

It was a little cold as they stepped out of the restaurant, so Jaune slipped off his jacket and placed it around her shoulders. Yang was instantly engulfed in warmth, and shrouded in his scent. As he hailed a taxi, she subtly sniffed the collar, breathing him in.

Her belly quaked.

The hotel they arrived at wasn't some run of the mill establishment. Just like the restaurant, it was the fanciest place in town, and Yang couldn't help but let her eyes wander as he showed her through the lobby.

"Wait here, I'll get our key," he said calmly.

Here she was, a nervous wreck, her body already responding to what had yet to occur, and he was completely unfazed. It felt like invisible fingers were stroking her skin, a hot flush rising up her body, settling in her chest. Her nipples tightened, a fluttery heat blooming low in her tummy.

Fuck, she was practically gagging for it.

When he returned, he escorted her to the elevator.

"Did Weiss pay for this place as well?" she asked as the doors closed.

Jaune shook his head. "No, this was all me."

He placed a hand on her back, just above the curve of her ass. She felt his thumb stroke the material, applying pressure, and she shivered involuntarily.

This was it. This is what he'd been waiting for.

This wasn't a quick fuck in a forest. He was going to have her on a bed all night, and Yang was going to be the recipient of his lust. They were completely alone with very little chance of interruption. This wasn't the car park behind Honkers, or the locker room at Beacon, or the VIP room at some club.

Was she going to be able to handle it?

They arrived at their floor, and Jaune led her down the hall. Their room was at the end, the door facing the elevator, and when Jaune swiped the card, the lock opened with a snap. The room was well furnished, a small lounge area with a television and couch, a low table, and a bar area. The bathroom was modern with a large spa bath and shower, the floor tiled black, the walls a soft cream. The bedroom was large with a television, a dresser and vanity, the bed wide, slightly raised.

This is where he was going to fuck her.

Yang pressed her clutch against her belly, biting her lip lightly.

"Do you want anything to drink?" he asked.

Yang shook her head. "No."

“Do you want to shower?”

She shook her again. “No.”

Jaune peered at her, those big blue eyes drinking her in, and she steeled her resolve. Stepping forward, she moved until her chest rested against his, their noses brushing. Throwing her clutch aside, she cupped his cheeks and took the initiative, a small assertion of control. Because as much as she liked to bluster, she knew that when things got really going, she would cave and Jaune would take the lead.

But she could do this.

Their lips met softly, Yang giving him a chaste kiss. Leaning back, she met his eyes, watching his pupils widen, and then leaned in again. She kissed him once, twice, three times – soft pecks, fleeting touches of their lips. His wide, strong hands settled on her hips but he didn’t take over, letting her do what she wanted.

Yang sighed shakily as she kissed him again, this time a little longer. Her lips tingled after every meeting, and though it wasn’t much, it still caused something velvety slick to roll through her pelvis, pooling messily in her panties. Jaune’s mouth was pliable and agreeable, not fighting back, not pushing for more. Curling her fingers around the back of his neck, she continued to place soft, lingering kisses on his mouth, growing bolder as time passed.

A little suckle here, a little nip there. Her tongue gently teased his lips, and his mouth opened for her. The next kiss was full of passion, their mouths molding together, Yang drinking in his taste; a mixture of the coconut gelato, the citrus from the cheesecake, and the wine. She felt a little foggy in the mind, her body overheating.

“I’m not a slut,” she said between long kisses, licking into his mouth, finding his tongue. He finally began kissing her back actively, but still letting her lead. “J-Just because you own me, I’m your girlfriend, okay? You can only kiss me.”

“Only you,” he agreed, his mouth deeper, his lips closing around her tongue and giving it a suck. It went straight to her cunt, her insides roiling in delight. More velvety slick pooled in her underwear, hot and sticky. “You’re not a slut.”

“I’m not,” she insisted, drowning in the heat of his mouth. His hands tightened on her hips, squeezing down deliciously, and she moaned. “I – I’m your woman. So that means you’re my man.”

“I’m your man.”

She bit down on his lower lip softly, tugging on it. His tongue slipped into her mouth when she released it, swirling, dueling with her own. Yang felt his growing assertiveness, the tension in his body, and *lower*. Yang mewled as she rolled her belly against his swelling bulge, panting as a spark of pleasure ignited deep inside, her womb throbbing as it felt his cock applying pressure.

