

Blake wasn't able to hide her pregnancy from her friends for long, and she didn't even try. The very next morning after her passionate reconnection with the love of her life, she gathered them around the breakfast table.

Ruby's eyes nearly popped out of her head when Blake told them the news, her hands shooting up to cover her mouth. Weiss opened her mouth to say something, anything – but only silence was issued, her jaw working up and down, but no sound escaping.

"You're kidding me..." Yang muttered in disbelief, waiting for the punchline. But there wasn't any.

Blake lifted her shirt and showed them the proof, Yang joining the other two in shocked silence.

"Holy moly," Nora exclaimed, leaning in so her nose nearly bumped Blake's belly.

"...Oh," Ren said faintly, and it was perhaps the most expressive Blake had ever seen him, his face an open book.

Jaune laughed awkwardly as five sets of eyes turned to face him, scratching at his cheek nervously.

"Uh... surprise?"

Blake snorted. "See? Sounds better in your head, right?"

Jaune groaned. "What else am I supposed to say?"

Weiss shook her head. "How... what... *when*...?"

Blake arched an eyebrow wryly, though her cheeks darkened as she asked, "Weren't you ever taught about the birds and the bees?"

Ruby giggled, overwhelmed.

"I'm going to be an auntie!" Nora cheered. "Can I touch it?" she asked eagerly, looking up at Blake. "Can I? Can I?"

Blake smiled fondly. "Yes, of course."

Nora cooed as she placed a hand against Blake's belly, eyes full of wonder.

"So you two... back at Beacon..." Yang said, dazed. "You actually went all the way... and here I thought you two had shared a few kisses, and that's it..."

"Once or twice," Blake undersold it. "We tried to be careful, but..."

"We weren't careful enough," Jaune finished.

“Reckless...” Weiss muttered. “I expect such behavior from him,” she pointed at Jaune, as if in accusation. “But from you, Blake?”

She then paused, brow furrowing.

“Actually, this tracks for you, as well...”

Blake frowned. “Hey... what’s that supposed to mean?”

“You do have a habit of going off, half-cocked,” Yang said, not without a tinge of bitterness. Blake heard it well enough, feeling unsure.

“Yang...”

Nora suddenly shouted, straightening up. Blake felt something in her belly shift.

“I felt it kick!” Nora appeared delighted, clapping happily. “Jaune’s baby kicked!”

“I do believe it’s Blake’s baby, as well,” Ren said dryly, smirking.

Ruby approached tentatively. “Can I...?”

Blake nodded. "Sure."

Everyone took their turn, pressing their palm against Blake's swollen tummy and waiting for some sign of movement. For Ruby, it didn't take long but it waited an age for Weiss, the white haired girl becoming impatient.

"Why is it being shy, all of a sudden?" she demanded.

"Maybe you're scaring it," Nora needled, a pair of frosty blue eyes turning to regard her.

"I'm doing no such thing!"

It kicked quickly for Yang, her expression wavering.

"...I..." she started, only to become choked up. "Congratulations. Both of you."

Blake shot her a hopeful smile. "Thank you, Yang."

Jaune reached out and placed a hand on Yang's shoulder. "Thank you."

Yang nodded, retreating.

It seemed particularly active for Ren, forcing Blake to go lay down on the couch after it decided to play the drums on her ribs.

“What are you going to do?” Ruby asked, suddenly serious.

Jaune appeared confused. “What do you mean?”

“Jaune... Blake is pregnant,” Ruby said the obvious. “Ozpin thinks we need to get to Atlas, as quickly as we can to warn Ironwood of what happened here in Mistral...”

It went unsaid, but the meaning was clear. Was it really okay for Blake to travel halfway across the world in the state she was in? Especially with how things were. Cinder might be gone, but she hadn't been working alone. And there was something else even more monstrous backing them...

But Blake refused to be left behind.

“We're coming,” she answered before anyone else could say anything. “I can still fight, if worst comes – but you'll protect me, if I need it. I trust all of you.”

“Are you sure?” Weiss pressed. “Things are going to get dangerous.”

Blake nodded. “I'm sure.”

Jaune hesitated but then sighed. “If she is sure, then that is what we'll do.”

