

"I could have told you what was going to happen before it did," Blake said, starting the call with a non-sequitur that, for anyone that wasn't a part of the Team RWBY circle...or hadn't received a very relevant text a couple of minutes before. A little of the first and some of the other... They were rather tight-knit and that was all that Blake could say. "Yang is a big girl but, really. Ruby's got her wound tight around her finger. She should have seen it coming."

"It's funny, watching her grovel. Having to live with standing in someone else's shoes for once must be quite the experience," Weiss agreed coolly, no doubt nose deep in a school book at that moment, even as she dug into some of the cake that Yang had made. Sweet, sweet chocolate... It had been the most decadent, hedonistic thing that Blake had ever eaten in her life by far. The few orgies she'd been to, the ones that had had snacks, she meant, hadn't even come close to it...and she had to wonder what Yang would like in trade for the recipe. "Maybe she'll think twice before she... What did you call it?"

"Pumps and dumps?"

Weiss made a small sound of distaste. One that didn't last long as yet another forkful of cake made its way into her mouth and she moaned. "So crude... Gods this is good cake..."

"But not inaccurate. And it really is good cake," Blake pressed as she got up from the bed she was in and started going on a scavenger hunt. A bra here. A sock there. A pair of pants in the ceiling fan and things were golden. "Am I wrong?"

"... No. You're not wrong." Weiss sighed. "Not the worst example of such I've ever seen, but she'd been asking for a lesson in manners for a while."

"I know," Blake said wearily, hopping into the pair of pants with both legs at once as she did. A difficult skill to learn, but well worth it if only for the convenience. "If I'd had to comfort one more crying girl, I probably would have told her that she was acting like her mother."

It wasn't her job to pick up the pieces that Yang left behind. It wasn't her job to pick up so many shattered hearts that she had nothing to do with... Even if the girls were so happy to have a shoulder to cry on and a dick to suck on after, this sort of thing got more than a little draining.

Emotionally. She meant emotionally.

"Gods!" Weiss hissed under her breath. "You go straight for the jugular, don't you? Why not just feed her broken glass instead?"

"Doesn't matter anymore, does it? The point is moot now." She said clasping the bra close. And then paused. She adjusted herself a couple of times. "It's not like she can just drop Ruby like all of her other conquests. She's going to have to settle down." Blake frowned. "Wrong bra..."

"What are you doing?" Weiss asked, her tone full of suspicion. "Where are you?"

"More like who. *Who* am I doing," Blake said flatly as she looked under the bed. She then let out a little noise of victory as she found the proper one. "Or, at least, it would have been five minutes ago." That was the problem of meeting your hookups at lingerie stores. You tended to buy similar items. "The 'where' is going to have to stay a secret though. I don't kiss and tell."

"You picked up in the middle of sex!?" Weiss cried out incredulously.

"No. No.... I was already done when you called." Blake nodded to herself as she slides her boots up her legs. "Though, if you *had* called earlier I would have picked up." A quick lacing and a pull, and they were pretty much molded to her legs. "Does that make you feel better?"

If Blake knew Weiss...that would be a no.

"You're even more shameless than Yang!" Weiss accused, proving that, without a doubt, Blake *hadn't* made her feel better, vindicating Blake's opinions in the most amusing way possible.

"Give me some credit here, Weiss. I don't lead my one-night stands on as if it's something more than that. And I remember their names." Blake crossed her arms behind her head and stretched with a quiet moan. Some of those positions were such a pain in the neck... "Most of the time. Depends on how long it's been since I saw them last."

"What is *wrong* with you!?"

"Weiss. If you think that is something that is too much, wait until you hear what I got up to in the White Fang. Like this one time when I-" Blake started with a slight smirk...and then, blinked when the dial tone started to go off in her ear. "She hung up on me. Rude." Blake said, sounding more than a bit surprised before she shrugged. "Oh well. Her loss. She then turned back to her latest bed partner. "You going to be okay there, Neo?"

The two-toned shortstack, face down on the bed slowly raised a hand in the air. Hovered. Gave a waving waggle. A cum dripping thumbs up...and a collapse.

Blake eyed her carefully, saw that she was still breathing, and shrugged again. "Eh. You didn't drown the last three times. Send me a text when you want to meet up again."

Neo, making as much noise as she ever did, gurgled. Okay. She was fine then.

Blake stretched some more, then made her way towards the exit. This *should* be enough to make sure she didn't kill Ruby on her first go round... But, maybe, she should see if Velvet was free. Just to make sure.

It couldn't hurt to take some more of that edge off, could it...?

