

The Resort

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The Resort

by [DardalionWrites](#)

Summary

Everyone knows faunus have animal traits but few realised they also had urges and instincts that came with those physical differences. It's a well-kept secret from faunus not wanting to give humanity more reason to call them animals. When the urges become too much however, every faunus knows there's a resort they can go to - a holiday home that promises to let faunus work out their biological frustrations in a safe, confidential environment far away from judging eyes. Running the faunus resort wasn't exactly what Jaune envisioned for himself, but the work is steady and he's helping people in his own way.

Notes

LordDial

Coco lowered the postcard in hand and looked at the building beyond, almost expecting it to be a complete and horrid disarray compared to the idyllic picture. It wasn't. The main building was tall and modern built with white walls and tall windows, while the grounds beyond were out of sight behind tall green hedges and various trees whose leaves were turning bronze as the autumn approached. A white pebble lane led up to the front entrance, which Coco made her way nervously up.

The only thing missing was the postage stamp and the cheery "wish you were here" which featured on almost every postcard.

A single sign hung over the doorway.

`The Nature Retreat` and below it a slogan, `*Where faunus can be faunus*`.

Pebbles crunched underfoot as Coco approached and climbed up the stone steps. The door was open and she poked a head inside, easily spotting an empty receptionist's desk at the back of a foyer with clean wooden floor and a warm purple rug. It was nice enough, like any hotel really, the only anomaly being a large open-topped glass tank off to the left by the window. It was one of those terrariums raised up off the ground that you'd find fish or other exotic animals within. A wooden log stood propped up in the centre by a grey rock, but the animals within were hiding.

"Hello-? Is anyone here?"

It didn't feel right for her to walk in. This was a faunus retreat and a place specifically *for* faunus, while she was as human as they came. The place was famous, at least among the faunus. She had no idea what was so special about the place and Velvet hadn't said. In fact, she'd gone and asked a few other faunus at Beacon and they'd all been tight lipped. Not in a worrying way, like they were afraid of it, but more a "You're human so you don't need to know" kind of way.

That bothered her a little. After dating Velvet so long, she'd always thought she was one of the most pro-faunus people in Beacon and she liked to think they knew that. Did they really think she wouldn't understand? She'd accepted it of course. She loved Velvet and wasn't going to argue if her girlfriend needed some time for herself.

That was why the postcard came as such a surprise.

"Hellooo?" she called again, looking for a bell on the counter. "Is anyone here?"

"Hmmm. I heard you the first time."

Coco jumped and twisted on one heel. The voice had come from behind but there'd been no one there! Still wasn't, in fact. "H – Hello?"

"In here, silly."

The voice came from the glass terrarium. Two eyes blinked open among the grey rock and Coco watched, stunned as grey melted away to a light tan, the shape of a young woman becoming visible. A faunus with the chameleon trait of being able to match her skin colour to blend in with her surroundings. The shock didn't end there, however, because the reason she'd been able to blend in so fully was because the girl was stark naked! Coco's jaw dropped.

"Hmm." The pretty girl yawned and stretched her arms above her head, perky breasts standing out with erect nipples a darker shade, like chocolate drops. "I was just – ahhh – having a nap." Standing up, the girl rested her arms atop the rim of the terrarium, looking out of it at her with a warm smile and precious little else. Her reddish hair hung down her back in a ponytail, and the tuft of hair between her legs told Coco it was all natural.

"Y – You..." Coco pointed. "Clothes!"

"What about them?" The faunus swept a leg up to rest her knee on the rim and climb out. Coco got a full glimpse of her pink pussy and inner thighs before she had the common sense to spin around and not watch. Bare feet padded down to the floor before the girl came around the receptionist's desk, still completely naked. "We don't get a lot of humans coming here."

"M – My girlfriend sent me a postcard," she stammered. "I was invited..."

"Oh, you must be Coco. Velvet's beau, right? I've heard about you."

Coco nodded quickly, trying hard to find a place to look that wasn't quite so perilous. The girl before her certainly wasn't lacking in the looks department, dusky skin and smooth hair, round figure – short, but in an attractive way – and wonderful hips. Coco wrenched her eyes away, cheeks burning.

"I came to visit my girlfriend. If that's okay, I mean. I know humans aren't supposed to come here..."

"It's fine if I say it is. I'm Ilia. I run the place with my partner. Business partner, that is." Ilia leaned in to wink at her. "I'm still on the market."

"I'm not."

"Awww. Shame." Ilia giggled. "Well, I'm still kind of the boss here, or half the boss. I can give you permission to come in, but only if you agree to stay with me and do what I say. This is a faunus only resort and you need to respect the feelings of our guests. Fail to do that and I'll chuck you out myself."

Coco was more than aware of the stigma some faunus faced, and why her presence might not be appreciated. "I understand. Trust me, I'm open-minded. I'm dating a faunus after all."

“That’s not always a guarantee sadly.” Ilia silenced her before she could argue, holding a finger out over Coco’s lips. “Did Velvet ever tell you what happens here? Why she needed to come to this place specifically, I mean.”

The same doubt from before came back as Coco shook her head glumly. It felt like she wasn’t trusted enough, and that made her wonder if she’d done something wrong. If she didn’t deserve that lack of trust.

“We’re a very specific kind of resort,” Ilia explained. “The reason we cater to faunus is because we deal with certain needs that *humans* might not understand. Or accept. Those are things that faunus trying to fit into normal human society might be insulted for showing.”

“Things like what?” Coco asked past Ilia’s finger.

“Things like blending into rocks. Have you noticed my scales?”

Hard not to since they were naked right in front of her! Coco nodded stiffly, afraid to look down lest she damn herself. Luckily, the faunus didn’t make a meal of it or accuse her of being a pervert. Or worse, tell Velvet.

“I have scales as well as skin. Like an actual lizard, that requires a certain amount of sunlight for my health.”

“Oh.” Coco’s mouth formed an o. “Is that why you’re in a terrarium with a sun lamp?”

“Exactly. It also doesn’t help that clothing can chafe my scales and make them itch. Now, I can’t walk around a major city naked, can I? I’d be insulted or arrested. Or led somewhere and taken advantage of. It’s a biological need, though. I am genuinely harming my health by not looking after my scales. It’s the same for other faunus. Imagine a dolphin faunus living in Vale. Where’s the nearest body of water they can swim in? How much do you think their skin hurts if they can’t indulge in the environment part of their biology is adapted to?”

