

The three of them watched in shock as Nora reached for her skirt and unclipped it, lowering the zipper and letting it flutter to the floor, exposing her toned thighs and the tight pair of pink panties she was wearing underneath. Weiss inhaled sharply while Blake stared, unashamed, her cat ears standing up straight.

Nora's face was pure bravado, yet even so, her cheeks turned a cute shade of pink.

"So?" she asked boldly, even through her blush. "What do you think?"

She turned and presented her ass, showing off the way the cut of her panties cupped her plump curves, sinking in between her wonderful cheeks. Jaune felt his mouth go dry at the sight, his cock twitching in his pants, swelling faster when he saw the hint of pale skin hidden by the pink material.

Tan lines. She had tan lines.

"Nora," he breathed.

She removed her top with little fanfare, tossing it aside, and he saw more evidence of her tan lines, thin stripes criss-crossing her back. Some type of elaborate bikini top, one she had worn during vacation, the rest of her skin beautifully bronzed.

His cock grew harder.

"N-Nora, what are you doing?" Weiss snapped, marching towards her. "Cover up this instant!"

Nora turned, her bountiful breasts straining against her pink bra, the cups pushing her healthy chest up. She fixed Weiss with such a commanding look that the heiress faltered.

"This is my time," Nora said calmly, her cheeks still burning, though her eyes were stern. "Like I said – you can stay and watch, or you can leave. But I'm having my turn, and I'm having it now."

Blake remained speechless, her eyes drinking in Nora's toned and curvy physique, captivated. Jaune was much the same, drinking her in like a thirsty man sighting his first hint of water. She looked brilliant, his lovely little partner.

"I – no, I – what?" Weiss stammered.

"I don't mind if you watch," Nora continued, a little shy – finally. "I think it would be... kinda hot?"

Blake went to say something but the words got trapped in her throat when Nora unclipped her bra, her tits springing free as the material fell away, her breasts sagging under their impressive weight. Jaune groaned low in his throat when her pale, shapely tits were exposed to his eyes, immediately locking onto the contrast between the tanned skin of her upper chest and the untouched flesh of her breasts. Those beautiful puffy pink nipples were already hard, the small tips pointing at him.

Nora giggled, giving her chest a shake. Her breasts swayed side to side.

"You like?"

“Nora,” he managed to say. “What are you...?”

She strode towards him with purpose, a hand curling up and seizing the back of his neck. Jaune offered no resistance as she pulled him down, and he met her lips with enthusiasm, forgetting for a moment that Weiss and Blake were both in the room. One of his hands settled on her hip, squeezing, and Nora moaned into his mouth as her lips parted, and his tongue slipped between.

It felt like coming home.

He’d missed her, and missed this. Jaune sighed as their mouths worked together languidly, taking his time to experience and feel. Her tongue rolled against his own lazily, and her wonderful scent filled his lungs. It was a little different than he remembered, a hint of coconut; skin lotion, perhaps? Maybe the reason why her skin had tanned so beautifully.

His other hand curled around the back of her hips and grasped a handful of her meaty ass, palming it aggressively as he dragged her body against his own. Her tits pressed into his chest, Nora writhing sensually against him, belly rolling over his stiffening cock.

“Mm~! Mnngg~! Mwaaah~! I’ve been – haaaah – looking forward to this for – mmmph – so long, you have no idea,” Nora mewled between kisses, her soft lips becoming slick with saliva. Their mouths smacked wetly as their kissing grew more heated, Nora hauling herself up against his body until her feet left the ground. Jaune cradled her effortlessly, the hand on her ass the anchor, fingers sinking in as he balanced her weight.

She shivered as he sucked on her tongue, feeling a curling heat unfold deep in her tummy. Jaune had been on her mind every day since she’d left Beacon, every hour of every day, no matter how she tried to distract herself. Knowing that Blake and Weiss were having their fill of him made her happy, but it also made her envious. It made her impatient for their holidays to end and for her to return so she could claim him like this.