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Ruby flipped through the catalog with rapt attention. Scanned page after page of graphic details about a whole new world that Ruby never knew existed. All sorts of new toys, clothing, and uses for Dust she had never imagined.

So scandalous. So *daring*. How did people think this stuff up? How did someone take mechasuit technology, a technology that was nearly military and Hunter exclusive...and think that they wanted to have sex with it? Heck. How did someone not just think that, but go *through* with it?

Her breathing hitched worryingly as she flipped to another segment, her face starting to heat up to almost painful levels as she just about pressed her face directly against the page. To the view of two women, two sexual pioneers, using that technology for something that she *really* doubted was covered by the warranty...and a thought struck her.

She *knew* those parts on sight. Mostly from working on her baby, partly from her monthly subscriptions to just about every weapons magazine in (and out) of Vale. It honestly wouldn't be that hard to make a toy like that if she wanted...or, she could make something *better*...and it gave her ideas. Thoughts.

For one, she recognized the parts that made up the toys they were using. It would take her, at most, an hour to put one of these together, depending on whether she needed to use the auto forge and if there was a line. It was clearly made for ease of concealment, looking like a weapon while in and out of use to anyone who didn't know any better...and she had to admit that using it on herself, or on Yang (who had really calmed down in some way that Ruby couldn't quite put her finger on) might have been more than just a little interesting.

The fact that the older woman on the bottom half of the page kind of looked like her hadn't hurt when it came to putting that idea in her head. Just the way that woman looked on the edge of ecstasy. That red hair. That smile. That... Wait. There weren't that many people with hair like hers. And silver eyes. And that one mole in that one place that her dad had told her was hereditary.

Was someone making porn of her? Because, well...it felt like someone was making porn of her. It was either that, or her mom was still alive and doing porn advertisements... Ruby wasn't sure which option she liked better, but she was leaning towards the first. The second was... Yeah. She wasn't looking into this until the day she died.

"So I see Nora leant you the catalog," Blake whispered into Ruby's ear.

Ruby screamed, almost did a flip out of her chair, and got pushed back into it, on solid ground and on all four legs, with a pair of fingers to the small of her back.

"She has good taste. Unsurprising," Blake continued, seemingly ignorant of how she'd almost scared the life out of Ruby as the younger girl tried to keep her heart in her chest with a hand on her breast. "I don't even need to sleep with her to know she's a total freak." Blake pointed out a missing piece of the magazine. "She took out the coupon for the lightning dust piercings. The grade four ones. That's pretty hardcore."

"Where did you come from!?" Ruby, once she'd got her breath back, half shrieked, half breathily gasped as her body came to terms with the fact that she was going to live another day. "Did I borrow one of your books and forget again!? I'm sorry!"

That...had been a bad week. It was funny how disturbing being watched by someone you couldn't see could be.

"No. Not that I remember...and I didn't sneak up on you." Blake raised an eyebrow at her. "I knocked. Called out, actually. You just didn't notice, even though I've been reading over your shoulder for the last five minutes."

Ruby slowly raised the magazine in front of her face in a poor form of defense.

"I get it though. The quality of that catalog is *insane*. I have no idea how they managed to get that one published, or past the censors, but I have to say I haven't seen anything like it," Blake explained. "It's kind of pricey, but just looking at the descriptions tells me that they're all made out of rare materials and some really good mechanisms..." Blake stopped to give Ruby a sly look. "But you probably already knew that, didn't you?"

Ruby, instead of talking, wheezed like a deflating balloon.

"Your birthday is coming up soon, right...? I could get you some of the stuff out of this book, I suppose..." Blake asked as she began tapping her chin in thought...and her lips spread wide into an evil, tooth-baring grin...and it was just *unnatural*. Blake didn't *smile*! "After we get you all loose and limber first, of course. Safety first."

Ruby, without even thinking about it in her current state of emotional distress and, if she was honest with herself, pants-wetting arousal, started reaching towards her welding goggles...and immediately slapped her hand as soon as she remembered that she wasn't in welding 101 anymore.

All that class could do was have her go blind. With the way Blake was looking at her, like the cat she was looking at three-legged mouse...well. That was a completely different sort of problem and she really doubted that welding goggles would help.

Curse her forcefully and deeply ingrained sense of workplace safety! Curse it!

“... Did you even notice you’re not wearing a top?”

Ruby gave Blake a blank look, then looked down...to let out a high pitched screech as she covered herself. She was topless! Completely! She didn’t even have her corset on! HOW!? She’d only looked down for a couple of seconds!

“What can I say? I’m a hit at parties,” Blake said smugly as she tossed her own bra over her shoulder while Ruby stared in shock. She’d looked down for only a few seconds! “By the way. You’re not wearing any underwear either.”