A lot. It made a certain amount of sense, especially for specific faunus. She’d met Sun Wukong with his tail, and he made use of it all the time. His trousers were adapted for him to put it through, but she could imagine how much it’d hurt to have it sealed up. Faunus couldn’t help what animal traits they were born with. Velvet often had to clean her ears and it could take as much time as her hair. Sometimes Coco helped.

“This is a place where faunus can be faunus,” Ilia said. “That means they can indulge in certain biological needs without having to worry about what people think of them. A lot of us in the cities need to repress those behaviours because they’re not considered human enough. Or because there isn’t any way to indulge them for geographical or societal reasons.”

“Are those things common?”

“More than you’d think. They’re also perfectly natural. Our biology provides us certain aspects, be those ears, scales or other animal traits. Those come with instincts related to them. You’ll never find a fish faunus who can’t swim or a faunus with ears who doesn’t know how to swivel, angle and care for those ears.”

Again, it made sense. Velvet often showed her mood with her ears and Coco personally found it adorable, especially how they'd droop down and she would play with them when she was embarrassed. Or how they'd go straight up tall when she was angry. Not that Velvet liked how Coco would coo over her when she was annoyed. Only made it worse.

"Okay. I think I get it. Faunus have unique biological needs and they think racists will use it as reasons faunus aren't human. I guess I can see how that works, especially if they can argue the traits are animalistic."

"Precisely. Faunus rights are rocky enough as is. No need to make it worse. My business partner ties into that. He's human, but he's got a bit of a unique Semblance. It's hard to explain, but the best way to put it is that it makes those urges about ten times stronger."

"Oh. That... That's bad, isn't it? If he met a faunus in the city..."

"Yeah, he'd mess them up without meaning to. That's part of the reason I convinced him to start this place up, both to help faunus get it out their system in a safe environment, but also to stop him hurting faunus without realising it. He's a good guy. A real good guy. Once I explained it to him, he agreed on the spot. Kind of a relief. If the anti-faunus people got hold of him, they could use him to drive faunus animalistic and kill any chance of us being accepted in normal society."

"And he never knew about his Semblance before?" Coco asked.

"No. He grew up in a small village. I was actually the first faunus he met and... well..." Ilia scratched at her cheek, laughing nervously. "Let's just say I wasn't entirely human friendly. Or there for good reasons. I was there to hurt him, but his Semblance hit me and..."

Ilia's entire body turned red. And not just the red of someone embarrassed by a distant memory, but a bright, neon red suitable of her chameleon heritage. Even her hair turned a shade of pink. Shaking her head, she shrugged.

"Never mind. Once I wore my own urges off, I realised what happened and we got to talking. We figured out what happened, what it meant, and I pushed him to start this place. One thing you need to know," she insisted, "Is that his Semblance doesn't affect the mind. It works on biology only. That means anything a faunus does under the influence is done with full consent and their faculties intact. I thought you should know that in advance."

"The way you say that makes me worry."

"It shouldn't." Ilia stepped out and motioned for her to follow. "I just need you to know. All our guests are here because they *want* to be here. Keep that in mind. We're more than just a hotel, we're a nature retreat. That means we have treatments and courses our guests sign up to be put through. Remember that, and don't judge them."

"Sure. Like massage and spa treatments."

"Yeah." Ilia didn't meet her eyes. "Just like that..."

The back of the main building led out into a huge farmyard with a barn, several small wooden huts and a central field. There was even a big red tractor off to the side. None of that deserved any attention however, because all Coco could see was the round pasture in the centre surrounded by a wooden fence, within which grazed at least *fifty* women of various ages and sizes, all of them on all fours or their backs, collared and naked.

A dark-skinned faunus with a cow bell around her neck and a numbered tag hanging from her left ear hunched over a metal trough, drinking water within with her round bottom sticking up toward them. Another faunus, white with blonde hair and actual cow horns, lay flat on her back, large breasts spilling out to the sides as she bathed in the sun, while another slightly tubbier woman with red hair was rolling around in the mud, coating her body in filth.

“What the *fuck* is this?” Coco hissed.

Ilia paused. “Coco...”

“This is sick!” she accused, rounding on Ilia. “T – They’re being treat like animals! How could you let this happen? How is *this* helping faunus rights? You have a fucking farm for faunus you sorry excuse for a-”

“Coco!” Ilia shouted her name, startling some of the faunus who looked their way. Before Coco could respond, Ilia dragged her head down and pushed their faces together. “What did I tell you back in reception? What did I just say?”

Stunned, Coco replied, “Don’t judge them. But this, you can’t be serious...”

“I’m deadly serious.” Ilia pulled her face away. “Look at the fence. Do you see barbed wire? Do you see electric fencing? Do you see padlocks, bars or chains holding them in place?”

No. None of the above. Not much of anything, only a wooden fence consisting of posts stood up vertically and two wooden slats horizontal, one around chest height and the other waist high. It wouldn’t be hard for someone to crawl underneath or climb over. Coco’s anger faded, replaced with a deep and unsettling worry.

“This is what I was talking about,” Ilia said. “Needs. Urges. If they felt bad about this, they’d get up and walk away. They do sometimes – either to grab a meal or use the restroom. They just stand up, walk to the gate, let themselves out, do their business, come back and get on all fours again. This is a choice. It’s a personal choice. One that a lot of faunus don’t feel comfortable letting a human know about.”

One that she'd just disparaged. Coco felt shame rip through her. "B – But it's derogatory. It's degrading!"

"Is it?" Ilia asked. "Is it degrading to faunus, or is it degrading to you – a human? It's humans who make it an insult to be 'like an animal' and humans who made that a dirty thing. Faunus *have* animal traits. We're in tune with our animal sides. This isn't degrading to us, it's natural, but we're forced to hide it away because humanity isn't open-minded enough to accept it."

Because I'm not, she realised shamefully. By calling it out, she'd proven just as closed minded. "Oh God, I'm so sorry. I... I just... I get defensive. Whenever someone calls Velvet an animal, I lose it."

