

The fish was delicious. Tai fillet two of the fish, lightly seasoning them and tossing them in flour before pan frying them in melted butter and garlic. The last fish was dressed up with herbs and butter, garlic and lemon, and baked in the oven until the flesh melted in their mouths.

After returning from town, they'd spent the afternoon sparring. After days of moping around, Yang had excess energy to burn and she'd leapt into the fray, fighting like a woman possessed. Any frustration or anxiety that remained in her heart had been vented through her fists, and the four of them had fought until their bodies ached, sweat beaded on their brows, their lungs burning from exertion – and the first snow of Vale's short winter season began to fall.

It was just what the doctor ordered.

Now that it was dinner time, Blake looked like she was in heaven. This day, she'd had fish twice and was practically floating on clouds as they all settled in the lounge to watch movies, freshly fed and showered. In the morning, Jaune had to catch the ferry back to Vale for work, so the plan was to watch a few films and then go to bed.

Plans didn't always pan out exactly as you envisioned them.

Ruby rummaged through their collection of DVD's.

"We have a lot of comedy and action movies," she said, spreading a bunch of them across the floor. "And horror – dad like horrors, but they aren't scary. They're just cheesy low budget slashers and things like that."

Tai scoffed as he entered from the kitchen, bringing them drinks and snacks. Candy, chips, popcorn and soda – the essentials for a movie night.

“If I recall correctly, you used to cry whenever the Children of the Maize appeared on screen.”

“Your brain is old, it isn’t working properly,” Ruby deflected, her ears turning red.

“Or when they’d say Handyman in the mirror,” Yang chimed in.

“Traitor,” Ruby grumbled. “...He was really creepy, okay?”

“Then why are you acting tough?” Yang needled, grinning as Ruby threw one of the cases at her. “She can face down Grimm without a care in the world but if a gloomy girl crawls out of a screen, she flips.”

Blake snickered.

“That one was the worst, we *aren’t watching it*,” she found the offending movie and slid it far away, out of reach.

“We should get a vote,” Yang singsonged.

“This isn’t a democracy,” Ruby said darkly.

“Tyrant,” Jaune teased.

In the end, they did choose a horror film. It was called Shout, and the cover had a strange looking white mask on it, locked in a permanent scream. According to Ruby, people called him Ghostface.

They were all dressed in their pajamas, Yang having hauled a thick blanket downstairs for all of them to share. Jaune was warm and comfortable in his onesie, Tai's eyes pausing on him as he started handing out snacks.

"What is that?" he asked dumbly.

Yang snorted.

"This guy wore this thing our first night at Beacon, he didn't give a single—," she self-censored as her father gave her a disapproving glance. "—anyway, he wears this thing all the time."

Jaune shrugged. "It's comfortable."

"His feet have ears," Ruby said happily. "Isn't it cute?"

Tai blinked. "Is that what guys wear these days?"

Yang laughed loudly.

Ruby was in a pair of pink sweatpants covered in black strawberries, and a simple black singlet. Blake wore her usual yukata but mindful of Tai, she'd coupled it with a pair of shorts for modesty.

Yang didn't have any such shame and boasted a pair of tiny black shorts and a yellow tank top that looked a size too small.

Jaune ended up in the middle, trapped between Blake and Yang. Having delivered their snacks, Tai retreated for the night, leaving them alone.

Ruby didn't look too pleased to be relegated to the end of the couch, pouting as she wiggled in next to Blake.

"Pass the candy," she demanded, holding out her hand. The small bag bounced off her forehead as Yang tossed it over. "Hey!"

"Sorry, the target was so big, I couldn't help myself."

Blake and Jaune shared a look as the sisters traded barbs, trapped between them. Since returning from Viren, Yang's attitude had taken a complete one-eighty. Seemingly energized by their conversation, she was much more like her usual self. It was good to see, and Jaune felt good that some of his words might have gotten through to her.

He wasn't arrogant enough to think that he'd changed her entire perspective with just a few words, but maybe it would give her food for thought.

Jaune knew that it wouldn't be easy for her to set aside years of pain and desire, perhaps even obsession, and slow down, but it was a start.

Yang was strong. No matter what Raven liked to think. She could do this.

The lights dimmed as the movie started, and Jaune settled in to watch.

It didn't take long for the movie to leave its mark. Within the first eight minutes, the biggest star actor from the credits was dead, and it kickstarted the roller coaster to come. It was brutal and at times, gruesome, but not to an excessive degree.

