

The excitement was palpable in the air as the Vytal Festival officially got underway the following day with a series of sporting events that spanned the entire day, everything from swimming to weightlifting to gymnastics. While many of the students visited the city to attend many of the events, Jaune and his friends remained at Beacon.

In lieu of enjoying the festivities, they instead focused on training. If someone wanted to take them out, then they were going to give them one hell of a fight.

They worked on a rotating system. On the first day, he honed his teamwork with Nora, his partner, before swapping and working together with Blake the following day. Weiss came next, and they continued to cycle through the different combinations, becoming as familiar with each other as possible. They had to adjust their fighting style slightly, depending who it was by their side. With Nora, Jaune had to be mindful of her wide, cleaving swings but could focus less on defence, and more on offence. With Blake, he was the wall upon which she sought protection whenever possible, using her acrobatic fighting style to strike in quick bursts. With Weiss, they moved in tandem, Jaune taking the lead with his sword and shield while Weiss darted in under his strikes with piercing thrusts, the pair sharing the load when it came to defence with her black glyphs and his shield.

They drilled until it was second nature, and sparred one another relentlessly. This new threat to their lives had lit a fire inside all of them, more than any competition ever could. This was more than winning glory. This was about survival. If the Queen tried her hand, they would be ready for her.

Team RPRY was of a similar mind, and it wasn't unusual to see them training at all hours. Jaune and his team joined them on occasion, giving them the chance to test their skills against their closest classmates.

Ruby had polished her skills and was now employing her semblance in short, swift bursts to augment her scything slashes. She must have been working on her stamina before all of this, because even after an hour of training and fighting hard, she was still ready to go. Yang was employing more grappling into her style, utilizing throws and vicious knee strikes. She was particularly dangerous as a grappler for any damage you dealt back to her only increased the strength of her hold. Ren had gone all in on his aura strikes, sharpening his control and increasing the devastating power of his blows. It wasn't unusual to see him obliterate tree trunks

with nothing more than the tap of his knuckles, his aura lancing out to deliver what could very well be a finishing strike.

And Pyrrha – well, she was just as sublime as ever.

It was clear to Jaune – and everyone else – that she was distracted by something, but don't let it be said that a simple distraction could impact her work ethic. Every movement was precise, efficient, her sword strokes cutting the air with a hum. She effortlessly switched between her weapons, her footwork perfect, mecha-shifting from sword to spear, her style changing mid-form, employing long, sweeping strikes and thrusts before again shifting into a shooting stance as her weapon became a rifle. Several targets had been set up, and she nailed each one, one after the other, firing rapidly before again shifting back into her sword stance, weapon mecha-shifting into his original form. Watching her was like watching a professional dancer, or artist.

It inspired.

But whatever it was that was weighing on her mind was eating into her in other ways. After a couple of days, he noticed bags under her eyes, and Ruby came to him, admitting that she often didn't go to bed until well after the rest of them did, and was already gone in the morning when they woke up.

It may not have been showing in her fighting skills, but everywhere else, the cracks were starting to appear.

Jaune wasn't sure if he should go to her, or wait for her to reach out. He decided to give it a little bit of time. If things got worse, he would step in.

When he wasn't training, he spent time with his sisters. At first, they'd been rattled by the threat on their lives, but as the days passed by, they eased into this new reality. Lavender was quite

taken with the swimming facilities they had on campus, and spent most mornings there. She'd always been very keen on swimming. In the summer, it would take Ma calling several times to pull her away from the lake.

Olive spent a lot of her time in the library. She loved to read, and now she had the perfect opportunity to laze around all day and do nothing else. Since Beacon had a lot of books not found on regular shelves, detailing Grimm and other Huntsman related knowledge, she was like a kid in a candy shop.

Violet... well, Violet had been hanging around Ren a lot.

They made an odd duo. His sister was very outgoing, outspoken, and loved to tease. In many ways, she was a lot like Nora – just not quite so insane. It made Ren largely immune, though Jaune could tell he wasn't prepared for how... *forward* she could be.

But watching them interact made it clear that they enjoyed each other's company immensely. Ren wasn't exactly the most emotionally open of people, but Jaune had seen him smile more in recent days than he'd seen since they'd met. And Violet was practically glowing when Jaune saw them together. He wasn't sure what they talked about, but it was engaging to the both of them.

As for Saphron and Terra, they rolled with the punches. All of his sisters got their fair share of attention. They were all very attractive, and they were civilians. While Beacon had plenty of civilian workers that come and go, it was unusual for any to stay at the school, and eat with the students. But for all the attention they received, Saphron and Terra garnered more because of Adrian.