Ilia calmed down and released her, perhaps sensing the honesty. Coco looked back at the pasture again, this time *really* looking. The faunus didn't look upset or self-conscious. Most were sunbathing but a few might even have been chatting to one another. The one rolling in the mud stopped and wiped her face clean, laughing happily and stretching her muscles.

"It's fine if you're defensive but remember Velvet *is* an animal. So are you," she pointed out. "Humans are animals too. Just think about how women bleed once a month and how backwards it would be for society to demand they not. That's a biological need. So is this."

"All right." Coco tore her face away, staring off and to the side. "I'm sorry. I overreacted and... well, I guess I tried to force my expectations." Sighing, she gave it up. "I'm sorry, okay? I messed up."

Anything Ilia might have said was interrupted by a jovial voice. "Hello!"

Ilia and Coco turned in time to see a man approaching. The first thing Coco noticed was that he was the only person beside her still wearing clothing. Farmyard clothes to be precise, dungarees and a plaid red and black checked shirt. He had thick brown gloves, a wide brimmed straw hat and hair much the same colour falling roughly across a boyish face set with ocean blue eyes and a friendly smile.

"Morning Jaune," Ilia chimed. "Where've you been?"

"Feeding the fish," he replied, pointing a thumb back over his shoulder to a building labelled 'Aquarium'. Coco realised immediately that it wasn't actual fish kept in there. "And who's this? I'm sorry but you do know humans aren't allowed-"

"It's fine, Jaune. Coco is with me. This is Velvet's girlfriend, actually."

The man – more of a boy, maybe a year younger than her – blinked and looked her up and down. "Velvet...?"

"Velvet Scarlatina. The rabbit-"

"Oh, that Velvet." He laughed. "We have more than one Velvet staying here, Ilia. Nice to meet you." He offered his hand, which Coco shook awkwardly. Knowing this was the guy looking after a farm full of naked faunus was a little strange.

On the other hand, this was the man with a Semblance that apparently drove faunus wild. It wasn't doing anything to her. Heck, she couldn't feel a thing! Looking to Ilia, she noticed a certain pinkness to the girl's cheeks, however. She was also bouncing on her toes as though high on energy drinks.

"Coco is here to see how Velvet is doing. I've already decided it's okay and she's promised not to be judgmental."

"Well if you say it's okay, I'll trust you," Jaune said. "Come on." He hefted a plastic washing basket full of sealed packets of salad and vegetables. "I was going to feed them right now. You can come along. Ilia can answer any questions you have."

"Thank you. I won't cause any trouble."

Easy promise to make. Ilia nudged her side warningly, making it clear she wouldn't put up with any insults toward her business partner. Coco nodded back, committing it to memory. He didn't seem too bad, almost defensive of the faunus he was – by most standards – degrading. And yet to hear it from Ilia and the others, she was the one being the problem. Determined not to show that side of her in front of Velvet, she followed Jaune along the side of the pasture.

Along the pasture and nestled between two barns were a series of smaller, wooden structures raised on stilts with ramps leading to the doorways. They were single story coops, the closest she'd ever seen in real life being to a chicken coop. Sure enough one of them had a sign outside with a chicken and an egg on it. Jaune's heavy boots thumped up a different one.

"This is our rabbit hutch," he said, pulling the wooden door open. "Mind your head on the way in. Ceiling is a little low."

Coco stooped in after him. It wasn't too low for her, but he was a tall one. The interior was darker but still well lit by several slats along the roof letting light in. Jaune flicked a switch and bathed the room in more artificial brightness. Coco froze, rooted to the spot in absolute horror.

Cages. Pens. Hutches was the correct term. Stacked three on top of one another, each a metre tall with only enough room for the girls inside to crawl on all fours, the wood and wire frame rabbit hutches stood along two walls. Fifteen in total, with a little more than that trapped within, some containing two faunus at once. All of them were female, naked and kept in cramped conditions.

Ilia stepped in after and elbowed Coco's side again, warning clear.

"This is our rabbit hutch," Jaune explained, setting the food down on a centre table. The faunus had noticed him and were waking up, pressing faces against the wire bars and scrabbling in their hutches, turning to look at him and chirp happily. Each of them had long ears, some erect like Velvet's would be, but others floppy and short, some thin like those of a hare. "Here, we keep our does in hutches and I come feed them twice a day. Where's Velvet? Ah, there she is."

Velvet Scarlatina, her own girlfriend, chirped at her. Naked as the day she was born, familiar tits bouncing perkily and big brown eyes staring at her, Velvet pushed her nose against the cage, sniffing at the air.

Her face was bright red with embarrassment Coco had seen more than once, and it was that which convinced her there was no mind control or undue force involved. It was too natural for Velvet to act like that, so shy and bashful. She was still playing along though, playing the part of a rabbit. Velvet had both hands down on the soft sawdust and was hunched back on her behind, breasts on full display as she pressed her nose and lips to the bars. Her ears were perked up in excitement.

What am I looking at? My girlfriend is in a cage – a hutch – and acting like a rabbit. She’s being fed by a farmer! S – Should I be angry?

Yes. Conventional wisdom said yes.

But... Velvet had wanted this, signed up for this, and looked happy – if a little embarrassed. Even that was probably more because *she* was here seeing it, though. Coco had more than enough experience seeing an upset Velvet to know that wasn’t the case here.

“Do you want to feed her?” Ilia slid up behind to place her hands on Coco’s shoulders. “You’re making her nervous just standing there. Come on. Jaune’s going to feed the others but there’s no reason you can’t give Velvet some.”

“R – Right...”

There was a barrel nearby which Ilia opened. Inside, carrots were kept sealed in normal plastic packets, revealing the barrel itself as more of a prop to set the mood. Pulling the packet open and a carrot out, Ilia held it to the bars but didn’t poke it through. Velvet’s nose pushed up against it, tongue darting out to lap at the air.

Coco stared at it, eyes wide and legs weak. This whole display was degrading to say the least, and more than a little depraved as well. Women locked in rabbit hutches should have pissed her the hell off, but it was true that the cages weren’t even locked shut. When Velvet pushed too hard, the door began to open – only for her to quickly pull it closed again with a click. The same for all the others, who pushed up against the cage but didn’t open them.

