

Awareness returned to her slowly, and it felt like slipping out of a hot bath. The soothing relaxation of sleep well earned giving way to reality, calmness replaced by overthinking. Weiss' eyes fluttered, peeling open lazily, a brief bout of confusion washing over her as she felt a body next to her – before everything came flooding back.

She'd had sex.

Sex with Jaune.

No, not just Jaune. She'd had sex with Jaune and Ruby together!

Any grogginess instantly fled, Weiss suddenly wide awake. A deep ache throbbed in her tummy, her tender crotch stinging. Her breath caught, her hips shifting slightly, her vagina protesting the movement. A soft gasp passed her lips as her inner walls *throbbed*, her womb feeling heavy. Placing a hand on her bare stomach, she had to stifle a whimper.

He'd filled her with so much cum.

Though she felt sore, a small smile bloomed on her face. Giddiness assaulted her, and she rolled over carefully to fully face the man that had so thoroughly ravaged her.

His features were peaceful in slumber, a hand resting on his stomach as his broad chest rose and fell with each breath. Weiss watched him, captivated, such a powerful feeling of love and adoration filling her up that she almost choked.

None of it had gone at all like she'd envisioned.

She'd lost control of herself. All of them had. Her desire for him had overwhelmed any sense, and she'd plunged head first into the unknown without question. She'd indulged in her deepest, darkest desires, and while it hadn't been soft or sweet, it had been *perfect*.

The passion. The need.

Weiss had felt complete. That not only was she helping him to heal, but she was helping herself. Healing each other, and *finally* claiming what they both deserved.

She peered across Jaune's body, her eyes settling on Ruby's form. She was curled against him, but facing away like Weiss had been. She traced the curve of her hip, the dip of her waist, and remembered kissing her. The feeling of Ruby's soft, wet tongue, and her sweet lips. The memory of servicing Jaune's cock together with her.

A soft blush stained her cheeks.

No, none of this had been like she'd envisioned. But she was okay with that.

Because she loved Jaune – and she loved Ruby too. A different type of love, but no less potent or real.

Her hand settled on his hip, fingers slowly stroking up and down. Jaune really was a handsome man with such an amazing body, and his penis – surely it was a peerless specimen. Weiss was not experienced in these matters, but...

She swallowed, her hand slipping between his legs.

He was soft now, but still large. Six inches at least, even when flaccid, resting against his thigh innocently, as if it hadn't just rocked her world. Her fingers caressed it gently. It felt different now, squishy, and she couldn't help but play with it.

Weiss was fascinated.

This was going to change everything between them. They'd taken the ultimate step. Their friendship would never be the same, and a small part of her was scared. As much as she was determined to put Jaune first, to be whatever he wished her to be, Weiss was still only human. If he set her aside, and wished to only remain friends, then so be it.

She would not fight it if that is what he truly wanted.

But it would hurt more than anything ever had in her life. Her heart yearned for him. For his love, for his admiration and adoration. Selfishly, she wanted him to look at her and never want to look away.

Weiss wanted to be loved.

The idea of him loving her, of Ruby loving her – the three of them, together. It made her dizzy. It made her ridiculously happy. Her two favorite people in the whole world, loving her, looking after her, wanting to be with her...

Maybe it was because her childhood had been so starved of affection. A cold house, a cold family. Winter had done her best, but her older sister also felt trapped. Just as Weiss had, Winter protected her heart. Even at the cost of Weiss, at times.

Now that Weiss knew what it meant to have friends that loved and cared for you, and to experience the height of intimacy... greedy didn't even begin to cover it.

She tickled the end of his dick, rubbing the slit of his urethra and watched with growing excitement as his length began to swell. Her eyes darted up to his face and saw that it was still slackened in sleep, his chest still rising rhythmically.

His body was responding to her unconsciously.

Was it wrong that she wanted to indulge in these feelings? Was it wrong that she didn't wish to face the real world yet, and wanted to continue to live in the moment? The Grimm were coming, Salem was coming... they had so little time.

Weiss wanted to make the best of it.

Jaune's penis continued to grow. It was so long and sexy, and *fat*. Her tender insides fluttered as it remembered the stretch, the burn, the way he thrust in and out of her, as if he was going to pull her inside out. She couldn't believe she'd managed to fit all of him inside her, but she had. Their bodies were perfectly compatible.

