“Neo, we need to have a talk.”

Neo gives me a flat look, shares it with the rest of the team.

“Yes, very funny, we need to have an exchange of communication then. Better?”

Her response is conveyed via body language, continuing to lay on her bed, nose upturned in a gesture of haughty dismissal. She glances at me from the corner of her eye and a sly smile creeps onto her face, her tongue flicking out to wet her lips in hopeful invitation to do something else.

It’s... Honestly a tempting image. Not least because she’s foregone clothing for the day. She doesn’t go out as much with Ironwood’s semi-legal dispersal of ‘peacekeeping’ troops in the city. It’s mostly a precaution. It’s not like they’d easily recognise her or that she couldn’t escape if they did. But playing the role of model students is in our interest so long as we don’t stray too far from our normal habits. Ilia and Amber are obviously keeping their heads down inside the hideout. Blake being the considerate kitten she can sometimes be has run supplies to them from time to time. Though I imagine some of it is for the sake of booty calls.

I digress. With Neo not intending to go out as much she’s taken more heavily to her preferences inside the dorm. Namely, clothing optional. It’s a habit she learned partially by osmosis. For obvious reasons Emerald and especially Cinder don’t wear clothing much in the room. Neo as a result picked up on an obvious pattern. I see a naked woman, I get aroused. I get aroused, someone is getting a helping of semen on or in some body part. And so, putting her curvy body on display more often got her what she craved. I honestly, genuinely can’t count the number of times I’ve spilt myself down the psychotic little cumslut’s throat as she sucked me dry. And therein lies the problem.

She arches her back and my eyes stray to the giant, jiggling orbs on her chest. She was already gifted and as stipulated by one of my powers, there’s only one place excess fat will go. It’s pretty clear Neo has been, uh, over-eating. Her previously ample assets have swollen to a size to make porn stars blush. And not for regular porn. Speciality porn dedicated to the well endowed. Her tits are officially too big to fit her uniform so we had to get her a new one that she only wears to combat class or other times she’d be expected to take it off in a locker room. The rest of the time she just wears her illusions.

It’s not even an aesthetic thing. They’re huge but they’re also *gorgeous*. Not sagging anywhere near as much as they should for their size. Even now as I stare she wraps her arms under them and gives them a little bounce. I’m mesmerised by the delightful wobble of the pale orbs, the crinkling and stiffening of her pretty pink nipples. I– No, Vlad, focus! This has to stop!

She sits up, swings her legs off of the edge of the bed and lets them spread, showing the petals of her pussy. Her fingers run along the length of her slit, spreading the sheen of her growing wetness.

“No...? *No*,” I repeat more firmly the second time. “None of that. This is an intervention. We need to have a serious talk about how much of my semen you’ve been drinking.”

She nods slowly, fingers rubbing slow circles over her folds. Her smile turning hungry and her eyes flashing with eager anticipation.

“I feel like this isn’t going the way he wanted it to,” Emerald whispers loud enough for everyone to hear. “I don’t even know why we’re here for this.”

“Because if we weren’t he would have folded like a napkin by now,” Cinder answered, not even bothering to whisper.

Dammit, they were supposed to help! “Okay, Neo, look. I know you enjoy my semen.” She nods fiercely, her grin showing teeth as she continues to play with herself. “But you know how my powers work. Bad enough most of your diet consists of ice cream. When the rest is enough of my cum per week to fill a bathtub you end up... Well...” My eyes drifted down meaningfully to her full and heaving chest.

She cocks her head to the side, as if confused. She’s not confused. She’s not. But she hefts one of her enormous breasts anyway, presents it as if asking if they’re what I’m referring to. Then lifts it to suck on her own nipple.

Oh, this is not going great for me. This is backfiring catastrophically. “Look, it’s... If they get too big it’ll...” Damn, it woman, stop making a show, I’m trying to lecture here! “Your agility will suffer. Isn’t that your whole thing?”

Her lips come off her nipple with a wet pop, the pink nub wet with spit. Her head cocks to the side in the other direction before she gets to her feet and in a single smooth motion transitions into a cartwheel, twists, backflip, back handspring, off the wall into a roll, frontflip to land on her knees between my legs. Still wearing nothing but a smug smile.

... Okay, honestly, that was my main argument and I can’t think of a better counterpoint she could’ve made. And her opening my pants and wrapping her giant tits around my cock is putting any others to bed before I can come up with them. “Okay, but...” Yep. Drawing a blank. Her fat tits engulfing my shaft as her lips wrap around the head. “Ohh, you have gotten way too good at this...”

“Well this was an enormous waste of my time,” Cinder complained with more weariness than anger. “And now I’m all worked up. Emerald, be a dear and sate my needs, would you? I need to be at my best and thinking clearly for my turn in Ozpin’s little interview thing he’s doing now.”

