

Weiss Schnee, daughter and heiress of the Schnee family, didn't have a problem with Faunus.

A certain kind of person would be surprised by this. They'd think she was lying or playing nice for the camera that was eternally present in her life.

That certain kind of person was called an idiot. A twit. A fool. An ignoramus. Other words that required a dictionary to ensure proper use but meant that the person with that particular epithet was exceptionally dim.

Weiss Schnee, daughter and heiress of the Schnee family, could recognize the differences between groups and people. She possessed object permanence, not just for the numbers in her bank account. She also could recognize malice even if it were hidden under a smile and had plenty of basic empathy.

Yes. Basic empathy. That was the most important thing.

It separated her from the vapid parasites that hovered around her every social occasion and from her father. It kept her sane and gave her hope that maybe, just maybe, she could bring it back to how it was in her Grandfather's day.

Maybe it wouldn't be as profitable. Perhaps it wouldn't extract as much Dust. But, at least she wouldn't be calling in Grimm for miles around with her business practices. At least her employees wouldn't be miserable. And at least there would be a chance that people would stop assuming that she was a bigot just because she was related to someone who was.

That would be nice.

"You been messing with my sister, princess?"

And maybe, just maybe, she'd learn that people who weren't her might have functional relationships with friends and family, unlike her who did not. And that, while she was no pushover, she had her weaknesses.

Like...numbers. Numbers was one. More than one person at a time was dangerous.

It would be better if it were one-on-one.

It *is* better to be somewhere secluded where no one would stumble on them and interfere. That was just simple tactics.

"Hey. You. Yes, you. I'm talking to you."

Weiss rocked back on her feet as a finger in the middle of her chest gave her an understated *push*.

She quietly questioned her assessment that she wasn't a pushover.

It was a *push* that ignored how solidly she was planted, forcing her to move or *else* and done without strain. Not even a grunt. Or a narrowing of bright lavender eyes. Just a dark yellow fingernail between Weiss' breasts and a retreat.

That was another weakness of hers. Strength. Physical strength. Weiss was a *fencer*. An *acrobat*. An *equestrian* of no small skill. But a powerlifter? A runner? A, Brothers forbid, *pugilist*?

Her eyes traced the hand to which the finger had been attached, deceptively slender fingers one and all, a strong wrist, and noticeably muscular arms.

... No. No. Weiss Schnee was no brute. She relied on speed, her wits, and her Dust to keep out of the relentless grip of those who would mean her harm.

And distance.

"... Are you deaf or something? Hello?" The giant loomed over Weiss, her eyes looking Weiss over in turn as the lights overhead gave her a halo of gold and points of ivory, half hidden by the shade of the statuesque woman's natural eaves and overhangs: breasts. Gigantic, wobbling breasts. "Hello?"

How could she forget the distance? How could she forget *not* being in reach of someone with biceps near as big around as Weiss' thighs?

The first rule when dealing with brutes. And she'd broken it.

And Flubbed it too. And badly.

Risked being folded in half over it...and now, she had only one last recourse. Manners. Manners and an apology for whatever wrong she might have done while subtly demanding an explanation because she had no clue.

Maybe she'd done nothing. It happened at times. A person of her standing tended to make enemies of the naturally envious and mediocre.

But, manners.

Always manners. As tainted as her name might be, whether this accusation was true or not, she was still a Schnee. There was a history, a legacy that must be respected in word and deed.

"Please sit on my face."

And she flubbed it.

Kill her now.

The cow faunus that Weiss had been ogling for the last minute, the one she didn't even know the name of, took a step back, eyes blinking and body bouncing in all the best possible ways. "Excuse you?"

Weiss Schnee didn't have a problem with Faunus.

And that was the problem.

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"The first person that looks into your eyes will be your partner, he says," Yang grumbled as she buttoned up her new top for the first time...and she felt some relief as the measurements she'd given the school panned out for once, and the buttons didn't explode off of her like triggered mines. "You'll be together for the next four years, he says."