Ruby didn’t need to look down. Not only could she recognize her own underwear by sight, the cool breeze blowing over her arousal told her everything she needed to now...and the twirling pair of boyshorts on Blake’s finger was just *mean*.

“Seriously... How do you do it?” Was all Ruby could ask. She had to ask. She didn’t even feel the breeze that such a stunt would have generated with the speed needed...and, if anyone knew about speed, it was her. It was kind of her thing. “How did you strip me without me even noticing?”

Blake shrugged, that smile on her face growing wider yet. “Simple. Years of practice and a desire to learn quickly...Though, with your Semblance, you could probably learn how to cheat at it.” As a form of punctuation, Blake threw Ruby’s skirt behind her as well. “But there’s nothing quite like hard work and sweat.”

“... I don’t have much of a choice here, do I?” Ruby asked as she tried not to rub her thighs together...and failed. She hadn’t tried all that hard to stop it, but she failed. The last couple of days had really changed her outlook on things like this.

Where was the innocent little girl she’d used to be? What had happened?

“Well... Technically, you do... But we know exactly what we both want.” Blake, now ‘noticing’ that she was a great deal overdressed for the occasion, started pulling at the buttons of her vest, popping them free in a blur. “

“I used to be so naive...” Ruby sighed before she found herself picked up and tossed over Blake’s shoulder.

“Yes, you were,” Blake agreed as she calmly walked towards her bed, gently throwing the squealing and embarrassingly moist Ruby onto it. “Now let’s see about getting rid of whatever naivety you might have left.”

“But...” Ruby began with a whisper. Paused, and reflexively licked her lips when Blake lowered her head to meet Ruby on her level. “Maybe I kind of *like* what is left of my-”

The press of Blake’s lips against hers stopped Ruby in her tracks. Any protestations, half-hearted or not stopped as her eyes went wide and shoulders tensed...then loosened, all within the space of three seconds as she responded in kind. Laid her hands on Blake’s shoulders and allowed her eyes to relax and close as she went with the flow.

She’d known what was going to happen. She wasn’t dumb. Acting all shy and surprised, at this point, would just be silly...even if shy and surprised wasn’t so much as an act as it was a *fact*. At Blake, normally so standoffish and as willing to give a hug as a Deathstalker...touching her. Touching Ruby of her own free will, being intimate without someone forcing her into it...and being *happy* about it.

Maybe that surprise made Ruby a bad friend. Maybe she should have spent more time getting to know Blake instead of relying on first impressions. Maybe...maybe those were questions for another time. A time where Blake wasn’t slowly pressing her down with the weight of her body, her lips playing against Ruby’s the whole way down as she slowly made to straddle the younger girl’s trembling form, pinning her to the bed in a cage that might as well have been the real thing. Better, actually...seeing as, at the moment, she didn’t quite feel like going anywhere. She was fine right where she was.

Weiss and Yang had had their turns. It was only fair for Blake to get hers, right? ... That Ruby was more than a little curious about what Nora had meant when she’d said that Blake was ‘insatiable’ was an understatement. Sure, after Yang (who’d rolled over like Zwei at the sight of a newspaper) Ruby had started taking some of what her fellow sweets enthusiast said with more than just a dash of salt... But she still had to know.

You didn’t have someone pale, shove a handful of cake in your mouth, then make excuses when you asked them how they knew something every day, right? She had questions and Blake was, for once, a fountain of answers... Answers and other, non-metaphorical fluids if the other two members of her team had given her any indication of what the next couple hour or so was going to be like.

The hand running down her naked side. Her fingers along the line of Blake’s jaw. The close-mouthed press of mouth against mouth. A state of affairs that only ended when Blake’s knee moved up in between her legs and took a spot against the most sensitive part of her...before she began to circle. To lightly grind against Ruby’s sopping wet lower lips as Ruby’s upper opened wide in a guttural moan. A moan cut short with shock caused by Blake’s testing tongue on her lip and bottom row of teeth.

The texture was...different. Smooth. Rough. Confusing. Yet another new experience, thrilling in its own way as she tentatively made to meet Blake's wet muscle with her own in a coaxing dance. Not a return of her own hesitance. Not a mirror of Weiss's uncertain eagerness or Yang's overwhelming dominance.

It was an invitation. A question. A lazy request for reciprocation that worked to Ruby's pace and not one step further or back, even as Ruby's breath ran short. Even as the smaller girl soaked the fabric over Blake's knee and knocked her own knees against Blake's hips in an aborted, embarrassingly instinctual, lock.