He was an even better kisser now than he had been before. Probably from all the practice he was getting, Nora thought giddily, gasping as he nipped her lower lip, tugging on it with his teeth. Her belly trembled in delight, that hot, slick sensation trickling lower until she felt her panties dampen with want.

It felt so good – and knowing that Weiss and Blake were watching them only turned her on even more, her hips shifting against him, rolling, grinding, whimpering as he squeezed her ass harder, carrying her so easily, his firm chest taut, arms strong, a pillar of strength, masculine and *hers*.

Delivering one final kiss, Nora pulled back, her mouth feeling hot and numb, lips tingling. She met his eyes, his pupils enlarged, threatening to swallow his beautiful blue irises, cupping his cheek lovingly.

“How about we show them how it's done?” she asked impishly, biting her lip with suggestion.

Jaune blinked slowly, glancing over her head and seeing the result of their brief makeout session. Weiss' face was crimson, her eyes wide, frozen in place. Blake's mouth was open slightly, stunned, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

“Are you... sure?” he asked roughly, his imagination already running wild. Bending Nora over and taking her while Weiss and Blake watched, his partner's cries of ecstasy filling the room. Having Nora's mouth on his cock, lips warped around his crown, their teammates unable to look away.

“Like I said, they can always leave if they don't like it,” she pecked him on the jaw before squirming out of his hold, landing on her feet. Her hands toyed with his belt, slowly unlatching the buckle as she smirked up at him. She pulled it free, making a bit of a show of it before flinging it across the room. It landed somewhere near the bar. “I want you.”

“I want you,” he parroted her words.

His eyes traced those alluring blue veins atop her breasts, seemingly more pronounced now that they partially vanished beneath her darkened skin of her upper chest. Nora's deft fingers made quick work of his pants, unbuttoning them and lowering the zipper, releasing some of the pressure his cock was feeling, trapped inside.

"Take your shirt off," she said breathlessly.

Weiss made a sound of distress as he grabbed the hem of his shirt and lifted it over his head, his muscular torso stretching invitingly. Watching Nora and Jaune locked at the lips made her feel lightheaded, a little shaky inside, her tummy filled with butterflies. Nora was even shorter than she was, and yet she was so *curvy*, her hips splayed wide, her chest full and inviting. Her back was toned with powerful muscle from swinging her hammer around like it was a toy, shoulders and upper arms built, her thighs thick and strong. Her eyes constantly shifted between the two of them, as if unsure who she should be looking at.

She should leave. This was... improper, and wrong, and... and... who was she kidding?

This was about as improper as having Jaune vent his lust inside her womb moments before going out on stage, feeling his sperm bloating her uterus as she sung her heart out to thousands of people. Feeling his thick, potent essence heating her from within, attempting to impregnate her body but unable to due to her lack of egg.

Weiss knew she had to share him. She understood it. Even raged against it in the pit of her mind, but... seeing it? Did she really have to watch it happen? Watch him ravish another girl, make her scream and beg as he pleased her with his peerless penis? That ridiculously gifted *cock*?

It was the first time she had referred to it as such, and it made her insides *clench*. That manly *cock* that had driven her to the heights of pleasure, and had surely done the same to her teammates and friends, and now... she was going to watch as Nora...

Why was she *so turned on*?

Meanwhile, Blake was under no illusion. The way her heart raced, her panties growing soaked as she watched Nora and Jaune paw at each other. There was no confusion on her part, equally admiring Jaune's built, lean muscles and Nora's shapely ass, drawn to both the male and female form. Her mouth went dry as Nora pulled his pants down over his hips, catching sight of the way his swelling dick tented the material of his underwear. From experience, she knew he wasn't even fully erect yet, and *still...*

Blake panted, a hand slipping down between her legs and cupping herself through her shorts. Pleasure burned a path from deep within, her tightening core forcing more of her sticky arousal to gush into her panties. Rubbing her slit gently, she hissed, more sensitive than usual.