After breaking the news to everyone, it was time for Jaune to meet her parents. They were staying at Haven, helping with the clean up, so they made the trip over. It was done in silence, and Blake could see how tense Jaune was, his shoulders locked, hands curled into fists.

Just before they arrived, she took one of his hands and pried it open.

“Hey,” she said soothingly, threading their fingers together. “Hey, it’s okay. They aren’t mad.”

Jaune shot her a look of doubt.

“Okay, my dad was pretty mad,” Blake revealed. “But not as mad as I thought he would be,” she said quickly before he could truly panic. “He was actually quite understanding... and my mom is on our side. You have nothing to worry about.”

Her voice was calm and even, though inside, she felt anything but. Her parents had had plenty of time to come to terms with her pregnancy, but that didn’t mean they had fully accepted it. If her father couldn’t take out his frustrations on her, then maybe he could on Jaune. She knew that her confrontation with Adam had probably frazzled their nerves a little bit.

Blake wouldn’t let him, though.

Kali spotted them first when they entered the main building, freezing on the spot as the other faunus continued to work, sweeping up debris and hauling stone and wood away. That lasted all of two seconds before she was running towards them, a manic look on her face.

“Uh oh...”

Jaune glanced at her in alarm. “What do you mean uh oh?” he asked quickly.

“You must be Jaune,” her mother charged right up to him, standing on her tippy toes and getting right in his face. Jaune leaned back on reflex, eyes wide. “My daughter’s boyfriend?”

“Uh, that’s me,” he said nervously. “Jaune. Jaune Arc,” he untangled his hand from Blake’s and offered it to Kali, but she ignored it, instead reeling him into a bone breaking hug.

“Welcome to the family,” she said happily.

“Mooom,” Blake whined, embarrassed. “Stop it!”

Though it was better this than the alternative.

Speaking of which, Blake saw her father take note from the other side of the room. She tensed as he started approaching, his face hewn from stone, and she knew this was going to be stressful.

“So,” Ghira rumbled, crossing his arms and setting his shoulders in an attempt at making himself bigger. “This is the *boy* who disrespected my daughter.”

Jaune looked like a deer caught in headlights.

“Dad,” Blake snapped, glaring. “He didn’t disrespect me at all!”

“A child before marriage,” he held up a finger, face severe. “A child before even meeting her parents,” another finger. “Without even asking for permission.”

“No one does that any more!” Blake hissed, aghast. “What are you, a relic from the Great War?”

Kali still refused to let go of him, meaning that Jaune was stuck with Blake’s mother wrapped around him. It didn’t do him any favors, Ghira’s eyes burning a hole in him, growing in intensity.

“Uh...” Jaune briefly floundered before saying, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, sir. My name is Jaune. Jaune Arc.”

“I know who you are.”

“Dad, if you don’t cut it out right now, you won’t be holding your grandchild,” Blake threatened.

Ghira scoffed.

“Honey,” Kali finally released Jaune, nudging her husband in the ribs with an elbow. He grunted, flinching. That had been kinda hard. “Be nice!”

Ghira grumbled but offered a hand, and Jaune took it gladly, only to smile awkwardly as her father tried to crush it in a show of macho masculine bullshit. Blake's palm clapped against her face.

"This is ridiculous..." she muttered though it wasn't a disaster. Jaune held his own, squeezing back, not backing down.

"Hmph – you've got a decent grip," Ghira grudgingly acknowledged. "Perhaps there is more to you than I thought."

"I know we aren't meeting under the most favorable terms," Jaune said when they finally released their handshake, taking a step back and bowing slightly. "We didn't plan for this to happen, but I will be taking full responsibility. This child of ours will have a mother and a father, no matter what, and I will do my duty to your daughter. Not because I have to, or because it is the right thing – but because I love her, and I cannot see my life without her. You have my word that I'll provide for her with everything I have, and your grandchild will grow up with love."

Ghira blinked, startled. He wasn't the only one. Kali looked like she was about to burst into tears, charmed by his words. Blake couldn't blame her. Even though she knew he would likely say something like this, to hear it from his own mouth made her swoon a little.