She'd been built for him.

A soft whine escaped her as her inner walls clenched harder, the ache throbbing powerfully. Strangely, she liked the way it burned. She liked that it hurt, just a little bit.

Weiss was beginning to suspect that she was actually quite the naughty girl. Her upbringing had just stifled it.

She gently cupped his heavy balls and rolled them carefully, loving the way they moved so effortlessly across her palm. This is where he carried his sperm, and it was only then that a bolt of realization struck her. Not for the first time, either. In the throes of passion, it had come to her.

She wasn't on birth control.

Jaune may have gotten her pregnant.

Her hand paused, his cock at half-mast but still swelling. Her mind blanked for a moment, a mixture of fear and... *excitement* flooding her system, a shot of adrenaline that made her heart pound.

She could be... with *his* child...!

She worried her lower lip with her teeth.

With the state of the world as it was, it was not prudent to bring a new life into it. It was too dangerous, and they were in the middle of the conflict. When the time came, Weiss knew she needed to be in the best shape she could be. It would be a battle to end all battles, for the fate of not just their own lives, but the lives of all.

It just wasn't wise.

But she imagined.

A boy? A girl? What would such a child look like? Would they have her white hair or Jaune's blond? Their eyes would be blue – but what shade? Ice or ocean? If Weiss had to pick, she'd want them to have Jaune's eyes. They were so warm, and pretty – eyes that for as long as she remembered, had looked at her and had *seen* her, even at times when she believed he hadn't.

He'd always seen her.

Reason prevailed. She'd have to take the morning after pill. They surely had access to them in Vacuo.

But first...

Weiss continued to play with his balls until his cock stood tall under its own power. She shivered as it continued to lengthen, and curve, and it would have flopped back onto his stomach if she didn't grab hold of it, her fingers unable to meet around the wide base.

She hadn't had the time to truly admire it the night before. It was paradoxically hard and soft, feeling like steel sheathed in silk. The skin was so soft and smooth, even where it was raised by the knotted veins that pumped furiously to keep him erect. The skin around the underside of his glans was pulled aggressively tight, tender and red. She ran a finger along it, where the skin bunched together and transitioned from regular skin to the spongy flesh of his crown, and watched as his cock tensed and flexed.

He was sensitive there.

Weiss felt her own arousal bloom, the heat in her loins leaking out across her thigh. She clamped her legs together, short of breath as her insides spasmed.

She wanted him.

She wanted him inside her again.

Even though she was sore, she wanted it. Weiss wanted to feel that stretch again, to feel his heart beating *inside* her body. She wanted to feel the heat of his seed lance into her, doing its best to fulfil its duty, seeking her ovum and impregnating her.

Even if she would put a stop to it.

She tightened her grip and began stroking him, up and down, slowly, slowly, slowly. Whenever her fist would rise, she would carefully swipe a finger across the underside of his head, targeting that spot that made his erection swell and jerk. Her excitement only grew when a bead of pearlescent pre-cum oozed from the tip, and she gathered it with her tongue, leaning in to place a messy kiss on the end of his dick.

Yes.

She really was a naughty girl after all.

Weiss couldn't even look at his dick without wanting to taste it.

Again, she hadn't been able to savor it properly before. The taste and how it spread over her tongue, *thick* and *pungent*, salty, bitter, and somehow, sweet. Not sweet like sugar, but like nectar. Addicting.

No wonder so many women indulged in their base desires, and slept with whoever they wished, if this is how they felt.

She was glad she felt this way for Jaune, and Jaune alone.

Her eyes drifted over to Ruby.

Would she taste the same?

Maybe not alone. Maybe Ruby would also be addicting to her.

Her lips spread around his wide crown, Weiss taking him into her mouth gladly as her fist continued to pump him up and down. It was a struggle. Her mouth was small, and his cock was just too large, but it was enough. Her head bobbed slowly, her tongue lapping at his glans happily. Soft suckling sounds filled the room, more pre-cum leaking into her mouth.

She could do this all day, and it would never be enough.

Her tongue moved fast and then slow, alternating speeds as it swirled around his head. Weiss followed her instincts, taking note of how his cock trembled and tensed whenever she did something it clearly liked. The very tip was sensitive, oozing more pre-cum whenever she flicked it with her tongue. The ridge was also another sensitive spot, Weiss tightening her lips and tugging on it, the pressure of the suction making him swell.