They kissed, and kissed, and kissed until her mouth felt numb, her jaw aching, her tongue sluggish. When they finally parted, her lips were swollen and slick, as were his. Yang stared at his mouth, captivated – before moving away, prying his hands off her hips.

“W-Wait here,” she said, trying to sound commanding but failing.

Jaune watched her as she retreated into the bathroom, the door closing between them.

Yang took a long moment to calm her racing heart, of which she hadn't noticed until this moment. Now that she acknowledged it, it was all she could hear, the blood pounding in her ears. Her hands trembled as she began removing her dress, peeling away the fabric until all she remained in was her lingerie.

A hand settled on her chest, stroking the tops of her tits, the skin raised with goosebumps. Looking at herself in the mirror, she nodded.

He'd like this.

When she opened the bathroom door and stepped out, Jaune had removed his jacket and vest, and was in the process of removing his tie. He froze, eyes scanning her head to toe, and Yang felt empowered.

"Like what you see?" she cocked her hip, leaning forward, her cleavage bulging as she pressed her arms together.

"I always like what I see," he said, effortlessly disarming her.

He was such a playboy bastard.

"H-Hah, aren't you a smooth talker," she stalked towards him, hips swaying. "Let me get that."

Her hands found his tie, helping to loosen it and remove it from around his collar. Jaune watched her quietly, a small smile on his lips, and for some reason, it drove her mad.

“What?” she asked petulantly when he continued to smile at her. “What is it?”

“Nothing,” he shrugged. “I was just thinking that this is nice.”

“What is?”

“Going slow. I know you like that other stuff – and I’m not complaining! But it’s nice to take our time for once, you know?”

What a smug prick! As if it was her choice before! Just because she might, maybe, kinda like getting spanked didn’t mean that wasn’t all his fault! They never took their time because he was a horny blackmailing demon!

“This way I get to admire you,” he continued, stroking her jaw with a thumb. His fingers tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear, tickling it, causing her to shiver. “Beauty should be admired.”

...This fucking guy!

His other hand settled on her arm, stroking the skin down to her elbow. She felt hyper-sensitive, every small brush of his fingers stoking the fire in her blood. Her nipples crinkled aggressively, tight enough to ache, and her panties flooded with her essence.

“I like this,” he tugged at her camisole. “I like it a lot – and these,” he pulled on one of the suspenders and let it snap back against her thigh, making her jump. “It was made for you.”

Fuck, he was taking control and she couldn't stop it. He was an unstoppable force, undeniable, and she melted as he gently cupped her crotch, a pathetic whimper escaping her lips.

"You're *drenched*," he whispered, and it sounded so filthy, his voice dropping low. He rubbed her up and down, a ghost of a touch, pressing the damp material into her slit. "How about we get you undressed.

Slowly, he unclipped the suspenders, palming her thighs and squeezing firmly before pulling the camisole over her head. Yang raised her arms and groaned as her breasts were exposed, arching her back as if to focus his attention there. His blue eyes almost appeared black as he took her in, tossing the garment aside before cupping her tits.

"*Jaune*," she whispered, panting as he lifted each breast, as if weighing them, his fingers sinking into her soft, womanly flesh. Her pebbled nipples chafed against his palms, a bolt of lightning racing down her spine. "*Ahn~!*"

"Gorgeous," he told her. "Magnificent."

Each time he praised her, her insides pulsed. Yang preened, moaning as he tweaked her aching tips, pulling them out. Her tits stretched, a sting of pain immediately soothed as he released them, her chest swaying.

"Now for these," he told her, reaching for her panties.

Yang's eyes rolled as he slipped his fingers inside the waistband and tugged them down, the damp material peeling away from her swollen vulva. The sensation made her pussy tingle, her clitoris itching for attention, crying out for it.

Her panties fluttered to the ground and she stepped out of them, a little unsteady. He hadn't even started properly yet and she was lightheaded, as if she'd just run a marathon, her body overheating. Jaune directed her back to the bed, pushing her down gently – and then he knelt in front of her, spreading her knees apart.