They hadn't even started...yet, even as Blake pulled away, broke their kiss with completely even breath as she looked down on a heavily panting Ruby with warm amusement... And Ruby felt like she was burning up. Melting. Turning to trembling, liquid goo in the shape of a girl as the pads of Blake's fingers playfully ghosted over her stomach and the underside of her left breast.

What was Blake *doing* to her?

"Well... Someone's wound up tight. I shouldn't have expected anything less," Blake commented idly, eyes bright. Slit. Attractive in a threatening sort of way, a way that had Ruby's heart lurching in her chest as the tip of the Faunus's tongue poked out of her mouth to dab at the remnants of a broken string of saliva, a remnant. There one moment, gone the next. "You probably don't have much experience with foreplay, do you?"

Ruby, with a sheepish, brittle smile, crossed her arms over her chest. "Not really..."

Weiss had been just as lost as she'd been. Yang hadn't even bothered. Heck, Ruby hadn't even thought about it at all in the first place. It had just been one of those things she'd taken for granted, one of those things that you didn't realize you were missing until you'd had a taste.

That had been a mistake. Clearly. She was sure that her hands, right then, were about as stable as a cup of water in the middle of an earthquake...and everything was just far too *bright*.

"I can tell." Blake huffed. "We haven't even started yet and you look like you're just trying to keep it together. Poor thing." The Faunus started moving her hips from side to side. A slow, hypnotizing grind to some unheard music that caught Ruby's eyes and didn't let them go. "Don't worry though." That it led to Blake's pants sliding down over the slope of her hips was just a bonus. "I'll make up that lost time for you, oh fearless leader."

Ruby found herself speechless. Her jaw flapping silently up and down with a series of squeaks and panicked, confused mewling as those pants went lower and lower on Blake's body. Revealed an ever-growing expanse of perfectly smooth, creamy white flesh. No hair. No scarring...all the way up to Blake's mound. The last few inches before Ruby got to examine what

was going to split her open that day, leaving her mouth feeling like a desert and her eyes like they were about to fall out of her skull as anticipation ate away at her.

What did it look like? Was it like Weiss', slender and feminine? Was it like Yang's, large and brutish? Was it something in between or nothing alike? Who knew? Not her...and she had to admit that that question had kept her up last night.

And it was a question that was just going to have to wait. Or so it seemed when Blake grabbed the younger huntress's legs and slung them over her shoulders. Nestled her head right in between Ruby's thighs, gave her a languid, feline blink...and licked her own nose.

"... Now you're just showing off," Ruby whispered without a thought, causing Blake to chuckle before she dipped her head and-*OH SWEET HONEYED ICE TEA WHAT.*

"WHAT WAS THAT?!"

Blake, from behind the cover of her hair, audibly smacked her lips with a curious hum, ignored Ruby's screaming question for a moment to dig right back into her treat. The first, clean line she'd made in the gap between the lips of Ruby's pussy, Ruby's first experience when it came to oral, proved to be somewhat unique. An exception when the next lick wasn't nearly so precise. Heck, it was outright *sloppy*. Hungry. More of a sucking slurp, suction and all before she let go of Ruby's twitching, clenching flesh with a liquid *pop*. "Like fruity candy...and a hint of Yang. Nice."

Ruby, for a moment, found herself lost. Filled with the urge to cover her mouth and grab at the sheets all in one at the implications Blake had just brought to light (She tasted like candy? Blake *knew* what Yang tasted like!?)...and the continued licking, the shameless drilling of Blake's strangely rough muscle around the edges of the entrance to Ruby's insides...and she compromised.

A double fist full of twisted sheets over Ruby's mouth later, and she could pretend that she wasn't moaning. That she couldn't hear herself, her *body* being played like a painfully wet instrument. An instrument that could only *squish* and *schlick* and make lustful sighs in response to probing fingers and needy mouths.

An instrument that Blake tuned by lightly tweaking her clitoris. Adjusting. Pulling. A masterful touch that turned Ruby's moans into something high and reedy and *desperate*. Should it stop? Should it continue? She had no say, no respite as Blake continued her performance...and pulled her tongue away once again, leaving Ruby empty and insides needily twitching, pleading for something to fill them.

What had happened to just...sticking it in? To Ruby's nice, safe understanding of how this sort of thing worked? ... Something bad probably. There had been a dark alley at her back with Blake's

name on it...and Ruby suspected that, if she ever saw it again, it would be a finger in a shoebox or something.

... She'd been going for a metaphor there. She wasn't very good at it, sure, but there *had* been a metaphor at some point.