"Ehehe," Velvet giggled as Adrian played with her ears. Jaune had been worried that he might be too rough with them, but he was being very gentle, stroking them softly. "Oh my god, you are just the *cutest*. Yes, you. You're the cutest."

Adrian beamed toothily, laughing as Velvet leaned in and nuzzled his face with her own. Terra grinned, watching the pair as Saphron chatted with Coco.

“You’re good with kids,” he commented, and he watched Velvet’s cheeks go red.

“Do you think so?” she asked shyly.

Jaune nodded. “Yeah, definitely.”

“I... I’ve always wanted a big family,” she confessed. “Being an only child, I often wondered what having a brother or sister would be like. When I have children, I want them to experience having siblings.”

“You’d be a great mom.”

Velvet bit her lip, and looked like she wanted to say something, but thought better of it.

He also spent a lot of time with Penny, something she was very happy about. Sometimes she was accompanied by her partner, Ceil, but most of the time, they were alone.

“Friend Jaune,” she exclaimed loudly, waving him over. “I have found the quest item.”

The ‘quest item’ in question was the box of screws they’d been asked to fetch. As the fighting tournament got closer, a small fair ground was being erected complete with rides for children, souvenir shops and food stalls. Builders had been hired to build temporary stalls, and students

had been assigned to help with anything they required. Mostly just heavy lifting, or fetching supplies from the large shipping container that had been delivered.

“Bum bum bum~!” Penny chimed, and Jaune still didn’t know where that sound was coming from. He couldn’t see her scroll. “First item secured!”

“Now we just need to find the support straps,” he looked around. Moving a few boxes, he found them hiding at the back. “Here they are.”

“Let us complete our quest at once!”

They weren’t the only students helping out. As they exited the shipping container, Cardin and Russel approached with sour looks on their faces, shooting Penny strange looks when she continued to drop game terminology as they passed by.

Ruby was helping hold some framing up as it was measured, squared off, and then screwed into place. The builders were good at their jobs, and it didn’t take them long at all for several of the stalls to be completed.

Afterwards, the three of them hung out. Ruby was becoming good friends with Penny. Jaune liked watching them interact. It was sugar overload, the sweetness off the charts. Ruby was a gamer herself, so they had plenty to talk about.

“Forever Quest is my favorite, but dad didn’t like me playing it too much,” Ruby grumbled. “Since it’s a subscription game. I had to do chores to earn playtime.”

“I confess, I have not played that one!” Penny appeared intrigued. “The subscription will not pose a challenge. I have access to a large budget.”

Ruby giggled. "It's lots of fun! Though it's a little dated by today's standards. There are other similar games but they don't have that spark, you know? MMO's are a dying breed."

Penny nodded. "Yes, I am also drawn to older titles. They have more 'soul' and no battlepasses. The cosmetics are dangerously pretty."

Ruby hesitated. "Um, have you tried gacha games?"

That spawned a whole new discussion, and Jaune found himself getting lost. Even so, he enjoyed their company even if he was sure they forgot he was there at times.

A week passed by in this way.

Things were hectic, and stress levels were perhaps a little high. If Jaune was feeling it, he knew the others must be, as well. They were working hard, honing their skills to a fine edge, and with everything else going on... well, he was actually a little impressed that it took a week.

It wasn't Nora, or Blake, or Weiss that made the first move, though. It was Yang.

And the way she did it was... interesting to say the least.

She found him in the gym, Jaune taking out a little aggression on the bench press. His arms pumped as his chest bunched, the bar sagging as he breathed out through his nose, going through his normal routine. This was his fifth set, muscles burning, and with a final push, he

racked the weight and sat up, sweat making his singlet cling to his chest. Reaching for his bottle of water, he chugged half of it as a shadow crept across him.

Jaune blinked, looking up.

“Yang,” he said, pleasantly surprised. “Come to work out?”

She was dressed for it, a pair of yellow spandex shorts clinging to her hips and thighs, highlighting the lovely shape of her. A tight sports bra helped contain her ample chest, black and yellow, the modest cut just as alluring as if she’d worn something showy.

The expression on her face, though...

“Do you have a moment?” she asked, slightly breathless. The look on her face went straight to his cock, and he felt himself swelling. “I want to talk to you about something.”

“Uh, right,” he said, grabbing his towel and standing. “Um – do you want to go somewhere?”

She grabbed his hand. “Come with me.”