"I've been thinking about this since last time," he told her, her heart throbbing, pounding against her ribs. "Let me take care of you."

...What the fuck was going on?

Placing a hand between her tits, he pushed her flat, her pelvis hanging off the side of the bed. She still had her heels and stockings on, but that didn't bother him at all, manhandling her legs and throwing them over his shoulders. Yang cried out softly as his hot breath gusted over her inner-thighs and her glistening slit, burning her, and the anticipation nearly killed her.

*Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up~!*

She jerked as he placed a wet kiss on her thigh, suckling her skin softly before moving inwards. His lips left a trail of fire in their wake, and when his nose nudged her swollen outer labia, she sobbed. He was breathing directly over her cunt now, and her clit throbbed, her hips nearly bucking up off the bed as he placed a messy kiss just to the right of it.

He wanted her to beg, didn't he?

But no sooner had her mouth opened to plead with him that he kissed her leaking opening directly, the words getting caught in her throat. A sharp, high whine escaped instead, his fingers digging into her thighs as he spread her open to feast.

And feast he did.

Pleasure pooled hotly in her tummy, her inner walls compressing as he licked her from bottom to top. He avoided her clitoris, though, dancing around it, and it only drove her lust higher. Jaune's tongue was wide and strong, licking between her tight outer lips, swiping across her urethra, and then down again. Sealing one of her plump labia between his lips, he sucked on it harshly.

*"Jaune~!"* Yang sung sweetly, her toes spreading as her feet arched inside her heels, moaning freely as he ate her out. His tongue wormed its way inside her clutching hole, wriggling in and out, Jaune giving her entrance sturdy, powerful sucks that she felt deep in the pit of her stomach. Arousal gushed across his tongue, and when his nose accidentally brushed over the hood of her clit, she almost screamed.

Jaune groaned into her quim, her taste strong, pungent on his lips. He felt the way her thigh muscles writhed under his grip, her pelvis rolling as he supped at her cunt like a man dying of thirst. The musky scent of a woman's arousal made his cock pound inside his pants, hard as steel, his tongue and mouth tingling.

He couldn't get enough of her.

Every sweet moan and whimper, every twitch of her tight entrance, every gush of her arousal stoked the flames of his lust, his love and desire. He mouthed at her sensitive slit, giving it open mouthed kisses, sucking on her swollen labia.

"Yang, you taste so good," he told her, licking deeper inside, swirling his tongue. Her hips stuttered, her voice growing high and needy.

*"Yes, right there~♡,"* she crooned, clawing at the blanket with a white knuckled grip. Her lungs struggled to fill, Yang panting, delirious. *"Ke—Keep licking me right there~♡~!"*

Jaune grew more enthusiastic, wet smacking sounds issuing from her crotch as he devoured her with growing intensity. Moving higher, he circled her aching clit, lashing around the hood, putting pressure on her sensitive bundle of nerves. He made sure never to touch it directly, tormenting her, her hips beginning to swivel, chasing his tongue.

*“No, please~!”* she begged, shuddering. *“Mm~! Jaune, please, baby~♡~! Please? Lick my clit, please? Please? I want you to li—ick my cliiit~♡”*

When the first swipe of his tongue passed directly over it, her hips buckled. Backing arching, Yang groaned deeply, darkly, the sound wrenched from the very pit of her soul. Jaune liked it, so he did it again, flicked it quickly, lashing it and retreating. Her sob caught in her throat, and he saw her entrance tighten and release, her cute little butthole contracting.

*“Please~!”* she gasped. *“Mm, Jaune – please~♡? More~♡ give me mooore~♡~!”*

When she started pleading like that, he could never refuse.

But Yang had a weak, pathetic pussy that couldn't handle things when Jaune got serious. Yang cried out as his soft, warm lips enclosed around her clit, the pleasure bowing her back. One, two, three lashes of his tongue directly across her pearl, his mouth sucking at her, and she was tumbling into orgasm, her insides writhing as her pulsing clitoris became a raw nerve of sensation. Her hips buckled, her voice raw in passion as she cried out her release.

*“Nnnngggggg’cuummming~!”* her voice cracked, high pitched and pleading. Her heart pounded inside her ribcage, ears roaring with blood, her tender pussy leaking all over his face.

