

Was there a sweeter sound in the world than that of laughing children?

Yang watched fondly as her children ran through the yard, their infectious laughter filling the air as the gentle rays of morning sunshine pierced the forest canopy. Violette – her eldest girl – chased after her younger and only brother, Marron, her long, blonde hair streaming out behind her. Bringing up the rear was Clair and Soleil, twins, their short legs struggling to keep up.

And behind them, not trying very hard at all was her husband.

Yang smiled as she watched Jaune lumber after them, pretending to be trying his hardest. Clair and Soleil squealed as he closed in, only to stumble and miss, the girls giggling up a storm as they hurried away.

Jaune Arc was, as expected, an amazing father.

She rested a hand on her swollen belly, feeling the little tike inside kick. As with all her births thus far, the gender was being kept a secret but she had a pretty good idea that it was another boy from the way he kicked. He was by far the most boisterous she'd carried so far, and she sometimes wondered how her poor belly could take such punishment.

Jaune would be pleased. He'd been worried that they'd be stuck with only one son, and he knew better than anyone what sort of terror it was to have only sisters.

He could be so dramatic sometimes.

Putting the finishing touches on the sandwiches she was making, she placed them on a tray and carried them out onto the porch where her team waited.

“I love you, Yang – and I love your family,” Weiss said as soon as she stepped outside. “But I always feel like a failure whenever I’m here.”

Yang smirked as she placed the tray down on their outdoor table and sat down with a sigh, leaning back, happy to be off her feet.

“Maybe you shouldn’t be so picky. There are plenty of guys out there that would love to date Weiss Schnee,” she needed.

Weiss glared. “Yes. That’s exactly the problem, isn’t it?”

Blake grinned evilly. “Well – you could have had that one over there,” she nodded towards Jaune as he snatched up Clair, the young girl bucking wildly as he tickled her, her peals of laughter deafening. “But you turned him down. Then Yang swooped in and reaped the benefits.”

Ruby snickered as Weiss pouted. “Don’t remind me.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have helped them,” Ruby teased.

“Sorry for being a good friend,” Weiss huffed, and they all shared a laugh.

“Seriously, Weiss – you can’t be too picky. No one is perfect, even we had an unconventional start.”

“Now you’re just rubbing it in.”

Yang shook her head. “No, seriously – you might not believe it, but that bastard right there?” Yang gestured to her husband, who was now rolling around in the grass with the twins. “He isn’t as innocent as he likes to pretend he is.”

“Oh?” Blake leaned in, curious. “How so?”

She’d never told them about how things truly started between her and Jaune. Not only was it embarrassing, but it was so linked with her time as a Honkers waitress that her first instinct had been to hide it. However, Yang felt that enough time had passed since then that she didn’t really mind spilling the beans.

“So – you guys don’t know this, but you know all those times I used to go down to Vale? I wasn’t going clubbing or anything like that, that was all a lie.”

Ruby snorted. “Yaaang – we know that already. We have for years.”

Yang blinked, taken aback. “What?”

“You were working at Honkers,” Blake dropped casually. “It wasn’t a secret.”

Blake may as well have slapped her.

“What?”

“Did you think you were fooling us with those excuses?” Weiss arched an eyebrow, as if she thought Yang was very dim indeed. “Granted, the first couple of times, we fell for it. But then Blake found your uniform one day after going through your bag.”

Yang swung around to stare at Blake, who raised her hands. “I was just looking for my brush. You borrowed it all the time without asking, so I thought maybe it was in there!”

“You guys *knew*?” Yang asked, aghast. “All that time?”

Ruby nodded, grabbing one of the sandwiches and taking a bite. “Yep~!”

“Why did you never say anything?”

“You clearly didn’t want us to know, so we kept it to ourselves,” Weiss said simply. “I’m sure you had your reasons.”

There was no way...

All this time, they’d known. She’d been so worried about Jaune telling everyone her secret when her team had known practically the whole time!

“What the *fuck*,” she swore venomously. “Are you *kidding me*?”

“Why are you getting so upset?” Blake asked, tilting her head.

“And what does this have to do with Jaune?” Ruby added.

Yang was speechless for a moment, incredulous.

“Yang?” Weiss peered at her closely. “Are you quite alright?”