She led him to the locker room, and then to the showers. That only made his cock harder, his eyes following the line of her spine, and the roundness of her butt. Those shorts did nothing to hide and everything to show, the material wedged between those cheeks maddeningly.

She pushed him into one of the stalls and closed the door behind her, leaning against it. She bit her lip, and he saw the first hint of hesitation. Her boldness faltered, but only for an instant.

“So – um, some of us were talking,” she began slowly, fidgeting. “And we thought – you know, with everything going on, and the training we’re doing – that we should explore all our options.”

She paused, as if expecting him to say something. “Uh – all our options. Right. What do you mean by that?”

Her eyes fell, and saw. He looked down. His length was tenting the loose short he was wearing.

“Well, we know that – uh, *being intimate* increases the potency of your semblance, and makes us a lot stronger. Even evolving our semblances,” so when she said some of us were talking, she meant Blake, Nora, and probably Weiss. “So we were talking, and thinking that we should... test it out, and grow familiar with... you know...”

She wanted to have sex again. But this time, she wanted to see how it would translate into her semblance.

It wasn't a bad idea. They would need all the strength they could muster, if the worst should happen, but it wasn't like they could plan these things out. At least, not in a real world context. But familiarizing themselves with the changes would be beneficial. They already knew Blake could create perfect copies of herself, and while Weiss had instantly conquered summoning as a result, he felt there was much more they hadn't discovered. The same went for Nora.

“Right,” he said. “I... guess that would be helpful.”

Yang exhaled shakily, and then admitted in a rush, "And I haven't been able to stop thinking about you, Jaune, and that night... I'm... *fuck*, I'm so fucking horny, you have no idea. I know things are tense right now, but I've masturbated more this week than I have in years, it's ridiculous."

Jaune swallowed. He saw it in his mind, Yang reclined, her hand buried between her thighs, moving furiously... and he remembered the heat of her, clutching his cock, melting around him...

"And it looks like you're a bit bricked up as well," she pointed out, still looking at his tenting erection.

"You could say that," he said with a laugh. "So... you want to...?"

"God, yes. Please," she said quickly. "...Fuck, I sound desperate, don't I? Urgh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean—," he cut her off with a kiss.

Yang squeaked, his hands curling around her waist, holding her firmly as their lips pressed together. She met him eagerly, pressing back, their mouths opening up, tongues twining together. She shivered as he pressed his weight against her, trapping her against the door.

"*Mmmng—Jaune, haaaah, god,*" she murmured between kisses. "*Mmngg~!*"

Her mouth was so hot, and wet, and tasted sweet. Shifting his hips, he grinded his cock across her belly, Yang gasping in delight.

"Did they make you come to me first?" he asked, sucking on her lower lip. She nodded, stilted, mewling when he bit down lightly.

“Y-Yeah,” she managed, groaning.

He had a feeling this was all Nora’s idea.

But Yang hadn’t been pressured. She was all for it.

Her hands scrambled, tugging his shorts down desperately. His underwear went with them, his cock springing free aggressively. It slapped against her bare stomach, burning, and she writhed, moaning as he sucked on her tongue. Their kisses became increasingly sloppy, Jaune squeezing her hips hard enough to bruise as she thrust her chest against him eagerly, relishing the ache.

One of her hands gripped him around the base, stroking him up and down while the other cupped the head as his foreskin peeled back. Jaune grunted, thrusting against her, the pleasure sharp, blinding. Pre-cum quickly wet her palm, and though her movements were awkward, unpolished, it felt *so damn good*, both hands working him over with growing confidence.

“*Does this feel good?*” she panted, eyes pleading with him.

He nodded, kissing her again, swallowing her sounds of delight. Her grip tightened on him, her fist pumping him firmly while she tormented the head, smearing his pre-ejaculate around the sensitive tip with her palm.

And then they heard the sound of a door opening.

They froze, their lips still sealed together. They listened closely, waiting, and heard someone walking along the stalls until they found one to their liking. The sound of a gym bag hitting the floor was like a gunshot, his cock flexing in her grip, and then the sound of rustling clothes met their ears.

Someone was getting ready to shower.

Jaune's heart hammered against his chest. He pulled away slowly, stepping back, and was about to cool things off before Yang placed a hand on his chest, forcing him back against the wall.

Then without hesitation, Yang dropped to her knees.

"Yang?" he hissed quietly, urgent. "What are you doing?"

But it was clear what she was doing. She peered up at him through her lashes, her own heart rocketing around in her chest. Her tongue swiped out along her lips, a quick dash of pink, and he saw her pupils dilate.