"I'm sorry, Ruby... But if I tease you anymore I'm scared you might hurt yourself," Blake said apologetically, her lips and cheeks glazed with spit and Ruby's juices as she lowered the younger girl's ramrod stiff legs from her shoulders... "I wasn't expecting you to be so...eager." And then, she chuckled at Ruby's distressed, kittenish mewling. "Cute...but that's my line, Ruby. Cat Faunus, remember?"

No. No, it wasn't. Ruby was pretty sure that had been *her* line. She was the one that had been left here, high and dry and *inches away from cumming her brains out while Blake talked down to her like she was still-*

"Now I could have just teased you to within an inch of your life. Drove you right to the edge then pulled you back over and over and over again..." Blake breathed out as she climbed up on Ruby's body and cupped her face. "But that might be a little *cruel* for our first time together. I don't know if you would actually like it yet." She pressed her forehead against Ruby's, forcing eye contact just as she shifted her hips and took the plunge. "We'll see about that next time. Make it a party."

Ruby's sudden scream of pleasure as she was filled, filled to capacity, *filled to her breaking point*, was absorbed by Blake's open mouth. In a pool of warm and wet. The light tang of strawberries and the bite of a pineapple (was that what Blake had meant by taste?) as the Faunus continued to push into her. To make Yang seem *small* in just the first few seconds of penetration.

After second twenty of what very well might have been the strongest orgasm that she was ever going to have... Ruby somewhat regretted, as much as she could regret anything that felt this good, *not* examining what Blake had been hiding all this time.

It had felt...like nothing she'd ever felt before. Weiss, the first time, had felt perfectly smooth. Yang had been all ridges and roughness. Blake...hadn't felt *normal*. It had felt 'right' in that 'so wrong it's right' sort of way. Like the sexual version of a potholed road, all bumps and thick, uneven lines... On second thought, maybe it had been better that she hadn't seen what Blake was packing.

Ruby might never have let it come anywhere near her crotch otherwise.

"... It's been a long time since I got someone to react like that," Blake commented smugly, slightly leaning back as Ruby wheezed like a bellows and the light stopped looking like a

rainbow had just vomited lightning across her vision. "A long, long while... You know what? How about we play a game?"

Blake ground her hips into Ruby's, just the once, all that was needed to make Ruby let out a strangled howl while the Faunus started pulling herself upright. Gave Ruby's lower lip one last nip. A gentle catch and pull that was done within a blink of the eye as an arm around the younger girl's middle brought her along for the ride and into Blake's lap where she was left to sit...and understood just how precarious her situation was. How badly *balanced*.

Blake had her pretty close to the edge of the bed. The only thing keeping her where she was, and not on her back on the floor, were Blake's arms...and Ruby, despite herself, began to feel a little nervous.

"Have you ever played a game of trust?" Blake asked as she gave Ruby a questioning cock of the head. A distraction from the feeling that was an imminent fall, no matter how safe she might have been at the end of it all. "Fall back or fainting?"

Ruby swallowed...and slowly shook her head. A mix of her just being unable to trust her voice...and vocally admit the reason as to *why* she'd never played that sort of game. The reason *why* she'd only ever heard about it.

She wasn't Yang. She was Yang's little *sister*. Growing up, with the kids in Patch, those had been two different things. Things that had led to her missing out on what some people might have called 'a childhood'... Ruby didn't mind it though. Not really. But it *was* embarrassing.

There was a difference, between people thinking you were uncool and people *knowing* you were uncool.

"You haven't? Huh." Blake clicked her tongue. "Oh, well. That just means another experience you get to take away from this, right? Trust?"

When Blake leaned back from her, making her seat yet more unstable, Ruby latched onto the older girl's wrists with a death grip as a panicked hiss slipped through the gaps in her teeth. "You haven't even told me what we're doing yet, Blake... Kinda hard to trust you when I don't even know what we're doing!"

"Is that all? Heh. Alright. This is simple. Easy. I'm going to start leaning back..." Putting action to words, Blake did so. A minute shift that changed Ruby's hiss into an eep as she felt herself slide... "I'm going to start taking my hands off of you..." Blake's hold on Ruby loosened the pressure inside of her, the ever-present feeling of being *full*, grew a touch more intense. "And you are going to be completely safe. You aren't going to fall."

"How do I know that though...?"

Blake rolled her eyes and, knowing her (maybe. Ruby wasn't thinking all that clearly right then.), just barely kept herself from saying something cutting. "Look down. At your stomach."

Ruby did...and she saw what Blake meant. Saw what she'd been feeling, the imprint of Blake's *dick* pressing outwards against the flesh of her stomach.

"You're not going to fall. You're going to be fine. Trust me, Ruby." Blake closed her eyes as an amused puff of air left her mouth. "You aren't *nearly* heavy enough to make me work for it. I didn't do all those exercises for no reason."