Jaune lapped at her until her cries turned into whimpers, basking in the taste of her musky arousal. Giving her swollen slit one final, long lick, he kissed his way up over her mound, her firm stomach, his tongue darting into her bellybutton. Yang shuddered, squirming, her legs wrapping loosely around his waist as he licked the sweaty skin between her heavy tits, nibbling on her collarbone.

She felt like she was floating away, his mouth leaving fire in its wake. When he reached her lips, they kissed passionately, Yang moaning as she tasted herself on his tongue.

“I think it's time I took proper care of you,” he said between kisses, framing her face. “Let me take care of you.”

Jaune slowly removed himself from her embrace and began undressing. Yang watched, blood boiling, her uterus *throbbing* as his wonderful, hard physique was revealed to her eyes. His firm, compact chest, tight abdominals, lean arms and broad shoulders. When he removed his pants, his underwear tented obscenely, and her heart fluttered as he removed them, his erect cock springing free.

Long, fat, and weeping sticky tears, his crown was moist with pre-cum. It jerked up, bouncing, the knotted veins flushed, his crown almost purple. It jutted from his pelvis powerfully, curved upwards, the wide ridge underneath giving it such a manly shape. Yang began panting, her breathing erratic, her racing heart skipping a beat as he approached.

Jaune knelt on the bed, crawling on top of her. His steel hard shaft settled between them as he resumed kissing her, stealing the air from her lungs. His length felt like a brand against her skin, marking her as his, Yang rolling her belly against it eagerly.

“*Jaune,*” she sighed into his mouth, nipples hard enough to hurt. It felt like they would crack, they were so tight. “*Mmmng – Jaune, oh fuck, baby – you’re cock is so hot.*”

Her hands reached for it between their bodies, cradling it, stroking it. Her thumbs teased the head as she pumped up and down, feeling its heat seep into her palms, feeling it throb powerfully.

“You want it inside, right?” he nipped her bottom lip, tugging on it. “You want me to put it inside you?”

“Yes,” she hissed. “*You bastard, fuck me with it.*”

“Do you have a condom?”

Yang felt her belly flip.

“No. Put it in raw.”

Jaune froze, blue eyes seeking hers.

“Yang...”

“What’s wrong? You’ve got me here, wet and willing, just like you’ve been planning all along, right?” she goaded, unhinged. “Well here’s your chance. Put that ridiculous cock inside me raw. You’re a man, aren’t you?”

There was that fire, that manic side to her that Jaune had gotten to know so well. Her eyes burned with challenge, and so he kissed her harder, ravaging her mouth. Yang whined as he slid

down, directing his cock over her mound and finding her slick pussy, swiping the head up and down across her slit. Her pelvis jumped, a startled moan escaping her, his wide crown pressuring her sensitive post-orgasm clit.

When it found her entrance, there was a moment where everything ceased to exist – nothing but his dark blue eyes, staring right through her soul. And then with a push, his fat dick spread her open, her mouth falling open, face crumpling as he thrust inside her with no condom, no protection, her folds parting effortlessly.

Jaune groaned as he sunk into her heat. Without the thin latex barrier, he could feel the definition of her inner walls, clasp at his shaft greedily. She felt hotter, wetter, *better*, his thighs tensing, ass clenching as he drove in deeper.

Yang sobbed as he burrowed further and further inside her, spreading her apart. That pinch of pain and discomfort assaulted her, her poor little pussy struggling to deal with his length and girth. Her tummy pounded with hurt and lust, and yet she took him, her nails raking against his muscular back, her insides clenching around him like a vice.

“Yang,” he breathed, rocking up, and she nearly screamed as his curved cock raked over her g-spot. Her pussy spasmed wildly, and so he did it again, rocking back and forth. “God, you feel magnificent. This little, fiery pussy.”

Yang grit her teeth, whimpering as he assaulted her sensitive spot. She thrashed, feeling the heat gathering rapidly, that tight knot of pressure low in her belly. Pleasure rushed through her limbs, her skin tingling as she desperately gasped for breath.