What a beautiful cock he had.

Weiss felt his body suddenly tense, yet she did not stop her careful movements. She continued to suck and pump him, even when she heard his gasp of surprise and pleasure.

“Weiss, what are you...” he groaned quietly as her tongue moved quickly, swirling rapidly. “I – god, fuck, that feels so good, Weiss.”

The praise only made her insides pulse harder.

Her wetness was practically gushing out of her slit now, her thigh drenched. Clenching her core muscles, she moaned around his cock, the vibrations causing him to jerk in her mouth.

“Shit,” Jaune panted, one of his hands settling on her head. Those strong, thick fingers coiled through her silken strands, tightening wonderfully as his hand clenched. “Weiss, fuck – you’re so good at this.”

She loved how rough his voice sounded, as if he were on the verge of snapping. Her hand moved faster, gripping him harder. Giving his glans one final, sturdy suck, she slurped off him with a loud pop and admired the way his length glistened with her saliva.

It was ready for her.

She muffled her whimpers as she rolled over on top of him, a hand on his stomach used to push herself up. She gazed down at him with dark eyes, and he stared back at her in wonder.

“I want you to have sex with me again,” she said. “I want you to love me.”

His throat bobbed as he swallowed.

“I...”

His lustful desires urged him to take her, but he had a clarity now that he did not have the night before. He’d let himself get swept up, and he could do so again – but there were things that needed to be said.

Ruby said she loved him. Said that Weiss loved him.

Did he love them?

It didn’t take him long to come to that answer.

He couldn’t see his life without them. It was more than that, though. He couldn’t see his life without them by his side. They’d helped him, *so much*. They were patient with him, and comforted him, and ensured that he was no longer alone. Even as damaged as he was, they did not look away.

And truthfully, he’d had feelings for Weiss for what felt like forever.

It may have started as just a crush, taken by her extreme, harsh beauty. But it had only grown as time went on. Even when the world crumbled around them, and there were more important things to focus on – his love for her was true and real, and it persisted.

And Ruby...

To him, it was so long ago now. Those months spent on the road, the worry in her eyes, the comfort she offered whenever she sat with him. No words had been needed. Perhaps that had been the beginning, seeing her not just as a friend but possibly more. A fine woman who cared for him, who worried for him.

Was it possible to love two people?

Yes.

It was.

It had to be.

The Ever After had twisted it, somewhat. Made him resent what could have been, and might never be. Alone with his dreams and thoughts, living a fantasy that was now somehow becoming a reality.

They were too good for him.

Someone like him, who hadn't been strong enough to stand at Pyrrha's side at her moment of need. Someone like him, who could only fulfill Penny's last wish because he didn't have the strength to defy Cinder Fall her victory.

"Please tell me you love me," Weiss implored, her desperation leaking through her voice. Raw, untamed, vulnerable. "I love you so much. You feel the same, don't you?"

He sat up, so fast that Weiss flinched in surprise. Instinctively, she tried to shy back but Jaune seized her by the waist, keeping her still. Her eyes widened as they came face to face, nose to nose. He peered deep into her eyes, and opened his heart.

"I love you," he said, and he felt something inside him switch. He breathed in deeply, and he felt... *different*. "I love you. I..." he hesitated. "I love Ruby."

There was no shock or envy, or jealousy. Her smile lit up the room, and Jaune was compelled to kiss her.

Unlike the previous night, this was a kiss of pure affection. Though his cock was steel, and desire boiled in his loins, he led with his heart instead. In control, he savored the taste of her sweet lips, her mouth falling open gladly. Their tongues twined together slowly, sensually, rolling between their mouths as they kissed and kissed until their jaws grew numb.

He felt like he was going to burst, that feeling you get moments before you started crying, or shouting, emotions cresting as high as they could go. He pulled Weiss' svelte body against his chest, her small breasts pressed into him as he cradled her narrow, trim waist. She was so soft, and exceedingly sexy, and she'd woken him up by sucking on his cock...