Jaune found himself enjoying it, even if it was a little campy.

His focus wavered, though, when Yang reached across him to get some popcorn, and he felt her soft, shapely breasts brush across his arm and chest. A soft floral scent tickled his nose with a slightly sweet, lingering fragrance. It was a subtle shift and yet he was suddenly *very* aware of how close they were sitting, her body radiating heat that seeped through his onesie.

On his other side, Blake was leaning his way, and at some point, a hand had settled on his leg beneath the blanket. It wasn't doing anything, just resting there innocently, and yet it felt like a brand once he became aware of it.

He was trapped between two incredibly gorgeous girls.

Maybe he'd been getting a little cocky lately, to take this long to notice. But now that his slow brain had caught up, it was hyper aware of all the little details. Jaune felt hotter on Yang's side, as if her body was putting out more heat. When he angled his head away from her, Blake's scent took over, that vanilla-jasmine mix that was incredibly alluring.

And then slowly, a hand slipped into his own. Jaune stared at the screen, unmoving as Yang gently played with his fingers, opening his hand. From the corner of his eye, he saw that she

was watching the movie, her jaw flexing as she chewed on her popcorn, giving no sign at all to what she was doing.

His skin tingled where she touched, her warm palm settling against his, their fingers threading together loosely.

Jaune felt his mouth go dry.

They were just holding hands. It wasn't like they hadn't done that before. Just that day, in fact. But the situation was different. He wasn't trying to comfort her. This was something else.

Yang shifted her weight, angling her body more towards him before leaning in, her head dipping against his shoulder. She nuzzled against him, and then stilled, having found a comfortable spot to rest.

If that had been all, then Jaune would have been fine. If that had been all, then he could have regained his focus.

But Blake had other ideas.

Oblivious to what was happening on his other side, her hand on his thigh began to move up and down, her nails lightly raking over the material of his onesie. Hard enough for him to feel each nail individually on his skin, and she did this over and over, her hand squeezing, massaging his thigh sensually.

What was she thinking?

His body responded to the stimulation. His cock began to twitch and swell as her hand curled inwards, knuckles jostling his balls. It wasn't long until he was at half-mast and her palm found his hardening shaft. She paused, perhaps in hesitation – but then she *gripped* him, and began stroking his cock through his pajamas.

Was she trying to kill him?

There was a sudden jump scare in the movie, the killer appearing, the music spiking. Ruby jerked and fell into Blake, and they all fell like domino's. Yang squawked as they were all shunted her way, Blake's hand tightening around his stiffening dick.

“Sorry! I'm sorry!” Ruby apologized. “That part always gets me.”

The killer was chasing the main heroine through the house, but Jaune could focus on nothing beyond the hand gripping his dick, and Yang's soft breasts embracing his arm. They all straightened up and got settled again, and Blake resumed her stroking.

It wasn't long until he was hard as steel, throbbing powerfully as she squeezed him firmly. Yang got comfortable again, resting her head on his opposite shoulder while Blake leaned in to do the same, her lips ghosting over his ear as she whispered, “You're so *big*.”

Whose fault was that? Not his!

What the hell was she thinking, doing this in front of their friends? Did she know how embarrassing and awkward it would be, if they realized he was popping such a ridiculous boner? And yet for some reason, his heart thudded with excitement, the fear of being caught a potent aphrodisiac.

Jaune had been busy this past week, and it appeared that Blake had been feeling a little *lonely*. Reaching down, she cupped his heavy balls and gave them a tender squeeze, his cock flexing at the wonderful pressure it created.

On and on it went, her teasing hand keeping him bricked up. Whenever Yang would shift against him, his heart would leap into his throat. Had she noticed? Had they been caught? But no, she was just repositioning, her sweet scent filling his nostrils, her soft, warm body combined with Blake's tormenting hand causing the cum in his balls to churn.

This was dangerous.

When the move ended, Ruby went to put another one on but Jaune said, "I'm pretty tired. I think I'll go to bed."

"What? Aw, come on," she pouted, and at any other time, those puppy dog eyes would render him unable to argue. But not even Ruby's cute expression could change his mind right now. "We can at least watch the sequel!"

"Actually, I'm pretty tired as well," Blake agreed – and that set Jaune on edge. She released her hold on his shaft and stretched, arms above her head, long and sensual like a cat. "We have an early start tomorrow, remember?"