No, she couldn't switch Weiss Schnee with Blake Belladonna, he says.

That wouldn't be fair to the other students, he says.

... Fair. Yeah.

Right.

Once she got over being told that it wasn't possible to get rid of the rich weirdo who followed her around like a lovesick puppy with a motormouth, that was fair.

"Couldn't do that to Ruby," she grumbled more as she pulled up her skirt, and the buttons continued to hold. She'd accidentally taken more than enough of her sister's friends while at Signal. Taking her partner too, this time because she'd asked, and replacing her with a person that hadn't made the best first impression on either of them(you couldn't even tell there had been a Dust explosion, calm the fuck down), was a new low. "Well, back into the breach."

Breach. First day of a new school where she'd yet to establish a pecking order and make it clear that getting handsy with her would mean a dick flattening (in a not-fun way). Same thing.

She adjusted the bow at her neck. Shined her horns a little in the mirror. Did a hop and found herself reluctantly impressed as everything held without a complaint.

All her clothes should have been this solid.

This was bullshit.

... Heh.

She chuckled. "Cow pun."

"Are you okay in there? Yang?" The five-foot-tall living representation of the 'breach' Yang was going into politely knocked at the bathroom door. "Do you need any help?"

Gods. This was going to be a long four years. "I know how to dress myself, princess."

Slowly and carefully.

"I- I didn't mean to imply that you couldn't," the girl was still sputtering, red quickly creeping up her neck when Yang suddenly opened the door. Her tripping over her fancy school flats as she backpedaled didn't help her blush. "I only wished to service you-" She paused, eyes growing wide as she coughed and tried not to swallow her tongue.

Yang looked down on her, literally and metaphorically, as the white-haired girl choked at the starting line.

Impressive.

Even with witnesses nearby, she'd gone for it—with zero hesitation.

Just like yesterday. When she'd spent the entire time traveling through the forest that didn't involve killing Grimm or running for her life trailing behind her.

Checking her out, then fumbling multiple comments on the quality of Yang's rear and hips with stunning regularity, even by Yang's standards. Like how there was no shortage of seats she'd find comfortable, or something like that.

... Also, yeah, puberty had been kind to her in that direction. Any flat surface was a comfortable chair. But she knew what Weiss had meant.

Maybe.

Weiss hadn't been all that coherent as her proverbial spaghetti poured out all over the forest floor; Yang had talked to many a teenage boy in her day. She'd thought she'd seen every reaction to how hot she was that could exist. But god damn.

*"If you were to have a type, what would it be? Just - just curious!"*

Weiss had proved her wrong.

Blake was staring from across the room, eying the Schnee like Weiss was some unknown and alien being she couldn't understand, and Ruby had just blanked out to put on her shoes mindlessly, thanks to being as used to this song and dance as Yang was, watching it that is... Other than the part where the future richest person in the world is hitting on her, and that she was as smooth as a gravel road.

That was new.

"I only wished to offer you my..." Weiss tried again, every word deliberate as her face glowed with the shame that wasn't showing on her expression... Again, impressive. Yang would have been *bawling*. "Services as your partner."

Yang said nothing. She just stared, enjoying the embarrassed sweat on Weiss' brow as Blake and Ruby moved past them to start getting to class...and, still, Weiss' earnest expression didn't change one bit.

She stood straight. She kept her head up high. She acted as if she hadn't tripped over a dozen verbal landmines since she'd woken up this morning, an hour ago, and that she didn't have an entire day ahead of her to add some more.

Weirdo.

"... Yeah. Sure you were. And I'm the King of Vale reborn." Yang stopped looming over the other girl, ignoring the offended gasp and 'why I'd never' to follow the others while Weiss hurried after her on her very short legs. "Let's set some ground rules. One. Yell at my sister again, and I kick your ass."