Jaune could feel that lustful part of him trying to take control, but he wouldn't let it. He tempered it by slowly pulling away from her lips, watching her expression closely. Her beautiful eyes

fluttered, her lower lip trembling. Her tongue swiped across it, as if to chase his taste, her cheeks flushing a pretty rose.

He pecked her on the cheek, and then the nose. Her face wrinkled cutely, and it made him feel good. He saw the adoration in her gaze, felt the love she claimed to feel, and returned it. Another kiss, this time on her brow, and then on her scar, kissing the spot above her left eye, and then below it. Weiss shivered as his lips lingered, brushing the raised skin gently with his mouth.

“You’re so beautiful,” he told her.

She’d been told that plenty of times in her life, but hearing it from him made her heart want to explode.

Her fingers carded through his hair as she tilted his face, and kissed him on the mouth again. Their lips moved languidly, without rush or fervor, taking their time. Savoring everything about it from the taste and feel, discovering each other in this new way.

Weiss would never tire of kissing him.

One of her hands slipped between their bodies, and grasped his hard shaft. It burned where it rested against her mons and belly, the tip dripping with desire. Her thumb swiped across it, smearing his discharge happily, their kisses becoming deeper, more passionate.

“Can I?” she asked with a shudder.

Jaune nodded.

She pushed herself up higher on her knees, positioning his ridiculously long cock against her entrance. Weiss hesitated for a brief moment, gathering her resolve, knowing that he was about to drive her wild, and then she lowered herself, feeling her tender slit resist for a second before yielding to his girth.

Jaune sighed in bliss as her blazing heat enveloped him, her inner walls gripping at him snugly. Her tight embrace was exquisite, the expression on her face as he forced her small quim to stretch captivating him. The pinch in her brow, the darkening of her eyes, her mouth falling open as a long, drawn out moan escaped her.

Down and down she went, a whimper trapped in her throat as she took all of him, her body opening up to the man she loved.

Her ass rested against his thighs, taking him almost to the hilt. The position they were in didn't allow it, and so Weiss awkwardly repositioned, shifting her legs forward and around him, her little tits shaking as she sat completely upon his length, impaled, her thighs spreading around his waist.

All of her weight forced his glans against her cervix, and it drove the air from her lungs. He was so deep inside her, claiming all of her. Her womb *throbbed*, being pressured, pushed up. Her legs tightened around him, her ankles locking behind his back as they sat face to face, Jaune buried as deep as possible in her body.

One of his hands fell to her ass, gripping the shapely flesh firmly. Weiss cooed, inner muscles squeezing. Jaune grunted, feeling the amazing strength of her core wring him out.

"Yes," she hissed. "Just like this. I – *mmng* – god, you're so deep inside me, Jaune. I feel like I'm going to go insane."

Her soft hands framed his face.

“Love me,” she begged. “Love me as I love you.”

Their movements were slow and sensual, Weiss’ body undulating, hips rolling as she used her legs to pull herself back and forth on his magnificent cock. Grinding him deep, right against that ache that made her heart flutter and lungs struggle to fill. Those gorgeous blue eyes peered at her, exposing her, as if he were looking at her soul.

She never wanted him to look away.

Jaune let his eyes roam across her lovely body, assisting her movement by guiding her with the hand on her ass. The other one slipped between them, mapping out her lithe muscles, skimming across her ribs, palming her cute little tits. He toyed with her nipples, teasing the outside of her areola, flicking her hard tips. Weiss squirmed, her pussy writhing around him, as if stroking him. A wet, tight, oiled fist, pumping him back and forth, her thighs tensing and relaxing rhythmically, her toes spreading as he gouged her out.

She was taking on his shape. He fit her perfectly, stretching her *just right*. His fat, rugged crown tugged on her deepest folds, jostling her uterus. As if he had reached inside her and was pulling on it, the grip of her pussy absolute.

Her soft panting cries went straight to his balls, her wetness soaking his pelvis. *Schlick, schlick, schlick* – the sound of their coupling filled the air, squelching as she started to roll her hips harder, her face warping with pleasure.

He pinched one of her nipples hard, making her seethe between her teeth, a long whine that made his cock flex inside her. The sudden movement, the swelling of his already massive cock pressed him harder against her deepest spot, Weiss crying out, a sweet, tortuous sound.