That, right there, was something that Ruby could *not* ignore. "Wait," she croaked, "there are exercises for your penis?"

Blake, startled, laughed out loud. "Of course there are. There are exercises for *everything*... I'll show you."

And, with that, Ruby found herself unable to breathe when Blake leaned back yet further. *Way* back. Far enough that the vague outline in her stomach became something closer to a plastic mold, showing off the finger thick veins that Ruby had missed. The strange, rubbery bumps mercilessly raking, catching at her every fold when the rest of her wasn't being stretched out into perfect smoothness.

"Breathe, Ruby." Blake, who had freed her wrists of Ruby's grip without the younger brunette even really noticing, grabbed the younger girl by the hands and locked their fingers together. "Come on. Do it with me..." Blake inhaled as she pulled back. Took some of the stress off of Ruby's insides until the third breath where Ruby, finally, found it within herself to imitate her friend. "And count to ten."

Ruby started to lean back, Blake bracing her and letting her keep control as the Faunus mouthed a one.

It got harder then. Tension ratcheting up, degree by tiny degree as the sparks, her nerves lighting up like a Christmas tree. Sparks. A rekindling fire. Like old lights. Hot flares, finally giving up the ghost in a pyrotechnic show for the ages.

"Two..."

The pleasure became strained, a new spice adding to the usual warm waves. Ruby whimpered. Opened her eyes. Eyes that she hadn't realized she'd *closed* with the bursting light behind them...just to see Blake's smile. Her lips, moving slow enough for Ruby to read.

"You can do it. Just like touching your toes. Three..."

A necessity, as her hearing was little more than a dull roar. A sound much like that of the few times she could remember going to the beach. Surf breaking on the shore. A shell to her ear as Blake's heartbeat beat against one spot in particular, a bit inside her that was just so much more sensitive than the rest of her. Easy to tell, when she had one of those bumps hugging tight against it. "

Four..."

Ruby let herself back just a bit further. By now, if it hadn't been for Blake's hands over hers, she would have fallen over backward and put her whole weight on the length buried in her passage...was that really a bad thing?

"Five. Halfway there..."

Breathing got hard. Became a struggle as each exhale from Ruby came out as a whine. Stressed. Forced as, once again, Blake's cock stood out sharply through Ruby's belly, giving her a second look. A second opinion that was much the same as the first.

If she'd seen it beforehand...if that had been her first experience with sex, would she have even let it near her? It was shaped roughly like a person's, like the other two that Ruby had seen up close and personal...but...what were those *bumps*? Were veins *allowed* to be that thick?

Was...was Blake okay?

"Six. Good job..." Blake paused, filling Ruby with a very different sort of shock as the rhythm stuttered and came to a halt. "Breathe in for three seconds, out for three."

Ruby tried to follow her advice. Failed when Blake twitched inside of her. Flexed and turned Ruby's muscles into jelly and Ruby herself into ninety pounds of, almost sobbing and overstimulated, teenage girl.

Nora hadn't been lying. She hadn't been making things up...oh, *god*... Blake was going to tear her in *two*, wasn't she?

"Seven...come on, Ruby. You're safe," Blake cooed encouragingly as she rubbed her thumb across the back of Ruby's hand. "You're fine. Whenever you're ready. I'm here."

It was said...and, finally, Ruby let go. She only had a tiny distance to fall before the breath was totally knocked out of her body, Blake's cock keeping her steady for now. Completely, impossibly, steady.

It...it was...

“Eight.” The older girl sighed. “Guess you need a little help.”

H-help? How could she help? What could Blake do? Damn it, what could *Ruby* do, stuck like she was. Stuck like a fish on a line...hooked...and she knew what Blake liked to do to fish. Everyone knew.

Her sister’s partner leaned back just a touch, enough to make Ruby’s breath hitch, as she supported herself on the bed with her hands...and brought her legs up, around, and over, with her feet coming to rest on Ruby’s shoulders. Another layer of security. Another barrier between Ruby, the feeling of empty, and the cold hard floor, gone... And then, she applied a bit of pressure.

“Nine...”

Blake was flexible. Ruby had known that. *Knew* that...but she’d never considered how that would apply, or could, to this situation until now.

Ruby let out a little squeak. Her throat wouldn’t cooperate for anything else. That one little spot from earlier that Blake had been digging into was now being crushed. Smothered while it brought on the feeling that she’d just been plugged in a live wire, with lightning dancing, burning like a wildfire through her body from just that little spot.

Without Blake, she would have fallen over with how hard she was trembling. With Blake...she still fell. Felt *betrayed* as she enjoyed the sensation that was freefall—

“Ten.”

