

Time moved in mysterious ways.

One moment, they were sharing their first intimate moment at Beacon, and then the next, Blake's due date was fast approaching. Hospital visits became a regular occurrence, the closer they came to the birth of their daughters.

But before that could happen, something else needed doing.

Jaune tried to calm his racing heart but failed, pacing back and forth in the small room he found himself in. Ren watched him with a face hewn from stone, not an unusual expression for his best male friend, but Jaune could tell that he was enjoying this.

He resisted the urge to tug at his bow tie, even though it felt like his throat was being constricted. Instead, he brushed imaginary lint from his white jacket, constantly adjusting and readjusting how it fit around his shoulders even though it fit him like a glove. He caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror, and paused to inspect his reflection.

The suit he was wearing must have cost a mint, made of the finest materials. Tailored perfectly to his size, the jacket was pure snow white with a silken peak lapel, a powder blue silk vest and white cotton under shirt. The bow tie matched his vest, while his white trousers perfectly paired with the jacket. In place of a belt, his pants had side adjusters to precisely adjust the size to find a snug fit. His look was finished with a pair of dark, polished leather shoes.

He didn't recognize himself.

The suit had been paid for by Weiss – or rather, her mother, Willow. Things were tense between mother and daughter, but she had taken an odd shine to Jaune, the few times they'd interacted, and when she'd found out about his plans, she had insisted on providing funds. Weiss might

have turned her down at any other time, but because of the occasion, she had accepted. Begrudgingly.

Her mother had also offered to find them a place to hold the wedding itself.

He was getting married. Him.

He couldn't believe it.

With everything going on, he'd almost forgotten this step. Atlas and Mantle were on the brink, and Blake was about to give birth any week now. He could be excused for being a little absent-minded.

But he'd promised Blake's mother, and he knew that his own parents would want them married before the birth of their first children.

"You're going to walk a hole on the floor," Ren said dryly, unable to contain himself any longer.

"Don't care," Jaune said, and though it was soft, he heard his friend – his best man – laugh under his breath. "This isn't funny."

"It's a little funny," Ren countered, eyes dancing as Jaune glared at him. "You are worrying over nothing."

Jaune knew he was right, but that didn't stop him from feeling sick.

Originally, the plan had just been for them to find a registry office and make things official. No fuss, no hassle, and then afterwards, they could find a nice restaurant to eat at with their friends and have a good time. Blake was more than okay with that, but when their plans had been shared with their friends, that's when things changed.

They found it unacceptable.

He still remembered Weiss and Yang being worked up into a frenzy, throwing ideas at the wall to make this the bestest, grandest wedding ever. Of course, most of those ideas were completely ridiculous and were impractical, but some of them made it through because of Willow Schnee coming to the table.

Though Blake had protested at first, she'd been worn down. The more they spun their ideas, the more she got into it. Jaune was just glad that despite a few costly choices, for the most part, the ceremony would be basic. In front of their friends, they would say some vows and then put on some rings, and kiss, and that would be that.

He still wanted to throw up.

"I need water," he said.

Ren didn't bother hiding his laugh this time, and made his way over to a side table to pour him a glass. Jaune sipped at it slowly, his throat tight. Thankfully, after a few pulls, he felt it begin to loosen, and the water settled in his stomach, helping to calm the somersaults it was attempting.

The door opened, and a head peeked inside.

"It's time," Nora said, beaming brightly. She wore a beautiful teal dress that clung to her curvy figure, an arrangement of flowers woven through her hair on the left. The color of the dress matched Ren's tie and cuffs, an attractive accompaniment to his jet black suit.

Jaune took a deep breath and held it for several seconds, before exhaling slowly. He nodded, and set his glass of water aside. "Right."

The venue was an old opera house. From what he'd been told, this building had once resided in Mantle and had been moved, piece by piece when Atlas had been constructed. It was why it held such a different feel to the rest of the city. Instead of modern, cold construction, this building was built with warm, lush hardwood and stained glass, what little light filtering in from the cloudy, overcast sky casting an array of color across the red carpeted floor and cushioned seating.