“*Jaunnnngghh~!*” she seethed, throbbing. He was relentless, his hips rocking in a constant, never ending rhythm. It was driving her insane. “*Nnnnggg~! Haaaa—aaaahn~♡! Oooh~! Ouh~! Nh~!*”

Jaune couldn't get enough of her cute, sexy little moans, angling his hips higher, really driving the end of his dick into her sweet spot. Yang's eyes rolled as she felt that knot rupture, and once again, her weak, hair-trigger pussy gave up, spasming around his thrusting cock.

*"Jaaaaaune~♡~!"*

Her voice echoed in the room as she shattered, milking him furiously, the tsunami of sensation rolling through her, unstoppable. Jaune never stopped moving, fucking her with that same, constant precision, her body threatening to unravel as he kept her rolling over and over into smaller, more intense orgasms.

She became a blubbering mess.

Over and over, her orgasm crested, her mind reduced to mush. She clawed at his back, at his arms, thrashing wildly, howling, an animal losing control. It was too much, she couldn't take it any more, the pleasure overriding everything, her body pulsing right down to her soul.

Jaune finally stopped his relentless assault on her sanity, his hips coming to a halt as she trembled, tears leaking from her eyes, staring unseeing at the ceiling. He kissed her neck lovingly, peppering it, feeling her racing pulse point.

If he didn't know better, he'd think she was having a heart attack.

Yang couldn't stop shaking, her insides continuing to writhe around his rock hard shaft. His lips moved lower, his tongue licking at her skin eagerly, suckling her collar and then down, focusing on her nipples. She mewled pathetically as he sucked at her, her sensitive peaks stinging as he lavished attention on them.

He'd done it again. He'd completely tamed her body without even trying, reducing her to a mess of a woman. She was so out of her depth with him, and yet she *loved it*. He made her so weak and helpless, and *fucked her so good*, ripping away her pride. Her fingers carded through his hair, nails raking across his scalp, and he moaned around her nipple, lightly teasing it with his teeth until it ached beautifully.

When he reclaimed her lips, they kissed slowly, languidly, tongues lazy. They rolled together, Yang gasping as he shifted his hips, *pressing deeper*, sinking into her soft, silken embrace until she whimpered, feeling the hurt as he spread apart her deepest place, his fat, burly glans pressing down on her cervix.

"*Jaune*," she gasped between kisses, her uterus *clenching* in desire as his massive dick pressured the door to her womb. Every breath made her tunnel close down around him, clasp at his shaft desperately. "*Ah~! You're so deeeeeep*," she whined, arching her back. "*Mnng~!*"

"We can stay like this for a bit, if you want," he told her gently, kissing her nose. Her face wrinkled cutely so he did it again before returning to her mouth. When he sucked on her tongue, her scorching quim vibrated around him. He made sure to keep still, even though his male instinct told him to begin moving, to thrust in and out of her pulsing cunt and deposit his cum as deep as possible. His balls churned with his load, eager to fulfil their purpose. "We can take as long as we want."

Yang wasn't sure she *could* wait. Her abs clenched, the ache of being penetrated so deeply still present, and yet her body *yearned* for more. He was trying to take it slow and please her, to treat her as a woman and not a piece of fuckable meat, but Yang had trained herself to completely surrender to him.

"*Please move*," she mewled, rolling her hips slightly and seeing stars. His tip raked across her cervix, the pressure electric, her sensitive insides quivering. "*Jaune, please~! I want it~♡!*"

Slowly, he retreated, and Yang groaned as her folds clung to him, being tugged out. His fat glans felt like they were raking her out, feeling as if her womb was being pulled on. On and on,

his long shaft reappeared, glistening with her arousal before just as slowly, gently, he pushed back in, sinking to the base, Yang cooing, face twisting as he bumped her cervix.

“Yes,” she called out in bliss, panting. “*Yes, fuck me just li—ke that~!*” she squealed, clenching down as he retreated before slowly hilding himself once again. “*Oh gawwwd~! You’re dick is so fucking big~♡! It’s touching me so deeeep~!*”

“Do you like it when I fuck you deep?” he asked, maintaining that slow, long glide, muscles tense, holding himself back. “Do you like it when I hit the back?”

Yang nodded quickly. “*I do~! I love it~! I love it when you fuck me~!*”

“Even though I’m just a bastard?”