"I want to make you feel good."

Jaune's jaw flexed, muffling his sound of surprise as she buried her face against his crotch. Resting her cheek on his thigh, her nose pressing into the base of his cock, she inhaled deeply, one hand palming the side of his shaft, keeping it steady. Yang shuddered, the scent of his sweat and musk filling her lungs, her body tingling as heat erupted in her belly.

She hadn't been lying. Yang had never been so horny in her entire life, and even before finding him in the gym, her panties had been *drenched*. Just thinking about what she'd been planning to

do with him when she found him made her *gush*, and Nora's words kept replaying over and over again, egging her on.

*"Things are really tense right now, so we all need to blow off a little steam. Especially for Jaune," her eyes had twinkled in that particular way they did whenever she was up to mischief. "His family is here, and I know he's more worried for them than anything else. So we should do our part, as his girlfriends."*

The meaning was clear.

Yang wasn't sure why *she* was the one Nora had been pushing to make a move, but she wasn't complaining. Maybe it was because she was the new girl in the relationship, and it was a power play – or maybe Nora was being nice, and wanted Yang to experience him again.

She was glad for it.

Things *were* tense. They were running themselves ragged, preparing themselves not just for the tournament, but for the potential attack coming their way. Ozpin, Ironwood – and her Uncle Qrow – she knew this shit was beyond serious if they were involved, and the fact that someone had *dared* to place a hit on Jaune, on her friends...

Her semblance liked to feed into her anger. It was one of the downsides to her ability. But even without it, Yang was an emotional girl. If someone threatened her family, threatened her friends, threatened *Jaune* – it wasn't rage she felt, but a cold, burning fury.

A fury she used to fuel her training. She knew she wasn't alone. This threat against them, it was burning hotly within all of them, but if they weren't careful, it would consume them. All work and no play, as the saying went. And while they were making sure to take it easy when they could, there was play and then there was *play*.

Yang knew the basic mechanics of sucking a dick, but she'd never done it before. She'd had him inside her, but she'd never been face-to-face with his cock like this, and while she knew he was ridiculously fat and long, it felt even more so when he was right in front of her.

And the way it *smelt*...

She panted harshly, a little drunk on it. Her nose ran up his shaft, sniffing, greedy. Her mouth was flooded with saliva, and she couldn't wait. The skin was velvety smooth, yet raised where the veins swelled and throbbed, pumping him full of blood to maintain his peerless erection. When her lips ghosted across his skin, she heard him grunt, and felt the sound resonate in her womb.

Her thighs pressed together, her insides squeezing deliciously.

"W-Wait, Yang," he tried, but her soft, moist lips gliding up his shaft, kissing him lovingly was enough to scramble his brain. The person in the other stall turned the shower on, the hiss of water spraying out helping to dampen whatever sound they might make, but not enough if they weren't careful. His fingers thread through her lush hair, and Yang mewled, tongue licking out and bathing him in saliva. "*Fuck*, Yang, if you're not careful, we'll get caught!"

"You'll just have to keep quiet, then," she said hotly, those lilac eyes darkened further. "I want to suck your dick."

Before he could speak, her tongue lashed out and licked the tip. Pleasure spiked down his shaft, pooling in his balls as they tightened. Yang shivered, the musky taste of his pre-cum spread across her tongue, and liking the taste, she did it again, and again, lapping at him like a lollipop. His fingers tightened in her hair, massaging her scalp as he threw his head back with a sigh of bliss.

Her tongue was followed by her plump lips, smooching the end of him with growing enthusiasm. Soft and hot, they warped around his glans as she made out with his dick, her breathing uneven as her heart raced, her body tingling all over. If possible, his cock grew even harder, trembling as she held it steady, tickling the slit with the tip of her tongue before taking him inside.

Her lips stretched to accommodate him, wet mouth encasing him. Jaune breathed heavily through his nose as her head bobbed awkwardly, trying to adjust, Yang unused to having something so wide in her mouth. Her tongue flailed uselessly against the underside, but any movement was good, the sensations making his balls jump with joy.

Jaune heard the door open again, another person entering the locker room.

"You hit your PR today," a voice filtered through the haze of his pleasure, feminine. It wasn't just one person, but two.

"I've been working up to it. We need to be at our strongest, we don't want to go out in the first round, right? That would be embarrassing, especially if it's a first year team that beats us."