Jaune walked down the aisle. Flowers had been arranged to stand on podiums every half dozen feet, leading the way down to the stage. Everyone was already gathered; Team RWBY stood waiting, a rainbow in their vivid dresses. Ruby wore a crimson gown, her shoulders exposed, her developed bosom lifted by the corset built in, black ties crossing the front and back. Weiss was draped in sleek silver and white, her dress shimmering as she moved. Long, white elbow length gloves gave her that spark of elegance, her hair arranged not in the braid she'd taken to wearing as of late, but pulled into an elaborate bun, sapphire earrings dangling from her ears. Yang was a wreath of flame, orange and red enveloping her form, tight around her narrow waist to enhance her impressive bust before flaring out in a series of ruffles, appearing like the flickering of fire. She'd even taken to painting a design on her prosthetic arm, yellows blending with orange and then red like the setting sun.

There was no particular dress code. They didn't care for anything like that, so they'd chosen to go all out. Their dresses suited them, and Jaune paused to stare at them for a moment.

They weren't the only ones present.

Grow was there, awkwardly tugging at his sleeves. Oscar grinned at Jaune, dressed in a forest green suit. Penny rocked back and forth excitedly, and waved happily when she spotted him, her light green gown swishing as she moved. Winter Schnee and the Ace-Ops stood to the side, present and accounted for. After their rocky beginning, their relationship had improved over the weeks and months they'd worked together. He could almost call them friends, though there remained a barrier of professionalism between them.

Maria was also there, and Penny's father. Team FNKI was also attending, Neon Katt appearing like a florescent light in her bright colors. Willow Schnee, and surprisingly, her son, Whitley. He didn't appear too happy to be there, arms crossed, though Jaune thought he spied him looking Ruby's way more than once.

None of his family could be there, nor any of Blake's – but that was okay. One thing they'd agreed on was to take as many pictures as possible, and they would post them as soon as they were developed.

Jaune ascended onto the stage and took his place at the front by the man conducting the ceremony. Ironwood smirked at him, no doubt spotting his nerves.

"Are you well, Mr. Arc?"

Jaune thought about scowling, but then thought better of it. The less he moved his face, the better.

"I'm fine," he managed, sounding more like a grunt.

Yang giggled, hand on her hip.

"You clean up well," she looked him up and down, whistling. "I can't believe you're the same Vomit Boy that threw up on my boots."

"He did what?" Neon Katt asked, eyes wide. "No! He didn't!"

"Thank you, Yang," Jaune deadpanned. "You're a big help."

"No problem," she beamed.

"You look very sharp," Weiss complimented, and for a moment, there was a strange expression on her face. "I... hope you are happy."

Jaune nodded, smiling at her fondly. "I am."

She returned his nod. "Then I am glad."

Ruby leaned closer. "So are you ready to become Mr. Belladonna?"

Jaune chuckled. "She's taking my name, so it's going to be Mrs. Arc."

"That's going to be so weird," she said before her eyes widened. "No, I didn't mean – it isn't weird because you're married, it's just, you know, we're so used to her being Blake. I – wait, she'll still be Blake, it's – argh, no, my words aren't working!"

She panicked, waving her arms around. It was pure Ruby, and Jaune found himself relaxing entirely.

"I get it," he said, amused. "It will take some getting used to."

Yang's scroll dinged, and after checking it, her expression shifted into something more serious.

"Well, it's time to go get the bride. I'll be right back."

The next few minutes were the longest of Jaune's life.

When the music started, his heart leapt into his throat. Everyone went silent and turned, and Jaune caught his first sight of Blake in her dress. He knew she was going for something different, they'd spoken about it beforehand. Brides typically wore white, but since Jaune's suit was going to be that color, she'd gone for the opposite. Something more *her*.

The black gown clung to her body, molding around her swollen stomach and plump hips perfectly, the material shifting effortlessly as she walked. It looped around her neck in a halter style, leaving her shoulders and upper arms bare. Like Weiss, she wore elbow length gloves, black satin with lace woven at the ends, her veil shielding only the upper portion of her face. A long train trailed behind her a couple of feet. Nothing outrageous, but still striking.