—before Ruby’s back hit the bed. Before she was pulled away and her eyes tried to push their way out of her skull in shock.

Tight. Pressure. Pressing.

She could feel everything now. If her mind hadn’t been at the end of its rope and about to crack into a billion pieces, she could have probably started counting. Veins, bumps, whatever. It didn’t matter.

She couldn’t ignore any of it. What little she had repressed, suppressed, during the trust exercise came at her all at once...and Ruby let out a breathless shriek when Blake *moved*.

She’d just...moved. Shifted. Half an inch. More or less. Maybe less. Didn’t matter. With how tightly she was wrapped around her friend’s cock, how snugly she fit around Blake’s length,

unable to even twitch without feeling like she'd just run a mile without her semblance... Ruby had felt that in her freaking *soul*.

Blake purred. Satisfied. Throaty. Like the cat she always denied she was. "It's always fun, the first time. My little trust exercise...it tells me a lot, depending on how far you get. You got to the very end, on your first try. And that's fun for me." Blake slowly rolled her neck in what seemed to be an attempt at loosening up. The series of pops that came after implied that it had. "Fun for you."

Ruby couldn't see Blake's expression, not really. Not through the tears...but she could imagine it. Predatory, smug, and darkly joyful. An emotional potpourri that Ruby had never known existed.

"It means I don't need to walk on eggshells around you," Blake continued to speak, doing so as if she was tasting every word. "You just got yourself invited to the big girl leagues." And so she moved. Not fast, and not forceful. She didn't need to be, with the position they were in. She just...swayed. Rolling her hips with slow, languid movements that felt like they were part of some exotic ritual. Something that Weiss had yet to know and Yang had never been able to reach. "Welcome to the dance."

... A dance, huh? Ruby could see it. Feel that textured, massive *cock* stirring her insides around, playing her nerves step by graceful step. Blake didn't even thrust, didn't even *need* to thrust when any and all the movements she made, made sure that Ruby could never get used to the intrusion, the stretching, the fucking tentpole that was bulging out of her lower abdomen and straining her aura.

It wasn't like any kind of sex Ruby had ever had, there was no downtime. No pause, however brief, between the circling of Blake's hips that Ruby could use to establish a pattern and orient herself. Just electrifying, mind-killing sensation.

"*Blaaaaaake...*" Ruby half whined, half gasped as she reached out with her hand. Made to caress Blake's cheek... Made to tap out. One or the other. The other or the one...maybe, even both? "I-I...*please*."

Her teammate, probably guessing as to her intention to beg for mercy, cut it off by leaning back again just another slight degree, turning any proper words Ruby might have had to say into garbled, spit-logged nonsense.

She was drooling. Building a growing puddle on either side of her cheeks to soak into her pillow and unable to stop herself from doing so as her tongue felt far too heavy to even try. So heavy that, if she *did* try...she'd be more likely to choke on it than do anything useful.

“You know what the best part about this whole thing is, Ruby?” Blake asked, her voice clearly colored with a purr at the back of her throat and want, the husky sound enough to send goosebumps popping up all over Ruby’s skin while a shiver ran down her spine. “This is nice for me...but nowhere near as intense as it is for you. I could keep this up for hours. Days, maybe. Longer if I felt like it was necessary.” She sighed. “But we don’t have time for that, do we? We’ve all got things to do tomorrow. Like school...”

Nora had been right. *Nora was right*. Blake was unnatural. Unholy. A sex demon, sent to defile innocent young huntresses and corrupt their poor, virginal souls. She might have been hiding ears under her bow, but she was probably also hiding horns under those! Ruby was living with a...a succu...suck...***what were those even called!***?

Ruby, in the middle of her freakout, forgot to care as Blake stretched herself luxuriously, leaning back even further. Flexibility or no, that meant her cock was working even harder at leaving a permanent imprint of itself in Ruby’s upper walls. And she *didn’t stop moving*.

That sensitive spot that Blake had oh so generously discovered for Ruby earlier felt like it was being *juiced*, squeezed and wrung dry in between the uncaring, dead weight of her own body and the unstoppable force that was Blake’s breeding rod.

Blake kept rolling her hips, kept Ruby pressed down tight, right where she wanted her. She didn’t say anything, didn’t give any verbal warning before moving things towards the endgame.

The only thing that alerted Ruby to the fact that she might just need to brace herself for a...*difficult*...time was when Blake’s feet shifted, one moving over to the center of her chest to keep her down and immobile while the other traced its heel down her body, between her breasts, over her belly, across the bulge that had become her mound...and came to rest directly on top of that one sensitive, charged spot, trapping it in between a hard place...and an even *harder* place.