“Of course, Mistress.”

“Right,” I say absently, my hand on the back of Neo’s head as I push her deeper. Dammit, Cinder was right, I completely caved. But honestly Neo is too good a cocksucker for me to care. If feeding her a steady supply of cum relieves her latent desire to cause mayhem then it’s a fair trade. Better a slut pet than a psychopath. Hell, it’s the same approach I took with Cinder, though Cinder still has ambitions beyond a bellyful of cum. “Yours is today. Emerald, you already had yours. Any idea what he’s playing at?”

“No idea. I mean we know what it’s probably about but all he did was ask me a bunch of generic questions. Why I wanna be a huntress, what I think of the Grimm, that kind of thing. Really dumb and basic stuff.”

“Less talking, more licking, little gem.”

“R-Right! Sorry, Mistress!”

I think on it as best I’m able while Neo entertains both of us. I can’t deny the likelihood that there’s something going on there, but I have no idea what it could be. I can’t just avoid it when my turn comes as that would be even more suspicious and so far there’s no sign he’s learned anything meaningful. About Amber, about us, about the heist, about anything at all really. I’ll be careful. That’s all I can do. Besides, I’m trained for exactly this kind of thing. Tense conversations with multiple layers of meaning. So I’m not too worried.

I relax and enjoy Neo’s efforts, feeling no need to hold myself back when my release approaches. I push her down to make sure her mouth is full of dick meat before I erupt. It’s food for her, so she’d be disappointed if I buried myself in her throat and denied her the flavour and sensation of swallowing it down. Of course, with the volume and rate there’s no way she could physically swallow fast enough. It fills her mouth and overflows. Her face caked in the fluid, more spilling down to glaze her breasts and pool in her cleavage. She drinks it down, cleans my cock with her tongue. Then when she withdraws, she cleans her mouth, her chin, her breasts, making sure to get every last drop she can and savour the taste.

And when it’s all gone... She stares up at me. Hopefully. Needfully.

I sigh. “I spoil you, don’t I?” She grins in answer. Knowing I’m already going to give in. “Fine.” I focus my aura, bringing my cock back to wakefulness and accelerating the production of another load for her. “But you’re going to pay your dues.” The hand on her head glows for a few seconds of her ministrations as I take the energy I expended on feeding her more from her. “You take care of me, and I’ll take care of you.”

She nods, eagerly, happily, before going back to slurping on my cock. If this is the relationship I’ll have with Neo for the rest of her life... Well, there were far, *far* worse outcomes.

-(-)-

Nora was excited. Some might say Nora was always excited. Well if that was true then that just said it all the more how excited she was that she felt excited enough to single out the emotion herself!

Though... Now that she had thought the word excited so many times it was starting to lose meaning. To the point she wondered, would the opposite of excited be cited? It kinda made sense. Citing things for class projects was super boring so the opposite of that being anticipating something cool and fun and awesome? That just made sense!

Anyway.

The reason she was excited was obvious. Her and Ren had finally been invited to Pyrrha and Jaune's super secret training sessions! It was finally going to be a full Team JNPR experience! Sure, she understood why it was just the two of them at first. Well, the two of them and Vlad. Nora didn't really know what the deal was but Jaune was really far behind when it came to... Everything, really. Which was weird! Like, Nora and Ren didn't exactly have the most standard education background. Ren was smarter than Nora but neither of them had the same kind of grounding as the students who went to combat schools. So their blonde leader falling behind them in classwork was really weird. Girl needed all the help she could get and Pyrrha and Vlad were willing to give it to her!

But if the invitation was anything to go by, Jaune was finally making progress! They could train together for real and become a real team! Get together and become thick as thieves, just like Team RWBY had!

... Were thieves thick? That didn't make sense. Thieves were supposed to be small and quick, right? Like Ren! Thick was better for being big, loud and smashy like Nora!

"Nora."

"Nora!" She blinked. Realised her name hadn't spontaneously become a chant and that it was instead Ren getting her attention. The lithe girl's hand pointing at the training room. "Oh. We're here!" She swiped her scroll over the door lock as it swished open in response. Ren followed her in, shaking her head slightly.

"Ah, everyone's here! Wonderful!" Vlad called out to them, standing to one side as Pyrrha and Jaune faced on another, their weapons locked together. "Sorry for starting without you but, seize the day and all."

"No problem!" the ginger girl dismissed the apology completely. Like she was going to complain about someone not waiting around to get physical!

She knew how she felt about her team. Jaune was kind of useless and desperate but she was getting better. Pyrrha was amazing at everything but super passive. Ren was... Well, Ren was... She was a lot of things. Too many to sum up so easily. But she knew how she felt about Ren.

