

Something About Him

Chapter 5

Plucking The Rose

Ruby Rose had always been one of the more sheltered students at Beacon academy, not as adept at social situations as her sister Yang, and quite a bit more innocent. Always taking a romantic view of things, wanting to be a great Huntress, a real-life hero straight out of childhood fairy tales. With her intelligence and natural skill at combat, at least with her weapon, Crescent Rose—a sniper rifle and Scythe in one, Ruby would have been an impressive student already. But when this head for weapon design and skill at close and ranged combat was combined with her speed-type Semblance, Petal Burst, Ruby was well on her way to achieving her goals. That was part of why she led her team with her friends Weiss, Blake, and Yang. With them by her side, this somewhat awkward, slightly geeky little girl could be the stuff of legends one day. She was the only one who seemed so confident, so set on making her dreams reality, especially lately.

A lot of the students at Beacon had been acting strange lately, though it was hardly all the students. It was mostly just the girls, and more and more of them with each passing week. Ruby's colleagues were missing classes unexpectedly, arriving late to social functions looking flushed or heavily out of breath, Whenever Ruby asked what was wrong, they all just waved it away, even Headmistress Goodwitch had been acting strange lately, making excuses like she was coming down with something (despite not showing any other signs of illness) or saying they were sore from working out (a lot of the girls *were* spending more time in the gym, but they mostly seemed to be trying to look good in their gym clothes instead of actually build muscle), all of which was not true, but not glaringly false enough to let Ruby press harder or to give any clues to what the truth actually *was*.

They probably weren't telling her because they looked down on her still, in silly ways just because she was a little younger. Oh, they all acknowledged that she was strong, a gifted fighter and a natural, charismatic leader who had a way of bringing people close together and filling them with hope for the future. But there was *something* they were holding back from her, Ruby could tell and at times she felt like she was very close to it, as though circling right around something but never actually getting nearer to understanding what it was. Between training, studying, and tinkering with Crescent Rose, she'd never had time to properly sit down with any of her friends and do anything about it.

As she wandered Beacon, bouncing a dozen different ideas around in her head as usual, it occurred to Ruby that a lot of these changes had started at the same time, or close to it. And what had been new to Beacon at that time, the one most obvious, *biggest* change? Why, if she really thought about it, her train of thought picking up speed as she walked at nearly a jog's pace, head down and deep in thought, there was really only one answer and that was-

“Ooh!”

There was a loud, almost comical crash as Ruby rounded a corner, walking full tilt and not looking where she was going. At the same time, she collided with someone else, a rather sturdy body that should have resisted her impact easily enough given the difference in size, but between a pair of poorly laced boots on his part and a slick floor, he tumbled as well. Ruby ended up on top of the man, suddenly face to face with him, so close she blushed red.

“There’s got to be an easier way for you to say hello, Rose.” The man grumbled, and Ruby’s blush intensified.

“Ah, Slate, I’m so sorry! I wasn’t watching where I was going, and I was going over something in my mind and I-I’m just *really* sorry!”

Slate had been on her mind already, for some reason, but Ruby couldn’t put it together. It was remarkable she’d even knocked him over, as he probably outweighed her by seventy kilos or more. But she noticed he was standing in front of the boy’s locker room, which had a distinct puddle in front of him. Ruby wanted to ask about it, until she realized she was laying on top of this strong, big, and unmistakably *male* form. She hardly saw Slate, the newest addition to Beacon Academy, which she thought was a mystery all its own—he went to the gym plenty, and lots of people had nice things to say about him, from Ruby’s own sister Yang to the usually stuck-up Weiss, but she never saw him in a classroom or studying anywhere. This was by far the closest she’d ever been to him, admiring the square jaw of his face, the hazel of his eyes and the charmingly messy shag of dark brown hair on his head.

“Well...maybe you could get off of me, huh? Or do I have to pick you up myself?” His voice was low, not quite a rumble yet it still seemed to cause vibrations to shake through Ruby’s body. Just for a second, she thought of taking him up on that offer, as she could see his arms were quite large and more than capable of easily lifting her up.

Gosh, he could probably bench press me like it was nothing! It was a thought very much unlike Ruby, and she wondered where **that** had come from...she wasn’t used to being this close to any men, now that she thought about it. Trying to focus, Ruby blinked, her bright silver eyes—the legacy of a powerful, important destiny that marked Ruby as a warrior even before she’d taken her own steps on that path-wide and moist, so close to Slate’s face. There was a strange smell in the air, one she couldn’t place yet found enjoyable in an odd, if strong way.

“Oooh! Oh, uhmm...excuse me, but I think your hands are...” Ruby stammered, trying to point out the obviously accidental placement of Slate’s hands. When he fell, probably trying to stop himself from hitting the floor, one of his hands had landed on her lower back, just an inch above her hips, and the other was actually on her chest, squeezing it firmly.

“Well, you’re definitely that cow tits sister, that’s for sure.” Slate chuckled, eying Ruby up like she was a piece of meat. Even with her pointing out where his hands were, Slate didn’t move them, at least not at first, actually squeezing a little bit and making Ruby

bite her lower lip in frustration...and maybe just a little of something else. She knew she should say something, maybe even yell at him or smack him-Yang would smack him, Ruby was sure, she'd *never* let some rude, uncouth man treat her this way-but she felt bad. She *had* walked into him, after all.

"Yeah, eh, Yang, that's right, she's my sister, well, half." Ruby said, slowly reaching down to try and push herself up.

Slate chuckled, like he was in on some secret joke. "Which half? Top, or bottom?"

He snickered some more, finding the whole thing very funny. Ruby opened her mouth to tell him off-groping her chest purely by accident was one thing, but making comments like that, which involved her sister, were too far. But as she drew in a breath to give him a nice strong talking to, her mouth just shut again, and her nostrils flared. There was a strange smell in the air, something pungent and almost powerful. She settled for standing up, slowly drawing her chest across Slate's body as she did, simply because of the way they were laying together and feeling a strange tingle run through her body.

"Hey, that's not...wait, why is the locker room leaking?" Ruby asked, easily distracted by the puddle on the floor. That had been why Slate had slipped after all, looking at his body as he stood up he never would have fallen over normally. She suddenly felt very small once he was back on his feet, he was probably closer to seven feet tall than six, and Ruby was barely two inches over two feet. His uniform was tight, though he'd foregone the tie, like he did most days.

Slate brushed her question off, shrugging his shoulders. "Something clogged one of the toilets, I think. Nothing important, I'll tell someone about it later."

The "*something*" clogging the toilet in question was Weiss Schnee, whose face Slate had stuffed into a toilet after she'd "accidentally" walked into the men's locker room and the pair had had a quick, loud angry...argument. But Slate would keep that to himself for now; despite looking like a dumb, muscle-bound brute (and often acting like one) he had a sense of cunning, especially for social situations like this. It was something that Ruby lacked, as Slate knew exactly how far to push things, helped by his unique Faunus pheromones-he hadn't exactly come to Beacon to study, but it was undeniably true that he'd learned a lot about how his special ability worked and how to apply it in just the right way.

"Well, just be careful, or I'll be on top of you again!" Ruby said, trying to make a joke. A few seconds went by as Slate raised an eyebrow at her, wondering if she'd understood what she'd said. Ruby's face slowly turned red as her mind played catch-up, realizing what she'd said and what she meant weren't exactly the same.

"Oh! Oh...no, no I just meant that, if I bumped into you again-which again, I'm so sorry about that, I'll watch where I'm going from now on-that you would fall over, and I would too and so I'd be all over you...I mean on you! I'd be on you, on top, but not like *that*, like..."

Slate laughed, finding her lack of social graces cute, even as he eyed up her ample chest and small, trim waist.

“Yes, I got it, Ruby. I’d love to stay and chat, but I have an appointment with Goodbitch, and she’ll be pacing a hole in the floor by now. I’ll see you around some time, and tell your sister I hope her head feels better.”

Smoothing his rumpled clothes with two large, hairy-knuckled hands (Ruby couldn’t help but stare at those enormous hands of his, nearly the size of frying pans and looking like they could do some real damage...especially to someone small like her), Slate grunted in farewell and rounded the corner, leaving Ruby feel like *she’d* been the one totally bowled over.

“Wow...he’s so...*cool!*” She whispered. Not the most pleasant or nice guy she’d ever met, but that’s because he was *real* and honest and genuine, he didn’t play games or fawn all over her just because he thought she was cute. At least, Ruby thought he thought she was cute, she sure *hoped* he did because she thought he was just...handsome and not in a classic, pretty boy way. Even his tan seemed like it came from working outside and not just lounging around the beach, and his cologne, or whatever it was, was downright intoxicating. Everything had happened so fast, one minute Ruby had been walking along just minding her own business (she knew there was something that had been occupying her thoughts, something she was fixating on, but it seemed unimportant now) and then...pow!

“You know, I always thought he was kind of mean, and like a total slacker, but now I see that’s not his fault at all.”

Ruby was saying a few hours later, after classes were out for the day. She was in her shared room with her sister, Yang, and while the curvy blonde reclined in a chair, Ruby was walking around with her fingers curling and uncurling from too much nervous energy running through her petite little frame. Ruby tossed her sister a glance, suddenly remembering something in her unusually jumbled train of thought.

“Oh, and he said he hoped your head felt better...are you ok? Did you injure yourself training or something?”

Yang coughed, leaning back as her tight yellow top strained against her full breasts. The blonde looked as gorgeous as ever, something Ruby had never really been jealous of before but was now very aware of, though she seemed more tired than usual. Yang’s lilac eyes glanced around a bit before answered, trying to remember.

“Ah, that! No, I’m fine, I mean, I just bumped the back of my head a few times. Well, more like several times...in a row. But I’ll be fine, us Long women are tough right?”

It usually bothered Ruby to be referred to as “a Long” but she let it pass for now, she was concerned with much more important things. Yang, who could guess at what had

brought on this change in demeanor in Ruby, was still surprised to see how quickly a change had occurred in her younger sister.

“Wait, I thought you said Slate was a total bully..and now you think he’s cute?” Yang asked, touching the back of her head lightly-she was pretty sure it was bruised from how many times her skull had bounced off the empty classroom she and Slate had fucked it, but it had been worth it for how many times she’d come on that dick, concussion or not. She honestly wasn’t sure how she felt about Ruby getting interested in Slate-it was bad enough she had to compete with sluts like Pyrrha and Weiss, but Ruby had that whole “too small to take it all” vibe to her that a big hunk like Slate would just love. Still, if Yang did a good job getting Ruby ready for that huge, nasty Faunus dick, that would probably help her with Slate-after all, having a sexy little sister was one of the things Yang had brought up back when she’d first given Slate his “initiation.”

Ruby shook her head. “I didn’t say ‘cute’, I said ‘handsome’. And no, he’s not a bully...in fact, I think some of the other boys mock him for being so big, just assuming that he’s dumb cause he’s got a lot of muscles and he’s a Faunus, which is so not ok. Anyway, I just want to visit him tonight and apologize for all the confusion and everything. But I was so awkward earlier, I just want to make sure that doesn’t happen again.”

Ruby looked down at her own body, her gaze lingering on her stomach for just a moment-all sweets Ruby had a taste for had given her a very, very slight outer curve to her stomach, with most of her exercise toning her arms and legs yet letting her keep a very large, absolute dump truck ass along with her bouncy, perky huge teenage tits. None of which Ruby normally cared about, but Yang could see something was different. She nodded, mostly to herself, thinking that if she was gonna do this, she’d do it right. At least Ruby knew well enough to ditch the belt of bullets under her corset.

