**Chapter Sixteen**

Sunday rolled around and I woke up, as normal, even without the alarm of either my Scroll or Blake’s stalker stare. Standing and stretching, both Yang and our resident cat girl were still deeply asleep, which left Pyrrha as the one in the shower. If this were some sort of harem anime, I’m sure I’d try to sneak a peak or something, but instead I went the other direction, making breakfast.

Carrying out the shakes, six in thermoses, two in glasses, I set one of the former down on each of the girl’s nightstands, sipping my own from one of the latter as my team’s combat specialist walked out of the bathroom, hair wrapped in a towel. Handing her the other glass, I checked, “Still on for a spar this afternoon?”

Pyrrha nodded, smiling broadly, “That we are.” Grabbing my clothes, going through my morning ablutions, I walked out to find both girls were still asleep, and Pyrrha had left. Unsurprisingly, Ren answered the door to RRWN’s room, accepting the drinks, and informed me that all three girls had not yet woken up either.

That left me with time to kill, and research to do. Most of Beacon’s coursework was online, but searching for any kind of game book in their electronic repository turned up a lot of manuals for board games, and video games, and card games, but no tabletop RPG’s. Tracking down Beacon’s Library, which turned out to be a lot of research notes, hunter’s journals, and the like, was similarly unfruitful.

After several hours, and more than a little annoyed, I opened a doorway Home, and walked into the clean air, heading upstairs to make myself some lunch and relax a little before Pyrrha beat me like I owed her money. However, I paused, glancing through a doorway out of the corner of my eye, and poked my head inside a room I hadn’t explored yet. In doing so I found that Sweet Home, which came pre-stocked with workshops and entertainment, *also* came with a full blown, several story, seduce the village bookworm while being an angry furry, library.

Moving to a terminal, I searched for game books.

They had several *thousand*.

Tabletop RPG’s?

Several *hundred*.

Going to that *section,* I hit the jackpot. *Too* much of a Jackpot actually, as, five minutes later, I was holding a book titled GURPS: Remnant, with a big ol’ drawing of Ruby Rose smiling on the cover.

There were similar versions for Dungeons & Dragons and the like, but GURPS was the one I wanted. The ‘Generic Universe Role Playing System’ was a little clunky, but that was because it wanted to be truly *universal*. Damage, however, was a serious deal there, but, thumbing open the book, this sourcebook had a ‘vitality pool’ system that seemed like it would model Aura pretty well.

I could grab the base books, for the system, but the Remnant specific aspects of what I was holding I was going to need to copy over manually. This was because, flipping it open, if I lifted Ruby’s character exactly, I was going to have a *lot* of explaining to do when her character sheet listed ‘Silver Eyes’ as a high-cost trait, which were apparently something special while her sister’s literally purple orbs were not. Reading over the ability, she could apparently petrify spiritual constructs with them?

Flipping over to the ‘enemies’ section, I was more than a little disappointed, as there were a total of forty seven Grimm, including the ‘Grimm Wyvern’ that I remembered hearing about. However, thumbing open my Scroll, and Griselda’s Grimm Guide, those forty seven were a little less than an *eighth* of the total Grimm discovered, and the Wyvern *wasn’t in the Guide.*

Moving back to Ruby’s entry, which I found was the second of *five*, there were some *serious* drawbacks to using her eyes, and the Grimm could make saves against it, though the number they had to hit *was* pretty high. Ruby’s *first* entry, titled ‘Beacon Student’ didn’t have the ability at all, though there was a note that her eye color cost points, while versions three through five, labelled ‘‘Atlas Specialist’, ‘Rogue Huntress’, and finally ‘Heroine’ seemed to have spent extra XP to buy down the drawbacks.

I frowned, looking at it. Did that mean she didn’t have the ability until later? She had silver eyes *now* after all. Did she have to see the death of a friend or something equally stupid like the Sharingan from Naruto required? Hitting the index and finding the ability, which had to be taken during character generation, and then upgraded later, the answer was, actually, *yes. Yes she did.*

Oh, it didn’t require their *actual* death, but it required a mortal wound, and, given the fact that it bestowed no healing abilities, that was kind of the same thing, at least until *I* could get my stupid Semblance to work.

“Whelp, that’s an ability she’s never going to activate if I can help it,” I said, snapping the book shut with finality before having to open it up to keep reading, taking it with me to the kitchen where I one-handedly made lunch my body on autopilot.