Ruby sagged. "I guess you're right."

Yang extracted herself from his side.

“Yeah, I’m beat,” she said, yawning. It sounded fake. “Time for bed.”

Problem was, he was sporting the world's hardest erection right now – and it wasn’t going down. Blake slipped out from under the blanket and began helping Ruby clean up, as innocent as can be. Jaune scowled at her, trying to figure out how he could get away without being seen.

Thankfully, Yang moved over to the fireplace to place a few more pieces of wood inside, stoking it up to get it really going again. As she was doing this, Jaune beat a hasty retreat towards the stairs while they were all distracted. He felt bad about not helping but he had extenuating circumstances!

“Goodnight!” he called out, to be polite.

Jaune quickly made his way to the spare bedroom and closed the door, taking a deep breath. He was still rock solid, his erection trapped against his belly. It had curved up between his body and the onesie, giving Blake full access to it. His balls throbbed in annoyance, having been denied the chance to unload, but they were just going to have to deal with it.

He wasn’t going to be masturbating in his friend’s home!

Jaune glanced out the window before getting into bed, seeing the lawn covered in a blanket of white. The broken moon was out in patches, illuminating the towering trees whose branches were laden with snow. It was a beautiful sight, and he spent a moment just admiring it before slipping under the blanket and sheets, and trying to get comfortable.

He wasn’t sure how long he was laying there. Long enough to become frustrated that his cock was taking its time in going down, but eventually, it did. At some point, he must have begun dozing, his eyes growing heavy, and the warmth of his body under the blanket lulling him to sleep – but then his eyes were snapping open, wide awake, alert, as he heard the bedroom door open and close with a soft click.

There was enough light that he could see a vague silhouette but not enough that he could determine who it was beyond the fact that it was a woman. They moved towards the bed, a dark shadow, and then stopped, standing over him for several long moments. Jaune tensed.

“You know I can see your eyes are open,” Blake teased.

He immediately sagged.

“Blake, what are you doing?” he hissed.

She pulled the blanket down and slipped in next to him, immediately cuddling into his side, as if seeking his warmth.

“What do you mean?” she asked coyly. “I wanted to see you.”

Her long, slender legs tangled with his own, a hand resting on his chest. Jaune felt her kitty ears tickle the side of his face as she nuzzled him before her soft, moist lips pecked him along the jaw.

“You’re a little minx, you know that?” he told her.

“Are you mad at me?” she asked.

Not mad. He wasn't sure if he could be mad with her.

"Please don't do something like that again," he said, threading an arm around her waist and pulling her in. "You'll give me a heart attack."

"Are you saying you didn't enjoy it?"

He did enjoy it. Who wouldn't? But being blue balled wasn't all that fun.

"I couldn't help it," she said. "I haven't seen you in *days* and then you're all *you* and I couldn't control myself."

"What does that mean?"

"I heard you with Yang."

Jaune thought she might have.

"She needed to hear that, Jaune."

"I just hope it got through to her," he said softly. "I hope it was the right thing to say."

“It will. She already seems a lot better. I think you helped relieve some of the doubts she had,” the hand on his chest moved lower, towards his belly. “Because that’s what you do. You’re so good to us, how am I meant to control myself when I see you being such a good man?”

“Blake...”

Jaune groaned as her hand found his cock again.

“All my hard work and it’s soft,” she sounded like she was pouting. “Looks like I’ll have to get it big again.”

“Wait, Blake...”

“Let me reward you,” she whispered, kissing his jaw again, and then his neck, nipping at him. “For being such a *loving*, caring, amazing *man*.”

She swung a leg over him, sliding atop him so her soft, womanly body pressed down on him, and kissed him.

Jaune’s mouth opened immediately, their tongues gliding together as she kissed him furiously, passionately. His hands gripped her hips, squeezing down, and she moaned into his mouth, her lips opening wider, inviting him in. He devoured her, relishing her taste, sucking on her tongue until she trembled in his arms, mewling, her hips rolling sensually.

His cock sprung to life.

“There it is,” she giggled, pressing her butt down and grinding her core against his confined cock. “I’ve been thinking about this thing all week. You can’t just cut me off.”

“I didn’t cut you off, I was just busy,” he groaned softly, loving the way her mound rolled across his length, the pressure perfect.

“You should only be busy with me,” she panted. “Now remove that onesie. It’s in the way.”