But Vlad? She didn't really know Vlad all that well, despite him being kind of close with two of her team. It seemed like Jaune liked to not like him. Pyrrha *definitely* liked him, and Nora was like ninety percent sure the reason she stopped saying sorry every few sentences was because of him. So that was definitely a good thing. But as for Nora's feelings regarding him... He seemed kind of stiff. Which was fine! She liked stiff people! Ren was stiff! But he was also a little fussy, liked to hear himself talk, was charming but in that way where he was definitely putting it on. The learned kind and not a naturally friendly disposition.

That was a lot of negatives, but it wasn't all negatives! He was handsome. He sure rocked that goatee. And the one thing that probably outweighed all the negatives... No matter how much he was putting on the charming front, everyone who knew him better than she did seemed to believe he was a good person. Someone who was willing to help with advice or in a desperate situation. The fact that he was the reason these sessions were even happening earned him a whole bunch of points in Nora's book!

The spar went on for a little while, at least until Pyrrha decided to end it in a fairly simple and straightforward way. Something that would have been easily countered by an experienced opponent, especially one wielding broadly the same equipment. Jaune failed to do so, but she did move in the right way even if it was a little late. Considered progress, for the fact that when she first started at Beacon she probably would have done nothing, turtled behind her shield or done the exact wrong thing. She was learning what to do which was a step in the right direction. It was knowledge, but not yet instinct.

"You're getting better, Jaune," Pyrrha promised her with a smile

"Thanks," she muttered in response.

"Alright!" Vlad drew attention to himself with an exclamation. "So you two might've noticed, but Jaune is getting better at fighting against someone using her own equipment. She's also getting better against a spear. But what I think we should focus on today thanks to having you two here is switching things up so she can apply the lessons she's already learned to different equipment and styles. Give her a feel for what works and what doesn't when facing different types of opponents. Which rules still apply and which ones don't."

"I'M GOING FIRST!" Nora announced, not waiting an instant longer to take her chance, stepping forward. Or more accurately stomping forward, squatting low with her hammer raised menacingly.

"Ohhhh no..." Jaune groaned, though to her credit she took her fighting stance again.

It came as little surprise that the bout didn't last very long, though longer than it would have in the past.

"Good try, Jaune!" Pyrrha cheered her on despite her swift defeat.

"Ugh, she fights like Cardin," the blonde groaned.

"Come again?" Nora asked, with just a little bit of genuine malice.

"Uh, I mean because you both use big heavy weapons, but but but you're way better than he is!"

"Damn straight!"

"Phew," the girl sighed in relief.

“So, what did you learn?” Vlad asked, waited for an answer. “Come on Jaune, you’re not an idiot and we’ve been teaching you to examine and learn from fights. What did you learn?”

“That this is mostly useless against a heavy weapon like that,” she grumbled finally, raising her shield. “Trying to block is asking for my body to lock up from the shock of it. And trying to deflect is stupid when there’s that much force behind the hit.”

“It can be done,” Pyrrha corrected, though quickly backtracked. “But it takes a great deal of skill, precision and experience that you don’t have yet. But you’ll get there, Jaune!”

Nora was starting to see why the pair of them were getting results with Jaune’s training. It made sense. Pyrrha was a people pleaser who didn’t like making people feel bad, so she was pure encouragement no matter what. Meanwhile Vlad was more stern, not telling her she could do better, but that he *expected* her to do better. They came at her from different directions..Pyrrha pushed while Vlad pulled. But both moved her in the same direction.

They moved right along to a spar with Ren. Similar results through different means. The martial artist girl coming at the country girl with agility, grace and finesse but little power. With Jaune correctly estimating the benefits and drawbacks. That as a direct counterpoint to Nora, Ren didn’t fear her blade, but the shield was a greater obstacle. Then following that a spar against Vlad, demonstrating Jaune’s growing familiarity with fighting someone who had far greater reach. And then back to Pyrrha in a mirror match. So it went in circles, with occasional breaks of NPR and Vlad sparring amongst themselves while Jaune took a breather. It turned out Vlad was super fun to fight against when they couldn’t use the fancy tricks of their weapons. With both of them using long-handled weapons it often turned into a weapon-wrestling match. Sometimes turning to a real wrestling match. For such a skinny guy Vlad sure liked attempting grapples. So few people tried that on her, she found it way more fun and exciting than usual!

It was maybe one of the most productive training sessions the team had experienced as a team. Definitely a worthwhile experience. Fun too! This was what it was all about! Working up a sweat, kicking their team leader’s butt up and down the training room!

“Alright, I think it’s time we take things to a more serious level,” Vlad announced.

“Wait, what?” Jaune asked.

“As part of these sessions, we’ve been experimenting with some unique incentives to push everyone to do their best. Well,” the former noble looked at Pyrrha with a wry smile as she blushed, “Most of everyone.”