The abilities of others was what I pretty much figured, with the improvements between versions pointing out *possible* training directions, though there was no reason they had to *only* go that way. That said, I was *firmly* aware I was once again ‘cheating’ my way into being ‘good at tactics’ again, at least in the eyes of the others, but if doing so kept my people alive, then so be it.

Taking a bite of the croque monsieur I’d made, I bit back an almost *sexual* moan at the taste, having forgotten to turn down Faerie Feast, needing to do so *every* time I made something new, the Perk at least remembering the ‘setting’ from previously made dishes.

Looking through the characters, it was telling that Team RWBY had five entries, Jaune had four, Nora and Ren had three, and Pyrrha had exactly *one.* Looking up the others, CRDL was listed under ‘enemies’, Goodwitch was a *beast*, Ooobleck and Port were pretty good, Ozpin wasn’t listed *at all*, and under Salem it just read ‘You lose’.

Lovely.

Cinder Fall was listed, with five different versions, as were a host of others, only a couple of whom, like the green haired dark skinned chick of vague nationality, were ones I recognized. Then again, with the art style, the lack of an identifiable nationality was true of pretty much *everyone*. Was Weiss French or German? Yang was many things, but *Chinese* wasn’t one of them, and while Pyrrha seemed Greek, there was a bit of something else there too. I wanted to say Irish, but that might just be the red hair. Maybe Canadian?

Either way, there were a number of other enemies, and they looked. . . *bad*. Well, Caroline Cordova and Arthur Watts didn’t look that bad to fight, whoever they were, but with their sky high Intelligence scores, I very much doubted we’d face them in a fair fight, or alone.

However, comparing the team against anyone with a name, other than Roman and our fellow students, I knew enough about the base system to see that anything other than a 1 v 8 beatdown was going to go badly for us, though, from what I could tell, with all eight of us, we’d be able to take Neo in a fair fight.

Which, from what I knew of the woman in question, was a thing that would *never happen.*

Looking up Adam Taurus, that was a *whole* lotta ***nope***, and the fact that Ironwood, leader of the Atlas Military, was listed as *both* ally and enemy did not fill me with confidence either, nor did the fact that he could beat the *entirety* of team RWBY as they were now.

And what was worse, as I thought about it, was the fact that *very little* of this info was actually actionable. From the Ironwood entry, it was very obvious that something would happen in canon to turn him against the team, but canon involved the destruction of Beacon and Pyrrha’s death. The first I’d try to stop, though if I couldn’t then oh well.

But the second?

*Not going to happen.*

So while all of the human enemies *could* be an issue, working against the players of the game, even if they *weren’t* in league with Salem, they very easily could also not be opponents at all, the actions that led them to be enemies not happening in the now defunct timeline, one I’d *already* messed up during team selection.

Yes, Pyrrha was the one who chose the piece, but I could’ve said no, and that was on me.

Thumbing through the rest of the book, it had a good bit of worldbuilding, but it was all things I already had a better handle on from sitting in on Oobleck’s class, the myths mentioned carrying the note that the Game Master running things could pick and choose which ones were real, and which ones weren’t.

The book was *very* much a supplement, and one that expected the reader to already have a working knowledge of the setting, referring to another book, not related to gaming at all which, when I tried to track down, found only a piece of paper between two books. On it, in handwriting similar to the contract I’d woken up with, but thankfully in english, were the words ‘No spoilers.’

On one hand, *that dick,* in the other, I hefted the sourcebook, having already gained spoilers, of a sort, though I was fairly sure the tainted ‘assume an enemy out of a possible ally’ nature of it was what let me have it. That or whoever had set this thing up had missed it. I honestly wasn’t which I preferred.

If the first was true, then it was a trap that I’d already figured it out, and if the second were true there might be other things that were missed. However if I assumed it was the first, when it was really the second, I might disregard actually useful intel, assuming them trapped, and miss important things that’d been overlooked. If I assumed it was the second when it was actually the first, then I’d be more likely to accept tainted information, thinking it was overlooked by my. . . *recruiter.*

Hell, the traps might not actually *be* traps, like trying to get the girls to train their abilities like they had in Canon, since I had a ‘guide’, instead of the generalist approach I was thinking of, but was just normal, if limiting, ways of thinking.