“Ok, well, come here, let me see what we’re working with.” Yang said, hopping off her chair to help Ruby. What followed was a veritable montage of tried-on and discarded outfits, makeup quickly applied while Yang explained exactly what every product was for in exquisite detail and at speeds Ruby simply couldn’t retain, with lots of “no, arch your back. Like *this*.” and similar directions from Yang, until she was fully satisfied.

“See, you look perfect!” Yang said, standing beside Ruby in front of the room’s full-length mirror.

“Really?” Ruby did indeed look even nicer than usual. She was wearing what she usually wore, though it was an older outfit that was just a little bit too small-the blouse practically *hugged* her breasts, and Ruby was worried her nipples would show after so much as a stiff breeze. Her stockings usually disappeared seamlessly into the hem of her skirt, only now there was a bit of distance where her stockings ended and showed off a few scant inches of her smooth, peaches and cream thighs. There was something called rouge on her cheeks and Yang had teased her eyelashes till they fanned out like butterflies, all of which Ruby made her note exactly feel like herself.

“Yes, of course, you’ve got to show these puppies off, Ruby! That’s what they’re for-you dress like this more often and you’ll get any guy at Beacon to do whatever you want, so

you won't have to bother with someone like Slate." Yang was talking out of the side of her mouth, pretending not to really care one way or the other. Her hands actually came up and cupped Ruby's breasts, making her hop a little in place.

"Yang, *stop* it~ Besides, I'm not trying to flirt with Slate or anything, I just want to be nice. And are *these* really necessary?" Ruby tugged down the top of her skirt a bit, showing off her new underwear, a pair she had borrowed from Yang that were lacy, black and very skimpy.

"They feel like floss." Ruby said, not entirely displeased. She puckered her lips in the mirror, wondering if guys really liked this sort of thing, with a dark purple shade of lipstick on her plump, full mouth.

"Yes, of course, now go on, and be sure to tell me all the details later!" Yang said, practically pushing Ruby out the door. Ruby thought she would topple over for the second time that day, as she had exchanged her practical sturdy boots for a pair of slinkier, slimmer high heeled boots that accentuated her legs and would make her ass stick out like a peach if she bent over slightly.

"Do you really need to bring *that*?" Yang said, blowing a strand of hair out of her face. She was referring to Crescent Rose, Ruby's trademark weapon.

Ruby nodded, almost sounded wounded. "Of course! Slate's room is all the way on the other side of campus-I still don't know how he got a room to himself-and you never know what could happen late at night. It just makes me feel safer."

Yang rolled her eyes, still finding it hard to believe that Ruby Rose of all people had bumped into Slate one time and was now practically walking with weak knees straight into the lion's den. As the door closed behind her, Yang remembered her own first encounter with Slate and supposed it wasn't *that* strange after all...but now, she'd gotten some naughty pictures on her Scroll from Slate with Weiss's face stuffed in a toilet and Yang was planning on masturbating like *crazy* now that Ruby was gone.

Ten very wobbly minutes later (in truth, Ruby was glad she'd brought her weapon in case she needed to lean on it), Ruby arrived at Slate's dorm room. She knocked briefly, before she stood anxiously waiting, scythe behind her back as she held it with both hands, hips rocking from side to side. Ruby wasn't sure why she was so nervous-they were just going to have a pleasant chat, she was sure, and maybe, just *maybe*...kiss. But only a little, no matter what Yang said! Ruby tugged at her cloak, which was being worn like a scarf, finding it hard to breathe between the tight blouse and the black choker she was wearing, another one of Yang's brilliant ideas-she doubted Slate would even notice, but she'd listened just in case. Yang certainly had no problems attracting men's attention.

The door opened after just a few seconds too long for Ruby's liking, leaving her a little off-balance. Slate was wearing a tight white t-shirt, one that showed off his pecs as well as his large yet muscled stomach, with a twinkle in his eyes that almost made Ruby

swoon. There was also a stench, a powerful concentrated musk that struck her like a blow, something she was aware of yet still didn't fully understand the nature or power of.

"H-hello, Slate. How are you?" Ruby asked, arching her back like Yang had instructed her, without really being aware of it. The short girl stood up on her tiptoes as best she could in her boots, looking a little silly yet also showing off her natural, impressive assets in an undeniably attractive way.

"Better now that you're here, Ruby red lips." Slate responded, chuckling to himself at the 'clever' nickname. Ruby's lipstick was actually closer to maroon, but she still thought it was funny, too.

"Come on in." He said cheerily, almost as if he'd been expecting her. Ruby wondered for a second if Yang said something, maybe sending Slate a message on her Scroll. But no, she wouldn't do that. After all, Yang had said that if Ruby followed her instructions and focused on eye contact and body language, she'd barely need to talk at all.

"Thank you. I hope I'm not interrupting anything, I just wanted to stop by and apologize again for this afternoon and-"

Smack!

Slate gave Ruby a friendly, smallish smack on the ass as she walked into the room, shutting the door behind her. Even something as soft as that from a guy as big and strong as him made Ruby jump a little, her new boots clattering a bit on the floor. His room was more or less what she'd expected, a big large space that could have fit four students, reserved for just one-his bed was larger than a normal one, though, complete with four vertical columns, though only one of them had a curtain attached, in the back.

"Oh, Slate, *stop~*" Ruby said, waving one hand at him softly, her voice making it clear she didn't want him to stop at all. Her rump stung in a way that made Ruby think she would definitely have a bright, stinging red mark on her ass later...which made Ruby feel that butterflies were flying around in her stomach. She ordinarily wouldn't have liked such rude, forward behavior, but it was just Slate's way, and Ruby wasn't going to make him feel bad just for expressing himself. Slate was openly staring at Ruby's ass as she looked around his room, as she was clearly searching for something to strike up a conversation about.

"How *did* you get a room like this all to yourself again anyway?" Ruby asked, settling for the obvious question.

Slate shrugged, deciding a lie wasn't worth the effort. "Honestly, I just asked really, really politely. To Goodwitch anyway, and then I guess *she* asked Oz, and I got a nice big room. I need lots of quiet to sleep. I see you brought that fancy gun-scythe of your's...you expecting trouble or something."

Ruby turned back around, surprised at the lack of clutter or mess in the room. Not wanting to think ill of Slate, she had still expected his bedroom to be kind of a pig's sty,

just going from how he dressed and usually carried himself. But in this case, she was more than happy to be wrong.

“No, no, I...well I guess I was a little nervous, and having it nearby makes me feel safer, you know? Anyway, that was very nice of them, and how convenient for you. Me, I couldn't imagine sleeping all by myself, I would get lonely...well, I mean, I sleep by *myself*, nobody else is in...bed with me.” Ruby said, turning back around to face Slate. He waved to his nearby dresser and she set Crescent Rose on top of it, folded up in its inactive form, before she faced him again. Ruby tried to stand the way Yang had told her-waist slightly turned to make it look even smaller, chest out and legs nice and straight to show off her “big fat ass,” as Yang put it...Ruby had always been a little self-conscious of how much junk in the trunk she was packing, but even she had noticed that men seemed to like it.

“The rest of the team is there, obviously. It's just that lately, one or more of them is usually gone, sleeping somewhere else.”

Slate chuckled at that, too, though Ruby didn't see what was so funny about it. She still smiled though, smoothing her skirt nervously, giggling a bit. Slate was so much more good-natured than she expected, which was probably just down to seeing such a big guy lumbering around the halls of Beacon. Still, Ruby wanted to find something more engaging to talk about, she didn't want Slate to think she was boring...though he seemed fine with the quiet, something warm though not quite friendly in his eyes.

“Oh, wow, what is...I mean what *is* that?” Ruby said, facing Slate directly now, and noticing something in his pants. It was some sort of large bulge, visible even with how baggy his pants were-big, oversized cargo pants with lots of pockets, much roomier than the standard issue uniform pants. Only, he had something in them, it looked like a club or a baton maybe...she had always wondered what Slate's weapon of choice was, he worked out enough and was clearly fit, but Ruby had never seen him practice with an actual weapon, not so much as one of the dozens of practice staffs in Beacon's training areas.

He probably kept it in his pants even now, late at night, just in case, which made Ruby smile internally. Something they had in common, which for some reason was very important to her. She stepped forward, already reaching with her hands, even as her body tried to tell her it was clearly not a weapon at all...at least, not the way she was thinking. Ruby's growing lust and long-repressed sexual urges were rising, meeting her own practiced awkwardness and unrepentant weapons geek helped her get over her normal nervousness, particularly where this large, slab of beef in the shape of a man was concerned. Just being close to him was oddly, yet undeniably intoxicating.

“Ah, you're as eager as your sister was...maybe more, little Rose.” Slate said, smiling in a toothsome manner.

“You just can't wait to get your hands on my dick, huh?”

“W-wuh...what.” Ruby said in a small voice, so stunned she couldn't even manage to make her confusion a real question, her words flat and utterly shocked. Her eyes

seemed to get so wide they dominated her entire face, her mouth curved into a perfect 'O' of surprise as she realized what Slate had just said, and what it meant. Her hands stopped just short of the bulge in Slate's pants, though Ruby didn't pull them back, either. She felt like her body was craving something, an intense feeling of hunger she couldn't articulate, yet this was unlike any normal hunger Ruby had ever felt. Her knees knocked together as she tried to steady herself on her high-heeled boots, and her bright silver eyes looked up at Slate's own hazel orbs, the difference in their size never seeming more prominent.

"P-please...show me!" Ruby said, her voice almost keening with need. On some level, she understood what Slate had said-that what Ruby had thought was some sort of club or truncheon in his pants was actually 'just' his manhood, but she simply couldn't process that. Some part of her, a part that was growing stronger by the second, simply *needed* to see it. Driven by that same need, and hoping to make her intentions and desires even clearer to Slate, Ruby stretched her fingers out, just brushing across the front of Slate's pants, feeling something hot, and heavy and *pulsing* there, like it had its own heartbeat. She giggled in complete amazement, her face taking on a simple state of happiness, like a child seeing a birthday present they never knew they wanted.

"Oh *wow!*" Ruby said, suddenly drawing her hands back quickly and clasping them in front of her waist, arms together and squeezing her heavy, full tits. Somewhere in her mind she remembered that this hadn't been the plan-she was supposed to be playing it cool, and only flirting with Slate a little, to kiss and maybe let some above the clothes groping, but that plan was quickly flying out the window.

Slate just chuckled again-he was always smiling or laughing about something, life must have been really funny for someone walking around with half the girls in Beacon practically glued to his crotch-as he began undoing his pants.

"You've just gotta have it, huh, Ruby? I guess that's why you came here dressed like a complete slut. I'll be honest, I wasn't sure you had it in you...but I guess you take after your sister. Well, no sense in keeping you waiting."

Ziii-iiip!

Slate undid his pants quickly, knowing full well what was going to happen the second Ruby knocked on his door-even if she didn't. With practiced ease he pulled down his pants and underwear in one smooth motion, and with a heavy sounding *fwoomp*, Slate's massive, throbbing Faunus cock fell into view.

"Oh...my *fucking* god!" Ruby said, quickly covering her mouth, unable to believe what she'd just said...or what she was looking at. There were all sorts of rumors about Slate, even a girl as shy and socially disengaged as Ruby had heard some of them, but she'd always figured they were just rumors. Maybe Slate had a bigger than average penis, which Ruby had always chalked up to 'things she didn't want or ever need to know', accepted it as likely because he was a big guy altogether, and moved on. But even the wildest rumors wouldn't have prepared her for what she was seeing. His cock was a

darker shade than the rest of his tan skin, darker brown near the base, jutting out from his groin like a flag pole.