It’s all a game to them. Something they want to do. It wasn’t for her to judge, and by doing so she’d be actively insulting Velvet. It would be like telling her girlfriend to be less faunus, and that was something she’d never knowingly do.

Coco took the carrot and knelt awkwardly, bending her knees down to push the tip toward the rabbit hutch. Velvet’s big brown eyes were locked on hers as she leaned down and kissed the tip of the carrot, nibbling and licking it before she bit the tip and twisted. It *crunched* wonderfully, fresh and juicy. Velvet’s tongue wrapped around and caressed it before she began to chew, still watching Coco with pink cheeks.

A soft squeak came from the pen below Velvet’s, her girlfriend being up on the second row. She’d been so focused on Velvet she hadn’t noticed the others and an older brunette was

pushing her lips up to the bars. A *familiar* brunette with features so like the one above, only womanlier and more curved, with curly hair and a wider frame.

“Satin...?” Of all the people she expected to see, Velvet’s own *mother* wasn’t on the list. Satin Scarlatina flushed prettily, naked as her daughter and pushing her much larger tits up against the frames, leaving little cross patterns on her pale skin. Her lips pursed into a kiss against the bars, tongue darting out enticingly.

Still a little blindsided, Coco held the same carrot down, the tip wet with Velvet’s saliva. It didn’t bother the bunny within, who nibbled and teased the tip softly, biting off the tiniest amounts. The cage above rattled, Velvet pouting her way.

“That one’s a little demanding,” Jaune said, having reached the pens to the left of theirs. Coco thought she should protest Velvet being known as ‘that one’ but found she liked it. “Always needing more food, more care and a whole lot more affection.”

“Yeah.” Coco licked her lips. “It’s that way back in Beacon too. Do you have another carro-” Coco’s eyes widened, words trailing off into empty space. Next to her, Jaune had his pants down, boxers with them, and his cock hanging out and rock hard in one hand. It was a big thing, thick and meaty and easily ten inches long. “W – What are you doing!?”

“Hm?” He spared her a quick look but didn’t answer, at least not with words. He guided his powerful weapon toward the pen to the left and below Velvet’s, holding it up against the bars. The girl within, a slim blonde faunus of some eighteen years with golden rabbit ears, pressed furiously up against the cage, hungrily licking out and flicking her tongue over his cock. The girl’s hand was down between her legs, moisture dripping out to dampen the sawdust. “It’s feeding time,” he explained, as if her catching him being licked by a faunus was a normal thing. “Vegetables are all well and good, but the girls are on a special diet here.”

“D – Do all the girls get that?” she had to ask.

“For the most part, yes.”

Urges, she reminded herself. Biological need. If she reacted poorly, she was insulting all faunus. Worse, she was admitting she couldn’t handle being in a relationship with one. As the faunus in the cage licked and sucked on this man’s dick, Coco forced her eyes away, back up to meet his, struggling for the same casual expression he wore.

“Does Velvet?” she asked, managing to at least speak without stuttering.

“Yes.” His words hit her like a truck. Coco wobbled and might have fallen if Ilia hadn’t been there to support her. Jaune didn’t even notice, too busy feeding the blonde faunus. “Would you like to see?” he asked. “I can show you now how we’re looking after her.”

No. Yes. God, it was wrong, but...

It was natural. It was something Velvet wanted. And somewhere deep inside, she could admit it was something *she* wanted to see happen as well.

“Y - Yes,” she said, blushing badly. Ilia’s giggles didn’t help, nor did Satin Scarlatina’s knowing smile. How she could pull that off in her situation, Coco had no idea! “I – I think I should see what she goes through since she’s my girlfriend. So I can help her, I mean. Not because I want to see it or anything...”

“All right.”

The faunus in the cage he’d been feeding his dick to mewled unhappily as he drew away and up to Velvet’s, gently nudging Coco aside to make room for him. Velvet’s brown eyes sparkled, and she ran an excited circle on all fours, spraying sawdust around her cramped pen. Coco watched, mesmerised.

“Happy to see me?” he asked. “That’s a good little bun.” He stepped up onto a stool to bring his hips up to her level. Velvet was already licking eagerly at the base of the cage, sticking her tongue out for a taste of him. “Patience!” He laughed and unlatched a small part of the cage, opening a square hole some three inches wide and tall, enough to push a hand through. Or a different limb altogether. “I know you’re not satisfied with just a lick.” He slid his cock into the pen. “Here you go.”

The moment the head of his penis pushed in, Velvet was on it, hunched up by the cage with lips playing over his tip. She didn’t throat it like a human would but instead nibbled and licked, flicking her tongue over the tip and down the sides, nuzzling her nose into his pubic hair and breathing in deeply. He had to smell musky, and probably worse for all the other faunus that had a go before her, but it might as well have been the finest perfume for how Velvet was rubbing it all over her face.

Coco almost jumped out her skin when Ilia leaned in to whisper into her ear. “Sexy, isn’t it?”

“Hm. I – This isn’t about being sexy. If Velvet needs this...”

“Nothing wrong with being a little turned on,” her guide whispered, teasing a hand over Coco’s behind and under. Though she tried to close her legs in time she knew Ilia had felt the damp there. As if it wasn’t obvious enough already.

“That’s my girlfriend sucking a man off. I shouldn’t like that...”

“Wrong. It’s a faunus satisfying her urges. Is that so bad? Would you demand she ignore them?” No. That would make her as bad as other people, and since she didn’t even dislike what she was seeing, it would only hurt their relationship. Nervously, Coco let her thighs part, allowing Ilia to rub up against her leather pants. “Mmm. That’s better. Look, Jaune’s about to give her a treat.”

Velvet licked harder and harder at his tip, knocking it about with her tongue and pursing her lips to kiss it every few seconds. His cock had grown harder and thicker if that was at all possible, his face strained as he quickly jerked himself toward the base, angling himself inside.

He came without warning, grunting and blasting a thick wad of cum straight into Velvet’s face. It struck her nose and cheek with a slap. The second load hit her lip and tongue, and

even as he came, she kept licking and nuzzling, sipping it off him while keeping her hands to the floor and her knees bent like a bunny ready to hop. Jaune finished with a weaker blast for the third, shooting a rope of cum out that splashed vertically from beneath Velvet's left eye down her cheek and over her lips. The cute little faunus lapped it up, her tongue sweeping over her lips to collect thick globs of white.