“Wait, hold on,” Jaun protested, “There’s no way you mean–! We’re gonna do that? With...” She looked nervously at the newcomers to the session.

“I don’t see a problem, Jaune,” Pyrrha told her, looking enthusiastic about it. In fact, she was being a little intense about it, especially for Pyrrha. She always took fights seriously, Nora knew that. But the naked anticipation was definitely new.

“If you’d prefer not to participate Jaune, that’s fine,” Vlad assured her.

Something that brought genuine uncertainty to the blonde as she looked at Pyrrha, at Vlad, at Nora and Ren. “I... Yeah, okay.”

“Excellent!”

“So what is it?” Ren asked.

“Punishment games,” he informed the two of them. “We’ll start simple. Losing a spar means losing a piece of clothing.”

“Seriously?” the visibly Mistrali girl asked with a frown. “Is this just so you can see us naked?”

“If that were my only goal I’d be a lot more forthright about it,” he answered without shame. Not actually denying that he really was trying to see them naked. “It really is quite effective. Though I’ll note. Jaune and Pyrrha share punishments, while Pyrrha doesn’t receive them for her own losses.”

That was... A weird rule. But then it clicked in the stocky redhead’s mind. “I get it! Because Jaune is super protective so she’ll fight harder to stop Pyrrha’s punishments!”

“And since Pyrrha won’t be punished for losing, she won’t fight as hard,” Ren added. “Giving the rest of us a fighting chance. It makes sense.”

Vlad and Pyrrha shared a glance, the amazon woman blushing and looking away. “Sure,” the man acknowledged with a smirk, “Let’s go with that. Who wants to go first?”

“We will!” Nora announced, grabbing Ren by the hand and raising it before releasing and leaping away. “You’re going down, Renny!”

The quieter of the two breathed what was almost a sigh. “Alright.” Hands going to her waist to retrieve her blades, only to think better of it and put them away again, choosing her own body as her weapon.

It was a quick bout as spars between Nora and Ren tended to be under a first strike rule. Nora was under an inherent disadvantage when her fighting style consisted of making one big hit. Any one of Ren’s rapid strikes that landed was ruled equally as effective. It was good practice in being more evasive for Nora at least, but it ended how anyone would expect it to, Ren slipping past her guard and giving her a swift and sure tap at her kidney.

“Darn it!” Nora complained, looking over herself for what item to discard, landing on her arm warmers. “I’ll get you next time, Renny! NEXT TIME IS NOW!” Without warning, she leapt forward to bowl over her friend, catching her with a quick headbutt to make sure it counted.

“Nora!”

“Yay! I win! That counts, right?”

“Uh... Sure?” Vlad ruled with uncertainty. “Got to be aware at all times I suppose.”

“YEAH! Take it off, Renny!” She watched with glee as Ren rolled her eyes, slipping off her shoes as she got back to her feet.

“Okay, next, Pyrrha and–”

“ME!” Nora shouted. “Put me in, coach! I can feel it! I’m on a hot streak!”

“Your win/loss record is even,” Ren pointed out, “And the win shouldn’t have counted.”

“HOT STREAK! Come on, Pyrrha, let’s go!”

“I don’t see why not,” her fellow redhead agreed, shifting her weapon into its spear form as she stepped into the ‘ring’. “Give it your best!”

“You bet!” She felt confident. She might even win this time!

... What was that strangely ominous feeling she was experiencing? She raised her hammer in front of her as Pyrrha moved. The hoplite warrior deflected her opening strike with her shield, hooked her spear under the head of the hammer and forced her to keep moving with it, dragging her along and striking her back with the shield while she was overextended.

Oh. The ominous feeling was impending doom. Made sense. Pyrrha was still Pyrrha.

“Okay, so much for Pyrrha going easier,” Ren muttered.

“No kidding,” Nora groaned, standing from where she had been knocked to the floor. She looked herself over. She needed to lose something else, so she picked the piece of clothing that would least hinder her from losing it. “There we go!” Nora announced, unfastening and dropping her skirt. “Nice spar, Pyrrha!” Always humbling, but there was always something to learn from a loss!

Ren held a hand covering her face. Vlad smiled in approval. “Very cute panties, Nora.” White with a little pink thunderbolt design that traced its way under the crotch.

“Thanks!” she responded, hands on her hips, showing no hint of shame or desire to hide. He was right after all.

The spars continued. Ren had seemed a little suspicious of Vlad’s motives for this and Nora couldn’t blame her. It sure looked like he was just enjoying four girls getting gradually stripped down, but it was only one more match between Ren and Jaune that lost Jaune her chest plate and Pyrrha her neck armour before the sole man among them stepped into the ring. Against Pyrrha no less, losing handily as anyone would. He left his heavy coat behind and the cycle went on.