Without thinking, Ruby reached out, her fingertips lightly brushing against Slate's pelvis, feeling the corded muscle there, his large stomach surprisingly dense and strong, her digits *juuuust* missing his cock, lightly curling and playing with his dense, sweaty, tangled mat of pubic hair, which sprung up from his crotch and trailed up to his belly button and beyond, with tufts of hair around his large pecs. This close, Ruby swooned as she realized that his dick stretched past her wrist, then her elbow, and finally past her shoulder, sticking out and bobbing in the air under its own massive weight.

*Holy...shit! This thing is longer than my arm...and it's not even close. It's so wide, and thick and fat...it makes my biceps look downright **tiny!** Even from where I'm standing the smell is overwhelming, I feel like it's rotting my brain!*

Staring at that nasty, hyper-virile faunus cock, noting the way his massive cocktip flared, leaking cloudy, off-white precome like a broken faucet. It didn't look like a normal man's penis, not that Ruby would really know, but she'd seen pictures, and the way his head was shaped was different, more like a horse's which, along with the massive amount of foreskin he had, coiled up like an obscene tube sock, full of yellow, smelly deposits of smegma and other dick dirt, made Slate's fat cock resemble a draft animal's more than a man's. She supposed that was because a Faunus, and looking at it, realizing that fact, made a shiver run down Ruby's spine.

"Oh my gosh, Slate!" She said, trying to recover what little of her dignity remained, even as she was practically drooling over the sight of that cock. As she was staring, Slate tugged off his t-shirt as well, tossing it to some forgotten corner of the room and revealing the rest of his tan, large and muscled body-not leanly well defined like some of the pretty boys at Beacon, but with more sheer mass than any two of them put together.

"Your dick is so amazing...and your balls are so huge, they must be so full of sperm!"

One part of Ruby was simply letting words fall out of her mouth, barely aware of thinking at all, praising Slate's dick in a matter of fact way he found very appealing. She wasn't trying to sound coy or teasing, her brain simply understood that she was looking at a hunky, obscene, lewd, alpha *stud dick*, and Ruby couldn't shut up about it! There were all sorts of strange words bouncing around in her head, like 'breeding' and 'dick crazy' and 'sperm tanks', language girls like Yang and Pyrrha used, but never someone like Ruby...but her own vocabulary was simply too small to contain something like this. It was clear Ruby was more aroused than she'd ever been, with her nipples, usually inverted on her fat, cow-like tits, beginning to grow hard, pushing out against her tight blouse in obvious points. Her hand brushed against Slate's dick, feeling the heat, the oily greasy nature of the skin on her fingertips and Ruby tilted her head to one side, actually cooing like a brainless bimbo.

"Please...teach me, Slate. I want to...be bad, I want to be naughty, I want to be a sexy, slutty, *dirty little girl* for you!" Ruby said, the words escaping her in a rush. She didn't fully understand what she was saying, the long-term implications of it, not really, but it

wouldn't have made any difference if she had. Like her sister and so many other girls before her, now that she'd seen it, her entire world-view had changed, grown larger to accept that such things could even exist, and she was ready to plunge headlong into a new world of depraved, obscene acts.

Slate reached out and hooked his arm around Ruby's small waist, making her gasp at the power she felt in his arms. He nearly knocked her off her feet as he pulled her close, and his cock was suddenly between her legs, rubbing against her thighs. Slate let out a deep-voiced moan, almost a rumbling sound of power and manliness, as Ruby squeezed her thighs without even thinking about it, her stocking-covered legs rubbing against that cock and finding it actually made her legs spread to accommodate its size, far too massive to fit between her thighs normally.

"Oh, don't worry, Ruby." Slate said, gazing down at her. Her eyes were moist as she stared at him, silver irises almost gleaming as she let out an 'eep!' in alarm as Slate actually *yanked* her off the ground, their height difference so large that Slate had to hold her in his arm, which he managed with casual ease, to bring their faces close. Ruby leaned forward just a second before Slate did, their mouths colliding with almost angry, frantic force, full of passion and white-hot heat. Slate was fondling the inexperienced girl like she was little more than a sex toy, grabbing her ass and practically *mauling* it, making her fat booty cheeks puff up around his thick, grasping fingers, making Ruby squeal. Ruby ground her entire body against him, trying to push back with her tongue against Slate's broad, powerful appendage, letting drool trickly out of the sounds of her mouth.

"Mmmf....mmmphh....mm-wah!" Ruby panted and moaned into the kiss, her face flushing as she felt a little trickle of sweat run down her neck. This was not how she had imagined kissing to be at all, it was harder, and more aggressive, and almost brutal and yet...she absolutely loved it. Slate's teeth bit at her lower lip, and Ruby wriggled in his grip, loving the way he was feeling up her ass, wanting to feel his hands all over her body at once, writhing like a snake as he held her tight. That fat cock was between her thighs, pushing up her skirt and rubbing against her ass, spreading her enormous, bouncy bubble butt like splitting firewood, even as her panties slowly rubbed and ground against his throbbing, veiny shaft.

Ruby felt like she was learning how to swim by being tossed into the deep end, in over her head and yet loving every second of it. She bit experimentally at Slate's tongue, which made him moan again in that deep, chest-rumbling way, making Ruby's already hard nips stand out even prouder on her huge, pale breasts. Her hands roamed all over his body, feeling his chest and stomach, roaming over his broad shoulders and strong back, his skin surprisingly soft even as his muscles were firm underneath, his arms flexing and so large Ruby just knew he could contort her body however he wanted-*oh god he could probably bench press me with one hand tied behind his back. What a stud!*

Slate was just as eager to get his hands all over Ruby, having wanted to get a piece of this fat, wanna-be Huntress ass since his first day at Beacon when Yang had bragged about having a sexy younger sister as a way of enticing him. Getting to see the real

youthful, enthusiastic, supple, slutty thing in action was even better than he imagined. Ruby practically melted in his hands like putty, responding to his every touch with a soft moan like a whisper in his ear, or letting out embarrassing squeaks and squeals his fingers explored her soft thighs and the sensitive skin behind her neck and ears. His hand ran across her neck, for a brief moment, tracing the line of her choker and making Ruby's body thrum with need and lust-imagining his huge hand just *squeezing* made Ruby's virgin pussy ache with need. Like an innocent schoolgirl with a crush, instead of a slut-in-training who was about to get the deep dicking of a lifetime, Ruby actually popped one of her legs up, leaving her other foot dangling in the air as she brought one heavy boot up behind her back, moaning into yet another deep, swit-swapping, tongue-probing, sloppy kiss. Even Yang would have been impressed by just how quickly Ruby dove headfirst into debauchery, swooning with a mixture of innocent sensuality and obvious, heady passion.

"Oooh-ah, oh yes," Ruby said as their makeout session halted, for a moment. She was reeling, her face flushed and her heart skipping a beat as she tried to bring her breathing back down to normal. Slate let go of her waist quickly but gently, letting Ruby land on her feet and then quickly pushing her down to her knees. Ruby complied with his unspoken direction, looking up at him with eyes that were slightly questioning, but also pleading, happy, eager to please. Her hair was disheveled, silver eyes bright as she rested on her knees, with slight rips here and there in her stockings, already showing signs of the rough wear and tear that was Slate's trademark. Ruby wasn't entirely sure what was next, though she could maybe guess, but she knew whatever it was she would be just thrilled.

Like a man possessed, Slate pushed his cock at the bottom of Ruby's cleavage, her tits already pressed tightly together in her too-small blouse and by the little corset lacing. There was a tiny bit of resistance from the soft cloth, rubbing like velvet on Slate's sensitive dicktip, smudged with his precum in a way that dampened the material and made it cling to Ruby's skin. Then, with a clear *schrii-iiip!*, Slate's dick pushed through Ruby's clothes, trapped behind her bra strap and then tore through the other side. Slate grunted, fucking away at those fat tits like a man possessed, the feeling of her soft, enormous jugs hugging him feeling like paradise, even as small rents and tears appeared in the rest of her blouse.

Ruby moaned, looking down at that cock shoving in and out of the tight space between her tits. She hefted her own jugs up slowly, as if only now aware of their true, massive weight, giving them a quick shake around Slate's cock and watching him grunt as he pounded away at her tits. It sent a tingle down her spine to know that she was making him feel so good, getting a sudden rush from being able to please this beast of a man by doing nothing more than squeezing her tits together for him as he used her body like a masturbation toy. To think, men were so enthralled by her tits, and now she was letting some Faunus whose last name she didn't even know rub his sweaty, oily cock, and she was surprised by just how good it felt.

"Ohh yes baby, please fuck those tits some more! Use them, use all of them Slate, I'll squeeze my big huge breasts for you, as much as you like, just...like...that!" Ruby punctuated her words by lifting and dropping her breasts, finding it strangely enjoyable

to use her body solely for another's pleasure. Slate's cock was staring her right in the face like some obscene fleshy cannon, the stench of it working at Ruby's brain like a drug, making her work her tits faster, practically bouncing up and down on her knees. His cock pushed particularly high and hit her full in the face, nearly making Ruby see stars. She let out a soft, weak-sounding moan at the feeling, that hard dick as strong as a fist and twice as large, smearing precome and dicksweat all over her perfect, plump lips. Lipstick left messy imprints on Slate's cock as he did it again and again, grunting in pleasure at using Ruby Rose's pretty, petite face to beat his throbbing prick helmet off. At that moment, Ruby was the envy of nearly every girl at Beacon, just as Slate was to every man...Ruby Rose was one of the most gorgeous girls at school and a known virgin, lesser students had placed bets on who would fuck her first. Then Slate had come along and skewed things in his own favor.

Ruby could only stare up at him in awe, letting out little grunts and dog-like yips as his body collided with her's. His hands enveloped her own smaller ones as they both squeezed at her tits, and Slate slowly worked one hand up, placing his thumb on Ruby's chin. The impact of his body against her small frame would have knocked her over if he hadn't been holding onto her so firmly, and Ruby let out a soft moan as he pushed down with his thumb. Her mouth opened slightly before she began sucking on his large, hot digit, feeling the taste of his skin in her mouth, letting her tongue lash around him before he withdrew but with a grunted command to "say ah bitch", Ruby kept her mouth wide open, her tongue hanging out foolishly. Her eyes made her response very clear, even if she couldn't talk at the moment.

*Of course, Slate! Whatever you say, **big guy**~*

"Ahhh~" She wiggled her hips in place, making her tits bounce around Slate's cock in a tidal wave of firm, perky, absolutely divine, plump teenage jugs, enough to make a lesser man's cock disappear completely and make him drain his nuts after barely sixty seconds. But Slate had been using Ruby's fat, sweater-stretching puppies (as Yang so often called them) for the better part of twenty minutes, groaning and almost bellowing like a beast. Her lips were almost bruised by the constant impacts, swelling up even more than their already plump state, as Ruby left bubbly, cloudy spit and drool all over his dicktip, watching it get rubbed into his shaft as Slate used her tits to jerk off that massive cock, faster and faster. The sound of his muscular, barrel chested body slamming against her tits, the fattest and heaviest part of Ruby's body, aside from her magnificent ass, filled the room along with their lewd, animalistic noises.

Slap-slap-slap!

With one particularly harsh thrust, Slate grabbed Ruby by the back of the head, holding her firmly in place as his cocktip battered away at her mouth. Not missing a beat and keeping her own hands on her tits to better serve all that thick, throbbing dick, Ruby craned her mouth open even wider. There was a nasty, glottal sound as she let out a soft moan, only to have her voice literally crammed back into her mouth, as Slate's enormous cocktip forced its way past her lips. Ruby's mouth formed a tight seal, her eyes actually crossing in sheer overwhelmed pleasure and too much sensation for her inexperienced, teenage body and mind. Women a lot older and with more notches in

their belt than Ruby had been turned into so many mindbroken whores after Slate was done with them, and it was truly amazing she'd lasted this long.