Coco's mouth hung wide open.

"Velvet's too needy to deal with without a treat," Jaune explained, still as casual as ever. "Once she's had some cum, she becomes much easier to handle." He reached in and pulled out a tray of vegetables, tossing it aside for a fresh plate Ilia handed him.

Velvet was much too focused on the cum over her face, rubbing it off with her hands and licking herself clean. She didn't use her fingers like a human would and instead rubbed herself with the back of her knuckles, acting like it was a cute little paw. Once he'd changed the food, he reached in and around, taking a firm hold of Velvet's rear end and turning her around in the pen. It was a tight fit and Velvet's back bunched up against the wooden ceiling, but she allowed herself to be spun around so her bum faced them.

Coco's mind ground to a halt at the sight of her tail. There was an actual bunny bob tail on her! It was right where her butt would be, between her cheeks. Lower than it would be on an actual animal, her brain pointed out.

"Is - Is that a butt plug?"

Jaune took hold off the fluffy cotton attached to the handle and gave it a rough tug. It didn't come out, but Velvet's skin stretched and bulged as the thicker bulb inside her ass drew back. The faunus squealed and kicked with her feet, which hung over the edge of the pen as she was drawn half out, only her knees and upper body now in the pen.

"Velvet is in an almost constant state of heat here, probably from having to repress it in Beacon. This is the only way to keep her trying to hump anything that moves." He released the plug without taking it out and stroked his hand down Velvet's tight bottom toward her slit. He placed his thumb flush up against her slit and pushed it in. "And look here. Drenched as usual. Like this, she releases her arousal to make it clear she's looking to mate."

He slid his thumb up and down to part her delicate folds and show Coco the glistening pink inside. Velvet's pussy had always been adorable, so small and pretty, but never had she seen it so drenched with need. Her bunny butt and tail wobbled as she ground her sex back into his hand, whimpering needily.

"It's important to take care of her like this. Ignore the problem signs and you're only causing them distress." He held out a hand. "Pass me a carrot, will you?"

Coco fumbled for one, almost dropping it with how badly she was shaking. He took it with a smile but to her surprise didn't make to feed it to Velvet. Instead, he took it in hand by the widest part and angled the tip up against Velvet's mound.

Was he going to-? Coco held her breath, eyes wide and body tense.

“Any relief will do. Like this for instance.”

The vegetable slid in so easily. It wasn't perfectly straight, and its skin was rough, but from the sound Velvet made, Coco knew she was loving it. The narrow tip parted her lips and touched inside, but it soon thickened, and Velvet's pussy gripped it tight. The bunny's legs twitched and shivered, her breath coming out in sharp pants as she swung her hips back, fucking herself on the carrot Jaune was slowly inserting.

He began to thrust it in and out, all the while speaking to Coco, almost ignoring Velvet's frantic moans. “Stimulation will help simulate the experience of being mated but it's not always enough. It's best to be pro-active, though. Some of the girls here need taking care of multiple times a week, but Velvet is a daily occurrence. It's because she's so young and her body is longing to mate. There's nothing wrong with that. Human bodies do it too with hormones. It's just that faunus feel them more keenly.”

Coco nodded but wasn't really listening. The sounds Velvet's lewd pussy made were music to her ears, while the sight of her soft skin pulling out as the carrot did mesmerised her. Her own breath came out quicker, legs wobbling as she watched the lust drip down Velvet's thighs. If it weren't for Ilia holding her, she'd have fallen.

That the chameleon faunus was taking a few liberties to slip her hand down into Coco's pants barely went noticed, only enough for her to suck her stomach in to let Ilia slip her fingers down into her black knickers. Coco whimpered and bucked into the hand, eyes becoming lidded as she watched Jaune fuck Velvet with a kitchen vegetable while she was locked in a rabbit hutch.

Suddenly, it was before her, Velvet's fragrant sugary scent tickling her nostrils. “Here,” Jaune said.

Eyes lidded, Coco parted her lips and closed her eyes, tongue dipping out.

“Ah.” An embarrassed sound. “I was, um, giving you a chance to use it on her...”

What?

Her eyes opened in time to see his nervously embarrassed expression, which was a little ridiculous given what he was doing. It didn't stop the blood rushing to her face or how humiliated she felt as she clamped her mouth shut. Fuck. Coco took the carrot without a word, grateful for the way he looked away and scratched his nose.

Ilia shuffled her forward without taking her hand out Coco's underwear, giggling into her neck in a way that confirmed she knew *exactly* what Coco had wanted. “S – Shut up, you.”

“Why? It was funny.” Ilia licked her neck to make her shiver. “Isn't Velvet's pussy cute? Can you see how much she needs this?”

“I can.” Velvet's ass was shaking badly, pushing back as if begging for release. Coco swallowed and placed one hand atop her left cheek, thumb tracing over the seal between anal

ring and plug, while her other hand guided the wet and dripping carrot back to that delicious snatch. *This is wrong*, she thought. *This is so incredibly fucked up*.

Those thoughts didn't stop her any. Didn't even slow her down. Coco held her breath as she tipped the carrot down, angling the tip up as she drove it into Velvet's cunt.

There was no resistance, only a wonderful sigh as it slid deep inside. So deep in fact that Coco could push it all the way and brush knuckles up against her lips. Her hand was quickly drenched, Velvet leaking arousal all over her fingers. How deep could it go? Coco kept pushing, adjusting her grip from holding the carrot to pushing with her fingers on the top. It just keeping going, sliding deeper into the girl, stretching her wide with Velvet pushing back the whole time, legs spread wide apart on the sawdust.

Coco's breath came out in a rush when it went all the way, only the top poking out. Looking to Ilia for support yielded a lusty smile and a nod. Biting her lip, Coco placed her fore and middle finger against the carrot and pushed it all the way inside, her own fingers dipping into Velvet's wet pussy. They drew out soaking wet, but Velvet's hole closed.

"Oh my God..."

"Watch," Ilia whispered, slipping her own fingers inside Coco. "Watch what happens."