Jaune knew that this was a bad idea. They were in Yang and Ruby’s home, they were guests. Not only was it rude, but *what if they were caught?*

Blake didn’t seem to care, hurriedly tugging at his onesie, trying to remove it. Jaune helped her along, weak against the desire of his girlfriend, unbuttoning the back and slipped his torso out of it.

Her hands groped at his muscles hungrily, her voice dripping with lust as she said, “You were so sexy earlier, when we were sparring. You have no idea how turned on I was.”

Her nails raked over his skin, his hips pressing up against her mound. Her crotch was hot, even through the material of her shorts, calling to him, coaxing his desire out into full bloom.

“I wanted you to throw me down and pounce on me, to pin me with this strong body and ravage me,” she crooned, flicking his nipples before dipping down and kissing his chest, licking it with long swipes. “I don’t care if they saw you do it, then they’d *know* I was yours.”

Blake had become a kinky little kitty, hadn’t she? For someone that had been so hesitant and shy at first, their kiss in the bathroom felt like a lifetime ago. Now she was a ball of quivering sexual desire, barely able to contain herself when she was around him, his hands tugging his

pajamas down, Blake sliding down with them until his cock sprung free eagerly, curved and hard like steel.

“*Mmngg – it smells so good,*” Blake breathed against his pelvis, licking around the base of his cock without touching it directly. “It would have smelled even better if you hadn’t showered.”

“Blake,” Jaune grunted, turned on by her filthy mouth and her questing tongue. “Shut up.”

“Make me,” she begged, burying her nose against his balls and *inhaling* his musk. “Shove this fat cock down my throat and choke me on it.”

Her lips ghosted up and down his shaft, Blake laying wet kisses everywhere she could reach. His length throbbed and flexed in excitement, the skin pulled taut, veins bulging as he swelled even further. One of her soft palms curled around him and pulled his foreskin down, revealing his swollen head.

“It’s happy to see me,” she cooed, smearing pre-cum across her cheek before placing a messy kiss against the side of his glans. And then without any fanfare, she swallowed him, slurping his sensitive tip into her mouth.

It felt so good, her hot, wet mouth sinking down on him. Pleasure pooled in the base of his cock, his balls jumping as his tip grinded along the roof of her mouth, his hips tensing as she *sucked* powerfully, cheeks caving in.

He already felt like he was balanced on the edge, every sensation enhanced from being blue balled earlier. Her tongue swirled frantically, licking him everywhere as she sucked her way up until her tight lips caught on the ridge of his glans, as if she were trying to suck out his soul.

“Blake,” he groaned softly, muscles bunched as she flicked the tip rapidly, lashing it until the pleasure was almost too much – and then she sunk down again, rubbing him against the inside of her cheek, the skin stretching obscenely, though he couldn’t see it.

All he could see was a shadow bobbing up and down on his waist.

Her hands weren’t idle, one of them resting on his belly, nails scratching at his abs while the other wrapped around his girth, pumping his shaft up and down as she sucked him off. Wet, slurping sucks filled the room, leaving no doubt to what was occurring. If anyone heard this, they would know instantly that Blake was a little cock slut, devouring his length with love and care.

Pre-cum oozed across her tongue, and Blake moaned in bliss, delirious, drunk on his taste. He had no idea how often she’d been masturbating to thoughts of him, her memories of him *fucking her* on constant replay in her mind. Not just her, though – of Jaune *fucking her clone* in front of her, making her clone cry and beg and scream as he destroyed her little pussy, pulling on her hair, slapping her ass just like *she* wanted.

Now that she’d had a taste, she couldn’t stop. She was addicted to Jaune. Addicted to his love, his kindness, the warmth of his soul – and his mind melting, bitch breaking cock. So long and thick and the way it curved, the rugged veins, the fat head, the burly root on the underside, it’s powerful taste – it was too much. She craved it whenever she was with him, and felt it’s absence when he wasn’t around.

She’d never felt like this. Any admiration she may have had for Adam, any crush that may have once existed – it did not compare. A mere breeze compared to the storming gales of a hurricane in full fury, and her core *burned* constantly in desire of him.

If he looked good fucking her clone, just how good would he look fucking Nora?

*Fucking Weiss.*

Blake moaned pathetically as her womb *spasmed*, nearly choking on his cock. Her pussy cramped deliciously at the thought of her prim and proper partner getting her world rocked by his massive dick, that tiny, petite body getting thrashed by his powerful thrusts, her pretty voice crying to the heavens...