Nora's shoes. Jaune's pants. Pyrrha's sash. Ren's qipao dress. Jaune's skirt. Pyrrha's greaves. Vlad's ruffled shirt. Before too long, some of them were half naked. And more importantly, Pyrrha seemed excited whenever Jaune lost. Had been absolutely merciless when faced against the blonde even though it would mean losing her own clothing. And yet, she dominated from the first instant and while straddling their team leader, removed her corset to let her breasts spill free and reveal her sculpted abs.

... Nora was starting to feel like there was more to this than just training incentives. She could feel the charge in the air of the room. The heat of it. The piles of clothes in the room like shed skin revealing more of themselves. She could feel that part keenly as she looked about at the room full of half naked beautiful people. And Ren... Glistening with sweat. Stripped down to panties and breast bindings. She was always so traditional in such weirdly specific ways. The rambunctious redhead felt her feelings she had pushed down come to the fore against her will. Maybe it was the atmosphere, just how... *Desirous* the other three looked at each other. Maybe that was why despite having seen Ren disrobed plenty of times, it felt different this time. Like she was having trouble ignoring what had always been right in front of her eyes.

"Jaune," Vlad spoke with an unexpectedly teasing tone as he stood across from his fellow blonde. The buxom girl swallowing thickly at the sound of it. "Things have progressed quite far. If you lose, you know what happens next."

"I know," she whispered. She looked at Pyrrha sitting near nude to one side. Only in a collar and panties. One article of clothing away from being entirely nude. One closer than Jaune herself still in bra and panties for having worn more at the start. Even after every loss she had taken today, she still drew her sword with the same determination. No, more determination than ever. "That won't happen! I'll win!"

"Oh?" The spear twirled in one hand. "Don't let her down, now." The weapon swept back as his stance lowered before he moved forward in a half-pace charge. As he neared, he led with his spear, striking three times in quick succession in a triangle pattern. The first two blocked by Jaune's shield, the third batted aside with a swing of that same shield, leaving Vlad open for the young woman to rush into a more favourable range. With the spear kept at bay her shield stayed wide to defend against its inevitable return. Leading with her sword she moved in close for a lunge of her own.

Vlad's response came in the form of moving with the deflection of his spear. Turning his hand and flicking it between his fingers to twirl it into a reverse grip. His hand mere inches from the spear tip, he jabbed it forward toward the Arc's face. She flinched away from the sudden attack, her lunge going wide as Vlad evaded it at the same time. With the distance gained, he twirled the spear again to return to a normal grip. Took one step back and swept the weapon low at his opponent's legs.

She panicked, hopped to evade the attack. Managed, only to stumble on her landing, putting up a hasty block as the spear came back around in a full spin. But she had lost the rhythm of the fight and so when the spear bounced off the shield, twirled and came back in a stab, she was in no way prepared for it. The jabbing weapon knocked the wind out of her.

And just like that, Vlad's spear withdrew and he stepped back, a too pleased smile on his face. An excited grin finding its way onto Pyrrha's. "I believe that's my win."

"... Yeah." She looked at Pyrrha. Saw the complete lack of shame as the redhead happily raised her legs and slipped off her panties. No regret, no doubt, no judgement. "Yeah, okay." With resignation, the blonde accepted her own punishment, reaching behind her back to unfasten and remove her bra.

"I'll take my prize now," he said, confusing Nora. Until Pyrrha stood and he took her seat, before she sat in his lap. Completely naked save for her collar. Sighing in appreciation as she felt Vlad's hand's move over her naked body.

"Uhh..." Nora managed to utter, for once completely at a loss for words. She looked to Ren, gauging her reaction. But she seemed to be just as lost.

"My prize for stripping her completely," Vlad explained for their benefit, kissing the invincible girl's neck. "Mine to do with as I please. Those are the rules, Jaune knows them as well as I. But," he kissed the redhead on the cheek to an amused and appreciative giggle, "Not that Pyrrha would mind all that much if I decided to just take her."

"Of course not," she sighed, her own hand going to her collar. "I'm yours." Her eyes refocused just a little as she looked at her teammates. The ones who hadn't known about this. "I wanted you to know. You're my team, so I want you, all of you, to see the real me. This is me. I belong to Vlad. I love it when he takes me, when he dominates me. And I love it even more when people see it for themselves the kind of girl I really am." As if to prove it, her legs spread welcomingly as his fingers slid down her abs to stroke at her soaked folds just the way she liked.

"Pretty much everyone seems to know at this point," Vlad admitted with a sheepish look at the two newcomers to this debauchery. "I, we, have a pretty casual approach to sex. It's very enjoyable. It can be more than that if you want it to be but at its base, I see it as a fun experience to share. And of course, you two are welcome to join in."