I shook my head. I didn’t *need* to take what I had as gospel, to make decisions based off of in real life, I just needed it to run a game, where the people who dealt with stuff on the regular could point out the issues. Anything that wasn’t well known, like, opening a random page, some bandit named Raven’s ability to turn into an actual raven, with a little note that it was *magical* instead of a Semblance, I’d have to be careful with, as magic *wasn’t supposed to exist.* Hell, outside of the Maidens, it might actually *not* exist at all? Regardless, the rest I could sneak in, maybe making things up a little so it obfuscated my ‘ability’ to know things if that became an issue.

This was going to be a *lot* of work, but still less than coming up with a system from scratch, or more accurately trying to half-remember a system I’d used to frankenstein something new. Moving to a terminal, I opened up a new file, and started to transcribe.

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I had to run, but I made it just in time, metaphorically flying through the door right as the clocktower started to chime. It was a smaller practice room, the same size as the one I’d sparred with Yang in yesterday, and Pyrrha looked up from her scroll, seated on the ground in full armor and next to a large bag.

“Jaune,” she smiled, getting to her feet. “I was wondering if you’d forgotten.”

“As if I could forget you,” I shot back with a smile of my own. “Besides, I’m *exactly* on time.”

Walking over, she pointed out, “Didn’t you say it was better to be five minutes early, and that being on time was the same as being late?”

“. . . maybe,” I admitted. “I got sucked into a project for the teams, to help train everyone in squad tactics. Oh, that reminds me.” I sent her a message. “If you could fill out this questionnaire by next weekend, I’d appreciate it.”

She opened it, quirking an eyebrow. “On a scale of one to ten, please rate your strength, dexterity, intelligence, and physical toughness? What is this for, Jaune?”

“Hypothetical wargames,” I shrugged. “I’m not better, skill-wise, than anyone else, except maybe, as you said, in tactics, so I’m going to try to teach others that, just a I’m going to ask you to help us with our weapon-handling.”

She looked confused, before understanding bloomed across her face. “Oh, what you mentioned on our first day together. Yes, that sounds *lovely,* Jaune!” She frowned a little, “Though I hope you know that you might not get the most *honest* of answers from some of our teammates.”

“Like Nora giving herself a ten out of ten on intelligence, because she’s smart enough not to overcomplicate things?” I asked with a smile.

“Nora. . .” she trailed off. “Oh, yes. I was more of thinking Yang overestimating her own abilities, but that would be a problem as well. For instance, what would you think I’d rate myself as?”

I paused, translating her stats from the book in my head. “So, keeping in mind 1 for strength is a weak civilian, and ten is maximum possible, like wrestle an Ursa without using Aura enhancement or a specialized semblance ridiculousness, I’d peg you at about a six for strength, *eight* for dexterity, six for intelligence, and toughness, well, *you don’t get hit,* but I’d likely say a five or six there as well. There’s secondary stats as well, so you’d likely have a higher than normal perception and will score, as that wouldn’t be in line with your pure scholastic ability, but that’s the basics.”

She processed that. “Well, that’s an. . . *honest* assessment. And yourself?”

“Strength eight, Dexterity four, Intelligence six, Toughness eight, but I’ve spent my entire ‘budget’ on base stats, and perks, which means my skills are nearly nonexistent,” I explained, seeing her raised eyebrow. “So, you use the weapons you’ve trained with, you’re awesome, as opposed to one you’ve never picked up before, so you’re relying on your attributes, whereas I’m almost *always* relying on my attributes instead of being good at actually, you know, *using a sword.*”

“You’re getting better, Jaune” she argued, but she was smiling as she added, “though maybe you should stop throwing your weapon.”

I laughed, nodding, arguing, “Says the woman with a *rocket-spear*.”

“Well, I can get *mine* back,” she teased. “I look forward to what you come up with, but. . . maybe I can help, so as to avoid insulting someone accidentally?”

“I wouldn’t turn down the help,” I shrugged. “But no one on our team is *dumb.* Well, maybe Blake.”

*“Jaune,”* Pyrrha chided, shaking her head, “she’s *trying.*”

I connected my scroll with the arena’s computer, before I put it away, “And I’ll keep an open mind to see when she *succeeds*. Now, I believe we’ve gotten sidetracked.”