She looked magnificent.

Yang accompanied her, walking her down the aisle in place of her father. She was Blake's maid of honor, and Jaune was glad to see it. Whatever troubles and issues they'd had, their time in Atlas had afforded them the opportunity to work things out.

Jaune's heart swelled as he stared at her.

Each step felt like it took an age until finally, she stood before him. She smiled shyly, her lips ruby red with lipstick – and without hesitation, he offered his arm. Her hand settled into the crook of his elbow, and with a teasing bow and smirk, Yang retreated to the side.

"You look very handsome," she whispered to him as they both faced Ironwood, tightening her hold.

"And you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he countered lowly. Her ears flicked, pleased, her spine straightening as Ironwood cleared his throat.

"We are gathered here today to witness this union," the General of Atlas began, the music dying down in response. Everyone took their seats. "A union between Jaune Arc and Blake Belladonna. A union forged in love, and hardship."

They hadn't really had any plans for how the ceremony would be conducted beyond the basics. Their only rule had been that it be short and sweet, and so Ironwood didn't linger. He spoke his lines, delivering them with the gravitas they deserved, and then, "Blake Belladonna, do you take this man, Jaune Arc, to be your lawful wedded husband? Do you promise to love and cherish him, in sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, and forsaking all others, keep yourself only unto him, for so long as you both shall live?"

Jaune saw Blake swallow, her mouth wavering as she said the words, "I do."

“And Jaune Arc, do you take this woman, Blake Belladonna, to be your lawful wedded wife? Do you promise to love and cherish her, in sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, and forsaking all others, keep yourself unto her, for so long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” he said clearly, the effort leaving him breathless.

“The rings,” Ironwood called, and Ruby was the one that stepped forward. Two golden bands lay on a velvet cushion. Jaune took the smaller of the two, and taking Blake’s hand, he slipped it onto her ring finger to join her engagement ring, the pair going together seamlessly.

It was time.

“Blake,” he said. “Our time together hasn’t always been perfect. We both know this. But our time together has undeniably been the best days of my life. I love you, and will always love you, and my greatest desire is to grow old by your side, and never leave it. You are my reason for living. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

He squeezed her hand, and watched her jaw tremble as she struggled to keep her emotions contained.

Then it was her turn. She took up the ring, and Jaune offered his hand. She carefully slipped it onto his finger, the gold band cool against his skin as it settled in place.

“Jaune,” her voice threatened to crack, and she took a moment to compose herself. “When I first met you, I didn’t know what to think. All I know is that I never believed what followed to be possible. I never thought I would find my soulmate, the one who would have my back, and love me, unconditionally. Even when I didn’t deserve it,” her hold tightened on his hand. “You are the

love of my life, and there will never, ever be a time I wish to be parted from you. I love you with all of my heart. In this life, and in whatever may come next.”

He heard a snuffle, and realized that it was Weiss. She dabbed at her eyes, looking furious with herself but it only made Jaune feel fondness for his friend. Ruby’s eyes were bright with tears, and Nora looked like she might break at any moment.

“I now declare you man and wife,” Ironwood took over, declaring their marriage for all to hear. “You may now kiss the bride.”

The words had barely cleared his lips before Jaune was moving, seizing Blake around the waist. She made a sound of surprise as he lifted her, her gasp swallowed as he kissed her passionately. He poured all of his emotion into it, holding her gently against his body, and she kissed him back just as powerfully.

Cheers filled the room, and it was some time before they parted.

It wouldn’t be a wedding without food, but that didn’t come until they finished signing the official documents that solidified their union. They were shown into an adjacent room where tables had been set up, and a full spread was waiting for them. As they were in Atlas, there were a number of seafood dishes, traditional to the land of Solitas. Blake was practically salivating as they sat down, eyes locked on the pan fried salmon. There was also a cake, three tiers, with a small man and a cat at the top. Yang looked particularly amused by this, and he had a feeling that she had something to do with it.