"Gl-hhhrrrk!" Ruby tried to breathe, her nostrils flaring and getting a big heaping helping of Slate's dickstench. It made her nose crinkle and her eyes water, but it also made her pussy positively *gush*. She tried to move her tongue around Slate's dicktip, as he thrust it in and out shallowly, which was still enough sheer, raw dick meat to hit the back of Ruby's throat and make her gag in an almost cute, manner, clearly trying to hold on and do a good job of pleasing that dick, even as she coughed and drool splattered on that nasty, equine-like dick. As before, she was about to be thrown from one new, challenging sexual experience to another.

Slate grunted above her, his grip on Ruby's head growing tighter, nearly filling the girl with a worry that her whole skull might start to develop fine little cracks like an egg. Still, the tone of his voice, deep, husky and clearly strained with pleasure only turned Ruby on more, no matter how crude or obscene his words.

"Ah...shit, here it comes! Fucking *take it*, Ruby." His voice was more than just urgent, it was an outright command, and one Ruby was happy to obey. Her mouth opened just a tiny bit wider, feeling a soft click in her jaw as Ruby lashed her tongue around Slate's sensitive top, resting heavily on her knees and looking up at him with a clear expression of pure submission and pleading-she'd never made a man orgasm before but right now it was what she wanted most in the whole world, to make Slate climax, to use her *fat bouncy tits* and *wet, tight mouth* to make him *bust*, anything so long as she got his sperm, his hyper-virile, brain-rotting seed.

Spllrt! Spllrt! Spllrcch!

Ruby got her wish, and then some. The first few blasts of jizz hit the back of her throat faster than she'd expected, making her choke with a liquid, retching sound like she was about to puke. Little jets of that thick, masucline, Faunus ball batter squirted out of Ruby's nose, as the pressure in her body tried to resist swallowing that much of any liquid that fast, especially when it was so thick Ruby practically had to chew through it. The tacky, lumpy stuff poured down Ruby's face in thick, rivulets, even as she made several loud, clear gulps, her throat bobbing up and down as she happily guzzled down Slate's spunk. She could feel coating her throat the whole way down, leaving a film on her tongue and lips even as all that nasty hot come settled in her stomach, making Ruby feel like she'd just finished an entire gallon of water in one gulp, with the warmth radiating out from her stomach and making her body shudder a little.

Ruby was never one to drink at all, and never to excess but at that moment she looked drunk, with drool and backed up jizz leaking out of her nose and mouth. The torrent of sperm filled her mouth up before she swallowed down and then filled it all the way up again till it spilled out the sides, over and over again, threatening to drive Ruby mad with the seemingly never-ending, thick, obscene flow of semen. There was a glazed over quality to her eyes, bright silver yet with little burst vessels in the whites of her eyes, as Ruby's body internalized something her mind couldn't yet process, didn't have the words for. She'd just been *used* as a nasty, dick sucking, tit fucking cumdumpster and

some part of her knew in that instant that she was hopelessly addicted and would always be thinking about getting more of that hot, sloshing, stinking cock slime any way she could.

Slate backed up a little bit, pausing for just a moment as his cock encountered momentary resistance from her clothes, still trapped by her bra. He snorted like a bull and his entire body went stiff for a moment just before he *flexed*, and his cock fell backwards, ripping through Ruby's bra and her blouse in one titanic motion, leaving her fat tits nearly hanging out, the tatters of her outfit stained with her own drool, her sexy outfit little more than a wank rag for Slate to use and ruin before tossing aside. Ruby could only goggle at him, her stomach making loud gurgling sounds before she seemed to stir back into motion, her mouth closing forcefully as she paused, concentrating and..

"*Mm-ggullp! Mmmwah~*" Ruby said, smacking her lips together in a dazed fashion. Her fingers went to work on her face, scooping up all the jizz that hadn't been forced straight down her gullet and happily slurping it off like thick, wet noodles. Slate's jizz had an almost hypnotic, psychotropic quality to it, and Ruby didn't feel the least bit embarrassed to be swallowing it down, her tongue sliding all over her lips, leaving her face spit-shined and freshly clean before she let out a small, quiet yet still clear *belch*, burping off that nearly rancid jizz before she stared at Slate's cock, admiring the ring of lipstick she'd left before she looked up at him. She opened her mouth nice and wide, her tongue sticking out as she spoke, words indistinct yet intention clear.

"Shee? Ah deed it!" Ruby exclaimed, as proud of herself as she had ever been for her performance in a class or during training, all from huffing dick-sweat and gulping down thick, awful, *delicious* come. Slate regarded her with some actual respect and appreciation, as Ruby realized just how big his eyes were, expressive and almost soulful, the shimmering golden flecks in his eyes making it clear what he thought of her, that she'd been a good little toy, and Ruby wiggled her hips at this nonverbal praise, her fat ass rocking back and forth, tits bouncing in her state of near-undress.

Nice and clean, though she still felt that smell filling her mouth and nose with every breath, hoping it might never leave her completely, Ruby watched as Slate stepped out of his pants, actually moving for the first time. Like nearly everything else about him, it impressed Ruby-she'd nearly had a dirty climax herself from gulping down that come, her face, hair, and makeup were all disheveled, and her shirt and bra had been ripped completely in half by the power of his cock...and Slate had barely so much as moved, letting her experience only the smallest fragment of his strength.

That was about to change. Slate reached down and grabbed Ruby by the waist, making her eyes roll in her head as he compressed her stomach slightly and she felt all that hot jizz moving about with obscene sloshing noises. If Ruby concentrated really hard, she imagined (or did she?) that she could hear similar noises coming from Slate's enormous, hairy testicles, each one the size of some prize-winning apple, wrapped together in a swarthy, almost leathery sack of skin. She swooned in his grasp, feeling his fingers lace together and realizing he was able to fully wrap those hands around her petite waist, which made her feel even more like a timid, shy little girl about to be plundered by some burly, brawny hunk of a man.

“Oh...so *strong!*” Her eyes twinkled, nearly sparkling audibly as she looked up at him, knowing she’d never seen anyone quite as handsome, as magnetically attractive ever before...and probably never would again. The old Ruby, of less than a day ago, would have been embarrassed to hear how weak and *silly* she sounded, nearly making her voice sound airheaded to please a boy but now...well, Slate was so much more than just a “boy” and she really wasn’t pretending.

He tossed her onto the bed firmly but gently, watching as she bounced with a happy, girlish giggle. Slate was surprised at how high-pitched Ruby’s voice was—normally she sounded a little more composed, a little deeper, but he suspected that was just a ‘mask’ Ruby wore to sound more mature and grown-up, slightly ashamed of her young age compared to so many other Beacon students. Well, she was about to get a very in-depth adult education right now.

“Get on all fours, Ruby.” Slate said, his voice quiet, like it was for her alone. Her ears perked up at the sound, and she quickly got on her hands and knees, inadvertently thrusting her fat ass back at Slate, her skirt all askew and giving flashes of her lacy black panties that scarcely covered her fat, bouncing, shelf of pale, milky white booty. The bed groaned slightly as Slate clambered on after her, his large, strong hands roaming over her back and neck, making Ruby swoon as she nuzzled her face against his hand, before he trailed down, brushing against her waist again before he grabbed her skirt, rudely pushing it up to further show off Ruby’s big, mouthwatering dump truck ass.

Whap!

“Oooh...so *warm~*” Ruby moaned out, feeling Slate’s cock smack down between her asscheeks like a fallen tree trunk. An ordinary man’s penis would have been completely engulfed by all that ass, but Slate’s humongous cock actually stretched past her ass, leaking little droplets of pre-come on the small of Ruby’s back, staining her already ruined blouse and making it cling to her body like a second skin. Her huge rump was like two vast halves of an ice-shelf, about to split wide open by Slate’s massive, horse-like cock, like the prow of a ship. Her skin rubbed against his veiny shaft in a way that made them both moan, as Ruby felt the odd sensation of him grabbing her fat asscheeks hard enough to make her wince, his fingertips bulging out the skin and leaving bright red marks.

Smack!

“Ah! *Slate*...oooh, yes more please! Spank me with your big strong hands! Really mark my ass up!” Ruby surprised herself with how eager she was, though Slate had seen this many times before, and was happy to oblige.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Ruby cooed and grasped the blue bedsheets as Slate spanked the hell out of her ass, painting nearly every inch of that perfect, bouncy, clapping teenage rear end a bright shade of red, leaving clear, obvious handprints. It stung, but Ruby could handle a little pain, and it only made her more turned on to be used this way, to have her big ol booty

be a target for this stud's powerful hands, always embarrassed by how her ass stuck out behind her, the way it spilled over the sides of any chair she sat in, the way it clapped loudly if she tried to run too fast...now she was just glad Slate liked it, and if he'd commanded to, she'd have started the next day by eating sweets by the truckload and doing nothing but squats and other exercises to grow her ass for him, just so long as *he* liked it, that was more than enough for her.

"Fuck, you've got an amazing ass, Ruby...even bigger than your sister's." Before, Ruby would have gotten her hackles up to be compared to her sister in a way that made either of them look bad, especially Yang, but now...she took a dirty little sense of pride. Beautiful as she was, many men only noticed Ruby several long, embarrassing moments after meeting Yang, and more than once Ruby had had to fake coughing into her hand to get Yang to introduce her to men with their eyes staring and their jaws hanging open. But now, this big strong stud, his wonderful, grasping hands and his powerful, enormous, jizz-barfing *monster cock*...was all her's.

"What a slut you must be, coming here dressed like *that*." He went on, forcing Ruby's skirt up a bit wider, making her gasp at how easily he pushed and pulled her body about. She felt like a little dolly for him to use and abuse, and that only made her thick thighs rub together, happily presenting her body for him like a bitch in heat.

"Yesss...yes, you're right, I'm a slut, I'm a dirty slut!" Ruby hissed, her hands in two almost cutely angry little balls, tugging at the bedsheets as she looked back over her shoulder at him. From this angle, her head nearly touching the mattress and Slate looming behind her in a lewd squat, it only made his cock look even larger than before. No wonder she'd mistaken it for a club before-it looked like Slate could easily beat someone into submission with that monster Faunus cock and Ruby felt another tingle of electricity race up her spine as she realized that was pretty much exactly what he was going to do to her.

Schri-iiip!

Ruby let out another shocked little squeak as Slate reached out with both hands, grabbing fistfuls of her fashionably torn stockings and shredding them further, feeling the only slightly cool air of the room like a sudden chill blast across her body, which was almost feverishly warm. Slate reached out and grabbed her tiny panties, admiring how they were swallowed up by her fat ass until they nearly disappeared in the cleft of her ass. Ruby moaned as he tugged on those slutty panties, practically using them as floss. Ruby's puffy pussy mound was dripping, her smooth hairless twat practically buzzing with need and arousal. Her hands slapped weakly at the covers as she looked back at Slate, unable to decide where to look-at that enormous, bubulous dicktip, flared and ready to mate like the bestial fuckstick it was, or at Slate's wolfish grin as he stared at her body, prostrate before him and sinfully sexy.

Ruby's mind was muddled, full of all kinds of thoughts, things she'd never imagined before in her wildest dreams, all of which were threatening to drag her down into a sea of debauchery she knew there would be no coming back from. For just a moment, her

innocent self prevailed, and while Ruby still wanted this with every fiber of her being, her eyes were moist as she looked up back at Slate.

“Ah, Slate...please, could you...be gentle with me? It’s my first tim-HNNNGHG.”