Two girls – Beacon students, probably. Older – second years? They moved through the locker room as Yang slowly got a handle on what she was doing, one of her hands stroking his shaft with firm pumps while her mouth slipped a little further down. She directed him towards her cheek, rubbing him along the inside as she slurped lewdly, a little too loudly. His fingers tensed in warning.

"Wash my back?" the first girl asked.

"Sure."

Another shower started up, filling the room with steam. It helped to muffle the sounds of Yang's sucking, but Jaune felt on edge. Every sound was abnormally loud to him, her tongue finding its footing as it began to swirl around him maddeningly.

Yang peered up through her lashes, watching his expressions as her lips tightened. Her jaw was already beginning to ache, unused to it, but she pushed through. What was a little discomfort? More pre-cum oozed onto her tongue, and Yang found herself addicted to the taste. Pulling back slightly, she sealed her lips under the ridge of his crown, sucking strongly. Jaune grunted again, cock flexing.

She could only take a few inches, but that was okay. It was only her first time. If she went any deeper, she might choke, and they might get caught. So she focused on tormenting him with her tongue, swirling it around, flicking the end, pulling off him with a soft pop to bathe his shaft in spit. The furnace between her legs only grew, her insides writhing, wanting something to grip.

Something long, and fat, and hot. Something that would touch the back of her, and fill her with molten cum. Yang whimpered as a particular strong contraction rocked her pussy, her slit gushing wetly. A hand fell to touch herself, rubbing through her spandex shorts.

She felt stifled. Hot. Claustrophobic. Her sports bra was too tight. Releasing his cock with her pumping hand, she pulled her bra up, her breasts stretching as she tugged on the material. One breast was freed first, dropping, and then another, exposed.

Jaune saw her tits pop out, those puffy, inverted nipples meeting his eyes as he stared from above. Her chest heaved as she continued to suck his cock, a little spit dripping down onto her pale bosom. And that hand between her thighs, touching herself, moving up and down, stroking her slit before circling her clit, moving rapidly...

His cock tensed.

"Fuck, Yang," he whispered, jaw locked. She bobbed her head quickly in short, sharp bursts, slurping sternly, Jaune shivering. The pleasure was building, the pressure maddening. The end of his dick was flushed bright red, and the possibility of someone overhearing them only added to it.

He wanted more. This was about his semblance, right? So he needed to cum inside her. Not in her mouth. Right?

Yang blinked in surprise as Jaune suddenly pulled his cock out of her mouth. She only had a moment to process the thought before he was hauling her up, hands under her pits. He spun them, pinning her back to the wall, Yang nearly squealing as the cold tile touched her exposed skin. Strong hands clamped her hips, and then he was forcing her shorts down, alongside her panties.

"Oh~!" she exclaimed softly as the sodden material peeled away from her vulva. They pooled around her ankles, and she tried to kick them off. She only managed to free one leg before he was hiking it up, hands grasping her ass firmly, fingers sinking in as he lifted her effortlessly. "Ah~!"

"Shh," he chided, pressing his body into hers. She was trapped between the hard wall and his hard body, cold at her back, hot at her front. His hands tightened, mauling her ass, her mouth falling open in bliss as his hard, wet cock slid across her belly. "You have to be quiet. You like to keep it in, right?"

Yang flushed prettily, her eyes glowing – and then Jaune was directing his cock towards her slit, finding her entrance. He swallowed her whimper with a kiss, sliding into her easily, body yielding to his long, fat cock. Her body tightened as that familiar stretch greeted her, pussy taking on his shape as he cleaved into her in one, long, swift thrust.

*"Mmmnnngggg~!"* she moaned into his mouth, speared to the end. His cock filled her completely, the tip of his dick docking with her cervix, The spongy cap warped around his head, as if making out with it, her body trembling as he balanced her on his impressive cock.

She was being split apart, and she loved every second of it. Her breasts heaved, squashed against his chest, her hands gripping at his damp singlet. The material bunched in her hands, one of her legs hiked over his arm, knee in the crook of his elbow while the other hung limply, foot off the floor. Her shorts and underwear dangled behind his back, thighs spread wide, and when he rolled his hips, she almost screamed.

Yang locked her jaw, burying it, trapped in her chest. She writhed against him as he prodded at her womb, grinding her cervix before pulling out slightly. Her folds coiled around him, her uterus feeling the jolt as he tugged on her – and then he thrust back in, Yang choking on a gasp, her nails raking at his back.