She connected and stowed hers as well, pulling her sword and shield to her hands with her Semblance, and nodded to me as I unsheathed my own sword, extending out my shield.

There was a moment of stillness, before we both moved forward, her coming in with a direct thrust which I blocked, deflecting it even as I came at her with a swing, which she blocked, deflecting herself. We both attacked again, but she was faster, forcing me to take a step back to avoid the tip of her blade.

She seized the opportunity, moving forward, stepping into her next strike, giving her leverage to more than match my greater strength, moving backwards as I was. When I tried to stand, out of position, and force it anyways, she suddenly reversed, causing me to stumble forward as she spun, slashing me across the leg even as she cheerfully noted, “Don’t overextend, Jaune.”

She met me with another head on, swords clashing strike, and, mindful of what I’d just done, I tried to reverse course like she had, only instead of stumbling she smoothly stepped in as I tried to turn, blade darting forward to strike, the phantom pain as her sword opened up the flesh on the inside of my elbow making me grunt in pain. I reflexively twisted out with a kick which almost caught her by surprise, before she spun at the last moment, meeting my jeans with her leg armor. My shin stung as she was merely pushed away instead of struck, sword flicking out for my face, barely missing as I jerked back, giving her time to land.

“What’s the difference between extending and overextending here?” I asked, as she started to charge, but circled instead to give herself time to explain.

“The difference is not being taken by surprise,” she noted. “You were, Jaune, while I was not. Now, let’s try again.”

We met in another clash, but when she pulled back I was ready, but didn’t copy her closing strike, taking a half step and planting my foot, slamming forward with my shield instead, *almost* catching her as her sword came up to slash where I would’ve been. However, she leaned to the side, going limbo levels of low as my shield-bash only brushed her hair, her shield coming in flat for my hip.

I turned, manifesting my wings for a moment, swooping them out and down, catching her in the face, not enough to hurt, but enough to knock her backwards, dismissing them even as her sword blurred up so fast it whistled, hitting only air.

“*Very* good, Jaune!” she smiled, “Now let’s go back to sparring.”

“We weren’t before?” I asked, as she suddenly rocketed forward, firing her weapon for greater speed, and hit me like a freight-train, shield first. I met her shield with my own, but she came in low, hitting with a rising strike that left me unable to push against her and sent me flying, her sword switching to rifle configuration as she shot my wings as I manifested them, trying to slow myself down.

“Of course not, that was me helping you understand a single technique,” she laughed, still firing, as I had to dismiss them, landing hard, but rolling, keeping my shield between us. “Now, Jaune, let’s see what *else* you need to work on!”

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Panting, and dripping with sweat, I swooped in on Pyrrha, dismissing my wings the moment before I impacted the glowing black shield, slamming her back as, legs aching, I hit the ground only to launch myself forward again, closing the distance. I watched as she feinted left, feinting myself as if to go to her right, forcing her to follow through with the feint, sword shifting to spear and shooting forward. Instead of parrying with my blade, I backhanded the spear, strengthened gloves diverting it and giving me the opening to strike.

Twisting my body into a power move, I spun, leading with a slashing that she deflected with her shield, but my own shield, held sideways like a blade, came right in on my first strike’s heels, slamming into her unarmored arm elbow hard enough to break it had she not had Aura, sending her spinning to the side. Her spear came whipping around, partially powered by the force of my own blow, slamming me in the side, but I moved with it as well, mostly taking it on my armor as I closed on her.

She shifted the weapon back to a sword, interposing it between us and forcing me to deal with it as she got her feet under her, launching herself forward with a flying knee, the spike of her knee guard slamming into my gut as she blasted me back, sword slashing down at my head, forcing me to try to block with my larger weapon, manifesting my wings to twist us mid-air, which in turn forced her to push off before I could force her down.

Getting my feet under me, I took off after her, dodging her thrown shield and parrying her spear, tackling her, blocking her attack as she lashed out with her spear while scoring a hit on her arm, which just seemed to make her happier.

She landed, and charged me, calling her shield back, making me jump as I could practically sense it coming for my legs, returning to her. Meeting her straight on, I looked for the trick, but didn’t see any, as she seemed to be coming straight for me, waiting for my own trick to counter.

