wasn’t having it, her face filled with smug satisfaction.

“Psh. You don’t know anything. The Penis is definitely this big. Don’t you guys know anything?”

What the hell was she even saying?

Yang and Blake shared a look, and started laughing again, soon joined by Nora. Ruby frowned, annoyed, and once again Weiss felt the need to stand in as the responsible adult.

“The average penis length when erect is around five and a half inches long,” she cited, holding up a finger as if in a lecture. “Ruby, that is far beyond that – and most unlikely.”

“You’re wrong,” Ruby snapped.

“Excuse me?”

“I said you’re wrong. The Penis is definitely this length. Five and a half inches isn’t past your bellybutton.”

That only made the others laugh harder, while Weiss stared at Ruby blankly. Past your bellybutton? What the hell was she talking about?

“Stop laughing!” Ruby demanded.

“Hahaha – haaah, damn, Ruby, cut it out,” Yang wiped at her eyes. “You’re too much. Have you been watching porn? You know the camera makes them look bigger, right?”

“I’m not talking about porn,” Ruby grumbled, irritated.

“Why do you know the average length, anyway, Weiss?” Blake asked, calming down somewhat. “That seems like a weird thing to know off the top of your head.”



“W-What are you implying?” Weiss sniffed. “Did you not learn basic biology and sex education?”

“Um,” Pyrrha raised her hand to get everyone's attention, but she was ignored.

“The Penis really is this big,” Ruby pressed, holding up her fingers again. “It is!”

“Okay, Ruby, if that’s what you want to believe,” Yang dismissed.

“And it shoots lots of cream,” she continued, doubling down. “Like a fountain. At least a cup. More!”

Yang bit her lip to keep from laughing again, though Nora had no such problem, giggling away.

“You tell em, Ruby!” she encouraged, finding the whole thing far too amusing.

“The average ejaculation volume is anywhere between one and a half to five milliliters of semen,” Weiss snapped, tired of this conversation. “Ruby, no man ejaculates more than a tablespoon at most!”

Silver eyes glared at her angrily, and Weiss leaned back.

“You. Are. Wrong!” Ruby said, emphasising each word. “They shoot way more than a tablespoon!”

“What the hell have you been watching?” Yang shook her head. “You know there are a lot of fake videos out there, right? That sounds like a scene from one of Blake’s books.”

“No it isn’t!” Blake exclaimed weakly. It didn’t sound very convincing.

Ruby pouted furiously.

“You guys are dumb, and clearly know nothing about penis,” Ruby crossed her arms, sulking. “You shouldn’t talk about subjects you don’t know anything about!”

“I don’t want to hear that from a virgin,” Yang shot back.

“I’m—,” but whatever Ruby was about to say was cut off, Pyrrha’s voice rising above.

“I agree with Ruby!”

Everyone froze.

Pyrrha’s cheeks were red, but her expression was resolute.

“Pyrrha, what are you saying?” Weiss asked. “She’s being ridiculous!”

“She isn’t,” Pyrrha said firmly, giving Ruby a strange glance. What was that? “She’s right. They – um, that is – it—,”

“The Penis,” Ruby filled in.

Pyrrha smiled awkwardly. “T-The Penis is that big.”

“Pyrrha,” Nora snickered, patting her on the knee. “We *want* it to be that big, even those that can’t handle it. But it isn’t actually that big, girl.”

“No, it is,” she instantly disagreed. “I’ve seen it!”

Everyone blinked.

“What?” Yang asked, surprised. “Where? Like, in person?”

Her mouth moved for a few moments, no words escaping.

“Y-You know, just... around.”

Blake shot her a doubtful look. “Pyrrha...”

“I don’t want to breach their trust,” she said, which... Weiss could respect. If this wasn’t completely ridiculous and unrealistic! She never expected Pyrrha to lie about something. Especially something like this.

“Come on, you guys – it isn’t a competition or anything,” Yang waved them down. “I’m not saying there aren’t dicks out there that are huge, but finding one of that size is like finding a unicorn.”

“It’s also this thick,” Ruby held up her hands again, cupped in a circle.

“Okay, now you’re just talking shit,” Yang scoffed. “I need to talk to dad, you’ve clearly been accessing some sites you shouldn’t be.”

“Have not!” Ruby returned brattily. “You’re just dumb and know nothing about penis, even though you like to talk big! That’s why you were talking about tongues. Who cares about tongue when you have The Penis?”

Weiss couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

Yang scowled. “I know plenty about cocks!”

Nora and Blake both laughed, and it took Yang a moment to realize why.

“Oi! Cut it out, you two.”

“She knows plenty about cocks,” Nora fake whispered. “She’s real experienced with them.”

“All the cocks,” Blake added, the pair shaking with laughter.

“I didn’t mean it that way,” Yang growled. “I’m not a slut!”

“You’re all dumb,” Ruby declared. “Except Pyrrha. She understands penis, just like I do.”

“Ah, Ruby,” Pyrrha mumbled, embarrassed.

Weiss sighed.

Her friends were freaks. How did she end up here?

She watched as Ruby and Pyrrha began talking amongst themselves while Blake and Nora continued to rib Yang. Her partner was being completely ridiculous, yet... she liked to think she understood Ruby, just a little bit. They were teammates and partners, and they’d had some rocky times since they’d first met, and while Weiss knew Ruby could be silly sometimes – or a lot – it wasn’t like her to go off like that, claiming such wild, unrealistic things.

Maybe she was just trying to tease her older sister, but...

Something nagged at her.

Maybe she'd keep an eye on her.