*"Jaune~!"* she mewled, head tossed to the side. The way he was impaling her, *fuck* – it was going to drive her insane! *"Oh my god, fuck, Jaune, you're so deeeeeeep~!"*

Her whispered voice cracked as he shifted his hips, circling, her sob caught halfway. Angling her pelvis to find the perfect angle, he pulled back, slowly, her lips stretching as they attempted to hold on. Slowly, slowly, slowly, and then he punched back in, Yang arching aggressively as he drove back in all the way, their pelvis' smacking wetly.

Yang thrashed.

His fingers tightened on her ass, holding her steady as she bucked. Jaune panted, drinking in her flushed cheeks, bright eyes, and lower, her bulging chest. Pulling out again until only the head remained, several glistening inches free of her clutching depths for only a moment before he thrust back in, clapping into her, her face collapsing in rapture.

Her cute little muffled moans of pleasure went straight to his balls. He thrust into her a little harder, but still maintaining those long, slow strokes, feeling her ripple around him from root to tip. She was so hot inside, melting around him, his cock straining against her plump folds that clung to him desperately, dragging wetly along his shaft.

*“Jaaaaune,”* she mewled, the pleasure spiking up her spine whenever he bumped her cervix. *“Fuck, baby, you’re so deep~! I can’t – I can’t~!”*

Jaune growled as he seized her lips, kissing her powerfully as his hips began to snap forward faster, rutting into her like a wild animal. She spasmed around him, *milking*, and he angled a little upwards, grinding across her cervix and finding another spot nearby.

*“Ahhhn~!”* she wailed, and even through their kiss, the sound escaped. Jaune bit her lip in warning, focusing on that spot that made her tremble and squeeze him, her broken moans swallowed by his domineering mouth. Yang had trouble breathing, her lungs burning, the knot in her lower belly tightening so much it *hurt*.

She was going to cum.

She was going to cum *so hard!*

She clawed him through his singlet, desperate. Their mouths separated, and she buried her face in his neck, trying to contain herself but he kept savaging her deep, spreading her like nothing else could. Her muscles began to lock up, body hunching against him as he pistoned into her wet snatch, her juices squelching as he punched into her several times in quick, rapid thrusts that made her see stars.

*“Cuummmmming~♡~!”* she seethed, biting his shoulder as she balanced on the edge. *“Hnnggggg—cuuummmmm~♡~!”*

Jaune grunted as her pussy collapsed around him, tense, and then she erupted in orgasm, pulse after mindnumbing pulse throbbing around his thrusting cock. His hands tightened on her ass, bruising her pale skin as he clapped into her as deep as he could, flexing his cock so hard it hurt.

“Oh fuck, Yang,” he groaned into her hair as she whimpered, trembling out of control as she shattered around him. “*Oh fuuuck yeah*, here it is, baby.”

She felt the first heavy gush lance in her womb, thick and *boiling*, her eyes rolling up into her head as she bit him again. The second soon followed, flooding her uterus with heat, and then a third, fourth, fifth. His cock jerked with every ejaculation, swelling and pounding inside her, firing endlessly until she felt her womb bloat, heavy with his virile load. Her climax continued to rush through her, entire body raw with sensation as her pussy drained his balls dry.

Dazed, she could do nothing but curl against him, Jaune’s hard, lean body keeping her pinned as his cock finished firing. Her breathing came out in rough pants, sweaty and overly hot. Jaune nuzzled her hair, inhaling her lovely scent deeply before listening, waiting.

Had they been heard?

The shower to his left had stopped, but the other one – the one with the two girls – continued. A stall door opened, and then nothing else. Whoever it was was probably drying off.

They hadn’t been caught.

“Jaune,” Yang sighed, running her nose along where his neck and shoulder met. She placed a kiss there, gentle and loving. “Mmm, Jaune. It feels so hot inside me.”

She whined in loss as he extracted himself from within her, his sensitive cock throbbing as it smeared a streak of their combined fluids along her thigh as he set her down. Yang fell against him, boneless, legs incapable of keeping her up.

“Are you okay?” he asked quietly.

She nodded, looping her arms around his waist loosely.

“Better than okay,” she hummed, feeling nothing but bliss. “...You make me feel so good.”

“You make me feel good too,” he told her, placing a kiss on top of her head.

Jaune helped her pull up her panties and shorts before pulling his own up. Pulling down her sports bra to cover her sweaty tits, she smiled shyly. Jaune felt his heart skip. She was so sexy after sex.

“We better get out of here,” he suggested.

He checked, opening the stall door. When the coast was clear, they quickly made a break for it. They needed to clean up a bit, and then they could test out how this moment of intimacy would alter her semblance.