"Done," Weiss readily agreed as she pulled up to Yang's side while they went down the hall, head bobbing in a nod.

"Two, touch the hair, and I kick your ass."

The following agreement came with a notable pause and mournful look. "... Done."

"Three, touch me without my permission, and I'll fuck you-"

"Will you?!"

"Up. I'm going to fuck you up." Yang finished before the more petite girl could decide whether jumping at her was a good idea, bringing back that mournful look. "I'm sure I'll have more later, but that's about it for now."

First, she would have to rethink the phrasing to ensure that Weiss had very little to latch onto, and she didn't have the time for that.

They had to get to class.

"Well, when you're ready to finalize your boundaries, I'm more than willing to hear you-

Weiss' tiny legs tapped on the linoleum at a rapid staccato just short of a jog as Yang went from a walk to a walk with some pep to it...and her shirt still held, even as her tits slammed against her torso with all the force of cannonballs. Who was Beacon's tailor? She needed to know.

"And treat your words with all the respect they are due," Weiss' finished that sentence from behind her, having fallen back. And not just because Yang was moving faster than she was. "But, have you considered that, as your partner, I am sworn to carry all of your-

"I'll hurt you, I swear," Yang quickly said before she had to do just that.

"My apologies," Weiss said just as quickly.

And the rest of the walk, besides the heavy breathing of a girl trying not to bark out loud, was quiet.

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Weiss was nothing like Blake had thought she would be and... Alright. She was *almost* nothing like what Blake thought she would be.

Some things were the same.

Weiss was about as snooty. She was about as opinionated. She was about as vain, and the price tag on her clothes was equal to as much as the rest of the team's put together. That was about what Blake had expected, and she'd been ready to hate the other girl forever over less than half of that.

... Not that she hadn't already. But that had been a catchall in the abstract, the Schnee name, and anything attached.

"Now, let's say you were to get stuck in a hole in the wall-

"That would never happen."

"But what *if*," Weiss stressed, finely manicured nails beating out a loud rhythm on the table as she presented yet another desperate hypothetical, 'there was no other choice?'

Blake could *hear* Yang roll her eyes.

"I'd break the wall."

"But what if you *couldn't*?"

"... That's impossible."

"*But what if!*?"

Talking to or just hearing the white-haired girl talk had instantly complicated that hate and turned it into something else... Something a lot like pity. Like hating her would just be unreasonably cruel, let alone *acting* on that hate.

... That sounded worse than it was.

It wasn't that Weiss was stupid or anything. Or incompetent. Or whatever other thing she could have been. It was that she was so romantically inept it boggled the mind. And she was interested in a *Faunus* (if her dad knew about this, he was losing his mind) to an embarrassing degree.

Embarrassing. That was a hell of an understatement. Weiss *was* the embarrassment. She was a walking, talking trainwreck of a human being.

She was so embarrassing that Blake felt embarrassed *for* her. Blake felt *bad* for *her*; considering how they'd met (with Weiss yelling at someone two years younger than her) and Blake's beliefs at the time (if Weiss were involved with anything the company did, Blake would eat her bow), that was a hell of a switch in just a month.

From her corner, anyway...there was something seriously wrong with Weiss; everyone knew it, Weiss knew it, but damn if it wasn't the funniest thing Blake had ever witnessed.

Like the trainwreck, as mentioned earlier, had been full of clowns.

Sad clowns.

Blake peeked over the top of her book and at the little table someone had dragged in one day for everyone to sit at. The one Weiss and Yang were sitting at, doing homework together, without Yang having to threaten any violence to get Weiss to behave.

Behave as well as Weiss could, anyway. Which was not very.

The cat Faunus pulled her book back up as Yang laughed, making Weiss wave her hands around to emphasize and salvage her rambling, nonsensical arguments about why she should be allowed to grab Yang's ass in an emergency.

All that blood leaving Weiss' head to put a respectable bulge in her skirt wasn't helping, that's for sure.