She'd watched him fuck her clone, and now also *felt* how it was for her, their memories blending together. Now she was going to watch him fuck Nora, her friend, her teammate, Jaune's girlfriend...

Jaune kicked off his boots until he stood in nothing but his underwear, battle hardened body taut with tension. Nora peered down at the tent he was pitching, her mouth watering as she palmed him, feeling his shaft throb.

"Mm, this guy seems eager," she whispered, voice dripping with barely restrained lust. Four weeks. Four long, lonely weeks spent only with her fingers, imagining what he might be doing to her teammates. Yearning for the moment they were all together again so she could show them that they were all a family. All of them. "Even with all the action he's been getting, you'd think he was starved of touch."

She squeezed him firmly, her fingers jostling his balls. Jaune groaned, his fingers threading through her hair. It had grown a little bit, the ends falling a little further than her shoulders now. Silky strands bunched in his fist as he tightened his hold, reeling her in and kissing her again,

this time domineering, devouring her utterly. Nora surrendered herself, gasping as his tongue plundered her mouth relentlessly, inflaming the passion building in her loins until she was *dripping*, the crotch of her panties *soaked*.

“I don’t think this guy is the only thing eager,” he growled, his other hand cupping her cunt. Nora groaned, hips rocking against his fingers, her underwear bunching between her fat, juicy lips. He stroked her leaking pussy, feeling the heat of her arousal, his hand growing damp. “Nora, look how wet you are.”

He pulled his hand away, Nora mewling in loss, and *showed her*. His skin glistened with her musk, the scent powerful, fogging the mind. Even through her panties, his fingers were drenched in her juices – and then without hesitation, he stuck them in his mouth.

Nora’s belly *roiled* as his lips sucked on each digit, uterus melting at the sight.

She was meant to be the one in control here but such a simple action had completely disarmed her. Her heart launched itself into her loins, her clitoris pounding, and she could only shiver and whimper as he curled his thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down.

“J-Jaune,” Weiss stuttered, eyes blown wide as she watched him undress Nora fully. A long string of arousal clung to the crotch of her lowering panties, visible as they passed her thighs. Weiss swallowed, unable to hear anything over the pounding in her ears, her blood rushing violently. Her nipples hardened instantly, twin pinpricks of sensation.

When her panties fluttered to the floor, Jaune removed his own underwear, eyes glued to her pristine slit. Still pale and cute, the contrast between her pelvis and belly, untouched skin verses tanned, only made his blood roar. Nora, Weiss and Blake all stared, spellbound, as his cock was revealed to their eyes. At half mast and still growing, it was a sight to behold, the skin growing taut as it lengthened, becoming fatter, curving up away from his pelvis.

“Oh,” Nora said, blinking rapidly. “I – oh, there it is,” she grasped him, loving how hot it felt, burning her palm with a soothing heat. “Mm – Jaune, god, it looks even better than I remember.”

She stroked him up and down, her breasts jiggling, peeling his foreskin back. Her fingers tightened around him, catching on the head, pleasure pooling hotly in his balls. Soon her other hand joined it, pre-cum oozing from the tip as she double-fisted him, her expression half-crazed.

“Jaune,” she groaned, staring as the tip leaked profusely. “Mm—god, it’s so big. And all these girls want to ride it, don’t they? Because you’re so cool and handsome, and *good*. And then you *fuck them* with this monster, claiming them mind, body and soul. Fuck, I – damn it, I need it,” she dropped to her knees, peering up at him in worship.

Blake moaned, watching Nora submit instantly after being so bold. Kneeling before him as if he was her conqueror, eyes glittering in delight as she moved closer. She rubbed herself harder, circling her clit, the pleasure shivering up her spine.

“B-Blake, what are you doing?” Weiss asked, aghast. “Stop that!”

“Why?” she shot back, head tilting in question, her movements sensual. “Mm, why should I? They’re letting us watch. We should – haaah – take advantage. Don’t act like this isn’t turning you on.”