The food was delicious, as expected. Willow Schnee had the finest chefs in Atlas at her disposal, and this was the result. Jaune tried a piece of everything. The salmon that Blake guarded jealously, a seafood chowder filled with mussels, scallops, squid and fish. Steamed clams marinated in a white wine cream sauce. Fatty roasted lamb infused with garlic and rosemary. Juicy chicken thighs in a thick apricot sauce.

He ate his fill until he felt like bursting. The room was filled with happy chatter, a far cry from their usual days full of planning for the worst, holding the kingdom together with pure willpower and nothing else.

“So what do we call you now?” Yang asked, having exhausted her own appetite. She scooted her chair closer. “Blake Arc?”

Blake flushed prettily.

“Belladonna-Arc,” Jaune chimed in, grinning. “I thought it sounded better.”

“I can’t believe you two are married,” Ruby shook her head. “And you’re having kids! We’re still so young!”

“This is what happens when you let a boy get close to you,” Yang teased. “So you better be careful, sis – or next thing we know, you’ll be a mommy too.”

Ruby pulled a face. “I don’t think I’m ready for that. Not until never.”

Yang laughed. “Aren’t you adorable? Someday, some guy is going to sweep you off your feet... and then I’m gonna have to have a very serious talk with them,” her expression grew stern. “I don’t want no deadbeat asshole getting my little sister pregnant and leaving her a single mother.”

Weiss snorted. “She is getting annoyed at her own fabricated story.”

Blake chuckled, looking at her friends fondly.

After the food, there was dancing – and then they cut the cake. They'd gone for chocolate, since everyone loved chocolate, with a white chocolate icing. Jaune helped feed a piece to his new wife, dabbing some of the icing against her cheek. At her cross look, he then removed it with his lips, her amber eyes melting as she gazed at him hotly.

It was time for them to check out after that.

A car had been hired to ferry them to their destination. Covered in scribbles from their friends, lewd jokes from Yang and genuine well wishes from Ren, and a host of other messages, it was quite the sight. Jaune escorted Blake as everyone showered them in cheers, and helping her into the backseat, he slipped in beside her. Rolling down the window, they waved as the car pulled away from the curb, and kept waving until their friends were no more than specks in the distance.

"I need you," she leaned in and whispered, her hot breath making his skin tingle. Her luscious lips grazed the shell of his ear. "I'm so horny right now."

Her voice was husky, and filled with want. Jaune's cock swelled in response, so he kissed her hungrily, cupping her cheek. They made out all the way to the hotel, their lips swollen and covered in smeared lipstick. The driver looked a little hot around the collar as they stepped out, Jaune leading Blake towards the reception and getting their key. Eyes watched them, some in awe, some in displeasure. The latter were looking at Blake's ears, but they didn't care. Another gift from Willow, a night at the most prestigious hotel in the city.

Jaune had to restrain himself in the elevator, contenting himself to sucking her tongue and squeezing her hips. Blake moaned as their lips smacked wetly, her belly pressing against him. His cock was now iron, uncomfortably trapped by his trousers. One of her hands found him, cupping his bulge and squeezing delightfully.

*"Mmwah~!* Oooh, is this for me?" she asked cheekily, fingers tracing his shape. She found the head and teased it with her nails, lightly scratching at the material.

"Always," he growled, nipping at her jawline, and then lower. He buried his nose against her neck and inhaled her sweet scent, a mixture of vanilla and something tart, a citrus twang that went straight to something primal in his brain. He kissed her neck, licking across her pulse point, Blake gasping as the heat of his mouth seeped into her skin.

The elevator took them to the top floor. The hallway was wide and long, but only a few doors lined the walls. The most expensive rooms in the hotel, and taking the lead, Jaune pulled Blake along, palming at her thick ass as he found their door and opened it.

It opened to a large, opulent room but he only had eyes for his wife. They found the bedroom quickly, a large king size awaiting them. Blake giggled as he stroked her waist, curling his arms around her to begin undressing her lovely body.