Nora could see how much Pyrrha was enjoying herself. After everything that had happened already she wouldn't deny she was tempted. The heat that had been building in the room had turned sweltering. She felt it drawing her in. She looked to Ren and saw the same indecision in her body language.

And also the moment that indecision left her in a single centring breath. "I'm not–"

"Ren."

Her friend, her sister in bond not blood, looked at her. Not in surprise. In her state she was incapable of it. Instead she regarded Nora with a placid, peaceful expression.

Not here. Not now. Not like that. She knew what Ren was doing. She was running from her feelings. Just as tempted, just as curious. But able to hide all of it and pretend those feelings didn't exist. Nora didn't have the same luxury and wouldn't want it if she did.

She took off her bra with one hand and planted her hammer on the ground. “Ren. I’m... Um... I’m one loss away, I guess!” she announced with uncharacteristic nerves.

Ren looked at her like she had lost her mind and... Nora wouldn’t deny that hurt. “Nora, you’re getting lost in your emotions. Here–” She reached out.

And Nora took a step back. “Maybe I want to. Maybe I think it’s exciting and fun and something I wanna experience with you.”

The reaching hand lowered. She saw the indecision of pure logic Ren was experiencing. Ren knew her priorities even while under the effects of her own semblance. And she knew that Nora would never intentionally steer her wrong. There was no one she trusted more in the world. And so, Nora witnessed the life come back to her friend’s face. She was never the most expressive so it was a subtle thing. But the greater change came in her movements. As she approached her opposite in near all things. Not with weapons. Those she tossed aside. If this would happen, they wouldn’t need a pretense. Instead, she lay her hands on Nora’s body. One resting on her hip, the other her shoulder. The charge in the air thrummed with their heartbeats.

Nora took the plunge. Cautious, patient Ren never would so Nora would always be there to do it for her. She leaned forward and stole a kiss. Then when she realised that yes, this was exactly what she wanted, she stole another. Strong arms circled around the lithe girl and pulled her close as the kiss deepened.

Their tongues danced as their bodies writhed against one another, Ren’s bindings coming undone from the rubbing, her panties dropped by Nora’s overenthusiastic explorations.

“Ah!” Their attention was stolen by Pyrrha’s sharp cry. Saw the woman worshipped by so many get her pussy split open by Vlad’s powerfully thrusting shaft. They stood mesmerised as they watched the redhead’s breasts bounce. As they saw Jaune join the two despite her seeming reservations earlier.

“Should we join them?” Ren asked.

Nora didn’t know. Part of her wanted Ren all to herself. The rest of her thought watching Pyrrha get fucked was insanely hot. Before long, the latter won out. She pulled Ren along to join the larger group.

Vlad saw their approach, smiled in a way that seemed victorious. But he knew why they were coming over. Pyrrha was the star of the show and the celebrity for once revelled in the attention. Vlad’s cock slipped out of her, revealing it to be far larger than either Nora or Ren realised, before it found new purchase in her ass. The amazon squealed in appreciation. More so when Vlad stood, holding her up by her thighs as he carried her with a bounce in his movements before laying on a table. Pyrrha’s backdoor impaled on him and on display for the three other girls.

Jaune wasted no time, knowing exactly where she wanted to be. She moved between Pyrrha and Vlad's legs and knelt, her lips meeting her partner's lower lips, her tongue wriggling between the folds to drink her juices. Nora and Ren took either side of the muscular woman. Nora's hands reaching out to fondle and stroke her incredible body while Ren offered her an unexpectedly tender kiss.

"I want to taste someone," Pyrrha pleaded. Nora and Ren looked at one another. Nora once again took the initiative, climbing onto the table to rest on her knees. Pyrrha didn't need prompting, happily sitting up and grabbing hold of Nora's ass and feasting on the virgin territory between her legs.

"Nn, Ren," Vlad spoke from beneath her. "Would you like to try?"

The dark-haired girl didn't answer verbally. In a graceful movement, she hopped up and spread her legs wide to lower her pussy over Vlad's face.

Once again, Ren and Nora were face to face, both groaning as another pair of lovers licked and sucked at their most sensitive areas. Once again they joined together, exploring one another's bodies.

Ren was the first to blow. Heat and pressure rising inside her at a rate she was in no way prepared for under the ministrations of Vlad's skilled tongue. Even as she tensed, as she suddenly grabbed and held onto Nora for dear life, she remained nearly as quiet as ever. Letting out only a short grunt of pleasure as she saw sparks, as juices flooded her pussy and coated Vlad's tongue. Not to be outdone, Pyrrha brought Nora to her peak soon after, the exuberant girl much more vocal. Growling and groaning, taking Pyrrha's hair in hand and forcing her deeper, not letting go until she was good and finished.