Velvet's thighs and butt tensed up, hips pushing back and out the hutch. The first sign was a little arousal running down her legs, but soon after her flushed folds spread out without Coco doing a thing. The pink within became visible, her tight little hold a vertical slit but twitching, pulsing. Then it happened, only a tiny glimpse at first but her pussy stretched open, a little of the darkness inside becoming visible.

It closed immediately after, Velvet taking a deep and needy breath.

Her legs clenched again, and it pushed out, this time the tiniest glimpse of something wet and orange poking out, before Velvet grunted and the thick head of the carrot was birthed, sliding out glistening with cum. Velvet gasped and moaned at the same time, the sound as confused and horny as she was, cum-soaked carrot sliding out to the halfway point, where gravity took hold.

Ilia caught the top before it could, using the hand not in Coco's pants to stop its descent. Winking at her, Ilia pushed it back in, sliding the long carrot back into her lover's snatch until only the tip remained again where, much like she had, Ilia inserted two fingers into Velvet, pushing it deep inside before drawing out.

Unlike Jaune, Ilia held those fingers up to Coco's lips with full intent, and Coco opened her mouth, sucking on the digits with a throaty moan. The bitter and sweet taste of Velvet ran over her lips, while Ilia pressed her fingernails down into Coco's tongue, rubbing around on it to deposit the taste. All the while, they watched Velvet struggle and squirm around the carrot again, pushing it out and sucking it back in. The tip would slip free, wet and thick, then Velvet would suck it back in with a powerful contraction, fucking herself without assistance.

“Jaune!” Illa shouted, making Coco jump nervously. “You should show her what happens when the carrot isn’t enough.”

Not enough-? Coco looked back to the man naked from the waist down. “Y – Yeah,” she rushed out. “I think I should see this. As her girlfriend, I mean.”

“That’s a good attitude.” He smiled and came over, somehow managing to look proud of her despite having his cock hanging out. It was hard again, she noted. He must have had incredible stamina if he had to do this for however many faunus were here. “There are lots of humans who would look down on this, call them degenerates and use it as proof humans are superior. I’m glad you’re supportive of Velvet. She’s lucky to have you.”

Oh God, and now she was blushing. And feeling a little guilty since her eagerness to see the next step had extraordinarily little to do with supporting Velvet and a lot more to do with wanting to see just how far this went. “Y – Yeah. That’s me.”

Jaune walked past her and reached into the hutch, manhandling Velvet onto his shoulder. Her upper body hung over his front and her rear down his back. When his shoulder pushed up into her stomach it created pressure that caused the carrot lodged in her twat to squirt out. Since he’d turned away from the hutch, the wet carrot splatted into the one below Velvet’s. Satin Scarlatina was on it immediately, rubbing her face up and down the rough shaft, lapping up her own daughter’s cum.

“Whoah...”

“Plenty of animals don’t care about family relations,” Illa whispered. “And since this is all about embracing your animal side...”

Coco licked her lips. “You mean they-?”

“Not telling~”

Jaune carted Velvet to the centre of the room and put her down on a large platform about knee height. He climbed up after, pushing Velvet into place on her knees and then placing a hand on the back of her neck, forcing her upper body down against the wood. They could see her face from their position, Velvet panting eagerly, eyes wide and excited, face flooded with blood to the point she was almost bright pink.

“Rabbits are naturally curious creatures,” Jaune said, kneeling behind Velvet’s quaking butt. “If you let them, they’ll scurry off and explore every corner.” He took hold of her cotton tail in one hand, pulling it up tight. Velvet stiffened, gasping and rolling her eyes back as the plug tugged at her rectum. His other hand took hold of her long ears, gripping them back like someone might pull a woman’s hair during sex. “The goal is to be gentle but firm,” he said. “Not sharp enough to hurt, but enough to hold them still, like a mother would when carrying them by the scruff of their neck.”

Coco felt like pointing out Velvet didn’t look interested in anything other than dick right now, but held silent, too eager to see this go down. She leant back into Coco, spreading her thighs

wider to silently tell her to add another finger. Ilia was only too happy to oblige and had even snaked a hand around to fondle Coco's left breast.

"The instinct to breed is strong in rabbits and you can't always get away with simulating sex. Denying it only pushes the females further and further into heat." Jaune tugged Velvet into place by her tail and ears, forcing her hands to scrabble on the wood as she held her behind still, arousal dripping onto the platform. "The best thing you can do is find a mate to take care of that for them, but since that's not available here..."

He thrust his hips forward. Velvet *squealed* happily.

"I have to take care of it myself."

Velvet's eyes crossed, mouth falling open and tongue sticking out like her mind was lost to the pleasure. Her body lurched forward as Jaune slammed his weight into her, thrusting with a mad pace that had her rocked on the spot, tits swinging beneath.

"Rabbit mating is fast and furious," he grunted, suiting words to action. "An experienced buck will mate a doe as hard as it can and as often as it can. That's where the saying 'breeding like rabbits' comes from."

His powerful legs carried his hips forward, slapping his pelvis against Velvet's soft ass. He tightened his hold on her ears, pulling back until her head was drawn up, neck exposed. Velvet seemed to love it, smiling wantonly and shaking like a leaf in a hurricane.

The constant panting and moaning filled the rabbit house, and the other faunus were already rubbing their butts up against the hutch cages, presenting themselves and moaning. Some that were locked in hutches together were curled up sixty-nine style, licking and fingering their hutch mates to orgasm. Velvet's mother was laid out on her back, feet and pussy up against the cage as she worked the carrot used on her own daughter in and out her pussy. Like Velvet, she also had a thick plug in her ass with a bunny tail attached. They all did!

"The important thing is to satisfy the biological need." Jaune grunted and pounded into Velvet, reversing the force on her ears to push her face down. Velvet allowed it, panting and drooling onto the wood. "It's not enough to show them a good time. You need to make sure their bodies know they've been bred. That means taking the – unf – time to do it properly! And – ugh – giving their bodies what they want. That's not just sex."

His thrusts picked up pace and Velvet began to moan eagerly, pumping back onto him. Coco leaned forward, sure she knew what he meant even as he yanked Velvet's ears back again, pulling her anal plug tight and slamming hard into her.

"It means breeding them! Ahhh!"