Grinning, I met her blow with one of my own, her sword glowing black as prismatic sparks flew from my mouth, our blades meeting with a resounding crash that shoved us both backwards. We, as one, stopped, her by controlling her shield and being pulled forward by it, me with my wings, and we met again, and again, until, going for a slash for my head that was a feint for a shield-bash to my knee, her own leg buckled, and she dropped to the ground, still lashing out with quick shift to spear and thrust that caught me on the inside of my thigh, right on my femoral artery, causing the buzzer to sound once again, my Aura *once more* below fifty percent.

I dropped to my hands and knees, muscles burning, gasping for air, as Pyrrha, on her back, did the same. “You. Okay?” I panted.

“Not. Used. To. Long. Fights,” she replied. “How. About. You?”

“Same,” I panted, even as my Aura started to tick upwards again. We’d gone until I dropped, then waited a couple minutes for me to fill up, before doing it again. For the first few iterations I'd been fine, but after a dozen I was starting to feel it, and after two dozen I’d felt like I’d been fighting for hours.

Which, to be fair, I had been.

Pyrrha’s Aura regeneration rate was a fraction of mine, and, over the past fifteen bouts, I’d started to chip away at her faster than she could recover. Looking up, trying not to fall over, I saw even as mine was ticking upwards, now at fifty six percent, Pyrrha’s had only recovered a single point, now at fifty nine.

“Good for one more?” I half-asked, glancing at her.

She just laughed, shaking her head. “No, Jaune, I think we’ve done enough for today.”

“But I was so close to beating you!” I complained, grinning at her as she sat up slightly, propped up on her elbows, giving me an incredulous stare. I pointed upwards, and she saw the Aura totals, laughing gayly before calling her spear to herself, using it to lean on as she got up. Groaning, I got up as well. “Oh, I’m gonna be feeling this tomorrow,” I announced, working my shoulders.

“About that. . .” the gladiatrix commented, trailing off as we both limped over to the jug of water the last of the three I’d grabbed from Sweet Home after the fourth break, waiting for my Aura to regen. She was quiet as we finished it off, both of us staving off dehydration, me more than her, though she was practically glistening as well.

“Yeah?” I asked, when it became obvious she wasn’t going to say anything.

“Well, I was thinking, since using our dorm-room for, um, *sports* massage caused some problems, why don’t we just do it here?” she proposed, blushing a little, her confident, borderline-cocky, demeanor faltering under nerves and forced casualness. “As we *do* have combat class tomorrow and Ms. Goodwich *did* ask us not to overdo it, which we *absolutely* did, but-”

“Sounds great,” I smiled, nodding towards the bag she’d been sitting next to when I’d arrived. “Is that what you brought?”

“Oh, yes!” she smiled, bright and sunny, limping a little as she moved to the bag, dragging it over to a part of the floor we hadn’t damaged. Given the more skill-based nature of the fight, which was likely why I got my ass kicked, it wasn’t *that* hard to find a part that was still flat and level, even after fighting for hours. Unpacking, she laid out what looked like a thick yoga mat, a neck pillow, and a bottle of oil.

I smiled, already unbuckling my armor, “Planned for this, did you?”

“It is best to plan for eventualities, Jaune,” she smiled back.

“*Eventualities*, huh?” I asked, shucking off my shirt, the cool air of the room nice against overheated muscles. “So, you first, or me?”

“You first,” she quickly instructed, directing me to, “Face down, with your head in the pillow. And. . . pants off,” she added, biting her lip. “I hit your legs a great deal. The least I could do would be to help them recover, even if your Aura prevented real damage.”

Down to my boxers, I laid down, part of me noting how. . . *vulnerable* I was in this position, but, at least physically, I trusted Pyrrha. A few moments later I felt her sit on my hips, hands, slick with oil, starting to work on my back. At first it was almost painful, but a *good* pain, but as she worked the movements got less. . . *forceful.*

Unlike when she’d worked on me in the dorm-room, her touch seemed to linger, as she moved between different muscle groups. Leaning forward, almost laying on top of me, she worked on my shoulders, then my upper arms, and I could tell that she, too, had removed her armor, as well as her outerwear. After a bit she got off me, working on my forearms, then legs, working up me before, after a moment of hesitation, grabbing my ass, massaging that too.

I let her, finally commenting, “I think my glutes are good,” unable to resist smiling.