“No, I’m not!” she covered her face, feeling like an absolute buffoon. Not a new feeling! Especially when it concerned her bastard husband! “I was trying to keep it a secret because I didn’t want people thinking I was some – some bimbo!”

“We don’t care about that, we know you aren’t,” Blake soothed, patting her on the shoulder.

“A silly thing to worry about,” Weiss said.

“Are you saying you wouldn’t have judged me?” Yang demanded.

Weiss paused. “Well... maybe a little bit.”

She had the audacity to smirk at her.

Yang grunted. “Well – that’s how I felt. I didn’t want people knowing about it and forming shitty opinions, but then that bastard over there found out and held it over my head.”

They all blinked.

“Held it over your head?” Ruby asked innocently.

“Blackmail!” she exploded. “He blackmailed me. If I didn’t do what he wanted, he’d expose me – and what do you think a hormonal teenage boy wants?”

You could have heard a pin drop, if not for her laughing daughters.

“As usual, your jokes aren’t very funny,” Weiss deadpanned.

“I’m not joking!” Yang hissed. “Don’t look at me like that!” she snapped as they all leaned away from her like she was deranged. “I’m telling the truth! He used it against me and made me give him all sorts of vile, degenerate sexual favors. He isn’t the guy you all think he is!”

“Yang,” Ruby frowned, seeing how riled up she was getting. “Are you sure? That doesn’t sound like Jaune at all.”

“Yes, I’m sure! I think I know him a little better than all of you.”

The three of them shared a look, and that pushed Yang over the edge.

She hadn't felt like this in years. Not since the birth of her first child. They didn't believe her. They thought Jaune Arc was all innocent and sweet, but they had no idea! Yeah, she loved him! She loved him more than anything! But that didn't mean he wasn't a blackmailing playboy bastard that conquered her body with his stupidly big dick before claiming her heart.

"Fine. I'll show you. He'll admit it, and then you'll see," she cupped her hands and shouted, "Jaune! Get your ass over here!"

It took him a moment, sending the twins off after their older siblings before jogging over.

"What's up?" he asked, grinning stupidly.

All handsome and carefree and *fuckable*, and most of all, innocent. He still knew how to work a girl over!

"Tell them," she demanded. "Tell them what you did to me."

Jaune cocked his head. "Pardon?"

"How you blackmailed me into giving you sexual favors after you found out I worked at Honkers."

He stared at her blankly before turning to the rest of them.

“Has she been drinking? That’s bad for the baby!”

Yang slammed her hands on the table. “Don’t you do that! Tell the truth!”

“I didn’t do any of that!”

“Yes you did!”

“Yang, what are you *talking* about?” he asked, exasperated. “Wait – is this some kink thing? I don’t know if we should be dragging them into this.”

“I wouldn’t mind...” Blake whispered under her breath.

Yang thrust a finger into his face, his eyes crossing. “Don’t you dare bullshit me! That’s the whole reason you kept coming back to Honkers! You saw me there and knew you could bend me to your will, so that’s exactly what you did! Why else would you come back every Friday?”

His eyebrows rose when he realized she wasn’t kidding, astonished.

“You know where I went every Friday,” he said slowly. “I went to visit my sister, remember?”

“And then you came to Honkers to stare at my tits and remind me that you knew my secret!”

His brow furrowed. “Uh – no? I came to Honkers because they had the best wings around. They were Sapphire’s favorite, so I made sure to pick some up for dinner every Friday. It really is a shame that they’ve closed down, I kinda miss them.”

The wings. *The wings?*

This motherfucker.

“You weren’t there for any wings,” she said darkly. “These are what you were there for?” she gestured at her milk laden tits. “Fuckin’ steaks!”

“Yang,” he said gently, as if trying to placate an angry animal. “Think back – I was always getting food, remember?”

He was fucking with her. Fucking with her head! But she couldn’t help but do as he said, thinking furiously. All those times... she frowned. Now that she actually thought about it, he was always ordering food.

N-No, there was no way! That was just an excuse to come sexually harass her!

“We can call Sapphire and ask her, if you want,” he continued. “She’ll tell you that I always went and got Honkers wings.”

Her teammates were giving her very odd looks indeed, and Yang felt her cheeks explode with heat. There was no fucking way... no, no, no – all of that bullshit, there was no fucking way that was all in her head! No! She refused to believe it.