This was the man she loved. The man who looked at her faults and flaws, and embraced her anyway, unafraid. Jaune was going to be an amazing father, she had zero doubts about it. And... he would be a loving husband, too.

Blake felt heat rise up her neck, leaving her hot and bothered.

They hadn't spoken about *that* yet, but... that was the next step, right? Jaune would do the right thing and make her his wife.

Her – somebody's wife. Jaune as her husband. Married.

"Uh, Blake, honey?" Kali waved a hand in front of her face, snapping her out of it. "Are you okay?"

She cleared her throat. "I'm fine."

But with the good came the bad, which was a common theme with her. Blake didn't deserve Jaune. She never had, and she likely never would. An ugly feeling rose up within her, toxic. Resentment – at herself. At the type of person she was, at the weakness she held in her heart. He'd forgiven her, and yet she hadn't even forgiven herself for leaving him at his lowest point.

Jaune deserved a better mother of his child. He deserved a better wife.

"Impressive words, young man," Ghira grunted, appearing a little more open. "I will hold you to them."

"I'd expect nothing less, sir," Jaune said. "I'm serious about this. It may have been unplanned, but that doesn't mean it's unwanted."

Ghira's face softened.

"Then I will do my best as Blake's father to provide whatever I can."

Blake felt a rush of affection for her father, beating back her horrible thoughts. Jaune was getting through to them. Success! Even if she didn't deserve him, she had him.

She was the luckiest girl in the world.

"Now then," Kali clapped happily. "When will you be getting married?"

"Mooom," Blake squirmed as everyone looked her way. "Stop it!"

Now the heat was on her cheeks!

"What? I think this is an important step. You wouldn't want to have your child out of wedlock, would you?"

"No one cares about that," she covered her face.

"If that is what Blake wants, then we'll do it," Jaune declared, and she turned to look at him in shock. "But I won't force it."

Was that a proposal?

Kinda... maybe?

“There’s no rush…” she said shyly.

Wasn’t she just thinking about marrying him? Now she was acting like a timid little kitten!

Jaune spent the rest of the day helping out with the clean up, rolling up his sleeves and getting to work. That more than anything else impressed her parents, and he ended up making friends with some of the faunus that came across from Menagerie. Blake knew that many of them probably hadn’t ever met a human before, so this was one of their first impressions of one.

A fine impression, at that.

That night, her parents had dinner with her friends where she was able to introduce everyone properly. Her mother was in her element, fawning over Ruby and Weiss, and managing to draw Yang out of the funk she found herself in. Blake knew that they needed to talk, but whenever she tried to nudge the conversation in that direction whenever they were alone, Yang always deflected.

She didn’t want to force it, but it couldn’t be left to stew…

“So you’re planning on going to Atlas next?” Ghira had connected with Qrow, the pair of them sharing a drink. “That is quite the journey, especially with communications down.”

“Tell me about it… but we have information that General Ironwood needs,” Qrow grunted. “No matter what I think of the man, he is on our side.”

“Good luck, then. You’re going to need it.”

Their glasses clinked together as they downed their drinks before pouring themselves another.

“Blake, what are you eating?” Weiss asked with disgust.

She paused with her food halfway to her mouth. “What?”

Weiss’ nose wrinkled. “That!”

She pointed at the small jar sitting by her plate.

“Oh. It’s fermented cabbage. Do you want some?” Blake offered. Weiss recoiled.

“It smells awful,” Weiss said bluntly.

Blake couldn’t really refute that, though it tasted amazing. Strangely, she used to hate the stuff but now it tasted like the most delicious thing in the world. She’d placed a healthy portion on top of her rice.

She must be getting weird cravings because of the baby.

“It tastes good, I promise. Just try some.”

“No, thank you.”

“Can I try some?” Ruby asked, and Blake pushed the jar towards her. She watched Ruby spoon out a small amount and test it, her face scrunching up violently.

“Uck~!”

Jaune and Nora snorted in unison, and Yang outright laughed.

“What’s wrong, dweeb? Too much of a child to handle it?”

Ruby looked like she wanted to spit it out but was far too polite to do that, forcing herself to swallow. The poor girl looked like she was undergoing torture.