“Huh, oh, I mean, yes. I was just being complete,” she said defensively. “Please flip.” I did, seeing her in a sports bra and a thong, which, combined with her previous ministrations, presented a certain issue, even if only one that was half-raised. “Oh,” she said, eyes pulled as if by a magnet.

“I never said I didn’t like it,” I shrugged, having had the same problem last time, but my jeans having covered it. I laid back, closing my eyes and informing her, “Just be aware, anything you do to me, I’ll do right back to you.”

There was a moment of silence at that, and I cracked open an eye, to see her blushing. “I, I suppose that’s only fair,” she agreed, moving down and starting at my legs. I closed my eyes, noting her technique, as she moved up my body, her slick fingers working up my thighs, then my hips, not doing *anything* to settle me down.

She pulled back, and a moment later she sat on my legs, her warm body pressed against mine, my hardness nestled against something hot, and soft. Unable to stop the smile that spread across my face, I opened my eyes to see her staring at my chest, face flushed, meeting my eyes almost challengingly.

I just shook my head and closed my eyes, as she started to run her hands over my chest, massaging me as she leaned forward, rocking against me. She kept going, rubbing herself back and forth as she reached out, firm hands running across my skin. Giving a full throated humm of appreciation, somewhere between a deep moan and a gravely purr, she hesitated, before leaning more into me, continuing her work.

“All right,” she breathed, practically in my ear, before she sat up, getting off me.

Blinking my eyes open, it took me a second to remember what she was referring to, having lost myself in the sensations. Sitting up myself, I felt *immeasurably* better, except for the fact that I was *rock* hard, and really had nothing I could do about that fact.

However, if she’d teased me this badly, it was *more* than fair game to do the same to her.

Rolling off the mat onto the hard concrete, I smoothly got up and stretched, feeling as if I might tear what little clothing I was wearing, and not caring, smirking a little at the sound of Pyrrha’s breath hitching for a moment. “Okay, go ahead. *I’ll do you now,*” I teased.

She froze, but nodded, “Yes, of course,” she agreed, laying down, hesitating before reaching behind herself, unclasping her bra, shrugging it forward to reveal her bare back. “There you go, Jaune. It’s only fair.”

“Appreciated,” I replied, getting the oil. Pouring a bit out on my hands, I worked it back and forth, warming it, before I mirrored her original position, straddling her ass, unable to keep from pressing into her a little. She stiffened for a moment, but I reached forwards, gently running my hands up her back, thumbs running along her spine, spreading out as I leaned forward and firmly, but gently, putting pressure on the muscles between shoulder and neck.

The ‘good at sex’ talent of Sticky Fingers I’d picked up did *nothing* for sports massage, but there had been nothing *sports* about her massage, at least after the first few minutes, and, thinking about it in those terms, the same part of me that subtly *wasn’t* that’d directed me with Yang started to offer advice here.

While still firm, my motions smoothed out, taloned fingertips lightly running along her flesh, following the contours of her body in ways that had her shivering underneath me. After I did so for several long moments, I started to resume the massage, slowly increasing in pressure as I fluidly ran my fingers along her back, working tension, stress, and fatigue out from her body.

Slowly working my way outwards, I started to work on her shoulders, then outwards. My instincts seemed to stutter for a moment, before, following its directions, I manifested my wings, arching them over her as I leaned into her, my arousal undeniable as I worked my way down her arms, realizing after a few minutes that, by doing so, I was trapping our body heat in the otherwise cool room.

Reaching her hands, I leaned forward, taking a moment to cover hers with my own, twining my fingers with hers, before slowly pulling back, dragging my talons, just soft enough to avoid injury, along her arms, causing her to shudder below me, arching her back, pressing herself against me. “*Not yet,*” I murmured in her ear, pulling away slightly, smiling at her moan of disappointment.

Running my hands down her sides, I took a moment to move down her, as she had to me, starting from her feet, gently massaging them and getting a groan of enjoyment, working my way back up, tense calf muscles loosening and relaxing as I slowly kneaded them. I took a second to place the odd, musky scent that started to fill the air, though my hands, almost on autopilot, didn’t stop.

Glancing upwards, I chuckled at the darkened strip of maroon material that protected her modesty. Slowly, but firmly, working my way up her thighs, I questioned, “Enjoying yourself, Pyrrha?”