The two girls slipped off their mounts, panting for breath and smiling at one another.

"Up you get, girls," Vlad ordered and they found themselves complying without complaint. As Ren and Nora moved away, he grabbed Pyrrha by her hips and leaned forward, carrying her partially on his cock again before turning around and bending her over the table.

What came next was a sight neither of them would ever forget. The glee on Pyrrha's face, knowing what was about to happen. The careful groping of her muscular body before Vlad planted his hands on her hips. And then...

"Oh, f-f-f-u-uck me-e-e-e!" Pyrrha whined as Vlad began mercilessly hammering Pyrrha's asshole. Her body shaking and bouncing against the table. Her tits swinging back and forth with the brutal pace and power of the ass-fucking she couldn't be happier to take. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Yes! Look at me!" the redhead demanded, her tongue hanging out as her ass was pounded. "Fuck me Vlad! I'm yours! Show them I'm yours! Your good little whore! The invincible whore! The invincible slut! Vlad's invincible cocksleeve! Ah! Ahhhhh!" Her upper half slammed down into the table hard, no one in any doubt that she had just reached a climactic and explosive orgasm from her team watching her get her ass cored out. They didn't need to see the feminine juices spraying from her pussy to know that.

Vlad slapped her ass as he pulled out of her, setting her twitching body aside to lay on the floor, thick cum oozing out of her gaping ass. Quickly stepping over to his coat, he pulled out what looked like a pack of cleansing wipes and carefully scrubbed his cock clean. “Which of you would like to go next?” he asked with a smug grin. Likely knowing after a show like that someone was going to take him up on it.

And surprisingly, “Okay.” The soft-spoken Ren volunteered, taking Pyrrha’s place on the table lying face up.

Nora watched, unable to say anything as Vlad shrugged and took his place between Ren’s legs, running a hand up and down her slim tummy. Then laying his shaft atop her. Both of their eyes widened, realising exactly how big he was and exactly what Pyrrha had just taken in her back door. “Are you ready?” he asked, sliding over her wet pussy lips a few times to make sure she was as good and ready as could be. “I’ll go slow.”

Ren nodded, staring down as that monster slipped down from her abdomen to between her legs. Felt it prod at her lips before sliding in, spreading her painfully wide. She hissed as she felt her womanhood give in to his pressure and size. As it expanded and stretched to fit his girth. Deeper and deeper opening her up and splitting her in half, the bulge of it visible on her slim figure as it travelled inside her most sacred place. Nora provided a welcome distraction, turning her head away from the sight of the monster invading her body with painful pleasure to kiss her deeply and passionately. Pulling away to give her a reassuring smile before closing again for another.

She gasped as Vlad’s movements turned from conquering new territory inside her to abusing that territory. An unkind word. He kept his promise to go slow. But even so with his size every movement was inescapably intense. He filled her completely from lips to cervix, her pussy claimed by him in totality as he began to gently fuck her deeply. Every stroke putting pressure on every inch of her pussy. The pain began to ebb, leaving only pleasure as Nora lovingly kissed her and Vlad sweetly fucked her. The two working together to bring her higher. To new pleasures she had never been aware of. Her whole body clenched, her toes curled as he wrung an orgasm out of her. But he didn’t stop for an instant to let her collect herself afterwards. Whether selfish or intentionally as part of the experience, he gave her no reprieve as he began taking her to the next peak.

The time for gentleness had neared its end. His strokes became faster, more insistent. Only as he used a little more force did she realise exactly how little of his cock was actually inside her. She had watched as his balls slapped Pyrrha’s pussy with each thrust bottoming out inside her ass. But for Ren, it was barely more than halfway. Even with that, it felt like her pussy would never be the same again. No wonder Pyrrha had gotten so attached.

Minutes more. Two orgasms more. And finally Vlad warned her. “I’m close. Inside or out?”

Warning bells rang in her mind. “Out! Outside!” she answered quickly. Obediently, Vlad withdrew from inside her, took himself in hand and stroked himself to completion, his seed splattering across her body in trails of sticky warmth. She took gasping breaths of relief, staring down at the white trails running from her neck to her mound.

Nora cocked her head, swept some of it up onto her finger and licked it. “Hm!” she smiled brightly, leaning forward to drag her tongue along every drop of semen. She surprised Ren by moving up to kiss her again, delivering a payload of gooey whiteness into her mouth.

“Please don’t become an addict,” Vlad pleaded. “I have two of those and they’re already more than enough. Anyway. Nora, your turn.”

“Ooh!” She didn’t wait for Ren to move, simply hopped up onto the table and scooted her friend aside. “No need to go easy on me! I can take it!”

“You’re sure?”

“Hit me!”