“You try it if you think you’re so tough,” Ruby shoved the jar at Yang.

“Nah, I’m good.”

Ruby made chicken sounds.

Lilac eyes narrowed.

“Aren’t you being a little too cheeky for someone who just choked?”

“Aren’t you being a big fat chicken?” Ruby returned like a true little sister would, the ultimate brat.

“I’m not a chicken!”

“If it looks like a chicken and sounds like a chicken—,” Yang cut her off by swiping the jar.

“Fine, I’ll try it,” Yang hesitated before scooping a little bit out and nibbling on it. She pulled a face. “Urgh – what the hell is this stuff?”

“I told you – fermented cabbage,” Blake said.

“More like essence of smelly old socks.”

“Please, shut up,” Weiss said through gritted teeth. “Some people are trying to eat here, and I’d rather not hear you talk about tasting smelly old anything.”

“Hurry up, rich girl. It’s your turn,” Yang shoved the jar at her.

“I already said I’m not trying it.”

Yang joined Ruby in making chicken sounds, though Weiss just rolled her eyes.

“My ego is not so easily baited, thank you very much. I’m not a child.”

“No wonder you don’t grow. You neglect your vegetables.”

Weiss glared. “I grow just fine.”

Yang looked her up and down. “Uh huh.”

Before a cat fight could break out, Ren reached over and helped himself to some, placing a healthy helping on his rice. Weiss, Yang and Ruby watched him eat it happily, not even flinching.

“Okay, now I know it’s horrible,” Nora deadpanned, making everyone laugh.

Jaune and Ruby collected and washed the dishes when everyone was finished. Blake saw her parents off at the end of the night, and then retreated to her room, gathering her yukata and a towel. She hadn’t done much exercise yet she felt tender and sore from the previous day. Even with aura, it seemed that pregnancy slowed down the recovery period.

A long, hot shower was just what the doctor ordered – or better yet, a bath.

Mistral was known for its bathing culture and the home they were staying in delivered. In addition to the large walk in shower, there was a massive bath set into the floor, capable of seating several people. Turning on the tap and finding the right temperature, she watched the bath fill as she undressed.

She was startled by a knock on the door.

“Who is it?” she called.

“It’s me,” Jaune’s familiar voice greeted her. “Would you like some company?”

Blake opened the door quickly and pulled him inside, locking the door.

“Woah, hey,” he laughed, staggering. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Blake grinned at him happily. “Yes, please. You can scrub my back and I’ll scrub yours.”

He gave her a salute. “Yes, ma’am.”

She pinched him, Jaune giving a startled laugh. “You’re such a dork.”

Blake felt her skin tingle as his eyes roved over her body, drinking her in. She was only in her bra and panties, and when she reached back to undo her bra, he stopped her.

“Let me,” he said, voice low. Blake shivered.

His fingers caressed her shoulders, ghosting down her back. The hair on the back of her neck stood on end, her eyes fluttering shut as he found the clasp of her bra and undid it. Her heavy breasts bounced free, Blake giving a sigh of relief.

“I need to go shopping for some new ones,” she uttered, leaning into his touch as he traced her back. A single finger ran down the length of her spine, her body trembling. “Something more comfortable.”

“We’ll go together,” he said, moving lower. When he massaged her hips, she moaned. “How does that sound?”

“Wonderful,” she said as his fingers slipped inside the waistband of her panties and pulled them down her thighs, exposing her ass and crotch. He rubbed her soft skin, and gave her shapely rump a firm swat, causing her to jump. “Hey!”

“Sorry, I couldn’t help it. You have such a ridiculously fat ass, it was just begging me to smack it.”

Blake was taken aback by his crassness, though she didn’t dislike it.

“Excuse me?” she shot him a look over her shoulder. “Who are you calling fat?”

“Just this amazing butt of yours,” he smacked it again, and Blake felt her insides *melt*.

“You’re lucky I like you so much. Girls don’t like being called fat, in any way.”

“What if I like it, though?” he whispered in her cat ears, making them twitch. “And this? What if I like how this makes you look?”

He cupped her belly from behind, and something about that made her inner walls spasm. She gasped softly, leaning back into him, groaning as he lifted her belly slightly.