His body went still, his hips grinding slowly into Velvet as he groaned out, no doubt filling her girlfriend's tight cunt with his thick cum. There must have been a lot of it because Velvet moaned and slumped in his hold, convulsing as her hands slipped to her stomach to cup the growing bulge forming.

Coco came at the same time, clenching around Ilia's fingers and squirting into the palm of her hand. Her eyes almost closed from the force of it, but she didn't let them, wanting to see every second of Velvet's breeding. Every wonderful flash of emotion that crossed her face. Coco's lips fluttered and she moaned, tilting her head as Ilia kissed and lapped at her neck, curling her fingers inside her.

Jaune kept pulling Velvet back onto him roughly, swinging the faunus back by her ears and the plug while Velvet's hands swayed beneath. It couldn't have hurt too much because the smile on her face was too huge. He swung her two-handed, slamming her back onto his cock, wringing every last drop out of his balls. The force of it was so rough that there was a loud *popping* sound and Velvet squealed, squirting out onto the wood.

"Oops." Jaune held the butt plug by its cotton tail, the *thick* plug bright orange and shaped like a squat carrot. He released Velvet, letting her collapse on her front, her ass wide open quivering, but closing quickly. "Might have been a little too rough there." He slid out of her, cum spilling out of Velvet's used cunt. "That's the gist of it, though. Once a doe is properly bred, they become a lot more compliant. Here, come see."

It took her and Ilia frogmarching in duo to get around without stopping touching one another. Coco's knees hit the table and Ilia hunched over her, all but spooning her back as she grasped and groped Coco through her tan jumper. Jaune slid aside, making room for her to stare down at her cum drunk girlfriend's sore ass, her well used pussy and the semen gushing out.

"Whoah. It – hm – God, she looks so used!"

"Bucks don't care for sex so much as procreation," Jaune explained. "In fact, it's the same with most animals. Only humans and faunus are in it for pleasure. To really satisfy the biological need she feels, the animalistic urges, you have to go the full way."

Coco licked her lips. "I – Is she on contraception?"

"I have no idea."

"What!?"

"Ilia handles that. When a customer signs in with us they deal with Ilia instead of me. It helps that it's a faunus and another woman. Ilia handles the explanations of what happens, the booking and the pricing and payment. She also asks them whether they want contraception or not. Some of them don't, but we found out they got nervous if I knew. It made things awkward. This way only Ilia and the customer knows. It helps create a little professional distance."

Professional distance? He'd just *fucked* Velvet into oblivion and had apparently been doing so with all these other faunus for over a week now. How he could talk about distance with his cock still resting up between Velvet's cheeks, she had no idea. Just as she had no idea whether Velvet was going to get knocked up or not. And no idea why that uncertainty lit a roaring fire in her stomach.

Fuck, that was hot. This could easily be a full breeding session!

“It can help with some faunus to feel the cum inside them,” Ilia teased. “Their bodies won’t be satisfied with rubber. Speaking of, why don’t you help plug her up?”

Coco was equal parts nerves and excitement as she took the carrot-shaped plug from Jaune and, under his careful instruction, used the tip to guide and push the pooling semen back into Velvet’s twat. It was slow going, Velvet’s pussy leaking even as Coco spooned it back in. Once she had as much in as she was going to get, Coco used one hand to stretch Velvet’s lips open and the other to guide the thick plug in.

Velvet moaned and shivered as the tapered tip slid in easily, but her moans soon turned hoarse as the much thicker plug, designed to be so wide it would act as a stopper, forced her to open wider still. Coco showed no mercy, forcing it in with a hand on the cotton tail, watching in awe as Velvet’s pussy stretched wider than she’d ever seen it before, only to swoop back in and grip the narrow handle once it was past that point. Velvet’s feet kneaded the wood, legs shaking as she got used to the thick plug sealing her up and all the warm cum sloshing around inside her.

“Velvet is always a lot more docile once she’s filled up.” Jaune’s cock slipped past Coco’s cheek, so close she could *smell* his scent. It touched to Velvet’s puckered ass and Coco’s mind ran wild. “Sometimes I fill her up here as well. Want to see?”

“Y – Yeah. Fuck yeah!”

Jaune rolled Velvet onto her front and drew her up by pulling the cotton tail again, this time forcing Velvet up by her pussy. The faunus was obviously exhausted but still drew her knees up, laying her face down flat and shaking her bottom tauntingly. He looked too big to fit in, but she knew Velvet had taken that plug before, and that had been thicker.

When he slid his head down into the crack of Velvet’s ass and pushed, she was amazed at how easily the tight ring of muscle gave way. Jaune pushed inside, grinding his full ten inches into her ass, forcing Velvet down into the wooden table.

He pumped in and out of her, one hand on her ass to keep her up and the other pulling her hair back since he couldn’t reach her ears. Velvet whimpered and moaned and did her best to grind herself back into him, but it was clear the energy had left her. Instead, she licked and lapped at the wood, scooping up some cum that had dribbled down between her legs.

Coco stood and trembled, cumming a second time around Ilia’s skilled fingers, bending almost double as Ilia rode her down, bunching up and biting at her neck. Coco’s cheek pushed against Velvet’s behind, squashed down flat less than an inch from Jaune’s dick. Now she was so close that when he thrust, his powerful organ brushed against her nostrils and lips. The *slurping* sound of Velvet’s ass sang directly into her ears.

His shaft was wet and coarse, powerful veins straining as he plunged into Velvet. He drew out so that only about two inches was inside and held. From so close, Coco was witness to the underneath of his marvellous tool expanding as cum rushing down his shaft. It pulsed and visibly bulged, carrying his thick seed into Velvet’s ring and beyond.

The first shot must have been scalding hot. He thrust in for the second, slamming ten inches deep and unleashing his fury. Velvet didn't have the strength left to cry out her orgasm. All she could do was shudder and moan, toes curling and back arching. Jaune held her still, held himself in her, cock twitching and jerking, shooting his cum deep into her bowels.

When he pulled out, Coco could *see* the cum inside, a dark grey in colour thanks to the lack of light inside. Before Velvet could unleash it, Jaune plugged her up with a finger and reached for a new cotton tail, angling the tip down into her butt.