"I'm going to make love to you, as my wife," he told her, peeling the hidden zipper down. "Then I'm going to fuck you, just how you love it."

She cupped his cheeks and kissed him, her heart racing wildly. Her insides trembled in anticipation, her loins flooded with heat. A hot coal was lodged in her lower belly, sizzling and threatening to crack as he lifted the straps over her head, her dress falling from her chest. She wasn't wearing a bra, only two circular pasties to cover her nipples.

Jaune groaned.

"Look at you," he hissed, palming her sensitive tits. Her nipples were already rock hard, poking through the paltry coverings. "Fuck, you look delicious."

Blake slowly loosened his bow tie, and then began unbuttoning his shirt and vest. Placing her palms against his bare skin, she pushed them outwards, removing everything in one go, his arms falling back to let his jacket fall away, then his vest, and finally, his shirt. His muscular, lean physique filled her eyes, her occupied uterus *throbbing*.

She would never get tired of seeing him this way.

She whimpered as he removed the pasties, her tits already leaking. His fingers found her hard nubs, flicking them as they expelled milk, her own hands loosening his pants. He toed off his shoes, and when his trousers fell to pool around his ankles, he was left in his tenting underwear.

“Turn around,” he commanded, voice dark, and she obeyed without hesitation. Blake sighed as she left his hard body press into her back, those strong, kind hands gripping her hips before they helped the dress around her stomach. Once it cleared her pregnant belly, it fell away. All that covered her now was a pair of black lacy panties that were already drenched.

“Oh fuck,” she whispered as he cupped her tummy and lifted it, legs going weak as he helped shoulder the weight. She sagged back against him, his confined cock slotting between her cheeks. “Oh, Jaune – god, that feels so good.”

He chuckled, kissing her neck, parting her silken hair. Blake writhed, her womb pounding like the beat of her heart, her twins growing restless as they squirmed inside her.

“Jaune, please,” she begged, and giving her neck one final, sturdy suck, he turned her around.

He removed his boxer-briefs, exposing his cock. It curved against her belly, poking her. Blake shivered, palming him, feeling his heat, those knotted veins pumping furiously to keep him erect. She stroked his length lovingly, teasing the head with feather soft touches.

Pre-cum oozed from the tip.

His fingers found her damp crotch, rubbing her through the damp material. She mewled, pressing her mound against his fingers, sparks firing up her spine as he jostled her clitoris. Rubbing it in tight circles, Blake felt as if her legs may give out, her sensitivity through the roof. Her hold on his cock tightened.

“Take them off,” she pleaded desperately.

Giving her covered slit one final swipe, his fingers pulled away wet. Taking the waistband in hand, he peeled her underwear down, Blake cooing as the sodden fabric reluctantly parted with her skin. With nothing to hold them, they fell to the floor.

“Make love to me,” she said, voice dark with promise. “Make love to your wife.”

They lowered themselves onto the bed, Jaune’s hands mapping out her soft skin. They faced the same way, a position they had grown vastly experienced with as her pregnancy progressed. Spooning against her back, his cock slipped between her legs, throbbing on her thighs as she squeezed her legs together, groaning.

“Mm, you’re so wet, baby,” he gathered her hair and shifted it aside, giving him free reign on her neck. He peppered kisses up and down the pale expanse, relishing her soft cries. “My beautiful wife.”

He reached down and took himself in hand, angling his cock just right to press against her swollen lower lips. Jaune pressed forward, seeking that molten, slick heat, and her entrance yielded effortlessly, opening to him. He slid inside, inch by inch, Blake moaning as her pussy stretched.

Like a key fitting a lock.

Blake's jaw clenched as he seated himself inside her, pelvis pressed against her plush ass. She never got tired of this, his fat, long cock buried to the hilt, filling her until she felt like she'd rupture. She clenched around him, rippling, and he responded by flexing, touching something magical deep inside.

"Yessss," she crooned, pulling one of his arms around her body to settle on her tits. He palmed them, squeezing, massaging her sensitive chest until milk sprayed from her nipple. "*Oh Jaune~! Mm, yeah, please, baby.*"

He moved slowly, rolling his hips.