“Oh gaawd,” she grunted, a pleasurable sensation flowing through her. “Oh – wow, I guess you don’t really notice how much it weighs you down until someone else picks up the slack.”

Her belly wasn’t that big yet, but evidently big enough.

Jaune chuckled. “I’ll carry the burden anytime. Just give me the word.”

He rubbed and stroked her belly until she was a quivering, hot mess. Her pussy began leaking down her thighs, oozing girl cum.

“I think that’s enough,” she squirmed, growing supremely horny. “We are here to wash, remember?”

“Of course,” he said, removing his hands. Blake missed them immediately. “I’ll get undressed.”

Blake turned and watched as he removed his clothes until like her, he stood completely naked. He wasn’t hard, not yet – but he was on his way, his flaccid cock at half mast.

“Keep that thing under control,” she ordered him playfully. “Now come on, the bath is nearly ready.”

There were a collection of different scents and oils lined up against the wall. Blake selected one at random and gave it a sniff, mindful of the way Jaune’s eyes rested on her ass. Giving it a little shake, she carefully stepped down into the bath after tying up her hair, cooing as the warmth enveloped her legs. The bottle she picked was some sort of floral note, mixed with something fruity – orange blossom, perhaps? Whatever it was, it smelt nice and she added it to the water.

“Come in,” she beckoned, and Jaune quickly joined her, sighing as he lowered himself in.

Blake enjoyed the heat for a few moments, lowering her belly in until she was sitting. The water reached just above her breasts.

“This is good,” she said, stretching. Her aches and pains already felt much better. “Who goes first?”

“Ladies first, of course,” Jaune grinned rougishly, doing things to her tender insides. “Let me look after you.”

Jaune fetched a bottle from the side and a cloth, wetting it and lathering the bodywash on it.

“Ready?” he asked. She nodded. “Stand up and turn around.”

Blake rose from the water and turned, showing him her back.

He started at her shoulders, scrubbing gently as he moved from side to side, working on her arms. His hold was gentle, as if she were some delicate bird, lathering suds down to her wrist and back up again. Blake squirmed as he did her armpits, ticklish, and tried her best not to move away when his hands caressed her ribs.

“I love your skin,” he told her, voice filled with wonder. “It’s always so soft and milky.”

Blake’s cheeks burned hotly.

The cloth moved down across slope of her waist, and then over the curve of her hip. He focused his attention here, making sure to get her nice and clean before switching to the small of her back.

“You have cute little back dimples.”

“I don’t need a running commentary,” she said, embarrassed.

“Why not? I love them,” he said happily, fingers teasing each one. Blake gasped. They were more sensitive than she thought. “Such an erotic body.”

“My b-body isn’t erotic.”

He moved up, scrubbing her spine and then her shoulder blades until her back was slick with suds. He paused for a moment before heading down, and Blake bit her lip as he gripped her cheeks.

“Now these are my favorite,” he said, the cloth slotting between them. “I didn’t think they could get much better but I’ve been proven wrong.”

“Shut up.”

Her nipples tingled as they hardened, turned on from his praise. He rubbed each cheek slowly, cupping the underside and lifting them, her slit oozing arousal.

“Okay, place your right foot on the edge,” he told her, and Blake obeyed. One of his hands rested on her opposite hip, ensuring that she wouldn’t slip and fall before working on her thigh.

Down, down, down he went, caressing and squeezing her pliable flesh. From her thigh he went to her calf, and then her foot, Blake nearly breaking as he rubbed the arch and sole.

“Okay, next leg.”

He repeated the process on her other leg, and by the time he was finished, she felt ridiculously turned on. The heat of the water was making her feel lethargic, and breathing in the warm air

scented with the orange blossom made her mind feel sluggish. A deep, throbbing heat had developed between her legs, driving her wild.

“Okay, now turn around.”

Blake turned, presenting her front to him. Her inner walls *clenched* when she saw his face, his eyes dark with desire. Lathering the cloth with more bodywash, he started on her belly, Blake moaning.

She wasn't the only one affected.