With a single thrust, Slate placed his cock right at the entrance to Ruby’s dripping pussy and *slammed* his hips forward, tearing the flimsy fabric of her panties apart as his cock tunneled up into her tight virgin pussy. Ruby’s mouth opened in a perfect circle, letting out a silent scream, even as her entire body felt overloaded by the sheer sensory assault beating at her brain. Even with her pussy as absolutely drenched as it was, Slate’s cock was still so huge that Ruby felt pain radiating out from her cunt, being stretched wider than she ever thought possible. But Ruby could handle pain, having worked and trained her fingers to the bone countless times, and with a few more thrusts the pain began to subside. What she couldn’t handle was the pleasure, which felt like a wildfire tearing through her body.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

“Ah...oooh, ahh fuck! Holy...fughnnn...Slate, puh-please, m-muh-mohrreee!” Ruby was a mess, screaming out as Slate’s cock rammed deeper and deeper inside of her. Barely a full minute into her first doggystyle pounding and Ruby came, having already been worked up to the absolute edge with every minute that passed. She howled like a banshee, wordless, high-pitched shrieks as her fingernails tore shallow rents in the bedsheets, her hands desperate for some kind of grip to hold onto her sanity. Slate’s thrusts threatened to knock Ruby over with each *push* of his hips, digging that dick deeper and deeper inside her. Slate was thrusting like a mad beast, a frothing bull unleashed on a tight little piece of ass that would have driven even a monk mad with lust. His hips smashed against her ass, his pubic hair scratching the sensitive skin of her inner thighs, balls smacking against her pussy lips like a metal door knocker, every inch of power in his body being unleashed on her tiny frame.

“That’s it you little slut! Take it nice and deep, that’s right, grip me with your fucking pussy, Ruby!” Slate used every ounce of power in his body to drive that cock deep into Ruby’s snatch, causing her juices to splatter all over the bed as he rutted inside her. For the little teenage shortstack who was barely taller than five feet, it was almost enough to put a dent in the mattress with her face and tits.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Slate smacked that ass over and over again, grunting like an animal as he drove down, clearly trying to break Ruby’s mind in half, if not also her body. Each spank turned her fat ass a deeper shade of red, and wrung strangled, overjoyed cries and strangled squeaks from Ruby’s throat, needful sounds that made Slate’s fat Faunus nuts nearly vibrate with arousal. He was rutting into her like she was nothing more than a broodmare, gritting his teeth as her pussy nearly frothed up from his jackhammer-fast thrusts.

“Ah, yes, Slate, yes! Oh god, not *again*, not already, oh gawd, oh fuck, oh, oo-wahhh!” Ruby’s face was almost unrecognizable from her usual put-together self. Makeup was

streaking down her cheeks, her entire face was a deep, warm shade of red, and her tits were swinging high and fast enough to clap her on the bottom of the chin, and with a few particularly hard slams deep into her pussy, Ruby was worried that she'd practically have her tits bouncing up next to her ears, her entire body seeming to expand and contract as that cock bottomed out inside of her. Feeling Slate's balls smack against her pussy, realizing that he was all the way inside her, that she was *full of Faunus dick*, that Ruby had been used completely and totally gave her a nasty, lewd sense of accomplishment. Her eyes rolled in her head as she reached out with her hands aimlessly, looking like Slate was performing an exorcism on her poor little teenage twat, each balls-deep thrust making high pressure jets of her pussy juices splatter out as Ruby's entire body shook from the impact.

She lost all track of time, of anything in the room outside of her and Slate, their bodies joined as one. He was growling in her air, complimenting her on taking cock like a good slut, groping her full chest and making her now fully hard nipples pulse with pleasure as he tweaked and tugged on them, showing her absolutely no mercy. She belonged to him now, in ways she was only beginning to fully understand, and Slate knew exactly how to cement that idea once for and for all in her rattled, dick-drunk mind.

"Ahh, fuck Ruby, your pussy is so tight! I can feel you trying to milk my cock, you little skank! I'm gonna fucking come right inside your tight little pussy....get ready! Hrrrrg!"

Slate growled as he picked up the pace, something Ruby didn't think was possible. Her body was thrashing around as he fucked her harder and faster, face bouncing off the mattress as her ass rippled and clapped from the impact. What little bit of sense Ruby had left in her head was used to shake her ass for him, making it shake like a bowl of jelly. Moans and gasps sounded from under the mattress, barely audible under the squeaking springs, the almost angry grunts from Slate, and the sheer force making the whole bed shake and rock against the wall, with clear *thump-thump-thumps*.

Sprrt! Sprrt! Sprrch!

Ruby let out a lewd, gasping cry as she orgasmed again, cumming herself stupid even as Slate filled up her unprotected womb. Her cervix was spread open in a way that made Ruby wonder if it would ever return to normal, her body enlarged in an almost comical fashion, like the difference between an empty sock and one that was full and ripping at the seams. Even that part of her body squeezed and writhed around Slate's dick, hugging him and clearly desperate for more of his spunk. Her womb expanded like a living condom around Slate's dick, and once again Ruby's midsection bulged out, all that jizz she'd swallowed feeling like a light snack compared to how much Slate was *pounding* into her pussy now, drowning her ovaries in his hyper-virile Faunus sperm. A single blast of his come could have impregnated every girl at Beacon, and now Ruby was getting all that nasty, potent ball broth just drained into her like she was a trough. It was *bliss*, eating away at Ruby's sanity as that cock shuddered inside her, actually growing a bit thicker from the volume of jizz being pumped through it, while the sounds of her own cries and Slate grunting in her ears.

“Good bitch, Ruby. Just lay there and take it, that’s it...ah, rock back on my dick slut, like that, make that ass clap for me.”

“Ahhh...oooh...yes sir. *Thank you, sir.*” Ruby said, her voice strained like she was going to lose consciousness at any moment, though right now that was the absolute last thing she wanted, happy to have the most sacred and untouched spot of her body be used as a dumping ground for his spunk, now that he’d dug a trench in her pussy. The idea that she might be pregnant made Ruby swoon, and she reached back with her weak, trembling hands, spreading her fat ass to give Slate a better view.

He slowly pulled out of her pussy, his cocktip so large Ruby gasped as it felt like it got stuck, like a cork in an old bottle.

He’s gonna pull me inside out! The thought pleased Ruby more than it should have, feeling his flat, broad cocktip nearly *scraping* against the walls of her pussy as he withdrew. It was only now, dimly aware of things following those overpowering, soul searing orgasm, that Ruby really understood just how huge that cock was, and how deep it had been inside her, she looked underneath herself, hair falling as she balanced her forehead on the mattress, watching the nasty bulge in her midsection, like a colossal burrowing worm, slowly withdraw. There was a loud, clear *pop* as his cock pulled past her gaping pussy lips, which instantly tried to retract and close, Ruby’s body desperately trying to return to normal after that break-neck paced fuck.

Clearly, Slate was done taking it easy on her, his voice like iron. “Don’t just lay there, you big-titted little slut. Clean me off.”

Ruby couldn’t dream of disobeying Slate at that moment, even if she wanted to. And from the hungry look on her face as she rolled over, barely able to crawl towards that cock, it was clear she didn’t want to.

“Mmm-aahhh~” Ruby’s mouth opened wide, little tendrils of spit connecting her lips as she leaned forward, barely propped up on her elbows. Her body still felt spongy and weak after that fuck, like she’d run a marathon full speed the entire way. But that didn’t stop her from licking and slurping and smooching at that cock with every bit of energy she had left. Long, deep licks of her tongue left that cock smooth and relatively clean, as Ruby savored the strange yet not unpleasant taste of her own pussy along with Slate’s hot, sticky jizz, the taste of their bodies mingling and burning Ruby’s taste buds. She left deep, clear rings of her lipstick as she kissed her way along that brutal, hard cock, deeply impressed that Slate had fucked her so hard Ruby’s entire body had felt like it was exploding with ecstasy and he was *still* hard enough to concuss a bitch with his dick. Ruby worked her way down the shaft as Slate sat down, letting his dick stick up like some massive stone column, leaving a slutty trail of drool and lipstick.

As she got further down that cock, Ruby was face to face, so to speak, with Slate’s massive, swollen balls. This close, she could fully hear those sloshing noises she thought she’d only imagined before, and her tongue stuck out without even meaning to. Ruby was panting like a dog, getting closer and closer to those balls, still kissing her way down the shaft, feeling like she could take Slate’s heartbeat through his massive,


bulging veins. This close, the scent of his heavy, swollen testicles was like a concentrated drug, stronger in its way than just gulping down his sperm, as she could only imagine the sheer number of loads Slate had stored up. For a second, Ruby just thought *poor guy, he probably gets all backed up like this...it's only right I help drain him.*

The scent was sending her body into overdrive, and Ruby could hear her own heartbeat pounding in her ears. As she got closer, she noticed lipstick, but it couldn't have been her's. Looking closer, Ruby saw these were old smudges, yet another sign that Slate barely washed his cock and balls-and why would he need to when he had someone like her to do it for him with her pretty little mouth? But the lipstick was a dark silver color, like the expensive stuff that Weiss always wore.

Though she was still very new to this kind of rough, obscene sex, Ruby Rose was nothing if not a born competitor. She pulled back, sliding up to Slate's bulging tip, licking her way up as her eyes met his. "Hmmm,, mwah, mwah...I want to make you feel so good, Slate...mmm, I want to taste *all* of you."

He grunted at that, and then let out another, slightly surprised moan as Ruby stretched her mouth open wide, engulfing the head of his dick with a sudden lunge of her head. Her hands stroked him in a rough, inexperienced yet passionate way, twisting her hands from side to side, working up and down in smooth strokes. Ruby's face went down, and down, and down on that cock, swallowing enough dick to bulge out her throat as her cheeks hollowed out, looking deliriously happy. Yet there was still so much to go, even as she began to choke and gag.

"Gllchgh! Glagggh, glawwk, hu-warrk!" Spitting up cloudy drool and pre-come, Ruby refused to back down. She grabbed Slate's dick by the base, anchoring herself as she slowly worked that cock down her greedy, grasping, hot gullet. Slate moaned again, the noise making his dick shake in her mouth, and Ruby loved that sensation, so she started jerking him hard and fast, loving the way it made her whole mouth forth up, almost feeling like that dick was shaking up her brain. She knew it might be beyond her, but Ruby was desperate to take that whole cock, her eyes leaking tears of exertion as she looked up at Slate. Once again, he seemed to know exactly what she wanted, and was happy to give it to her.

"Mmmph-gllcccchhh!  Ruby's head dipped further down on that cock as Slate grabbed her by the head, holding her easily with both of his massive hands. As Ruby pushed her face forward, Slate thrust his hips up, impaling her tight throat easily. She choked and spat up all over his balls, but she wanted more, needed more. Her hands rubbed his fat nuts, working them in her hands and amazed at the size-she needed both pals to fully cover even one of those nasty sperm tanks, and they felt heavy in her hands, like they were boulders wrapped in that wrinkled skin.

Five minutes passed, then ten, and then fifteen. Slate was sweating bullets as he fucked Ruby's throat, not remembering the last time a whore was this willing to simply let him use her skull as a dicksleeve. His balls began slapping off her chin with loud, heavy flat noises, and Ruby's eyes threatened to roll back in her head-she was willing

and determined, but her body could only take so much. With a sick, glottal noise, Ruby's eyelashes fluttered as she saw spots before her eyes, lack of proper oxygen making her vision fuzzy even as she kept squeezing those balls, loving how they felt in her hands, just imagining all the hot jizz just pumping, getting ready to be unleashed.

"Glarrgggg!" Ruby's tongue stuck out and licked the seam of Slate's ballsack, wriggling against his sensitive skin as her throat bottomed out on that cock, just for an instant. With a nasty sound like she was drowning, her body slid back a few inches, but not before two things happened. One, with her body stuffed to its limit, and then some, Ruby's neck was tense, the muscles above her collarbone standing out as her choker flexed and tensed and then-*snapped* in half, busted by Slate's gargantuan cock. And two, Slate's balls contracted as he began to come again, force-feeding Ruby what was fast becoming her favorite thing.