Weiss bit her lip. “I know we are sharing him, but that doesn’t mean we have to be in the same room while we... we are intimate!”

“You can leave, no one is stopping you,” Blake’s voice was like poisoned honey.



Weiss' feet remained rooted to the floor. Because the truth was, she didn't want to leave. She was captured by the moment, her desires awakened, her body aflame. Jealousy reared its ugly head, but also something else... something darker, which held greater sway over her...

She was *enjoying* this. Enamored. Watching another girl throw herself at *her man*. Prostrate themselves before him, lose themselves and basking in his handsomeness, goodness and...

What was wrong with her?

Nora leaned in and ran her nose along his straining shaft, inhaling deeply, drunk on his musk. It smelt strongest down by his heavy balls, burying her face against his crotch and breathing in, drowning in it. His cock flexed as he felt her hot breath wash over the base of his dick, her cheek nuzzling his shaft.

"Nora, what are you doing?" he groaned.

"You smell *so good*," she moaned, placing a hot kiss against his thigh before moving up his cock. Her nose was pressed against the skin of his dick, nostrils flaring, unwilling to pull away for even a moment. Pre-cum smeared her cheek, glistening as she licked at the underside of his cock where that burly, swollen ridge was. "*Haaah. Haaah. Haaammngg—Jaune, mm, haah~!*"

Jaune pressed a hand against the top of her head, resting it there, neither guiding or attempting to halt her. Her hot, wet tongue curled around the bottom of his dick, pouty lips suckling at the thick root, that stem that ran from the base to the head, taut and strong.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, her mouth worked its way up. Jaune sighed as her tongue lapped out and stimulated the frenulum, a sharp pulse of pleasure arcing up his spine. His balls visibly tightened, lifting up before dropping, doing it again as she licked at that sensitive spot beneath the crown.

She was worshipping him like he was a God.

Nora placed a messy, wet kiss on the underside of the head, her lips coming away glistening with his pre-ejaculate. Her moist tongue swiped out, gathering it into her mouth, that salty tangy musk flowing inside her mouth.

Placing kiss after kiss on the head, she made out with his cock like it was his mouth, wet smacks sounding as her lips pursed eagerly. His cock jerked in excitement, smacking her on the nose, and she giggled, breathless, her eyes crossing.

*“Hmg—do you like that?”* she asked, voice infused with pure sensuality. Her mouth opened up, threatening to swallow him, before she suckled on the tip, squeezing down with those velvety lips. His cock shivered, Jaune sighing in bliss, the pleasure pulsing through him. *“Do you like it when I kiss you here?”*

“Always,” he said, thighs tense as she took him into her mouth a little further before suckling off the end. “God, that feels amazing.”

Weiss tried. She did. She tried to resist the urge but her body was burning up, her nipples aching to be touched. One of her hands rose, stroking her tender peaks through her dress, a strangled whimper escaping her throat. Blake mirrored her sound, rocking against her hand.

Tired of playing around, Nora pushed on. Her lips parted, taking his fat, wide crown into her mouth, her tongue pressing up on it from underneath. Tightening her lips, she pulled off him with a sharp, powerful suck, a loud pop sounding through the room before she took him again. She repeated this action several times, her face stretching as she sucked as hard as she could, cheeks caved in, and Jaune felt it in the depths of his pelvis, his balls *clenching* each time the suction grew too much before being released, as if she were attempting to suck his balls up into his torso.

"Fuck, Nora," he grit his teeth, thrusting at her, his cock sinking further into her wet, warm mouth. The head grinded against the roof of her mouth, the pleasure sharp, and then she turned her head, cupping it with the inner membrane of her cheek. Her face bulged as she slurped at him loudly, saliva spilling from her mouth as her head bobbed awkwardly.

"Oh god," Blake whispered, thighs trembling. She hastily kicked off her heeled shoes, her stockinged feet touching the floor. The hand that wasn't buried between her legs began removing her top, shrugging it off and exposing her purple bra. Deft fingers unlatched the back, and her sweltering tits sprung free, the cool air making her nipples tingle in delight.