She caught her breath. Blake wouldn’t. Couldn’t. She understood the concept of mercy. There was hope that she could survive what was about to-

Blake used her heel like she was giving Ruby’s stomach a deep-tissue massage, and reason fled.

Ruby came. *Hard*. Her whole body spasmed like she’d just been electrocuted, with all the symptoms that came with such. Contracting muscles. Incoherency. A sudden explosion of fluids and babbling as her insides went positively *mad* around Blake’s dick. A cycle of squeeze, release, squeeze that only made everything worse when she was forced to cum yet *again*.

Cum. Spasm. Squeeze. Grind. Cum once more. Ruby couldn't even work up the breath to squeak. She couldn't even make a raspy gasp. Her teeth were clenched so tightly they felt like they would crack while she was left staring at nothing.

Air? She didn't need *air*. Blinking was for the weak...and so was hearing as Blake's chuckles fell on deaf ears.

"What's the matter, Ruby? Cat got your tongue?"

Vision was fading. Gray. Fuzzy. Wait. Breathing. That was back. Breathing was good. Right. Breathing was important... And that was when she was lifted up into the air, completely limp as her vision swam back into clarity. Possibly into heaven, which was nice because it meant that the last few days hadn't totally destroyed her chances of going somewhere decent after death.

... The idea that she had died and gone to heaven didn't last long though. Sure, now she was back to being just normally filled instead of mercilessly *stretched* by Blake, but Blake was freaking *huge* anyway and then she was *being spun around holy cookies and cream!*

The feeling of the bumps, the rubbery little barbs on Blake's dick dragging around her inner walls as her teammate flipped Ruby onto her side, was just too much. Too intense for her to really process as her thighs were pulled apart, leaving her vulnerable. Exposed. Forcefully presented for Blake's viewing pleasure as her gushing lower lips parted, drooling with arousal as Blake propped Ruby's knee over the catgirl's own shoulder while keeping the other one pinned under her body.

Blake's own legs parted then, separated in a close approximation to a deep lunge, to mold herself to Ruby's body in a way that, if they were to get any closer, they'd be one person...and it might as well have been so.

With how deep Blake was, Ruby swore that she could feel the other girl in her *throat*...and that was before Blake actually started to *fuck her*.

Weiss had fumbled. Yang had taken it easy. Blake knew *exactly* what she was doing, was as amoral as they came, and there was nothing stopping her from doing her *worst* besides herself.

That was the only option worth thinking about. That Blake, on her own initiative, would pull back. Ruby wasn't going to do it. The thought of trying didn't even cross her mind. Not seriously. Not with the jackhammer that Blake had turned herself into. A bumpy, textured, thick, *hot* jackhammer, that just so happened to be attached to smooth skin and firm muscle. A jackhammer that plunged so *deep* that Ruby felt it hit a barrier inside of her, and then force that barrier *in* and *up*, not quite breaching it, but probably leaving a very permanent *dent* as every thrust forced what should have been an inviolable chamber in Ruby's core to give way, to surrender itself to Blake's lusty advances.

What was thinking? What was *living*? Ruby didn't know. She'd forgotten at this point, just like everything else.

Her mind was blank. There was just pleasure, pleasure so intense that it might have crossed over into pain for all Ruby knew...which wasn't much at all. All she knew, right then, was that she was drowning. Going under in a flood of sensation and there was just nothing that she could do.

She just rode it out for as long as she could. And then, eventually, the endless chain of rapidfire climaxes began to fade, just as she did...and in much the same way.

In a tide of white. One final climax. Her hundredth. Blake's first. A climax, followed by a high-pitched yowling as Blake's load exploded out from Ruby's body. Filled her up like a cheap balloon in seconds before the thick, white sludge from Blake's nuts escaped from the younger huntress' body, pressurized like a leak from a broken tap...and Blake pulled out. Confirmed every one of Ruby's fears and hopes through the blur that was left her sight with a good, long look.

A close examination of the over-sexualized monstrosity currently in the process of venting yet another shot towards her face, along with the panicked actions of her nervous system, was all she needed to try to see what the back of her own skull looked like before she shut down.

She dreamed of kaleidoscopes. It was nice.

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"What do you have to say for yourself?"

Blake, supremely unconcerned by the glares she'd been getting from the other two members of the team for the last hour after finding out that the Faunus had screwed Ruby into a coma, continued to read her book...and shrugged. "She was both tougher and weaker than I thought. I'll do better next time."

Yang, with her hair ablaze, tackled Blake right out of bed and started punching...all while Ruby continued to sleep the sleep of the righteously satisfied.