"*Gulp, gulp, ga-gulp!*" She swallowed down that jizz, with more than half of Slate's dick lodged in her throat. Ruby was so turned on, so filled with abandon, that she reached up to her own neck, feeling his cock standing out so tight his veins were visible through her skin, that slick, clear pipe-like tube delivering shot after shot of nasty jizz straight into her guts. She worked her hands around her own neck, not really knowing the right way to squeeze, but making both Slate and herself feel that much better-with a warbling, suffocated cry, Ruby began to come as well, having a dirty, lewd orgasm from being this hunk's skull-fucked slut. Slate was honestly impressed-Ruby was gorgeous, that much was obvious, but if hadn't known she was a virgin, he might have been convinced otherwise.

By the time Slate pulled out of Ruby's throat, she eagerly jerked his cock a few final times, wanting more and more of that jizz. The final few ropes splashed onto her face, making her gasp at the heat, the scent of it. She promptly began licking it off as Slate moved to a prone position on the bed, laying on his back and propped up and pillows. It occurred once again to Ruby that she could be pregnant *right now* with Slate's Faunus kids, and the thought made her nipples stand out even straighter on her fat pillow tits. Ruby crawled towards him on the bed, pausing only to tug her skirt down, shaking her way out of it but leaving the rest of her (mostly ruined) clothes on, her torn open blouse that let her breasts spill out and jiggle with the slightest motion, her slutty boots, the scarf-like cloak she was somehow still wearing, and her panties, torn right down the middle and utterly useless as anything more than a whorish, decorative belt.

"Get over here, Ruby, I want you to shake your big fat ass while you sit on my cock." Slate said, his merest whim and passing fancy a strict order for her. A little unsure of herself but trusting Slate to know what was best. As she moved to sit in his lap, Ruby's breasts brushed against Slate's body, shuddering at the sheer power she felt in his frame, until she was facing away from him, balancing on her tiptoes as she crouched above that cock, stretching so far up that she gave Slate a perfect view of her big, wide, bouncy ass, covered in handprints still. Ruby concentrated as she grabbed Slate's cock firmly, rubbing it against her pussy and trying to relax, her body desperately to hold itself together after their first nasty fuck.

Taking a deep breath, Ruby let go of that cock and balanced just for a second on her toes before *slamming* her hips down. Her fat ass collided with Slate's lap.

"Ah-uhhhn!" There was a wet fleshy sound as Ruby felt that cock hilt itself inside her once again, feeling her cervix be battered open easily. Her womb was still full of his jizz, and now that his cock was inside her again, the sounds it made were absolutely obscene. Ruby pistoned her hips up and down, slowly trying to get into a rhythm, her boots sliding on the bedsheets while she rode that dick, giving Slate an excellent view of her ass and slender back muscles as she worked on that cock, trying to squeeze him with her pussy on the downstroke, working her pelvis muscles as best she could. It was a strange feeling for Ruby, not least because her most precious, formerly untouched area sounded like a nasty bottle of soda that someone was shaking up, feeling the stale jizz practically frothing around Slate's cock. But she was also trying to work her body in a way she never had before and while Ruby was a natural athlete, she was a completely inexperienced cockrider.

Too much so for Slate, clearly, as he smacked the thick, exaggerated heart's shape of her ass.

"Ah!...ooh-wahhh!" Ruby let out a surprised gasp of pain that turned into an overjoyed undulating cry of pleasure as Slate took control. His large hands took hold of her ankles and began thrusting his hips up into her cunt, stirring up Ruby's insides and making her feel like he was churning up her sensitive pussy, and Ruby's hands fell to her belly. Slate's cock made a clear bulge in her midsection, tented out even around the slight pooch she had gained from ingesting and getting fucked up with so much of his come already.

"You're supposed to be such a skilled huntress in training, Ruby. But you don't even know how to ride a cock-and don't make excuses about this being your first time. You sure do gobble cock like a pro, already." Slate's voice almost sounded resigned-it would be too much to ask for a smoke show like Ruby to be a total slut, a deepthroating whore who licked his balls and snorted his pubes *and* to know how to give a good cowgirl fuck. But she would learn...right now though, he was just going to fuck her body into a brainless mass, and then fuck her some more for good measure. All Ruby could do was gasp and moan and pant and take it like a good little slut, her hands rising up to her full, heaving breasts and squeezing them, leaving puffy imprints in her skin as she worked her sensitive nipples.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

Once again he was fucking her nearly all out, using her body like nothing more than a fleshlight. Ruby would never have thought submitting to someone else would have felt so good, feeling his hands pull and tug at her however he wanted, but it made her toes curl and her left eye flutter in the most embarrassing way, a slave to her own pleasure. There was a brief moment where Slate pulled out, leaving Ruby gasping, nearly on the verge of another climax, before he pushed her onto her back with a simple twist of her ankles. Ruby gasped, admiring how effortlessly he controlled her body, and watched as he grabbed her ankles again, bending them back till Ruby's weight rested on her neck

and upper back, her legs pushed back next to her head as his cock pointed down at her like a smith's hammer ready to reshape a piece of hot metal.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

“Ohh gawwwd...oh Slate, oh fuck me fuck me fuck me, ooh...ahhh...daddieeeee!!” Ruby's pleasure was obliterating everything else in her mind, her brain cells simply *pop-pop-popping!* In her head as Slate fucked her in this rough position, something Ruby had never even imagined. Slate's cock bulged her midsection out again as Ruby stared up at him, her hands curling in the bed sheets as her entire body bent underneath him, spine bending with pressure that only made Ruby's euphoria increase. She lost track of how long that cock was inside her, because every few minutes Ruby would think *this is it, he has to be nearly done, he's been fucking me for so long...I can't take much more!*

And then he would just keep fucking her, the bed squeaking under him so much Ruby was sure it-or her-would break. Thirty minutes, forty five, fifty, *more?* Ruby had no idea, all she knew was that she wailed and moaned, praising him for “stretching me out, daddy” and “fucking me sooo good!”, proclaiming that “I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die!”, as Ruby experienced exactly what it meant to be fucked she good she experienced a nasty, tongue out, body shivering ahegao mindbreaking orgasm, crying out even as her pussy squirted, splattering around Slate's cock as he didn't miss a beat and just kept rutting into her. Ruby knew she would never so much as *think* of another man in a sexual way after this, she simply couldn't. As far as she was concerned, there were no other men, not *real* studs like him, there was simply Slate...and everyone else.

“Ooh...baby, you're so strong! I can feel your cock...reshaping me! You're crushing my poor little womb, beating that fucking pussy up...I'm coming, ohhh my gahhd I'm fuggen coming daddy!💕 I-hrrrrkk!”

Slate let her lower body collapse for a second before he hooked his arms under her legs, bending them back once more until Ruby's knees were on either side of her head and he was thrusting back into her. At the same time, one beefy hand gathered Ruby's trademark scarf, wrapping the red cloth around her neck and squeezing tight. Slate crouched above her like some hulking beast, his dick thundered in and out of Ruby's dripping wet cunt, fucking her in this brutal mating press position. With moans of passion and mind-erasing pleasure, the pair came again in a nasty, simultaneous orgasm, as Ruby's eyes went cloudy, unfixed as she felt his balls rubbing against her body-she'd never imagined getting fucked and choked could feel so amazing, but she could feel herself getting addicted to that, too.

Again there was that wonderful, lewd sensation of her body being filled like nothing more than than a vessel, until she worried she might burst-and then that worry passed, because with Slate slamming his body against her's, using her like a toy, his big strong arms wrapped around her back as her legs kicked weakly, body spasming like she was being electrocuted, Ruby knew there was no reason to worry. She was exactly where she was supposed to be, doing what she was supposed to do...getting bred over and

over again by this monster of a man and his godly cock, choked with her own scarf like the rough-sex loving, jizz gulping cock addict she was now, and would always be.

“*ssso full.*” Ruby gasped, barely able to speak with that scarf choking her, but loving how it felt too much to even tug at it. Something inside of her rebelled at this feeling of weakness, almost embarrassed to have been defeated so thoroughly, so completely...but no, that wasn't quite it. Even as Slate slowly pulled back, releasing his iron grip on Ruby's body and letting her legs slowly fall, her entire body still shaking in the aftermath of her mind-altering orgasms. It wasn't shame she felt, or at least not shame in defeat. No, Slate was right when he had chastised her earlier...she was supposed to be this would-be huntress, a destined warrior with silver eyes.

So it was time she started acting like it. As Slate admired her body, tits rising and falling as she took slowly, shuddering breaths, Ruby pulled herself to a crouching position. Her scarf fell about her shoulders, showing bright red marks from where it had been constricting her slender neck.

“I'm sorry I was so...unskilled before, Slate. I'll be better for you, I promise.” It sounded like the most solemn oath Ruby had ever sworn as Slate sat back for a minute, catching his breath. Half-conscious, Ruby knew if she continued with this nasty, humping, fucking, controlling beast of a man than who she was would permanently change. She slowly stood up, tugging aside her ruined blouse and bra, only wearing her scarf boots and ruined panties now. Slate would never stop using her, and soon enough he would turn her, Ruby Rose, into nothing but a sexy whore with cow udder tits and an ass so perfect it would make lesser men cry, the world's hottest...*cum dumpster*. She'd be too busy thinking about his stinking, smegma-crusteD cock to be a serious huntress.

So when Ruby stood up, her face a mask of determination, there was only a quick hint at what was about to happen, a bright glint of silver in her eyes before she spring into action. Facing Slate this time, she pressed him back onto the bed, and as he lay flat Ruby grabbed the base of his cock in one smooth motion and tensed her legs, using all the muscles in her body focused on one goal as she brought her weight down and *impaled* her tiny asshole on Slate's enormous, body-changing, mind breaking cock.

“Ahhh...HNNGGGH!” Ruby grit her teeth, a tear of happiness and accomplishment running down her cheek. Then, she got to work, clapping her booty in Slate's lap, churning her asshole on his cock, surprising even Slate with the depths of her lust and just how much energy was left in her tiny sexdoll body. There were sweaty, *clap-clap-claps* as Ruby rode that cock for all she was worth, letting her palms rest on Slate's shoulders as she fucked herself silly, nearly creaming her dripping wet pussy simply from her ass getting wrecked. Spittle flew from the corners of her mouth as she rode that dick as Slate groaned underneath her, that one small sound all the appreciation she would need.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

“Ohh goddd, it’s in my fuggen ass, Slate! Your cock is gonna shove my fucking stomach up to my throat...and it feels so good. Do you like that, daddy, do you like your hot little slut gripping that cock with my nice, tight ass?”

“Fuck...so fast!” Slate gasped, actually taken aback for once. It took him a moment to understand, his eyes trying to focus on Ruby’s body and seeing nothing but a blur. The bed was squeaking louder than ever, though it was clear it had already busted a few springs, resting unevenly beneath the roughly fucking pair. Then it dawned on him-Ruby was using her Semblance, somehow, to better impale herself on that cock, feeling his nasty horse-tipped dick push her rectum open and rearrange her bowels on tensed legs. Her tits were bouncing so fast they nearly hit Ruby in the face, but every small act of lewdness only encouraged her to be nastier. She rubbed Slate’s balls with both hands, reaching down in such a way it squeezed her full tits together with her arms, showing off every inch of her body for him.

She had trained to be a huntress, to slay the creatures of Grimm and uphold the peace. Now she was using those skills to fuck the meanest, strongest hunk in all of Beacon.