She spotted his cock, no longer at half mast but completely erect. It jutted out from his pelvis lewdly, curving up arrogantly, weeping pearly pre-cum. So thick and long, powerful, and such a manly shape... Blake groaned as the cloth swiped through her curls, cupping her sodden cunt.

“Are you okay?” he asked teasingly.

“Mhmm~!”

He gently lathered her slit, mindful of her sensitive clit. It ached for touch, but not that of the cloth. It wanted his fingers.

He wasn't done washing her, though.

Jaune saved her breasts for last, cupping them both with his strong hands and squeezing delightfully. Blake shuddered, pleasure pooling in her pussy. Her nipples were alight with sensation, and when the cloth rubbed over them, she cried out.

“Ah~! Jaaaune,” she grunted as he focused on the left, rubbing back and forth, the pleasure maddening, sharp. “Oooh, Jaune – that feels too good.”

“All I’m doing is washing you,” he said calmly, smirking. “But I’m glad you’re enjoying it.”

He lifted her tit, scrubbing underneath before moving on to the right. Every so often, he would sneak in a little pinch, twisting her nipple until she sobbed, her hands grabbing at his body as her legs trembled.

“There,” he gave her cleavage one final swipe. “All done.”

Now it was his turn.

It took her a minute to gather her composure, glaring at his smug face. When did he get so cocky? Just because her womb was swollen with his child didn’t mean he could get away with this.

Lowering herself into the water to rinse off, she rose up and snatched the cloth off him.

“Turn around,” she ordered, a little sharply. He laughed but did as he was told, her body burning with the remnants of his touch.

Two could play at this game.

Adding some more bodywash, she started like he did. His back was a map of strong, reliable muscle, his shoulders broad. She scrubbed his shoulders first, working her way down, tracing the map of hard work on display for her eyes to feast on. Jaune hummed in appreciation as she focused on his midback, scrubbing roughly.

“That feels good,” he sighed.

It was going to feel much better in a minute.

Once his back was nice and lathered, she leaned in until her body pressed against him. Jaune jumped, surprised, her arms curling around him to scrub at his firm, large chest and tightly packed abs.

“Mmm, you feel a little tense,” she teased, moving lower, and lower, and lower, groping her way down until she found the base of his cock. “Especially here.”

Her hand seized him roughly, squeezing. Jaune grunted.

“This thing is absolutely *filthy*,” her voice dripped with honey. “It’ll need some extra special care.”

Holding it steady with one hand, the other lathered it up with the cloth. His cock flexed as she worked her way up until his fat shaft was slick, curling the cloth over the head.

“Blake,” he said, voice no more than a whisper.

The cloth must have felt like torture against his sensitive head, so when it was lathered with suds, she discarded it into the water and grabbed him with her bare hand. Keeping the other around his base, she began stroking him up and down, first with only a couple of fingers, then forming a fist to pump him firmly.

“Oh yeah,” he groaned. “That’s good, Blake.”

“Look how dirty this thing is,” she chided. “Why is it so big? You know how difficult it is for me to please such a ridiculously long, thick cock? You couldn’t make it easy for me, could you?”

The lubrication from the bodywash made it so she could speed up her stroke until her fist blurred, jerking him off furiously. Blake did just that, squeezing him hard as she pumped him, her hand catching on his wide crown. His cock *pulsed* in delight, throbbing in her palm as she did her best to milk his balls dry.

The knotted veins beneath the skin shifted as her palm glided over them, and she felt it keenly. He was hard enough to burst, and when she peered around his body to get a good look at it, her sodden cunt squeezed. It was flushed bright red, quivering as she added a twist, really trying to wring him out. The hand she had around the base was trapping the blood supply, really making the veins stand out.

This was her man’s cock. The cock that impregnated her, who messed up her pussy the night before, fucking her into a stupor. How such a massive thing fit inside her, she still had trouble believing it. Even if she doubled fist it, there was still several inches remaining.

She was the luckiest girl in the world.

“If you keep doing that, you’re going to make me cum,” Jaune warned, his voice gruff. Pre-cum oozed rapidly from the tip, and she could feel the difference between it and the body wash. Thicker, yet silk smooth.

“That’s the point,” she licked at his skin before retreating behind him, and biting his shoulder savagely. His cock flexed powerfully in her grip, somehow swelling even more. “I want you to spit that fat load out. I want you feel good, baby. Feel good for me.”