Coco's hand joined his, the two of them pushing it in together, forcing Velvet's ass to accept the thick girth until its widest point. Velvet squeaked, gasped and then sighed as it popped further, her ring sealing shut and clinging to the much narrower shaft. Just like that, Velvet had two tails. Two cute little bunny tails, two plugs and a womb and belly full of hot cum.

More than that, she was covered in sweat, flushed pink and panting, falling on her side with a delirious smile and drooping ears. Velvet's toes were clenched tight as she brought her knees up, curling into a ball.

"And that's how you look after a rabbit faunus," Jaune said, panting. "Like this, she's much more content. Peaceful, too." He slid out from behind and picked Velvet up, cradling her like a lover might and carrying her back to her pen. It was much easier to slide her back in, Velvet too happy to care.

Her body pushed sawdust aside, Jaune pushing her butt to slide her the rest of the way in until she was facing the back, her bum, pussy and cotton tails showing. Jaune closed the wire frame door and locked it shut, the wire metal pushing flush up against Velvet's smooth legs and soft, round butt.

"I have to say," Jaune said, wiping his brow and pulling his pants up. "I was a little surprised to find a human visiting, let alone being let in by Ilia. I know I'm an exception, but Ilia is normally awfully specific on not letting humans see this. I can see why. If most people saw faunus acting like this, it'd push faunus rights back a decade at least. They'd be pushed into porn or mocked as being less than human."

"Velvet asked me to let her in," Ilia said, surprising both Jaune and Coco. "And she asked me to let Coco watch."

Coco stared at the hutch, but Velvet was fast asleep. "S – She did? Why?"

"Did she?" Jaune asked. "That's good to hear."

"It is?" Coco asked.

"It means she trusts you," Ilia explained. "Human faunus relationships are rare and that's not always because humans aren't interested or are racist. A lot of the time it's because faunus don't feel comfortable exposing this side of themselves. It's easier to settle down with another faunus who knows how it all works, so they give up on human lovers."

"Easier," Jaune said, "But not always happier, especially if they genuinely love someone."

“Hm.” Ilia slowly slipped her fingers out Coco’s waistband, kissing her cheek. “I think Velvet wanted you to see because she loves you. Maybe even because she’s thinking what you have might be serious.”

The air was knocked out of her. “R – Really?”

“Yes. For humans, introductions to the family are the hardest part, but for faunus it’s introducing their human partners to their animalistic side that’s really intimidating. A lot of people won’t accept it. They’ll see this behaviour, say it’s like they’re fucking an animal and leave. They might even start thinking faunus *are* animals, or even tell their faunus partner to ignore the urges and be more human.”

“Causing all the stress and frustration,” Coco realised, eyes growing wider. “T – That’s why you set this up! It’s so faunus with human partners can come here and vent in secret.”

“A little. Ilia was the one to come up with it all. I’m just the guy with the Semblance that helps it happen.” Jaune smiled wryly, blushing and rubbing a hand through his hair. For once, a little emotion showed, a little flush of colour that hinted at him not being entirely inured to what was going on. “It was a little awkward for me as well at first, but once I realised it’s not demeaning and actually *helps* them, I eased up. I’m glad to hear Velvet trusts you enough to show you this, and that you didn’t react badly to it all. Gives me hope that faunus and humans can get along one day.”

There was no risk of that from her end. Hell, she’d *loved* watching it, which only meant good things for her and Velvet going on. And oh God, Velvet really wanted them to go steady? That was amazing! Coco smiled dopily, eyes shining as she looked first to Velvet and then to Satin. Her lust-filled craze gone, her maybe future mother-in-law smiled warmly and nodded.

“Of course I don’t care,” she said. “I love her. Velvet’s my girlfriend and best friend all in one, and if she needs to come here every now and then to release her urges then I’m all for it! In fact...” She licked her lips nervously. “Is there anything I can do to help? Back home, I mean. I know this is a faunus only resort and the guests might not be comfortable with me, but if she gets urges back home, I should be able to help her, right?”

“I can sell you a rabbit hutch and some toys,” Ilia said. “They’re at the front desk. If she’s ever in the mood, you can lock her up for the night with her holes stuffed with vibrators. It won’t be perfect on its own, but the urges aren’t all or nothing.”

“It only gets this bad when they repress their urges for a long time,” Jaune explained. “If you constantly satisfy them, they’re less intense.”

Meaning that if she were to treat Velvet like a rabbit every night, she’d feel much happier during the day. More confident, more herself. She might even feel good enough to kick Cardin’s ass the next time he tried pulling on her ears. It might take some explaining to Yatsunashi and Fox, but they’d understand. They adored Velvet almost as much as she did.

“I’ll buy them all. No price is too great!” The fact it was kinky as hell helped too. Velvet was always so shy around toys, but now? Ooh, she needed to find a tight bunny suit. The images were already running through her mind as Ilia led her out. Jaune still had other faunus to

satisfy and not all of them would be so comfortable of a stranger watching them be bred. It was understandable and Coco let herself be pulled away without complaint, looking out over the farm area with new understanding.

Everyone here was here because they wanted to be, because they needed to be, and by feeling angry on their behalf she wasn't helping them but reinforcing the idea this was wrong. In her desire to do good, she'd only insulted them.

Ilia listened to her confess that and smiled. "You're not wrong, but at least you thought it wanting to help them. The intent matters."

"I still feel terrible about it. When I said this was degenerate, I as good as said *faunus* are degenerate." How heartless of her. Or maybe it was more uninformed. Ignorant. God, that wasn't much better. "I guess there's a lot more to understand if I'm going to fall in love with a faunus."

"There is, but at least you're willing to try. I've always said the best way for human and faunus to get along is for them to experience the same thing. Walk a mile in their shoes." Coco's feet stopped on the white gravel. Her throat was suddenly dry, and she had to swallow.

"Do you mean... Go through the same thing...? Be locked in a pen? B – Bred?"

"Huh? No, I didn't mean *exactly* the same thing." Ilia giggled. "Just going through it as in seeing and experiencing it happen. Though, I mean, that'd probably work as well. You'd really understand it if you went through the treatment with your partner."

Experiencing Velvet's urges side by side, truly experiencing it as she did. It was a scary idea but also kind of exciting. And if Velvet was going to go through this, wasn't it only fair she know what it felt like? It was crazy and yet... the idea didn't leave her, even after buying some rabbit supplies.

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