Blake gasped as his crown tugged on her folds, the wet glide rendering her senseless. Her hips pressed back, chasing the pleasure, her voice filled with lust as he stroked in and out of her with gentle movements, taking his time.

"How does that feel?" he murmured.

"Good," she sighed, insides spasming around him whenever he slid back inside to the root, teasing the entrance to her occupied womb. "*It feels amazing.*"

He wasn't just Jaune any more. He was her husband. Her husband was making sweet love to her. The thought made her heart swell, the pleasure building in her loins to flare hotly.

Her wonderful man. She didn't deserve him, yet here he was, having made her his wife, his peerless cock moving inside her, his hand milking her breasts with firm, squeezing strokes. Even though he was moving slowly, she could hear the wet slosh of her gushing cunt, attempting to squeeze the cum out of his balls with a desperation that bordered on manic.

Blake had never been happier in all of her life.

Tears sprung to her eyes, her jaw wobbling. A hiccuping snuffle alerted him, and he almost stopped, his hand freezing.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

*"Please~!",* she begged, almost sobbing. *"Don't stop. Please."*

He listened, hips maintaining their rocking thrusts. His hand left her chest and cupped her jaw, turning her face so he could see her.

"What's wrong?" he asked quietly, voice bleeding with concern.

She shook her head, glistening eyes pulling him in.

*"Nothing's wrong,"* she lifted an arm, cupping the back of his head, drawing him down. *"I'm so happy."*

They kissed, mouths moving slowly, tongues curling in time to his slow, methodical thrusts. They poured everything they felt into the kiss, every emotion, leaving them both breathless and shivering. Her first orgasm came on suddenly, a slow, rolling burn that spread from her abdomen, down her legs and up her body, almost like slipping into a warm bath of pleasure.

Her soft cries were beautiful, Jaune groaning as her pussy spasmed around him, clenching perfectly. From root to tip, she milked him, her soft folds coiling around him, coaxing out his load. Cock stiffening, he cum inside her, volley after volley painting the outside of her cervix with molten, liquid heat.

*"Mmngg,"* Blake groaned as each shot was felt keenly, her broken gasps only driving the intensity of his climax. He continued to thrust through his orgasm, claiming her lips again, swallowing her cries as they shattered together.

As their orgasms began to wane, his hips finally came to a stop. Their mouths continued to move until their lungs burned from the effort, lips stinging from the constant friction. Pulling away, Jaune gazed at her in adoration. Blake felt like she was about to cry, her emotions overwhelming.

"Jaune," she whispered, nails raking across his scalp as she pulled her hands away.

"How did that feel?" he asked, pecking her on the cheek. "Did that feel good, wife?"

Wife.

Blake shivered. "Mhm."

Jaune smiled, pecking her on the nose. Her features scrunched cutely, so he did it again.

"Now I'm going to fuck you how you love it," he told her, a dark thrill racing through her. "Get on your knees."

Blake felt weak, her muscles turned to mush – but she did as she was told, rolling over and propping herself up. Her belly and breasts hung heavily, her spine arched as Jaune rose up and circled around to her backside, palming her ass cheeks. He gave them both a harsh squeeze, peeling her apart. She gasped, feeling her plump pussy lips open, her juices rolling down the backs of her thighs.

"Look at you," he said, admiring her pink opening and her twitching little rosebud. He rubbed it with a thumb, Blake tensing as he circled her asshole again and again, smearing her wetness over the puckered flesh. "Amazing."

He wasted no time, taking himself in hand and pressed the end of his cock against her weeping entrance. She cooed as he slid into her, feeding his length until he was buried to the hilt, pressing his hips against her ass. She tightened around him, wet and warm, moaning as he docked with her cervix. He could feel his silky load inside her, pooled around his invading shaft.

Jaune started slowly, pulling out and thrusting back in with controlled movements. Her fingers curled and bunched the blanket, knuckles white as pleasure rolled up her spine in devastating waves. He was so long and thick, her body grasping at every inch of him. His eyes remained locked on where she gripped him, a fleshy pink ring dragging up and down his shaft wetly.