*"You're so big,"* she moaned, her tongue licking at her pink lips. Her eyes glittered with lust, her pelvis snapping forward harder. *"God, Jaune, mnnng—it feels so good, having you like this~! You're going to break me in half, do you know that? I'm going to split in two and I love it!"*

The hand on her ass tightened, bruising her lovely porcelain skin, gripping her so hard that her ass meat stretched and bulged as she rowed against him. Her body was so soft, yet so hard with sculpted muscle, rolling beneath her silky skin. Her back arched, pressing his cock a little deeper, a strained whimper escaping her.

*"Right there~♡!"* she sobbed. *"I like it – haaaahn – right there~♡~!"*

"Keep riding me," he urged her, feeling the pressure build in the base of his shaft. His balls were growing tight, the cum inside churning. "You feel amazing, Weiss. You're so tight."

*"Mmngg—it's just because your penis is so biig~♡~!"* she clenched around him, her abs tensing, squeezing him viciously. Jaune groaned darkly, pinching her nipple again, harder, pulling on it, Weiss' beautiful voice cracking. *"Ahhn~! Mnnnggg—yes, please, Jaune~♡~! Make me—ahn! Make me cum~♡~! I want to cuuum~!"*

Her panting cries grew in intensity as the pleasure grew, her hips snapping forward aggressively, her arms looping around his neck. She could feel her orgasm approach, the bubbling heat, her insides growing taut, twitching around his fat dick as she rode him faster, harder.

*"Are you going to cum?"* she asked, voice raw. *"I want to feel it when I finish. I want – hnnngg – to feel your cum inside me as I – nngf~♡~!"*

He was close, her folds gripping him powerful as her tunnel compressed around him. Jaune leaned forward and kissed her, swallowing her sobs as he twisted her nipple before squeezing her breast hard, the perky tit warping in his hand. He started thrusting up slightly, heels pressed into the mattress for leverage. She howled into his mouth, their tongues dueling furiously.

She was going to cum. She was going to cum so *hard!*

Five, six, seven more thrusts, her thighs trembling. On the eighth, her body jerked, the knot of pressure straining in her tummy. The ninth set it free, her pelvis crashing against him roughly as she locked up, her whimper swallowed as her climax crashed through her like a wave.

Her womb *pulsed* hotly as arousal gushed around the tight seam of her entrance, her inner walls gripping him snugly. Any strength she had fled as she collapsed against him, boneless, her pussy erupting wildly in orgasm, contraction after contraction stealing her breath. Stars blanketed her vision, her eyes rolling up into her head as her lips fell away from his mouth, her cries broken and sharp.

*"Aahhn~! Ahhn~! Nnnngg—yes, aah~!"* her moans kept coming, an endless tide, and Jaune grit his teeth as his cock spasmed inside her milking pussy, balls throbbing as they lifted.

"Here it comes," he groaned in her ear as he felt his cum rocket up his shaft, and gush thickly into her uterus. He deposited a dozen long, silky shots of cum directly into her womb, embracing her sweaty, slim body, the pair of them writhing together as she milked him dry.

Weiss cooed weakly as she felt his molten, liquid heat splash into her. It felt so *good*, his seed only prolonging her orgasm, her insides continuing to pulse around him.

For several moments, they could do nothing but pant and hold each other. He nuzzled her ear, kissing it, making her shiver. She returned the favor by kissing his neck, latching on with soft lips and suckling. He released her ass and stroked up her spine, fingers tracing each spoke, and then toying with her ribs, pressing into every indent. Her fingers threaded through his hair, nails raking across his scalp.

If he died, just like this... he would be the happiest man alive.

"No fair," a voice said sulkily from their left, making them both pause. "You started without me."

Jaune turned and saw silver eyes peering at them mulishly. She'd rolled over at some point, and they hadn't even noticed, so caught up in each other and the pleasure they were experiencing. Ruby pouted, and Jaune saw her hand pressed between her plump thighs, toying with her pussy.

His cock tensed.

Weiss gasped, feeling it.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Ruby asked, annoyed. She removed her hand, and they saw that it was *drenched*. She'd been playing with herself as she watched them. "I wanted to do stuff too!"

Jaune was still hard, seated inside Weiss' incredible body. He could go again. And seeing Ruby's cute face, the longing, the envy, her amazing tits drooping as she lay on her side... he wanted to go again.