Icy blue eyes widened as Blake's full, glorious tits were exposed to the world, Weiss feeling her insides ripple with sensation. Her breath caught, drinking in the magnificent sight, admiring her flat stomach, the hint of her ribs stretching out beneath her heavy breasts. They weren't large like Nora's but were certainly full, shapely, and much bigger than her own.

The way they sat on her chest, with a slight bit of a sag, pulling away in either direction, there was something incredibly captivating about it. Unlike her own pale nipples, Blake's were bright, a reddish hue that made them pop against her pale skin, the tips thick and hard. Blake palmed one of them, squeezing, the breast meat molding to her grip, spilling out, and it made Weiss inhale sharply.

They were really doing this. All of them. They were degenerate perverts, and it was all Jaune's fault. He was the common factor, stealing their hearts and bodies, yet Weiss found it difficult to care.

Blake felt Weiss' eyes on her body and it only made her hotter, waist rolling as she grinded against her palm. She felt so sensitive everywhere, her skin erupting in goosebumps, watching Nora's lips warp around Jaune's meaty girth. Next it was her shorts, hastily yanking them down over her hips until she stood in her stockings and panties, the crotch ruined by her leaking arousal. Pulling the material to the side, she cooed as she touched her swollen pussy directly.

Jaune saw this all happening, eyes locked onto Blake as she started stroking her juicy labia, and then higher, circling the hood of her clit. The expression on Weiss' face only made his cock stiffen even harder, Nora moaning around him as he swelled. The vibrations made his balls throb in delight, pleasure pooling in his gut, the knot of climax tightening.

Nora worked his crown inside her cheek for several moments, spit dribbling down his shaft and wetting his balls. Slurping off him messily, she swiped the tip aggressively, using the underside of her tongue, rapidly moving it side to side, Jaune grunting as she tormented the tip that leaked into her mouth, salty discharge greedily accepted. Then she swallowed him, sinking down, just under halfway, until he threatened her throat.

Her head bobbed up and down, long, fast strokes that made his toes curl against the floor. Her hands weren't idle, either, one massaging his bursting balls while the other slipped between her legs. Gathering her wetness, she circled her clit, sparks of ecstasy blasting through her. She whimpered as she took Jaune deeper, the beginning of her throat spasming around his fat glans, Jaune groaning in appreciation.

A wet, messy clapping filled the air, and his eyes zeroed in on Blake once again, her fingers now knuckle deep in her leaking quim. Her palm slapped against her mons, her expression that of a ruined woman, overcome by lust, her amber eyes melted like heated honey. Her greedy lips clutched at her fingers snugly, the pink of her tight entrance pulling out slightly as she fucked herself.

Weiss didn't know where to look. Nora's head moved faster, taking more, the sound of her throat being penetrated loud and clear – *gluck, gluck, gluck* – accompanying the lewd clapping of Blake's hand, the cat faunus moaning unashamedly.

Reaching behind her back with shaking hands, she unzipped her top, and then her skirt, the material falling around her ankles. Her pristine white panties were darkened with her lustful juices, and pulling off her top, her modest chest clad in a matching bra was revealed. Before she could doubt herself, the bra was discarded, her cute tits bare for them all to see.

“Oh god,” Jaune growled, seeing Weiss’ sublime, sculpted form in all its glory as her panties were pushed down over her hips and thighs. That ridiculously tight pussy was sodden with her desire, plump lips reddened and engorged with blood. Blake looked her way and was dumbstruck, her mouth falling open as her hand stuttered, pausing with her fingers deep inside.

She was all supple, lithe muscle and gentle curves, Blake drinking her in with relish. She looked like a being from another world, a fairy tale princess come to life, her skin the color of freshly fallen snow, her hair glittering like spun silver. Her uterus *throbbed* – and then she imagined that tiny, pristine body being manhandled by Jaune, that huge cock slamming into her, Weiss’ beautiful voice cracking as she howled in pleasure...