The hand around his base loosened, letting the blood flow more freely so she could cup his balls. They were plump and full, tight against his body. Rolling them roughly, she squeezed his eggs and relished the way his cock jerked in response.

“I want these to empty themselves. I feel like they want to shoot too, don’t they?” she bit him again, hard enough to bruise. “Don’t you want to cum, baby? Cum for me.”

She felt the moment of no return, his cock becoming hard as steel. Massaging his balls, she attacked his glans with her palm, rolling her wrist and cupping the tip, torturing the head. Jaune grunted, and Blake hastily formed a ring with her fingers, slotting it around his shaft and squeezing him firmly as she stroked down towards his base.

“*Blake*,” he gasped. “Oh baby, I’m cumming. Ooooh fuuuuck!”

The sound came from the depths of his soul, filled with ecstasy as she felt his length spasm. Semen rocketed up his shaft and Blake quickly peeked around his body as with a massive heave, a long, heavy jet of cum blasted from his cock. It cleared a half dozen feet, out of the bath and staining the damp floor. Keeping her fingers tight around his shaft, she continued to massage his clenching balls, feeling each pulse of ejaculation moments before he fired.

Two, three, four, five – it just kept coming, long, sticky threads, thick with sperm. Jaune gasped as he kept firing powerfully, each shot somehow reaching further, and Blake knew her body never stood a chance against such a plentiful load. That first cumshot he got her with must have been the one that did it, not the three more he injected her with straight afterwards.

*That would have felt amazing inside me*, Blake thought, a tinge of regret. She could have had him shoot that ridiculous load into her pussy, but it was too late now.

Eventually his shots grew lesser in volume, splashing into the water as she started stroking him again, siphoning out the rest of his orgasm. Squeezing his glans, she rubbed her thumb across the tip, making Jaune grunt.

“Too sensitive,” he uttered, and she relented.

Even after firing such a ridiculous amount of cum, he was still rock hard. Releasing him, Jaune turned to face her, his post-orgasmic cock resting against her belly as he leaned in and kissed her furiously. Blake mewled as his tongue dominated her, Jaune’s hands gripping her face passionately.

“You little minx,” he said between kisses, sucking on her tongue until she saw stars. “I have to pay you back.”

A hand passed through her raven curls, and then she was sobbing as his fingers slipped inside her slit. There was nothing careful or precise about it, all brute force and passion as he started fingerblasting her weak cunt.

“Oh~!” she cried out, hunching over as he hooked his fingers, finding her g-spot. His hand moved quickly, back and forth, loud squeaking sounds coming from her sodden pussy. His other hand gripped her ass in an iron hold, fingers sinking into her flesh, hard enough to bruise.

Her hips rocked every time his hooked fingers tugged on her, as if he had hold of her pelvis and was going to pull it out.

She wasn't going to last long. Not at all.

The pleasure was sharp and overwhelming, pouring through her like hot oil. Blake clutched at his shoulders as she bent over, but she couldn't escape his fingers, pistoning into her snatch, her juices spraying over his hand and wrist.

*"Fuck, Jaune~! Ahhnn~! Aaaaah~! Mmmnggg—fuuuck, baby, oooooouuu~! Y-You're going to – aaah – make me cuuum~♡~!"*

"Cum for me," he commanded darkly, and her pussy spasmed in response.

He savaged her g-spot until she was wound so tight she could cry, and then it snapped. The growing tension unraveled, and she was screaming in bliss as her tender quim erupted in a series of mind bending contractions that made her briefly black out.

All she felt was ecstasy – and then a sudden pulse of heat, and she was falling, falling, falling... into his arms, her voice cracking as it bounced off the walls of the bathroom.

"That's it," he soothed, kissing her kitty ears. Her body spasmed, folds squeezing his fingers as he continued to tap on her g-spot. "That's it, baby. Cum. Cum for me, baby."

Blake could barely breath, the air seemingly too thick for her lungs. Delirious, she orgasmed until her brain couldn't take it any more, and the last thing she remembered were his beautiful blue eyes gazing down at her.