Her thighs clamped together furiously, Blake slurping off his cock to order him, "Fuck my mouth as deep as you can."

Jaune knew he could never deny her or Nora anything, not when it came to this.

His fingers thread through her hair, gathering it atop her head. Blake shivered, her core leaking as she pulled open her yukata, exposing her heavy breasts. Reaching for her shorts, she pushed them down her legs, hissing as the damp material peeled away from her tender vulva, swollen and moist with her arousal. Cupping her pussy, she mewled as he guided her mouth to his cock.

Jaune sighed as her soft lips parted around the crown, and then he forced her down. His long cock quickly found the start of her throat, the wet heat of it narrowing, and with a swift push, he pressed her down as he raised his hips. Blake's eyes crossed as he penetrated her throat, spreading it open, the air in her lungs trapped as he forced her to deepthroat him. Her insides *clenched*, her clitoris throbbing as she teased it with her fingers, a feeling of bliss filling her up.

This is what she wanted.

Jaune grunted as her lips pressed against his pelvis, and he held her there, completely sheathed in her throat. It spasmed around him in a swallowing motion, her limp tongue twitching, and just when her lungs began to burn, he released her, guiding her up.

Blake spluttered, saliva spilling freely over his balls as she began circling her clit with frantic fingers, sobbing as his cock left her mouth for a brief moment before he forced it back in. Once again, he pushed her down until she couldn't breathe, her tongue flailing uselessly, his balls against her chin.

"Your throat feels so good, Blake," Jaune praised her, mindful of his voice even amidst the height of pleasure. He was encased in liquid heat, his wide glans catching on her gullet before tugging free. The pleasure made him shiver, Blake jerking as he began fucking her mouth in a steady rhythm, completely dominating her.

Jaune always felt a little bad, treating her like this. Being so forceful, so rough with her, but she was very clear on what she wanted. It never hurt her, she promised him, and he trusted her to tell him if it ever went too far. There was no denying the ecstasy of fucking her throat, and he began thrusting gently as he pulled her head down, fingers bunched in her silken tresses.

Blake could already feel her orgasm building, her inner walls spasming sporadically, clutching for something in desperation. She gave it a finger, and then two, pistoning into her snatch wetly as her throat echoed, *gluck, gluck, gluck*. He was hollowing her out, his fat, meaty dick, and her love for him – this wonderful man, who cared for her so much, to the point where he would treat her like an object when it went against everything he was, it made her heart want to burst.

Her moans of ecstasy were muffled as she climaxed, her folds coiling around her thrusting fingers, pulsing in time to her heartbeat. She milked them as if it were a dick, her brain hazy, mouth fucked into a sloppy mess by the man she loved.

Jaune felt her moans pass through his shaft, his dick swelling even further. He was close, his balls tired of waiting, and they pulled up, ready to fire, his cock *straining*...

Blake suddenly wrenched her head up, fighting his hold, spluttering as she hurriedly reached for the blanket.

“Blake, what...?” he hissed in alarm, suddenly alert.

She pulled the blanket over her body, over his – and not a moment too soon. Even with the blood thrumming in his ears, he heard it.

The creak of something pressing down on a loose board, and Jaune froze.

Five seconds passed, then ten. Blake was panting hotly against his thigh, trembling, and then slowly, as if the maw of some great creature were opening up to devour them, the door opened.

“Jaune?”

It was Yang.

Her voice was soft, questioning. Jaune remained perfectly still, his breathing hitched. He was balanced on the edge of orgasm, denied again, and he stared at the silhouette of his friend, watching and waiting.

After a moment of hesitation, she entered the room, the door left ajar.

She padded over to the bed quietly until she stood above him.

What was she...?

“Jaune, are you awake?” she asked softly.

He could remain silent, pretend to be sleeping, but *then what?*

Would she really just turn around and leave?

He somehow doubted that.

Jaune hesitated, and then replied, “Yeah, I’m awake.”

He felt Blake tense between his legs, a hand settling on his stomach. There was a long beat of silence, almost as if Yang hadn’t been expecting him to answer.

“Oh, um...”

She sounded... off.

Yang was a lot of things, and she’d gone through a lot in recent days. She’d been withdrawn because of her situation, though she was usually a very lively, straight forward person. Confidence oozed from her pores, and she wasn’t afraid of taking the plunge.