“You’re the boss,” he acquiesced with no further argument, positioning himself and sliding inside her. She could see why he warned her. Why Ren made all those weird faces as he took her virginity. It was intense! But it was no big deal, she had a great pain tolerance! It was barely a tickle for her, letting her enjoy the feeling of taking a dick for the first time. It was neat! Like her insides were all shouting ‘Yay’ it once!

But then he stopped. “We’ve not gotten to the going hard part, yet,” he warned. “Last chance to back down.”

“Stop talking about it and fuck me already!”

His head tilted as if to say ‘Alright then’. Held her by one hip and one breast... And continued going deeper. The stretching sensation of it grew more severe as he fed inch after inch more inside her until he came to a wall. A barrier. He fondled her breast for a moment, enjoying the feeling of it in his palm, then brought it down to her other hip. Pulled back and slammed home again.

“Gah!” she yelped unexpectedly even to herself. That was, okay that was a lot. But, “Gah!” Again. No, she could take it! She bit down on her lip to silence her cries as he began roughly fucking her, filling her pussy and conquering it with enormous cock. Again and again, using her hips as leverage to fuck her in powerful strokes, each one putting pressure on that final barrier until it began to give. Wait, wasn’t that supposed to not–?

With a final heave he pressed hard against it. Nora’s green eyes crossed as she felt the beast of a cock invade her womb. “Oh GODS!” She threw her head back, her mouth hung open at the pain and pleasure of it all. Her pussy spasmed from the impossible sensation of her deepest depths being claimed by cock. From the feeling of finally being completely full of it. The slap of his balls against her ass. The feel of Ren’s hand resting on the bulge it made under her belly as she stared at it in awe.

Then, only then, when she had finally come to grips with what had just happened and exactly how good it felt, did Vlad give her exactly what she asked for. And begin to fuck her hard. He showed no mercy to her and by the vacant grin on her face she would have asked for nothing less. Her body bounced on his meat, her body ravaged for his pleasure and only

incidentally her own. Each pump of his cock inside her stretching her beyond probability sending a shockwave through her body. Not all of them made her cum. But too many of them did for her to keep an accurate tally of how many she experienced.

“Nora–”

“Ih-shiiiide...!” she pleaded in a slur.

Four more thrusts and she felt it. The thick deluge of cum flooding her from her womb on down to spill out of the seal his cock made of her pussy lips. She squealed at the unique sensation, caused by the impulsive desire to know what it would be like. To be filled with a man’s cum.

It was nice. More than nice, really. She wouldn’t mind doing it again at all!

“We should all get cleaned up and dressed,” Vlad suggested, looking Ren’s way. Surprisingly enough she didn’t seem all that happy for it to be over but she clearly agreed. Their time with the room would be up soon. She rolled off the table and went to find the pile of clothes that were hers.

Surprising to Nora, he didn’t quite move to do the same right away. Instead, he sat her up as he slipped out of her to leave a puddle of cum on the floor. “You’re alright?” he asked.

“Yeah! All good!” She raised an arm to flex a bicep, repeating it with the other. “See?” She wasn’t so confident about her legs, but that wasn’t important.

He smiled and pulled her to the edge of the table, leaning in close to her ear. “You should tell her, you know.”

“Huh?”

He continued, equally quietly. “I’ll never complain about new people coming to have fun with us. But how you feel about her?” He glanced Ren’s way. “Whether it’ll be that day or years on, you’ll be happier knowing you were honest with your feelings. The best things in life come from taking a risk, right?”

She stared at him as he moved away to get dressed. Frowned. She looked Ren’s way and the girl, seeming to feel the eyes on her, turned and smiled in that soft and caring way. The smile she seemed to reserve just for Nora.

Vlad… He had just taken her virginity. Taken Ren’s virginity. And then right after, gave some advice that recontextualised the entire event. Her and Ren’s relationship had changed in a very real sense today. Perhaps not quite to what Nora would like it to be, but several steps closer to it. Was that why he had done all this?

No. As she looked at him, he looked all too satisfied with himself. He wanted all of this. Maybe his advice was part of what he wanted, but he sure also wanted to have sex with the

both of them. For all of his reputation as someone willing to help out, that didn't mean he wasn't also in it for himself.

She sat up, felt the cooling puddle of cum between her legs. It was fun, intense, a good time. Of the ways to lose her virginity, Ren by her side with someone who knew what they were doing was a good one.

Vlad turned to look at her over his shoulder as he threw on his ruffled shirt. "So, will you be joining our session on Friday?"

Would she? She looked to her side where Ren was sitting. Saw her smile in an embarrassed way with an incline of her head. Her cheeks ever so slightly flushed at the silent admission she would like to. It was all Nora needed. "Sure! Sounds like fun!"