His wife's pussy.

His hands grabbed handfuls of her hip meat, fingers sinking in viciously. Blake crooned sweetly, beginning to press herself back, using her arms as leverage. Jaune met her in the middle, a little harder, a pop of flesh filling the air.

Blake breathed heavily through her nose, her folds being tugged by his burly crown. He angled his hips a little lower, digging just a small bit deeper, her cry of ecstasy deafening. She threw herself back harder, desperate, and felt it again, her nipples weeping milk as they swung beneath her.

Her husband was fucking her. Fucking her like some whore. One of his hands released her, vanishing from her skin only to come crashing down, a sharp, harsh clap sounding as he spanked her fat ass. Blake jolted, whining, her insides spasming from the impact.

“You love that, don’t you?”

Her head bobbed up and down in an awkward nod, “Yes, *that felt so good~!*”

He spanked her again, timing it with bottoming out in her pussy. Her inner muscles writhed, strangling his cock, and Jaune groaned in appreciation. A thick, white froth began to leak from her, his previous load fucked and churned into a milky mess.

“Fuck, that feels amazing,” he spanked her again, harder, gripping her ass afterwards and tormenting the irritated skin. “God, keep squeezing me just like that.”

He moved a little faster, using the full length of his considerable dick to give her pleasure. Blake gasped and moaned, meeting his thrusts harder, throwing her ass back, arms tensing whenever

he speared her. Blake could feel her daughters moving inside her, reacting to the pleasure her body was feeling, one of them kicking, stealing her breath.

*“Fuck, Jaune, mmnnngg—baby, yes, right there, keep fucking me~!”* she begged, toes spreading as he hilted himself and rolled his hips, grinding against her cervix. That beautiful ache radiated through her entire body. *“Mmngg, fuck, your cock is so biiiig~! I love your fat dick, and how it makes me feel. Mmng—gawd, fuck, nnggg~!”*

His heavy balls slapped against her clitoris, the sting only making it better. She could already feel her second climax building rapidly, her belly tightening as he persistently fucked her deep. He spanked her again, harder, and she sobbed.

*“Cumming~♡~!”* she managed to get out, her body growing hot. *“Cuuummmiiiiinnngg~♡~!”*

Jaune felt her shudder and thrash, her insides pulsing before contracting violently. He continued to fuck her through her orgasm, jaw locked as she milked him, her moans and pleas only driving him on. He fucked her until she crested again, her asshole winking wildly – and that was when he finally sealed his hips to her and flooded her again with his cum, hot ropes pounding into her with soul draining force.

“Yeeaah, baby, fuck,” Jaune sighed, cock jerking so hard he felt like he was about to cramp. “Take it, baby. Take it all in.”

Blake sagged, gasping, arms no longer able to keep her up. He filled her with so much cum that it immediately gushed out of her when he extracted his cock from her depths, feeling it splash down her thighs in hot rivers. She collapsed onto her side, shivering uncontrollably, cradling her stomach as her orgasm refused to abate for over a minute, aftershocks pounding through her.

Jaune settled down in front of her, still hard. His cock was a mess of her juices and his cum, frothed from fucking it into a mess. He cupped her cheek and kissed her, and her numb mouth moved, accepting his tongue.

“How was that?” he asked quietly.

She smiled lazily. “You know I loved it.”

He gazed at her husband, this wonderful man and knew that everything was going to be alright. Whatever trouble they might face in the future, whatever obstacles they were required to overcome, they would do it. Because they were together, and despite her best efforts, he loved her more than life itself. Jaune would go to the ends of the earth for her, and she would do the same for him – for their daughters.

And to think this all started because he found out her secret.

She squirmed and shuffled down, and Jaune frowned.

“What are you doing?”

She grasped his messy cock and peered up at him through her lashes, “What do you think I’m doing? I’m cleaning my husband’s dirty cock. I’d be a poor wife if I left it like this.”

They didn’t get much sleep at all that night.