But dare he say it, she almost sounded timid.

He couldn't see her expression, he could barely make out her outline, but he got the impression she was nervous.

She was floundering.

"Yang," he said quietly. "Are you okay?"

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine – I just, I wanted to talk to you. I - I know it's the middle of the night, I'm sorry if I woke you up but I – it couldn't wait."

"Oh. Uh, sure."

Slowly, she lowered herself onto the bed and Jaune felt his heart in his throat. Yang and Blake couldn't have been more than inches apart, if she were to roll over onto him, it would be obvious someone was between his legs but thankfully, Yang remained beside him, laying next to him quietly for several seconds, as if gathering her courage.

"Yang, what are you...?"

"You've been a really good friend, Jaune," she whispered, and his eyes widened as she leaned closer. "Even though I wanted to go it alone, you stood by my side and... I'm glad you did. If you hadn't been there, those men would have..."

"Yang..."

“You protected me,” she said, shuffling closer, and Jaune felt her breath gust over his chin, her scent washing over him. “Like a knight in shining armor. I always thought that stuff was kinda lame, you don’t need a man to protect you if you’re strong... but I guess maybe everyone needs a helping hand sometimes, even me... and I’m glad it was you.”

A soft, warm palm cupped his cheek and he knew what was coming.

“Do you really believe what you said?” her voice was so low, it was almost like she hadn’t asked at all.

He nodded, her palm gliding across his jaw.

“Yeah,” he said quietly. “I do.”

“I...” she hesitated, and then her soft lips touched his.

It started as a chaste kiss, a simple pressing of their mouths together. After a few seconds, she pulled away, a small gasp escaping her. Before he could say something, anything, she surged back in and claimed his lips again, this time harder, more aggressive.

Yang was kissing him.

His lips tingled as their mouths moved together, and on instinct, his hand rose to cup the side of her head, helping to guide her. Her mouth opened and her tongue made an awkward pass at his lips, and then they were kissing passionately, Jaune devouring her with a growing want.

Their lips smacked wetly as they become more frantic, Yang panting and gasping between kisses, little moans filling the air. Her mouth was really hot, her saliva burning, and he couldn't get enough of it. His cock flexed powerfully as he sucked on her tongue, Yang's cute, sexy whimpers making his balls pulse.

He was close. He was so *close* – and when Blake palmed his shaft and directed his glans towards her mouth, swallowing him whole, he saw stars.

He was kissing Yang while Blake sucked his cock.

Jaune dominated her mouth with deep, rolling movements of his tongue, Yang shivering. Blake's movements were short and rapid, lips sealed tightly around his shaft just below his glans, lashing the head with her tongue in increasingly mind numbing movements, desperately attempting to coax the cum from his balls.

It was working.

"J-Jaune," Yang groaned as he bit her lower lip, their noses brushing together. Her forehead rested against his. "*J-Jaune~!*"

When Blake palmed his balls, it was over. The pressure in the base of his shaft quivered and snapped, his length pulsing furiously as semen rocketed up his cock. Jaune buried his moans in Yang's mouth, kissing her needily, groaning as volley after volley of boiling hot cum blasted into Blake's hot mouth, her tongue swiping across the tip as he unloaded.

Five, six, seven – more. He kept firing endlessly as she swallowed his load frantically, Yang melting as he kissed her harder, pouring all of the pleasure he was experiencing into the movements of his mouth and tongue until she slumped, boneless, trembling, overwhelmed.

The sound of their panting filled the room as Blake siphoned the last of his cum from his urethra, her sloppy lips gently popping off the end of his dick.

Jaune felt dazed, his balls aching from his ridiculous ejaculation – and then Yang suddenly rolled off the bed, hitting the floor with a thump before she sprung to her feet.

“Uh – oh, um, ah,” she sounded panicked. “W-Well, um – t-thanks for listening to m-me. I’ll I-let you sleep, goodnight, sleep tight, don’t let the bed bugs bite!”

What?

He opened his mouth but she was already gone, dashing from the room and fleeing down the hallway, her bare feet slapping against the wooden floor. Jaune blinked, confused.

What just happened?

Blake crawled out from between his legs, freeing the humid air from under the blanket, sitting on the side of the bed.

“That was...” even she appeared to struggle. “She kissed you.”

“Yeah,” Jaune said dumbly.

Tai had been right.