“*Because you’re such a bastard! Fucking me so deep even though it’s only my second time~♡!*” Her fingers curled in his hair, jaw locking as he gently swiveled his hips, grinding a circle on the mouth of her womb. She almost screamed, her mouth falling open loosely. “*Unng~! F-Fuuuck~! I-if you do that, I’ll cuuum~♡!*”

“It’s okay, Yang. You can cum whenever you want,” he told her, relishing the way her melting cunt spasmed in delight around his dick. “I know how easy you are, it’s okay. It’s okay, baby. Show me your orgasm face. I want to see it.”

“*Nooo~! I don’t wa—nt to cum yeeet~!*” she moaned, trying to hold on, but even though he was fucking her slow, holding her like a lover, his mouth spoke to her as if she was a dirty little slut, and she felt like one, her hair trigger pussy balanced on the edge.

“How about here?” he asked, his cock swelling as it flexed – and once again, she was finished.

“Hnnngggg—cuuummming~♡~!” Yang managed to get out through clenched teeth before her insides began contracting sporadically, milking him furiously. Jaune continued to thrust inside her, those long, maddening, deep shots that only made her sob, eyes rolling in madness as she shattered into a million pieces.

Yang moaned in loss as she felt his cock slip out of her, nothing filling the ache he left inside her. She cupped her belly, empty, defeated, hazy eyes staring at his flushed cock hanging between them, drenched in her arousal.

He still hadn't cum. Jaune had made her lose her mind and *yet*...

She was failing him. She was a woman. His woman. She needed to make him spurt. She needed to feel that gush of heat, that explosion of cum rocket into her, and fill her up, the way nature intended.

He needed to cum. She needed his cum. He needed to cum. She needed his cum. He needed to cum. She needed his cum. *He needed to cum. She needed his cum. He needed to cum. She needed his cum. He needed to cum. She needed his cum. He needed to cum. She needed his cum. He needed to cum. She needed his cum.*

Jaune saw the hunger in her eyes, the conviction, lust, desire, *obsession*. Grabbing his cock, he stroked it from root to tip, and back again, jerking off above her.

The time for going slow had passed. He'd wanted to take his time, go slow, and finish in a beautiful display of love, but Yang had corrupted him. She had brought out his deepest desires, and now he couldn't control them.

He wanted to take her in hand, make her beg, make her scream, fuck her as hard as possible until she couldn't walk. His beautiful, sexy, controlling girlfriend.

It was time to give *her* exactly what she wanted.

"Roll over," he commanded. "You like it from behind, right? When I spank your fat ass?"

Yang trembled, leaking all over her inner thighs and butt. The blanket was stuck to her ass, long streaks of her girl cum splashed across the bed. Her limbs felt weak as she tried to roll over, conditioned to obey, and felt her eyes cross when he gripped one of her pale cheeks and squeezed down, *hard*.

"Look at this ass," he praised. "Fuck, Yang – this is all for me, isn't it?"

She nodded, burying her face in the blanket as he slapped her other ass cheek hard enough for her flesh to ripple.

"Yesss~!" she soft-screamed, teeth latching onto the sheets as he slapped her ass again, and again, spanking her with loud, echoing claps that made her sodden pussy spasm. Deep in her womb, she felt it reverberate, pooling hotly, the sting of his strikes, the force rolling through her pelvis.

Jaune was going to destroy her. He was going to ruin her.

That was nothing new.

This was her life.

This was her boyfriend.

Her *husband*. Jaune was her husband. He was going to breed her and get her pregnant, she was going to be a mom and give birth, her career as a Huntress put on hold. Her belly was going to swell once his seed took root, and then he was going to do it all over again, pumping her full of kids, reducing her to nothing more than a broodmare.

*“Put it in,”* she seethed, arching her back, presenting her pussy eagerly. *“Put it in you fucking bastard~♡! Knock me up with that fat load just like you’ve always wanted to do since the start!”*

Jaune pressed his cock down between her cheeks, rubbing his sensitive glans over her smooth, soft skin before finding her entrance, her fat outer labia giving him a snug hug as he thrust forward. Yang gripped the bed as if her life depended on it, howling as he cleaved into her, spreading her tender walls before docking directly with her cervix.

She choked, feeling her tummy spasm, heavy with his dick. He was crushing her womb, pressing down on it with all his weight, her toes spreading as he rolled his hips.