"Huhnn...oh daddy, that cock is beating me up...but I can take it! I can take it all like a good little slut...I bet Yang never squeezed her ass this good for you Slate~" Ruby said, taking a perverse pride in outdoing her sister in something so lewd. Slate laughed, smacking Ruby’s ass as it blurred further.

“Hell, that’s for sure...I should have known you were the real freak in the family, Ruby. The quiet ones are always the nastiest, you little sexy bitch.” Each crude word was like the sweetest poetry to Ruby, and it only spurred her on to wreck her guts on that fat cock faster and harder. She was trying to speak, her voice having an odd vibrato to it as that dick shook her insides up.

“Hah...with my Semblance, I can get around Beacon real fast, Slate! All you have to do is call me whenever you need to bust a nut...and I’ll be there! I’ll drop whatever I’m doing...because nothing is as important as you! From now on, just call me Ruby Rose, your twenty four hour, three hole kuh- cum dumpster!”

With a final cry and a slam of her hips, Ruby impaled herself balls deep on that dick. Slate’s cock twitched and unloaded a nasty gallon’s worth of jizz, or more, into her ass, distending Ruby’s guts as she happily sat there, resting on her haunches. Leaning back slightly made Slate’s dick stand out even more in her shapely body, like an obscene tent peg. Her dreams of being a huntress were going to have to wait for a while...a long while, not when she could be a good little onahole for Slate instead. With that thought, she started bouncing on his cock again, nearly bringing herself to another embarrassing, two-hole orgasm, holding back only because she wanted to prolong Slate’s pleasure as well as her own.

Slam! Slam! Slam!

Nearly twenty minutes after that first load had been blasted up into her guts, Ruby slowed down, just for a moment. She looked at Slate with new eyes, seeing not just a handsome Faunus, or a brute with a studly cock that deserved-no, *demande*d-respect,

but also the man she hoped to spend her future with...whatever that looked like to him, however he wanted. She caressed his chest with one arm, as Slate began to move underneath her, that dick hitting spots still untouched for Ruby, wringing delicate, soft, birdlike noises from her throat. Their eyes met in an almost tender moment as Ruby began to pledge her new life's direction, clearly seeing her goal.

"From now on, I don't want you to hold back with me, not ever. Show me no mercy, Slate because from now on I want you to lead...I will follow your pace."

Slate just chuckled, and for a moment Ruby saw something around his body, a sort of greenish-yellow light, that she realized had to have been his Aura, a sort of sickly color that bathed his entire body and then beyond, nearly filling the room for the instant she saw it. It made sense, as Slate was clearly more than just some big strong man, his Faunus pheromones were practically a tailor-made poison that induced the sluttiest behavior possible, but at the end of the day, Ruby knew that Slate would have found some way to fuck her practically a pulp no matter what, Aura or no.

He sat up, fucking Ruby with deep long strokes, her asshole barely relaxed enough to take him, still feebly trying to resist. As Ruby painted, Slate made a nasty, phlegmy noise in the back of his throat and then spat full in Ruby's open mouth. She gulped it down without even realizing, feeling the taste of it make sparks ignite on her tongue.

"Are you ready for the full treatment then, slut? Ready to really **belong** to me?"

Ruby felt like she had been thrown off a cliff that night, expected to learn how to fly. She would cling to anything and everything that worked, especially when it was offered by him. She took a moment to chew on his leftover spittle, before swallowing it down. Ruby reached up to her mouth, flashing a beaming smile before she fishhooked herself, her intention very clear-*more please!*

"💕Mwaahhh💕~" She gasped, just before Slate slammed up into her ass again, so hard she would have been thrown from his cock if her legs didn't grip her waist. For all her speed and skill, Slate simply had more height, weight, more mass and power, and she could feel that difference being expressed as he ground their bodies together, his balls twitching as he came in her ass for a second time that night, flooding her bowels with his nasty, lumpy, mind-altering spunk.

Spllrt! Spllrt! Spllrtch!

As Ruby rocked in place on that cock, feeling jizz leaking past the tight seal of her ass and making a nasty, gagging sound as she swore she could feel it backing up into her already full stomach, no part of her body safe from being used as a sperm-tank for Slate, her jizz-addict nature being betrayed her body's overstuffed size. For a wild second Ruby imagined that if he came inside her any more, it would start to leak out of her pores like sweat, completely covering her body from the inside out...well, maybe that wouldn't be so bad. Slate smacked her ass again, in a strangely encouraging way.

"That's a good girl, Ruby. *My good girl.*"

Ruby moaned at that, twin pink hearts beating in the center of her silver eyes, treasuring her every ounce of his approval like it was worth more than anyone else's favor-her instructors, her parents, her sister. Because, deep down, it was...and it wasn't even close. The next few minutes were a blur of grinding and kissing, as Slate lifted her up, carrying her across the room. They knocked over chairs, jostled his desk, as Ruby's arms and legs kicked, overturning a lamp, knocking items off his dresser, while he slammed her into one wall and then another, knocking the wind out of her. Their kisses grew more heated, deeper and almost angry, full of biting, sloppy spit-swapping, licking each other's lips, sucking their tongue's so deeply Ruby could only gasp at the sensation, her legs kicking weakly as Slate held her in his arms. Things like time, her previous priorities, even her own name all seemed to slip away...

A little later, Ruby was sitting on his lap, while Slate sat in one of the large-backed chairs in his room, grinding her ass, so reddened sore and marked up, against his enormous cock. It was a strange position for her to be in, somehow more intimate than the fucking, sucking and obscene, animalistic breeding the pair had been doing, yet cute and strangely...coupley in a way Ruby liked. She got a brief flash of the last time she'd sat in a man's lap, with her father, as he had been trying to tell her something. Something about being careful with the boys at Beacon, since she'd be so far away from home...maybe, Ruby wasn't sure. Mostly because she didn't give a fuck about anything that beta had to say anymore. Ruby had a *new* daddy now.

"Hmmm...ahh yes~" Ruby said, lost in bliss as Slate ground that cock against her that much harder, spreading her asscheeks while olding her close. Whatever thoughts she'd just been having, *whoever* she'd been thinking about-she honestly couldn't remember now, it evaporated in a haze of sheer dick drunk joy...that was all the past, and the past didn't matter. Ruby started shaking her ass fully now, going from just grinding her big ol booty to twerking it for Slate. She swung her hips from side to side, letting her ass bounce and clap in a hypnotic fashion, before she swung it up slowly and then slid *all* the way back down his shaft. Slate groped her full ches from behind, as the pair continued working their exceptionally blessed bodies against each other, letting out low moans and growls that said more than their words could at this point.

Slate leaned in close against Ruby, making her feel both safe and vulnerable at the same time. His mouth latched onto her neck, kissing and biting firmly. She already had several bruises and hickies, and with the way Slate worked her swan-like neck like a dog she was going to have several more, to match the smaller, almost dainty ones Ruby had given Slate, along his collarbone especially, given the height difference between them. Poor Taiyang...he never could have imagined his two girls would meet someone like Slate...though if he could, and he'd had any sense, he would have urged Ruby to fuck Slate the moment she met him. Why waste time with anything or anyone else?

"O-ho! Ooh, *daddy*." She gasped, as Slate was holding her in the air again, just his new favorite fucktoy to use however he wanted. His grip was like iron and just for fun, Ruby wiggled against it, but couldn't so much as budge his arms...her new daddy was so strong. It's why he *deserved* to just rut into her like a mindless dick sleeve.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

Once again, Ruby was being fucked in a sexual position she didn't even know existed until she was locked into it, as Slate had his arms underneath her knees and locked behind her head. One of her boots had come off during the fuck frenzy, leaving the other one barely on as Ruby's feet shook and kicked, her eyes rolling back in her head. Slate slammed his hips up into her, balls beating her pussy lips, already swollen from the hours of rough treatment, while he pulled her body down. Ruby could do nothing but stare at the bulge tenting her body out as Slate folded her body in half easily, contorting her like a child's toy. Fuck, from this angle, Ruby thought that bulge might actually hit her in the face, though it never quite reached that point...she would just have to practice being more flexible for Slate in the future. From now on her free time wasn't about her, it was about *him*.

"Ahhh, oohh...yes, just like that, oh my gawd...your cock is absolutely *perfect*." Ruby whispered, her face flushed and sweaty, yet still gorgeous. Her voice rose and fell with his thrusts, as it almost felt like Slate's cock was pushing her womb up behind her lungs, but even if it was...that was fine by her. She kissed Slate's arms while he kept an iron grip on the back of her neck, tugging at the short hairs at the base of her neck, wanting to touch any part of him that she could.

He swung her about easily, and Ruby got a quick glance of herself in one of the windows. She looked *terrible*-like she'd been forced to march at a deathly pace for days on end, with little food and rough treatment. Yet at the same time she'd never felt so sexy, finding a strangely liberating sense of empowerment in letting this brute of a man use her like nothing more than a walking stress ball. The grip on her neck tightened as Slate's thrusts grew faster and faster, that bulge appearing and disappearing in Ruby's body so quickly it almost seemed like it was there permanently...which made her tingle at what that meant-her body, reshaped for all time to be a better sextoy for him.

"Urghh...take it you fucking slut! Take it, take it take it!" Slate shoved her down so hard Ruby thought something in her body might have been pushed too far, maybe a pulled muscle or something worse, but in the moment she couldn't focus. All the cum that had already piled up in her worn out womb, treated by Slate's cock the same way a boxer would treat a speed bag, was being forcibly removed, simply to make room for more.

Spllrt! Spllrrrchhh! Spllrt!

It was like his piss-slit was the mouth of a drunkard, essentially *barfing* jizz into her stretched out uterus, and with shot, that same amount or more splattered out of Ruby's pussy lips. Slate pulled her back a bit and then dropped her on his cock again, each time making her legs shake, her eyes crossing as she came again. Her baby bag was now nothing more than a dumping ditch for Slate's hyper virile come, and Ruby could think of no higher honor. She was filled to the absolute brim, and yet more was being forced into her every second, as she slowly felt the energy leaving her body, propped up on that cock the way a hated criminal might be impaled on a stake-but even that would only happen once, except for the fifteen, twenty, twenty-five times Slate rocked Ruby's cunt on his cock, sliding her balls-deep and back with the strength in his arms never faltering.

Later, (how much later Ruby had no idea), she was on her knees, sucking at his cocktip with an eager, hollow cheeked expression. She was moaning and gasping around that cock, peeling back his foreskin with her lips before delving in deep with her tongue. Each nugget of smegma or old jizz she found was like a rare delicacy that Ruby savored before gulping down. Ruby looked up at him with wide, almost worshipful eyes, aware that he was clearly using his Scroll to take pictures of her, Ruby Rose, snorkeling his cock like it was her new job. She flashed double 'V' signs to the camera, making a show of how huge his cock was by placing her arm next to it, her bicep clearly thinner and her arm shorter. She rolled her eyes back on purpose for the picture, having had plenty of practice.

As she *popped* her mouth off, Ruby gargled with his pre-come, letting her own spit bubble up as well, knowing Slate liked his sluts to be sloppy and messy. "Ahh, please, will you send me that picture too, Slate? I'll make sure it's my lock screen from now on, I don't care *who* sees it-it'll just serve to make them jealous if they've got any fucking brains."

Slate just chuckled, comparing the lewd image of Ruby to a recent picture of his, one of Yang. In that one, Yang was squatting like a stripper, flashing the same hand signs but with that cock fully laying in front of her face, obscuring both of her eyes and then hanging down low, well past her chin and down nearly to her knees. He'd have to set up a rotating collection for the two slutty sisters.