Jaune could feel his end approaching fast, overstimulated by Nora’s mouth and the vision of beauty before his eyes. He let her continue for a minute more as Weiss began touching herself, caressing her lovely skin with gentle fingers, rubbing her nipples in alluring circles before extracting himself from Nora’s ravenous maw.

Spittle covered her chin as she looked up at him with hazy eyes, his slick cock bouncing before her eyes. Seizing her arms, he hauled her up and then they were falling, Jaune landing on the couch with Nora in his lap, her amazing thighs straddling him. His cock was trapped between their bodies, burning the skin of her abdomen.

“Ride me,” he commanded, and she obeyed without question.

Grabbing his fat cock, she guided it between her legs as she balanced up on her knees. Nora shivered as it swiped over her clit, the pleasure sharp and sweet, and then she was lowering herself, her entrance parting to his girth, stretching in that amazing way she missed most. A month without it, and already her body had begun to forget, a twinge of discomfort as her underused pussy spread.

“*Fuck*,” she cried out, chest thrust in his face. He palmed her tits greedily, squeezing, and her hips dropped lower, her face crumpling in rapture as his curved dick grinded the inside of her belly, raking over her g-spot. Stars exploded in front of her eyes, and then she was clapping down, the air driven from her lungs as she took him to the hilt, head battering into her cervix.

Nora hunched as her weight balanced on the tip of his dick, crushing her womb against his cock. She panted roughly, desperate for air, and for several long moments, she basked in the feeling of his hot, steel hard shaft piercing her to the back.

*“Deeep~!”* she seethed, delirious. *“Oh my god, you’re so deeeep~♡~!”*

Her entrance was just as tight as he remembered, strangling the base of his cock while the rest of her snug, plump tunnel embraced him in warmth. Tugging at her large breasts, he massaged the deep breast tissue, making Nora writhe in pleasure, her sweet little cries making his cock flex inside her. Her hips jumped, an involuntary movement, a wretched sob escaping her.

*“Fuuuck, mnggg—Jaune, haah, so big~♡!”*

Once her hips started, they had a life of their own, snapping back and forth. Her cervix grinded maddeningly on the tip of his dick, her voice cracking as she clutched at his shoulders, nails digging in viciously. Jaune grunted as her cunt rippled around him, pressing up into her as she grew wild, rutting on him like a deranged animal.

Weiss whimpered as she watched Nora fuck herself on Jaune’s cock with mindless movements, cupping her tender, small breasts and squeezing. Her vaginal walls spasmed, her thighs pressing together, slick with her oozing juices. Nora’s round, fat ass jiggled as her movements grew faster, her moans almost bestial. The map of muscles on her back were constantly flexing, a work of art as sweat began to bead on her multi-hued skin.

Jaune feasted on her tits, burying his face between them and licking her salty skin, inhaling the scent of her arousal. His tongue traced her tan lines, sucking at her skin harshly, Nora’s voice a constant stream of sound in his ears. Her pussy was wringing him out, undulating on his cock so wonderfully, and every time he squeezed her tits, or licked her skin, she would spasm around him, the pleasure too much.

For her, it was too much and not enough.

Feeling his cock grinding on her cervix, raking her deepest spot, that pleasure and ache in equal measure was too much to endure. Her hips snapped forward three, four, five more times before she stuttered to a stop, her body trembling. Gritting her teeth, she lifted one of her knees, her foot curling beneath her, and then the other, until her feet were planted against the cushions of the sofa. Crouching atop his cock, she rode up, up, up until the heavy ridge of his glans stretched her tight entrance, so high he was in danger of slipping out of her.

Nora felt empty, her inner walls squeezing in protest, until with a single, mind numbing drop, she sheathed him back inside her melting cunt. Nora grunted, her breasts jolting as she took him deep, the impact radiating through her womb as he punched into her cervix, a loud, wet, meaty clap filling the air. Her folds clutched at him desperately as her thighs tensed, rising up again, up, up and then *down*, her cry of ecstasy cracking as the air was driven from her lungs.