*“Nnnngggg~♡~!”*

*“Fuuuck, you feel tighter like this,”* Jaune draped his body over hers, trapping her completely. He jabbed at her cervix lazily, making her cry out. His teeth nipped at her shoulder. *“This is what you want, right?”*

*"It's what you waaaaaaaaant~♡!"* she crooned as he pulled out slightly before thrusting back in, punching into her deepest spot. Yang saw stars, her mouth falling open. *"Y-You just want to fuck a baby into me!"*

His balls throbbed at her words, as if in agreement. Jaune thrust into her again, and again, moving slow but deep, his glide smooth, her wetness gushing around the grip she had on him. This was dangerous. Really, really dangerous. He was fucking her raw and on the verge of climax, but his base animal instincts were ruling his decisions now.

They'd only just become a couple, and he was going to get her pregnant.

His movements became harder, clapping against her pert ass again and again, her sweaty skin sticking to him. Yang sobbed as he began ravaging her pussy, fucking her with the full length of his considerable cock, her eyes rolling up into her head whenever he hilted himself in her depths.

*She was going to cum again!*

Her pathetic, weak willed pussy – or perhaps it was just an easy, slutty pussy that craved the taste of a cock all along, and the only way to get Yang to play ball was to ooze and throb and orgasm at the lightest of provocations. It wasn't greedy, it just wanted to fulfil its purpose. Wasn't it meant to take cock and stroke it off until it swelled and shot its load? Wasn't that the whole point? But Yang was denying it.

No longer.

Jaune grunted as he started fucking himself into her with increased vigor, her insides trembling and clutching at him hungrily. Her folds tugged on his crown, the pleasure growing quickly, a hot rush settling in the base of his shaft. His balls tightening, pulling tight against his body, and his shaft swelled in impending release.

Yang moaned as she felt his girth widen even further, attempting to throw her hips back but the position didn't allow much for leverage. Instead she clenched down around him, throbbing, begging for his load, her voice cracking as she cum again, and then again, each injection of his dick driving her to greater heights.

"Oh fuck, here it comes, baby," he hissed in her ear, pulling her hair aside. Yang whimpered as he lightly tugged on her golden mane, turning her face and pressing her down into the bed, pinning her utterly, his hips bouncing up and down against her ass. "Oh yeah, you feel so good. Fuck, I love your pussy so much."

*"I love your cock~!"*

"Do you?"

*"It's so biiiiig~! And thiiii—iiick~♡~! Keep fucking me riight there~♡~!"*

Yang suddenly felt as if she was falling as the largest orgasm of her life blasted through her, the third in a row, a continuous rolling climax that made her womb pulse with need. Her velvety sheath spasmed wildly, contracting, *milking*, and with a deep growl, Jaune clapped down and sealed his hips to her ass, the tip of his dick breaching her cervix.

His cock jerked inside her, Yang gasping brokenly as a long, thick rope of cum was directly deposited in her uterus. It was followed by another, and another, and another, Jaune ejaculating powerfully into her womb, volley after volley of potent sperm, blasting into her innermost place.

Liquid heat pooled in her belly, Yang crooning as it extended her already long orgasm, body trembling from the tips of her toes to the top of her head, tears spilling down her cheeks, drool

plastering her chin to the bed. Jaune's strong, muscled body tensed and released with every shot, rutting against her furiously as he emptied his balls into her.

It felt like it would never stop.

But eventually, his body relaxed, and Jaune sagged against her back, hot and sweaty, his lips ghosting over her nape.

*"Mmnn,"* she moaned stupidly.

"That felt amazing," he said softly, panting, his breath gusting across her neck. "Fuck, Yang. That felt good."

To Yang, it had been life changing.

"I love you," he whispered, continuing to kiss her skin. "I love you, I love you, I love you."

Yang thought she would die from happiness. She'd just been bred by a big dicked bastard that just happened to be her boyfriend after blackmailing her into doing all sorts of depraved shit, and she was happier than she'd ever been in her life.

She really was messed up, wasn't she?

"I love you too," she replied.

Because damn it, she did.

She fucking did.

Yang Arc? Yang Xiao Long-Arc? Whatever it was, she didn't care.

He was never getting rid of her now.