“You kept coming to me for sexual favors!” she accused.

Jaune shrugged. “I mean – you always made the first move, I wasn’t going to turn you down. I sorta just went with it, I thought you were asking me out!”

“Asking you out?” Yang asked incredulously. “I flashed you my tits!”

Weiss made a sound of surprise.

“Some girls consider that a confession,” Jaune said. “At least, according to my sisters. I thought that’s what you wanted. I mean, don’t get me wrong,” he hurried to say. “I never really understood what you saw in me, but I was just happy to be there.”

Yang gaped at him stupidly.

“So what *exactly* were you two doing?” Blake asked, eyes darting back and forth. “We didn’t really know anything was happening between you two until Jaune asked us about taking you on a date.”

Jaune opened his mouth but Yang surged to her feet and clapped her hand over his lips, muffling his reply.

“Don’t you answer that!” she thundered, mortified.

She felt unsteady. Not physically. Mentally.

This whole time, had it really just been in her head? Was Jaune really not some playboy bastard that had manipulated her so spectacularly? Was she just... *fucking insane*? Had she just tricked herself into jumping on his dick? Tricked herself into getting knocked up with four children and a fifth on the way?

And all because he wanted to get some *wings*?

No, no – she didn’t believe it. She couldn’t! There was that time... and that other time...! Those all can’t have been coincidences! He’d played with her body so effortlessly, there was no way! He’d had her eating out of the palm of his hand, that can’t have been an accident!

“This is impossible,” she said, shaking her head. “I don’t believe it.”

“You can ask Crystal, as well,” he said after removing her hand. “She knew why I was getting the wings.”

Crystal did?

*Then why the fuck didn’t she ever tell her?*

Everyone was against her. Every-fucking-one of them! They all thought it was funny! Look at Yang, that hopeless virgin! Practically gagging for Jaune Arc's cock!

"I'm meeting Crystal later today, she has developed some new mecha-shift tech that'll go so *hard* on Crescent Rose," Ruby swooned, stars in her eyes.

Yang's mind screeched to a halt.

"Wait, you speak to Crystal?" Yang asked dumbly.

Ruby nodded. "Yep~! She's the best around when it comes to mecha-shift. I only go to her now for all the best stuff."

Yang wasn't surprised Ruby knew her. She'd introduced Crystal to all of her friends, but only after telling her not to reveal that they'd worked at Honkers together. As far as she knew, she'd kept that promise, but she hadn't expected her sister and her friend to become friends themselves.

"Yang," Blake said gently. "Are you okay?"

No, she wasn't! She wasn't okay *at all!*

"You should calm down, it isn't good for the baby," Weiss said wisely. "You can tell us all about how you gaslit yourself into marrying Jaune later."

“I didn’t gaslight myself,” Yang said weakly. “I didn’t!”

Weiss nodded in understanding. “Of course you didn’t. Of course.”

She was being mocked. They were mocking her!

“You never said anything about any of this,” Yang directed at Jaune, humiliated. “Why didn’t you ever say anything?”

“I just thought that was what you liked,” he told her honestly. “And yeah, it was very forward and kinky – but I kinda liked it? And then you were my girlfriend, and we were having so much fun. I didn’t know about all this other stuff. I used to wonder why you’d call me a bastard and say strange things sometimes, putting words in my mouth, but I thought it was role play.”

He thought it was role play...

She was angry... at herself. How could she have been so fucking pathetic? But that was a common theme when it came to Jaune Arc, wasn’t it? She was a complete mess around him. She’d talked herself into all those acts, and then married him after getting knocked up. She’d even leglocked him to ensure it happened, all because she thought that is what he wanted. She’d convinced herself of that.

Was she just completely delusional?

And then that anger faded away.

She had a wonderful husband and a beautiful family. What was there to be angry about? Jaune was loyal to her and only her, no matter which hussy tried to throw their pussy at him. Yang eyed her team. She hadn't said anything but she heard what Blake had muttered earlier, and she didn't miss the way Ruby's eyes sometimes lingered on her husband a little *too long*, or how envious Weiss was.

Okay, so she tricked herself into this situation – but so *what*? Would she want to be anywhere else?

No. She didn't.

Her life was perfect and she wouldn't have it any other way.

In the end, she'd won.