The Scroll forgotten, for now, Ruby lay down on the bed, her body nearly sinking into the soft surface. Resting on her full, almost certainly pregnant, belly Ruby reached back, grabbing her fat ass and spreading her dirty little used fuckholes open. Surprisingly little amounts of jizz leaked from her gaping shitpipe and her battered pussy, as if her body was practically trying to suck the filthy ball batter inside herself and never let it go...at least, that was what Ruby would do, if she could. She wagged her enormous ass back at him, enticing him with that perfect combination of natural endowment and years of hard work. Now, at least partly, Ruby had the vocabulary and whorish attitude to match her body's natural undeniable appeal.

"Oooh, daddy...my poor little pussy has been totally beat the *fuck* up by your cock...yet I still want more!" She could feel that jizz leaking out of both of her holes, and there was a clear look of concentration on Ruby's face as her body flexed, trying to keep it all in. Slate clambered onto the bed behind her, talking almost to himself as he lined his cock up with her puffy, bright red pussy.

"You little slut, always wasting your time training, trying to be a little bit stronger, a little bit faster. You should have been practicing depththroating a couple of your sister's big dildoes and training your body to breathe through your nose. But don't worry, when I'm done with you, you'll be a faunus-only breeding sow for the rest of your life." It seemed a much more fitting position for a cock-addicted short-stack than trying to be a Huntress or some legendary warrior when she could just relax and get her holes busted open a little bit harder each day. Had she been asked, Ruby would have agreed, but that was one of the things she loved about Slate, he knew better to ask her opinion when he could just fuck her rotten and make up her mind for her.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAMWHAMWHAMWHWAM!!

“Ahhh fuhhhk...it’s soooo deep! So hard...you’re busting me open...again! HNNG!” Ruby thought she had taken the worst Slate could dig out, but she was very happy to be proven wrong, in the clearest way possible. He was fucking her in a prone position, one arm wrapped around her neck and the other gripping her by the back of the skull. His legs spread her own slender legs wide, until Ruby’s ankles were well past her shoulders, and then he pushed them a little further. As his cock punched deep into her pussy, stretching her out in a deliciously painful way at this new angle, Ruby felt happy tears leaking down her face. After all the comeshots and sweat, she was hardly wearing makeup anymore, but the second she got the chance she would apply some more, however Slate wanted her to.

“Yes, yes, yes! Don’t stop, don’t stop! Agggghhh! You’re driving me fucking crazy, my body is on fire! Ahhh, I love your fucking dick Slate, I love it!” Ruby’s hands came up to her own face, lightly tugging at her skin, her eyes wide and clearly mad with lust. She was coming over and over again, each one changing into another, prolonging her orgasms and leaving her weaker with each one. She wasn’t even aware she was screaming anymore, concepts like an indoor voice literally fucked out of her head. Her legs kicked underneath him, but not in any serious attempt to get away, simply to remind them both of how easily he could pin her down and trap her with his size. In this position, she was the most helpless yet and she loved it.

As this nasty prone bone continued, Slate tightened up with one arm on Ruby’s neck. Her scarf was gone, though she could no longer remember what happened to it, her body totally exposed for Slate. She slapped one hand at his arm experimentally, feeling his stone-like strength, and it only made her pussy gush that much more. This felt like the purest, most clear expression of their nasty, lewd relationship yet, Ruby totally helpless to do anything but lay there and get fucked, and Slate more than happy to beat her pussy up with his cock until she was passed out...and then some. He’d have to get the bed replaced soon, but it was worth it to dominate this formerly innocent shortstack cunt completely.

“Ahh, hnnng, HUUHN!” Ruby’s cries were wordless, as animalistic as any noise Slate made, if not more so. Her hands were flailing again, desperate to find something, anything to hold onto. She was screaming and babbling so much Slate was worried she might bite her own tongue, but he supposed he could always just shove her face in the pillows for a minute or two...or ten, if it really mattered. Fortunately for Ruby, if not for her dignity and last shreds of sanity, something better presented itself.

“Oooh, mmh? Ahhh~” She cooed, words beyond her even as another series of harsh thrusts threatened to nearly fuck one of her ovaries to a useless pulp, making her cry out. Ruby had thought Slate went all-out before, but *this* was another level. She wasn’t really sure what she was looking at, some sort of red..device thing, but it unfolded at her touch, making a weapon one part Scythe and one part Sniper Rifle. This had been important to her before, she knew that, and now it was even more important.

Desperate for something stable, something to hold onto, Ruby placed the long shaft in between her teeth, grunting like mad. Her breath came out in small little snorts from her delicate nostrils, one of which had been nearly glued shut by jizz. As the fuck continued on and on, Ruby left dents in the weapon's handle with her teeth, even as Slate and her own form left a deeper crater in the bed. Finally, with another powerful, mind searing orgasm, Ruby was downright howling around that thing, drool leaking from her mouth as her eyes rolled back in her head, truly insensate, her body shaking in convulsions as she came, legs stiff and straight, body wobbling, throat making strange, gurgling sounds.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

There was a tiny bit of additional pressure from Slate's hand on the back of Ruby's head, and that was all it took.

“Hnnngh, hnnng hrrn, MMMPHHH!💕💕“

Hearts flashed in Ruby's eyes, replaced by her own silver orbs and then back to the hearts over and over again, her pulse racing out of control and her lungs hyperventilating. There was a sense of tremendous pressure, like a thousand tense ropes about to snap at once and then-

“HNNGGG!” *Ka-chink!*

Ruby's teeth squeezed again, her jaw set like a beast's, and the handle of her scythe cracked in two, snapping right through the handle. It was the clearest sign yet that Ruby's priorities had changed and were never going to change back, her future path as broken and ruined as her weapon, for she had found something a lot stronger to dedicate her life to. That cock was still rutting away inside her, and Ruby looked back at Slate, seeing the expression of focus on his face, how he was concerned with turning her body into so much sexual rubble and he wasn't going to let anything stop him.

Working her jaw weakly, thinking she had definitely broken something there, Ruby's tongue eventually pushed out the bits of metal in her mouth.

“Ah, *ptoo*,...ah, oh...oh my gawd. I'm so fucking dick drunk right now.” Her eyes twinkled, even as she was clearly fading fast.

“Oh Slate, I'm so lucky we found each other. I can't wait to spend every day of the rest of my life pleasing you, your gorgeous, nasty, hung *brute*. I'm your full service fuckbitch from now on and don't ever let me forget it. I'll do anything you want, even force someone else to take care of your bastard kids if you want, because, Slate, I...lo-mmmfh! Mmmphh!”

As Ruby tried to speak, there was a rustling of cloth. Slate, for one, had remembered what had happened to her scarf and he gathered it up quickly, wrapping it around Ruby's face once, twice, then three times, rendering her blind deaf and dumb. She could only moan and scream inside the scarf, quickly running out of proper air and

passing out as Slate buried himself inside her cunt one final time, screaming out like a conquering barbarian as he flooded her overstuffed womb with nasty, ultra potent jizz.

Early one morning (it may have been the next morning, or the next week. Ruby didn't know, and didn't give a *fuck*), Ruby Rose was walking through the hallways. She made sure to check her corners before she took each turn, keeping her eyes up and forehead, not wanting to miss anything. Though it was clear to anyone observing her that she was looking for someone or something in particular, scanning every hallway, double checking each room she passed.

Eventually, and with plenty of notice this time, Ruby saw her friend, if not who she was looking for, Jaune Arc. The handsome, if a little bland, blond boy hurried over to Ruby, concern on his face.

"Ruby? Uh...are you ok? Not to be rude or anything, but you look like you got hit by a train."

He was exaggerating, but only slightly. Ruby's face looked puffy, and there was bruising in some areas, though far less than she actually had, as she was wearing quite a bit of makeup. That was almost more concerning to Jaune than anything else, really. Her nose looked crooked, like it had been bent the wrong way several times and couldn't straighten back fully, and her hair was a mess, sticking up in places and looking matted down by dry sweat in others. She was wearing a uniform that didn't fit her, and if Jaune didn't know better he would say it was one of Yang's old ones. The only thing that was still her's were her torn stockings (must have been a fashion thing) and Ruby's cloak, which was wrapped tight around her neck and trailed behind her in a flouncy fashion.

"Oh, don't be silly Jaune, I just had an eventful day..." She looked at his eyes, gauging his reaction and sensing a clue there.

"I mean, *a couple* of days. With, uh, Slate! He's *sooo* cool, and smart and strong. He could probably beat you in an arm wrestling contest even if you used both hands, Jaune. Isn't that awesome?" Ruby's face lit up with a happiness Jaune had only seen her display about sweets.

"Um, well I guess he's ok. He is strong, that's for sure, Neptune said he saw him benching a hundred and forty kilos the other day...without even sweating. Must be a Faunus thing," Jaune grumbled, trying not to sound jealous. Ruby wasn't paying enough attention to care, and if she thought he was jealous of Slate, that would just be natural.

"Yeah, he showed me his personal weapon...it's wayyy better than Crescent Rose. So much stronger too." The dark haired girl bit her plump lower lip, as if reminiscing over something stupefyingly enjoyable.

"Wait, really? But you *love* that thing, you designed it yourself, you never shut up about it." Juane pointed out, more confused by the second.

“Well, what can I say...when you meet someone who is just stronger than you, there’s no point fighting it. And when they are so much stronger, the superiority is just...unquestionable. The best thing to do is just to submit and don’t bother asking for mercy, cause you won’t get any...uh, at least...that’s how Slate spars, I mean. He never holds anything back, and he’s so strong...he could break me in *goddamn* half if he wanted to.”

Jaune frowned, not least at how happy Ruby sounded about that prospect. “Since when do you curse...you must be spending too much time with Yang. I swear, all she talks about is Slate too, I don’t know why you guys like that jerk so much. Everybody thinks he’s so cool!”

Jaune was thinking of Pyrrha, his long-term girlfriend who he saw less and less of lately. When he did see her, everything was ‘Slate this’ and ‘Slate that’, it was driving him crazy, and now Ruby too, one person he thought was above stuff like that.

She actually glared at him, cutting off Jaune’s rant before he could get started. “He *is* cool, Jaune. Probably because he doesn’t spend all his time complaining about other people. When you spend time with him, he is completely focused on you, and not a lot of other people can match that intensity, to be honest. You could learn a thing or two from him, you know.”

Jaune was taken aback by how abrupt the change to Ruby’s attitude was and he took a step back, hands up. She almost never took anyone’s side over his, except for Yang, so this was extremely odd. “Hey, I’m sorry ok. I just didn’t think that you’d...well, I didn’t know you were friends with him too, that’s all.”

Ruby pointed one finger at him, though it didn’t quite waggle as fast as she might have liked. “Yeah, well just mind your own business next time, and let me and Yang worry about Slate. I mean, well, we’ll worry about ourselves, and so will he...you get it.”

Jaune wasn’t sure he did, but there was no sense in arguing about it. He watched Ruby go, as confused as he’d ever been. She seemed oddly focused, like they’d just discussed a training session, but also out of it. Clearly she needed more sleep. And since when did she wear makeup? As she turned the corner, Jaune noticed a sway in Ruby’s step, her hips rocking from side to side, clearly aware of her body’s curves and making them work for her, which was extra impressive since one of her boots was shorter than the other, having a snapped off heel, and it looked like one of Ruby’s hips might even have been dislocated from the socket. He just hoped she visited the nurse soon, and he wondered again just how rough Slate was to push someone like Ruby to the brink.

Well, if she was happy, he guessed that was what counted. Good for her, making a new friend. Now, where was Pyrrha-he’d found her Scroll left lying in one of the boy’s locker rooms, he recognized the case, but she’d changed the passcode so he couldn’t get in anymore. He just saw the lock screen, which was a picture of Pyrrha and Yang, saying “Sisters...and More Than Sisters...” which he didn’t get at all.

To Be Continued...