Jaune groaned darkly as she bounced up and down, her hands curled on his shoulder for balance, Nora wringing him out from root to tip, riding him with increasing vigor. He found his eyes drawn south, beyond her bouncing breasts that swung eagerly, down across her tense stomach to where her pussy stretched wide around him. Her juicy lips were flushed with arousal, leaking around the tight hold she had on him, stretching outward whenever she rose, only for her to clap down brutally. His balls tightened at the sight and feel, his cum bubbling up, ready to fire at a moment's notice.

If she kept riding him like that, it wouldn't take long at all.

Blake swore as she watched Nora ride high and drop low, her ass rippling from each impact. It was the type of sex exclusive to a girl riding a large cock, able to ride up several inches and still have him buried in her depths. His cock was a glistening pillar of masculinity, powerful and unyielding. Nora's strangled cries as she brutalized herself on his length was a thing of beauty, and unable to stop herself any longer, she approached them with hurried steps.

“Blake?” Weiss questioned, still playing with her small, supple tits. She watched her partner drop to her knees, a hand reaching for Nora’s plump behind and with shock, the cat faunus squeezed her ass with hungry fingers.

Nora jerked in surprise, moaning deliciously as she felt someone grab her ass. She glanced over her shoulder, whimpering, and saw Blake groping her, expression drunk with desire. Smirking, Nora slapped down and rolled her hips, nearly losing it, that hot knot of pressure deep in her tummy quivering.

*“Looks like the kitty wants to play with us,”* she gasped.

Nora’s movements became faster, harder, fucking herself up and down his rigid length. The obscene, wet claps of their flesh had her juices spraying across his balls and thighs, her needy moans growing higher as she sought her end. Jaune grit his teeth and pawed at her chest, manipulating her nipples with dexterous fingers, tugging and twisting and pulling, the sting felt in her cunt.

*“Yes, yes, mnggg—fuck, yes, right there, oh~♡~! Jaune, haah, mnggg—you’re gonna make me cuuuuum~♡~!”*

“Then cum,” he told her, their eyes locking, her pupils swallowing her irises completely. “Cum for me. Make me cum, Nora.”

Nora clapped down several more times, her moans nearly shrieks – and then with a sobbing cry, she slapped down a final time as her insides coiled and throbbed, drawn tight. Jaune flexed inside her, buried as deep as possible, and with a shudder, her pussy erupted in orgasm. Wild contractions rocked her body, Nora seizing up in rapture.

*“Mmmnnngggg—cuuuuummmmming~♡~!”* she forced out through a clenched jaw, eyes tearing up. *“Mmngggghgggg—cuuuuuuummmmming~♡~!”*



Her inner walls pulsed and milked him to completion, his testicles *clenching* as semen rocketed up his shaft. Jaune felt the pleasure rush through his body and out the end of his dick, thick, potent ropes of cum fired directly into her womb in long gushes, packing her uterus full. Nora thrashed as she felt his velvety heat jet into her, her moans incoherent as she clutched her belly, expression collapsed drunkenly.

His cock fired endlessly, balls leaping each time, shaft flexing with each pounding ejaculation. Jaune's hands gripped her tits harder, squeezing hard enough to bruise her lovely skin, and it only made her sob harder, writhing.

When his cock finally stopped shooting, when her insides continued to pulse weakly but no longer with that singular intensity to milk his cum from his balls did he finally lift her off his dick. Nora shivered as her tender, sensitive folds released him, mewling as she collapsed against his chest. His drenched, cum covered cock slapped against the curve of her butt, twitching – only to be gathered by a pair of hands, Jaune jumping in surprise.

"This needs to be cleaned," a frantic voice said, belonging to Blake. "Cleaned for further use."

His eyes fluttered shut as her hot, wet mouth engulfed him without hesitation.