Her *“Yes,”* was more moaned then said, and I smiled as I worked my way further upwards, fingers running along her inner thigh, thumbs *close,* but not touching anything as I transitioned, to her small, firm, and pert behind, following my instincts to push and twist in *just* the right way.

Working her over, coming closer and closer to her center, but never quite touching, her breathing quickened, until suddenly every muscle tightened as she let out a choked scream, dropping limply on the mat.

“Jaune,” she said, almost sounding stoned, “please get up for just a moment.”

I complied, teasing, “Time for your other side?”

With a swift motion, she flipped herself over, not covering her breasts as she landed on her back, still on the mat. Reaching up, she grabbed my arms, yanking me down with Aura-assisted strength, kissing me so hard our lips would’ve bruised.

Before I could do more than kiss her back, she pushed me away, holding me at arms length, staring at me with a half-lidded intensity that was almost off-putting. “You like me. I like you. Correct?” she demanded, almost sleepily.

“I wouldn’t be doing this,” I said, running a hand up her side, “if I didn’t.”

She smirked. “Good.” With one motion, she ripped off her thong. “Then I want you in me in the next ten seconds, or I won’t be held responsible for what I do.”

I blinked, not having expected something quite that. . . *direct,* but, “Don’t have to tell me twice,” I replied, matching her motion, sharp talons shredding my boxers, getting them out of the way.

Moving into position, I set myself up, head against glistening lips, my first instinct to take it slowly, but my *other* instincts strongly disagreed. Trusting them, holding onto her hips, I slammed myself in, blanking for a second at the burning hot and tight, soft depths that pulled at me.

“*Oh* ***gods*** *yes,”* Pyrrha moaned, hips bucking, as she spasmed, gripping and grasping around me, eyes opening wide before she launched herself up, taking me off my knees as I slammed, back-first, on the ground, wings open wide. *“More,*” she demanded, hips twisting and pumping, grabbing my shoulders and pulling me up into another heated, intense kiss.

After a moment of shock, my brain rebooted and I grabbed her hips with one hand, a breast with another, assisting in her motions, as I massaged her, talons pressing against her, hard enough they could’ve drawn blood, but only elicited pleasure from the woman used to combat. Bucking my own hips, I pressed mentally past the sensations I was feeling, though that was difficult, to press into *her*, moving with near abandon, but still with directed efforts.

Following my instincts, I flapped my wings, pushing myself back up, carrying her with me, until I was on my knees, arms under her legs, holding her to me as her arms wrapped around my shoulders, pressing herself tight against me, breasts flattened against my chest as I continued to thrust into her while she moaned wantonly into my ear, half formed words trying to escape, but cut off with every time I slammed deep inside her.

*“Jaune,”* she finally bit out, *“yes!”* She pulled back a little, but pulled me with her, making what she wanted clear as we fell forward, her back hitting the map with an *“oof!”* as I didn’t stop, pushing forward until her hips turned up slightly, slamming into her nearly vertically, over and over again as she started to shake, fingers clawing at my bank as she screamed in pleasure, impossibly tight as she clenched against my hardness, practically begging for me to give her what she wanted.

*“Where?”* I demanded, growling, trying to hold myself off when all I wanted to do was slam deep and *claim what was mine.*

Pyrrha moaned, the shaking, which had started to stop, starting once again, pulling at me, both outside and inside, with renewed fervor. “*In-inside!”* she shrieked, bodily coming up with me when I pulled back, forcing me as deep as she could.

With a deep, growling grunt I slammed her down once more, pressing myself fully *inside* her, hitting something which caused her to scream as the dam broke and I couldn’t hold any longer, pumping jet after jet inside her, arms and wings wrapping tight around her even as her legs crossed behind my hips, not letting me go, not that I had *any* desire to do so.

After what felt like an eternity, I finally stopped, Pyrrha twitching in my arms, both of us panting as if we’d just finished another grueling fight. Seeing her like that, eyes wide, chest heaving, pressed against me, was enough for me to harden once more, pulling her close and growl a single word.

“*Again?”*

 She looked at me, shocked, before grinning goofily and slammed forward with a kiss, holding me as her hips started to rhythmically pump against my hardness again, and we continued.

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After another round we finally stopped, lying on the mat, her on top of me as I rested, flat on my back, still inside her. “Holy shit,” I sighed, feeling more at peace than I had since I’d gotten here. Then I had in years, to be honest.

“Mmmhmm,” Pyrra agreed, hugging herself to me. In response I pulled my wings up over us both, like a living blanket, the scaled flesh more resistant to the cold then our wet, bare skin. She hummed contentedly at the gesture, shifting slightly, making me well aware of our still interconnected status.

“So, not bad for the first time?” I prodded, fairly certain of the answer, if only because of my granted talents, but a small, irrational part of me was still a little nervous.

She laughed, “Better than anyone else I’ve been with, Jaune. And. . . you?” she questioned, a note of vulnerability in her voice.

“Not a lot to compare it to, but I’d like to do this again,” I offered. “The sparring, and the. . . *sparring.”*

“Right, you said you hadn’t before,” she sighed, “though after. . . *that* I’d almost call you a liar. And we *are* doing this again, Jaune. Now that I’ve got you, I’m not letting go.”

I snorted. “Ooooohhhhh nooooooo,” I fake moaned in distress. “Whateeeeeever will I doooooo? Other than you, of course. Repeatedly, and with *great pleasure*.” Tensing muscles in my lower hips, I made myself twitch inside her.

“Again?” she asked, laughing, considering it. “I’m a little sore. Well, maybe. But, what time is it?” Reaching a hand out, her scroll, outlined in black, flew over to her hand. “Oh god, Jaune, it’s nearly seven!”

“And?” I asked her right back. We’d been at it for five hours, four painful, one pleasurable, *all* of them time well spent.

“And if we want to get home and shower so *everyone* *on campus* doesn’t know that we, just, *you know*, we need to leave *now,*” she insisted, pushing my wings back and trying to get up, only to fall, the very wing she’d pushed away able to catch her and hold her up as I, slowly, got up as well.

“Would. . . would that be a bad thing?” I had to ask.

Steady now, she moved over to her bag, pulling out a pair of underwear, sweatpants and a t-shirt, starting to put them on. She paused, held up a finger to tell me to wait, and put them on quickly, before walking back up to me, grabbing my head, and pulling me down for a kiss. “*Yes*, it would be, but not for why you think.” she said. “It wouldn’t be a bad thing for me, though I suppose it would be,” she corrected, shaking her head. “No, it would be bad for *you* Jaune. Fame. . . it’s a curse, and not one I’d like to inflict on anyone I care for.”

Given the fact that I was an *actual goddamned dragon*, and not stupid enough to thinkI could hide it forever, my becoming well known was more of a when, instead of an if. Even without that, though. . . “And if I said I didn’t care? That if being put under the public eye was the cost of being with you, I’d pay it? Gladly?”

She stared at me, still holding my head, and blinked, eyes suddenly shiny before kissing me again, and letting go, turning back to her bag. “Then I would say you’re a wonderful, *foolish* man, Jaune, but. . . *I’m* not ready for you to do that to you.” She put a few things away, before turning back to me. “Please Jaune, for me, keep this quiet. Not forever. . . but for a little bit, so I can prepare you.”

Part of me wanted to say *hell no*. That she was *mine* and anyone that had a problem could go die in a fire. A fire that I’d be *happy* to supply. But, when she put it like that. . . “*Fine*,” I sighed. Seeing her look around at the mess we’d made, another part of me wanted to tell her about my Sweet Home, but I’d said a month to wait, and it’d been *four days.*

It’d give us somewhere to meet, somewhere to wash off, and be generally perfect for keeping things quiet, but, mind-blowing sex aside, I didn’t *really* know her yet, to trust her with that, and. . . the request to keep things quiet, even with her reasoning, still stung. However, that didn’t mean I couldn’t help her.

“In that case,” I said, pausing to lick my lips as I tried to figure out how to frame it, tasting her on me. “In that case, go as you are now. I can clean up, for the most part, and go wash off everything. And, if that’s what you’re worried about, me getting caught smelling like I just had a great time will get eyerolls, instead of a scandal.”

“Jaune,” she said, looking to me, smiling sadly, but looking relieved, “that’d be *wonderful.* Thank you, and. . . *I’m sorry.*”

And with that she rushed out the door. It still stung, dragging me down from the high of losing my V-card, and injuring my pride, but it *was* temporary. The fact that she’d left her armor and weapons here, trusting me with them, oddly enough, helped, as I gathered everything together, opened a portal, and left to take a *long* needed shower.